



The **MAGAZINE**
of the
HOMEBUSH
BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL



1963



THE STAFF

Front Row (l. to r.): W. Parr, D. Austin, B. Morris, G. Pavel, H. Brown (D.H.M.), R. T. W. Jane (H.M.), E. Buchan, F. McDonald, C. Dicker, E. Dasey, A. Howland, W. Tobin. **Second Row:** G. Berkeley, C. Lipscomb, T. Hennessey, Miss J. Hartnett, Miss M. Murray, Mrs. E. LeMarne, Miss H. Bates, Miss W. Plowman, Miss D. Ryan, Mrs. F. Keating, Mrs. B. Ferguson, F. Gillogley, J. Mason. **Third Row:** J. Moore, E. Cook, R. Muir, C. Jones, C. Kelaher, A. Thomas, J. Coffey, J. Harrison, P. Milton, G. Moss, E. Hardinge, T. Deamer. **Back Row:** K. Moore, T. Offord, K. O'Donnell, P. Macleod, C. Wood, J. Barrett, R. Satchell, H. Quail, G. Dare, J. Butler, L. Seagrott, E. Garan.

Headmaster's Message

It is interesting to note the derivations and evolutionary changes in meaning of common English words. Our language is undergoing continual change, not only through the introduction of new words to meet new situations and advances in a rapidly changing world, but also by the modification in meaning of old words to meet the new situations. For example, reference to the Oxford English Dictionary reveals that many changes have evolved in the meaning of "standard". At first the standard was a flag raised on a pole to indicate the rallying point for an army; or it was the distinctive badge or ensign of a group or nation. Then it came to mean a measuring rod for the comparison of objective things or qualities. Finally we have the present day acceptance of a definite level of excellence in many aspects of human behaviour and endeavour.

You are living in a new world, surrounded by people who constantly refer to standards of living and behaviour, standards in such professions as engineering and medicine, improvements of standards in every branch of sport and education. Indeed, the word STANDARD in its many shades of meaning has assumed important implications in the lives of a great many people. Unfortunately — and this is the theme of my message to you — there exists a growing minority, particularly amongst the younger generation, who exhibit a deplorable disregard for standards.

In the 27 years of its existence your school has established standards of excellence for you to strive to maintain. Your predecessors have jealously guarded and maintained these standards so that people began to speak in glowing terms of the appearance, dress, courteous behaviour and scholastic attainments of the students in the maroon blazers with the motto "RECTE ET FORTITER" on the pocket.

There exists, however, in every community a section which tries to break down the standards which have contributed to human progress. This weak link could, in time, be responsible for the breakdown of those standards which have been established through the endeavour of so many Old Boys of this, your school.

Put this question to yourselves: are my personal standards of appearance, dress, behaviour and attainments in keeping with what people generally expect from students of Homebush Boys' High School? If your answer is an honest affirmative on every count, there can be no doubt that your school will remain the rallying standard and also the measuring rod by which comparisons may be made, whilst your level of excellence in attainment will satisfy in those quarters where standards are requisite to good careers in your future employment. Remember that the path downhill is easy and once down the return to the summit is extremely difficult.

—R. T. W. JANE,
Principal.

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EDITORIAL

Too many, unfortunately, pass through the school as enrolled students but never really become a "part of it". As a result, both the school and the individual suffer. Our school is judged in the community by such things as academic results, sporting attainments, behaviour, dress and so on; but all these in turn merely reflect the overall strength of our school spirit. This elusive and intangible quality is the aggregate of many factors that together make up the very essence of the school. It is the result of a total effort by everybody, and if any one member of the school community fails to accept the responsibility, then the spirit of the school will be that much poorer.

For the student who enters actively into the life of the school, the experience gained and the satisfaction of having been an integral part of a successful community effort are of immeasurable value. The sharing of common experiences with one's school companions has everything to commend it. How many times, for example, have school teams risen to the occasion when they knew they had the moral and vocal support of a cheering band of enthusiasts on the side lines?

One doesn't have to be outstanding in sport or educational attainment to contribute to the well-being of the school. The answer lies in service — in the willingness of the individual to give something in return for the untold benefits he has received from his school education. Here there is ample opportunity for everyone, from the oldest boy in Fifth Year down to the youngest First Former, to contribute to the school in whatever ways his own particular abilities lie.

Pride in one's school, and a willingness to manifest this pride by maintaining high standards of dress, behaviour and attitude, together with a readiness to serve in whatever capacity possible, inevitably contribute to the spirit of the school. It is well to remember that what you gain from the school is determined by the interest and effort you are prepared to give it. Further, what you put into the school will be reflected in its spirit and vitality.

—D. RODGERS, School Captain.



PREFECTS, 1963

Front Row (l. to r.): W. Toole, P. Dingle, G. Bull, G. Havas (Senior Prefect), Mr. H. Brown (Deputy Headmaster), D. Rodgers (School Captain), Mr. R. Jane (Headmaster), G. Hegarty (Vice-Captain), Mr. Dasey (Prefects' Master), L. Walkely, J. Brunker. **Second Row:** R. Scott, N. Horne, G. Sheather, H. Showylin, B. Mayall, J. Talbot, K. Roof, D. Barrett. **Third Row:** T. Kallmier, K. Spriggs, I. Hobbs, R. Holloway, P. Guest, R. Sly, D. Glance, R. Chapman, T. Heins, A. Davies. **Back Row:** D. Williamson, J. Stanes, E. Peel, C. Bell, G. O'Reilly, B. Goldsmith, B. Lemcke, K. West, S. Heuston, P. Halton, G. Evans. **Absent:** D. Wood.

THE SCHOOL PREFECTS

The prefects this year have carried out their duties in a befitting manner. They have been unselfish with their time, performing duties which they probably found tedious or irritating at times, in such a way that the school should benefit. It is notable that not one refused to help at the Music and Drama Festival when called upon.

Members of the prefect body were prominent in all the activities of the school. In the domain of sport they were quite successful, helping the school achieve much in such things as C.H.S. Athletics, Grade Rugby and Grade Cricket. The school's A debating team was composed of prefects and some prefects brought scholastic credit on the school, the school captain, for example, attending the Summer Science School. The prefects gave willing assistance in the Music and Drama Festival; apart from such duties as back-stage help and ushering, two prefects almost stole the whole show. Thus it is evident that the prefects have entered the spirit of the school, and also added to it.

This year there were two prefects' dinners. Both were very enjoyable owing to interesting speakers and excellent catering. For these, well deserved thanks must go to the speakers themselves, to Mr. Jane and to the Ladies' Auxiliary.

To Mr. Dasey are owed sincere thanks for the aid and helpful service he has given to us throughout the year.

—G. HAVAS, Senior Prefect

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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 :	E. J. G. Buchan, 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 :	B. Morris, B.Ec.
Manual Arts Master :	E. C. Dicker, A.S.T.C. (Man. Arts)
Special Master :	M. E. Dasey, B.A.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

Miss H. D. Bates, B.A., Dip.Ed.; J. J. Coffey, B.A.; A. T. Howland, B.A.; C. H. Kelaher, B.A.; Mrs. E. J. LeMarne, B.A., Dip.Ed.; P. W. Macleod, M.A.; G. C. Moss, B.A., Dip.Ed.; Miss W. P. Plowman, B.A., Dip.Ed.; Miss D. F. Ryan, B.A.

DEPARTMENT OF MATHEMATICS

D. J. Austin, B.A.; E. L. Cook, B.A.; J. E. Moore, B.A.; K. D. Moore; W. R. Muir, B.A.; K. F. O'Donnell; H. E. Quail, B.A.; R. deW. Satchell, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE

J. M. Barrett; F. E. J. Gillogley, B.A.; E. S. Hardinge, B.Sc.; T. M. Hennessey; C. R. Jones, B.Sc.; T. F. Offord, B.Sc.

DEPARTMENT OF LANGUAGES

G. A. F. Berkeley; E. Garan; Miss J. Hartnett, B.A., Dip.Ed.; W. A. Parr, B.A.; Miss E. M. Peirin, B.A.; H. Webster, B.A.

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE

J. J. Butler; T. P. Deamer, B.A., Dip.Ed.; W. J. Tobin, B.A.; Miss S. C. Willis; C. N. Wood, B.A.

DEPARTMENT OF MANUAL ARTS

H. J. C. Harrison, A.S.T.C. (Man. Arts); L. V. Seagrott; A. T. Thomas

Art :	P. A. Milton, A.S.T.C.
Music :	Mrs. M. Corcoran, A.Mus.A., L.Mus.A. C. S. Lipscomb
Physical Education :	J. G. Dare; J. E. Mason, D.P.E.
School Counsellor :	Miss M. P. Murray, B.A., Dip.Ed.
School Secretary :	Mrs. B. M. Ferguson
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 :	J. G. Dare
Prefects' Master :	M. E. Dasey, B.A.
Master in Charge of Textbooks :	E. L. Cook, B.A.
Magazine Editor :	P. W. Macleod, M.A.
Sports Editor :	J. E. Mason, D.P.E.
Business Manager :	H. Webster, B.A.
School Cadets :	Capt. T. M. Hennessey; Capt. C. H. Hunt; Lieut. G. A. F. Berkeley; C.U.O.s G. Bull, K. Spriggs, I. Frapé
Air Training Corps :	F/Lt. A. T. Howland; F/Lt. L. K. Gregory; F/Lt. J. E. Penman; F/O D. J. Russell

COMMONWEALTH OPEN ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS

The following were awarded Commonwealth Scholarships for 1963:—

Baker, P. W.	Davey, J. S.	Longshaw, G. R.	Shiraev, N.
Beck, H. H.	Davies, W. G.	MacMullen, D. C.	Smith, L. D.
Barnett, A. L.	Davies, W. N.	O'Hara, C. J.	Stack, B. G.
Bovard, J. G.	Dobbs, G. G.	Penn, H. G.	Strokon, A.
Chalmers, P. J.	Downey, L. A.	Rudd, R. B.	Thompson, T. J.
			Watsford, J. L.

ALLIANCE FRANCAISE

The following boys were successful in the oral French Examinations conducted by the Alliance Francaise:

Grade I:	P. Bilbe, T. Nagel.
Grade III:	R. Craig, D. James, W. Laing, B. McCarthy, K. Perrin.
Grade IV:	J. Adamson, R. Campbell, T. Charleston, R. Cunningham, J. Hodder, K. Longden, B. McGrath, C. Short, D. Widdup, I. Willey.

All boys who passed the examination receive Certificates, and the following boys also won book prizes: B. McCarthy, 3rd Year; J. Adamson and I. Willey, 4th Year.

ACADEMIC AWARDS SPEECH DAY, 1962

Bohdan Shehovych: First in Form I
Robert Lindsay: Second in Form I
Douglas Benson: Third in Form I
William Laing: First in Second Year. Special Prize for Proficiency in German.
Roger Craig: Second in Second Year. Special Prize for Proficiency in German.
Bruce McCarthy: Third in Second Year.
Bruce McGrath: First in Third Year.
Bruce Bilbe: Second in Third Year.
Richard Cunningham: Third in Third Year.
Douglas Rodgers: First in Fourth Year. Beare & Ley Prize for Citizenship.
George Havas: Second in Fourth Year.
Terry Heins: Third in Fourth Year.
Geoffrey Spooner: Conti Prize. Best Fourth Year Student in Descriptive Geometry.
Keith Strathdee: Conti Prize. Best Fifth Year Student in Descriptive Geometry.
Ian A. Richardson: Chas. R. Johnson Prize for Best Student of Economics in 5th Year.
Norman Smallbone: Hemingway Robertson Prize for Best Commercial Student in Fifth Year.
Harry Bernstein: Doig Prize for Debating.
Neil Sligar: H.B.H.S. P. & C. Prize for Declamation (shared).
Christopher Short: Tierney Prize for Literature (Jnr.).
Paul Chalmers: Havard Prize for Physics.
Denis Yue: Special Prize for General Proficiency.
Anthony Hamilton Prize for Maths and Science.
Trevor Thompson: Principal's Prize for Service and Scholarship (shared).
Ian Smith: Third in Fifth Year.
James Holbeche (5th Year), David Salter and Serge Kokot (4th Year), Ross Campbell and Neil Boyce (3rd Year), Ion Alexander (2nd Year): Special Prizes for Proficiency in German.

Geoffrey Longshaw, Gregory Dent, Michael Logan, Warwick Davies, Roger Holloway, William Kingsley, Robert Connor, Robert Sim: For Meritorious Service to the School.

Nikita Shiraev: Leeder Prize for Senior Maths. Tierney Prize for Literature (Snr.). Homebush R.S.S. & A.I.L.A. Prize for All-round Merit. Special Prize for Proficiency in German, H.B.H.S. P. & C. Prize for Declamation (shared). Greening Prize for Dux of School.

Anthony Barnett: Second in Fifth Year. Principal's Prize for Service and Scholarship (shared).

John Hardgrove: Old Boys' Prize for Sport and Scholarship. Strathfield Council Prize for Leadership and Civic Responsibility (shared).

Graham Rowe: Strathfield Council Prize for Leadership and Civic Responsibility (shared). Captain's Prize for Service to School.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE, 1962

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, Mathematics III; 19, General Mathematics; 20, Applied Mathematics; 21, Combined Physics and Chemistry; 22, Physics; 23, Chemistry; 24, Biology; 25, Geology; 26, Botany; 27, Zoology; 28, Agriculture; 29, Physiology and Hygiene; 30, Music (New Syllabus); 31, Music (Theory and Practice); 32, Descriptive Geometry and Drawing; 33, Needlecraft and Garment Construction; 34, Home Economics; 35, Art; 36, Accountancy; 37, Woodwork; 38, Metalwork; 39, Farm Mechanics; 40, Theory of Music; 41, Sheep Husbandry and Wool Science.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE PASSES, 1962

Abbott, K. G.: 14A 16 17 22 23
 Allan, T. A.: 16 17 22 23A
 Allen, D. E.: 1 14 15 21
 Allen, R. S. C.: 1 2A 16 17A 22 23
 Ashworth, B. W.: 1 16 17A 22 23 32
 Atkinson, C.: 1A 3Ax 16 17 22 23
 Baker, D. E.: 1 3x 15A 16 17 21
 Baker, P. W.: 1 16A 17 22H2 23A 32A
 Barnett, A. L.: 1A 3Ax 16H2 17H1 22A 23A
 Bartik, R. J.: 1 2A 17 23
 Bartlett, D. G.: 1 3x 16 17 22 23
 Beck, H. H.: 1 4 16A 17A 22A 23A
 Bernstein, H.: 1A 3Ax 16 17 22 23A
 Besser, M.: 1 13A 18 23
 Birmingham, K.: 14 16 17 21 32
 Bovard, J. G.: 1A 4 16 17 22A 23H1
 Brandt, D. S.: 14A 16 22 23
 Cameron, I. G.: 13 14 32 37A
 Campbell, R. M.: 1 13A 14 15 36
 Carlyon, A. J.: 1 3 17 21
 Carr, M. W.: 1 13A 16A 17A 22 23A
 Chalmers, P. J.: 1A 14A 16A 17 22 23
 Clarke, G. J.: 13A 14 15 36
 Connon, R. J.: 1 14A 16 17 22A 23
 Consandine, T. J.: 1 16 22 23
 Constable, J. R.: 1 14A 16 17 22 23H2
 Cruickshank, I. B.: 1 13A 14 15 18 21
 Davey, J. S.: 1 16A 17A 22A 23A 32A
 Davies, W. G.: 1A 3Ax 13H1 18A 22 23
 Davies, W. N.: 1 4 16H2 17A 22H2 23
 Dennis, A. R.: 13A 15 18 21 32
 Dent, G. S.: 1 3 17 23
 Dicker, R. W.: 1 3 16 17 23
 Dobbs, G. G.: 1 13 16A 17 22 23H2
 Downey, L. A.: 1 14H1 17A 22A 23A
 Easton, W. W.: 1 13 14 15
 Fuller, G. D.: 1 16 17 23
 Gay, B. L.: 1 13 14A 15 18 21
 Goh, L. C.: 1 8A 16 17 22 23
 Gotham, K. S.: 1 14A 16 17 22 23H2
 Gray, D. J.: 1 16 17 22 32
 Grove, D. K.: 1 13A 14 15 18 36A
 Hackett, V. W.: 1 14 16 17 22 23
 Hardgrove, J. F.: 1 13H2 14A 18A 22 23
 Hardy, R. S.: 1 14H2 15H2 16 17
 Hare, B. G.: 16 17 21 32 37A
 Harris, I. K.: 1 13A 16A 17 22 23A
 Hickin, E. J.: 1 13A 14H2 18 21A 32
 Higginson, R. J.: 13 14 18 21 32
 Hill, G. J.: 1A 13H2 16 17 22A 23
 Hinson, W. A.: 1 14A 16 17 22 23A
 Ho, C. V.: 14 16 17 22 23
 Hobbs, J. I.: 1 3 16 17 22 23
 Hodge, T. C.: 1 13A 14A 15A 18 36A
 Holbeche, J. D.: 1 4 16A 17A 22 23
 Holloway, R. F.: 1 13A 16 17 22 23
 Hudson, B. N.: 1 3 13 16 21
 Humphrey, G. V.: 1 3x 16 17 22
 Ives, K. J.: 13 14 15 36
 Johnston, C. R.: 14A 15 16 17 22 23A
 Kingsley, W. V.: 1A 2A 17 22 23A
 Knowles, H. T.: 1 3 4 13H2 15A
 Lemcke, T. B.: 1 16A 17 22 32
 Lett, B.: 1 13 16 17 22 23
 Lock, G. A.: 1 13A 15 18A
 Logan, M. G.: 1 3x 15H2 16 17 21A
 Longshaw, G. R.: 1A 3Ax 16H2 17A 22 23H2
 MacMullen, D. C.: 1 14H1 16A 17A 22A 23A
 McGregor, R. A.: 1 2 16A 17 22 23
 McKenzie, R. J.: 16 17 22 23
 Mason, K. E.: 1A 2 13 15 18A 21
 Mason, T. A.: 1 16A 17A 22A 23 32
 Matthews, D. W.: 1 14 15H2 16 17 21
 Melville, M. W.: 1 2 16 17A 22 23
 Morgan, G. R.: 1A 4 16 17 22A 23A
 Murphy, R. J.: 3x 16 22 23
 Nannelli, O. C.: 1 13A 18 23
 Ng, C.: 1 8A 16 17 22 23A
 O'Brien, G.: 1 4 16 17 22 23A
 O'Hara, C. J.: 1 16A 17A 22H2 23A 32A
 Oughton, R. K.: 1 3Ax 16 17 22 23A
 Paine, K. D.: 1 3 16 17 22 23A
 Paterson, K. I.: 13 15 16 17 36
 Pearce, G. N.: 1 14 16A 17 23
 Pemberton, R. G.: 1 13 14A 18 21
 Penn, H. G.: 1 16H2 17H2 22A 23A 32A
 Peters, R. E.: 1 3 13 18 31A
 Pollhrondis, G.: 16 17 22 32
 Prohm, J. P.: 1 13A 14 15
 Reid, R. F.: 1 14 16 17 22
 Reynolds, C. D.: 1 14A 17 22 23
 Rice, N.: 1 16 17 22 23H2
 Richardson, I. A.: 1A 13A 14 15A 17
 Richmond, J. A.: 1 13 14 18
 Rowe, G. S.: 1 3 16 17 23
 Rowe, M. A.: 1 17 22 23A 32
 Roy, I. C.: 16 17 22 23 32A
 Rudd, R. B.: 1 14A 16A 17A 22A 23H2
 Ruse, R. G.: 1 3x 16A 17H2 22 23
 Sales, D. E.: 1 2 3Ax 15 16 17
 Searle, B. M.: 1 13 15A 16 17 36A
 Shiraev, N.: 1A 4 16H1 17H1 22A 23A
 Shirtley, R. L.: 1 16A 17 22 23A 32
 Showyn, L. R.: 1 3Ax 16A 17 22 23
 Sim, R. W.: 1 16 17 22 23 32A
 Smallbone, N. L.: 1 13A 15 16 17 36A
 Smith, I. D.: 1A 2H1 3Ax 16A 17A 21A
 Smith, M. J.: 14A 15H1 16 17 36
 Smith, R. N.: 1 14 16 17 21 32
 Smith, T. J.: 1 13 14 18
 Spicer, R. J.: 1 16 17 22 23A 32
 Stack, B. G.: 1 3Ax 16A 17A 22 23A
 Starr, R. V.: 1 13 14 18 32A
 Stevenson, N. McK.: 1 3 15H1 17 21
 Strathdee, K. C.: 14A 16 17 21 32
 Strokon, A.: 1 2A 16H2 17A 22H2 23A
 Stutchbury, I. M.: 1 3H2 16 17 21
 Tan, C. N.: 1 13 14 18 22 23A
 Telford, R. J.: 1 13 14A 15 18 21
 Thompson, T. J.: 1 13A 16H1 17H1 22A 23A
 Uther, E. J.: 1 13 14 16 17 22
 Vicary, M. J.: 1 3 16 17 22 23
 Ward, D. C.: 1 2 16 17 22 23
 Watsford, J. L.: 14A 16 17A 22H2 23A
 Weeks, S. R.: 1 14A 15 16 17 21A
 Whiting, P. M.: 1 4 16A 17A 22 23A
 Widdup, M. A.: 1 14A 17 22 23
 Wilson, B. R.: 1 3x 13 18 21
 Wilson, D. I.: 1 13 14H1 15 18 21
 Wood, J. L.: 1 3H2x 4 13 15 18
 Yap, J. P.: 1 8 16 17A 22 23
 Yue, D. K. S.: 1A 8A 16H1 17H1 22A 23A
 Zweig, S.: 1 3x 14A 15 18 21

FIRST TWO HUNDRED PLACES IN LEAVING CERTIFICATE, 1962

The following boys of Homebush Boys' High School were placed in the first two hundred places in the 1962 Leaving Certificate Examinations:—

Shiraev, N.

Yue, D. K.

Thompson, T. J.

INTERMEDIATE BURSARIES

McLean, A.

Cawley, R.

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE, 1962

Akinin, V.
Allsop, R.
Anderson, P. F.
Andrews, B.
Austin, K.
Bailey, R.
Bailey, M.
Baker, K.
Beard, G.
Beehag, W.
Bilbe, B.
Bishop, K.
Blood, R.
Blundell, T.
Boyce, N.
Bracht, J.
Brodie, I.
Brown, G. W.
Brown, S. L.
Burcher, R.
Buttery, P.
Canellis, L.
Campbell, C. K.
Campbell, R. A.
Cardwell, L.
Carson, D.
Caudle, B.
Cawley, R.
Chapman, J.
Charlton, R.
Charleston, T.
Chilcott, P.
Chiswick, A.
Coghlan, G.
Constable, R.
Cordingley, J.
Countouris, P.
Cowie, J.
Crombie, G.
Cunningham, R. A.
Dobbs, I.
Dubos, G.
Dunbar, B.
Duncan, B.
Dunley, A.

Dwyer, C.
Edwards, G.
Essenstam, J.
Everett, D.
Faith, G.
Fathers, R.
Fizzell, J.
Fleeton, D.
Fleeton, R.
Ford, A.
Fuller, R.
Gazzard, B.
Gilpin, J.
Goodall, J.
Glynn, E.
Green, R.
Grigor, D.
Groves, S.
Haigh, B.
Haines, P.
Hale, J.
Hamburger, G.
Hardwick, T.
Haskell, D.
Hassall, S.
Hillyard, R.
Hobbs, G.
Hodder, J.
Hodgson, K.
Holder, S.
Holmes, A. R.
Holmes, P.
Hovey, W.
Humphreys, R.
Hutchison, K.
Hyde, P.
Irvine, R.
Irwin, B.
Jackson, C.
Jamieson, J.
Johnson, D.
Johnston, R.
Jordan, D.
Keighley, B. R.
Keighley, J. P. M.

Kerr, G.
Kidd, G.
King, J.
Krupka, T.
Lalor, P.
Langley, P. L.
Lawson, S.
Lee, R.
Letherbarrow, R.
Lloyd, D.
Loftus, W.
Longden, K.
Loudon, C.
Loughnan, R.
Lytton, J.
McArthur, J.
McCullough, R.
McFarlane, O.
McGrath, B.
McGregor, P.
McLean, A.
Mack, R.
Maloney, R.
Martin, G.
Mitchell, G.
Morgan, N. P.
Morgan, R. J.
Morris, R.
Northbridge, R.
O'Keefe, P.
Ovenden, M.
Parnell, R.
Percival, C.
Peters, W.
Porter, T.
Quin, R.
Quinn, K. L.
Ramsay, R.
Reid, G.
Richardson, R.
Rider, K.
Roberts, E.
Rowe, I.
Roy, B.
Rutkauskas, R.

Ryan, G.
Sayers, D.
Scotland, R.
Sheffield, I.
Shellard, D.
Shipley, K.
Short, C.
Simpson, A.
Sims, G.
Singleton, R.
Smith, D. A.
Smith, G. F.
Sneddon, A.
Staniforth, J.
Steinmanis, M.
Stinson, P.
Swavley, B.
Sydenham, N.
Tennant, R.
Thickett, G.
Thompson, B.
Thompson, G.
Till, K.
Trantum, W.
Turek, G.
Unsworth, R.
Vos, D.
Waugh, B. L.
Waugh, D. B.
Wayne, S.
Webb, A.
Wiggins, T.
Wilkes, A.
Wiley, I.
Willis, J.
Wilson, D. N.
Wilson, D. N. L.
Windsor, I.
Withers, G.
Wood, R.
Wright, A.
Wyd, P.
Young, R. H.
Young, R. L.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE, 1964

The following texts have been set for study for the course in English at the Leaving Certificate Examination, 1964; those marked with an asterisk being the selection for Homebush Boys' High School:

A. Prescribed Books.

- *Shakespeare: Macbeth
- *Essays, Old and New, edited H. Barnes.
The essays to be studied are:—
Sir Roger at Home — Addison
Recollections of Childhood — Steele
Child's Play — Stevenson
Old China — Lamb
Of Revenge — Bacon
On Fashion — Hazlitt
Tunbridge Toys — Thackeray
The Fires of Autumn — Milne
The Mowing of a Field — Belloc
Candilli — Flecker
On Being Hard Up — Jerome
On Running After One's Hat — Chesterton
Water Music — Huxley

OR

The Spoken Word, edited A. F. Scott

B. List of Approved Books for General Reading

- *E. Bronte: Wuthering Heights (any complete edition)
OR
W. Thackeray: Henry Esmond
- *Australian Short Stories, edited Murdock and Drake-Brockman
The stories to be studied are:—
Beereun the Mirage Maker — K. Langloh Parker
Scrammy 'And — Barbara Baynton
The Funerals of Malachi Mooney — Edward Dyson
Kate's Wedding — "Steele Rudd"

The Champion Bullock Driver — Lance Skuthorpe
The Lobster and the Lioness — "Kodak" (E. O'Ferrall)
The Stump — Vance Palmer
The Pisé House — Brian James
The Pelican — Cecil Mann
The Man Who Bowled Victor Trumper — Dal Stevens
The Three Jolly Foxes — Douglas Stewart
The Kid — Ken Levis

OR

Goldsmith: She Stoops to Conquer

- A Book of Poetry, selected by W. M. Smyth
OR

*A Galaxy of Poems Old and New, chosen by E. W. Parker

The Poems to be studied are:—

Let me not to the marriage of true minds — Shakespeare

Death Be Not Proud — Donne

On His Blindness — Milton

A Song for St. Cecilia's Day — Dryden

The Ombre Party — Pope

Ode to Evening — Collins

London 1802 — Wordsworth

The Solitary Reaper — Wordsworth

Kubla Khan — Coleridge

Ode on a Grecian Urn — Keats

Dover Beach — Arnold

God's Grandeur — Hopkins

To a Snow Flake — Thompson

The Wild Swans at Coole — Yeats

Bat — Lawrence

Journey of the Magi — Eliot

Fire in the Heavens — Brennan

Five Visions of Captain Cook — Vision II — Slessor

The Rivers — Stewart

The Builders — Wright

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LADIES' AUXILIARY OFFICE BEARERS, 1963

Patrons: Mrs. R. T. W. Jane, B.A.
President: Mrs. L. Rodgers
Vice-Presidents: Mesdames H. Stutchbury,
E. Cannon, G. Webb
Publicity Officer: Mrs. E. Wilson
Treasurer: Mrs. E. Ahlstrom
Secretary: Mrs. G. Bilbe

Continued enthusiasm of the members has resulted in the Auxiliary enjoying another successful and happy year. Attendance at monthly meetings has averaged almost sixty — which is most encouraging. However, we are always seeking new members and they can be assured of a friendly and harmonious atmosphere within the organisation.

A Christmas Luncheon was held at Burwood Motel in December, '62. This was a memorable occasion and it is now intended that it should become an annual re-union for members, past and present. Our Jubilee Book will contain a record of those who meet together each year to enjoy this celebration.

In February we were delighted to welcome many mothers of First Form boys. This traditional luncheon was followed by an instructive address from Mr. Jane and an interesting talk from a horticulturist.

Our activities this year have been many and varied, and after an expenditure of £58 in the Science Department, the September balance was £390 — a most gratifying result. Guided by advice from the Principal, the Auxiliary will spend this money in the best interests of the boys.

Our second Mannequin Parade was again successful, yielding £63. The glamorous models, all members of the Auxiliary, paraded the clothes in professional fashion.

Theatre parties have proved popular and have added appreciable sums to our revenue. Other functions enjoyed during the past six months include a floral art demonstration, a display of Australian gems, and a radio show at McDowells Daffodil Centre. Two bowling days — a new venture for us — were hilarious occasions. Cabaret dances retained their popularity as highlights in the year's social entertainment.

With fear and trepidation our indefatigable stalwarts once more undertook to cater for the Sports' Day and Zone Athletics. Despite gloomy forecasts, the weather remained fine and there were no cancellations. The profit will exceed £150. To climax the busy month of August an additional £56 was raised at the Annual Stall.

The Auxiliary has again willingly supported all school activities, including Term Dances, Prefects' Dinners, Cadets' Passing Out Parade and Fifth Year Farewell. Library days are pleasant afternoons. Under the expert guidance of Miss Ryan we assist with covering and repairing books.

The year's achievements have only been made possible by the loyal support of our members and their regular attendance at meetings. The recently formed Clothing, Catering and Floral Committees have been valuable assets and we applaud them for a job well done.

Congratulations to the members of the P. and C. on a successful year. The Auxiliary is ever appreciative of their co-operation — so cheerfully given

— and may they organise many more barbecues! A tribute also to the Old Boys' Union, whose loyalty for their Alma Mater is an inspiration to us all.

On behalf of the Auxiliary we extend thanks to Mr. Jane, Mr. Brown, Mr. Satchell and members of staff for their courtesy and generous assistance at all times.

Best wishes to the boys sitting for Public Examinations and Yuletide greetings to our members and supporters.

Lilian Rodgers, President.
Gwen Bilbe, Secretary
Ethel Ahlstrom, Treasurer

THE SCHOOL CHESS CLUB

This year the Chess Club was, as in previous years, ably conducted by Mr. Garan and I would like to thank both Mr. Garan and the P. and C., on behalf of the Chess Club members, for providing and distributing the Chess Sets.

The Chess Club was held at lunchtimes on Tuesday and Friday, and unfortunately only boys of 3B seemed to attend. In future I would like to see more boys from all years in Room 7 at lunchtimes.

Only two grades entered the Inter-School Chess this year, and these were D and C. Neither was good enough to enter the finals but will do better next year I'm sure, as the teams were inexperienced.

—G. Talbot and D. Coles (3B)

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THE PARENTS & CITIZENS' ASSOCIATION, 1963

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

President: Mr. D. Craig

Vice-Presidents: Messrs. S. C. Short, L. Cannon,
D. Pettigrew

Treasurer: Mr. R. Heins

Secretary: Mr. D. A. Webb

At the outset, the Executive and Members of the Parents and Citizens' Association of Homebush Boys' High School extend their sincere congratulations to the boys who were successfully enrolled in 1963 to this, one of the major schools in the Sydney Metropolitan Area.

To the parents who have joined the Parents and Citizens' Association, we extend a hearty welcome to our midst, and to those who have attended the regular monthly meetings we proffer our best thanks for it is only by your actual presence that we are afforded the opportunity of making your personal acquaintance.

The Parents and Citizens' Association of Homebush Boys' High School has but one prime object — the betterment of school facilities for your boy. This may have been attained by the purchase of technical equipment, air circulators, lighting and a host of other improvements, but a most important factor in the provision of these features is the manner in which funds for these purposes have been raised.

This has been accomplished by the parents who responded to the Appeal made by the Association at the beginning of the year, by that magnificent band of workers — the Ladies' Auxiliary — and by the members of the Parents and Citizens' Association themselves. The fund raising has not been arduous, for both the Ladies' Auxiliary and the Parents and Citizens' Association have developed their thoughts and activities on the lines of "Let's have fun while raising funds" and this truly has been the trend throughout 1963.

There have been Bowling Days, Mannequin Parades, Theatre Parties, Barbecues and Cabaret Dances organised, all of which have been tremendously successful from all points of view.

Due to the persistent pressure of the Association, the outstanding co-operation of the Principal, Mr. R. T. W. Jane, and the splendid efforts of Mr. B. Doig, M.L.A., the Education Department has agreed to carry out renovations and improvements to the school involving an expenditure of approximately £40,000. This, we feel, is an accomplishment of which all concerned can feel justly proud.

For many years the school has conducted its principal sporting activities, with the exception of athletics, at Airey Park, the school oval. For the information of those who are not well acquainted with this area, the dressing sheds are totally inadequate, there are no showering facilities and only limited seating is available.

In these rather distressing circumstances the Parents and Citizens' Association, keenly supported by its Ladies' Auxiliary, has joined the Homebush

Old Boys' Union with the object of raising sufficient funds to erect a grandstand at the oval, complete with modern dressing rooms and full toilet amenities, catering facilities, etc. This is not a dream of the future; with the help and guidance of all parents it will be a reality in a short space of time.

It seems such a pity that our monthly meetings are not better attended. An average of 37 parents for over 1500 boys is not good representation. These meetings are packed full of interest and are not the dry and drab affairs which some may be prone to think. It is on these occasions that parents learn first hand from the principal of the activities of the school and the changes and improvements in education technique which seem to be taking place almost daily. The Professor Messel Book of Science, the proposed changes for Language Examinations, the future of Homebush as a selective High School are just a few of the topics which have been freely discussed this year.

It was with the keenest satisfaction that the Parents and Citizens' Association noted that the Wallabies were not the only footballers who covered themselves with glory. The school's 1st XV, 2nd XV, 3rd XV and 4th XV were premiers for 1963. An outstanding achievement. Well done boys and congratulations to the school's Sportsmaster, Mr. J. Mason, and the staff who so ably assisted him.

For some boys this will be their final year at Homebush. We of the Parents and Citizens' wish them well in the future and success in the forthcoming examinations.

To the Headmaster, Deputy Headmaster and Staff, our sincere congratulations for maintaining the high standards of the school in the academic, sporting and cultural fields.

And to the parents who have tarried long enough to read this report — please come to our meetings. We do look forward to meeting you.

D. Craig, President.

R. Heins, Treasurer.

D. A. Webb, Secretary.

TEXTBOOKS

The textbook scheme continues to operate in the same form. Thanks are due to boys who have helped at various times, especially to R. Chenery of 2G who has given his time to assisting in many ways.

More than £2,000 has been spent this year on the purchase of new textbooks. The introduction of new courses has required the purchase of new sets of texts this year. Next year, about £1,500 will be required for the provision of new general science texts for 2nd and 3rd forms only.

Parents and boys are asked to help by seeing that textbooks are properly cared for so that their useful life is prolonged.

—E. Cook.

Department of Main Roads, N.S.W.

Careers for Boys in Professional and Clerical Positions

Vacancies exist in the Department of Main Roads, N.S.W., for boys leaving school who desire employment in the following positions:—

JUNIOR CLERKS: Leaving Certificate, £592 per annum.

JUNIOR DRAFTSMEN (Engineering and Land Survey): Commencing Salary: Leaving Certificate, £593 per annum.

JUNIOR TESTING OPERATORS: Commencing Salary: Intermediate Certificate, £465 per annum; Leaving Certificate, £592 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.

SURVEYING TRAINEES: Leaving Certificate (to study full time Degree Course in Surveying at the University of New South Wales, and in addition satisfy the requirements of Surveyors' Board of N.S.W. for registration as a Land Surveyor under Surveyors' Act, 1929 (as amended) — fees paid by Department in addition to a living allowance plus an allowance towards the 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.

W. W. WEIR, Secretary.

309 Castlereagh Street, SYDNEY.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE, 1963

Last year's good beginning on guidance work for Form I has been continued and extended to cover courses for Form I and Form II. Interest aroused in 1962 has been developed in Form II and has played an important part in the good progress shown by the majority of the Form. Extra classes in Form I have made the task of settling down to good study habits more difficult. A special thank you to our School Counsellor, Miss Murray, who has given so much of her time in preparing material for these courses and also for the very valuable study sheets issued to Fifth Year.

A change was made this year in the arrangements for visits to industrial and commercial concerns. Third Year students were given an opportunity in the May vacation and Fifth Year in the August-September one. I would like to thank the organisers of these tours, Commonwealth Employment Office, Education Department and the various people who

co-operated with them. Our thanks are also due to the Burwood Rotary Club for the invitation extended to parents and students to attend the Apprentice and Careers evening at South Strathfield High School.

Many boys took advantage of these wonderful opportunities for gaining information about careers. This has been well supplemented by a free use of the School's career pamphlets. The School Librarian, Miss Ryan, reports a keener interest this year and I would like to thank her for her interest and support. Second Year students are making good use of the pamphlets as part of their guidance course. Vocational testing for Third Year was later than usual but keen interest has been taken in the results. It is good to see so many of last year's leavers returning for a short visit. Present Fifth Year seems well aware of the greater competition that awaits them. Best wishes to all years in Final Examinations.

COMMONWEALTH DAY, 1963

On Friday, 24th May, this year, the British Commonwealth of Nations Day ceremony was held in the Assembly Hall and relayed to the class-rooms by the public-address system.

The themes of the various addresses this year emphasised the part played by each member of the Commonwealth and the benefits gained by all members by active participation in the actual administration.

The ceremony was opened by the chairman, our school captain, Douglas Rodgers. This was followed by a rendition of the school song by the choir accompanied by the orchestra.

N. Dobbs of 1B, speaking about Jamaica, gave an informative talk on the history and development of the island from the time of its discovery up to its recent introduction as an independent Commonwealth member.

The second speaker, M. Creswick of 2L, discussed the entry of Trinidad to the Commonwealth. He also outlined the great part that the Prime Minister,

Dr. Williams, played in its final independence.

S. Sloggett of 3A, followed with a short speech on the most recent member, Uganda, and gave an account of the struggle for independence which was gained in October 1962.

Following this, G. Murphy of 4D, spoke of the Commonwealth today and its transformation from the British Empire to the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Final speaker was Ken Spriggs of 5A, who spoke on the benefits of Commonwealth membership.

This was followed by a brief summing up which emphasised the existing spirit of fellowship between the member nations.

The Principal, Mr. Jane, concluded the ceremony with some pertinent remarks.

Throughout the ceremony the speeches were interspersed with appropriate musical items. As always a special vote of thanks to Mrs. Corcoran, Mr. Lipcomb, the school choir and orchestra.

—K. Spriggs (5A)

SUMMER SCIENCE SCHOOL

"THE UNIVERSE OF TIME AND SPACE"

Once again at the beginning of this year, as in 1962 the Nuclear Research Foundation conducted a Summer Science School for scholarship-winning high school students. One hundred and forty-eight boys and girls from schools throughout Australia and two from New Zealand were treated to an absorbing two weeks of Physics, Astronomy and Cosmology at Sydney University.

A team of six professors delivered seventeen lectures under the general heading of "The Universe of Time and Space". Fifteen of these were televised.

The experience of Professor Herman Bondi (Gravity and Modern Physics) and S. O. Lyttleton (The Moon, Planets and Comets in the Expanding Universe) from England; Thomas Gold (The First Five Years of Space Research), E. P. Ney (The Narrabri Stellar Interferometer) and Julius Sumner Miller from America, and Stuart Butler (The Atom, Electromagnetism and Relativity) from Sydney,

combined to produce a series of interesting lectures from which much valuable knowledge was gained.

Apart from the lectures, scholarship winners saw a series of films entitled "Planet Earth" which was made during the International Geophysical Year; had an organised tour of the School of Physics, and visited the Atomic Energy Commission Research Station at Lucas Heights.

These two interesting and profitable weeks were rounded off with a civic reception, and as each student left the Town Hall at the completion of the School, I am sure that he or she felt grateful for having been chosen to participate in an activity which was so beneficial and enjoyable.

—Douglas Rodgers (5A)

(Congratulations to R. Cunningham (4A) for winning a scholarship for the Summer Science School, 1963. —Ed.)



SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Back Row: D. Stiel, R. Humphreys, N. Briggs, D. Sayers, D. Salter, M. Turner, D. Kavagnagh, C. McDonald, J. Aubrey.
Front Row: K. Barnett, R. Mitchell, Mr. C. Lipscomb, A. Lyons, A. Pettigrew, R. Beck.



SCHOOL CHOR

Back Row: R. Hunter, J. Druery, D. Vos, T. Wilkes, D. Sayers, J. Hunter, N. Briggs, J. Gibbons, W. Weston, D. Harris.
Fourth Row: R. Maike, D. Simpson, S. Coghlan, W. Tschannen, B. Wood, W. Hooker, R. Atkinson, K. Ashton, G. Zantis, P. Williamson, L. Collier.
Third Row: Mr. C. Lipscomb, J. Fox, A. Smith, K. Pullen, R. Schofield, M. Craig, G. Anderson, A. Baldwin, B. Morris, B. Sullivan, S. Skelton, S. Groves.
Second Row: P. Armstrong, S. Pavel, P. Muller, A. Gregory, K. Ambler, W. Jacenko.
Front Row: G. Pittman, R. Williamson, D. Kavanagh, M. Healey, P. Hardgrove, R. Howie, K. Graham, R. Coady, N. Roudenko, J. Punch.

MUSIC IN THE SCHOOL

Continuing from our last report in the 1962 issue of the school magazine, we again report for 1963:

At the 1962 Speech Day function held at the Melba Theatre, Strathfield, the Junior Choir of 60 voices, accompanied by the school orchestra, gave appropriate choral items.

Commonwealth Day was again celebrated by the singing of chosen national songs by the choir, the school orchestra accompanying.

Twenty tenors and basses took part in the Combined Secondary Schools' Concert held in Sydney Town Hall. Choir items included excerpts from "The Magic Flute" — Mozart, "In Windsor Forest" — Vaughan-Williams, and "Pavane" — Faure. David Salter, a member of the 'cello section, played an important part on the programme.

A full report of our Music and Drama Festival held during the last week of the second term, appears separately in this issue.

Twenty-four Second and Fourth Year boys attended and enjoyed immensely, the four A.B.C. Symphony Orchestral Concerts held in the Sydney Town Hall.

Robert Peters, our only L.C. Music candidate last year, gained an A pass in Music.

A further supply of L.P. records and orchestral scores were supplied this year by the Music Branch. Fourteen excellent library books on musical topics, were added to the School Library.

The beautifully toned two speaker "Classic" stereogram is a valuable contribution to the school's Music Department. Its purchase and installation is due to the interest and generosity of the Ladies' Auxiliary, and comes at a time when music appreciation lessons have been and will be still further increased in the implementation of the Wyndham Scheme.

—C. Lipscomb, M. Corcoran.

THE MUSIC AND DRAMA FESTIVAL, 1963

Although the size of the audiences was a little disappointing, the people who attended the 1963 Music and Drama Festival on 20th and 21st August spent a very entertaining evening. The rousing strains of Sousa's "Liberty Bell" March, played by the school orchestra, provided a bright and promising opening to the programme.

The junior choir, some thirty voices, sang a selection of German folk songs, in German. The high quality of their singing showed once again the training given by Messrs. Lipscomb, Garan and Mrs. Corcoran. The other musical items in the programme were also of a very high standard. The difficulty of the setting by Ralph Vaughan-Williams of a sixteenth-century drinking song was a challenge to the ability of the senior choir, a challenge which they met admirably.

In the second half of the programme the school choir and orchestra combined to present excerpts from "The Magic Flute" by Mozart. The duet "The Kindly Voice" was delightfully sung by Stuart Groves and Arthur Gregory, and David Sayers' solo, Sarastro's aria "O, hear us" was also most enjoyable. The choir gave a polished performance highlighted by the use of the chimes played by David Kavanagh in the Chorus of Slaves, "O listen, what is it that tinkles so clear".

The orchestra contributed two other items, the first being the Allegro and Minuet from "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" by Mozart, played by an instrumental group. The Brass Trio presented a bracket of three numbers which the audience thoroughly enjoyed.

The drama sections of the programme were of a higher standard than in previous years. Moliere's classic comedy, "The Quack Doctor" was presented with fine acting by Fourth Year boys. Outstanding among them was Terry Charleston who played the woodcutter-turned-doctor with the skill and aplomb of a seasoned trouper. The "lady" members of the

cast were all realistically played, with Doug Jordan as the woodcutter's shrewish wife and Alwyn Simpson, a beautiful heroine, being hard to recognise in their female attire. Wigs, colourful Restoration costumes and a backdrop created by Mr. Milton added to the presentation, and the audience enjoyed to the full the witty dialogue and farcical situations of the play.

From the cacophony of bugles and drums which heralded the arrival of the cast of the next play at the rear doors of the hall, it was obvious that "The Tall, Tall Castle" was going to be an unusual spectacle. The play was mimed by the cast, each character having his own particular musical signature tune. The audience rocked with laughter as the hero galloped in on his imaginary horse and as each of the major characters, including the Beautiful Maiden, jumped or fell from the top of the Tall, Tall Castle. Costuming was again very good, the Beautiful Maiden was indeed beautiful, and all the 1A pupils who took part entered into the spirit of the play most enthusiastically.

Mr. Mason and Mr. Dare had arranged a Physical Education Display, which began with a series of demonstrations of cricket skills expertly presented. A vaulting display followed, enlivened by the antics of the two Morgan brothers, Richard and David, who clowned admirably. An interesting primitive native dance was also presented.

To enliven the programme and to keep it moving quickly, several entr'actes were provided by Graham Bull and David Gance, who, as "a couple of song and dance men", presented brackets of songs. Their verve and gaiety made them very popular.

Patrons voted the evening one of the best Music and Drama Festivals yet presented by the school, and this was sufficient reward for all those people who endeavoured to make the programme enjoyable.

—E. LeMarne.



HUME-BARBOR DEBATING TEAM

Mr. R. T. W. Jane (H.M.), R. Scott, G. Evans, S. Heuston, Mr. Howland.

1963



CRAMP MEMORIAL DEBATING

Mr. Jane, P. Talon, John Jennings, R. Mitchell, R. Charleton, Mr. Moss.

HUME - BARBOUR DEBATING

The Hume-Barbour team this year achieved a record for debating in this school. The team, comprising Stan Heuston, Gareth Evans, Ross Scott and Peter Halton were undefeated zone champions and in the two quarter-final rounds gained victories over the highly rated Sydney Tech. and North Sydney teams. In the semi-final they were opposed to another dark horse skilfully disguised as Janali High School, who, rearing to the occasion, defeated Homebush by a short half head or, as we in the game

would say, by one point.

The team, while pleased with their achievement, feel an awful premonition that their record will be eclipsed next year and that the school vestibule may yet be encumbered by the massive presence of the Hume-Barbour trophy.

Gratitude is extended to Mr. A. Howland for his experienced advice and incisive criticism and to Greg Ponchard whose majestic presence in the choir ensured exemplary co-operation from the audiences.

I. S. C. F.

(Inter-School Christian Fellowship)

It is standard procedure to claim that "the I.S.C.F. has had a very successful year". The belief depends, of course, on what the leader and committee consider the function of the group to be, within the framework of a school. I shall not make the claim.

The I.S.C.F. does not exist to provide boys who go to church with an opportunity of going twice — once on Sunday and once at school in the middle of the week. I.S.C.F. is **not** church — there is no sermon, no collection, no hymns. The group is what its name states: a fellowship of Christians or, to rephrase, an opportunity for people interested in Christianity to come together and talk about it.

It seems to me that most boys in the school regard I.S.C.F. as some sort of fanatics' club — a place to go if you're a real holy of holies Christian. This is far from the truth.

During the age period 11-19, which includes most boys in our school, there are certain questions and problems which every boy has to face. I feel quite sure that to some degree or other you, whether you're in Form I or Fifth Year, have given some consideration to the question: Do I believe in God? The question is a good one and a very difficult one to answer.

One of the fascinating things about it is that every boy you know has asked, is asking or will ask himself this very same question. You are not alone — so why face it alone? You may feel like shrugging it off and trying to forget it — but, one way or another, at some time or other, you will have to face it, decide about it and act accordingly. Both while you are at school, and more especially after you have left, you will find that this is one issue you cannot neglect. It is also one that you afterwards won't want to have neglected — because your decision can make a great and vastly pleasant difference to you — but that is another story. However, within these high school years, you will wonder about this question — if you have always believed or never believed, you will have doubts about your past convictions; if you have never given it a thought you will find that it's a question worth considering. If you are finding this at the present time, why not do something about it? Now!

I have said that the I.S.C.F. is not church. Rather it gives every boy in the school a chance to take a look at this question that we have been considering, and many similar ones, with the help of other boys who have also faced them. The group is only run by Fifth Year boys, so you're not in danger of being brainwashed by a highly systematic organisation. I.S.C.F. is the one group in the school which can provide this fundamental need — the need to talk over with boys just like yourself a problem which you all have, or had before you found an answer. Every boy, no matter what he thinks, has the right to speak or remain silent as he wishes.

It doesn't matter what denomination you are, or if you've never seen the inside of a church in your life — no boy who is willing to behave will be stopped by the I.S.C.F. from attending its meetings. There is no membership fee or request for money — I.S.C.F. is an open house.

About half way through this year we split the I.S.C.F. into two groups — senior (4th and 5th Years) and junior (1st, 2nd and 3rd Years). This resulted in the regular attendance increasing greatly, but we would like to see more and more boys coming in 1964 — and that means we would like to see you. Although combined meetings are often held on topics of common interest, the split group system allows the seniors especially to hold discussions and also permits special programmes of particular interest to juniors to be planned.

We hope that this system can be continued next year and that, in this way, the needs of most boys can be best catered for. This, after all, is the aim of the I.S.C.F. — to help all boys in the school in the things that they are actually interested in. It has been said sarcastically about ministers that the trouble with them is they insist on answering questions nobody is asking. Don't let this be said about I.S.C.F. — go along and see if you like it — if you don't, tell the leader and tell him what you wanted, but didn't get (within reason).

Besides the regular meetings at Thursday lunch-time, the I.S.C.F. is connected with other activities of interest to boys at our school. Among these are the Scripture Union and Inter-School Camps. The latter is a system arranged in co-operation with the Inter-School Christian Fellowship throughout the State, to provide inexpensive but tremendously en-

joyable and varied camps during each of the school vacations.

These camps specialise in such activities as: bushwalking, sailing, sport, science, climbing, the arts, cruising, ski-ing, swimming, hiking and agriculture. The activities at each camp are balanced so that, at Arts Camp for instance, you don't wander around all day and night lost in the depths of a creative stupor (or even in your long hair) — swimming, at this camp too, is a daily feature. Similarly you do not awake at six at Sports Camp and continue non-stop until ten (p.m. that is). However, even if you did, I'm sure you'd find the quality (and quantity!) of the food sufficient to revive you in quick time.

By the time that you're reading this article we'll have received details of the Summer Camps and have passed them on to you. Have you heard about them? Are you going? (You don't have to go to I.S.C.F. to go to the camps — many people at camps have not been regular I.S.C.F.ers) I hope that this is another aspect of I.S.C.F. of which you will take advantage.

Finally, I wish to thank Mr. Jane for the support he has given throughout the year in allowing us to use firstly Room 8 and later Rooms 27 and 28, and also Mr. Brown for regularly announcing meetings over the P.A. system. Our thanks also go to the guest speakers who have given their time to come and address us during the past year, and to you for reading to the end.

—Gareth Evans (5F)
(Leader — 1963)

PREFECTS V. THE STAFF

This year the prefect body challenged the staff at chess. Nine teachers were found willing to play; each was set against a prefect. Apparently the teachers practised furiously, for only two prefects won, the staff winning six games and one being drawn. I hope that next year the prefects are more successful and reverse the defeat suffered this year.

—G. Havas (5A)

JUNIOR DEBATING

Our Junior Debating Team had a very successful year. The team comprised R. Mitchell, first speaker; R. Charlton, second speaker; P. Lalor, whip and J. Jennings, advisor. It is pleasing to note that the team secured the greatest number of wins on record for a Homebush junior team.

We were successful against McArthur Boys' High, Northmead High and Parramatta in the District round. Arthur Philip High defeated us in the District Competition but we went on to the Quarter Finals to beat Vaucluse Boys' High.

Unfortunately, Manly Boys' High beat us in the semi-final.

On the whole we all enjoyed our experiences and tussles with other teams. We wish to express our gratitude to Mr. Moss and Mr. Buchan for their invaluable assistance.

—P. Lalor (4A)

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HOMEBUSH BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL UNION ACCOUNT

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND PAYMENTS FOR THE YEAR ENDING 30th NOVEMBER, 1962

RECEIPTS			PAYMENTS		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Balance b/d	1,250	13 7	Lockers	3	0 0
Lockers		16 0	Text Books	2,449	6 8
Textbooks	2,864	10 6	Union	295	6 4
Union	1,941	9 4	Library	982	4 1
Library	343	8 8	School Shop	1,089	14 8
School Shop	1,147	15 4	Swimming	61	11 3
Cricket		13 8	Cricket	93	15 1
Athletics	15	1 6	Tennis	77	10 6
Football		2 17 6	Athletics	30	4 6
Magazine	254	5 0	Football	164	18 5
Telephone	22	11 2	Grounds	262	10 0
Tuck Shop	388	18 0	Magazine	373	8 0
Stewart House	235	13 3	Duplicator	213	2 8
Life Saving	182	12 0	Telephone	121	13 9
Play Night	109	11 6	Stewart House	236	0 0
Socials	15	14 6	Life Saving	134	5 6
Contra	548	14 4	Play Night	44	6 3
Sundries	217	11 11	Equipment and Furniture	92	2 8
			Printing and Stationery	75	12 1
			Contra	412	10 5
			Sundries:		
			Petty Cash Advances	33	11 9
			Donations: Hospital, Ambulance	33	12 0
			Prizes '61 Speech Day	71	6 5
			Ladies' Auxiliary: 5th Year Farewell	111	8 6
			Prefects' Dinners	23	9 4
			Science Department Equipment	19	11 10
			Maps, Weather Chart	47	17 6
			Other Sundries	351	10 4
			Balance c/d.	1,637	7 3
	£9,542	17 9		£9,542	17 9
			Balance b/d as at 1-12-'62:	£1,637	7 3

BANK RECONCILIATION STATEMENT

Credit Balance as per Bank Statement		£1,864	3 3		
Less Unpresented Cheques:					
	£	s. d.			
359380	17	9	359435	3	13 6
359414	15	0	359436	3	1 3
359425	1	13 6	359437	2	0 0
359426	1	15 6	359438	8	9
359427	3	14 1	359439	1	2 9
359428	9	1	359440	1	11 9
359429	8	0 5	359441	4	6 7
359430	1	3 6	359442	3	12 0
359431	1	2 0	359443	5	0 0
359432	16	0	359444	236	0 0
359433	1	6 6	359445	4	15 0
359434	27	11 6	359446	45	0 11
				359	17 4
				£1,504	5 11
Add Outstanding Deposit				£133	1 4
Debit Balance as per Cash Book				£1,637	7 3

Audited and found correct — T. P. Deamer, 13/12/1962.



HOMEBUSH ARMY CADETS

Front Row (from l. to r.): L/Cpl. P. Finlay, Sgt. J. Talbot, S./Sgt. B. Bilbe, C.U.O. K. Spriggs, Capt. C. H. Hunt, Capt. T. M. Hennessey, Lt. G. A. F. Berkeley, C.U.O. G. Bull, Sgt. J. Adamson, W.O.II C. Short, Cpl. G. Kidd. **Second Row:** Cpl. P. Miller, Cpl. K. Neville, Cdt. P. Shield, Cdt. J. Green, Cdt. J. Pemberton, L/Cpl. D. Kay, L/Cpl. G. Brown, Cpl. D. Owen, Cpl. J. Kennedy, Cpl. B. Kelly, L/Cpl. B. Thew, Cpl. D. Jordan. **Third Row:** Cdt. G. Scales, Cdt. M. Thompson, Cdt. J. Boyle, Cdt. R. Stanton, Cdt. R. Crawley, Cdt. J. Gardiner, Cpl. I. LeProvost, Cdt. R. Withnell, Cdt. A. Gregory, Cdt. K. Bramley, Cdt. R. Callister, Cdt. E. Konstantinow, Cdt. P. Bilbe. **Back Row:** Cdt. R. Allen, Cdt. L. Busby, Cdt. L. Silcocks, Cdt. N. Green, Cdt. P. Hammond, Cdt. G. Anderson, Cdt. R. Burgess, Cdt. G. Clegg, Cdt. G. Enright, Cdt. P. Grove, Cdt. R. Westcott, Cdt. J. Hearne, Cdt. J. Hall, Cdt. T. Smith.

1963 ARMY CADETS REPORT

Although the Homebush Cadet Unit has been somewhat smaller this year owing to more selective recruiting, it has continued to function effectively and efficiently. We have been most ably led by our O.C. Capt. T. Hennessey, and very much regret the possibility of his leaving the Unit next year, as his infectious enthusiasm and ability will be sadly missed. The Unit welcomed Lt. G. Berkeley (ex British Army) as Company Quartermaster, and is happy to report that under his tireless direction the Q.M. store is now "a joy to the eye of the beholder".

At the annual May camp at Singleton it was once more proved that not only in Spain does "the rain fall mainly on the plain", for we received our usual yearly deluge! However, in spite of some curtailment of the planned programme due to the weather, we were able to carry out a very successful Field Exercise, a Rifle Shoot and many other instructive activities. Our sincere thanks go to Capt. C. Hunt (C.M.F.) for the giving of his time, knowledge and experience in his position as 2 I/C Unit throughout the Camp. Film programmes were shown at night for the entertainment of off-duty cadets, and for the "older and bolder" among us there was the challenge to a friendly wrestle with Capt. Hennessey from which one usually emerged sadder, sorer and sorrier.

During the second term, a bivouac was held at Merrylands with Field Exercises taking us into dense bush which simulated jungle conditions. We

were all appreciative of the visit to our living area by our C.O. and Headmaster, Mr. R. T. W. Jane; and also of instruction given us by a C.M.F. platoon from Capt. Hennessey's company.

The July Range Day at the Anzac Rifle Range provided valuable practice in marksmanship and rifle handling for all cadets, and added experience was gained by those who undertook Saturday morning shooting at Long Bay Rifle Range.

Our unit again took part in the Burwood R.S.L. Club's Anzac Day march and service, and the neatness of dress and bearing of all ranks reflected much credit on the school.

Congratulations to the following cadets who were successful at courses held throughout the year:—

C.U.O.'s Course, December 1962: Sgt. G. Bull (9th in State), Sgt. K. Spriggs (11th in State), Sgt. I. Frape.

Senior N.C.O.'s Course, December 1962: Cpl. C. Short (1st in State), Cpl. J. Talbot (21st in State), Cpl. B. Bilbe (34th in State), L/Cpl. D. Jordan, L/Cpl. G. Kidd.

Band Course, May 1963: L/Cpl. Neville, Cdt. D. Kay.

Signals Course, May 1963: Cdt. Humphreys.

So we look back on a happy year of achievement, knowing that we have gained something from the discipline, self-control, loyalty and co-operation demanded of each member of the unit. Above all we have learned the value of that truly Australian attribute — mateship!

—C. Short (WO II)



AIR TRAINING CORPS

Front Row (l. to r.): Cdt. B. Lemcke, Cpl. P. McGregor, Cpl. R. Bullot, Cpl. J. Gilpin, Flt. Lt. A. Howland, F./Sgt. P. Lalor, Cpl. G. Ryan, Cpl. R. Morrison, Cdt. R. Campbell. **Second Row:** Cdt. L. Webb, Cdt. T. Venczel, Cdt. G. Murphy, Cdt. D. Redfern, Cdt. A. Coram, R. Bird, I. Kerr, G. Bray, L.A.C. W. Mayne, Cdt. P. Hanlin. **Third Row:** Cdt. G. Hawke, G. Grant, J. Knight, L.A.C. R. Charlton, Cdt. M. Moroney, A. Flett, A. Martin, P. Costello, B. Smith. **Fourth Row:** Cdt. M. Cameron, L.A.C. B. MacCarthy, Cdt. P. Stuart, L.A.C. G. Hamburger, Cdt. N. Raush, L.A.C. K. Schofield, Cdt. A. Churchill, M. Charlton, D. Graham.

A.T.C. REPORT

The Air Training Corps was formed during the last war to provide pre-entry training for youths wishing to join the Air Force.

Today the Corps plays a slightly different role — it trains youths to grow up to be useful, responsible members of society. It does this by teaching self-discipline, respect for authority, reliability, leadership, comradeship and courage — both moral and physical.

During the past year there have been many encouraging incidents at 11 Flight, and as a result of the training received from the Flight's staff, namely Flt/Lt. Howland, Flt/Lt. Penman, Flt/Lt. Gregory, F/O Russel and Sgt. Aiken, cadets have gained a number of distinctions for themselves and the Flight.

In the field of rifle shooting, Corporal Ron Scoble and Flight Sergeant Peter Lalor have been very active. Flt/Sgt. Lalor was team captain of the N.S.W. Squadron team which took part in the Inter-Squadron Rifle Competition at Point Cook, Victoria, and was also captain of the A.T.C. H.Q. team for the Earl Roberts Imperial Cadet Forces Trophy Competition.

The Flight was also well represented at the annual Drill Competition. It is the intention of the Flight to enter a team in the Inter-Flight Rifle Competition, also.

In the course of the year several promotion

courses were held, and the subsequent promotions were made:

L.A.C.s Bullot, Scoble, Morrison, McGregor and Ryan are now Corporals, L.A.C. Kerr is now an Acting Sergeant, Cpl. McLean was promoted to Sergeant, and Cpl. Lalor is now a Flight Sergeant.

It is expected that two of the present N.C.O.s will attend a Cadet Under Officer Course in January of next year.

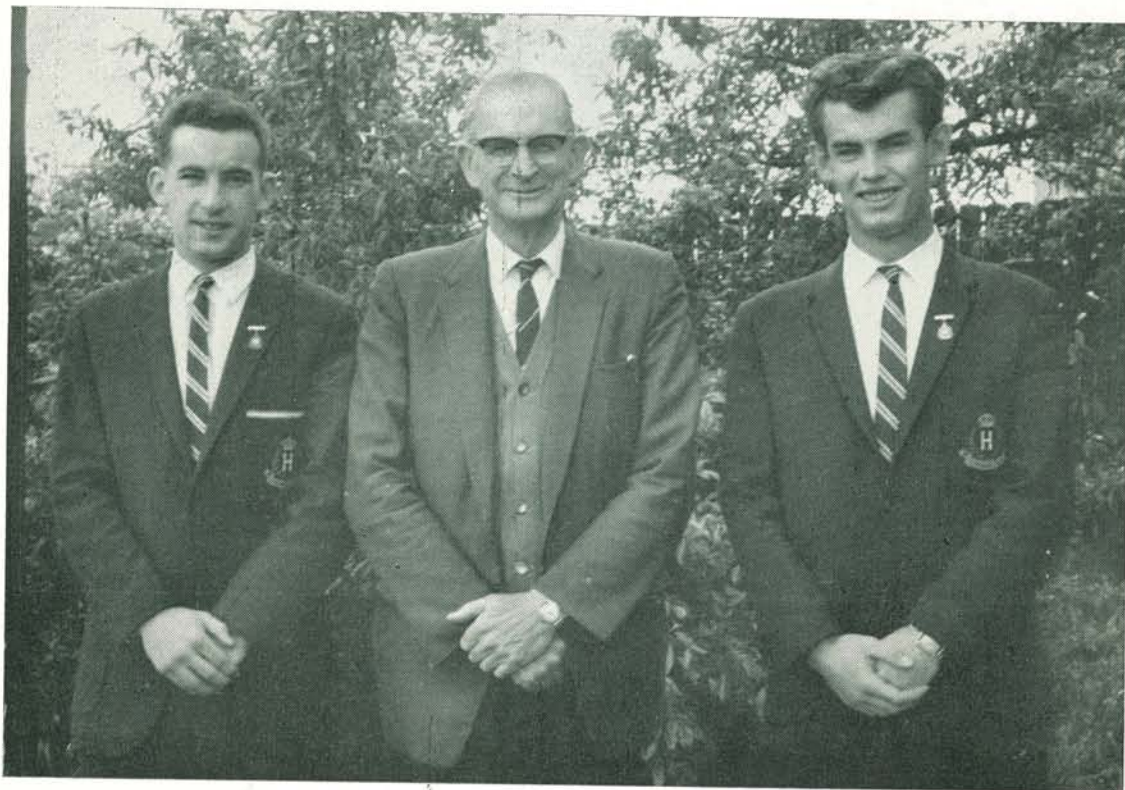
The Flight as a whole took part in a number of parades, including the Commonwealth Youth Day Service at Ashfield, the Burwood Anzac Day Commemoration Service, and the annual A.T.C. Anzac Service at Ashfield.

At the Passing Out Parade on Friday, 11th October, trophies were awarded to Cdt. Martin and L.A.C. Charlton for gaining the highest marks in the training exams, to Cpl. McGregor for his Pass with Distinction on a recent promotion course, and to Cpl. Gilpin and Flt./Sgt. Lalor for outstanding efficiency.

Colonel Speight, the reviewing officer at the Parade, stated that it was very good to see so many young men willing to sacrifice their time to take part so enthusiastically in the Corps.

It is hoped that next year will be at least as enjoyable and successful as this year has been.

—P. Lalor, Flt./Sgt. (4A)



SCHOOL CAPTAIN AND VICE-CAPTAIN

DOUGLAS RODGERS, MR. R. T. W. JANE, GEOFFREY HEGARTY.

THE GOLDING LIBRARY REPORT, 1963

It has been a busy year in the library, with significant increases in the circulation figures and in the number of books added to the library; the latter totalled 870 volumes. The major reason for these increases was a generous grant from the school funds which resulted in the expenditure of approximately £1000, thus ensuring that a steady stream of new stock went into circulation throughout the year.

Two subjects, Science and Mathematics received "most favoured" treatment in the allocation of library finance; Geography and Economics fared very well; while a new collection of Art books was required because this subject is now included in the curriculum. Despite the emphasis on these subjects other sections of the library were not neglected and a variety of new books became available, particularly in the Fiction section which is well patronised mainly (but not exclusively) by the junior school. It is worth commenting here upon the popularity of fiction with so many of our readers because this is an important and enjoyable aspect of reading which is often neglected by some young

people. Each year Mr. Waterhouse of Bellbird Books presents to the library a book that always proves very popular; this year we gratefully acknowledge his gift copy of "The Movies" by R. Griffith and A. Mayer.

During the year the Ladies' Auxiliary provided an excellent band of volunteers, who spent several Wednesday afternoons covering new books with plastic covers and preparing them for circulation. Other groups of enthusiastic helpers have been the library prefects and their assistants, who have carried out all the work connected with the charging desk and with the processing of books, periodicals, and pamphlets. The librarian is very grateful to the ladies and to the boys for undertaking so much of the routine work, and thus enabling the library to function more effectively. She wishes also to record her appreciation of the co-operation received from Mr. Jane and Mr. Brown on points of library organisation, and to thank members of staff who have made helpful recommendations for new books and have encouraged and directed their classes to make full use of the library facilities.



HOUSE CAPTAINS AND MASTERS

Front Row (l. to r.): Mr. R. T. W. Jane (Headmaster), Mr. H. Brown (Deputy Headmaster). **Second Row** (Captains): T. Considine, P. Guest, G. Ponchard, K. West. **Back Row** (Housemasters): Mr. W. Parr, Mr. J. Harrison, Mr. J. Mason (Sportsmaster), Mr. A. Howland, Mr. G. Dane.

EIGHTY-TWO THREE-COURSE MEALS EATEN IN SCHOOL LIBRARY

At the first Prefects' Dinner, chaired by Doug Rodgers, the guest speaker was Dr. Hume, whose address dealt with the various aspects of training for the medical profession. To many of those who were not present his advice may be valuable. If you have high intelligence, an application to your work (this is essential), commonsense, the endurance necessary to weather long years of arduous study, and a personality which enables you to get on well with people, you have made a good start. If you are sincerely devoted to medicine and its ideals, you possess yet another essential qualification. Beat the University quota system and you're set.

There is great consolation for those still reading. Dr. Hume considers that "the rewards of medicine are probably greater than those of any comparable profession". And, of course, there will never be the problem of unemployment; indeed, the doctor says of one branch of the profession: "The day may soon arrive where you simply will not be in the social swim without your own psychiatrist." Even at school many seniors have noticed the beginnings of this trend.

After a brief period in which a few questions were put to Dr. Hume by the prefects, Geof. Heggarty extended, on behalf of all, appreciation of his attendance. Ross Scott then thanked the Ladies' Auxiliary for their time and effort, and a brief address by the Headmaster brought the dinner to a close.

At the second dinner the guest was Officer Parker, from the Board of High Commissioners, who spoke on fire-fighting as a career. This particularly interested many who had lately rejected a medical vocation. The science of fire-fighting, we were told, demands six months training at Paddington (in addition to previous academic qualifications).

The high point of the dinner came with a demonstration of some fire-fighting apparatus which Officer Parker had kindly brought along. He had a "beaut" fire extinguisher, with which he could squirt thick white clouds of freezing carbon dioxide fumes all over the place, simply by turning a little handle. These clouds smother not only the fire, but anyone who happens to be sitting in it, as Mr. Jane and Chairman Geof. Heggarty discovered. Geof. then tested the resuscitation equipment.

We waited until the laughter was finally brought under control and Officer Parker was able to resume speaking. He then concluded his address with a few words of warning. First: "Don't let your nearest fire hydrant be covered!" and finally: "It is very dangerous to smoke in bed." As Terry Heins put it, in his motion of thanks to Officer Parker, "Obviously a good time was had by all here tonight".

After Gareth Evans had thanked the ladies for their food and service, the Headmaster spoke briefly, and the second Prefects' Dinner ended.

—Stan Heuston (5F)

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HERE AND THERE

LIGHTEN OUR DARKNESS. It is gratifying to learn that after many years — twenty-seven, we reckon — the interior of the school is to receive a coat of paint. While we rejoice in the prospect of entering a bright, sterile classroom, let us pause to shed a brief tear for the history about to be obliterated by the acrylic wonders of modern interior decoration. In this materialistic world we have often drawn strength from such childlike confessions as "Joe loves Mary" etched indelibly in generous, if misshapen hearts on the drab walls. And one wonders how "Bubbles", who achieved immortality in a plaster scratching, which reads "Bubbles Stinks", fared in later life.

Further amenities will include the installation of electric lights in all classrooms. No longer will the triumphant cry of "Can't see me book, Sir!" echo through murky classrooms during Sydney's thunderstorms. We predict — perhaps with charitable optimism — that illumination will flood more than our new pastel walls and our pupils' textbooks.

P.M.G. BANDIT? It seems that boys are not the only humorists in the school. A notice above the telephone in the Southern Staffroom reads: "Zac Mersheen". We trust that the telephone has given more satisfactory service than some other "mersheens" we've heard about.

THE COLD, HARD FACTS. At the beginning of 1963 the Universities introduced a "quota system" governing the admission of students to the various faculties. This has resulted in disappointment for many school leavers whose passes in the Leaving Certificate were inadequate to secure entry. Throughout the State approximately one thousand Fifth Year

students returned to school in order to gain higher passes.

We, too, have our quota of returned students and we sincerely hope that the extra year has been profitable to the extent of their fulfilling their academic ambitions. Whatever the outcome, we would point out, as our Headmaster, Mr. Jane, has already done at the beginning of the year, that parents and pupils, as well as the school, have a responsibility in this matter. A wasted year in the senior school is a serious handicap from the pupil's point of view and parents who have their sons' best interests at heart should satisfy themselves that their children devote the necessary time to home study. Often a parent is fobbed off with the excuse that "teacher hasn't given any homework". On occasions this may be true but there is a difference between "homework" and "home study" of which even the most naive pupil must be aware. School textbooks are designed primarily for study, although certain exercises therein are convenient for homework. So, parents, while Junior may display some ingenuity in avoiding work, do not be deceived by it, and if you wish further advice on the problems facing your son you are cordially invited to discuss matters with the Headmaster.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS. The Editor wishes to thank so many people that it would be impracticable to mention all by name. Nevertheless, some names cannot be overlooked. (Often we have had to beard Mr. Jane in his den when his thoughts were on matters of more moment than the Magazine; yet we always came away with the impression that our problems were his. And to Mr. Brown, whose co-



C.H.S. REPRESENTATIVES, 1963

Front Row (l. to r.): Mr. J. Mason (Sportsmaster), C. Jackson, D. Barrett, L. Walkley, Mr. R. T. W. Jane (Headmaster).
Back Row: P. Guest, E. Rebane, R. Halloway. **Absent:** J. Bray.

operation and organisation are par excellence, heartfelt gratitude.

Thanks also to various boys of 3A and 4A who typed much of the near illegible copy submitted by pupils. Our gratitude, too, to those overworked ladies in the school office, Mrs. Keating and Mrs. Ferguson, who not only typed copy gratuitously but also proved themselves to be competent critics of the entries submitted.

Thanks also to our advertisers, who help to make this publication possible. Please repay them by giving them your patronage.

A word of praise and encouragement to our contributors. The greater part of this magazine has been written by the pupils of the school. Do not be discouraged if your entry has not been included.

Finally, the Advertising Manager is indebted to those budding salesmen of Fourth Year — P. Stinson, G. Turek, R. McCullough, P. Contouris, J. Hodder, K. Longden, R. Tennant, R. Campbell and T. Charleston, who used their persuasive powers on many of our current advertisers.

CONGRATULATIONS. Robert Hewitt, Fifth Year 1960, continues his distinguished career at University. In the three second year subjects he studied he was first in High Distinction Chemistry II, the only candidate to gain High Distinction in Physics II, in which he also won the Slade Prize for Practical Physics, and in Mathematics II he came third in the Honours List.

STAFF CHANGES. We welcome the following additions to the Staff since our last publication:— Misses H. Bates, W. Plowman, S. Willis; Messrs. J. Barrett, E. Hardinge, G. Dare — all from Teachers' College; Mr. A. Thomas from Manly Boys' High; Mr. P. Milton and Mr. K. O'Donnell, both from Asquith Boys' High; Mr. K. Moore from Queensland.

The following teachers have left: Mr. C. Brownjohn, retired; Mr. W. Edgar, retired; Mr. L. Gregory, to Granville Boys' High; Mr. L. Brown, Acting Science Master to Granville Boys' High; Mr. R. Clinch to North Sydney Tech. High; Mr. L. Harvey to Broken Bay National Fitness Camp and Mrs. B. Irwin to Merrylands High.

LITERARY SECTION

We ask our readers not to expect the polished perfection of professional authors in the following selection of articles. It has been our policy over the past few years to publish as wide a cross section of the literary contributions of the school as possible. This inevitably involves a compromise: the various years must be fairly represented and a balance of variety must be observed. Thus the unpublished residue contains a few articles of undoubted merit and some others contain snippets of an indefinable quality which makes them entertaining reading. It would be a pity to allow all of these to waste their fragrance on the desert air.

For instance, we were intrigued (and still are, after twenty readings) by this poetic effusion of a young First Form bard:

"Winter! Winter! It's Winter.
The day is cold, the night is frozen,
Get out your warm clothes.
Winter! Winter! It's Winter.
Last night I saw my frozen wife.
Winter! Winter! It's Winter,
It's a cold life.
Winter! Winter! It's Winter."

Observe the cold, philosophic detachment of the line:

"Last night I saw my frozen wife."

Oh, the innocence of youth! Not only is the female of the species deadlier, but in cold weather she will make sure she is also warmer than the male.

It's a cold life, too, for an aspiring Third Year poet. His saga in the high Himalayas starts with this engaging verse:

"'Twas a freezing day in Tibet.
We found some gear that was for let.
We started out and up the hill.
It was so cold I caught a chill."

Well, you've got to admit that if rhyme's the thing, this writer achieved his purpose.

Here is a sample from a First Former who scorns the use of rhyme, yet achieves a creditable effect. Our Scottish palate savoured the rolling alliteration of the last line:

"The salt sea spray falls to the deck
Blown by the icy wind.
The drifting ship rolls with the waves
And grounds with a grind on the rocks."

Another First Former, disregarding rhythm entirely and using rhyme as providential coincidence, exhibits a remarkable "feeling" for the essentials of poetry, which augurs well for his future efforts:

"Beneath a roof of driving rhythm of monotony
That never rests,
A beat of dreariness.
But in a snug bed of caressing laziness
One retreats in one's warm, tender nest,
While the memory of the cold, dismal expanse
outside
Drifts away, like a boat on the tide."

But not all contributors were so preoccupied with the weather. One Third Year pupil could well develop neurotic tendencies over the intricacies of "A Straight Line".

"What is a straight line?" he asks. "Where does it come from? Who invented it? How many are there? How do you create one? How long does it take? What is it used for . . .?"

He's got us confused now. Still, persistence must be admired. He goes on to answer one of these questions in a manner that defies logic in general and the Maths Department in particular:

"Who did invent it? Not Newton or Einstein — or myself! Let us go back to Adam and Eve. No mention was made of a straight line so we can assume it had not then been invented. Even nature does not use a straight line. There is only one conclusion I can come to: MR. PAVEL INVENTED THE STRAIGHT LINE."

Well, now we know!

From Maths to Science. We wonder if Mr. Gillogley will appreciate a Second Former's description of him as "the school's congenial Old Man of Science"! Here is an account of an "extra" taken by Mr. Gillogley (and we don't believe a word of it):

"Besides the occasional 'Splat' of a 'goo-ball' on the ceiling and the 'Zoom!' of a paper dart soaring high into the outer atmosphere of the class room it seemed as though it was going to be a normal period."

But wait. It seems that the Old Man of Science, who could manufacture his own atomic bomb, made a mistake worthy of a laboratory assistant. He mixed the wrong ingredients! In the words of our chronicler, "A hole in the floor boards, not less than three feet wide, resulted from this unfortunate accident, and the acid would have kept on eating had it not been for the action of a brilliant pupil who mopped it all up."

Where, we venture to ask, does imagination end and wishful thinking begin? Is nothing sacred? Or is this critical attitude a healthy sign of the next generation? What, for example, do our Old Boys think of this fragment, perpetrated by (pause to salaam!) a Fifth Year pupil?

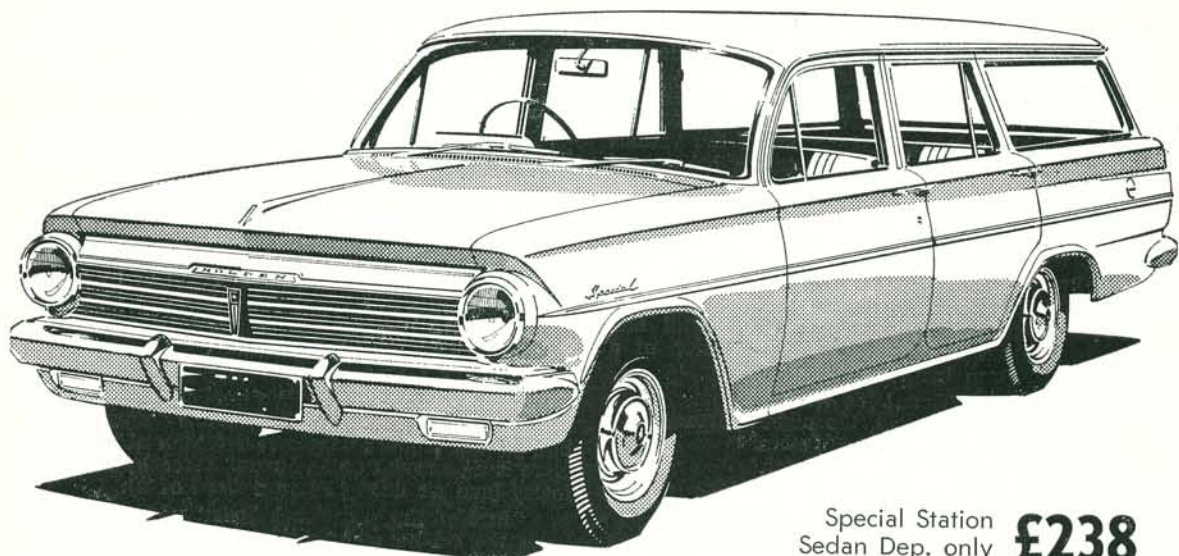
"It was somewhere in the city, in a place of grog
and grub
That a Rugby mob existed, called the Homebush
Old Boys' Club."

We enjoyed the swinging Banjo Paterson rhythm of the rest of this poem, but feared its publication could result in pitched recess-time battles between our sheltered students and outside sects known as Surfies and Rockers.

And with good reason, if credence can be given to this agony chorus submitted by a Third Year pupil:

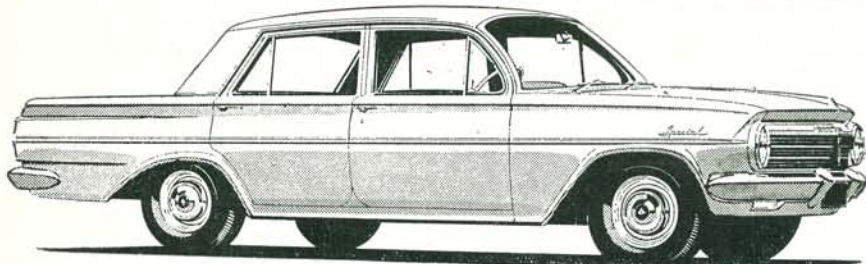
"Stomp go the Surfies,
Stomp, Stomp, Stomp.
Loud is their cry
As they're havin' a romp.
The Rocker looks around,
Gets his head bashed by a board,
And charges all the Surfies
In his 'hot-rod' Ford."

If you want to know why the entire poem was not published, read that chorus again!



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From contemporary to ancient history! We commend this poem (again Third Year is guilty) to teachers of History or to our teacher of Classics. It is entitled "The Death of Caesar".

"The crowd was gathered all about,
With Brutus was his daughter.
The hot, thin blade of his cruel knife
Did slit our Jack's aorta.
The blood ran freely everywhere.
It banked up in a pile,
And the escaping conspirators
Had to backstroke down the aisle.
Then Antony did take the stand.
He was one of Rome's great peers,
And from the crowd assembled there
Did fetch a bag of ears.
Then Brutus 'did himself in'
By taking D.D.T.
So now a double funeral's on
At Rookwood cemetery."

So now you know why our profession is prone to ulcers, nervous breakdowns, cane-elbow! But all is not hopeless. We did enjoy Ross Scott's poem "Evening Symphony" which has been awarded the John Tierney Literary Prize Senior Section. The junior prize has been awarded to D. Carpenter for his entry "First Night". You will see from the following articles that this decision was a difficult one — and indeed open to controversy — because so many worthy contributions were submitted.

EDITOR.

EVENING SYMPHONY

The mighty crescendo of the flaming sun,
Dying,
Reflects its clearest notes in the
Darting cadenzas of piercing orange
That skid across a lilting monotone
Of translucent blue.
Electrifying spears give way
To crushing chords of grey,
Awesome,
Depressing,
Inspiring,
Thunderous rolls of impenetrable schlutsch,
Uplifting in their deafening immensity
But tinged
With the delicate ripples
Of a chromatic piccolo.
The blue obligato melts imperceptibly
Into the fiery cadenzas,
To achieve a sweeping scale
Of unpolished emerald
Whose hurried semitones slip off key
Into a jarring discord of yellow
That grows in intensity
Until the whole sliding beauty of the tone becomes
A secondary theme.
The yellow overtones refine and fuse
Into a glorious, all conquering
Deep crimson blare.
The emerald scales fade
Between the brassy crescendo
And the faint echoes of the heavy grey chords
As they drift into obscurity.
The screaming crimson deepens

To a shout,
A bellow,
A toneless, broken roar.
On the distant stage
The divine conductor lifts his smoky baton
And darkness is heard.

—R. A. Scott (5F)

P.E.

The gymnasium's doors are opened wide
And 3B is next in;
The change-room is quite full of boys:
May'st hear the merry din.

The class hath raced into the gym
Red as roses are they;
Wielding his cane before them goes
The teacher, to the fray.

The class lined up in colour groups:
They cannot choose but hear,
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mr. Dare.

The body of my mother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee;
Together we groaned and carried on
With a four-count, 'gility.

We were ones that have been stunned
And in a sense deformed:
A fitter and a stronger class
We rose the morrow morn.

—W. Laing (3B)

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THE DECLINE OF THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY

To-day man is reaching for the moon, and just as surely as he has put some of his kind into orbit, he will attain this goal. He has invented weapons capable of destroying the world, he has developed wonder drugs to cure fatal diseases, and he is on the threshold of actually conversing with dolphins and other creatures. But while he has been making these tremendous advances, how much better has he made his own life?

The affluent society, as it is popularly known today, is a product of peace and progress. A brief look at that most prominent of affluent societies, the United States, will show us some of the results of our modern age. The average American will, as is shown by countless television shows, get up in the morning, shave with his electric razor, drive to the office in his luxurious car, return home in the evening, have dinner, watch television, and go to bed. Such a routine which, to a lesser extent, is becoming the accepted existence in Australia as well, allows us to pass each day with an absolute minimum of physical and mental effort.

When one imagines such a society's defence reserves against enemy attack, the prospects are terrifying. In America, more particularly, the people would make a mass exodus to their bomb shelters, if they could run so far, and everybody would scream for somebody, somewhere to do something.

The "good life", which is so sought after to-day, is merely the outcome of the affluent society. The average man is required to do less work and gets paid more for it, and, consequently, has more money to spend in his increased leisure hours. The boom in all forms of entertainment in the Western world is enough evidence of this fact.

History has shown more than once the result of a powerful society's having too much free time. The Romans, who ruled all the known world, were able to acquire large numbers of slaves to make life easier for them at home. The result was that their morals and physical and mental standards declined, and their country eventually proved an easy target for their enemies, because they had gradually lost their defence reserves. In the modern society, the human slaves have been replaced by mechanical ones, and the effect is much the same. The survival of Western civilisation may depend on its ability to withstand the affluent decay.

This situation does not mean that our way of life is doomed. To allow the system of free enterprise unbridled scope will ultimately prove fatal, but the establishment of a semi-socialist society, with a certain amount of free enterprise and wise government planning, should hold society's affluence in check. Such a system would allow for the people's happiness, a factor which is denied in the Communist system of ignoring individual initiative, and assure that the people's prosperity would not overcome them.

The present world, which is making such enormous scientific advances and which has begun the conquest of space, deserves to survive. The mystery of whether forms of life exist on other planets must

be in the minds of all men to-day, and surely it is their destiny to find the answer. But the solving of this, and thousands of other questions depends on man's ability to maintain his own civilisation, for he must not, in his self-made paradise, destroy himself.
—John Spurway (5D)

THE RIVER

On flows the river
Past the rising hill
Beside the fields and grasses
Past the old grey mill.

On flows the river
Oh, where will it end,
Two or three miles away
Or just round the bend?

On flows the river,
On, out to sea,
Out into the waters
Where forever it will be.

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THE "KANGAROO COURT"

As I mounted the hill I realised how dark it had become. Not a star could be seen and the usually bright moon was completely obscured by thick clouds. However, I knew I was close to old Peter's hut and wondered at the absence of light from it, for at this time of night the old man would surely have had his lantern alight and his log fire blazing.

At last the hut's outline loomed up before me and I groped my way to the door, calling to Peter as I did so. The only answer was the distant howl of a dingo and I realised that my friend must be away — probably on one of his periodic trips to sell kangaroo skins, which for some twenty years he had traded for his few necessities in life. It was he who had induced me to take up the business myself when I had wandered into the district years before, and now I was one of the biggest operators in this part of the country, having long ago lost count of the hundreds of "hoppers" that had fallen to my gun.

Too tired to undress, I was soon asleep on old Peter's bed, glad of the warmth of the soft kangaroo skin blankets, for a strong wind was beginning to blow from the valley. It must have been just before dawn when the noise woke me — a continual thump, thump, thump on the wall outside, just above my head. There was something about its monotonous regularity that unnerved me, and I found myself waiting breathlessly for each gust of wind, for it was then that the dull thud, thud became louder and more insistent.

At last I could bear it no longer, and with the cold light of the rising sun filtering through the hut, I made my way cautiously outside, a strange feeling of foreboding gnawing in my chest. Even now I find it hard to write about what I found, for the sight old old Peter hanging from the cross-bar to the water tank, a noose of kangaroo hide tightly round his neck and the sun beginning to lighten his sightless eyes, filled me with such revulsion and dread that I sank to my knees in a half faint. As I watched, the wind tore at the body and Peter's heavy boots swung against the wall — "Thud, thud, thud! . . . thud, thud, thud!"

It was some time before I gathered enough strength to cut him down and even as I did so I noticed a curious thing. Scattered all round the ground were empty cartridge shells and with them lay Peter's empty rifle. Further out almost ringing the hut, lay at least thirty dead kangaroos, their still forms mute testimony to the old man's marksmanship. What did it all mean? Had a great mob wandered near enough to send Peter berserk with his rifle, shooting and shooting until his ammunition was exhausted and his hopes of profit raised beyond his wildest dreams?

Neither the police nor I could make anything of the note we found in his pocket. It said simply: "I can't stand it any longer, they want me to die." If only I had understood — Oh God, if only I had understood!

That was three years ago now and for the first time since his death I am once more back in Peter's derelict hut — and here I too must die! I hadn't wanted to come here, for the horror of what I had found on that bleak morning had never left me, and it was only the swiftly rising floodwaters of the nearby river and a sharp bout of flu, that drove me in to seek shelter.

They came during my first night here as I tossed with fever on the broken old bed, and by morning, when I first saw them they must have numbered thousands. Rank upon rank of kangaroos completely surrounded the hut — wounded ones, bleeding ones, maimed ones, as I had left them many times on the plains when too tired or too lazy to follow up a shot. Supporting them were the tough bullet scarred survivors of the hunters' guns and as I fired wildly again and again into their numbers, not one moved or even glanced at the fallen. Each tortured eye was fixed unblinkingly on me, and then as though in unison, each proud head lifted to gaze at the weathered piece of hide still fluttering from the cross-bar of the rusted, empty tank.

So now I know! — they will never let me escape as they would not let Peter escape. I have been tried by a "kangaroo court" and found guilty of the mass murder and torture of their numbers, and I have been condemned to death. I will be my own executioner for already the agonies of thirst and hunger are upon me and with my last bullet gone, I must get to the tank while my strength allows it. They expect me there too, for it is the only piece of ground they have left clear.

So I am now going out to hang myself by the piece of kangaroo hide. I could almost laugh, for the old Bible only says: "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." When they find me and read this, will new versions of the Book add "and a hide for a hide?"

—C. Short (4A)

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WHAT IS POETRY ?

"WHY IS A POET AN IMPORTANT MEMBER OF SOCIETY?"

"We learn what poetry is — if we ever learn — from reading it," says T. S. Eliot in "The Use of Poetry". However, as the majority of us have not had a great deal of experience in studying this, the most expressive of all the arts, then we must turn for help in analysis to some of the great poets of preceding years. Shelley says: "Poetry lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world, and makes familiar objects be as if they were not familiar", while John Milton, the blind author of "Paradise Lost", says that: "Poetry should appeal to the intellect and our understanding."

Perhaps, however, as our "intellect and our understanding" are limited by youth and inexperience in serious literature study, poetry, to us, is just the skilful use of words which play on our feelings, so that we gradually see the world around us in a new and interesting way. It is intended to give us awareness of, and a sensitivity to, the beauty of many intangible things, as in the sonnet, the ode, and the idyll; to stir our emotions with the rhythmical telling of a tale as in ballad; and as in the elegy, to introduce us to that which is melancholy such as death and grief.

However the basis of poetry is the proper choice of words, and we should not allow the content of a poem and its imagery to cloud the words of the poem, for only by considering the two, can a poem's real merit be gauged.

The gift of concentrating on the words is hard to acquire for, as Plato says: ". . . are you not rapt and filled with such enthusiasm by the deeds you recite, that you fancy yourself in Ithaca or Troy, or wherever else the poem transports you?" So it may take years before we can appreciate the words of a poem for themselves alone, and, until we do, we cannot fully answer the riddle of, "What is Poetry?" So perhaps, for the moment, our only reply can be, that whereas science helps us to understand the world through our heads, poetry helps us to understand through our hearts and feelings.

Coleridge once wrote: "The poet, described in ideal perfection, brings the whole soul of man into activity", so his place in society can almost be compared with that of the evangelist; he shares his experiences, through his poems, with everyone, and can uplift the eyes of the common man, to the poetry to be found in the sight of birds in flight, of the breaker gently curving to the beach, or the sunlight sifting through the white gums. He can bring sight to the blind with his word-pictures, and hope to the disillusioned, by pointing out the essential loveliness of the world around us.

However, he can achieve nothing unless we, the readers, bear in mind the words of William Wordsworth: "The voice that is the voice of my poetry, without imagination, cannot be heard."

—Christopher Short (4A)

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FROM HERE TO TIMBUKTU

"You ask me, son, just why I ran away from home at fifteen and came to live here in Timbuktu? Well, it's all here in my old diary — just in rough note form, of course — but it's all exactly as it happened on that shocking April day in 1963. Why that's twenty-five years ago now! Just put down your pet vulture, son, and I'll read it to you in all its tragic detail.

'Was awakened by voice (mother's) demanding to know why on earth I was still in bed when I knew it was Army Day and when I also knew it took me hours and hours to get into all those belts and gaiters and things? Digested this homily in befuddled silence.

Plunged out of bed and piercing yowl underfoot indicated that I'd trodden on young brother who happened to be lying on the floor making meccano windmill. Displaying sad lack of humour, he retaliated by jabbing said windmill into my foot. Took appropriate action on young brother.

Another voice (father's), then suggested in strong terms that I ought to pick on someone my own size and for heaven's sake get a move on as I knew it was Army Day and as I also knew it took me hours and hours to get into those belts and gaiters and things.

Felt that the subject of time I take to dress had now been thoroughly aired and made my moody way to the bathroom, pondering on rank favouritism shown at all times to young brother.

On entering bathroom was immediately enveloped in clouds of steam and combined odours of violet soap, lilac bath salts, and tutti-frutti powder, and was treated to yet another voice (sister's) from behind shower curtain wanting to know why a girl can't EVER have any privacy.

Felt I'd had enough of voices, so tottered to laundry — fortunately unoccupied except for budgerigar in cage — and washed my face with Rinso, having abandoned all hope of shower owing to perfume radiation belt.

Poked a friendly finger at budgerigar who promptly pecked me and turned its back.

Went mournfully inside to begin my job of cleaning the family shoes, only to find we were out of boot polish. Mentioned this fact to mother, who told me forcibly above the sound of frying tomatoes, that I MUST have known that the tin was nearly empty yesterday and she can't be expected to produce boot polish out of thin air, can she? Couldn't think of suitable answer so retreated to bed-room to have shave. Borrowed Dad's razor and had done half of face when razor gave apologetic splutter and conked out. Approached father who pointed out in loud, clear tones that it had worked perfectly well for HIM and if it weren't for SOMEONE he could mention, it would have continued to do so! Reeling from this further injustice, I finished face with safety razor, cutting myself twice, which led me to wonder how long it took one to die from blood poisoning.

Would like to draw a merciful veil over breakfast's doings, but honesty compels me to admit that on burning hand on toaster, I accidentally knocked bottle of milk into sister's lap, who promptly left shrieking to have ANOTHER bath, while young

brother sat and grinned, mother mopped, and father breathed very hard indeed.

Left to dress, taking slightly less than "hours and hours" to get into uniform, pulling button off jacket and breaking hat chin strap and boot lace in process!

My cup of bitterness now full, I departed for school hoping for better things only to be greeted with the staggering news that our next composition assignment was to be a humorous essay or article.

Now I ask you, son, does it sound as though my life contained any humour at all? Deciding that I would be Fate's football no longer I stowed away on a freighter that very night and haven't been home since. I daren't go back either, for English Masters have notoriously long memories and, as punishment for late essays, an extra copy is expected for each day overdue, so I know just WHO would be waiting for me on the wharf with an adding machine! Besides, I still can't think of anything to write about!"

—Christopher Short (4A)

DAM

Between sheer rock walls
There rolls, like a formless boulder
The thunderous white bulder
Of mighty seas, and falls
Over the craggy ledges
Upon the rock that bridges
With its imponderable mass
The highway that is fashioned
For the great uncushioned
Journey of watery years.

—R. A. Scott (5F)

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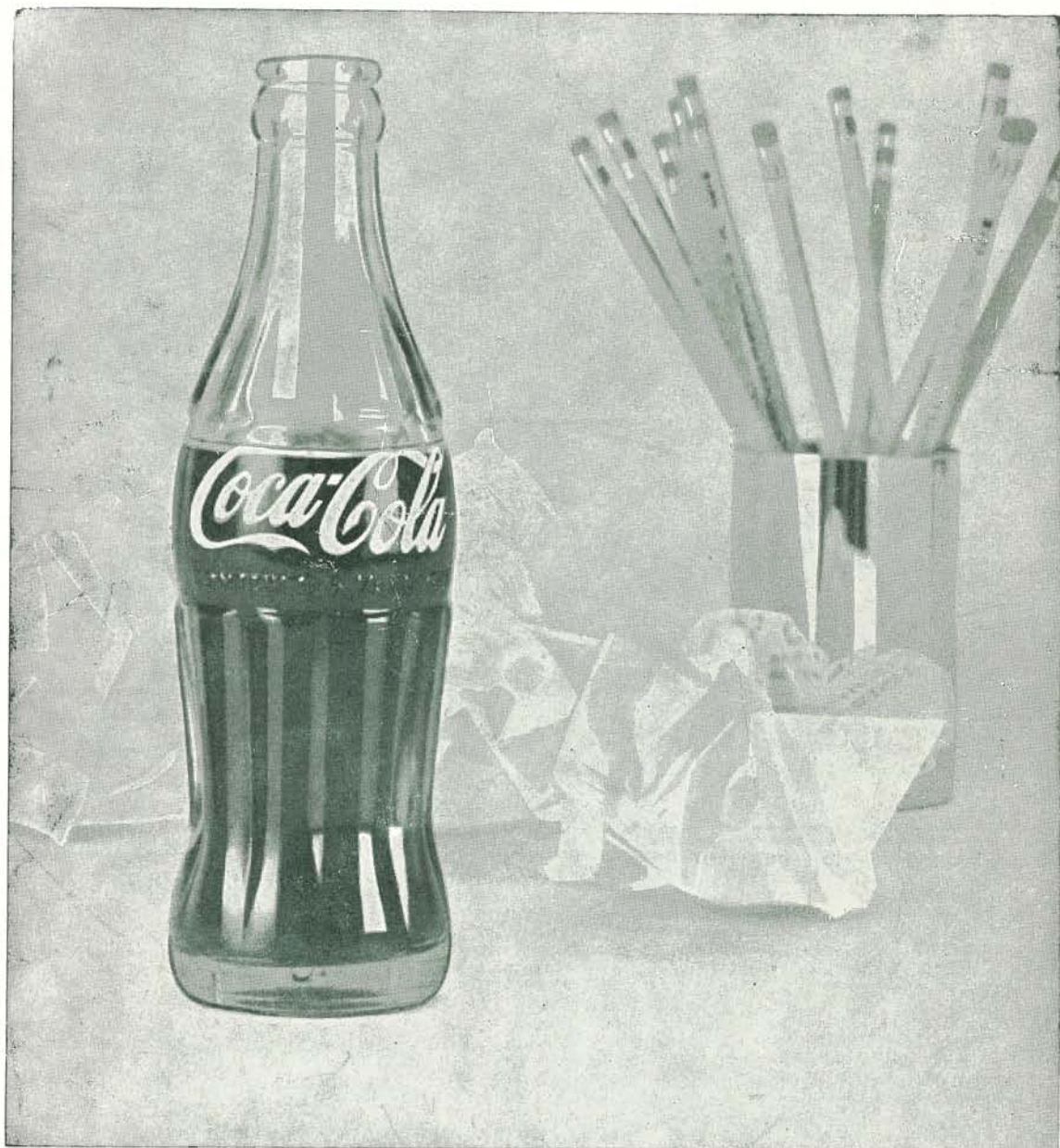
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A creator of any kind, whether artist, painter, writer or composer, is dependent upon one thing, and one thing only, for his ability to produce a work of art. This factor appears under many names at different times, but, for the sake of simplicity, will be referred to here as inspiration.

The inspiration is a completely intangible factor in the production of any work. It is impossible to buy it, for all the wealth in the world to-day, as it is equally futile to try to preserve some of it for a more barren time. It is a mystic, uncontrollable power, which appears and disappears anywhere, anytime. It cannot be defined except as a gift of Divine Providence.

The inspiration to do something brilliantly is a gift given to few men, and only to them at rare periods throughout their lives. Even the greatest of artists, writers, composers, or painters have only produced a very few really excellent works in their entire lives. The reason for this is that they could not sit down and order inspiration to come along and present them with a worthwhile idea. They first had to wait for their inspiration, and even the finest of intellects in the world often had periods when every piece of work they attempted was eventually consigned to the wastepaper basket.

Now the author of this essay, if I may take the presumption of calling it such, does not profess to be in any way like those geniuses of yesteryear. His brain has only a quarter of their capacity and so God, being a wise and just God, has seen fit, and rightly too, to give him but a fraction of the inspiration given to those finer brains.

Yet, the poor, struggling author of this essay is expected, from the depths of his feeble and exhausted brain, to drag some original, witty idea upon which to write an essay. This might not seem to the unprejudiced layman a hard task, nor is the person upon whose command it must be done, an unjust man. But draw closer, reader; darker deeds are yet to come. Although the horror and disgust in your eyes are painful to me, I must continue. This poor, enfeebled, mentally backward creature, I mean myself, must not only entreat Providence for this sacred and wonderful gift of inspiration, but he must ask for it within a set time limit.

Verily, the tasks of Hercules in no way approached the extent of difficulty which this simple command entails.

Could you, reader, imagine artists such as Da Vinci, Rembrandt and Michelangelo, to name but a few, and writers such as Shakespeare and Milton, being commanded by their patrons to complete any piece at all within ten days? Even in days of old, in times of iniquity and moral darkness, the most unlearned, most illiterate man knew better than to expect this of a creator. Behold, all of the fine works of all time, yea, even the finest of eternity, the Bible, are all inspired and created by men especially chosen by God.

They were chosen for their great talents, and yet the teachers of a high school, all good and learned men at heart (God bless them), expect, and even

demand from a pupil an essay which he must write within such a time. This, to me, is a crime which even the most forgiving of men would find hard to condone.

So, let me in the last spluttering gasp of my pen ask, nay, entreat you, the teachers, to banish from the confines of this school a rule so terrible, so criminal, so blasphemous.

—K. Mason (5E)

(We occasionally settle for something less than mere genius. The world would be a poorer place if only the divinely inspired works of art existed. Many creative artists work under a strict, self-imposed discipline of work routine. There are times when it pays off. — Editor)

YEAH!

(I)

Beer and peroxide,
Balsa fused to a foam-shot dart.
Sand and Skol,
The transistor's siren-like wailing.
Green rollers, with white roaring rain,
"Ello Dere, Yippy!" The Surfie rides again.

(II)

Open throttle
Two-wheeled messenger of brawn and malice
Skulls and leather jackets
Filled with hamburgers and juke-box screams.
Knuckle dusters, crashing home,
"Drag him, Dad." Rocker's on the roam.

—D. Salter (5F)

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THE GREEN SINGER

PROLOGUE:

In a dark, unvisited corner of the city museum in a small, cracked glass home lives a piece of green flesh. It was discovered about forty years ago in an old cellar by a maid who was so terrified by it that she wrapped it in newspaper and sent it to the museum. There was no curator of the animals section at that time, so an assistant threw the piece of flesh into a vacant case, pending an examination. The assistant died a week later.

Now this piece of flesh lies waiting for a move to be made by somebody else.

A whistling cleaner shuffles into the room, carelessly poking his feather duster around the glass cases. He goes to the corner, its corner and thrusts the duster at its case. The duster goes through the cracked glass and into the green slime. The cleaning man stiffens; his eyes roll and he collapses on the floor.

The room is silent. Nothing can be heard. Not even a heartbeat. Not even the man's heartbeat.

THE STORY:

The green thing oozes from its case, slopping onto the floor. It devours the life-giving air.

In another case, a petrified piece of wood has been watching.

It is now, for the first time, that the blob gives a short whine, barely audible. It rises in volume, dips and rises again, and continues for several minutes.

When the solo is finished, the petrified wood gives a short shriek, breaks its case, and leaps down next to the piece of flesh.

From the dozens of little cases, many ears have heard the green one's performance. There are many little crashes as the exhibits make their way to the side of the green one, all the while uttering short shrieks.

The first piece, the petrified wood, stands in front of the blob, spreading itself to its fullest extent to keep the crowd off.

Eventually, when the tumult has ceased, the piece of wood utters a series of squeaks to the others. Slowly, each little exhibit breaks a piece of itself off, and drops it near the petrified wood. All then follow the blob and the petrified wood to a large, glass case, where the green one positions itself on a velvet stand.

In the quietness, it begins to wail as before. This time the noise lasts exactly two minutes and twenty seconds.

When the blob has finished the little exhibits sigh and all fall over each other, many of them rushing up to the blob and offering pieces of themselves. The blob touches each piece gently and significantly — each in the same way.

All the little exhibits hurry away, sighing and uttering short, excited shrieks.

The piece of petrified wood gathers up the evening's takings and divides them into ten lots, taking one for himself and shoving the rest to the blob.

—J. Cayzer (3A)

(We wonder if all modern "pop" singers regard themselves as "blobs of flesh" and their managers as "petrified pieces of wood". One thing is clear, however, and that is, that as long as the "exhibits" contribute "pieces of themselves" the blobs and the pieces of wood will remain on their "velvet stands" forever.—Ed.)

A SHAKESPERIAN HOMEBUSH

"The bitter clamour of two eager tongues."—English discussion.

"Stir not until the signal."—Waiting for the lunch-time blurb.

"Mine ear is open and my heart prepared."—Examination results.

"Liberty! Freedom! Pluck down forms, windows, anything."—Last day of school.

"The accuser and the accused speak freely."—A fight in Room 6.

"What shall I say?—To safeguard thine own life."—Trying to think of an excuse for not doing homework.

"Bid every noise be still: peace yet again."—Teacher's plea.

"You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things."—Something Miss Perrin might say.

"And frowning brow to brow."—Oh! those Maths lessons.

"Gentlemen go muster up your men."—Preparing for the Athletics Carnival.

"Forget, forgive, conclude and be agreed — Our doctors say this is no month to bleed."—Prefects break up a brawl in the tuck shop.

"Send him thither and I'll fashion him."—Mr. Brown.

"Once more, the more to aggravate the note."—More spelling tests.

"But grief makes one hour ten."—Outside the Office. (Apologies to all teachers concerned and to a certain William Shakespeare.)

—W. Blood (4B)

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THE STUDY AND COLLECTION OF REPTILES

Animal life in all forms has interested me as long as I can remember. I was intrigued with the many varieties of reptile life existing both in terrestrial and aquatic forms.

Within the sub-orders of lizards and snakes there are the families, sub-families, genera and species.

I myself chose reptiles to be my main study, then concentrated my studies on the Australian reptile life, collecting and attempting to breed and observe the various species. At the moment, all field trips embarked upon by myself and my friends are restricted to within about four hundred miles of Sydney. This restriction is due to lack of finance. Finance is also required for reptile cages, building materials, snake pits, mice and rats (which are used for food) and for heating these pits and cages during the winter months.

In Australia are about one hundred and forty different species of snakes and three hundred lizards.

The longest snake in Australia is the North Queensland Scrub Python which grows to a length of about twenty-five feet. Australia's most dangerous snake is the Taipan, which may grow to a length of eleven feet. Our other dangerous snakes include the Death Adder, Tiger Snake, Brown Snake, Copperhead and Black Snake.

Other common snakes include the Diamond and Carpet Snakes, which are pythons; the Green Tree-snake, which is non-venomous, and the Whip Snake, which is slightly venomous.

All Australian lizards are non-venomous. The better known ones are the Goannas or Monitors, the Blue-Tongued lizard and the Frill-Necked lizard. All of these are quite harmless with the exception of the Goanna, which can inflict severe wounds with its teeth and claws. Frill-Necked lizards are only found in Northern Australia so that any reported Frill-Necked lizards in the Sydney area will probably turn out to be the Jew lizard or Bearded Dragon, which is quite common in this region.

A number of tortoises are to be found in Australia's creeks and rivers, the most common of these being the long-necked tortoise.

Two species of crocodile exist in our waters, only one of these being large enough to be dangerous. This is the Salt-water or Estuarine Crocodile.

We decided that our next field trip would be to Coonamble where we knew there were many specimens to be found. The following is an account of this trip.

When we arrived at the Wingadee property near Coonamble it was raining and after a short wait the manager was so kind as to drive us in his land-rover to a spot where water was to be found. As we alighted from the car it was still raining and we found ourselves situated between a rubbish tip and a swampy lagoon, which was supposed to be our drinking supply. We found that we could drink this water only after we had scooped away the surface scum and duckweed, and strained it through five layers of cloth.

Peter, David and myself (we were a party of three) set up our two-man tent (which held the three of us and all our luggage) and after organising ourselves, we proceeded to search the rubbish tip. Peter

captured two Grey snakes and a Banded snake, and we all captured several lizards. On the whole it had not been a bad day, although the rain fell continuously.

The next day was Saturday and we proceeded to some areas farther from the camp to do some collecting, but our search proved uneventful. When we arrived back at camp it was growing late so we decided to call it a day. Sunday was equally uneventful. Although the weather was improving, we still had showery periods. Over the next two days we were kept fairly busy, collecting both night and day. By Tuesday night our collection consisted of two Grey snakes, two Banded snakes, one King Brown snake, one Western Brown snake, two Whip snakes, one Red-Nape snake, a Blue-Tongued lizard, two Bearded Dragons and numerous other lizards and frogs.

Wednesday was rather different: we had tried many ways of catching tortoises but all attempts had been unsuccessful. David suggested that we go in after the tortoises, because our fishing lines did not work. Peter and I agreed, and so while Peter waded into the creek with a net, David and I went upstream and beat the water, while wading back towards Peter. This also failed and the water was freezing cold. Our expedition that night must have been jinxed. We went out collecting at about 2 p.m. and decided to turn back about six, but we did not stagger into camp until about eleven o'clock that night, for the simple reason that we became "bushed". After five hours of following creeks and trails we were about to sleep the night on the spot, but we kept going and finally arrived back at camp. About five minutes later our old kerosene lamp, which we had hung in a tree, extinguished itself.

We decided to leave Wingadee, and hitched a ride for ten miles to the highway on the back of a truck carrying large logs, which were not really meant for comfortable travel, and the driver, who thought it a big joke, purposely hit every visible rut in the road, and there were plenty of them. When we reached the highway we had to wait for about two hours, during which only about four cars passed us, but we eventually got a ride to town in a Volkswagen, driven by the young, local primary school teacher. How we managed to get into that little car with all of our packs I do not know, but we safely reached the township.

People stared at us as we walked through the streets, and I do not blame them for we were unwashed, unshaven and wore the same clothes that we had been wearing the last fortnight, not to mention the machets that hung by our sides.

We set up camp on a patch of scrub on a race-course with no shelter and consequently woke up frozen and numb the next morning. During the day we collected some specimens along a stock route just out of town. For the next night we found a spot to camp, beneath a bridge on the Castlereagh Highway where we were more protected from the weather, but the smoke from our fire (which we needed for warmth and light) almost suffocated us and we were forced to give it an early death.

The trip home (on the mail train) was made less dull by the company of two charming girls of our own age who were travelling in the same compartment. I must admit, however, that they regarded us more favourably than they did our specimens.

—D. Vernon-Woods (3D)

JOURNEY TO A SILENT HELL

The cruel sun beat down on the muddy waters of the swamp as my canoe, weighted down with four small alligator hides, headed slowly back to camp. As I angrily brushed the flies away, I cursed myself for a fool to have ventured into this damp, disease-ridden part of the jungle, and I told myself that if I had any sense I would pack up and leave as soon as I got back.

Suddenly the front of my canoe bumped slightly and before I realised what was happening the bow pointed towards the sky and I felt myself subsiding into the putrid water. An armour-plated tail smacked me across the chest and, panicking, I began to fight desperately for my life. The alligator seemed intent only on dragging me underwater and creating a lot of splash instead of making the usual lunge with open mouth towards the most vulnerable part of the body.

However, fighting for my life with bare hands, all I could think of was when I would next surface for air. The overwhelming need to refresh my bursting lungs made me fight the harder, beating and kicking at the impregnable monster, this prehistoric creature that was gradually drowning the life out of me.

Suddenly everything went black and after an infinite time I found myself gasping mouthfuls of air. As I slowly caught hold of my senses, however, I realised that I was lying on cold, rocky ground, but for the life of me I couldn't see an inch in front of my face in what seemed to be a silent, horrifying darkness.

And then it dawned on me. I was lying, half-drowned, on the floor of an underground cavern which seemed to be filled with what I could now distinguish as the slightly luminous, grotesque forms of alligators. This was the legendary "kuri-haka" . . . the place where all the "old-men" of the alligator tribe made their sacrifices . . . and I had apparently been selected for their next offering.

As my eyes accustomed themselves to the semi-darkness, I peered in utter horror through the gloom at the countless numbers of shapes gliding noiselessly over the cold floor of the cave. The heavy unnatural silence weighed down on me and the abomination and foulness of the place made me sick.

Lying on the damp ground, shivering with fear and horror, I suddenly felt a snout, hard and cold as steel, nudging me forwards. As I was slowly forced along on hands and knees I began to realise that I was heading towards my doom and that if I was ever to get out of here alive it would have to be now. Mustering what remained of my strength and willpower, I made a wild, determined dash in the direction from which I thought I had come. Stumbling into water, I took a deep breath and dived.

Slowly my surroundings began to get lighter as I frantically swam towards freedom. Suddenly I broke the surface of the swamp to find myself in my old environment. How welcome were the familiar noises of the jungle, the warm sun that I once thought so cruel and the muddy water that I once thought so foul! With frantic strokes I gained the shore, and clung to it in an ecstasy of relief!

—J. F. Gilpin (4A)

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ALL ABOUT NOTHING

There are many definitions of "nothing". It has been defined as a sideless box without top or bottom, a black cat in a coalmine at night and, best of all, something that is not what it is, is not where it is and yet is always there. Whatever it is, I would say "nothing" is a very useful thing.

"Nothing" has very many uses.

Schoolboys (and teachers) make wide use of it. A teacher will quite frequently remark in a fit of anger, "Oh! You fool. You have absolutely 'nothing' in your head." While this may be the sincere conviction of the teacher, it is medically impossible and scientifically absurd. It will also be noted that the favourite occupation of a schoolboy, during working hours, is doing "nothing". When a teacher sees an inattentive pupil he will invariably ask, "What are you doing?" Almost as invariably the answer is "Nothing!" Another question a teacher will ask a pupil is, "What have you got there?" As you will probably have guessed the answer is usually "Nothing". We have already said that a schoolboy's favourite occupation during working hours is doing "nothing". During the holidays boys and girls will ask the question, "Gee, Mum, what can I do? There's nothing to do." In a sense they have answered their own question. If they can do "nothing" at school, why can't they do it at home.

"Nothing" is quite a common thing to receive as a gift for a birthday or at Christmas. I, myself, have asked people what their Aunt Agatha has given them and they have answered, "Oh! Nothing!" When you ask them what their Uncle Henry gave them, they will again answer, "Nothing!" That's two lots of nothing they have received, so they get twice as much nothing as anything else.

While listening to a broadcast of an athletics meeting, I heard the announcer say, "The two leaders are neck and neck; there's 'nothing' between them." If there was nothing between them they would both be running on the same spot. Ridiculous!

Many people ask their friends, "What are you looking at?" or "What can you see?" They do not seem surprised if the answer is "nothing".

During the war, time and waiting would get on men's nerves. They would become edgy and shoot at "nothing". Not one of the countless thousands who shot at it succeeded in killing it, as it is still with us today, and will be with us for many years to come.

"Nothing" is possibly the most thought about thing ever to be discovered, yet who can explain it? Everyone, at one stage in his life, has been asked, "What are you thinking about?" How often has the answer, in all seriousness, been "Nothing"?

A person will often go to a doctor to find out what is wrong with him. Many doctors turn to their patients and say, without a smile, "Mr. Brown, there is 'nothing' wrong with you." This is a terrible thing to say for it is an incurable disease. The only way to overcome it is to acquire some illness so that there is something wrong with you.

The dictionary defines "nothing" as "something that doesn't exist". I suggest that this is totally incorrect and that I have proved it.

"Nothing" must be something, or a schoolboy would not have it in his head.

"Nothing" must be something or it could not be done.

"Nothing" must be something or you could not get it for a present.

"Nothing" must be something or you could not see it.

"Nothing" must be something or men would not have shot at it during the war.

If "nothing" did not exist, why would people think about it?

"Nothing" is an incurable disease.

"Nothing" must be something because, if it were not, how could I write about it?

—Ross E. Bullock (3A)

THE BEAUTY OF DEATH

Sun flowing from the sky through clouds,
and drifting slowly to the lazy creek,
passing through fern fringed shadows
melting in the breeze softly waving lily leaves,
and dislodging coloured beauty to the wastes of grey
decay.

The shadows blend, soft green and gold,
cascading, trickling; crystal flows the stream
beneath the sun
whose rapid 'flection gives it life.

Brown, floating death is falling
through the golden sun,
its filtered light,
follows over currents cold
and over rocks,
to where the water smoothes
and shows itself with life.

—R. Anderson (5C)

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SUN

Brightly the early sun shines on fair country.
Fair now, and quiet as she mounts the stairway
To her brighter noon.
Yearningly she seeks her height of glory
When her gift of life-endowing warmth
Will be reflected in men
As warm as she in love and life and truth.
But centuries are marked in the footfalls of her way,
And this land is yet ignorant of man.

Now in her mellow mid-morning
She rejoices to see such men
Settle to reap a simple life
And harvest, from her golden store.
Another step brings close the joyful hour:
For now another man has joined her land —
A different man, a white-skinned man, eagerly rejoicing
In his "New World"; his America.
Midday eternal, everlasting light, looks near.

But there is a murmuring in the deep south:
A murmuring.
Barely visible on the edge of this great blue dome
A fringe of cloud appears.
A rumbling.
There is a rumbling in the deep south.
There are clouds. Dark clouds in the south.
A rolling.
There is a rolling in the south.
Great masses of grey cloud are tumbling
Over mountains and hills, rivers and plains,
Infringing on the blue domain of the north.
A clap!
There is a clap of thunder in the south.
To unsteady beat the cloud advances.
Thunder rolls like a drum.
Murmurs in discontent,
Beats like the feet of an advancing army.
Grey is enveloping the blue of the north.
The sun watches in horror, bewailing her noon.
The clouds of the south advance,
Stifling her light, chilling her warmth,
Choking her.

The storm has broken on the fair country.
Its land is eroded by sweeping rains.
Grey clouds, looming, dark and thunderous,
Bank on bank in south, east and west.
Clouds. Swift clouds. Advancing.
Clouds are grey, and clouds black:
Grey streaked with black . . .
Like dark bodies in fields of cotton.
Grey clouds, raining. Weeping. The south is a sad land.
Great banks of clouds rumble with thunder.
It is dark in the south. There is no sun.
In southern banks the lightning struggles
To pierce the clouds and shed light.
A sudden flash and darkness again.
Again it tries; sheers its way through, but is smothered.
Lightning tracing the vein of the cloud in sudden brilliance.
The outline and pattern trembles an instant and dies:
The veins of the cloud are rich with spilled blood;
Veins like the crack of an egg issuing forth life —
But there is no life in the cloud. Only tears.

The battle was waged and it seemed
 That the storm had blown itself out.
 For the grey wall receded, and returned
 To the land the blue of the sky
 And the warmth of the sun.
 Though the north be drenched in light
 Cloud still hangs coldly on southern regions.
 The day is not yet advanced to its noon:
 The sun may yet attain her peak
 And be fixed to shed an eternal light.
 But, if again the clouds arise and spread,
 Who knows how long we may wait
 For another noon, once this has passed, unseen?
 A night will come, despondent of its dawn —
 The sun's much lesser sister sheds a cold light:
 Where is the warmth in the icy distance of moon and stars?
 Shall we allow another storm?
 Shall we continue in ignorance of the sun?
 Shall we bear intolerance
 In that fair land?
 Shall we echo it in ours?
 And shall we try to warm that chill night
 With the cold fire of a Klu Klux cross?
 Or shall we quench the fires of hatred
 And leave a plain cross, a true cross,
 Of life and love, and truth?

—Gareth Evans (5F)

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DEAR DIARY

Today was my first day at Homebush Boys' High School. I went to school by train and at Strathfield station I saw many older boys from Homebush talking with girls from other schools. They let my train pass without getting on.

From the outside the school looks nicely painted and very big. On the side there is a lawn with lots of trees. Older boys were sitting on the seats. They look very sad. Perhaps they are Fifth years.

Inside the main entrance there are various pictures of past Headmasters. They all look very haggard. This entrance leads into the hall. Here there are rows and rows of hard seats. They make a lovely banging noise. The bottoms of the seats are covered with used chewing gum. Maybe these are secret stores.

Then the Headmaster and his Deputy gave us a talk. The Headmaster is a tall grey man with glasses. He has a deep voice and smiles all the time. He seems O.K. The Deputy Headmaster is much shorter and wider. He wore a green suit. He seems very efficient.

After the talk in the hall we went to our rooms. These are not like the outside of the school. They are dim and dirty. The walls have footmarks and scribbles on them. Most of the desks are covered with drawings and writing. Some say "Margaret" and "Dianne" and "Jill". Others say "Help stamp out V.W.'s" and "Zoroaster". Unfortunately I can't describe the drawings. The blackboards are green and go up and down, although most are stuck. Some are long-straight-across ones. These force the teacher to step down from the rostrum. Then he can't reach the top of the board.

There is a different teacher for every subject. Most of the teachers are men but some of them are ladies. Generally the teachers seem good, but some look very tired early in the morning, especially the younger ones.

The assemblies are before school, at recess and at lunchtime. At these everyone lines up at their room number. One is marked "L". Could this be "The L-shaped Room"? Announcements come over the public address system. Before anything else, Mr. Brown always says, "Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, please." He is a very polite man.

Between periods there is much movement between rooms. The pupils move through corridors and up and down stairways. These are both too narrow. Often there is serious congestion at the doorways.

At the end of the upper corridors there are two staff rooms. One has ladies, the other has not. I heard swearing in the one without. Also there is a little Masters' Room. This is always filled with half-finished cups of tea, smoke and unmarked essay books.

Outside there is a tuckshop, but the air there is foul and bullies push in anyway. There is also foul air in the toilet block. Fortunately, these are clean and brightly painted. Some of the toilets have peculiar musical qualities. The biggest manufacturer of foul airs is the science block. Whole classes have been known to evacuate the Chem. Lab. during the hydrogen sulphide preparations.

As a souvenir of my first day I took the signatures of all the teachers. I found these all helpfully displayed in a book at the foot of the central stairs. I took the book home, knowing that I would enjoy the morrow and the next six years.

—David Salter (5F)

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THE LODGER

Phillip Hendersly was a writer, or so he classified himself. A dubiously financed "literary" magazine had bought one of his stories. Apparently his relatives and friends just were not "literary".

Phillip paced about his room awaiting inspiration. The circumference of his path diminished as his agitation magnified. With undoubted resolution but little positive thought, he sat down.

"Now tighten up, Hendersly. You're a writer, remember? You're being paid to write. Get some method into your thinking. What did that book say?"

"Write on something or somebody you know well, not some fantastic science fiction. Somebody I know. Zindet? Yes, Zindet's quite a character. He's selling his paintings now. Here I am racking my brains for something to write about and he's turning out dozens of paintings a day. Well, maybe not dozens. It'd be so much easier to paint. Especially to paint as he does. He just throws paint on without . . ."

"But what's he done? What's he really like? He's queer. Oh come, Hendersly, that's not enough. Queer. You did a year of psychology at University. You should be able to see his real character."

"He's never really done anything. Maybe I'd better try someone else. But I don't know anyone as well as Zindet. Oh, it's so much different from what the book makes it out to be."

The much-trodden carpet was rendered a little more threadbare. Phillip made another mental reference to his "Bible".

"Organise your writing. Think of the subject, then explore it from all angles. Get the identities of your characters fixed in your mind. Take notes."

"God, if only it were as easy as that. If only I had the book here now. I'll borrow it next Thursday. No, I won't try to write tonight, I'll wait until next Thursday when I can refer to it."

"Oh, what's the use of that? I know all that's in it, anyhow. They group it logically: '(a) Get your subject clear in your mind, (b) analyse it from . . .'. It's so easy. As soon as I think of a subject it'll fall out."

"What about Dorothy. I used to see her a bit. Oh, come off it, I went to a nightclub with her twice. Or was it three times? No, twice. Then she found Zindet."

It looked like a start. Zindet seemed an officious type, at least, stealing Hendersly's girl like that. Hendersly didn't see the opening.

"What's Zindet really like? I mean, really get inside him, psycho-analyse him. Don't say that, man. Be more positive. Oh, give up, you don't know Zindet really."

A forceful knock on the door didn't seem to interrupt anything definite. Phillip made out it did.

A buxom woman stood pugnaciously facing him. She parried lightly with left jabs.

"I'm just reminding you that my rooms aren't gratis, young man."

"I don't see your point, Mrs. Spleen." The woman was a fool. Last time she said her rooms weren't free, now it was gratis. Where on earth had she picked up that?

The lady thought that the preliminaries had taken too long already. She hit him with a solid right.

"Either you pay tomorrow or you're out," and, while he was down, she added a left hook for good measure: "And I'll get the police to it, too."

The objectionable woman was gone. Hendersly decided to go for a walk. He would resume work when he got back. His masterpiece would come.

Phillip thought deeply during his walk. He left the literary identity lost in the park and arrived at his room an aspiring sculptor.

—R. White (3A)

DON'T BLAME THE CHILDREN

We read in the paper and hear on the air,
Of killing and stealing and crime everywhere.
They sigh and say as they notice the trend,
"This young generation, where will it end?"
But can they be sure that it's our fault alone,
That perhaps a part of it isn't their own?
Are they less guilty, who place in our way,
Too many things that lead us astray?
Too much to spend, too much idle time;
Too many movies of passion and crime;
Too many children encouraged to roam;
Too many parents who won't stay home.
Kids don't make the movies, they don't write the books,

That show gay pictures of gangsters and crooks;
They don't make the liquor, they don't run the bars,
They don't make the laws and they don't buy the cars,

They don't peddle drugs that ruin the brain,
That's all done by grown-ups greedy for gain.
Delinquent teenagers! How people condemn,
The sins of the country and blame it on them.

But in so many cases, it's sad, but true,
The title "delinquent" fits older folks, too.

—Austin Backus (5E)

J. O'SHEA

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LADIES' AND GENTS' HAIRDRESSING

AND TOBACCONIST — FOUR CHAIRS

TV, OR NOT TV

Whether it is wiser to submit to this monster in our living room and so pass the precious minutes of our limited leisure in viewing its doubtful pleasures, or to take arms and a pen and create something which may contribute to the wealth of nations and our own, that is the question.

What have we then? A panorama of psychic adventures, showing the dark and deep recesses of the deranged minds of modern Americans, or the wild free life of the west, where men are men and have guns, not guts, to prove it.

We are becoming hypochondriacs, at the behest of the sponsors who proclaim the value of hectochlorophilic tablets, for those malevolent tremors which assail us in the dim hours of the night, or in the early morning.

Shall we summon our doctors to our bed, as we lie sunk in deep despair, and ask them for a Dr. Casey analgesio-stigram?

Must we be forever plagued with the fear of hollow teeth, until we stand with placards outside the Water Board building, demanding that the calgonised waters of the Warragamba Dam be fortified with deep shots of fluoride, so that our teeth will gleam with fluorescent lustre until we reach the eightieth year of our lives?

Surely, too, we will have packed our shelves with the latest "cleaningest things under the sun". I find myself examining the white shirts of my student friends and calculating the degrees of whiteness in excess of my own, or discovering the same calculating look in their eyes. We are becoming spies of

the washing line, or lynx-eyed spotters of the cleaner than clean brigade.

My study of psycho-analysis under Dr. Bassett has made me aware of the danger of frustrations to my psyche by the continued intrusion of Dr. Mac-lonskie's Powerful Pills for puny people.

At the moment of dramatic importance in a play that I'm breathlessly watching, blood pressure mounts when another bouncer insists on lecturing me on the value of cool clean, crisped, refrigerated, toasted menthol cigarettes, when I don't smoke. However, the monk who sells Solero wine really drives me nutty so that I have to calm myself and miss the thread of the story for several minutes.

Perhaps we have just seen a good feature film, which has built up our ego to match the heroic exploits of the handsome hero. The sponsors are not satisfied to leave us so highly elated — we are bluntly reminded of our unruly thatch, which can only be tamed by plastering it with Curl Creme. Then before the next story is far on its way, an insidious vendor of toothpaste takes all the heart out of us by rousing our suspicion of bad breath, and we reach for our tube of hydrodechlorous deodoriser.

All this fretting and fuming, as well as fussing, before we can sift out a good evening's entertainment; is it worth it?

* * *

"Well, what's on channel Z — Let's — Ah, "Wagon Wheels" — that's a good show. Turn it on — We'll contribute something to the wealth of nations tomorrow night."

—Warwick Blood (4B)

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A GREAT TRAIN

At 7.50 in the morning three times a week the Simplon-Orient Express leaves Paris for Istanbul. The train glides off on its one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine mile run across seven countries, more than has ever been crossed by any other train.

The express first made its trip in 1883, and it was the world's first truly international train where passage between countries was arranged by diplomatic national treaty. In the first years a special Royal car was incorporated in the train and it was used by kings, church cardinals and sultans so often that it paid for itself in three years. King Carol of Roumania, used it more often than any other monarch in his travels back and forth across Europe.

Occasionally, a king drove the train. King Boris III of Bulgaria would get off at the first stop, board the engine and start the train with a jolt. The French and Italian Governments objected and Boris in future took charge of the train in his own country only.

Odd things happen on the Orient Express. In 1931, five passengers were travelling in one compartment. One was a Belgian, a small, quiet man. The train suddenly plunged into a tunnel. The darkness had lasted but a few seconds when there was a scream which broke off suddenly. The train passed out of the tunnel. The Belgian was gone. His body was later found, the inside pocket of his coat torn and turned inside out. Nothing more was ever learned of the incident.

Once as the train moved over a bridge in the Swiss Alps a body plunged out, but whether he fell, jumped or was pushed was never established.

Recently, the body of Captain Eugene Karpe, an American naval officer, was found crushed beside the tracks. It was found that he had been on the Orient Express and had disappeared on the journey. There was talk of espionage but it was "just an accident".

A conductor estimated not so long ago that forty per cent of his passengers since World War II have been smugglers. In 1950 a beautiful woman pressed the emergency button of the train in desolate, night-shrouded country near Trieste. Before she could be intercepted, she stepped off the train and disappeared, taking with her the jewels of the English lady with whom she shared a compartment.

The average speed of the Orient Express, which must stop eleven times for customs inspections, is only twenty-four miles per hour. In 1930, the train moved through Turkey during a violent snowstorm. Progress became slower and slower and eventually the train stopped altogether, unable to go forward or back. There were only thirteen passengers on board, all from different countries. At that time Central European politics balanced on a knife-edge, and, remembering this, the conductor of the stationary train went from passenger to passenger insisting there must be no political discussion.

After the first week the food became scarce and meals were served once a day only. Then the water gave out and the passengers were forced to drink boiled snow (the alcohol, of course, having long since gone). Then the coal ran out and the temperature in the train fell below freezing point. The crew and passengers attempted to tunnel out of the pass

in which they were trapped, but the tunnel caved in. Eventually a conductor climbed out of the pass and made his way to a peasant's house, where he got a sled to take him to the nearest village, from which he could send for help.

Fifteen days after the train had stopped, soldiers arrived to dig it out of the snow and the train went on to Istanbul.

When asked about their experience, railway employees merely said that it was just another trip on the Orient Express, the train on which anything was more than likely to happen.

—Ken Perrin (3A)

FIRST NIGHT

My first night! I cross the Rubicon, between obscurity and fame. I have planned everything carefully. Fortunately I am by nature methodical. A first impression can be completely ruined by insufficient preparation.

When the frenzied shouts of "Author, Author" ring through the theatre and resound upon my enraptured ears, I shall exhibit no unseemly haste. I shall wait in the wings. After all, an author is privileged to watch his own creation, as it were. On second thoughts I doubt if I shall remain there. The audience might mistake me for a stage-hand and expect me to work the curtains.

I shall sit in the stage box. Until the last act, I shall remain invisible—veiled in mysterious shadow. When the thunderous clapping is at its height I shall lean forward—and abstain from applauding. That will instantly arrest attention; all eyes will focus on me. The person who did not clap.

When, then, the shouts of "Author" resound to the ceiling and the furore is at its height, I shall rise and I shall bow. Simply bow!

I shall re-seat myself with dignity, puffing nonchalantly at my cigarette, unless it is by this time burning my fingers; if so, I shall extinguish it with unhurried calm. This apparent sang-froid will have a magnetic effect on the audience. They will demand "Speech, Speech!" Now arrives the moment demanding all my resource. I have practised my speech.

I smile benignly.

"Friends." (This appellation is for the benefit of the gallery, who have to be considered, owing to the deplorable habit of booing if displeased, which is unnerving.) "Friends. Your extraordinary reception—" (No, that is the wrong adjective. After all, the play is extraordinary.) "Your enthusiastic reception of my humble efforts to amuse has far exceeded my expectations." (It has not, of course, but humility is the keynote. True genius is proverbially humble.) "I am indebted to the actors for their sympathetic interpretations of my characters, which are as dear to me as your flesh and blood ones are to you." I shall delicately imply that it reflects the quintessence of intelligence to appreciate a play of this genre (a foreign word or phrase will impress the gallery).

It will be a wonderful night.

But, I pause. One thing have I completely overlooked.

The play is not yet written.

—D. Carpenter (3A)

COMETS

Since millions of years before the origin of man, the appearance of the sun and moon have not changed visibly. But there are celestial visitors, the "comets", which do not possess these qualities of permanence and uniformity, from which the orderliness of the universe was first perceived. These comets often come unexpectedly out of space for a brief visit to the solar system, then recede into the night from which they came. Comets are not of a fixed shape or constant dimensions like the planets. The typical comet consists of a small nucleus, generally starlike in appearance, surrounded by a vast gaseous envelope, which varies enormously in volume, sometimes being as large as the sun, while from its head there streams a tail, which, in some exceptional cases, appears to stretch one-third of the way across the sky, and maybe fifty million miles in length.

Thus it is not strange that people up to two or three centuries ago were superstitious about comets. It was believed that these objects were malignant spirits prowling about the atmosphere. After centuries of belief in these superstitions, observations finally led to the truth.

Tycho Brahe (1571-1630), comparing the apparently different direction of the comet of 1577 as seen simultaneously from various European places, proved that this horrifying object was far beyond our atmosphere, and at least as distant as the moon. By this deduction he put comets out of the apparent vagaries of atmospheric phenomena into the orderly domains of the celestial bodies.

The determination of the properties of the paths of comets had to await the arrival of Newton's discovery of the law of gravitation in 1686, and his use of it in explaining the celestial motions. He arrived at methods of enabling him to determine the orbits of comets, however prolonged they may be.

Edmond Halley, a lifelong friend of Newton's, proved, after the great comet of 1682, that it revolves in an elongated path, returning to the sun's neighbourhood every 75 years. He concluded that this comet was identical to those of 1456, 1301, 1145 and 1066. He predicted that it would return in 1759, and it did. It came again, according to predictions in 1835 and 1910. It is, of course, at present in its long orbit, and it is not due again until 1985. Mathematicians can follow it carefully and, before its next return, will be able to calculate the very hour when it will arrive at the point of its orbit nearest the sun.

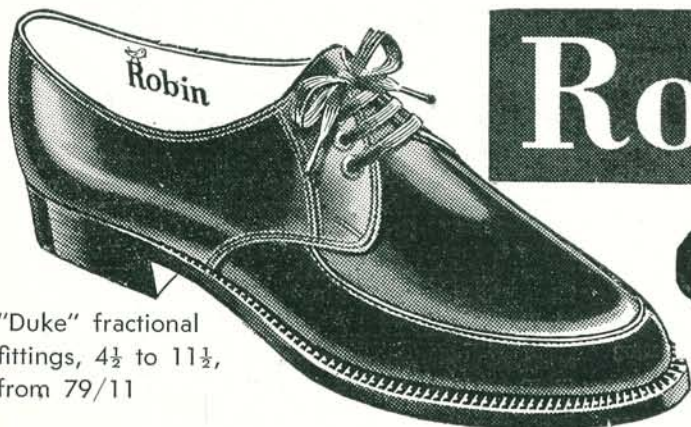
Comets differ greatly from one another, in brightness, volume, length of tails, and internal activity. Three to eleven comets are observed each year, most of them being so faint as to be invisible to the naked eye; about three to four times a century, a very big one becomes the most conspicuous thing in the night sky. Tails of comets develop and increase in length, as these objects approach the sun, and diminish and disappear as they recede again. While a comet approaches the sun its tail streams out behind it and as it recedes again its tail projects out ahead of it.

—R. Cawley (4B)

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"ALAS, POOR YORICK, I KNEW HIM WELL"

"The only thing we can be certain of in life is death", says an old proverb which is generally accepted without a murmur. The average man has been conditioned to think of death as one of the immutable mysteries of nature; it is inevitable and sooner or later we must all face it.

However, to many biochemists, the human body is just a sack of chemicals and death is merely regarded as the passing of a complex mass of chemistry into a lower, less complex state. Not to be stopped there, biochemistry might well come up with a means of perpetuating life indefinitely in the next few decades.

As life becomes more not-so-much mysticism but organic chemistry, the means of manipulating it become easier to devise and use. Several theories have been put forward as to what causes death and some of these are quite plausible.

One theory is that with large, complicated molecules, like those that occur in living matter, their atomic bonds begin to break up after a stage and re-join elsewhere, causing cross linkages amongst those molecules.

For instance, some plastics composed of long, chain molecules may be made tougher and less pliable by bombardment with neutrons. The neutrons hit the chains and snap them so that the chains either become shorter or join up in cross-linked chains. This process seems somewhat analogous to human skin becoming coarse and leathery with old age. In addition, chemists are agreed that one of the most efficient ways of slowing down reactions of free radicals in solution is to seed the solution with a chaos of such large molecules with their tangled linkages. Perhaps this is why bone fractures, for example, in old people do not heal as quickly as in the young.

Fortunately, cross-linked molecules can be untangled again and reduced to substances that are simpler and easier to get out of the system. This very service is performed by numerous bacteria in the soil, which break down rotting leaves and such into their various constituents. The elixir of life may prove to be one, or a variety of these taken each day just as you would a pill.

A second theory is even more plausible, although much more sophisticated. It is based on the fact that the carbon atom with its tetrahedron arrangement of bonds can form a mirror-image of itself (called a stereo-isomer) by a re-arrangement of the order of these bonds. The correct name for molecules based on these two types of atoms is a real chemical mouthful, so for the sake of simplicity we will call one of these atoms' molecules a left-oriented molecule and its stereo-isomer a right-oriented molecule.

Tying this in with the subject of immortality it has been found that an organism will not accept right-oriented molecules; but quickly converts them and ejects them from its system. In fact, it is impossible to grow bacteria in a right-oriented nutrient solution, whereas they grow well in a left-oriented solution. To add to the case, a left-oriented solution will gradually decompose into right-oriented molecules

until an equilibrium between the two stereo-isomers is reached. Since all living animals manufacture left-oriented compounds, perhaps it is an over-accumulation of right-oriented compounds which eventually inhibits chemical activity to such an extent that the animal's metabolism breaks down.

Whatever the cause of death, it seems logical that it is only chemical, and at the rate the human race is finding out things I don't think one hundred years is an optimistic estimate for the production of an immortal body to go with the immortal soul.

—D. Boyd (5A)

(O death where is they sting; and grave thy victory?
—Ed.)

THE NIGHT SKY

In the night sky there are many things to be seen, with or without a telescope. Without a telescope a person may see five bright planets and a sixth one faintly if he knows where to look for it. He may also see a number of star clusters and nebulae. On rare occasions he may see the Zodiacal Light or the Gegenschein. On rare occasions he may see an eclipse of the moon, or on even rarer occasions, an eclipse of the sun.

With a telescope a whole new world is opened up. With it an amateur astronomer may see the planets in detail; he may also observe a seventh. Pluto, the last known planet to be discovered, has such a small size and is so far away that the largest optical telescope in the world (the two hundred-inch telescope on Mt. Palomar, California) can only resolve the disc with difficulty. He may observe double and multiple stars, craters of the moon, sunspots (which, however, need great care), many more star clusters and nebulae, and he may discover comets.

Star clusters are, as their name suggests, many stars clustered together. They form the framework of the Milky Way Galaxy. Nebulae are clouds of light gas. The Zodiacal Light and the Gegenschein are patches of light, the former being wedge-shaped and seen at sunset or sunrise, the latter being round and seen at midnight opposite the sun. Their nature is unknown, but it is thought that they are caused by particles of dust in space reflecting the sun's light.

Double and multiple stars are two or more stars, not necessarily close together in space, which appear as one to us on earth. Variable stars are stars which vary in brightness. For some stars this can be explained, but for others it must remain a mystery until we ourselves travel there.

Examples of star clusters and nebulae are the Hercules Cluster and the Great Orion Nebula. Alpha Centauri is a double star and Sigma Orionis a multiple star. Delta Librae is a short-period variable star.

The next eclipse of the moon visible in Australia will be on December 30th, 1963, and that of the sun (total) will be on October 23rd, 1976. If, after one total eclipse of the sun, one waits for another in the same place, one would wait for an average time of 300 years.

—R. Murray (A3)

THE FACE OF ITALY 1963

Historians are already beginning to divide the story of Rome into six important periods: that of the ancient Romans (rising and falling), that of the Popes, that of Garibaldi, that of the Savoy Monarchy, that of Benito Mussolini, and that of Federico Fellini, in which we are living today. The first two "Romes" covered a vast span of centuries. The last four have all existed in the last century and a half. The contemporary Rome is a strange mixture of all the others, and is symbolised, perhaps, by the statue of Christ flying over all the other Romes, with girls in bikinis waving to it, as in Fellini's "La Dolce Vita".

This year Fellini, whose "La Dolce Vita" was imported into the United States at the highest price ever paid for a foreign film, has again filmed the parable of our disintegrating society, but this time, unfortunately, not as successfully. His new film "8½" (the number of films he has made to date) concerns the autobiographical fresco of a contemporary film director's battle with his conscience and his heart, and it left behind a scene of confusion at the recent Rome premiere — audiences booed, hissed, whistled and clapped. Some acclaimed it a masterpiece, others demanded their money back. His next project will be the episode of Noah's Ark and the Flood in Dino di Laurentiis's eight-hour-long film, "The Bible". Fellini's work, however, is only a part of the most significant productions of 1963.

Director Luchino Visconti's spectacular Sicilian drama, "The Leopard", which was adapted from the book by di Lampedusa, has also attracted much interest. It concerns a Sicilian nobleman's traditional way of life at the point of decline, and was completed last March. The crew, while filming on location in Palermo, Sicily, found the heat to be like a ravening beast attacking the innards and absorbing the will. Many of the scenes had to be "shot" amid the bare hillsides, flaming yellow in the brilliant sun, while

Palermo lay aquiver — with the heat, and with the fear of threats by the Mafia, who had already stopped production on several occasions. The work, cost and energy spent seem to have been well worth the while, for already Visconti's has won this year's Cannes Festival award. Visconti's future, however, is, as yet, unsettled, as the Vatican's veto was against his filming of "The Nun from Monza" with Sophia Loren, and he still has to decide on a suitable location for the Joseph episode, which he will direct for "The Bible".

Another of the vital, vibrant — and successful — directors of this time is Vittorio de Sica — multiple award winner as both actor and director. He has just finished shooting "The Condemned of Albona", based on Jean-Paul Sartre's drama about the retribution exacted on a wealthy German family after the War. Most of the film was photographed in East Berlin and Tremsbuttel Castle near Hamburg during the cold winter months, and includes a motley cast: among them, Sophia Loren from Italy, Maximilian Schell from Austria and Frederic March from the United States. Unfortunately, de Sica's plan to film the controversial novel about the slums of Mexico City has been abandoned, because of intervention by the Mexican Government. Instead, he will make "Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow" with Loren, after she has completed a new film with Marcello Mastroianni, and perhaps "The Boom" (about the Italian "economic miracle") with Soraya.

The face of the Italian film industry looks promising, with a new, thirty-million-dollar studio lot being built outside Rome, and an ever increasing overseas market for its productions.

More than ever, it is a director's cinema in Italy, and with the current producers and directors in control, Sunny Italy, and the world, will see new exploitations, new masterpieces, new frankness, new successes, and also some lively censorship battles and some red Italian faces.

—R. Ysendoorn (5D)

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DUCHESS-FOR-AN-HOUR

Sydney restaurants always seem to be crowded. After trying three with no luck, we were quite happy to accept an offer to share a table. One of the party however would have to take a seat apart from the others. I volunteered to take the separate seat. The waiter led me to a rather small table towards the back of the room. One of the two chairs was empty, the other was surprisingly full.

Mrs. Crawford-Smith, as she introduced herself, was an enormous woman, obese to a degree which in others would seem disgusting but which lent an impressive dignity to herself. Her huge satin-clad form all but hid the large plush chair on which she sat. That part of the chair which would have been visible was draped with a gorgeous fur coat. The face that peered from under a precariously balanced peacock feather and out over numerous chins was nevertheless a merry one.

"Please be seated young man," she boomed, impatiently waving a frilly lace handkerchief at my chair.

I sat down, being acutely aware of a number of side-turned faces, and began to scan the menu. I was on the point of giving my order to the waiter when Mrs. Crawford-Smith spoke.

"The oysters today are delicious," she informed me. "And so is lobster a la king." I glanced at the prices and inwardly shuddered. I noticed that on her plate remained a few small peas and a pie crust. I ordered steak.

Over dinner we discussed many interesting subjects or, to be more exact, she discussed one subject — herself. She enraptured me with stories of her trips abroad, her long holidays on the French Riviera and finally her luxury cruiser.

It was at this moment that a sour-faced gentleman, whom I later discovered to be the restaurant proprietor, approached our table and glared at madame.

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Clarke," he snapped, "but do you realise that it is nine-thirty. You should have been on duty in the kitchen half-an-hour ago."

—P. Buttery (4A)

INFINITY

One of the most persistent questions concerning infinity is whether we can know or comprehend it. Another is whether the infinite exists, and if so, to what kind of thing infinity belongs. It is not surprising, therefore, that the discussion of infinity often borders on the unnatural.

The idea of infinity, like the idea of eternity, lacks the support of the imagination or of sense-experience. The fact that the infinite cannot be conceived or imagined seems sufficient to lead Hobbes and Berkeley to deny its reality. "Whatsoever we imagine is finite," writes Hobbes. "Therefore there is no idea or conception of anything we call infinite . . . When we say anything is infinite, we signify only that we are not able to conceive the ends and bounds of the thing named, having no conception of the thing, but our own inability."

On similar grounds, Berkeley rejects the possibility of infinite division. "If I cannot perceive innumerable parts in any infinite extension," he writes, "it is certain that they are not contained in it; but it is evident that I cannot distinguish innumerable parts in any particular line, surface or solid, which I either perceive by sense, or figure to myself in my mind; wherefore I conclude that they are not contained in it."

But for most of the great writers on the subject, the impossibility of representing infinity and eternity to the imagination does not render them inconceivable or meaningless. Yet it does account for the difficulty of grasping their meaning, a difficulty further increased by the fact that, whatever their meaning, infinity and eternity are indefinable. To define the infinite would be to limit — even in thought — the unlimited.

A trillion trillion is a finite number, because the addition of a single unit creates a larger number. The fact that the addition of another unit produces a different number indicates that a trillion trillion has a determinate size, which is the same as saying that it is a finite number. An infinite number cannot be increased by addition, for it is constituted — in thought at least — as a number larger than the sum of any two finite numbers; which is another way of saying that it is approached by carrying on the process of addition endlessly. The size of an infinite number is, therefore, indeterminate.

—K. Longden (4B)

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THE CONJURER'S REVENGE

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the conjurer, "having shown the two rings on the table, I will join the two rings together." He placed a silk handkerchief over the two rings and "presto" he pulled out two joined rings.

The usual "Oh, how wonderful", and "How does he do it?" went around the hall until a Quick Man said in a loud whisper, "He had it up his sleeve." The people nodded brightly at the Quick Man and a general undertone of "He had it up his sleeve" went round the hall.

"My next trick will be to produce a bowl of goldfish. Presto!" A bowl of goldfish appeared and the audience applauded loudly until the Quick Man said: "He must have had it up his sleeve". Again everyone nodded and whispered, "He must have had it up his sleeve".

The conjurer's reputation was sinking rapidly. With a glare at the Quick Man the conjurer asked for a volunteer from the audience. A small man who was sitting in the second row approached the conjurer. The conjurer proceeded to take eggs out of his ears, pockets, hat and various other places. The audience was quiet for a while waiting for the Quick Man to make some comment, but none came, so the audience applauded loudly. The Quick Man, after a great deal of thought, said: "He must have had a dozen hens up his sleeve". The audience conveyed the "He must have had a dozen hens up his sleeve"

around the hall.

Towards the end of the performance the conjurer was supposed to have hidden up his sleeve a bowl of goldfish, a set of rings, a dozen hens, a rocking chair, one dozen bunches of flowers, a live pig, a string of handkerchiefs and a harp.

The conjurer was quite annoyed at the Quick Man and said to him in a savage voice, "May I have your watch and pound it into the ground?" The Quick Man agreed to this and handed him his watch. The conjurer covered it with a silk scarf and struck it violently with a sledge hammer. "He's slipped it up his sleeve," said the Quick Man. "Now may I have your handkerchief and collar to which I will set fire?" requested the conjurer. The Quick Man handed him his collar and handkerchief to which the conjurer set fire. The Quick Man could not see through this trick. The conjurer asked him if he might be able to stamp on his hat. The Quick Man hesitated but gave the conjurer his hat. The conjurer stamped on it until it was beyond recognition.

The conjurer raised himself to full height and said to the audience: "This man has given me his consent to burn his handkerchief and collar, smash his watch and stamp on his hat. If he would also like me to burn his coat or paint on his overcoat with spotted or striped paint, I shall be delighted to entertain you. If not, the performance is at an end."

The audience went away convinced that there were some tricks that the conjurer did not have up his sleeve.

—I. Rowe (4D)



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ODE TO ENGLISH EXAMINERS

(Written on the eve of the English Literature Paper, Trial Leaving Examination. Apologies to W. S. Gilbert and his poem "Nightmare".)

I have noted of late that it has been my fate
To fail in your little brain-teasers,
But the remedy 'tis true, lies entirely with you,
Unless the competition eases.
To answer my whine, make sure that this time,
There's a question e'en I can do.
Please take good note, set what I can quote,
Or at least what I thought I knew,
For your personal guidance, I'll say in confidence
On Shakespeare I've spent quite a few
Minutes learning Act One, and I've almost begun
To consider Scene One, Act Two.
It has been my folly, to leave "Mr. Polly"
Till just before the exam.,
And so I bewail, for I've found that this tale
Is none too easy to cram.
Great odds I will lay, that "The English Essay"
Contains some very good prose,
But I certainly feel, that dear Richard Steele,
Puts to paper more than he knows.
For I have been fighting, to decipher his writing,
Either he or I am mistaken,
Then I read Hunt, from whence, via Lamb, who's
intense,
I finally progress to Bacon,
Now in "Fire on the Snow", there's plenty I know
All about symbolism and theme,
And possibly later, I'll learn the narrator
And quote quite a part of Scott's dream.

* * * * *

At ten minutes past one, when the exam's just begun,
I can imagine how I'll be faring.
I won't be able to think, I'll be right on the brink
Of misery, quite despairing.

I'm a real idiot, who ought to have not
Left his study so late; now what is my fate,
I can picture the glee, of that dear Mr. B. . . .
As he marks my "Essays", in his scrupulous ways,
Gives me three out of ten, at just the time when,
I'd improved so I thought, and my next report
Will tell my folk, it's time their son woke
Up to himself, there's unlimited wealth
Inside his dull brain, if he ever did deign
To explore those dusty dominions.

To return to my theme, the answer would seem
To be an easy test, where I do my best,
And show the school, I am not the fool
That I am in your opinions.

—T. Heins (5A)

THE TRAIN

Slowly twisting between the mountain's rocky faces,
smoke streaming for the sky,
and melting within its plumage thick and white.

The train lurches round its rugged shelter,
steam hissing, scorching harmless air
that flows its cooling path between the jagged peaks.

Declining struggle
down the slope
steam hissing,
slapping ceaselessly
the air onslaughting
at the monster,
speeding down
the clicking rails.

Silver levers flash,
wheels spin,
scratching at the shiny silver track.
Futile steam escaping
through retarding pistons
forcing rushing wind
against the passing rocks.

Heaving down towards the rushing bend,
sliding momentarily across its silver guide
it rolls . . .
leaving its track unused.

With clamour dying in the distant echoes,
the sun ventures from behind its shaded cover,
peering at the silent wreck,
steam seeping from metal split and scarred,
imprisoned steam silently escaping
to the freedom of the air.

Warm green grass littered with waste,
cold brown rock stained with boiling water,
metal is imbedded in its stony face,
scarred but still the victor.

— R. Anderson (5C)

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I have spent many years closely observing the habits and characteristics of the modern Santa Claus and I am at present collecting data with the intention of writing a book on the subject. I shall entitle this volume —

“St. Nick . . . A Delightful Peep into Santaland and an Equally Delightful peep into the private Life of Santa Claus as he is known by Mrs. Claus and all the Little Clauses.”

This personal biography will be compounded from a series of lengthy interviews which I have had the unique pleasure of having with this man of universal fame.

I have been fortunate enough, through my discussions with Mr. Claus, to have him graciously condescend to permit me to divulge certain information which he has never before divulged. Up to date, the book entitled “Who’s Who in Santaland” has not listed Mr. Claus’s eight wives, for the simple reason that no one knew he had more than one. Nor was it known that he wears red all the time for a specific reason. (I think that here I must interrupt my discourse to inform you that red is Russia’s national colour.) Having now told you this I will leave the reasons for Mr. Claus’s love of red to your own comprehension. However, I must refrain from these unimportant digressions and return once again to the subject of my interviews with Mr. Claus in which I found Mr. Claus to be a man of singular importance,

of great distinction and great in social stature. (By great in social stature I imply that he is invited to all the most important social functions, such as Nola Dekyvere’s Masquerade Ball and Sir Robert’s private birthday parties.) As would be expected, Mr. Claus has a prodigious knowledge of red Santa suits and flowing white beards, which are the trademarks of all Santa Clauses. I discovered that Mr. Claus holds a powerful disgust for the flocks of Santas, garbed in red sheets and cotton-wool beards, who appear at the festive time of the year in all the small shops about the city, ringing bells, “ho-hoing” and in general making disgusting ridicule of the honourable profession of Santa Claus. Those of his profession seen clad in most resplendent attire of rich red velvet and professional-looking beards, he has a particular fondness for, as they are what he would be proud to call defenders of the Father Christmas doctrine.

Santa dwells in the mystical land of fantasy and imagination which, incidentally, I had some trouble finding on my first trip there. Here in his cosy little cottage, which has walls of brick and roof of tile, he rests for the major part of the year, preparing himself for that one joyous night when he boards his reindeer-drawn sleigh and with a sound of the tinkling of bells, he starts his journey of goodwill which takes him around the globe. At the head of his team there is one reindeer whose nose has a most singular quality, in that it is luminously red and acts as a guide to Mr. Claus. Many people, on seeing this mysterious red light travelling swiftly across the heavens, think that it is a new satellite set aloft by that foreign “red” power of which I have already spoken, but of course the lover of Santa knows very well that it is the light of Rudolph, most famous and popular of all Mr. Claus’s herd.

Over the years that Mr. Claus has been in the delivery business, he has had some rather extraordinary experiences, which have been most embarrassing and, as do most embarrassing moments, have developed into the typical over-worked family stories, of which the Claus family has many, and of which most happy families have a few.

One particularly interesting one occurred in the Christmas of ‘47, when flying over Copenhagen, Mr. Claus stopped to have a chat with the naked statue of Hans Anderson’s “Little Mermaid”, who happens to be quite the rave of the town. Mr. Claus has been worried that she might catch cold sitting on that cold rock all day, so he had brought her a suit of warm clothes which, he suggested, would not only prevent her from catching cold, but also turn away the “peeping-Toms”, of whom she had complained to the City Council. They both had a little chat for about half-an-hour. Ermyntrude, that was her name, told him that about a month ago she had received an invitation to the “Royal Come as You Are Ball”, and when she did she was most astonished to see many of the ladies faint from shock. Mr. Claus thought it very humorous, but the mermaid, in all

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her sweet innocence, did not realise that the fashionable lady does not go to a "Come as You Are Ball" naked. So engrossed was Santa at hearing this news that he quite forgot that he had parked his sleigh in a ten minute parking zone and when he returned he found that his sleigh had been towed away. He had some difficulty in establishing his identity to the authorities as they were a bit dubious as to whether Santa Claus actually existed and they even went so far as to have his breath tested for alcohol, but finding no trace they reluctantly released his sleigh.

The Netherlands, also, is remembered very well by Mr. Claus as the scene of a most embarrassing situation. He was half-way between Amsterdam and Rotterdam when he became entangled in the sails of a windmill. By the time he had managed to free himself and his sleigh from the infernal thing, so shaken up was he that instead of travelling to Amsterdam he set off in the opposite direction and ended up perched on the roof of the Tibetan branch of "Larry's Luscious Llama Meat" factory, and while making the frantic dash back he was arrested by the Indian Government for over-working domesticated animals and also for driving without an Indian licence.

Mr. Claus is a most considerate man and is quiet and rather modest, particularly about his slightly reddened nose which, he says, is worn merely as a theatrical effect, not, as one vulgar critic said, because he drinks rather heavily. In conclusion I shall add this favourite saying of his:

"The fashionable Santa wears a red velvet suit in winter and a red satin one in summer. He never wears a cotton suit as it is not traditional. He is always kind, good-natured and helps old ladies across the street . . . whether they want to go or not. He does not become angry when a malevolent child pulls a bit of his beard off, but suffers the agonising embarrassment in silence. He is always kind to dumb animals and knits jumpers for giraffes, gives the lion a hairnet to keep his hair in place, and supplies the tortoise with roller skates."

POSTSCRIPT

The above is but a sample of what is in store for all young Santa Claus lovers, for a twelve volume encyclopaedia, which will appear in your bookshop soon, is at present being finished off. This set will be a milestone in the history of world literature as it opens up and spreads before the public's eye all the wonder and mystery which hitherto had veiled Santa Claus and his opulent kingdom. It explains the reasons why Santa Claus is so beneficial in the cultivation of a child's mind and why he is traditionally so jovial, so round and so fat. All this and much more is found in this set. Put the name of this set on your next book-buying list . . . "Encyclopaedia Santannica".

—Terry Charleston (4A)

FUNCTION OF A FUNCTION ... AND ALL THAT

It is 2.30 p.m. on a certain day in early November. Ten million people are waiting in tense expectation. The activity in large city buildings dies to a standstill as the office-boy and general manager listen with hopeful ear to a tiny radio, while certain reverend gentlemen put aside the "Collect for the Day"

in order to consult the "Latest Form" in the "Sports Section".

The atmosphere is no less explosive in Room 5 of a certain high school. Thirty pairs of anxious eyes stare, with artificial interest, at the maze of figures on the blackboard. Crumpled pieces of paper containing various incriminating lists now lie cunningly concealed inside the covers of so many calculus text-books, having been checked and re-checked by their owners for the last time.

Now the elasticity of the atmosphere has been stretched to breaking point. Someone coughs nervously — and silence prevails as the teacher's knowledgeable voice echoes around the room.

"... Make certain that, in example number four, you use the 'function of the function' method, and also draw a diagram for number six . . ." These words of wisdom fall on thirty pairs of deaf ears as the minutes tick slowly by. And then suddenly it is over.

The boy, second from the back, with his hand cupped over his ear, sighs with relief. A subdued cry of despair is heard, and solemn faces break into cheerful smiles — or black looks of disgust. Small pieces of paper shoot from one corner of the room to the other — and back again. No one notices the teacher, who suddenly looks at his watch, makes a hurried exit from the room, and appears a few minutes later, trying uncomfortably to hide an expression of extreme pleasure.

"... Pay attention, Smith!" And the lesson goes on. So it is all over again for another year. Now all that remains is to hurry home to see the repeat telecast of the great event and hope that the Government will declare it a public holiday next time.

—J. F. Gilpin (4A)

MAYNARD'S PHARMACY

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COSMETICS

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A MORE REALISTIC APPROACH TO MAN'S ACHIEVEMENTS

One cannot escape reading each day, an appraisal of Man's ingenuity in some specialised field of science. Whether it be in physics, medicine, engineering or biochemistry, the application of knowledge is shown to be achieving results not imagined by people last century or even ten years ago. Some people are sufficiently ambitious to call Man, "the master of his surroundings".

Having been dragged along on this tide of thought, I could not help but be stunned when recently I read the words of a noted American geographer; "man cannot 'conquer nature' . . . he exists by her sufferance, succeeding only insofar as he regulates his activities to profit from such opportunity as presented." These are remarkable words to come from a renowned professor, and must humble those who would wish to elevate Man to the position of a deity. His statement means, in fact, that mortals further revolutionise their world only as they find means of utilising what has been made available for them; that rather than mastering nature, we are merely students of its many wonders.

Yet, on making a brief observation, one sees the complete truth in this statement. No matter what

discovery the scientist makes, no matter what improvement the agriculturist makes, no matter where the civil engineer builds his city, nature dominates. Sydney was not placed haphazardly on its present site, it arose because a fine harbour afforded a haven for ocean-going vessels and facilitated the loading and unloading of these.

On the other hand, Nature can rapidly destroy everything that Man has erected. We speak of the devastation of fission and fusion explosives, but within several minutes an earthquake can devastate a huge area and spread shock and tidal waves across the world. In one mighty explosion, Nature can cause a great mountain to blow apart and hurl rock thousands of feet into the air. This is infinitely more powerful than the largest explosive device of mortal man. Yet he believes himself to be supremely powerful.

Thus, before congratulating ourselves for our remarkable inventions, let us pause for a moment and consider the source of those inventions, and be thankful for the miracles of the planet on which we live.

—Neil Sligar (5E)

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THE LAST DAY

The quaint figure stood at the end of the long, dimly-lit corridor, nervously handling a misshapen pen in his pocket. He placed the long, thin weapon in his possession, by his side, pressed the material clutched in his hand firmly against his ribs, took a long, deep breath and began the dreary walk down the corridor.

He had an uneasy feeling — it was his last day in the prison camp — and he knew, because of this, something was bound to happen. After more than a quarter of a century, he was finally leaving, and these last few hours seemed like days in passing.

Unsteadily, slowly, he walked past the second-in-command's headquarters and noticed the almost unbearable look of fear in his piercing eyes — it was obvious that he, too, was aware of the tension which existed in the camp. The lean, sombre figure reached the prison library and, all at once, became aware of the long barred windows, evenly placed along the corridor, emitting faint pins of light on the dark backdrop. It seemed strange, for he had often passed these windows and yet never really noticed their existence. He stopped, looked out the nearest window and saw the massive, silver structure which constituted the main "Hard-labour" building, and then went slowly on his way.

The reeking, stagnant smell of apple cores and tobacco sickened him; he quickened his pace past the inmates' recreation room and came upon the second of four rooms in which the guards were housed. He turned to his left, and walked down a small set of stairs, passing the dreaded, black G.T. chamber, in which numerous inmates were mercilessly tortured. Then he saw the short, bald, brutal figure of the infamous master of the G.T. chamber but, since he had no wish to talk to anyone in these last, desperate hours, he quickly turned and quietly began the long descent down the drab stairs leading to the main corridor.

While doing so, he inhaled a quantity of sickening, rasping gas and immediately covered his mouth with a handkerchief. The gas was obviously coming from the stench-filled science laboratory, where eccentric scientists worked day and night, turning out dreadful, potent compounds and volumes of terrifying, sulphuretted gas, to which the inmates were exposed for callous experimentation. He felt thankful that he did not have to pass that wing of the building.

As the sullen figure entered the main corridor, he reflected upon the many years he had spent here. He had made numerous friends among the prison staff, but how many friends had he made among the prisoners? If he had not made many, it was not because of lack of enthusiasm on his part — surely he had been fair and helpful in his attitude towards them. However, that was all in the past and it was the present he was concerned about. Ahead, lay the cell which he knew he must enter for his last propaganda session to the inmates. He had to be ready for the worst.

Finally, he stood before the room where the prisoners were waiting, a twisted, shaking figure in the obscure daylight. The unexpected silence was terrifying. He checked his weapon and steadied himself. He heard a distant ringing and nervously looked at his wrist watch — exactly 2.40 p.m. With trembling fingers, he flung open the door.

Suddenly, it seemed that the whole, blurry mass of maroon-clothed inmates were charging towards him, and a wild, blood-curdling, murderous scream rent the air:

"Congratulations, Mr. Brownjohn, on your retirement from Homebush Boys' High School. We wish you all the best."

The sudden shock made the dark, but now smiling figure, drop his cane and books to the floor.

— Michael Besser (5E).

THE VACUUM CLEANER SALESMAN

"Good morning! It's a beautiful day, isn't it? . . . Are these your children? . . . You know, the first thing I said to myself when I saw them was, 'My, what beautiful children, so well-groomed and so beautifully dressed' . . . It's easy to see they get their good looks from their mother . . . You know, I can't get over how good looking they are . . . How old are they?"

"The boy is quite tall for a six-year-old. I would say from the look of him he'll stretch to at least six foot two . . . Yes, I quite agree, you can't afford to be too short these days.

"You must be very proud to have a daughter as good and intelligent looking as she is — they're both very intelligent looking for that matter — but of course with a mother like you she can't help being beautiful.

"By the look of both of them, I'd say you were a marvellous cook . . . I wish my wife was a good cook. First time I saw your two . . . Peter and Susan, you say their names are . . . Yes, well the first time I saw Peter and Susan I said, 'My, their mother must be a good cook' . . . How did I know? . . . Well, by the look of them of course, they're so healthy, so strong looking, and you don't find beautiful children from homes where the mother is not a good cook . . . and besides, look at their teeth . . . show me your teeth Susan . . . Ouch! . . . Well, girls will be girls!

"You know, my favourite dish is potato pie. My mother made the most beautiful potato pie . . . Oh, they really were delicious . . . Unfortunately my wife hasn't got the slightest notion of how to cook it . . . One time she might make it too moist, another time — too dry. She just doesn't know how to get a happy medium . . . What! You happen to have some potato pie on the stove . . . and you're inviting me in to have some . . . Well, it is getting close to lunch time, isn't it? Righto, then.

"What! Help myself to it! . . . Well thanks! . . . Golly, this is really beautiful . . . and I'm not just saying that, either.

"Eh, what's this? Where are you going? . . . What! You're going up the street to do your shopping . . . and because I like kids, you know I won't mind looking after Peter and Susan . . . You'll be back in one and a half hours time . . . and Susan has her nap at two o'clock . . . Well, yes, I do like children, but . . . but . . . yes, well the same to you too . . . but . . . but . . ."

* * *

The moral of the story is, "Don't be a vacuum cleaner salesman . . . be a butcher instead".

—Alistair G. McLean (4A)



BALLAD OF THE DETRIMENTAL DENTURES

I used to have a girlfriend,
One night I held her close,
But it was rather awkward
With a peg upon her nose.
I didn't know the reason,
I still don't know for sure,
But since she's gone and left me
I miss her more and more.

Chorus:

My best friends wouldn't tell me,
My dentist is away,
I'm all alone and blue,
I don't know what to say.

Last night I was invited out,
I went along for kicks.
It was a rockin' party,
With lots of swingin' chicks.
I saw a curvy cutie,
"Hello dere," was my cry,
But when I opened up my mouth
She sniffed, then passed me by.
My best friends wouldn't tell me,
My dentist is away,
I'm all alone and blue,
I don't know what to say.

My wallet's full of Royals,
I use Trim on my hair,
I only smoke Marlboro,
But girls don't seem to care.
I know I'm not bad looking,
But anything I say
Just makes a girl disgusted,
So romance just fades away.

My best friends wouldn't tell me,
My dentist is away,
I'm all alone and blue,
I don't know what to say.

I cannot tell what's wrong with me,
My friends leave me alone;
The ads. say: "See your dentist",
But mine just isn't home.

My best friends wouldn't tell me,
My dentist is away,
I'm so alone and sad,
It's been a blue, blue day.

—D. Veitch (5B)

THE BUNYIP

The night was dark and windy,
And me body wracked with cramps,
And there in front I happens to see,
A hut in which to camp.

Now the hut was all deserted,
And cold as a small green frog,
And as I slid down in me bed,
Up came a thick black fog.

Now I didn't like the feelin',
The flamin' wind had dropped,
And when I heard a frightful cry,
Me ticker all but stopped.

I was close to death with terror,
When at the door I saw
A hideous, ghostly creature
With one gigantic paw.

He rolled his horrible eye-balls,
And then with a terrible leer,
He cried there was only two of us,
Only the two of us here.

Then round and round me stretcher,
The thing began to roam,
And now and then he stopped to give
A frightful, ghostly groan.

Now I was all for leavin',
Itchin' to up and scoot,
But what a stupid thing I'd done!
I'd lost a flamin' boot!

Then across its face there spread
A ghoulis, toothless leer
And he moaned again, "The two of us,
Only the two of us here."

So I up and says to the creature,
(The hideous moanin' coot),
"There'll only be one of us here, Jack,
When I finds me other boot."

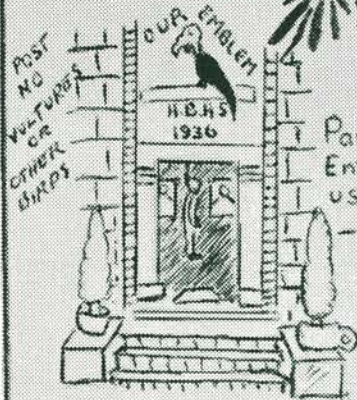
— Greg Ponchard (5F)

THE LADIES.....

.....BLESS 'EM.



WE'VE NOTICED THAT.....



Paintings In School Entrance Remind us of Latin Text - Rhogues' Gallery.



Mr. "H." A famed Cronulla "Stomper" has entered Science Dep. 1963.



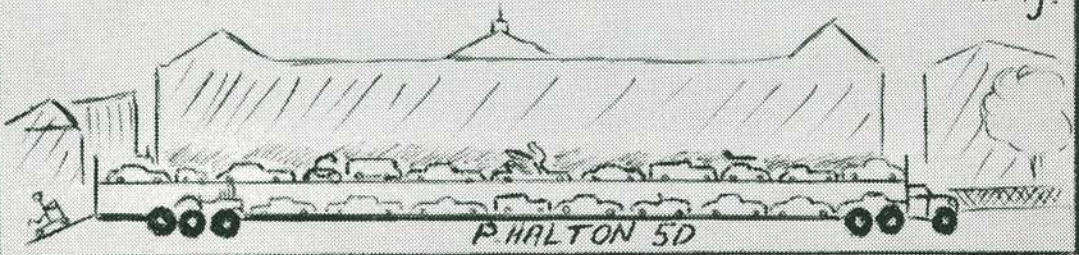
The School Tuckshop has opened a new varied series of cheaper foods, resulting in new School Song

"Where are all the pigeons gone?"



Mr. "O" made a good shot in Staff Vs Prefects Match, throwing wrong ball into net, resulting in END of game (and basketball court). Staff won 1-0

Mr. "M" has solved school parking problems with economy.



THE GUARDIAN OF THE SPRING

Kevin Steel staggered up the sandhill, and crashed to the ground at its summit. He lifted his bloodshot eyes to the harsh, late-afternoon desert sky and cursed. It was four days since his horse had broken its leg and he had been forced to set out, on his own, with only a little food and water, and two hundred miles of the hostile Great Sandy Desert between him and civilisation. The only known well in the area was filled with coarse red sand, that had laughed at his attempts to find water. His dry throat reminded him that he had not tasted water for two days and he swallowed hard, aggravating his already swollen, black tongue.

The crow that he had been watching was no longer in the sky, and Kevin hopefully strained his tired eyes to find the spot where the crow had alighted. The young explorer's eyes sparkled as he crawled towards a tree, rooted in a shallow rocky gully, not a dead, burnt tree, but a living tree, a tree of life and hope, with a black crow perched on its bough.

The rocky glen held signs of life, and death. Grass sprang up round a large rock in the centre, but on the rock lay the sun-bleached bones of many large animals.

Kevin, puzzled, looked at them and noticed a crop of moss in a fissure in the side of the rock. Three kangaroo rats huddled in the shade of the rock. In the top of the rock was a round hole, about two feet in diameter. He realised that this hole was the entrance to the precious water, yet he wondered why the crow had not flown down to drink. He scrambled on to the rock, and immediately jumped off again, his eyes filled with fear . . .

A death-adder's head popped out of the hole.

The black, beady eyes, set in slate-grey skin, looked angrily at the new arrival, and then sank slowly back into the "nature bowl" whence they had come. To get to the life-giving water, he would have to get by the adder, the lecherous snake that took advantage of all thirsty beings.

The sun beat down on Kevin as he racked his fevered brain to find the answer to his problem. How he wished for just one glass of the ale that he had consumed so much of before he had set out from Noonkambah! He thought of all the precious water he had wasted in his life. Running taps, full bathtubs, cold showers, raindrops, drips, little puddles, drops: he thought of them all.

Night fell, and covered the desert with a sprinkling of dew, Kevin licked the small rocks that lay on the ground in an effort to gain some relief. Instead of relieving him, the drops of salty dew aroused his thirst once more. His brain throbbed, his throat burned, and his tongue felt like a rough towel that filled his mouth.

Three dingoes, hunting as one, cried out in the distance. Kevin paid no attention to them, yet these dingoes knew where water, lots of water, was. There was water here, in this gully, and Kevin intended to get it. He hauled himself on to the rock, and again the adder's head greeted him. The dingoes were still calling.

Silence eventually returned, and Kevin could hear water bubbling merrily in the spring inside the rock. Agony twisted his strong body and he doubled up in pain. He had to get water soon, or perish! He had to triumph over that adder somehow, but he needed a plan and to formulate a plan he needed a clear brain, not the tortured cell that lay in his sunburnt head.

First grey streaks of morning revealed two kangaroo rats, huddled together. One had become thirsty in the night. Kevin realised that he must fight for his life and desperately tried to climb the tree to get a branch. It was an impossible task, and he soon lay moaning by the tree's twisted roots.

Through swollen eyes, the young explorer watched the sun climb into the heavens like a small, round, crimson stone. Like a round red stone . . . an idea sprang into his tortured mind. His eyes had little suns rising in them. His eyes had found a flat stone, about a foot round.

With dying energy, Kevin heaved the stone on to the rock. He stood up, lifting the stone, and saw the adder's fat, short body, swelled by the newly killed kangaroo rat. He returned the hostile look to the death adder and let the rock fall.

The adder's short fat body was half covered by the rock. Only the forked tail showed as it flayed the water in the adder's paroxysm of death. Kevin triumphantly watched the body grow still, and trod hard on the rock to make sure the death-adder was properly killed. Then he flung the stone aside, dropped to his knees and prepared to drink the life-restoring water.

He bowed his head, and gasped . . .

The adder's crushed head lay in the pool of water, already stained with the deadly purple.

Even in death, the adder remained the guardian of the spring.

—Peter Halton (5D)

THE "HABOOB"

Great red brown dust clouds were racing towards the desert village. The dreaded "haboob" of the desert was on its way. A howling chaos of wind was tearing up whirling clouds of sand. The village inhabitants, from past experiences, had tied cloth over their noses and mouths to prevent the sand entering. Minutes before the sky had been a bright blue, but now it was a dirty brown colour with the sun shining like a lamp beneath a blanket.

Sand was everywhere and, pouring through cracks in houses, reduced visibility. The heat was unbearable, sand dunes rose and fell like waves in an ocean.

Two hours in this unbelievable monotony passed before the "haboob" showed any signs of abating. The atmosphere was choking with sand but gradually the high-pitched crescendo of the wind dropped and the sand settled back to the scorching ground. The heat became less intense. In half an hour the village was back to normal. Some, whose houses had been damaged, were quickly repairing the smashed sections of timber and iron. The dark red glow of the "haboob" could be seen receding towards the far distant horizon.

—G. Aspinall (1A)

THE ABSOLUTE TRUTH

Michael stood rigidly facing the sea on the dark unbroken expanse of the beach — a forlornly isolated figure, now, late at night, lost to oblivion in his fleeting thoughts. Only the foaming breakers, thundering towards him and dying in a glassy ripple at his feet, and the cool sea breeze, balmily caressing the chiselled features of his face, gave him any indication of the reality of his existence.

Transfixed, he lifted his eyes from the black turmoil of the sea to the serenity of the stars above— cold, icy points of light seemingly meeting the horizon an infinite distance away, and was held inescapably fascinated by what seemed to him to be a strangely magnificent illusion. Then, as one will do, Michael's thoughts began branching off into less definitive veins. To Michael there had always seemed some profound but tangible explanation to the illimitable mystery of the universe before him — something intriguingly complex in description, but of the most basic truth and simplicity in realisation. Indeed, it was something more than the attractive and enthralling, yet rather romantic story of the Creation as described in Genesis, with which he had been harangued since early childhood, but which he had never been quite able to accept.

Again, as always, Michael was plagued with the concept of the eternal universe — and his mind was left groping for comprehension. Apart from the enormity of this concept, according to his own reasoning and more substantially to the logic of considerably higher intellects than his, there was not the slightest evidence to conclude that the universe

had at any specific time been necessarily created. Could not the universe have existed for all time, and similarly is there the slightest vestige of evidence for saying the universe shall not exist for all time? If we are to accept the fact that the universe is three-dimensionally infinite, surely it is feasible to expect the duration of the universe to be of the same intangible content? To Michael this concept did not seem so amazingly capable of provoking ridicule, but it seemed to reveal a certain insubstantial facet of the Bible's first book — at least in his own mind.

In the past, irreconcilable conflicts had cropped up between mankind's logic, that is to say, science, and the supposedly irrefutable dictates of the Supreme Being as stipulated in the Bible. Thus Michael began perusing this conflict with more fervour than he was generally prone to, although it was questions such as these which monopolised a significant portion of his thoughts.

There was, indeed, a countless number of questions to which Michael had never found suitable answers — rarely had he even established a suitable compromise to the multiplicity of doubts he suffered. Although he was not a radical, he understandably desired to satisfy these doubts and in fact had taken the initiative of visiting a certain minister of the clergy in an attempt to alleviate some of the causes of his frustration.

The conversation at first bordered rather inconsequentially on certain curiosities Michael had — Methuselah's supposed age of 969 years and as to where Cain obtained his wife, being typical of questions causing the latter considerable consternation. The minister managed to evade these and other questions by clarifying the literalism or symbolism apparent in each case in point — whichever most convincingly eradicated Michael's doubts. The initial spark of Michael's enquiries, however, had now ignited the flame of his many other underlying suspicions, and he was now intent on satisfying himself — much to the annoyance of the minister, however, who apparently had more pressing problems with the preparations for the church younger set's coming dance, and thus amply hinted that perhaps Michael should come back another time.

Not being deterred however, Michael persisted. Assuming that Christians respected the fact that peoples of other faiths possessed the same degree of logic and intelligence as themselves, argued Michael, what justification had they in condemning the beliefs of these people, in fact attempting conversion from these supposed inferiors' alleged "barbarisms" to their own Christian faith? Michael had always been concerned with the fundamental moral rectitude of those missionaries who, in the past, had ventured forth to bring the "pagan" to the way of the Lord.

Michael was now really warming to his inquiries and found the surprising frankness of the situation and the unanticipated evasiveness of the minister relieving him of his initial inhibitions. Thus he ventured further: why should Jesus be venerated with greater adulation than Buddha, Confucius, or any other historically established philosophers? The teachings of Jesus were often contradictory and mostly borrowed from former rabbis — at least Buddha and Confucius could claim to have been original in what they said.

The boy's sacrilege seemed to be shocking the

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minister but he now felt compelled to consider some of the rather heretical postulates.

The rather one-sided discussion now bordered on the sanctity of the Deity Himself. The Old Testament God's habit of desiring the slaughter of all those who did not flatter Him seemed rather anti-social, Michael ventured. Sensing the Minister's growing hostility, a mixture of definite enmity and confused perturbation as far as he could tell, Michael realised he could not gain any satisfaction except for the cheaper substitute he might find in deliberately antagonising the minister. His object, however, was absolute satisfaction, or at least compromise — but not dissension. Thus with the clergyman's rather flustered parting remark that as an infallible rule he should never question the ways of the Lord, nor the apparent contradiction of the Scriptures, Michael departed, having achieved little that he had set out to do.

Now, not a week later, Michael stood barrenly by the sea, more engulfed in his frustrations than ever — his recent dispute with the theologian, in a sense, having only added insult to injury. The ponderous weight of his futile attempts at some semblance of peace of mind now bore down on him as relentlessly as the waves crashing down in the foaming chaos before him. Suddenly he was overcome by an intense and bitter loathing for the insincerities and hypocrisies of the great many he knew who so complacently professed their Christian faith with so little genuine sincerity — how he abhorred them all! The vaguest apparition of a smile passed over his face as he considered what in final terms to him seemed the farce of religious observance. Then with extraordinary vigour he laughed at himself for his blind acceptance of what seemed now to be no more than a futile myth.

Gazing endlessly at the cold baleful stars above him — mocking his plight, he was sure — he craved for that which could satisfy him — the absolute truth — yet could only realise his own pathetic insignificance in a world so remotely out of grasp. The arms of utter futility suddenly reached up and dragged him down, engulfing him in all the reek and blackness of his despair, for his was an adversary he could no longer face.

An eternity later a solitary figure rose and set its footsteps, with no set intent, irregularly away across the desolation of the beach — as it had done before and would do again — to be at last engulfed inevitably in the blackness of night . . .

—R. Holloway, (5C)

THIS EXAM NOT ATTEMPTED

"You've got one and a half hours, so turn over your sheets and begin."

Oh, this is great! I should keep my ears open when the announcements are on. I've done hardly any studying . . .

"A load of one ton hangs from the end of a first order lever, three feet from the fulcrum. What is the effort used fifteen feet from the fulcrum, to balance it?"

I think anyone who goes around doing strongman stunts, just for science problems, is mad.

"Hey Bill, what's the answer for the first one?"

"I don't know, I can't do it."

He must be pretty dumb, not knowing that! Wonder how these biros work. Let's see, this spring pushes the knob thing and . . . oh well, that's Bic's problem.

What's HE got to smile at! It must be pretty easy being a teacher, especially during exams. I bet he's thinking of his pay cheque tomorrow. I don't know why they don't spend some money on a coat of paint for the rooms. They can't have been painted since the school was opened. I'll leave the first one . . .

"In a U-tube, thirty centimetres of water balances thirty-seven point five centimetres of alcohol. What is the relative density of alcohol?"

Trust them to bring alcohol into it! I've heard that most of those brown bottles on the shelves are for the beer they can't get in the fridge!

"A mass of gas has a volume of five litres at a pressure of four atmospheres. What is the volume at one atmosphere?"

That's silly, how can you have four atmospheres on the same planet?

"If 10y flies are on the table and you kill x flies, how many are left?"

"X flies, the dead ones."

Ha! That will give him something to think about. I'd better do some thinking too . . .

"Write down the reaction of nitric acid and rubber."

Gives rubber nitrate, probably. I think all this atom stuff is silly. You write about protons and things and they can't even be seen. I can't see television either, because Mum says I have to study, but what's it matter because I fail every time.

"Write down four ways of making salts."

Mum says I put too much salt on my fish and chips, but that's the way I like it. I like sirloin steak better than fish though. I really love a nice piece of tender sirloin, with green peas and roast spuds . . .

"What weight of ferric chloride would be formed by passing chlorine over twenty-eight grams of heated iron?"

There, that would make you good and sick on top of sirloin steak!

O.K., I've gone over all the questions. I bet whoever set them couldn't do them. He probably doesn't like sirloin steak anyway. In any case he couldn't eat it because all the science staff have false teeth. But he may be in the maths staff, and that explains why he can't work out the questions.

"Right, stop working and sit up straight."

What! I haven't even started yet! I'd better put something down. There:

"This exam not attempted."

—A. Lyons (3A)

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THE PINK ELEPHANTS

Once upon a time, in the far regions of Alaska, there lived a small Eskimo boy. To prove his manhood, this young boy decided to travel to faraway Africa and capture a rare pink elephant. After seeking advice from his father, the boy found out that the favourite food of pink elephants is currant buns.

The boy then promptly hurried to the nearby trading-post and ordered a bun, which would contain two currants and one teaspoon of arsenic. This, the boy thought, would result in success as once the pink elephant ate the bun it would immediately be dazed by the arsenic, thus enabling the ambitious young adventurer to capture it. Hopefully, the young boy set out in his kayak across the ocean towards Africa.

Upon arriving, he placed his boat in a small and sheltered cove, and proceeded on foot towards the land of the pink elephants. Hurriedly and anxiously, the boy passed through the land of the Zulus and through the land of grey elephants. But anyone can catch a grey elephant!

As he approached the land of the pink elephants, he noticed a sign nailed to a tree. On this sign, were written the words: "This is the land of the pink elephants. They are very ferocious, but they do like currant buns." The boy then carefully placed his bun in a clearing, and hid behind a tree to await the approach of a pink elephant. After a short time, a large pink elephant walked up and ate the bun. The huge beast then walked away, apparently unaffected by the dose of arsenic in the bun.

Puzzled, the small boy ran quickly back through the land of the grey elephants (but anyone can catch a grey elephant) and back through the land of the Zulus. He then boarded his kayak, and set off for distant Alaska. Upon arriving he made for the trading-post at a brisk pace. When he reached the store, he ordered a bun which would contain two currants and two teaspoons of arsenic. The young adventurer hoped that this additional dose of arsenic would be the key to success.

Anxiously, he once again boarded his small boat and headed for Africa. After some time he again reached his destination, and after placing his durable kayak in a sheltered cove, he once more set out for the land of pink elephants. He passed through the land of the Zulus, and through the land of the grey elephants. But anyone can catch a grey elephant! When he reached the land of the pink elephants, he noticed a sign nailed to a nearby tree. On this sign, were written the words: "This is the land of the pink elephants. They are very ferocious, but they do like currant buns." Hopefully, the young boy placed his bun down, and hid behind a tree. A pink elephant promptly walked up to and devoured the bun, again with no effect. Disappointed and puzzled, the small adventurer walked back through the land of the grey elephants (but anyone can catch a grey elephant!) and back through the land of the Zulus to his tiny boat.

When he arrived at Alaska, the boy hurried to the trading-post and ordered a bun which would contain three teaspoons of arsenic and one currant. For the third time the young boy boarded his kayak and headed for the far shores of Africa. Some time later, the small adventurer reached his destination.

He placed his durable little boat in a cove, and once more set out for the land of the pink elephants. On the way, the boy passed through the land of the Zulus and through the land of the grey elephants. But anyone can catch a grey elephant! Upon arriving at the land of the pink elephants, the young boy placed his bun in a clearing, and awaited the approach of a pink elephant. Soon after, a huge pink elephant approached and devoured the bun. The large beast then walked away, unaffected.

More puzzled than ever, the small Eskimo boy hurried back through the land of the grey elephants (but anyone can catch a grey elephant!) and back through the land of the Zulus. Upon relocating his kayak, the boy set out back across the Atlantic Ocean towards Alaska. As soon as he arrived, the boy rushed to the trading-post and ordered a bun which would contain four teaspoons of arsenic, but no currants.

Now sure of success, the young Eskimo boy anxiously boarded his kayak, and once more set out for Africa. Upon arriving, the boy again placed his small boat in a sheltered cove, and set out for the land of the pink elephants. He passed through the land of the Zulus and through the land of the grey elephants. But anyone can catch a grey elephant! When he approached the land of the pink elephants, the boy noticed the sign nailed to a tree. On this sign, were written the words: "This is the land of the pink elephants. They are very ferocious, but they do like currant buns." The boy placed his bun in a clearing and awaited the approach of a pink elephant. A short time later a massive pink elephant walked up to the bun, and promptly devoured it. The beast then turned grey.

But anyone can catch a grey elephant!

— L. Young (5C)

BUSH FIRE!

The scent of burning gum drifted among the tall straight wattles. There was a sense of danger in the air.

Small animals were scurrying here and there as if to escape some unknown doom. Koalas, usually asleep, were alert, as if they were guards on the watch for danger. The Echidna seemed contented in a bull-ant nest, but even he would stop eating every now and then to have a look around. A wallaby was eating nearby, with his mind full of suspicion.

All waited expectantly.

In the heat of the day it happened. The hum of a car faded in the distance from the place where the driver had camped the night before.

The thin slender column of smoke grew into menacing black billows. The accumulation of the years under the trees was tinder dry.

The loud crackle of exploding gum leaves swept down the valley, the once quiet peaceful valley untouched by the hand of man.

The stampede of animals towards the creek was growing every chain. The wombat was too slow, he just couldn't go any faster. A wombat's legs just aren't made for running.

The charred ruins of the trees stand stark and uninviting, trying to hide the stiff, charred carcasses of the once contented animals.

—K. Ambler (1A)

THE FIRST TASTE OF EMPLOYMENT

I remember well that joyful afternoon — the last of the term. I soberly walked into the house, went into my room and shut the door to do those simple little things that I take much pleasure in doing on such occasions — that is, throwing all my remaining books around the room and jumping up and down several times on my blazer. This ritual gives me a strange personal satisfaction and, I feel, properly initiates the following weeks of leisure. Little did I know, however, that these holidays would differ vastly from any that had preceded them.

It all began when on the second night of glorious freedom my father took me aside and suggested that I look for a holiday job. He felt that apart from the obvious economic advantages, it would help to build my character. Thus I began my search for employment. I tried my luck at several local departmental stores. I would enter, present my application and then, after the personnel manager had finished laughing, he would inform me that they might have a vacancy in the 1966 Christmas rush.

Undaunted, I went farther afield and finally was successful in securing a position in a small shop in the city. Flintheart and Sons was mainly a model train shop, but also stocked toys of every description. A friend of mine who knew Irving J. Flintheart, Jr., was responsible for my gaining the position.

I was not at all nervous as I entered the shop that first morning, for my mind was on other things — namely my four apparently broken ribs and two crushed feet, which I had sustained on the train ride to the city. I know that when I die, if I am sent to Hell, it will consist of an endless ride on a peak-hour train. Pulling myself together, I went up and introduced myself to a man who was moving scooters. He turned out to be Irving J. Jr., a little man with his hair parted in the middle and plastered down, and a thin moustache — a typical Western villain. He gave me a strained smile, and the day began.

My career commenced by pumping up scooter tyres and cleaning the glass on the display cases. However, by diligent work and misplacing the duster and pump, I was promoted to serving. Behind the counter, I met the remainder of the staff. There was Merv, a young Englishman who knew where everything was and how much it cost; Mr. Brown, who knew the price and present position of every match-box toy, and, of course, Irving J. and his brother, Stanley J. Flintheart who knew where nothing was and possessed a similar knowledge of prices.

At the end of a week I made out my first lay-by, and very well too, except for the minor detail of giving the date as two pounds four and sixpence. I was going well behind the counter, too. I no longer thought a nickel-plated fishplate was some sort of tray for fish. Apart from wrapping my pen up with every second parcel, I was also improving in that department, and no longer thought it was a great achievement if a customer made it to the door before his parcel flew open. I must admit though, I was not perfect, for there were

still one of two incidents that I found hard to handle. For example, a portly little Latin woman waddled up to the counter and said slowly, "I wanna dah 'charblug'."

On request she repeated her demand in a louder tone. Then I had a brilliant idea to determine what she was talking about, by asking her what size "charblug" she wanted, but she was ready for me and coolly replied, "Woddah size you got?" I told her I would go and see, and went into the storeroom, where I bashed my head against the wall to the refrain of "What the Hell's a 'charblug'?"

Merv entered just as I was on the verge of unconsciousness and I confided my problem to him, whereupon he gave me some advice that ever after helped me out of many embarrassing situations. I merely returned and said, "I'm sorry, we're right out of 'charblugs', but we expect a new shipment in after Christmas." I could tell by the look in her eye she knew she was beaten and she dejectedly left.

My first visit to the lay-by room was made memorable by an unforgettable meeting. I opened the door and unfortunately inhaled. Moments later my head stopped spinning and something growled, "Ooze zere?" A little man appeared, who I later learned was Irving Flintheart, Sr. He was kept locked up with the lay-bys and given the account books to keep him quiet. He resembled my concept of a leprechaun, standing in the doorway surveying me with an expressionless old face, the only movement between us being the rolling of jaws as he attempted to eat the cause of my estwhile nasal irritation, a yellow imitation corn cob pipe. I made many subsequent journeys to the lay-by room and we two might have got on well but for his little yellow corn cob speech impediment, which never left his mouth. Each time I entered he would look up, blink and utter "Wozsha (slurp) wan'?" This language barrier kept us from becoming too close, though as time passed I could tell the difference between an angry, happy, interrogative and surprised grunt without difficulty.

Lunchtime, I was told, was informal. This meant — "Don't go until there are hardly any customers in the shop!"

Lunchtime effected quite a change in Irving Jr. and Stanley, who always returned happier, redder in the face and with a breath that would intoxicate a seasoned sailor at forty paces. In my first lunch hour I decided to be very wordy and suave by eating at a dim little Greek restaurant. I sat down and looked at the menu. To my horror everything was written in Greek. I would have left, but a waitress, apparently comprehending my intentions, leapt out of the gloom and so, much to her obvious scorn, I meekly said: "A cup of coffee, please." From then on I sat in the park with a bag of chips and a carton of orange juice, and wondered if all the blood in my body had lately sunk below knee-level or if it just felt like that.

I remember well that joyful evening — the last of my working term at Flintheart's. I staggered into the house and fell into my room. I lovingly took out my blazer, put it on, and dreamed of that heaven on earth, that peaceful haven known as Homebush.

— K. Boys (5B).

"YOUR MOVE, HUNGARIAN!"

My name is Ferenc Laszlo. I am a national of Hungary. During the Second World War, I was an agent in Budapest, but the Russians, who had occupied Hungary after the war, suspected me of spying against them and I might have been arrested at any moment. My friend approached me and asked if I would pretend to be an Austrian to escape from Hungary.

I agreed to pose as Oscar Zinner, a painter, who, my friend told me, had not replied to the letters informing him of the train. My friend thought he could be dead. The train, which was leaving in ten days time, was taking Austrian refugees home to Vienna.

My friend handed me some typewritten pages on which were written every detail of Zinner's life. This I must learn as I had to become Oscar Zinner in every thought, word and action. My friend told me that at every stop Russian officers would question me from a copy of information. The sheet he gave me was the same held by the Russians.

"But," he said, "when the name is read out at the station, WAIT before replying."

"Wait?" I queried.

"There's a chance Zinner might turn up and if two should answer to the same name it might be embarrassing," he told me. In the days that followed I studied the sheets until I knew almost as much about Zinner as I did about myself. I knew his habits, likes, dislikes and even his style of painting.

On the night before my departure, as I walked across a bridge, I tore the papers into shreds and threw the minute pieces into the swiftly flowing river. The Danube destroyed all traces of my impersonation. I was now Oscar Zinner.

* * *

Next morning I was waiting on the station, mentally summarising my knowledge, when a sudden crackle from the station loudspeaker announced the beginning of my journey. A rasping voice began to call out a list of names — all in alphabetical order. I waited, trembling. Why must my name begin with the last letter in the alphabet? At last Oscar Zinner was called out. I wanted to shout, but I waited.

"Zinner — Oscar Zinner," barked the voice over the loudspeaker, this time with annoyance. I stepped forward. There was no challenge so I joined a group and was herded into a compartment.

The stationmaster blew his whistle, but nothing happened. A group of Russian officers walked past our compartment and ordered the occupants of the adjoining one out into the passageway. The Russians took over the seats and were soon laughing, shouting and clinking glasses. The whistle blew again and the train jerked into motion.

As we picked up speed, I gazed longingly at the land I was leaving. I wondered when I would again enter this country. Then I realised that I must not look sad, as Oscar Zinner was going home to Vienna.

The train halted at the first check-point. The Russian inspecting officer and the interpreter soon arrived in our compartment. Behind them, heavily-

armed Russian soldiers stood in the corridor and watched. The Russian officer, a hard-faced little man, started with the woman sitting opposite me. Looking at his notes about her, he barked out questions in Russian which were interpreted into German so that the Austrian woman could understand. Next he came to the gentlemen sitting beside the woman. I began rehearsing my character. "I am a painter. I was born in Graz. My name is . . . ? My name is . . . ?"

Beads of perspiration broke out on my forehead and my heart missed a beat. I could remember everything except my name.

The officer and the interpreter moved to the woman next to me, and began their questions.

"My name is . . . ? My name is . . . ?" It was no use. The name would not come. Suddenly the door of the next compartment slid open. There was a sound of voices in the corridor and then a Russian colonel poked his head into our compartment and asked, "Who plays chess?" The examining officer glared at the interruption and then sprang to attention when he beheld a superior officer. As I was sitting next to the door, the colonel asked me, in bad German, "Do you play chess?"

Although I had not played chess for years, I realised that this was the opportunity for which I had hoped. "Yes, I play chess," I replied.

The colonel beckoned me to follow him. In the next compartment were two other colonels and one general, a giant of a man whose powerful chest was covered with medals. It was he who desired to oppose me over a chess-board. He muttered his thanks to the colonel and waved me to a seat opposite him. On a small table under the window were sweets, vodka, glasses and sandwiches, of which he invited me to partake.

* * *

When the train had started, the general produced a chess-board and chessmen. As Russians hate to be beaten at chess, I realized that I must not win, but I also realized that I must play well as chess is not interesting enough if one's opponent is not playing to one's ability. As we played, some of the tricks of the game, long forgotten, came slowly back to me. The other officers, watching the game in respectful silence, seemed to think that the general was a wizard at it. As a matter of fact, he was an average player, but I was able to make him work for every advantage.

Time flew. Suddenly I discovered that the train was slowing down at the second check-point. Once again I searched the hidden channels of my mind for my adopted name. I could not find it. The door of our compartment slid open and standing on the threshold was the supervisor of our group. My knees shook as he entered and pointed to me.

"This man has not yet been questioned," he accused in fluent German. I need not have worried as, without a word, the general rose. He thrust his huge "bear's paw" hand on the supervisor's chest and thrust him through the door. As he hit the opposite wall, the general slammed the door. He pointed to the chess-board.

"DAVAI, MAGYAR!" (Your move, Hungarian!)

he commanded as he again took his place opposite me.

HUNGARIAN!!!! I was coming from Hungary, of course. Was it a slip of the tongue, or did he suspect me of really being a Hungarian and impersonating an Austrian? Whatever the reason, my scalp tingled. Once or twice after that I thought I caught him looking at me strangely, but each time his eyes turned to the board. Was it my imagination?

* * *

The general won the first game. When we had finished playing, he spoke in Russian, to the colonel who had first spoken to me in German. He again spoke in this language and told me that the general enjoyed my style and would play another game.

I became so interested in this, our second game, that as we slowed down at the Austrian border, we were playing the last vital moves. It was now that I would win or lose, not only a game of chess, but also my freedom and possibly my life. This time it was border guards who were to undertake the questioning. A group of these guards, as they walked down the corridor, scarcely glanced into our compartment. They were followed by dozens of Russian soldiers, rifles slung over their shoulders, grenades hanging from their belts. After the questions in the next compartment were completed, the angry little supervisor must have told the border guards about the "Austrian" in the officers' compartment, for one guard returned to find out about me. He stepped smartly in through the door, saluted and spoke rapidly in Russian, at the same time pointing at me.

Once again my brain froze in horror as the general rose, looking angrily at me. I sighed with relief as I realised that it was only the interruption which had aroused the general's anger. He thrust the guard out into the corridor as he had the supervisor, and slammed the door. He gestured towards the chess-board.

"DAVAI!" he said.

My heart was bursting with gratitude as I imagined no one would dare come in again — I was sure of that. As the train sped into Austria, and for me, freedom, I looked up and for the first time, smiled. The general looked up from the board and also smiled. He said something to the colonel, who translated for me, "The general wonders if he could enjoy playing you again sometime in Vienna. Where could he contact you?" Automatically I mentioned a well-known hotel. The colonel then asked, "What is your name?"

* * *

WHAT IS MY NAME? I paused. Then I remembered.

"My name is Oscar Zinner," I replied.

(Adapted from the book of the same name.)

—Stuart J. Groves (4D)

THE INTRIGUE OF VODOO

What is voodoo? If the answer to the question were known, then voodoo could be eradicated from our earth. The reason for extinguishing the peril of voodoo is just one of the factors that can stimulate the power pertaining to the intrigue of voodoo within us.

The only possible way to define the subject of voodoo, is to describe it as a form of primitive religion, in which myths and magic are the dominant factors. It is generally believed that voodoo descended from a mystic, African, tribal religion, whose practices were spread throughout the world by captured priests of the cult.

The development of voodoo has spread from a well-established sect in the tropical latitudes of the world to the more densely populated temperate world. However an elementary study of the topic will establish the fact that voodoo flourishes among the more primitive and backward races in the world.

Voodoo is, essentially, a type of demonology which worships superior beings. These "gods" are innumerable and inhuman and comprise mainly spirits, ascribable to a divine origin. These spirits, or sceptres, are either benevolent or malevolent — the latter being in the majority.

It is to the malevolent sceptres that a voodoo priest or, more often, priestess, addresses incantations to secure the power of injurious forces against an enemy. It is by the following method that the Australian aborigine and other believers of voodoo engage their phantom powers to kill and maim.

The method of destroying your enemy is frequently used in association with contagious magic. The means of contagious magic are means by which disease or death may be inflicted on an enemy, by action on a separate part of the victim whereby the assassin administers poison or otherwise incurring death to the bodily fragment, with the result of correspondingly affecting his victim.

Believers in voodoo are the most severely affected by a curse, because mere belief in voodoo will cause a body to sicken and die, because of his belief in the efficacy of voodoo.

In close association with voodoo is zombi-ism, where a victim of voodoo is semi-revived from the dead, to exist as a being ruled by a human master. However, the power to revive a dead body is critically limited to privileged members of a voodoo cult.

I shall endeavour to delve no further into the unknown vistas of voodoo, but I will conclude with the probability of voodoo and its malign practices.

According to modern criminologists it is highly probable that many murders have been committed by voodoo agents under the influence of hypnotism, or mystical drugs, such as "kingoli". It is no less probable that an intended voodoo victim, informed of the spell cast upon him at a voodoo rite, dies from the shock of fear.

Whatever the biological basis of voodooism may be, psychologically it is a mixture of fanaticism, auto-suggestion, hypnotism, intoxication and hysteria. At all voodoo rites, frenzied dancing, abandonment of speech and totally irrational behaviour follow upon incantations, the partaking of an obnoxious brew, and exhortations by the leader.

In conclusion, I ask you to be beware, if you are a believer that is, and to rebel against the powers of voodooism, in order to rid our world of this malignant scourge.

—A. Dunley (4B)

BUDGERIGARS FOR THE ADVANCING NOVICE

In the 1961 edition of the school magazine, in an article called "Your Pet Budgerigar", I outlined — for beginners — the history, housing, feeding, a simplified breeding programme and some common ailments of budgerigars. This article is mainly directed to a novice who has started, built up a colony, constructed an aviary, breeding cages and boxes, and is seriously keeping records to continue this hobby. Even though this article is advanced, the beginner can still benefit from the feeding, buying and breeding information given.

Whether you are buying your first bird or your hundredth bird, the procedure is the same. Choose a bird which is fairly young — no more than eighteen months old — lively and clean. If you do so, you have a good chance of choosing a healthy bird. The colour preference is entirely for you to decide. To ensure that you have purchased a young bird, to be sure you know what colours you can expect to get when you breed, a private breeder is the best person to do business with. He can show you his birds breeding and show you relations or records of the pair you wish to buy. This is the most reliable evidence. Usually a private breeder's birds are reasonably priced and he is only too happy to render general advice.

Now that you have your bird, or birds, the feeding procedure is the same for a few as for many. The seed qualities only will vary. The correct and most economical seed mixture is yellow millet, canary seed, vitamins and hulled oats. Additions to this mixture are all right, provided the essentials are present. The seeds mentioned are the stable diet for budgies and, given these seeds, plus care, they should grow strong and healthy. In a separate dish, shell grit should be kept, not only for the hardening of shells in breeding time, but also for the digestive system. To provide calcium for the birds' bone structure and to keep their beaks and toenails to a reasonable length (later I shall mention what to do if their beaks or toenails grow too long) cuttlefish should be supplied. This can be purchased in bulk or in packets, and is just placed on the floor of the aviary or cage.

Greens are also essential, lettuce, spinach or seed grasses, whichever you find you can obtain continually. (It is not wise to change the greens of your birds, so you would probably find spinach most suitable.) These should be washed, NOT frozen, and given to your birds approximately twice a week, more often during the breeding season. I shall mention later when not to give your birds greens. Fruit, in the form of an apple or a pear, mainly as a treat, is quite nourishing. Water, of course, is essential, even though the birds may not seem to drink much.

Breeding the birds would be the hardest part of the work for a beginner. If you have tried and failed, because of neglectful parents, "dead in shell", weak young dying before they leave the nest, trampling of late comer or parents becoming ill and leaving the nest or dying, the fault is probably yours.

Incorrect care, feeding or ignorance of facts are

usually the main causes. If you follow my suggested diet you should have success, but if diet is not the cause, do not change it. The incorrect sizes of cages, nest boxes and utensils can account for your losses. I use cages eighteen inches wide, sixteen inches high and twelve inches deep and nest boxes of eight inches long, six inches high and four inches wide. These can vary, but they should not be much smaller. The nest box should have a lid, and a concave to prevent eggs from rolling around in the box. Cleanliness should be observed, to prevent disease or red mite and lice — enemies of all breeders. The crucial question is whether to visit the nest frequently or not at all. The continual disturbing of the hen, whilst on eggs, or with young, can result in accidental breaking of eggs, killing of young, or the hen's leaving the nest altogether.

If you do not inspect the nests two or three times a week, the eggs can become dirty, and prevent the baby from hatching ("dead in the shell") or the trampling of the younger ones by the earlier hatched babies could go undetected. I have found that "dead in the shell" can be avoided by washing the eggs carefully — very carefully — in luke warm water, NOT hot water. Trampling can be avoided by two methods. You can remove each egg as laid and substitute for it a dummy egg (a ball of cement approximately the same size), then, when the bird has finished laying, replace the real eggs, removing all the imitation ones, and all the babies will hatch together — this policy I do not favour for reasons beyond the scope of this article.

The alternative method is fostering the smaller babies and the large ones, so as to have babies of the same size in one nest. This can be done, provided the hen cannot smell the difference between her babies and the newcomers; and provided you can tell which baby comes from which nest, for your records. (Place a mark on the ring or dye them on the back.) The different smells can be removed by a dab of olive oil on each baby, or you may have an alternative, successful method.

Here is a method for breeding which I and my friends have found successful. Separate the pair in the breeding cage for one week, not allowing them access to the nest box. This method will ensure that their condition is reasonably satisfactory — this condition is important. The cere of the cock bird should be a shiny blue, whilst the hen's cere (portion above the beak) should be a rough looking brown.

Then permit them entry into the box, and within ten days the hen will begin to lay one egg, each alternate day, up to eight. Do not at any time remove the male. If the hen should lay more than eight eggs and some of your other hens have only four to five eggs, foster the extra eggs to these nests, if you desire, or you can leave them with her, in the same manner as you would the babies.

The incubation period will be about eighteen days, and then the young will hatch in accordance with the method you adopt with the eggs. Do not worry if some losses occur. Even in human life babies die at this early stage. Within a month they should begin to venture forth from their box.

If your female begins to act strangely, such as cleaning house or any other occupation — provided she does not attack or pluck the young or the cock — do not worry, as female birds have a mind of their own and, as with human females, "anything goes".

It is not wise to overbreed your birds. In one year, breed between November and March, for Australian conditions, and no more than three times for one hen. There is no need to remove the pair after each breeding. Just clean the box and they will start the cycle all over again.

Some people — including myself — accustom the young to the human hand, a week or so before they leave the nest. At this stage the female will not be in the nest so much, so you can sneak extra looks — but do not remove them, if you are a beginner or are inexperienced, until you are sure that they can eat for themselves. If you do accustom them successfully, they become good pets.

As regards training a bird to talk, contrary to to common belief, either sex will react to training. I have had reports on both sexes talking with equal success.

From this point on, you can choose what you are going to do with your colony. You may keep one colour variety only, or you can keep all colours, and advance yourself to becoming an amateur aviculturist.

This article will have to be limited to discussing a few ailments and disabilities common to budgies. The most common ailments are egg binding and diarrhoea, and their cures are inexpensive and simple. The former is the most dangerous complaint and if the hen is not aided in passing the egg, she will die. Massage the vent of the bird with warm olive oil, be gentle and she will pass the egg, but it may not be any good. For the latter complaint, isolate the bird and stop all greens, fruit and additions to seed and water for a few days, until the droppings have changed from a runny green to a semi-solid condition. Add olive oil to the seed and two or three drops direct to the mouth.

When nails and beak are long, cut them with a pair of nail clippers, file them smooth, but be sure not to cut the vein in the toenails. If you should cut the vein, apply some iodine and seek advice from a veterinary surgeon or expert. For all illnesses, warmth and isolation are the best cures, then seek advice.

A number of useful items for a medical kit would be: olive oil; "Sulphur D"; lice and mite powder; vitamins; nail clippers; a file; a soft paint brush and a book on your birds.

Finally, there are many excellent books — too numerous to mention — on this hobby. The school library has a good selection and I hope that this article will serve to interest some in an absorbing and rewarding hobby.

—W. J. Wilson (5G)

(Warren has been "giving us the bird" for some years now. He is obviously on the way to being an expert on budgerigars. Anyone who is interested in starting this hobby — or even making a Christmas gift of a bird — should contact Warren at 114 Barker Road, Strathfield, 76-9434. He assures us that his prices are quite reasonable. — Ed.)

IMAGINATION IN POETRY

One of the chief differences between poetry and prose lies in the greater sensitivity of the poet's imagination — and it is through imagination that the poet appeals to our senses, our feelings and even our intellect.

Milton, a poet and great literary critic, wrote that there are these three essentials in poetry — "it must be simple, sensuous, passionate". What he meant was that poetry must not make its chief appeal to our intellect. It must appeal to our thoughts, feelings and sensations. It does this chiefly by means of pictures which it presents to the imagination. These pictures appeal simply and directly to our senses; they make us see what the poet has seen, hear the music he has heard, and experience those feelings of delight or sadness which he has felt.

Critics and poets alike insist that poetry should display an imaginative approach to the subject. A poem about a tree seldom describes just the physical aspect of the tree; the poet may tell of his feeling for a particular tree and the experiences with which he associates it.

Wordsworth, in a poem called "Peter Bell", has this sentence:

"A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

That is the way your matter-of-fact man sees a flower. But there is another way. Things affect us as creatures of emotion and imagination as well as of intellect. Now to speak to us about things as they appeal to our emotions and imaginations we have poetry; when language is used to give expression to the imaginative and emotional view of life, it is used in the spirit of poetry.

Imagination in its simplest and most familiar form is memory vividly recalling the past, calling up images, pictures of things experienced before. But imagination has a function more wonderful than this. It can take this memory of past experience, choose what suits its purpose or its mood, and combine the elements it has chosen into new images. This is the creative function of imagination.

There is another function of the imagination — the interpretative function, or what is sometimes called insight or intuition. It is the faculty that races past the cautious, slow advance of reason and sees behind the superficial meaning of things. For the poet the "Primrose by the River's Brim" is certainly something more than just a primrose. For a moment he may see in it the secret of beauty or an answer to the riddle of life, and it is his task to attempt to convey to his readers this deeper meaning. Hazlitt says if a naturalist caught a glow worm and carried it home, he would find it next morning just as a little grey worm. But if a poet visited it he would picture it as a palace of emerald light.

So we see that imagination is one of the chief elements to be found in any poem. It is through imagination that the poet can appeal to our senses, our feelings and even our intellect, so that a poem becomes an exquisite work of art, comparable to a great painting or a fine musical composition.

— B. Bilbe (4A).

CHAIN - REACTION

Why does a marriage break up? Is it the husband's fault or the wife's, or is it circumstances? These questions were being decided before His Honour in the Divorce Court. Patrick Brady was telling the Judge how circumstances and his wife, Maureen, had wrecked his soul and health.

"You see, Your Honour, 'twas like this," said Patrick slowly in his broad brogue. "It was one Saturday. The side door was open and the new carpet looked very nice. I was up on a ladder just to the side of the door. A tin of white paint, which I was using to paint the guttering, sat newly-opened on the doorstep. Shannon, that's the dog, and Blackie, the cat, were sitting together by the bottom of the ladder. They're quite friendly, you know. Not like most dogs I've seen. I remember once I knew of an alsatian, savage (unprintable) it was."

"Mr. Brady, please. Tell the court about your case, and refrain from using that abominable language or I shall hold you in contempt of court."

"All-right, all-right. Don't go losin' your temper. Well, as I was tellin' you, here I was, up on the ladder. Everything was peaceful. I was scraping off the old paint. Then it happened."

"Yes? Go on, Mr. Brady. What happened?"

"Well, you see, Maureen decided that she needed a pound o' sugar at the store. It's on the next block. Well, she's always been a lazy, good-for—"

"You're a liar, Patrick Brady. My mother was right. I should never—"

"Mrs. Brady, please control yourself or I am afraid that I shall be forced to hold you in contempt of court. Go on, Mr. Brady."

"As I was sayin', Your Honour, Maureen decided to use the car. Well, she started it all-right — first time in four weeks — and then tried to back it out of the garage. Only she had it in first gear and put a hole in the end of the garage. Then, by accident I think, she put it in reverse. Maureen stepped on the accelerator, swerved off the driveway and hit my ladder. I fell down onto the step, broke my leg, arm and collarbone and ended up lyin' on my back in hospital. Shannon gave a terrific yell and cleared out down the street, his tail 'tween his legs, and Blackie spat and jumped up the step and ran into the house. He knocked the paint and it went all over the carpet."

"Well, Mr. Brady, that is quite a chain reaction, but I fail to see why you should desert this beautiful creature. This sad beautiful girl. Sir, I do believe you are a cad."

"But Your Honour, you don't understand. Here I was, a wreck lyin' in hospital, when Maureen comes along and says, 'Pat, you must get rid o' that cat. It knocked over the paint and ruined the carpet!'"

—R. Charlton (4A)

A VISIT TO A GAOL

I was invited by the head warden to visit a well-known local institution known as the Flemington Penitentiary which, I discovered, was situated in a quiet suburban area. I had little difficulty in finding it for it was easily distinguished by its strong brick

walls rising from small exercise areas covered with asphalt. These solemn brick buildings, topped with a red tile roof, possessed an ample supply of victims for any potential "Birdman of Alcatraz".

A gleaming silver building also caught my eye. As I discovered later, this building housed the prisoners sentenced to hard labour. It also served as a shield for the sinister activities of the more notorious prisoners.

On leaving the asphalt area a visitor finds himself looking out on vast expanses of soil erosion and thick grass, known as the "lower playground", which no person is permitted to use for reasons known only to the organisers of the prison. Looking to the left, when facing the forbidden area, one can see another asphalt area, extremely well fortified by a high chain wire fence. In this area troublesome prisoners are kept and forced to attempt to flatten round rubber objects with bats, closely resembling sieves with handles, by hitting them into a length of netting. These prisoners are graded into four groups: red, yellow, green, and blue, according to the seriousness of their offence.

At eleven o'clock and twelve each day the inmates are allowed to stand on the asphalt and breathe the fresh air from the saleyards and steam trains which are close by. A fence completely surrounds the grounds to hinder the flight of any escapees with the ambition of "breaking out".

A sentry-box is placed between the asphalt and "lower playground" which seems to be constantly on fire. The whole area is patrolled by guards selected from the better prisoners. One of their jobs is to ensure that the sentry-box is blazing at all times by ordering other prisoners to fill it with the abundance of wrappings found on the ground.

The main building is divided into many numbered cells which are constantly under surveillance by wardens patrolling the corridors watching for any potential rioters.

I spent a most informative day at this excellent institution, which is typical of the many detention centres in our State.

—J. Staniforth (4A)

A MEETING WITH CLEOPATRA

When I first saw her she was nibbling daintily at a watermelon in the middle of a Queensland paddock. Her snow white hair made her stand out from the moth-eaten collection of black, brown and brindle animals that surrounded her.

"Is that a special kind of goat you have there?" I asked, directing my question at the farmer serving in a wayside stall.

"Do you mean Cleopatra?" he asked with a smile. "Yes, she is a queen among the goats or at least she thinks so," explained the farmer. "My wife brought her up on a bottle when her mother abandoned her. She really thinks she's one of the family. When my grandchildren tease her she runs up to the gauze door, opens it with her nose and calls out Ma! Ma! The children call her 'Tell Tale Tilly'. She is a good looking dame though a bit snooty and pretty use-

less as females go." The old man called, beckoning in Cleopatra's direction: "Come here, your Royal Highness and say hullo to the boy."

The haughty animal's eyes glinted and she kicked up her heels with disgust, making her way like a fashion model to the opposite side of the paddock.

"Adios, Cleopatra," I called. "It was an honour to meet you."

—Robert Kass (1A)

OF MUSIC

Dear Reader,

I feel that I must make a plea for better music (or rather for music) on our radio stations. For several years I have suffered in silence, but now, with the major part of Sydney's youth in danger of being indoctrinated with so-called "pop-music", I feel that the time has come to "throw-up".

From the very minute we wake up till we go to sleep we are hit by a blast of hot air flung at us by enthusiastic disc jockeys. They play all the latest "records", which include dances, from the "Cork-screw" to the "Dinosaur's Stomp", instrumentals, sentimental ballads of lost loves, and many more up-tempo style "hits".

I admit these disc-jockeys are pretty clever "fellas" — always quick off the mark with a joke, snigger or sneer 'twixt records and advertisements. Take that one; the way he says:

"This is station 2X2, the most Astraylyun stay-shun in the nayshun" would do Chips Rafferty justice.

Now don't get the idea that I'm dead set against "pop music". I'm not. It's just that there seems to be an influx of idiots into the record business that tends to make most records unintelligible and somewhat inane.

A graphic example of this is those young ladies in the background of some records who chant "yah-yah" or "yeah-yeah" and generally carry on as if it's the end of the world.

Sacrilege of Tchaikowsky's "Swan Lake", though hard to swallow, I can take, but when they take his "Nutcracker Suite" and "wind it up" too, I begin to wonder if there are any "pop-music" composers left in this world.

Oh for the days when you could turn on the radio and listen to good light music. But these days seem to have passed and usurping the reign of light music we have "pop-music". Blaring transistors continually remind us of this situation.

If "pop music" was not played so much over our radio stations, I think there would be almost no objections to transistors being played in public places.

Surely there is at least one right thinking person left in this world who would help our youth and our ears and put "pop music" back in its rightful place.

Yours etc.,
Alban C. V. Cellini,
3rd Bass Viola
Gummingong Philharmonic
Orchestra.
—Philip Dingle (5B)

A PRAYER

Although young Hans had collected and read many books about travels to other countries, he had never journeyed out of his own village. His papa had often told him that there would be plenty of time for travel later on when he was older.

Now, things were different. Ever since their country had been "liberated" the villagers had lost their gaiety which was so much a part of their lives and a grim almost earnest note had come in its place. They no longer smiled, for there was nothing to smile at. Hans realised that things had changed. His mama and papa sat up almost every night talking in hurried whispers. Papa often spoke harshly to mama and there were frequent fights.

Then one day all of Hans' books on foreign countries were taken away from him by a big man with a determined face. When Hans ran frightened and crying to his papa he was told to forget the books and the stories they told of other lands because they were all untrue and the countries were not as beautiful as the books had made him believe they were.

Hans could not forget. He could not wipe the pictures from his mind. He had especially liked England and often, after he had gone to bed he would dream that he was walking through the countryside or running over gently undulating slopes or wandering down a lane shaded by tall ash trees. He would amble along widening roads which passed through orchards where the trees, in full bloom, touched off wonderful colours against the soft dim sky. He would always remember, when he woke, having climbed a certain hill and, on reaching the top, seeing the whole of a valley stretched out before him. He would see the tiny village houses scattered about with hardly any thought of symmetry. The fields would be green and yellow and in the light of the setting sun would seem almost as if someone had painted them, so vivid were their colours. A small brown stream wriggled, like a snake, through the fields. But the thing that appealed to him most was placed in the middle of the valley. It loomed up over the surrounding village houses, tall and foreboding, a symbol of the Dark Ages. From where he stood the very sight of the once stately castle, now a dilapidated ruin used to increase his desire to travel to his valley. He wanted to go down the hill and run through the fields to feel the grass soft and cool on his bare feet. He wanted to put his hand into the stream and feel the refreshing, free water trickle through his fingers. He wanted to see, from the valley, the surrounding hills tinted with the light of the setting sun. He wanted to go to the castle and touch the now crumbling walls and try to imagine the battles they had seen and the changes wrought by time they had experienced.

But now he would never really see his valley.

"Things are different," papa had told him, "There is no time for thinking of things of beauty; there is only time for work and more work."

But still Hans hoped and wished, and sometimes, if nobody was around, he would pray to God, that things might change once more.

—M. Melville (5C)

THE HOUSE SYSTEM

The second term of this year, 1963, saw the re-entry of the House System into our already complicated sporting system. Before its re-entry each boy competed and won points for his class; now, the whole school is divided into four houses, Vaughn, Hayes, Howe and Greening, named after prominent old boys of the school.

The effect of this system on the school has certainly been profound. Before the advent of the House System, entries in such annual fixtures as the swimming carnival were very limited. Spectators thought only of amusing themselves with cards, magazines and comic-books. As a matter of fact, interest was so lacking that the number one event, the real glamour and excitement of the carnival, the senior dive, only managed to rouse one or two spectators, and one boy was even heard to laugh!

Now let us look at this year's Athletics Carnival, a magnificent occasion which was run under the House System. For weeks before the big event a state of feverish excitement existed. The House captains whipped their houses into a frenzy to develop the killer instinct by indoctrinating them in the ways of Home Bushido — strength and courage, "To die for your house is to live forever". To further the propaganda programme each boy was taught his house's war-cry. Let me quote from one of these harmless little ditties designed to spur the competitor on to greater efforts:

"Gouge their eyes, grind their bones,
Let us hear their moans, moans, moans,
Kill them, Kill them, Kill them now,
We must win no matter how." . . .

The spectators arrived armed with flags, whistles, air raid rattles, megaphones and clubs, instead of packs of cards, magazines and comic-books. All boys were warned not to stray from their house compound as their safety could not be guaranteed elsewhere.

On the great day the competition was stiff and most people were well satisfied with the standard. The competitors agreed that it was a spectacular day as they ate in the middle of the oval and watched the spectators compete in the inter-house brawl.

It can be said, then, without hesitation, that the House System encourages more interest and activity in school sport. —B. Jones (5D)

THE GIANT AMERICAN TOAD IN AUSTRALIA

Most people think that the Giant American Toad exists only in South America and the West Indies, but this is not so.

I shall never forget my first encounter with a whole regiment of the creatures not far from the cane fields on the banks of the Maroochy River in Queensland. There they sat in the glare of the launch searchlights, looking like prehistoric monsters in a Walt Disney film. They were yellowish red and blackish brown in colour, with raised humps all over their bodies and conspicuous poison sacs at the back of their heads. The dogs attacked but withdrew in a hurry frothing at the mouth. Their chorus sounded like a number of motor cycles in the distance. No one present could answer my questions about the strange creatures, but a journey to "Bill's Bait Bar" in the morning provided all the answers. Bill knew all about the fishing and aboriginal legends and certainly about the cane growers' friend, Mr. Bufo Marinus.

Yes, originally he did live in South America and there he fed himself on all known pests harmful to young cane. Let me list his daily menu — beetles, cockroaches, mole crickets, weevils, caterpillars, centipedes, sowbugs and even Black Widow spiders.

When scientists noticed the wholesale murder of the cane pests by the giant toad he became a very popular immigrant. He was introduced first in Barbados in 1850, West Indies 1920, Hawaii, Philippines and finally Australia in 1935.

I asked Bill if Mr. Bufo Marinus were not a pest himself — and he smiled and said: "Not yet, son, not yet. Time will tell. You can't eat him, you know, because of his poison sacs. It is like adrenalin and has a toxic effect on the heart," he explained.

"The bee farmers don't like him, probably because he has a taste for nice fat juicy bees full of honey."

Much as I hate the thought of being too near the cane growers' best friend, I think Mr. Bufo Marinus is a very interesting gentleman.

—R. Cass (1A)

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A SUNRISE

Most people have seen a sunrise. However, for many city dwellers the sunrise has meant nothing more than the emergence of the sun from behind a barrier of fog and smoke, merely the precursor of another day. Even the early-rising seaside dweller cannot fully appreciate a sunrise.

Nature has endowed country people with one great advantage, the opportunity to view the sunrise where it is most beautiful and spectacular. Perhaps the dawn most rarely seen is the dawn of winter, high in the ranges, for there it is more magnificent than anywhere else.

It is early, still pitch dark and very cold. There is no wind, not even a breeze to rustle the eucalypts' leaves. Even as you button your coat to keep out the winter's chill you realise that a grey ethereal light is spreading around you, and for the first time you see the white frost covering every blade of grass and freezing over every pool of water, and you hear the crackling of the ground as you step out briskly to prevent your teeth from chattering.

Now the eastern sky is becoming lighter and a breeze has sprung up, rustling the leaves and carrying with it the mantle of sleep that covered the land,

as the first signs of life are heard. A magpie flies out to the limb of a stark white gum which has been dead for many years. Silhouetted against the still black western sky, the bird commences to sing its harmonious song and you marvel at its liquid notes.

While you are gazing towards the distant horizon you can see it becoming pink, now darkening to red, and you realise that the sunrise is almost upon you. Looking down into the valleys you can see the mists beginning to rise. No one but you, looking from the top of these mountains, can appreciate the wonder and pleasure of watching a white sea of mists rising up these tree-lined walls like breakers up the sand.

Just as the billowing waves of mist are reaching the top of the ridges, the sun breaks out into the clear sky and a new day has begun.

You are fortunate. You have witnessed this natural occurrence which is, perhaps, more magnificent than any other such happening. The memory of this dawn will never leave you. You will never forget that first grey light on the frosty ground, the first bird's call, the whispering of the leaves and the waves of mist, rising to meet the sun at the start of the new day.

—D. Barrett (5A)



SPORTSMASTER'S FOREWORD

This year the House system was re-introduced in the organisation of our school sport.

The four Houses — Hayes, Vaughan, Greening and Howe — have been named after well-known "Old Boys" who have left their mark deeply engraved in the best traditions of the school.

The idea of establishing a House system was first suggested by our Headmaster, Mr. R. T. Jane, who intends that it will eventually embrace many other school activities besides sport.

Compared with past years the overall picture of the sport appears favourable; whilst in some codes the results may appear to be a little disappointing, it is more or less balanced by higher standards in other sports.

Our congratulations are extended to Arthur Summons, an "Old Boy", on his appointment as leader of the "Kangaroos" now touring Great Britain, also to Jim Lisle, an ex-teacher of the School, for gaining selection in the team.

Finally my sincere thanks go to all those who throughout the year have given so much of their time and assistance in furthering sport in the school. The Ladies' Auxiliary deserves a pat on the back for a job well done at the two Athletic Carnivals.

—J.E.M.

1st GRADE CRICKET

Coach: Mr. Kelaher

Team: M. Melville (Capt.), A. Backus, B. Baker, D. Boldiston, P. Contouris, P. Dingle, A. Ford, T. Kallmier, E. McQuillan, W. Toole, R. Sly, C. Wein-gardner.

Early in the year wet weather spoiled our chances of gaining outright wins, thus limiting the team's prospect of catching up on the first game loss to Epping. The competition was won by Epping with Homebush and Normanhurst equal runners-up.

In the first match Epping defeated us on 1st innings (Ford 26, Backus 24, Baker 2 for 24), and in the second match we beat Drummoyne on the 1st innings (Ford 68, Dingle 44, Baker 23 n.o., Dingle 4 for 32). This was followed by an outright win against Meadowbank (McQuillan 55, Ford 39 n.o., Contouris 7 for 4 and 4 for 20, Toole 5 for 28).

In the final game against Normanhurst B team the team gained a 1st innings win (Toole 61 n.o., Ford 49, Kallmier 30, Dingle 3 for 30, Contouris 3 for 33).

The batting honours went to A. "Fred" Ford with an average of 65.6 with a top score of 68 n.o.; P. Dingle averaged 26, and A. Backus and W. Toole both averaged 23.

Our most successful bowler was opener Peter Condouris who collected 17 wickets at a cost of 7.2 each; he was well supported by D. Toole, B. Baker and P. Dingle.

The team extends its congratulations to Epping for gaining premiership honours, and also wishes to thank Mr. Kelaher for his willing coaching and enthusiasm throughout the year.



1st GRADE CRICKET

Front Row (from l. to r.): W. Toole, A. Ford, M. Melville (Captain), P. Dingle (Vice-Captain), P. Condouris. **Second Row:** J. Mason (Sportsmaster), D. Rodgers, C. Kelaher (Coach). **Back Row:** A. Backus, E. McQuillan, R. Sly, B. Baker, T. Kallmier.

2nd GRADE CRICKET

Coach: Mr. Dare

Second grade had a fairly successful season, winning two matches on the first innings (narrowly missing an outright on each occasion), losing two matches on the first innings, while the other match was drawn.

The team was represented throughout the season by Philip Bickerstaff (Capt.), Neil Rudgley, Stephen Brown, Robert Groat, Richard Wood, Keith Baker, Brian Dunbar, Ross Scott, Dave Sayers, Graham Sheather, Dennis Barrett, Gregory Mills, Colin Payne and John Gilpin.

Results of matches played were as follows:—

1. Epping 189 (K. Baker 6-72) def. Homebush 39 and 3-31.
2. Homebush 68 and 0-43 (D. Sayers 31 n.o.) defeated Drummoyne 30 (K. Baker 8-9) and 8-49 (K. Baker 5-23).
3. Normanhurst 8-130 (N. Rudgley 3-9); Homebush 3-8.
4. Homebush 125 (B. Dunbar 32) and 5-78 def. Meadowbank 114 (N. Rudgley 6-16) and 9-42 (N. Rudgley 5-23).
5. Asquith 119 (K. Baker 6-35) def. Homebush 88 (S. Brown 26, R. Wood 20 n.o.) and 1-2.

Special mention should be made of the team's outstanding leg-spin bowler Keith Baker, of Fourth Year, who during the season took 34 wickets.

Undoubtedly the team would have achieved far

greater success had the fielding been better. It was a most enjoyable season and I feel it a privilege to have captained our side.

Finally, on behalf of the team I would like to thank Mr. Dare for his valuable assistance and coaching given throughout the season.

3rd GRADE CRICKET

PREMIERS

Coach: Mr. J. Moore

Team: Greg Bell (Capt.), Ross Allerton, Russel Bray, Ross Campbell, Keith Dobbs, Warwick Hinksman, Bill Knowles, Phillip Paine, Garry Ryan, Robert White, David Wilson, Peter Wilson.

Results:

- Homebush 141 def. Epping 123.
Homebush 2 for 137 def. Drummoyne 60 and 59.
Homebush 9 for 143 drew with Normanhurst (match washed out).
Homebush 8 for 186 def. Meadowbank 123.
Homebush 147 def. Asquith 62.

As the results above show, third grade completed the season with an undefeated record. On the bowling side, which has proved the team's strength, opens Bray and Knowles have been well supported by Bell and spinners Allerton and Paine. Allerton, Bell, White and David Wilson performed well with the bat. Hinksman and Peter Wilson were outstanding in the field. Members of the team are to be congratulated on their sportsmanship, their team spirit



3rd GRADE CRICKET UNDEFEATED PREMIERS

Front Row (l. to r.): D. Wilson, P. Wilson, G. Bell (captain), R. Allerton, P. Paine. Second Row: Mr. J. Moore, K. Dobbs. Back Row: W. Knowles, R. White, R. Bray, W. Hinksman, G. Ryan. Absent: R. Campbell.

and their attendance at the practice nets. With continued practice and resulting improvement, it is hoped to see some of the above names appearing in the first grade side next year.

—J. Moore.

Addendum: The team members are most grateful to Mr. Moore for the work he has done in moulding the team into a strong combination.

4th GRADE CRICKET

Coach: Mr. K. Moore

This year 4th grade once more proved to be a successful combination, winning 6 out of 7 matches and running third.

The side was ably captained by Colin Rowe who, although he faded from the scene as a bowler, showed great fight and determination, making two scores over fifty.

Vice-captain Harry Slee used the 'keeping gloves with great ability, making many fine dismissals. He also played some valuable innings.

Ronald Hankin shouldered the opening attack this year, bringing about the downfall of opposing batsmen.

Many useful innings were played by John Shepherd, a competent opening batsman who displayed the ability to hit the loose ball with great velocity.

"Another 4 to Liddell" was often heard when the team's star batsman, Tommy Liddell, was at the crease. His powerful batting was often a feature of the team's usual high scores.

A great improvement was shown in the technique of David James, whose great ability was used to the utmost.

"Ned" Gary Kelly really brought his ability to light this year and his consistently high scoring was the most notable feature of the team's play.

A new player was Ken James, who bowled his off-spinners with great success. He also played some good innings.

Gordon Bray was probably the team's most spectacular bowler. This fine spinner always had the opposing batsmen in hot water.

Happy-go-lucky batsman David Hassall proved a valuable find as he regularly hit the side into a good position with his powerful batting. He also proved a handy fast bowler.

The team's leg-spinner John Allison once again had a good season as he and Warwick Hill picked up many important wickets.

Neville Kirchen played two games but had lost form through an illness. Better things are in store next year for Ned.

The team would like to thank Mr. Moore, as his coaching and umpiring were indispensable.

5th GRADE CRICKET

PREMIERS

Coach: Mr. Butler

The team has started well with a win over a strong Drummoyne side. Unfortunately, owing to the weather, the following matches were washed out.



5th GRADE CRICKET PREMIERS

Back Row: C. Duncan, B. Mutton, G. Cunningham, R. Hoken, D. Nelson, G. Sharp. **Middle Row:** I. Kitching, Mr. J. Butler.
Front Row: F. Reardon, T. Mills, P. Ferguson, R. Young, J. Coates.

The match against Drummoyne started favourably when Mills gained early breakthroughs with fast swinging bowling and paved the way for success, followed by sharp spinning bowling from Ferguson, who snatched 5 wickets. Mills, who had 3 wickets to his credit, quickly ended the remainder of the batsmen to also take 5 wickets. Ferguson and Sharpe saw the game through before losing their wickets in the twenties.

In the following match Young, with intelligent bowling, nearly snatched victory, but owing to unfavourable weather conditions was unable to continue with game-winning tactics the following week.

Other players who performed well were Sly, Sharpe and Nelson, who gave an attractive display behind the stumps.

We must pay credit to Mr. Butler, who encouraged us well on both the field of play and at practices.

Other members of the team were:

Mutton, who shared the new ball with Mills; Duncan, who unfortunately did not receive a chance, but can bat confidently; Sharpe, who was always a dangerous bowler and could bat well; Kitching moved the ball in the air well; Sly showed a good performance with the bat; Cunningham batted very con-

sistently and was unlucky not to have a better chance; Coates can bat well on occasions; Reardon is a handy man to have when runs are needed quickly.

6th GRADE CRICKET

Coach: Mr. O'Donnell

Team: R. Walsh (Capt.), A. Smee (Vice-capt.), I. Punch, T. Johnson, P. Blake, G. Beauchamp, M. Creighton, A. Pericles, P. McNeil, C. Tillott, S. Ide.

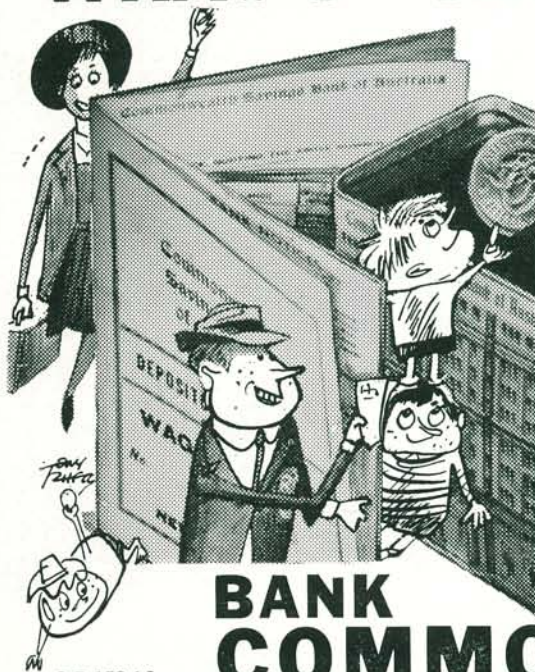
Far too many rainy days put a stop to several of the competition games. In spite of the wet conditions four games were played to date. We lost two games and won two and are in a fair position in our present game.

R. Walsh as captain led the team well and proved a capable all-rounder. A. Smee (Vice-capt.) showed good form with the bat as did S. Ide, M. Creighton (opener), P. McNeil, G. Beauchamp and A. Pericles. Our wicketkeeper I. Punch was very safe and a useful bat.

T. Johnson and P. Blake combined well as opening bowlers. C. Tillott was the star fielder of the team.

Member of the team wish to thank the coach, Mr. O'Donnell, for his help throughout the season.

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RUGBY UNION

UNDEFEATED ZONE L PREMIERS

Played	Won	Lost	Drew	For	Against
8 (Zone)	8	0	0	153	29
v. Epping			W	9 to 3	
v. Drummoyne			W	24 to 17	
v. Normanhurst			W	24 to 6	
v. Meadowbank			W	20 to 0	
v. Epping			W	9 to 0	
v. Drummoyne			W	13 to 0	
v. Normanhurst			W	13 to 3	
v. Meadowbank			W	41 to 0	

Other Games:

Played	Won	Lost	Drew	For	Against
6	4	1	1	87	2
v. Parramatta			W	19 to 0	
v. Hurlstone Ag.			W	24 to 0	
v. North Sydney			D	6 to 6	
v. East Hills			W	18 to 5	
v. Chevalier College, Bowral:			L	6 to 0	
			(Waratah		Shield)
v. Parramatta			W	20 to 5	
			(Waratah		Shield)

In all games:

Tries: For 55; Against 5

School Colours: Maroon, blue and white.

Coaches: J. Mason (1st XV), G. Dare (2nd XV), R. Satchell (3rd XV), K. Moore (4th XV), J. Moore (5th XV), R. Muir (6th XV).

First Team:

J. Bray (Captain), G. Ponchard (Vice-Captain), T. Consadine, P. Guest, K. West, C. Bell, P. Countouris, R. Holloway, P. Cook, I. Donaldson, P. Halton, I. Hobbs, E. Rebane, J. McQuillan, A. Ford, J. Stanes.

Second Team:

R. Chapman (Vice-Captain), C. Weingardner (Captain), S. Heuston, B. Lemcke, G. Bowcock, K. Root, M. Faulkner, G. Hiscock, J. Brunner, J. Boulenaz, R. Huxley, B. Mooring, M. Fletcher, D. Williamson, R. Scotland, G. O'Reilly, I. Frape, B. Kenneron.

In the North Western Metropolitan Zone L competition Homebush won 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th grades of the six grades contested, whilst 5th and 6th grades were placed 2nd and 3rd respectively.

The first, third and fourth grades won their divisions without loss. The zone championship point score was also won by Homebush.

The first team was served by a very heavy, well balanced, fast moving pack of forwards who not only gave the backs a great share of the ball, but were responsible for scoring many tries themselves. In the zone competition Homebush scored 36 tries to 3 against, whilst in all games played they notched 55 tries to 5 against.

A. Ford (fullback) in the 14 games played kicked 31 goals, two of the goals beyond the half-way mark.

The team's only defeat was in the Waratah Shield



1st GRADE RUGBY

Front Row (from l. to r.): Mr. R. T. W. Jane (H.M.), C. Bell, J. Bray (Captain), G. Ponchard (Vice-Captain), P. Halton, I. Donaldson, J. Mason (Coach). Second Row: J. Steins, P. Cook, S. Houston, R. Sly, F. Ford, P. McQuillan. Third Row: P. Guest, K. West, E. Rebane, R. Holloway, T. Consadine, I. Hobbs, P. Countouris.

quarter-finals by Chevalier College, which won in the last five minutes by 6 to nil — a try and penalty goal.

E. Rebane (1st and 2nd), J. Bray (2nd), P. Guest (Reserve) and R. Holloway (Reserve) were selected in C.H.S. Teams v. R.M.C., Duntroon, Associated and G.P.S. fixtures.

1st GRADE RUGBY

PREMIERS: 1963

Coch: Mr. Mason

For the second successive year the 1st XV won the zone premiership and this year did so undefeated.

Under the guidance of Mr. Mason's experienced hand, I think that I can safely say that the team by the end of the season had developed into a fine working unit.

The Firsts this year played hard Rugby to acquire the premiership. I only hope that the succeeding Firsts will play even harder Rugby to retain the honour.

I have been asked to give a brief resume of the abilities of our school fifteen, and so the citations are listed below, in no particular order of merit, but simply listed as the names came to my mind.

Gregory Ponchard, front row (Vice-capt.) was most definitely the weight behind the team. I should say that Greg's sense of fun and commonsense was a major factor in welding the forwards into a co-ordinated and well-disciplined pack.

McQuillan, hooker: probably the most consistent hooker and regular practice attender I have seen in five years of Rugby at Homebush.

Ivan Donaldson, second row: Ivan showed remarkable speed and a clean pair of heels to the opposition when given the chance in the open, while also being a determined player.

Peter Halton, second row: Peter is the gamest player we have. Even while injured he continued to play constructive and aggressive Rugby.

Eric Rebane, front row: Eric has attained the honour of representing both the C.H.S. 1sts and 2nds, and I feel that this alone is sufficient testimony as to his playing ability.

Peter Cook, Roger Holloway, breakaways: These two, I would say, were undoubtedly the greatest and finest pair of attacking breakaways in the business. Also, they proved themselves apt in defence.

Peter Contouris, 4th year, lock: Peter has played good solid and consistent Rugby during the season, unfortunately not having much opportunity to shine out. However, he most certainly earned his place.

Ian Hobbs, Terry Consadine, wings: Both these fellows played good safe wing Rugby. They were excellent in defence and determined attackers and fitted well into the well-nigh impregnable backline.

Patrick Guest, inside centre: Pat is an Old Boy of the school and did not show any aging effects at all. It was rather unfortunate that he did not manage to hit peak form, because of injury. Runs like an emu, and is a determined attacker.

Kevin West, outside centre: Kevin is one of Patrick's breed — fast and literally runs circles around the opposition when given the chance. A great penetrator and resourceful.

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2nd GRADE RUGBY

PREMIERS

Coach: Mr. Dare

Fred Ford, fullback: Fred, although only in 4th year, is the find of the season. He is extremely safe, with plenty of experience, and should develop sufficiently to possibly rate G.H.S. honours next season. Along with Peter Countouris, Fred should be invaluable to next year's Firsts.

John Steins: John is a great utility player and I know that without him we would have been sorely lacking to fill the gaps left by the injured.

Chris Bell, five-eighth: Last but not least. Chris settled down well during the season and fed the ball to his inside backs extremely well, even when under constant pressure. Fast and determined.

Well, that is it. I think that you should be able to judge the overall calibre from the information given.

Once again, many thanks to Mr. Jack Mason, with all due respects, and if you have not already toasted the season's win, you soon shall.

To the players: Well done fellows, and to the succeeding 1sts — Play the Game.

—J. B. Bray (Capt.).

Addendum (by Sports Master):

John Bray (Capt.), half: The team was capably led by John, whose example of fine play inspired his team. He represented C.H.S. in the match against Associated and G.P.S. schools. In the second team he played outstanding football and was rated the best player on the field.

The team: C. Winegardner (Capt.), S. Heuston (Vice-Capt.), M. Faulkner, J. Boulenez, K. Root, B. Kennerson, R. Chapman, G. Hiscock, G. Bowcock, R. Scotland, I. Frape, B. Lemcke, B. Knox, M. Fletcher, G. O'Reilly, R. Huxley.

Although the ultimate premiers, the team never reached the standard that it was capable of. This was possibly due to the fact that many of the members had never played together previously. However, the standard of play was raised in important matches, allowing Homebush to defeat Drummoyne, and in the last game of the season, Normanhurst. The final match decided the premiers.

The team wishes to thank Mr. Dare for his interest in the team and for spending much of his time coaching it.

Results:

- v. Meadowbank, 12-0 won on forfeit.
- v. Epping 12-6, 0-6.
- v. Drummoyne, 0-9, 9-5.
- v. Normanhurst, 16-0, 8-0.



2nd GRADE PREMIERS

Back Row (l. to r.): R. Chapman, B. Kennerson, F. Faulkner, J. O'Reilly, B. Bowcock, J. Boulenez. **Middle Row:** Mr. G. Dare, B. Lemcke, R. Huxley, M. Fletcher, R. Scotland, Mr. J. Mason. **Front Row:** G. Hiscock, J. Brunker, C. Winegardner (captain), S. Heuston, B. Knox, K. Root.

3rd GRADE RUGBY

PREMIERS

Coach: Mr. Satchell

Team: B. Bilbe, J. Brunker, P. Chilcott, G. Hamburger, T. Heins, G. Hobbs, R. Huxley, N. Jones (Captain), W. Loftus, R. McCullough, B. Mooring, N. Morgan, R. Morgan, R. Northbridge, D. Sayers, R. Scotland, C. Short, J. Spooner, W. Toole, A. Webb, D. Williamson.

After a few social matches before the competition for Zone L commences, the third grade Rugby team settled down to play good hard football. Apart from one game drawn, every other match was won, leaving the team undefeated zone premiers. In the season 161 points were scored by Homebush (this includes 39 tries) with 23 points (includes 4 tries) scored by the other teams against them.

It would be difficult to single out any particular player for special mention, and so thanks go to all players for an enjoyable season even when weather conditions were far from satisfactory.

The team's success was mainly due to the work done by the coach, Mr. Satchell, in building up a fine team spirit. The team wishes to thank Mr. Satchell for the interest and advice he at all times showed in coaching the boys.

—N. Jones (Capt.).

4th GRADE RUGBY

PREMIERS

Coach: Mr. K. Moore

This 4th grade Rugby Union team, practically the same as the one which won the 5th grade premiership last year, won the under 15 years premiership of the North Western Zone. The team remained undefeated throughout the season and, while only 8 points were scored against it, the team scored a total of 173 points. It is impossible to pick out individual players as the team played as such throughout the whole of the season, but we still should mention the goal kicking of Ted Roberts, who gained valuable points at crucial times in some of our toughest games.

Although having relied upon their backs to do most of the attacking early in the season, the forwards came into their own at a very opportune time and the whole standard of forward play was lifted. This looseness was partly due to the absence of our key player Warwick Hinksman, who suffered a broken wrist midway through the season, and although his absence was felt, the boys soon made up for him. This injury, together with the broken arm of John



3rd GRADE RUGBY UNDEFEATED PREMIERS

Front Row: Mr. J. Mason (Sportsmaster), C. Short, R. McCullough, B. Bilbe, N. Jones (captain), D. Sayers, Mr. R. Satchell.
Second Row: D. Williamson, T. Heins, B. Mooring, R. Northridge, G. Hobbs. Back Row: R. Morgan, N. Morgan, W. Loftus, G. Hamburger, A. Webb, G. Spooner, J. Brunker, P. Chilcott.

Hardwick, were the only serious injuries sustained in the 1963 season.

Altogether it has been a wonderful season for the team and I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate every member of the team for their fine performances during the season and we'll see if we can do it again next year.

The team was: V. Amosoff, G. Bell (Capt.), P. Dale, K. Dobbs, T. Flynn, G. Gregory, N. Hallagan, I. Hamilton, L. Handsaker, T. Hardwick, W. Hinksman, W. Krooglik, W. Laing, J. Limbrick, W. Rhodes, T. Roberts and J. Styles.

And finally our thanks to our coach, Mr. K. Moore.

—Greg Bell (Capt.).

5th GRADE RUGBY

Coach: Mr. Muir

This year 5th grade had an outstanding year, losing only one match and drawing one — both with

Epping. This loss cost our team the premiership for the second year in a row. Many players played outstandingly throughout the year. Alan Stephens, a safe and reliable fullback as well as a substitute centre, won many of our matches with good goal kicking. Mick Smith, a good consistent centre, made many breaks for myself as well as the rest of the backline. Gordon Bray, half for the 5th grade side, saved many a try with either good tackling or clearing line kicks. Alan Driver, lock, was a tough and dangerous forward, keeping the forwards together and also making many good runs from the rucks. Frank Gardner, a second row or prop, was also consistent.

I would like to thank Mr. Muir for his help and assistance throughout the year.

The team: F. Tagg (Capt.), A. Stephens, B. Ship-ton, R. Kennedy, M. Smith, J. Allison, G. Bray, A. Driver, F. Gardner, K. Brown, J. Reimer, W. Piggot, Silcox, G. Kennerson, Stewart, P. Hatensfield, Martin.



4th GRADE RUGBY — UNDEFEATED PREMIERS

Front Row (l. to r.): W. Laing, T. Flynn, J. Styles, W. Hincnsman (vice-captain), G. Bell (captain), L. Handsaker, K. Dobbs.

Second Row: Mr. J. Mason, G. Gregory, Mr. K. Moore, W. Rhodes. Back Row: V. Amasoff, W. Krooglik, J. Limbrick, I. Hamilton, P. Dale, E. Roberts, N. Halligan.

6th GRADE RUGBY

Coach: Mr. J. Moore

Results of Matches:

Homebush v. —

	Round 1	Round 2
Epping	Lost 17-11	Lost 16-9
Drummoyne	Won 22-0	Won 26-0
Meadowbank	Won 40-0	Not played
Asquith	Won 16-9	Lost 9-8
Normanhurst	Won 9-0	Lost 13-9

Non-competition matches — Homebush defeated North Sydney 15-11 and Canterbury 19-0.

TEAM:

Martin Reardon (Captain), half-back: Good handler and tackler; led team very well.

Lyn Burtonwood (Vice-captain), hooker: Provided team with good share of ball; led forwards well.

Denis Flood and **Rodney Taylor**, prop-forwards who formed an excellent combination with hooker.

Craig Duncan and **Garry Sly**: second-rowers who were always on the ball and backing up play.

Bruce Reidy: lock who combined well with forwards and backs.

Phillip England and **Michael Brown**: breakaways who improved with every match in attack and defence.

Don Mansfield: An attacking five-eighth who provided good service to his centres.

John Shanks and **Geoffrey Leo**: Centres who show promise of being outstanding players in the near future. Both boys have clever changes of pace and developed good combination with their wingers.

Peter Bilbe, Tony Mills, Stanton Hyman: These wingers were match winners and were dangerous every time they received the ball. Bilbe had developed into the best tackler in the team.

David Nelson, full-back: The most improved player in the team; very dependable in defence and joined his backs well in attack.

Colin Riggs and **Ross McMillan**: Utility players who were called upon to play in many positions and did so very well.

The team looks forward to a good competition again next year and is expected to perform very well again.

Congratulations to Epping on winning the competition.

—Mr. J. Moore.

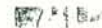
1st GRADE SOCCER

Coach: Mr. Garan

Throughout the season, Homebush was besieged by an extraordinary number of injuries and at times was fortunate to field an "injury-free" team. All



1st GRADE SOCCER



Back Row (l. to r.): R. Hughes, A. Dunley, B. Wright, K. Shipley, G. Macdonald, R. Eagleson, D. Ablett. Second Row: B. Knowles. Front Row: Mr. J. Mason (Sportsmaster), P. James, N. Rudgley (captain), Mr. R. T. W. Jane (Headmaster), B. Baker, G. Whiteside, Mr. E. Garvan (Coach).

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matches were closely contested and most of the results were decided by a one goal margin. The team finished fifth in the competition but its strength was undermined in the matches against Drummoyne (2-2), Normanhurst (0-1) and Epping (0-0), who finished in those positions. We extend our congratulations to the winners.

When playing in the Tasman Cup Knockout, Homebush played brilliant football to reach the quarter-finals, only to be beaten by Granville, a far superior team on the day. Against Manly, in our first match we drew 1-1 but improved considerably to defeat them 5-3 in the replay. In meeting Randwick in the second round we were against a far bigger and more experienced team. Unfortunately saw us give our best display of the season. Randwick led 1-0 with seconds to play, but a penalty awarded to us saw us equalise 1-1 right on the whistle. In an exciting and see-sawing extra twenty minutes Homebush found the net again to eventually emerge the victors 2-1.

The team was as follows:

GOALKEEPER: Two goalkeepers were used, Kevin Shipley and Bill Knowles. Both showed great promise, but Kevin was injured early in the season and Bill was required to continue on his own for the rest of the season.

FULLBACKS: These were Ray Hughes, Les Young and Gordon Macdonald. All played well but it was left to Gordon to show out as the outstanding member of the whole team with his excellent defence and attack.

MERV. ARNOLD

HAIRDRESSER

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extends congratulations to

Homebush Boys' High School

HALFBACKS: The halves were Bill Wright, Bruce Baker and Peter James. Led capably by vice-captain Baker, the halves thwarted many rival attacks.

FORWARDS: The forwards comprised David Ablett, Robert Eagleson, Grahame Whiteside, Neil Rudgley and Alan Dunley. For what they gave away in age the forwards certainly made up for in technique and promise. They took any opportunities waiting and their displays were worthy of a 1st grade team.

Three of our players represented the zone. They were G. Macdonald, N. Rudgley and G. Whiteside.

In conclusion I would like to thank (1) the team as a whole for the excellent sportsmanship and team co-operation which they showed throughout the season and (2) our coach Mr. Garan for his whole-hearted encouragement and support which were inspirations to the team. Mr. Garan spent valuable time in coaching us, for which the team is extremely grateful.

—N.R.

The team wishes to thank our captain, Neil Rudgley, for the excellent way he handled the team. He scored several goals during the season and set up many others.

—B.B.

2nd GRADE SOCCER

Coach: Mr. Moss

Team: T. Samuels (Capt.), R. Flint (Vice-capt.), T. Krupka, F. Knight, L. Kamp, P. Paine, G. Kelly, K. Duffy, K. James, R. Mitchell, D. Thomas, D. Macallister, D. Eagleson.

The team did not do as well as anticipated, although many of the games were closely contested, indeed four of them drawn.

The team spirit was high and the Premiers, Drummoyne, was the only team to inflict a heavy defeat on us.

The members of the team wish to thank Mr. Moss for assisting the team throughout the season.

3rd GRADE SOCCER

Coach: Mr. Seagrott

Although third grade were unsuccessful in winning games, they displayed a high standard in good sportsmanship. Many of their games were closely contested and they played hard to the finish of each. The outstanding players would include Milton Charlton, who captained the side; Robert Bateman, being selected in the zone team; Thomas Liddell and John Shepherd.

4th GRADE SOCCER

Coach: Mr. Webster

Although the results were disappointing at the beginning of the season, the team played better and with more cohesion towards the end of the competition.

Erroll Sparrow proved himself a capable captain and was well supported in the field by a team which

is to be congratulated on the sportsmanlike manner in which they accepted their rather mixed fortunes.

The regular side was: C. O'Brien, J. Morgan, G. A. Rosevear, A. Taylor, T. Kitching, R. Young, B. Mutton, E. Sparrow, R. Beer, J. Dillon, R. R. Mackenzie.

—H. Webster.

5th GRADE SOCCER

Coach: Mr. Wood

The team was not very successful and our players did not handle the frequent wet weather games as well as they should have. The team was captained by R. Halfpenny, who was perhaps the outstanding player in the team.

We enjoyed our trips to other schools and we hope to improve on our standard next year.

Mr. Wood was in charge of the team and his advice at the interval was most helpful.

The team was R. Halfpenny (Capt.), S. Caghlin (Vice-capt.), R. Murray, G. Hilligard, B. White, S. Daley, C. Sain, R. Haken, G. Parks, B. Mosman, B. Stomer, L. Beecham, G. Syanenham, Linnett, D. Dowdall, C. O'Brien.

GRADE TENNIS

Coach: Mr. Quail

Once again Homebush has had a successful year in tennis.

A brief summer competition and a normal winter competition were held during the year. Unfortunately rain washed out a number of matches.

In the summer competition we were successful in winning fourth grade and lost only one match in each of the other grades.

In the winter competition we won second, third and fourth grades, being undefeated in each of these grades.

The following players represented the school during the year:

Senior Grades:

K. Mason, D. Sutton, G. Beard, T. Fitcher, G. Coghlan, P. Stewart, J. Walker, J. Fizell, R. Allerton, B. Kelly, P. Jennings, D. Wilson.

Junior Grades:

K. O'Hara, W. Langham, S. Leroy, C. O'Brien, A. Long, A. Hankinson, L. Leroy, R. Westcott, G. Walsh, P. Grove, R. Graves, P. Lemcke, D. James.



GRADE TENNIS

Back Row: C. O'Brien, G. Beard, J. Fizell, B. Kelly, P. Stewart, K. O'Hara, A. Hankinson. **Middle Row:** Mr. J. Mason, D. Sutton, J. Walker, R. Westcott, G. Walsh, Mr. H. Quail. **Front Row:** L. Leroy, W. Langham, P. Jennings, P. Grove, R. Allerton, S. Leroy, A. Long.

SUMMER SQUASH

Below is a summary of results:

"A" Summer Competition:

Grade	Fixtures	Won	Lost	Drawn (Wet)
1	5	3	1	1
2	5	3	1	1
3	5	3	1	1
4	5	4	-	1

"B" Winter Competition:

Grade	Fixtures	Won	Lost	Washed Out
1	10	5	2	3
2	10	7	-	3
3	10	7	-	3
4	10	8	-	2

School Championships:

Junior and Senior School Championships were recently concluded. In the junior singles K. O'Hara defeated W. Langham in straight sets to win the final.

The senior champion is Dennis Sutton who defeated John Fizell 6-3, 5-7, 6-4 in the final. Congratulations to the successful players.

Once again I would like to compliment the grade tennis players for their good conduct and high standard of sportsmanship on the courts at all times.

Addendum: Much of the success of the teams is due to the excellent work done by Mr. Quail all through the year.

1st Grade:

Keith Root (Captain), Greg Hill, Bob Pogson, Jim Woods, John Stanes (Reserve).

2nd Grade:

Geoff O'Reilly, Bruce Lemcke (Captain), Kevin West, Stan Heuston, Chris Bell (Reserve).

Although not a very successful year for the squash boys, both teams have played creditably and in both cases have narrowly missed reaching the finals. It is unfortunate that all these boys will be sitting for their Leaving Certificate Examination at the end of this year, otherwise Homebush would, I am sure, be taking out both final competitions next year.

Through this article, I would personally like to thank all the players who participated in the summer teams for their loyal support and the school spirit which they exhibited throughout the year.

— Keith Root.



GRADE SQUASH

Front Row (l. to r.): B. Lemcke, C. Bell, K. Root, R. Pogson, J. Stanes, S. Heuston. Back Row: Mr. Jones, G. O'Reilly, B. Hall, B. Goldsmith, G. Hill, K. West, Mr. J. Mason.

BASKETBALL

Perhaps the most pleasing feature of this year's play was the great improvement shown by many players.

Homebush was moderately successful in all grades. We won and lost our share of matches. Even when well beaten, however, we refused to concede the match and battled on to the end.

Rutkauskas (1st grade) was probably the school's outstanding player in attack and defence. He was well supported by Rigby, Jackson, Walkley and McCullough.

In the second grade, Hall, Buttery and McGrath responded well to advice and played well at all times. Buttery was always cool under pressure. Maloney played several good games, as did Vos and Smart.

Blundell was the most effective third grade player, being very elusive and always on the move. Finlay and Limbrick were two outstanding players in this grade. Finlay would be the school's most improved player.

The fourth grade team was the most successful, finishing second to Meadowbank, Rowe, Burgess and Connell played excellent basketball. For his size, Burgess threw an amazing number of goals.

Haines, Cunningham, Fox and Scales played very well and improved considerably.

It is to be hoped that the fifth grade competition will continue as all were very keen and were anxious to learn the game.

ATHLETICS

Organised by Mr. Mason

The school's twentieth annual athletic carnival was held on 6th August at Concord Oval.

This year marked the introduction of the House system in the carnival, and this resulted in keen rivalry from the competitors and a greater enthusiasm from the spectators.

Championship Winners

Senior:

		Points
1st	P. Guest (Vaughan)	45
2nd	K. West (Howe)	43
3rd	K. Root (Greening)	33

16 Years:

1st	C. Jackson (Vaughan)	78
2nd	L. Walkley (Howe)	72
3rd	S. Brunner (Hayes)	34

15 Years:

1st	G. Whiteside (Howe)	42
2nd	S. Sloggett (Howe)	36
3rd	G. Bell (Hayes)	20
aeq.	T. Samuels (Howe)	20

14 Years:

1st	A. Long (Greening)	45
2nd	M. Smith (Howe)	27
3rd	F. Tagg (Howe)	23



1st GRADE BASKETBALL

R. McCullough, R. Windsor, B. Andrews, C. Jackson, Mr. Offord, L. Walkley, R. Rutkauskas, A. Rigby.

13 Years

1st	P. Bilbe (Hayes)	30
2nd	P. Thomas (Howe)	16
3rd	A. Bracht (Hayes)	15
aeq.	H. Williamson (Howe)	15

12 Years:

1st	G. Parkes (Greening)	28
2nd	P. Westcott (Howe)	27
3rd	R. Hunter (Vaughan)	16½

Final House Points:

1st	Howe	631	points
2nd	Hayes	461	„
aeq.	Vaughan		
4th	Greening	372	„

ZONE CARNIVAL

The North-Western Metropolitan Zone Carnival was held at Concord Oval on 16th August. Although some of the Homebush boys' performances were quite good the team failed to win any division. P. Guest, however, by his all-round performances was placed first in the senior championship points. D. Barrett, although ill, again put up an excellent performance in the 16 year mile, being beaten on the tape.

The following boys were selected to represent the zone at the C.H.S. Athletic meeting held at the Sydney Cricket Ground: L. Walkley, D. Barrett, B. Goldsmith, B. Mykytowych, N. Sligar, C. Jackson, C. Short, T. Samuels, N. Halligan, G. Bell, R. White, P. Buttery, M. Smith, G. Russell, D. Hassal, A. Long, G. Parkes, J. Gatley, G. Whiteside.

Due to a leg injury P. Guest withdrew from the team.

L. Walkley followed his record in the long jump by taking the triple jump at both the zone and C.H.S. carnivals. Walkley's record leap of 21'7½" in the 16 years division earned him a C.H.S. Blue. C. Jackson was a close second to him in both these events. D. Barrett was placed a creditable third in the 16 year mile at C.H.S.

Homebush competitors scored 5th place in the individual school point score at the C.H.S. carnival.

Cross Country:

D. Barrett, at the C.H.S. Cross Country, finished third in a very strong field in the 16 years division.

The athletes' thanks are extended to Mr. Hennessy and Mr. Dare, who assisted the boys a great deal during the year.



ATHLETICS TEAM

SWIMMING CARNIVAL

The twentieth annual Swimming Carnival was held at Bankstown Baths on Thursday, 7th March.

School Champions.

Senior — B. McMahon
16 Years — J. Howie
15 Years — O. Kaluzyn
14 Years — A. Long
13 Years — L. Burtenwood
12 Years — P. Westcott

Bruce McMahon was the outstanding competitor at the carnival and for the second year in succession won the senior championship. He was untroubled in winning every freestyle event, from 110 to 880 yards, besides heading the class team in a victory in the 4 x 110 yards relay.

Zone Carnival.

At the North Western Metropolitan Carnival held a fortnight later at North Sydney Olympic Pool, Homebush did not do as well as last year. Meadowbank won the championship point score.

The school gained eight competitors in the Zone team for the 48th Annual C.H.S. Carnival. Bruce McMahon, who gained selection, was unable to compete at the C.H.S. Carnival due to an ear abscess.

LIFE SAVING SOCIETY

Organized by Mr. Muir

The Life Saving Society, in its eighth year, carried out its usual swimming and life saving programme at Carabrita Baths and the Auburn Swimming Centre in December 1962.

The society catered for all classes of swimmers, from the very strong to the weakest, and every boy who carried out the week's programme gained at least one award.

David Williamson (4th Year 1962) was the outstanding exponent of life saving and gained a Bar to his Award of Merit.

All told, the school gained 69! awards and 1604 points in the society's high school's competition for the W. Marx Cup, which gave Homebush fourth position in the competition. It is unfortunate that only a small percentage of the school population avails itself of the opportunity to participate in the Life Saving Society's activities. With more participants, especially from Third and Fourth Years where we expect to get our trainee instructors and higher awards, no doubt Homebush would be a real challenge to the Marx Cup. Thanks are extended to the Life Saving Executive and Committee for their assistance in organising the swimming school.

Life Saving Executive and Committee, 1962:

President: Ian Frape.
Treasurer: John Kidner.
Secretary: L. Forsythe.
Chief Instructors: L. Forsythe, J. Ward.
Committee: S. Hassal, J. Williams, R. Huxley, N. Rudgley, S. Iles, B. Bilbe, C. Short.

The Sports Union appreciates the fine work done by Mr. Muir, who organised the training and testing of awards.



ZONE SWIMMING TEAM

Front Row: B. Durham, I. Dobbs, A. Long, L. Smith, J. Howie, E. Ward, J. Kidner, Mr. Mason, S.M. Middle Row: W. Brogan, J. Chapman, C. Westcott, — Howie, B. McMahon, T. Neville, L. Weir, G. Leo, L. Burtonwood. Back Row: R. Holloway, B. Jones, C. Short, E. Roberts, B. McMahon, D. Sayers, C. Bell, B. Hassal, B. Lemcke.

WATER POLO REPORT

Coach: Mr. Wood

This year it was decided that there would be no second open team, so only a first grade and an under 15 team competed. The first grade has had quite a successful season and is second to Drummoyn, the only team we lost to, 7-0. We had much better luck against the other teams, defeating Epping 5-3, Normanhurst 8-3 and Asquith 13-0. The team has played well and has overcome a tendency to individualism which jolted the attack, especially against Drummoyn.

The Team.

GREG PONCHARD: This has been Greg's third year in first grade and his second as captain. At centre back he has proved most efficient with his sound defence and powerful shooting, and has scored 10 goals.

BRYAN McMAHON: This was Bryan's second year in first grade and he has proved a popular vice-captain. He was a cunning centre forward, exceptionally fast to the ball and his outstandingly accurate shooting has been rewarded with 8 goals.

ROGER HOLLOWAY: This was Rog's second year in first grade and at right back he played a sound defensive game. He was a great team man, serving his forwards with well-timed, accurate passes.

BRUCE JONES: This was Bruce's second year in first grade and at left forward he has proved a stalwart once again. A conservative fellow, he can always be relied on for a sound performance.

JOHN HOWIE: At right forward John has played very well. As he is a small chap, he lacks a powerful throw, but makes up for this with his speed to the ball.

PETER HALTON: At left back Pete always proved himself sound. He served his forwards well but his strong point was his sound positional play.

DAVE WILLIAMSON: Dave has always played well in either left or right back position. He has defended well and has a good turn of speed.

TED ROBERTS: As goalie, Ted has turned in a sterling performance. He has made numerous grand saves and it was only a really hot one that passed him.



1st GRADE WATER POLO

Left to Right.—Front Row: B. McMahon, G. Ponchard (Captain), Mr. J. Mason (Sports Master). Back Row: J. Howie, E. Roberts, P. Halton, R. Holloway, B. Jones.

Sports Awards, 1963

A.A.A. OF C.H.S. BLUES

Athletics— L. Walkley.

SCHOOL BLUES

Tennis— D. Sutton.

Athletics— L. Walkley, D. Barrett, P. Guest.

Soccer— N. Rudgley.

Cricket— A. Ford, M. Melville.

Swimming— B. McMahon.

Rugby— J. Bray, E. Rebane, P. Guest, P. Halton, K. West.

Water Polo— G. Ponchard.

CHAMPIONSHIP PENNANTS

Tennis— Senior, D. Sutton; Junior, K. O'Hara.

Athletics— Senior, P. Guest; 16 Years, C. Jackson; 15 Years, G. Whiteside; 14 Years, A. Long; 13 Years, P. Bilbie; 12 Years, G. Parkes.

Swimming— Senior, B. McMahon; 16 Years, J. Howie; 15 Years, O. Kaluzyn; 14 Years, A. Long; 13 Years, L. Burtenwood; 12 Years, P. Westcott.

HOUSE SPORT

COMPETITION WINNERS RUGBY

1st and 2nd Years Combined Teams:

- 1st— Howe (Gold)
- 2nd— Vaughan (Blue)
- 3rd— Greening (Green)
- 4th— Hayes (Red)

3rd Year:

- 1st— Greening (Green)
- 2nd— Vaughan (Blue)
- 3rd— Howe (Gold)
- 4th— Hayes (Red)

Seniors:

- 1st— Hayes (Red)
- 2nd— Howe (Gold)
- 3rd— Greening (Green)
- 4th— Vaughan (Blue)

ATHLETICS

- 1st— Howe (Gold)
- 2nd— Hayes (Red)
- equal Vaughan (Blue)
- 4th— Greening (Green)

SOCCER

1st Year and 2nd Year Combined Teams:

- 1st— Greening (Green)
- 2nd— Howe (Gold)
- 3rd— Hayes (Red)
- 4th— Vaughan (Blue)

3rd Year:

- 1st— Vaughan (Blue)
- 2nd— Howe (Gold)
- 3rd— Greening (Green)
- 4th— Hayes (Red)

Seniors:

- 1st— Hayes (Red)
- 2nd— Howe (Gold)
- 3rd— Vaughan (Blue)
- 4th— Greening (Green)

TENNIS

- 1st— Hayes (Red)
- 2nd— Howe (Gold)
- 3rd— Vaughan (Blue)
- 4th— Greening (Green)

SWIMMING

Although the House System was not in operation at the time of the School Swim Carnival, the order in which the Houses have been placed is based on all championship events except the relays.

- 1st— Greening (Green)
- 2nd— Vaughan (Blue)
- 3rd— Hayes (Red)
- equal Howe (Gold)

CRICKET

At this stage the competition is still in progress. House Point Score (at time of going to Press):

Howe—	71 points
Vaughan—	61 ..
Greening—	60 ..
Hayes—	56 ..

HOUSE SPORT INFORMATION

Houses:	HAYES	VAUGHAN	GREENING	HOWE
House Colours:	Red	Blue	Green	Gold
House Captains:	T. Consandine	P. Guest	G. Ponchard	K. West
House Masters:	Mr. W. Parr	Mr. J. Harrison	Mr. A. Howland	Mr. G. Dare

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