



THE MAGAZINE OF THE HOMEBUSH BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL 1969

Principal's message

Over the past few years we have experienced remarkable progress in all major avenues of life – scientific, technological, medical, commercial and industrial – we have seen a human heart transplanted successfully – we have watched men walk on the moon – we have marvelled at the work of computers and have been amazed at the many and varied achievements in a majority of industrial undertakings.

I have often been asked: "What role has Australia and Australians played in this almost incredible rate of progress," and I have been most vocal in asserting that we Australians have unquestionably played our part.

However, I do not know the answer when I am told that many of our executives, many of our professors and many of the outstanding men in all our spheres of life, are not Australian, but have been "imported" – I do not know the answer when I am told that a small country like Sweden but with a comparable population, can produce, at a conservative estimate, some ten times the number of top-line mathematicians each year, as we, in Australia produce.

I do not know the answer when it is pointed out to me that Australians even find it necessary to import an "actor" to portray the legendary character of our "Ned Kelly" in an Australian film.

It has been said that capable Australians find no outlet for genius in their own country but must of necessity go abroad in order to forge success.

It has been suggested to me also that too many of our modern youth fall into one of two categories: (1) the less academically capable are concerned over much with the growing of hair, pop music, motor cars and motor bikes, bird-watching or T.V. squatting; (2) the more academically capable are concerned with the early acquisition of "power" and with the destruction of order, dignity and authority – this when the only qualification they possess is the ability to talk too loudly and too often.

I do not think that either suggestion is fundamentally true

Left to right: I. John (Senior Prefect), Mr Saunders, G. Krooglik (School Captain), Mr Myers, B. Shepherd (Vice Captain).



but there can be "no smoke without some fire". Whatever the problem, the one thing apparent is that this is probably the finest country in the world and there is a wealth of opportunity for young Australians in Australia. It is evident then that a great challenge presents itself to our lads, if they are to contribute something of a worthy nature to the exciting era in which they are destined to live. It is necessary then to prepare to meet this challenge and the only successful preparation is one which involves regular and conscientious study during the whole of the six years at High School.

If this study is planned and interspersed with a sufficiency of recreation, the character of the lad is so moulded that he is willing and eager, as well as prepared, to cope with and to overcome the problems which must inevitably confront him.

It has been said that "opportunity knocks only once, but temptation leans on the doorbell" – the opportunity is "knocking" now for our lads – will they open the door and let "him" in?

K.J. Myers

Editorial



Perhaps it is trite to say "Our school days are the best days of our lives". Not trite some would assert, but ridiculous, for to them school brings only memories of boredom and frustration. I consider myself fortunate that I am not counted in their number.

As I complete my years at Homebush, the final one as Captain, my chief feeling is one of contentment. Six years have gone so quickly. If I set myself the task of remembering, it is a pleasurable sensation to discover that only the good times come flashing back. There must surely have been bad times, but they have retreated into limbo.

Almost by tradition I feel obliged to offer some advice to those who, to again call upon well worn cliches, will be "carrying on the good name of the school". My advice however is simple and it is this. Experience as much as you can of what your school days have to offer. In the broad spectrum of school life is something for everyone, everyone, that is, with the desire to accept what is freely given. Once you accept what is offered you will instinctively make your own contribution to school life.

My final words are words of thanks to all who make up our school. I speak on behalf of all my fellows in the final year when I say, "Thanks for everything".

George Krooglik, School Captain

Mr Bert Evans



The end of First Term saw the departure of Mr. H.F. Evans (Bert) who had held the post of Languages Master at the School for the past twenty-three years. He joined the Service in 1931 and taught at several schools, including Newcastle Boys' High and Broken Hill, coming to Homebush in its first year as a full High School in 1946.

His scholarly approach to everything that he undertook and his kindly and helpful attitude will long be remembered by both present and past students.

There is an old, trite saying "A scholar and a gentleman". This much overworked expression is often misapplied but for "Bert" I can think of no more apt expression. The School Staff Members and Students alike would all wish to join in wishing him a long and happy retirement in his Blue Mountains retreat at Glenbrook upon his return from a well earned trip overseas.

H. Webster

Mr Harry Quail



Homebush lost another of its most valued staff members this year with the retirement of Mr. Harry Quail after nine

years of dedicated teaching service in the Mathematics Department of the school. Previously he had spent ten years in various country centres and then twenty-two years at Ashfield.

Harry Quail will always be remembered in this area as "Mr. Tennis" and his ability of unearthing and developing talent in this field led to many premierships for the school. After earlier success at tennis he has now turned his own sporting ability to bowls and is a very active member of Ashbury Club.

The school extends to Mr. Quail its congratulations and thanks for a job well done and wishes him many happy years of well deserved rest.

Prefects

It is not often in our life that we are able to be a prefect in a high school – generally it's only for one, really memorable, year. And as there is no pre-training for prefects, apart from character building which is part of a person's upbringing, and the example set by previous prefects, either he is a miserable failure, and never does anything more than catch and punish naughty boys who break the rules, or he realises the honour conferred upon him and the demands placed upon him, and lives up to these, and becomes a truly better person for it, understanding more fully how to live with those around him.

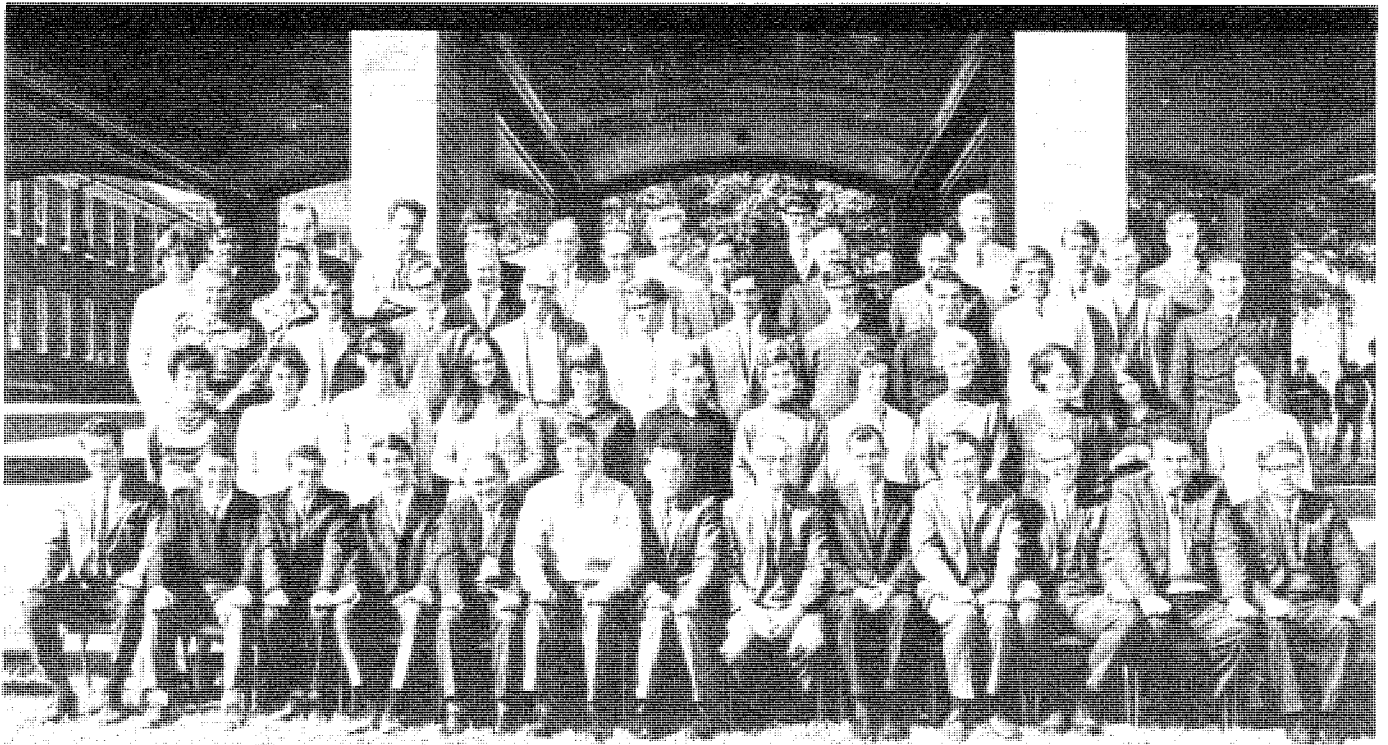
The prefects of 1969 at Homebush Boys' High have most certainly lived up to the standards expected of them. This is so because of the fine example given to us over the past five years, and also, because each prefect has realised what the word "prefect" means and has applied this to his duties. This has meant giving up many hours outside school hours plus many more at school – and time to a Sixth Former is always important.

Many people seem to think that all a prefect does is to put bad boys on detention. But it is far better, in many cases, to use a few words and explain why, rather than punish a boy unnecessarily – here a prefect learns to use his judgement wisely. A prefect is on occasions called upon to supervise a class in the temporary absence of a teacher – here he learns to use his authority fairly. The prefects have throughout the year represented the school; at Education Week in town; served as ushers at *King Lear* and the Music and Drama Festival; at Open Day; at the presentation of Sutton's Holden to the school, at the Athletic and Swimming Carnivals; and provided many outstanding scholars and sportsmen; basketballers, footballers, rowers, debaters, cricketers, actors, swimmers, runners; all of them worthy ambassadors of the school.

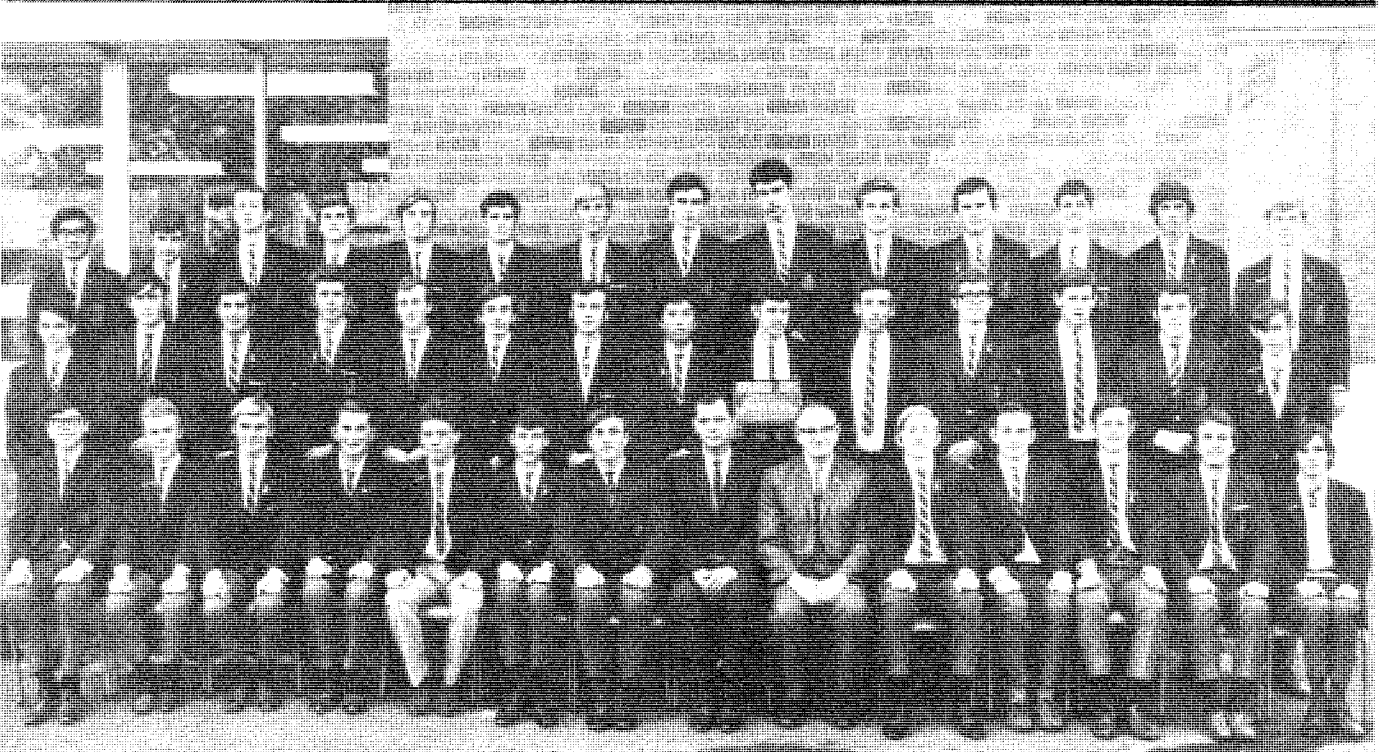
In May, a prefects' dinner was held. Our thanks are extended to the Ladies' Auxiliary for providing a wonderful meal, and also to Mr Jim Greening for his presence and his interesting and entertaining talk.

Our Prefects' Master, Mr Dicker, has worked enthusiastically with us during the year; his support has been a tremendous help. To Mr Dicker, Mr Myers and Mr Saunders, we record our sincere appreciation.

B. Shepherd, Vice Captain



Staff



Prefects

Principal	: K.J. Myers, B.Sc.
Deputy Principal	: S.J. Saunders, A.S.T.C.
English Master	: I.F. Stewart, B.A.
History Master	: B.A. Lippiatt, B.A.
Mathematics Master	: F.J. Hafey, B.A.
Science Master	: M.O. Davies, B.Sc.
Language Master	: H. Webster, B.A. (Hons.) Dip.Ed. (Rel.)
Commercial Master	: R.A. Duncan, B.A. B.Ec.
Manual Arts Master	: E.C. Dicker, A.S.T.C.
Special Master	: S.F. Harmer, B.A.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

Mrs F. Atwill, B.A. Dip.Ed.; G.L. Barry, B.A. Dip.Ed.; Miss J.E. Cubis; I. Castell-Brown, B.A.; L.W. Daines, B.A. Dip.Ed.; F.N. Gunther, B.A.; J.W. McManus, B.A. Dip.Ed.; J. Olree; M.W. Rolfe, B.A.

DEPARTMENT OF MATHEMATICS

J.F. Arnold, B.Ec.; E.L. Cook, B.A.; D.C. Franks, B.A. Dip.Ed.; M.E. Grant; S.J. Kennedy, B.Sc. Dip.Ed.; J.E. Moore, B.A. Mrs E.M. Werkhoven, M.Sc. Dip.Ed.

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE

S.U. Ahmed, B.Sc.(Hons.) M.Sc; D.W. Funnell; Mrs P. Graham, M.Pharm. Ph.D.; D.K. Hughes, B.Sc Dip.Ed.; W.H. Reading; G.P. Sperring, B.Sc. Dip.Ed.; B.F. Stewart, Dip.P.E.

DEPARTMENT OF LANGUAGES

Mrs T. Leaght, B.A.; T.K. Lewis, B.A. Dip.Ed.; Mrs J.D. Thomas, B.A. Dip.Ed.

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE

H.N. Atallah, B.A.; A.J. Brawn, B.Ec. Dip.Ed.; Miss R. Gerendasi, B.A.Coll. of Edn.; Mrs S.A. Knowles, B.A. Dip.Ed.; D.A. Yardy, B.A.

DEPARTMENT OF MANUAL ARTS

J. Ewing; W. Hempel; R.R. Merry, B.Sc; C.H. Pears; P.K. Schultz; L.V. Seagrott.

Art	: F.A. O'Rielly; Mrs. J.D. Hartmann, A.S.T.C.; R.J. Black
Music	: Miss D.D. Ore, A.Mus.A. L.Mus.A. Mrs L. Halliday, Dip.Mus.Ed., A.Mus.A.
Physical Education	: G.C. Birkett, Dip.P.E.; T.J. Duff, Dip.P.E.
School Counsellor	: Miss M.P. Murray, B.A. Dip.Ed.
School Secretary	: Mrs B.M. Ferguson
School Treasurer	: Mrs E. Shepherd
Laboratory Assistant	: Mrs A. Cary
Librarian	: Mrs F. Atwill, B.A.Dip.Ed.
Library Assistant	: Mrs R. Hutchison
Careers Adviser	: T.K. Lewis, B.A.Dip.Ed.
Sportsmaster	: C.H. Pears
Assistant Sportsmaster	: G.C. Birkett, Dip.P.E.
Prefects' Master	: E.C. Dicker, A.S.T.C.
Master in charge of textbooks	: E.F. Cook, B.A.
Master in charge of Debating	: F.N. Gunther, B.A.
Master in charge of School Shop	: J.E. Moore, B.A.
School Magazine Editor	: B.A. Lippiatt, B.A.
Literary Editor	: I. Castell-Brown, B.A.
Business Manager	: H. Webster, B.A.Dip.Ed.
School Cadet Unit: O.C.	: Lt. R. Merry
Q.M.	: Lt. J. Ewing
CUO's	: W. White; C. Frier
Air Training Corps	: Flt.Lt. L.K. Gregory, Flg. Off. J. Payne Flg.Off. L.V. Seagrott; Plt.Off. D. Franks



Festival of music and drama

Misanthrope

The Misanthrope, one of Moliere's finest plays, is concerned with the problems of Alceste, who, though he hates and despises the follies and wickedness of men, has the misfortune to fall in love with Celimene, a playful coquette continually surrounded by admirers. In our senior drama group's excellent production Alceste was played by Ian Lynch who gave great depth of feeling to his part. Although playing a tragic character a very difficult role in comedy, he gave to Alceste that touch of humour which enabled the audience to feel full sympathy for him. Julie Rose was excellently cast as Celimene and as she presided over her admirers, the contrast with Alceste added to and gave understanding of both their characters. The skill with

which she created the shallowness and superficiality of Celimene was especially apparent in the climax when Alceste confronted her with the crowning proof of her unfaithfulness and she thought it trivial. It is essential to remember this difference between their characters to really understand the ending, when Alceste does not gain Celimene but leaves with the intent "to search out some retired corner of the world, where one may have the liberty to be a man of honour." Ian Lynch and Julie Rose brought out the affection Alceste and Celimene have for one another but their essential differences with skill and sensitivity.

The indulgent Philinte, who tolerates and bears with the faults of men, because he must live among them, was very well portrayed by Barry Shepherd. He gave a novel interpretation of the character which pleased the audience. As the night went on

he became progressively more intoxicated and when his big moment came to accept the hand of Eliante, played with suitable gentility by Cheryl Murphy, the effect was hilarious.

Lynn Henry was a very prudish and amusing Arsinoe and although I felt her role could have been exploited more, she provided an enjoyable interlude as well as a very satirical comment on life.

An exceptional performance was given by Alan Hancock, who as the effeminate and foppish Oronte, put more feeling into the word "Hope" than I ever imagined possible. He showed great comic sense and fine knowledge of timing.

In a similar style was Christopher Dein as Acaste. His line, "Speaking of strange fellows" brought the house down simply because he was such a strange fellow himself. He and his unashamed egotism provided much comic relief. The fervour with which the audience booed him would have warmed Moliere's heart. Hugh Bruist and Philip Nesbitt completed the list of Celimene's admirers. Both these cultivated styles of their own to portray "the affected beau" and "the mousy little Viscount".

The minor parts were taken by Ray Thompson as Basque, Celimene's ubiquitous manservant, Greg Evans an officer of the Marshals of France, and Ray Comans who provided a comic scene as Alceste's long winded, obtuse and hairy legged servant.

The costumes, make-up, sets and behind-the-scenes work was very professionally done (thanks to Mrs Carey, Mr Black and Mr Hemple) and congratulations must go to Mr Daines and Mr McManus for another very successful production.

Just to show how widespread their reputation is I must add an anecdote: on telling a girl that I came from Homebush High she said, "Oh, the school that puts on all the good plays!"

Colin Mathers

Mandemus

The Farce: a dramatic piece meant to excite laughter – and this was exactly what our junior school's production did. It was pleasing to see how talented these young actors are and it was inspiring to see the enthusiasm with which they performed.

Miss Cubis and Mr Rolfe did a brilliant job in producing what was a moderately humorous play on paper, into an extremely funny and entertaining piece of drama.

Neil Armfield, in the title role, gave a delightful performance as the scheming lawyer. His confidence in movement and range of facial and verbal expressions won for him the admiration of the audience. He entertained young and old with his madcap fits of hysteria and facial contortions. Neil's professional attitude and youthful exuberance added greatly to the appeal of the play.

The part of Master Martin's wife was played by Dennis Hammond. Dennis, as well as being a very talented actor, has a marvellous comic face which he used to great advantage in the



Top: Decisions . . . decisions (*Misanthrope*).

Centre: Mandemus goes mad.

Below: 'Baa' (*Mandemus*).

part – even when he swept the floor he aroused considerable laughter.

Robert Torning (Master William Drapecloth) capably handled a contrasting part, which led him from shrewd confidence to utter confusion, without difficulty.

Undoubtedly the most comic character was Tibald Lambkin played by John Reilly. He stuttered, scratched and bleated like a sheep, all to the delight of the audience who must have felt a little sorry for such a pathetic sight.

Ross Letherbarrow was amusing in his judicial role, using

his authoritative voice with good effect. The Town Crier, Stephen Vindin and the constables and townspeople (Stephen Crook, Harry Hambe, Rod Hozack, John Rhodes, Gary Thorpe, Dallas Vanderzeil, Stephen Wasiolek) are to be commended for their reactions to the situation whilst on stage. Thanks also go to back stage crew of Roger Cunningham and John Shenstone. Mr Schultz and Mrs Hartman are to be congratulated on the excellence of their set.

Ian Lynch



Papageno

Graham Campbell as Papageno

Once again Homebush has presented a successful Opera. Even though a more ambitious production than previous years it was as big a success as any ever seen at the school.

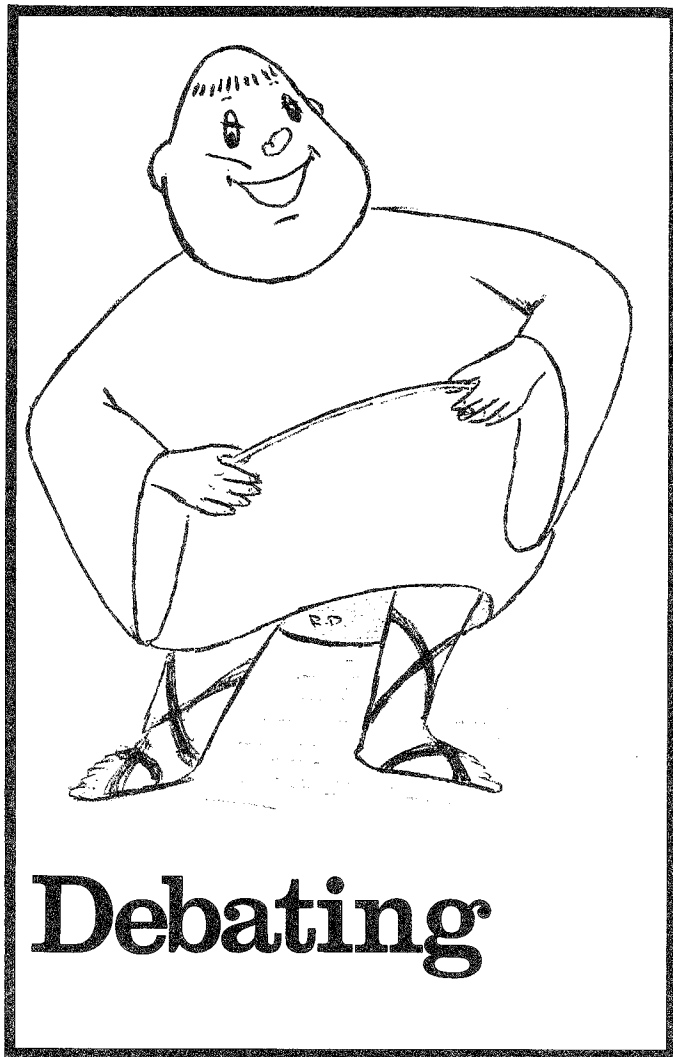
The story was a remote adaptation of Mozart's *Magic Flute* entitled *Papageno* which retained some of his loveliest music. It involved the traditional handsome young man and beautiful young maid theme, temporarily separated by an evil Moor and his band of slaves.

Graham Campbell of 4A played Papageno and was successful in making his plight credible. Both his singing and acting were well above standard and his sense of comedy kept the audience amused through several otherwise possibly dull patches. The heroine Papagena, was played by Janet Uncle of Burwood Girls' High, who gave a very sensitive performance and used her fine voice to gain the sympathy of the audience. The villain (what is an opera without one?) Stephen Lyons of 6th Form was suitably convincing. Though only in a minor role Paul Brennan,

also of 6th Form, sang and officiated well as an Egyptian High Priest. Finally, too numerous to mention individually, were the Chorus of Slaves who danced, pranced, ran menacingly around the stage in provocative loin-cloths and yet somehow found time to sing – and most effectively too!

Miss D. Ore and Mr L.W. Daines (yes him again!) took charge of the production: Miss Ore the music and Mr Daines the stage directions. Miss Ore's excellent accompaniment was supported by a percussion and flute ensemble (Serge Derkatch, John Farthing, Alex Negerevich) which added a novel and authentic touch to the production.

The atmosphere of a mystic Egyptian forest was well conveyed by Mr R. Black's setting, Mr J. Ewing's constructions and Patrick Gallagher's lighting effects. Thanks are also extended to all those who helped in many minor ways in making the '69 Homebush Opera Season successful. And remember next year will be even better!



Debating

This year, debating had a wider impact on the school.

The Hume-Barbour team (C. Dein, G. Krooglik, S. Lewis, I. John) won the zone competition and defeated Mosman in a preliminary quarter-final before losing to Sir Joseph Banks. In the City of Sydney Eisteddfod this Homebush team again reached the quarter-finals before losing to Vaocluse.

The Cramp team (A. Hancock, R. Comans, P. Nesbitt, R. Ford) performed well, running second in the zone and losing narrowly only to the zone winners, Macquarie. In the Eisteddfod the team lost its opening debate by a one-point margin.

The Teasdale team (J. Scotland, R. Brennan, P. Gallagher, N. Bull) came second in the zone, losing to the zone winners, Auburn. In the Eisteddfod the team suffered a one-point quarter-final defeat.

This year a 14-and-under team section was included in the Eisteddfod. Our Second-form team (M. Burton, M. Jones, D. Stimler) reached the semi-finals, while our Third-form team (N. Armfield, D. Hammond, R. Meyer) will meet Cranbrook in the final.

Lunchtime competitions were held as usual in first and second terms, with teams drawn from the junior school.

Two agreeable social occasions were the home-and-away debates against the girls of Abbotsleigh College, Wahroonga.

Our Sixth-form team took part on both nights, while our Fifth-form and Fourth-form teams each debated once.

The annual debates between Old Boys and School for the Jim Greening Shield were won this time by the Old Boys after a lapse of three years.

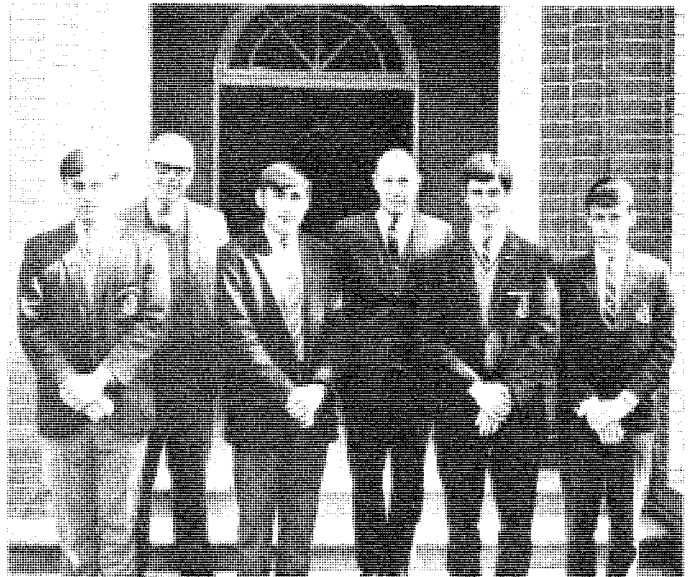
Singles debating was introduced to Homebush this year to compete for the Neil Gunther Trophy for the school's champion debater. The P. & C. Association kindly gave a trophy for the champion junior debater. Two singles competitions were run in the second term, when P. Gallagher (Fourth-form) defeated S. Lewis (Sixth-form) for the senior title, and N. Armfield held off D. Hammond for the junior title.

Homebush singles debaters performed well in the Eisteddfod, with Gallagher and Lewis reaching the semi-finals.

Organisation and coaching for 1969 was in the hands of Miss Cubis, Mr McManus and Mr Gunther.

Top: The Hume-Barbour team.

Below: The Senior and Junior Champion debaters.



Reports

Ladies auxiliary

President: L. Letherbarrow

Secretary: P. Ford

Treasurer: E. John

Patroness: Mrs. Myers

Vice-Presidents: E. Brennan, U. Jones,

J. Guitronich, P. Williamson

Publicity Officer: C. Ledsam

The unfailing enthusiasm of the ladies has resulted in the activities of the Auxiliary this year being many and varied. All functions have been a great social and financial success.

At the time of writing, there is much more involvement for Ladies Auxiliary, school and social-wise, yet to come before the year concludes.

Our Auxiliary has excelled in its varied spheres of activity and many of our members come to realize, more and more, education is for the parent as well as for the child and involvement in their school's affairs can be both rewarding and enjoyable.

The School *Bulletin*, published each month, gives information about impending Auxiliary activities, watch for them and come along. Our members mix freely and you need never fear the dreaded "clique", we at Homebush don't know the meaning of the word.

In February of each year, the Annual Welcome Luncheon to First Form Mothers is held. Next year, for the first time, this will incorporate a farewell to our Sixth Form Mothers. Each year, we regretfully say *au revoir* to our "Senior Citizens" but, more and more return to rejoin us at our functions and this speaks volumes for the friendliness within our group. We hope you see, then, that our first activity, although it can involve fund-raising, is also friendship-making.

Helping hands are always needed for Prefects Dinners, Senior Dances, Careers Nights, Sixth Form farewells, to name a few of the events catered for by our intrepid ladies who rise to the occasion, sometimes at the shortest notice, rather than let their School down.

Our Xmas Party this year will take the form of an informal get-together in the Assembly Hall, another of the less formal innovations we have introduced this year. We hope to welcome back many of our former members on this morning.

No report would be complete without thank you to our "special people". In this group I include our Floral Convenor, Clothing Pool Organizer, Publicity Officer, day and night-time Catering Convenors and year Representatives who are responsible for arranging their form's activities for the year. To each of you our sincere thanks.

In conclusion, our thanks to Mr. Myers, Mr. Saunders and

our Liaison Officer, Mr. McManus, for pleasant co-operation and a special thank-you to our ever-obliging school caretaker, Mr. Pinder, and to the School P. & C. Association.

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

LORNA LETHERBARROW, *President.*

PAT FORD, *Secretary.*

P & C

Patron: Mr G. Jackett, M.L.A.

President: Mr W.G. Yorke

Secretary: Mr C. Bernie

Treasurer: Mr C.B. Letherbarrow

Publicity Officer: Mrs C. Ledsam

It may be useful to restate the principal objectives of Parents and Citizens Associations, which are common to all schools. These are:

- (a) To promote the interests of the school concerned by bringing parents, pupils and teaching staff into close co-operation.
- (b) To assist in providing desirable teaching aids which the Department is unable to supply.
- (c) To provide pupils with recreative equipment.

With these objectives as broad goals, the association needs the continuous support of Parents, in attendance at meetings and the very few functions run by the P & C during each year. We are indeed fortunate to have a small, active and loyal band of helpers but these need replacement and revitalising by the influx of new members. We seek your help, we want your opinion, you are always welcome to our monthly meeting on the third Wednesday in each school month at 8 pm. In an endeavour to provide a friendly atmosphere a supper is served to promote the objective above.

We are most grateful to the Headmaster, Mr Kevin Myers, the Deputy Headmaster, Mr Stan Saunders and the Masters for their attendance at our meetings. The Masters' talk has now become a regular feature, all parents are interested to learn of the activities of each department in the school and to have the opportunity to ask questions to clarify any doubts which may exist.

With the extensions to the school, Homebush High has buildings and facilities of which we can all be justifiably proud. This has been a difficult period for the Headmaster, Staff and pupils during alterations which, now having been concluded, commence the rather equally large task of settling in and establishment of organised teaching patterns.

The Headmaster and the P & C have continually pressed for

this work to be undertaken so that Homebush can take its place, with pride, in the ranks of the finer High Schools in the State.

During the year the P & C provided a number of teaching aids to the Manual Arts and Arts departments together with copying equipment to assist all departments; this was in addition to the finalisation of the commitment, in conjunction with the Old Boys' Union and the Ladies Auxiliary for the Arthur Cave Memorial Pavilion.

Our most sincere thanks are extended to our Ladies Auxiliary for their tireless efforts in assistance to the school at all functions plus their work in fund raising for the school. Thank you ladies for a job well done.

For the boys who will leave school during 1969, we extend our best wishes for your future success and happiness. You will reflect one day, we hope, with great pride and feeling on the years that you have spent at Homebush.

The parents' response to our Annual Appeal whilst raising almost \$1,000 is most disappointing when one reflects that over 900 lads attend the school, a contribution by less than one third of parents is not really outstanding – what about it parents?

Don't miss your opportunity to show your support to your lad at Homebush, come along to the P & C meetings and attend a few odd functions.

Bill Yorke, President



Once every week, in room 41 at lunchtime on Thursday, a group known as I.S.C.F. stands for Inter-School Christian Fellowship. It is an inter-denominational group of world-wide

membership. We meet to discuss things relevant to Christianity and the Bible.

And so, this year, we have had our weekly meetings. Usually one person prepares a brief talk and then we have a discussion relevant to this. Occasionally we have visiting speakers, this year we have had David Kerr, Ian Spencer and Ray Myers. We also attempt to have one or two films a year, one of which has been shown about the Creation. We have a few Saturday activities and a Christmas break-up party.

Because of the nature of our group, we rely on God. This does not mean that we do no planning, but it means that we hold a weekly prayer-meeting, either at lunchtime or after school.

This year we have been most unfortunate. We have lost Miss Pater, Mrs Lalchere, Mrs Plowman and Mrs Bliss, who were our counsellors last year. At this juncture I would like to thank most sincerely Mr Saunders and Mr Myers. They have given us all the help they can, Mr Saunders addressing the group on a number of occasions.

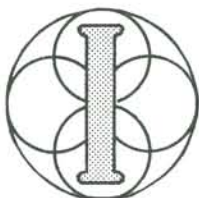
In mid August we were presented by Mr and Mrs Atkins (parents of Richard Atkins) a series of booklets – *Know Your Bible Program* – which we are most grateful for.

The attendance at our meetings has been well below the desirable level. However the dozen or so people who have been going to the meetings have enjoyed very stimulating discussions. I'm sure that all students and teachers who come along to the meetings will also find the discussions most refreshing. Why don't you come and break the boredom of school life?

Remember Paul said:

For ye are all children of God by faith in Christ Jesus. For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ. There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus. *Galations 3. 26-28*

S. Lyons, Senior Leader



Interact

Insane, Inane, Ironic, Idiotic, Idolatrous, Institution.

This symbol could stand for any phase or aspect of Homebush Boys' High. But it doesn't because it stands for *Interact*, but then it does, for this is what *Interact* entails. It is a combination of all these and more and yet it must be successful for it has survived at Homebush for over 4 years, but so has the writer, so I don't really know.

Anyway this year's establishment was voted in, fittingly enough, on April Fool's Day. After disposing of three opponents and paying out over \$300.00 in bribes Alan Weeks became the Club's 4th President.

If this and the election of the executives (except the Secretary, of course) was not the first blunder of the year, then it was not long coming, for rolling along right on cue came the Driving School. At first intended as being completely free of charge, this false impression was soon smashed. For somebody, not mentioning Mr Castell-Brown's name, saw the opportunity of making a quick "quid" and promptly jacked up

the price to \$1.00 for each sucker. Certain members taking offence at this blatant extortion decided to protest on the 11th August, which just happened to be the day that Mr Milton Morris and several other dignitaries were officiating at the handing over of Sutton's car. An ex-brainwashed-President, Barry Shepherd by name, was reported to be the ring leader.

However one advantage was gained from the Driving School. Everyone is now quite proficient in chucking "wheelies" in Mr Barnes' "butcher's wagon".

One might be excused for thinking that this was all that could possibly happen, but not to be outdone, 7 now ex-members of the Club invented for want of a better word, *Procul*. Deemed to come out once a month we have now had the longest month on record. The whole *Procul* affair could really be described as a "Gin and Bitters" affair. The Gin having been previously experienced, the bitters being experienced now. But never mind *Procul* is coming, but then so is Christmas.

Fate, not being satisfied with having Mr Castell-Brown as the only con-man around, decided to shove Mr Maple on us.

Top: Immaculate driving by Barry Shepherd.
Below: The Holden handshake.



Breaking us all up with a big sob story about the plight of Sukarno's Suffragettes, he managed to wheedle a promise of \$50.00 from the Club. A few weeks later, we received a letter from Barossa Valley Rotary Club seeking information on the genuineness of a certain philanthropic Mr Maple. Enough said?!

The Club really got its own back on Mr Castell-Brown however, when the Car-Wash campaign got underway. His car now literally does float on fluid.

Still all in all 1969 hasn't been such a bad year for Interact. For disregarding *Procul*, Driving School and the Car Wash there hasn't been much time to make any more blunders, but we're working on it.

Before concluding this report I would just like to mention two things:

1. The Treasurer has left for South America with the *Procul* profits; looks like he'll drown about Manly.
2. All credit for this year's activities must go 100% to Lidcombe Rotary Club. We are greatly "indebted", to say the least, to them.

So remember the motto for next year, "It's Burwood Rotary in 1970."

P.S. The Secretary was last seen in the company of a Mr Maple in Djakarta.

The Secretary

Careers

This year has seen much activity organised both inside and outside the School in order to provide as much information as possible for students about to make the important choice of a career and for those who, although not immediately faced with this choice, should nevertheless be giving serious thought to future courses of study and choice of career.

A highly successful Careers Night was held during second term and it was most gratifying to see large numbers of parents and pupils in attendance. Our thanks are due mainly to Lidcombe Rotary Club for the highly efficient manner in which the evening was organised.

The Vocational Guidance Bureau again tested our Third Form lads. The importance of this service cannot be over-emphasised and it is pleasing to see the majority of lads taking advantage of it.

Our Universities Afternoon was again held this year following the success of this function in the previous years. Representatives from the three universities attended and provided valuable information for pupils interested in tertiary studies.

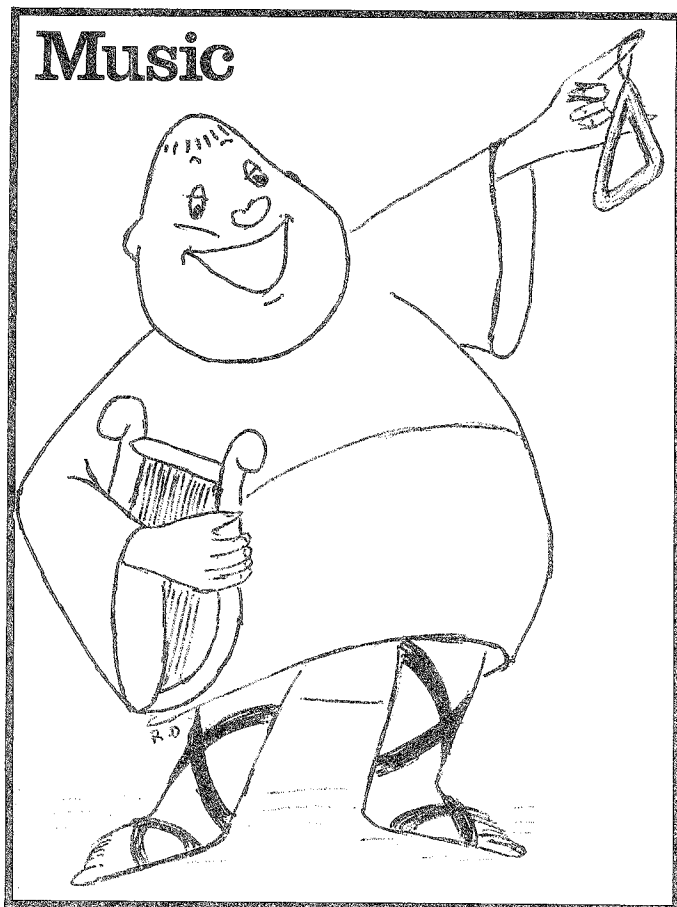
For pupils interested in apprenticeships, an afternoon was held where pupils were addressed by Personnel Officers from the Department of Railways, the P.M.G. and the Commonwealth Employment Service. Our special thanks go to these officers for the help, advice and information they provided.

Members of Burwood Rotary Club have been extremely helpful in providing job visits for smaller groups of our lads. This is done with a view to interesting them in various positions and professions. The School is extremely fortunate to have such an organisation to help in this matter, as it gives the pupil

the opportunity to see just what a certain position entails. Our very special thanks go to all members of the Club for their very willing co-operation.

I would finally like to impress on all students that they should make fullest use of the Careers Office, even those students in the junior years. They cannot take too early an interest in planning their future employment because this has an important bearing on the courses which they should choose throughout their school lives.

K. Lewis



Once again, music swings at Homebush Boys' High. Our first outings for 1969 were the school orchestral concerts attended by some 60 boys. The concert which will be remembered most will be the one given by the visiting Californian Youth Orchestra – "terrific"!

A group of boys went to the Conservatorium in July to see a production of Mozart's opera, *The Magic Flute*. The Gyons String Quartet visited our school in July, and a large audience attended their concert. Many of us saw the film, *Oliver*, at the end of first term – it was thoroughly enjoyable.

Sixteen boys (tenors and basses) participated in the C.H.S. Choir for Education Week – this concert was televised and the major choral items were *Gloria* (Vivaldi), and excerpts from *In Windsor Forest* (Vaughan Williams).

The Music Department has been most fortunate in acquiring a number of new instruments – namely a bassoon, two trombones, two bass recorders and two tenor recorders. These

instruments were supplied by our school and by the Department of Education.

We are all busy at present rehearsing for our Musicale, to be held early in October – the programme will be varied and many choral and instrumental items are now being prepared or "polished"!

Papageno – by Mozart – was this year's opera for the Music and Drama Festival – our rehearsals for the opera took place during second term.

The boys appreciate the help given them by various staff members throughout the year, and the encouragement of the Headmaster to take part in all aspects of the musical life of the school.

D. Ore, L. Halliday

Drama

In an attempt to make drama more an integral part of school life the drama group has tackled more work this year than previously. The reading of *King Lear*, the two productions for the Festival and the end of year revue have been our major projects for the year. To many of us the several productions make more and more parents and students aware of the work and significance of dramatic work in the life of this school.

The new buildings have made it possible for the drama group to have, for the first time, a storeroom not used by other

The boys, from *The Misanthrope*.



bodies. We now have most of the inanimate necessities of dramatic activity – costumes, props, scripts, make-up etc. safely domiciled beneath the new music room, where they can enjoy the felicities of a kindred art without escaping from the worldly realities of the shower rooms next door.

All reports pay some hackneyed tribute to some benefactor or aide. The actor gains his glory on stage and in the reviews, the producer is the unseen guiding spirit but those backstage get little thanks and much abuse. We thank all, staff and students, who worked behind the scenes in many productions but two sixth formers who are leaving deserve special mention: Alan Cunningham who has worked so efficiently with the lighting for the past three years and especially for his valuable

work as assistant producer of *The Misanthrope*; and John Shenstone who patiently survived the inanities of several producers and nevertheless ably managed the recorded sound for five productions.

“REASON NOT THE NEED”— A READING OF KING LEAR

When I first heard that our school and Burwood Girls' High were going to present an advanced reading of Shakespeare's *King Lear* my reaction was similar to that of many others. I thought that Miss Cubis, Mr Daines and Mr McManus had taken that proverbial bite beyond mastication.

I ought to have realised that the past successes of the Senior Drama Group could have assured a successful *Lear* but before the reading commenced I felt uneasy. The stark and tense atmosphere created by the black and white abstract backdrop and the “mad” costumes immediately gained one's attention and, after a few minor problems, the movement and the passion of the performance caught up the audience and I found the production at least as enjoyable as Lovejoy's production for the Old Tote Company last year.

It is ridiculous to attempt to discuss the individual performances of the large and accomplished cast but some tributes must be paid.

Mr Daines as Lear, portrayed this majestic figure with the command akin to the royal position and at the same time showed the tired, cranky old king of the early acts. His handling of Lear's suffering and descent into madness showed thought and sensitivity but his performance really excelled in a very moving last scene.

The girls from Burwood gave the polished performances we have come to expect from them. Patricia Rushton (Regan) and Christine Skinner (Goneril) were horrifyingly evil but managed to show that frightening logic which makes the scene of Lear's going into the storm thoroughly reasonable and at the same time completely inhuman. Helen Banks contrasted beautifully as the gentle and loving Cordelia.

Barry Shepherd showed an acute understanding of the difficult part of Edgar and his performance helped make the storm scene and mock trial scene memorable. Chris Dein was excellently cast as the loyal Kent and Ian Lynch showed very promising talent as the self-centred but attractive villain, Edmund. Alan Hancock showed fine understanding of Gloucester, with a sensitive realisation of the dreadful tragedy of the blinded old man and his journey through life.

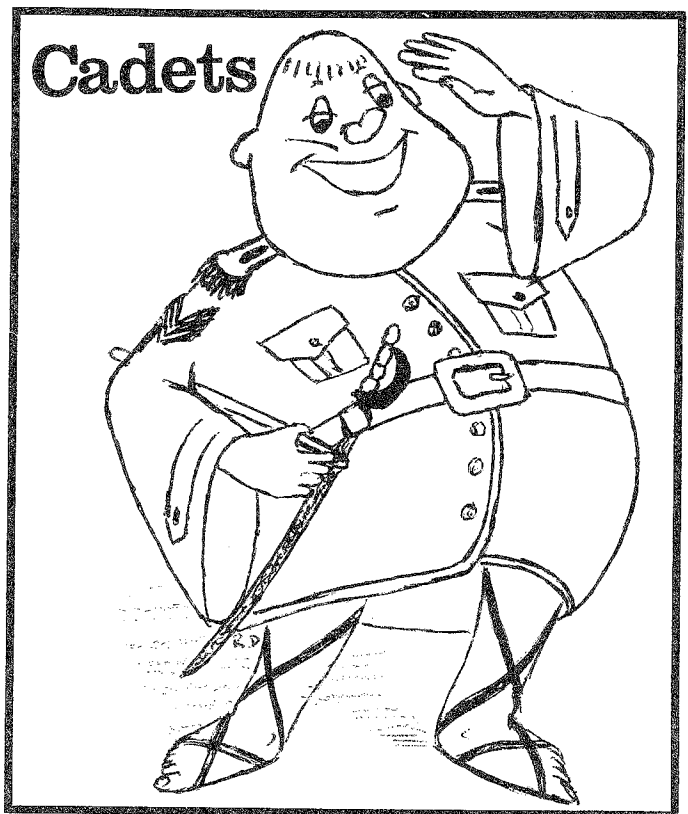
The youngest member of the cast was Neil Armfield as Lear's Fool — a vital and intelligent performance from an extremely talented young actor.

To all others involved in this exceptional effort the school must extend its congratulations and gratitude. Mr Daines with the help of other zealous young staff members and a talented and faithful group of students has been able to snatch drama at Homebush away from the usual very amateur efforts which mark dramatic presentations in many schools. It has been a hard standard to achieve and will be difficult to maintain but the time and effort have been very worthwhile. We, your audience, appreciate your work — for all the productions and especially for this the most difficult of all.

It would be pleasant to finish on this congratulatory note

but we ought to think for a while about the reasons for a reading of *King Lear*. The production brought out the desolation and hopelessness of the last scene compared with the pomp and action of the first; the programme notes uttered something about “the decay and fall of the world” and “the most forthright facing of cruelty in the language.” How many of us merely appreciate the acting and production and forget about the play? We were given the characters, the involvement, the atmosphere, not to admire the technical skill of fellow school friends', but to assist us to understand Shakespeare's basic truths. What does *King Lear* mean to the modern computerised mind, in a world of hideous wars and suffering? Why was Shakespeare so pessimistic? “Is this the promised end?” Can we only admire a technical achievement or must not we with our actors and producers, try to understand Shakespeare's genius and humanity and ponder his analysis of the world.

Rod Rust



This year our Cadet Unit has once again carried on the high standard set by previous cadets in the Cadet Corps.

Our thanks must go to Lt. Merry who has enthusiastically led and organised us through 1969 and to Lt. Ewing for his role as Quarter Master.

We are indebted to Mr Schultz for providing us with interesting lectures and a slide show on modern fighting techniques.

Congratulations go to the following cadets who were successful at the various courses held at Singleton at the end of last year and after the annual May camp this year.

C.U.O's Course December 1968 — WOII C. Frier, Sgt W. Whyte
N.C.O's Course December 1968 — Cpl P. Owen, Cdt Pearce.

Cpl R. Brennan, Cpl M. Campbell

Specialist Course May 1968 – L/Cpl Hammond (Medical),
Cpl M. Campbell (Signals), L/Cpl G. Fuller (Intelligence)

As usual the field and range days plus the bivouac in April culminated in the Annual Camp held at Singleton in May. The training there climaxed in "Operation Guerilla" where all the practical experience gained by the cadets is used on a patrol through the bush encountering different types of obstacles and situations with enemy forces.

Towards the end of Camp two of our N.C.O's, namely Woll Ellis and Sgt O'Brien attended an adventure training course consisting of a brigade exercise and an obstacle course together with a rifle shoot at Long Bay Rifle Range. This course is very difficult and those who pass well deserve our congratulations.

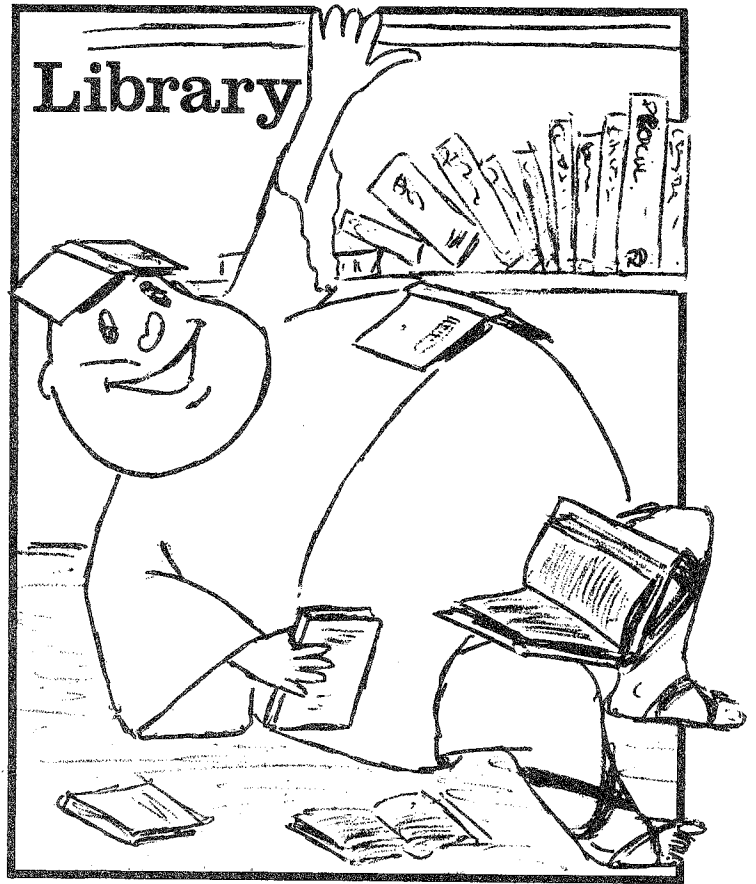
Another Anzac Day dawned with a detachment of cadets present at Homebush R.S.L. to pay tribute to fallen servicemen after a march through the Strathfield-Homebush area.

To commemorate Education Week our unit joined with others from the Sydney metropolitan area in a march through the city ending in a short memorial service around the Pool of Remembrance.

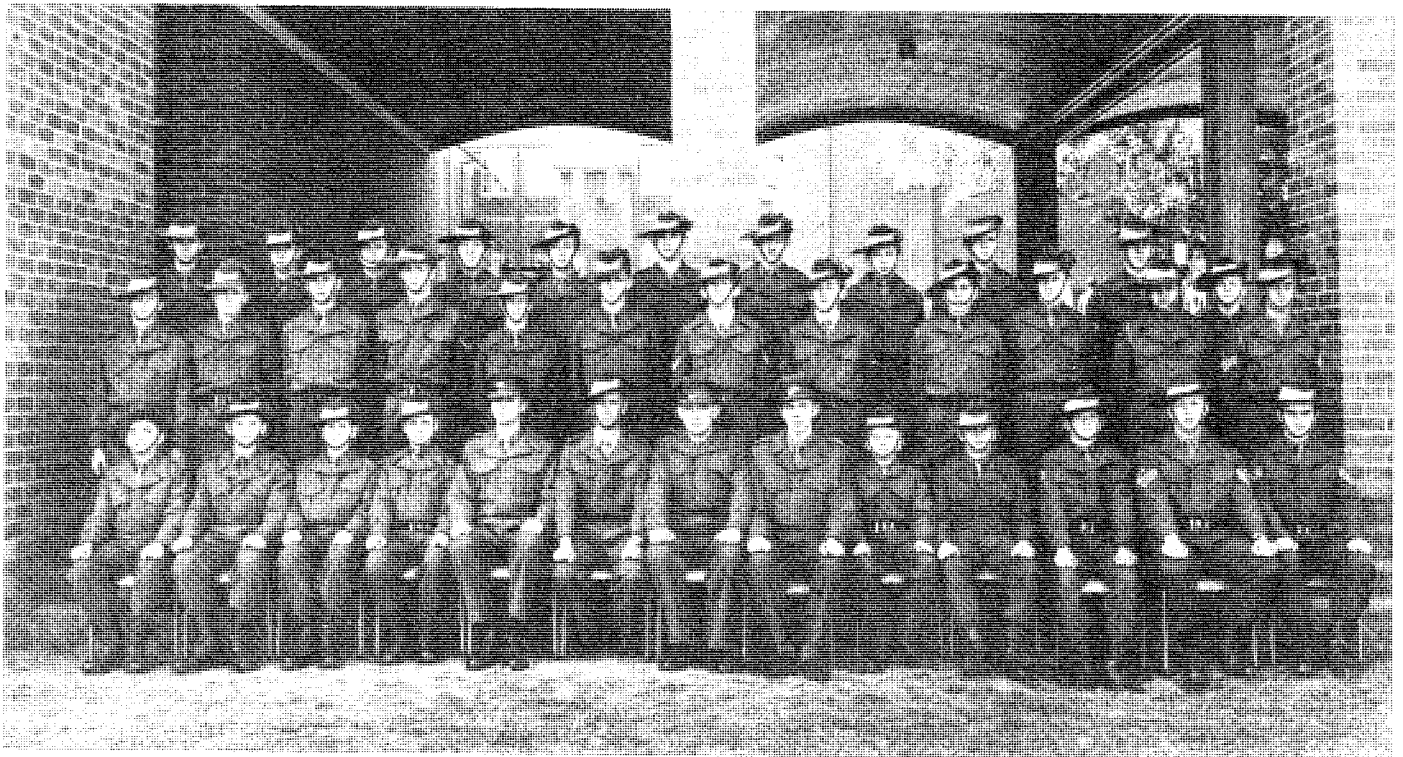
This year our ceremonial passing out was held on Friday 3rd October at the School oval. Prizes were awarded for the best C.U.O., N.C.O. and Cadet. Last year's prize winners were C.U.O. Coffill, Woll Frier and Cadet Pearce.

The Army cadets offer interesting and practical experience in the fields of weapon handling, radio communications, first aid and intelligence work. The development of leadership also stems from participation as the cadet ascends the chain of command which is as important in character building as the comradeship common in all branches of the Australian Military Forces.

C.U.O's B. Whyte and C. Frier



During the year many changes have taken place, particularly the division of the library into Junior and Senior Sections and the setting up of the new Junior Library. A warm welcome is extended to Mrs Hutchinson, who has taken charge of the Senior Section.



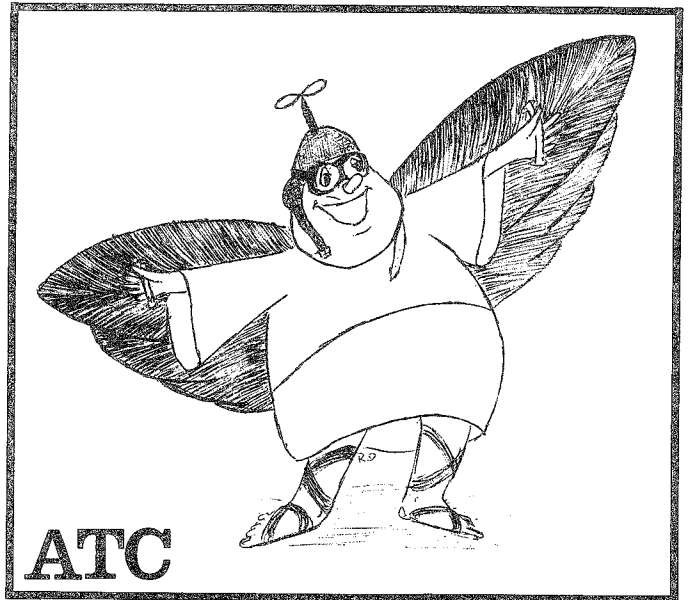
The new Junior Library is housed in the recently completed block. All those books in the library which were considered most useful to pupils in the junior school have been transferred to this library.

Reference books, such as the sets of encyclopaedias, the atlases and dictionaries have also been placed in the junior section.

The setting up of the new Junior Library entailed a very great deal of work in sorting and selecting books. We would like to thank David Ord, Stephen Thomas and Rowland Neill of Form IV and Stephen Vindin, Adrian Levytsky and Kevin Bowling of Form II for their work in sorting and shelving the several thousand books involved.

Our thanks are also extended to the Atkins family, who, in the midst of their own deep sorrow, thought of the school library and presented their son, Richard's books to the library. The many interesting and attractive books have been greatly enjoyed by the boys.

The Atkins family also presented a relief map of the Snowy Mountains Scheme. The illumination of this map by means of small light globes installed by Grahame O'Brien of the Electronics Club, attracts the immediate attention of all visitors to the Junior Library.



1969 was a very successful year for No. 11 Flight Homebush Air Training Corps (A.T.C.). The unit took part in several marches throughout the year, including a dawn march on Anzac



Day and a march through the city for Education Week, and on all occasions brought credit to the Flight.

During the year several important promotions occurred; Leading Air Cadet (L.A.C.) S. Quin, P. Turner, G. Smith Rixon and R. Leahe were all promoted to the rank of Corporal (Cpl). This is only awarded after the cadets have passed an 11 day course on leadership which is designed to instill ability and confidence into the cadets. Sergeant J. Brookes was promoted to Flight-Sergeant for his invaluable service to the Flight over a period of 10 months. Also Sergeant B. Hall was promoted to the rank of Cadet Under Officer, after passing a 21 day course at the R.A.A.F. Base in Canberra. Recently two of our Corporals, G. Smith-Rixon and P. Turner attended a Senior N.C.O. course at R.A.A.F. Base, Wagga and unofficially both have passed the course and are qualified Sergeants. It is hoped that many of the Basic and Proficiency Course cadets will successfully complete a Junior N.C.O. course in the coming school holidays. The Flight's best wishes are extended to Sgt Paul Turner who is leaving the Corps in November to join the Permanent Air Force. I am sure Paul will uphold the fine tradition of the A.T.C. and maintain the standard of leadership he has shown in the A.T.C.

In the August holidays 20 members of the Flight spent a week on the R.A.A.F. Base at Wagga attending a general training camp. In camp the Flight competed with 18 other Flights from N.S.W. The Flight was placed third in both the Rifle Shooting and Basketball and fifth in the Drill Competition which is a very good effort from all the cadets.

I am sure I'm speaking for the whole Flight when I thank our Officers, Flight Lieutenant L. Gregory, Flying Officers J. Payne and L. Seagrott and Pilot Officer D. Franks for the fine work they have done in building our Flight into one of the best in the State.

C.U.O. Bryan Hall

Anzac Day 1969

In Australia, April falls in autumn. The air is cool, even in the wet latitudes of the Queensland coast. To the north west the heat of summer is gone. In the south, here in Sydney, the air is sharply colder, and the "dawn risers" on Anzac Day can feel the bite after a long summer on the beach or inland plain. They shiver as they don dark suits or frocks or aging uniforms.

Anzac Day begins before dawn. In the cities, men and women, mostly elderly, begin collecting in the dark hours soon after midnight. There is little talk. Sometimes the silence is shivered slightly by the hiss of a match as an old soldier surrenders to his tobacco yearnings or a shoe scrapes to ease a creaking joint. Here and there a shadowy figure walks tentatively along the edges of a group in search of an old war-time mate.

Outside the cities, where the darkness is thicker, Anzac Day begins with a small quiet assembly – a lonely gathering of station hand, storekeeper, garage mechanic, school teacher, baker, many with ribbons on their lapels. There is no music for the march, no bugle, trumpet or tuba. Just a drum and its tap,

tap, tap, to pull tired shoulders back and sagging stomachs tight. In the cities or country towns the people come bearing floral wreaths or single blooms to heap their memories at the base of marble monuments to the Anzac dead.

For on this day, 54 years ago this year, thousands of young Australians and New Zealanders, virgins in battle, from distant lands which had never known war, were flung against the forbidding beaches and cliffs of the Gallipoli Peninsula. With splendid audacity they scaled supposedly impossible crags, dug themselves in on the fire-swept heights, and stayed there, on their savaged beach head for over eight months under appalling conditions and almost constant bombardment from the Turks.

We all know this story of Anzac. But as the campaign went on with its senseless carnage the legendary status of the Anzac grew. As the stench of an almost unbearable summer passed into the bitter cold of winter, and as the disheartening awareness of the grim and ghastly nature of the Gallipoli bungle spread, the spirit of the Anzacs appears to have survived unimpaired. This is what we should be commemorating.

What became legendary, what startled every foreign observer who visited the Anzac beach-head between April and December of 1915, was the extraordinary demeanour of those callous, cynical, carefree young soldiers from half a world away. They seemed to belong not to the standard conceptions of military prowess and disciplines, but to some other, younger, more exuberant world of the spirit. Activated by simple codes of loyalty, adventure and comradeship, the Anzacs were to all outside observers a remarkable new breed of men.

But the question arises: Why do we Australians celebrate Gallipoli? Rarely is the scything of a nation's youth made an occasion for parades and speeches like those which follow the dawn on Anzac Day. But rarely, too, has a nation been dealt a blow so shockingly cold and brutal. Australians were unprepared for the coves and cliffs of Gallipoli, from which the waves of black-printed casualty lists swelled and broke on unbelieving minds. Those lists struck to the heart and soul of the fledgling nation – the thinkers and doers, poets and artisans, surgeons and singers of its immediate future – and Australia learnt that distance and youth are no armour against pain.

So Australia began its growing up. A heavily saddened affair, but still a growing up . . .

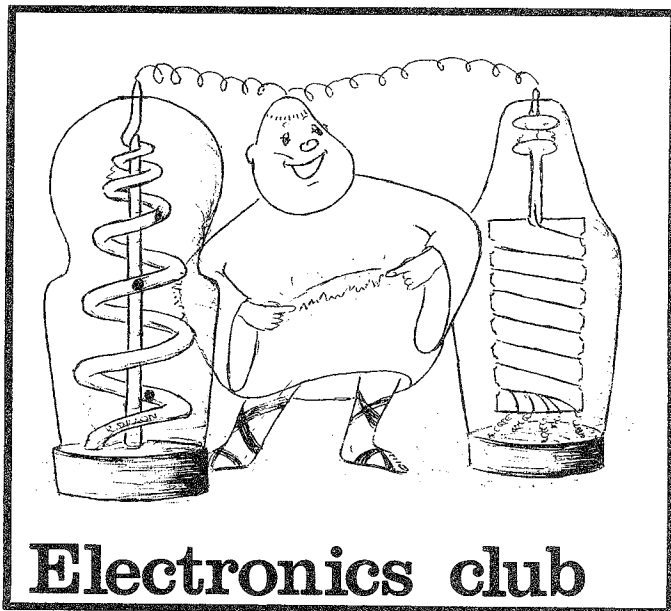
One of the most significant moral conflicts between our country's old and new generations has pivoted around this Anzac or "Digger" legend. There is something to be said for both sides: to the older generation Anzac is the fitting and sacred symbol of the heritage of nationhood; the younger generation argues the Anzac story has been romanticised, that it concerns events too far back in time and too far away in distance to worry about.

Anzac Day, however, is commemorated by all throughout the length and breadth of the land, in many eyes the truest national day of Australia. And perhaps, after all, there is less reason for incompatibility between the generations than is generally admitted. The same wry, self-mocking humour of the Australian soldier was evident in the Western Desert and New Guinea in the Second World War. As at Gallipoli, here was the

stoic acceptance of the ordeal and the ability to laugh at the absurdity of a situation, even when the absurdity had the stench of death about it.

It is hoped that the Australian will not lose, or himself trade in for transient comforts and consolations, these rare and important qualities. The legend of Anzac can unite all today's Australians and furnish a lasting beacon in the most exciting and challenging time our people have yet known.

B. Shepherd, Form 6



Firstly a note of gratitude from the members to Messrs Dicker, Hughes, and Davies for their help during the past year.

Mr Dicker and Mr Hughes have graciously given up their lunch breaks on Tuesdays to prepare both the Elementary and Junior Certificate members for their coming examinations. Mr Davies has been equally gracious in allocating rooms for the conducting of lessons.

Financially the club is quite stable, but some members have not been paying their dues and as a result cannot sit or receive results on their coming examinations.

Members who have received their Elementary Certificate can receive a W.I.A. Club Badge for 50 cents and their Registration number.

A Guessing Competition was held and drawn on July 1st. It was won by Stephen Robinson a member of the Club, with ticket, blue, B.100, the prize being an L.P. record of his own choice. Another Guessing Competition will be held and we hope this will be a greater success.

We will be saying goodbye to two members who have helped to bring the club into being and so to Grahame O'Brien and John Leitch, our Secretary, we wish them all the best in whatever they do in the future.

G. Douglas, Treasurer

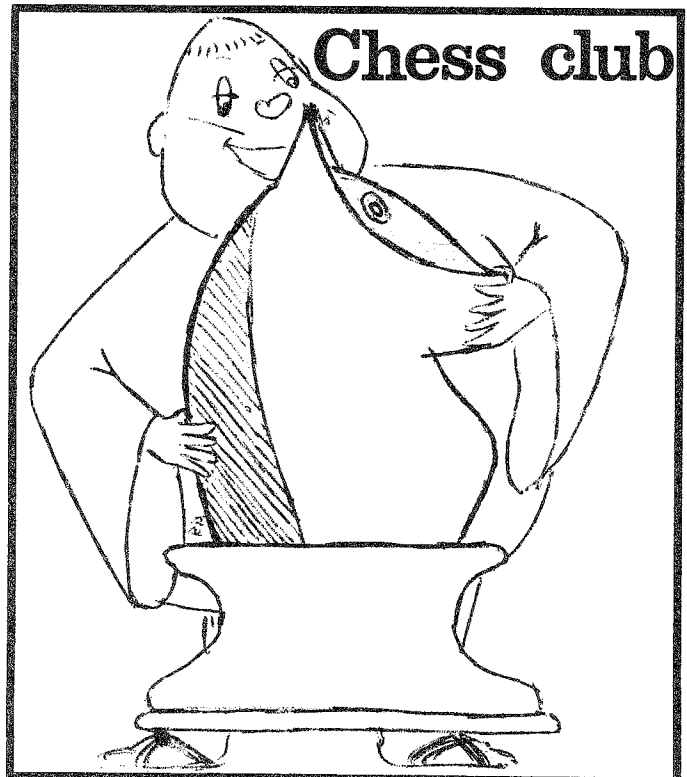
ELECTRONICS SEMINAR

During the May holidays three students from our school — John Shenstone, Stanley Vincent and Christopher Dein, were

invited to attend a seminar at the University of N.S.W. entitled "Electronics and Computers — Servants of Mankind".

The seminar was held over 4 days, the first 2 days being devoted to a series of lectures dealing with the theory of solid-state electronics and computers. The next 2 days were occupied by a "Student Workshop", in which we were able to put some of the theory of the previous 2 days into practice, in the construction of numerous pieces of electronic circuitry.

Considered as a whole, the seminar was extremely helpful, and served to indicate the major role played by electronics and computers in the modern world. The combination of practice as well as theory gave added meaning to many of the concepts to which we were introduced.



Up and down the chequered battleground raged the furious battle for supremacy. Every vicious attack was met by a crushing counter attack. Sacrifices were many and men fell. Kings regally surveyed their respective armies and sought the most damaging ploy, as white purity defended his kingdom against evil black. The plodding pawns gave yeoman service and raised a deafening cheer as their hero-knights charged into the fray. The crash and clatter of the rolling, wheeling battle echoed from the nearby castle walls, while bishops hurried to and fro, adding inspiration to the flailing forces. It was late in the day: casualties had been heavy; it was time for the king to employ his piece de resistance — his Mata Hari — his queen. Her deadly charm aimed right at the heart of the enemy camp, the king was set to hurl his first lady into the final skirmish and victory when — the bell rang.

The chess club meets every lunchtime except Wednesday.

Art

What is so exciting about art in the school now is the spirit

of experiment and adventure so evident in the approach of the students.

Their work – samples of which are shown here – exhibits a freshness that is delightful to see.

The opportunity for vital experience in many media is taken by all pupils – from the drawing, sculpture and ceramics completed by the first year students to the involved emotional, symbolic, narrative or decorative two dimensional or three dimensional techniques – pushed to their limit by the senior boys in an endeavour to meet the challenge that is *Art*.

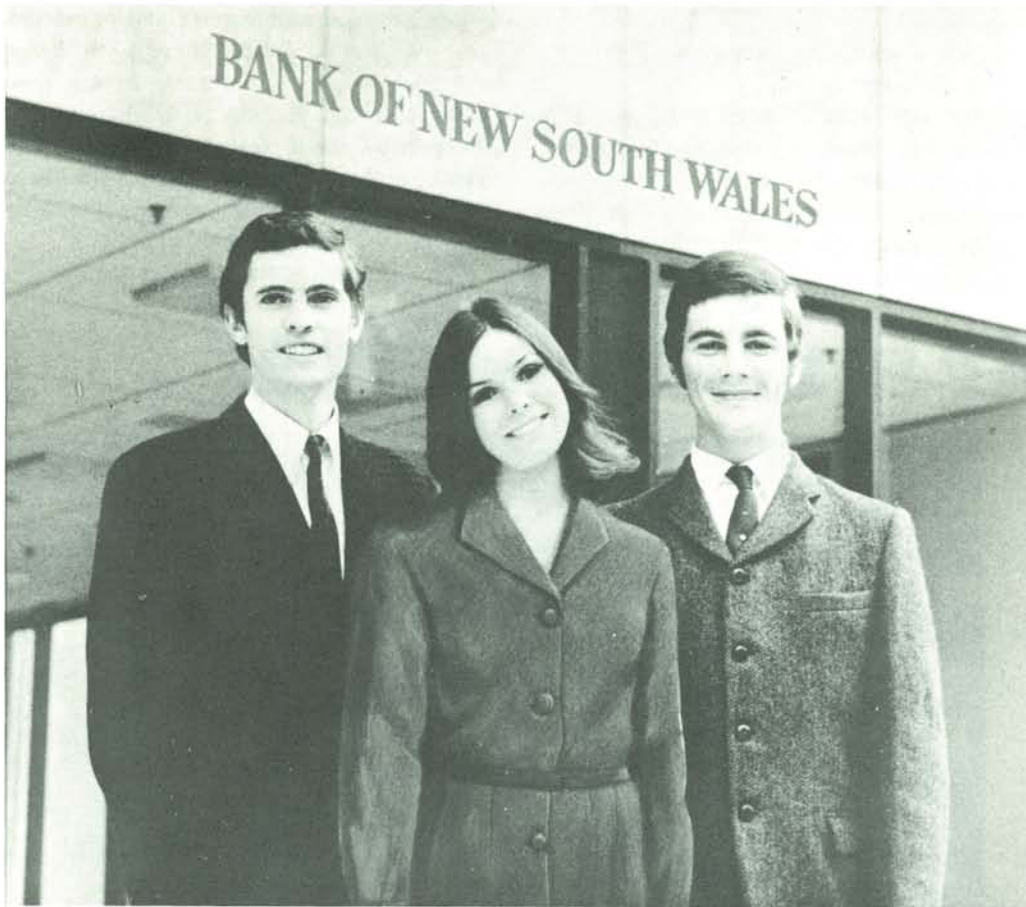
Our aim is to integrate the art into the rest of the school by replacing the standard pictures hanging around the walls, by the boys' own works; and by adding to the beauty of the grounds by various projects – not solely for the beautification of the school, although this aspect is important – but to make the school environment pleasant and stimulating surroundings and to make *art* for the school – not just for the art rooms.

If art is to live and have meaning it must breathe and spread and excite (sometimes even shock).

This is our aim and we are on our way.

Choir and orchestra





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the WALES
BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES

Statement of receipts and expenditure as at 30th November

RECEIPTS		EXPENDITURE	
Balance b/d	6,203.35	Text Books	3,065.17
Text Books	7,605.05	Union	3,207.26
Union	8,346.32	Biological Supplies	37.12
Biological Supplies	46.00	Library	1,999.21
Library	375.91	School Shop	1,747.79
School Shop	2,108.27	Art Department	658.96
Art Department	488.83	Swimming	135.90
Swimming	34.40	Cricket	188.54
Tennis	7.60	Tennis	49.28
Athletics	13.00	Athletics	345.85
Magazines	735.50	Football	103.79
Telephone	165.40	Grounds	520.65
Tuck Shop	1,144.00	Magazine	1,269.01
Charity	181.75	Office Machines	815.40
Play Night	354.89	Telephone	455.28
Science Grant	100.00	Charity	220.00
Manual Arts	241.00	Play Night	315.11
Contra	2,262.76	Manual Arts	56.02
Sundries	541.50	Equipment & Furniture	2,152.01
		Printing & Stationery	733.12
		Contra	1,904.04
		Sundries	1,294.61
		Science Grant	40.43
		Balance c/d	9,640.98
	<u>\$30,955.53</u>		<u>\$30,955.53</u>
Balance b/d 30.11.68	\$ 9,640.98		

BANK RECONCILIATION STATEMENT as at 30th November, 1968

Credit Balance as per Bank Statement 30.11.68		\$10,665.90
Less unrepresented cheques:		
130845 1.00	130222 18.30	130232 537.50
511 18.00	223 49.24	233 4.95
512 5.00	224 5.35	234 8.00
517 0.72	225 22.53	235 12.83
130203 6.90	226 3.50	236 3.00
217 9.52	227 48.63	237 2.20
218 39.07	228 45.10	238 46.67
219 7.60	229 8.91	239 18.06
220 51.48	230 9.50	240 1.00
221 4.86	231 27.50	242 8.00
		<u>1,024.92</u>
Debit Balance as per Cash Book		\$ 9,640.98

Students' contributions

Literary editor's comments

The literary section of the school magazine is definitely a place for the talented. Publication of one's work here is meant as a recognition of its worth. It is hoped that this fact will encourage those whose selections appear to continue to develop the talent they possess.

Many thanks to those boys who contributed without publication — to have it known that you care and are interested in this vital aspect of the school's activities is your reward. Of particular disappointment was the poor response from the school's senior form. One hopes that this attitude is not a state of mind of all the members of sixth form, but, from the evidence, this is what one must believe.

This editorial is not intended to be a full critical appraisal of work submitted but rather an explanation of the basis for selection with some comment on the nature of the contributions.

In the selection of compositions the editor has attempted to obtain a balance of moods — this, however, is not the case as the scales tip heavily in favour of a morbid attitude to life which is barely relieved by those works of obvious humour, whimsical and descriptive prose and poetry of observation.

What humour appears in this section is quite refreshing but it is all-too-sadly lacking. One wonders if the lads of today gain much enjoyment from life since their experience and attitude seem to suggest otherwise; love is agony, pain, sensuality; evil is all around us; things are not what they appear; life is an enduring struggle with little, if any, hope for the future.

Thank goodness for *The Cuppacumalonga Line*, *A Stiky Wikit*, *The Arts* and *Teacher Brutality* which not only provide advance relief but which also typify the once-common impish schoolboy attitude.

It was surprising to learn that prose was a slightly more favoured medium of expression. This was unexpected since it reflects a trend different from that of previous years. Science fiction is becoming a popular form, possibly because its limitless capacity allows full scope for morbid speculation. As mentioned before, witty articles were all-too-few. There is little of that nineteenth century whimsical approach, but the one article which does provide this is quite delightful. The more serious attempts at prose show a developing maturity which the reader must appreciate. Strong feelings about a subject emerged as satire, embryonic perhaps, but evidence of a developing style.

The poetic attempts at satire were not as evident but are no

less effective. Life, love and evil are the predominant themes of the poetry contributions.

All the contributions are valuable literary efforts which represent differing stages of a developing artistic temperament. They are not uninfluenced by standard poets and authors but this is an excusable stage in stylistic growth.

It is hoped that the light-hearted vignettes help to lift the spirit of this section of the magazine. For these the editor owes his thanks to our staff's intrepid Irish artist and his able assistants.

THE CUPPACUMALONGA LINE

The station yard was quiet at the town of Dandaloo,
It always is on a Sunday morn, so *that* was nothing new.

But the thing that caught my eye, as I stared, and stared
again,
Was the funniest little, cheerful little, brightly-painted train.

The engine was a "20" class, or perhaps a "22",
With brightly polished dome, and polished headlamp too.

The catcher was full five feet long, and painted cheerful red,
While the cab was well picked-out in green, as was the
boiler-head.

Then came the tender, and a water-buggy, grey,
With water for the thirsty "horse" (supposed to last the day).

Since often as not the Tullah tank or the one at Bindiguy,
Was leaking bad, or empty, or nearly running dry.

Now the Cuppacumalonga Line was rusting from disuse;
The sleepers were all rotting, and the rails were coming loose;

The bridges were all falling down, and the ballast washed
away,
When the Cuppa' Mixed left Dandaloo that cold and frosty day.

After a whistle at Dog-Leg Crossing, and another at Paddy's
Mine,
We struggled up to Summit Tank, then thundered down the
line;

The glorious mountain scenery stretched away on either side
Till the line plunged down a narrow ledge with only posts to
guide.

And far below, in the valley, where a stately river wound,
The shadowed cliffs re-echoed to the Iron Horse's sound,

Smoke belching from the smokestack, for the wheels were
turning slow,
As the fireman goaded it on with a spade, there were fifty
miles to go.

And as the snowy peaks drew close, the forest drew away,
The engine started slipping, and I heard the fireman say:

'If we're going to be at Clover Lea by eleven-forty-two,
We'll have to skip Pandora's Pass or not stop at Dunedoo.'

'Why, old man,' said the driver gay, 'this engine ain't a
wreck!

And we'll have to be at Cuppa on time, or we'll get it in the
neck!

I'll eat my cap if this engine can't do eighty mile' an' hour,
And sure as eggs we'll be steaming in on the dot of half-past
four.'

The fireman, ever gloomy, shook his heavy, bearded head,
'This line ain't up to much, you know, we'd soon be lying
dead.'

'Stuff 'n nonsense,' cried the driver, as he rang the warning
bell,
Little knowing that that solemn sound was tolling their death-
knell.

'Trreouit.' trilled the engine's whistle as we trundled down
the Pass,
Till at half-past two at Dunedoo, we drew to a halt at last.
They passed the staff to the signalman, who opened the
crossing-gate.
As they speeded up and speeded on towards their impending
fate.

Faster, faster, downward, downward, the stands of pines
whipped by,
While the mountain cliffs resounded to the whistle's mournful
cry;
Into the open country, where the wind filled the air with
moans,
And the rails were buckling under the weight to a chorus of
squeaks and groans.

Over a decrepit wooden bridge which sagged under the
speeding weight
While now the trees and posts whipped by at a seeming
fantastic rate,
We jumped the points at Grawlin's Mount, and stirred the
Guard no end,
While closer drew the welcome plains, and closer the fateful
bend.

Too late the fireman saw the gap where the rails were bent
at a fault,
And pulled on the emergency valve to skid the train to a halt;
Too late the fireman acted when he heard the driver cry,
'Jump! man, jump! There's no need for you to die!'

With locked wheels sliding and steamvalves screaming the
train slid down the slope,
As the cliff-edge crumbled and boulders tumbled, the fireman
grabbed a rope,
And swung to the back of the tender to let the coupling go.
'Get off, you fool,' screamed the driver, while the fireman
answered, 'No!'

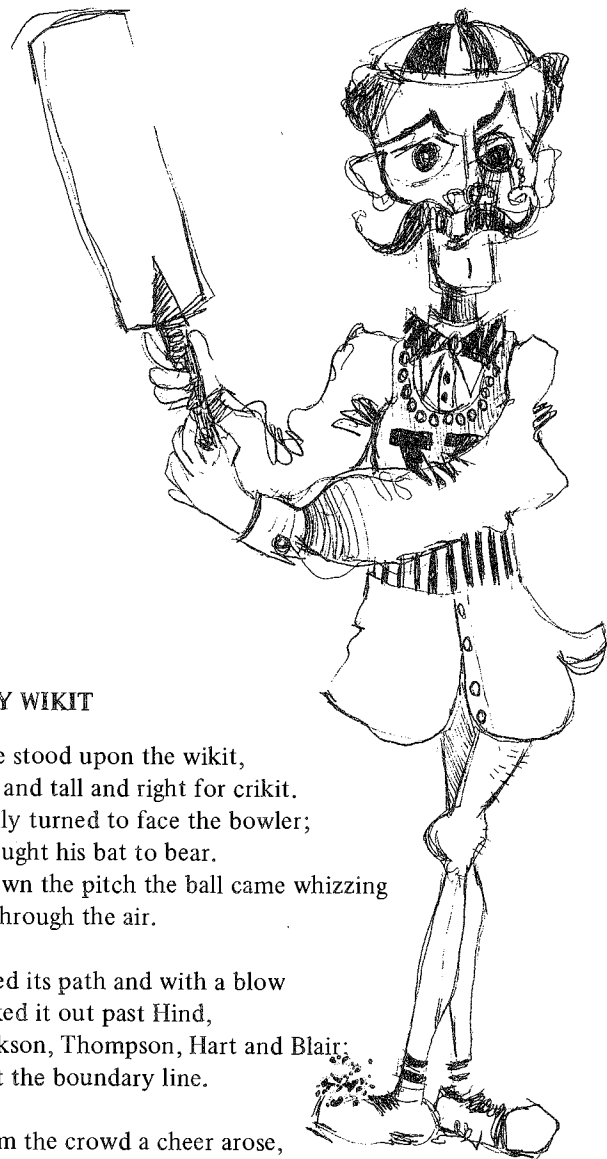
And then at last with a dying gasp it came to rest on a ledge,
And a second later the boulders caught her and hurried her
over the edge,

But without the train! Thank God for that! The passenger's
lives were saved,
As they sighed relief and fervent thanks, a tribute to the brave.

And seconds after, far below, came a tearing, rending sound,
As the engine was torn on the jagged rocks and buried in the
ground.

Then from way down the valley came the solemn toll of a
bell,
Ringing out for all to hear the sound of the train's death-knell.

David Gerard, Form I



A STIKY WIKIT

There he stood upon the wikit,
Straight and tall and right for crikit.
He sternly turned to face the bowler;
And brought his bat to bear.
Then down the pitch the ball came whizzing
Slicing through the air.

He judged its path and with a blow
He hooked it out past Hind,
Past Jackson, Thompson, Hart and Blair:
Out past the boundary line.

And from the crowd a cheer arose,
To that fine man out there,
For but one thing had Don forgotten,
And that to put his trousers on.

Michael Burgess, Form 2

A FAIRY TALE

And now we come to the part of this Assembly that makes me feel proud, the Rugby Teams. The Rugby teams played first class games on Wednesday. I managed to see the first grade match, it was something 'out of the box'. The boys dressed in navy boxers and their blue and white striped tops looked worthy of Homebush as they trotted onto the field. After the usual hand shake, they proceeded to kick the ball, the game had begun.

For those who are not familiar with the game, the idea is to kick, fight, bite, smash or in any way maim or kill one's opponents. This, of course, is only to be done during the



allotted time of 40 minutes. During this time one dashes around the field making gestures at one's opponents or one may prefer embracing the opponent to death, this is sometimes called a tackle.

All footballers aim for the ultimate honour of being a *Man*. Of course, after proving yourself you are able to:

1. Come to school functions, drunk.
2. Take school rugby trips or booze ups.
3. Write on toilet walls.
4. Use the prefects' room for whatever you like.
5. Whatever you like.
6. Use the school steps whenever you feel the urge.

Besides all these great things, you get an official school pennant. This is so you can hang it on your wall or wear it, so everyone can see that you are a *Man* who plays football and not one of those pansy boys. You know the ones, those who participate in bowling, hockey, baseball, basketball, soccer and particularly those who row or sail! They're not Men! They just go out and do their best for this great school of Homebush, this school of many sports. They're not men!

S. Yorke, Form 5

NEW CAR

In support of the recent "Learn to Drive" programme, being staged at our fine institution of education, a selection of celebrities "got in on the act" by contributing something to the presentation of a car.

The official handover was staged at picturesque Airey Park with a troop of Barnes Driving School cars forming a kaleidoscope of colour and acting as a fine wind break. The kids were dragged away from their studies to sit on the hard, dirty ground and listen to a pile of speeches made by a big group of officials brought along to the ceremony to make it a real affair. There was trouble starting the proceedings as the officials made it look as if they would rather have stood around and talked to each other all afternoon. Finally they were herded into position and the speeches began, each participant presenting his own special philosophy on driving.

The keys of the car changed hands more times than a hot iron but finally ended up in the right "set of five" so everybody went home.

A pleasant afternoon was enjoyed by all, except the pupils, officials and curious onlookers. At least we ended up with a new car.

We hope the Ladies Auxiliary will be on hand at our next presentation with their ever popular lolly stand as their toffees were sadly missed by all.

Phil Newman, Form 5

THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF EXAMINATIONS

There are many people who can relate any amount of information on sport, current affairs and social studies mainly because they like it but also because they have not been pressured by exams. They take a more active interest in the subject itself. Although students may be interested in subjects such as science, geography or commerce the ever present thought of examinations forces them to learn for exam's sake rather than for learning's sake. How many of these school examination candidates are likely to remember their work in five days, let alone five years, after the exam?

At the completion of a junior examination students are entitled to sit, providing they pass, for a higher examination. Again the same situation arises and this is continued to university level. Would it not, therefore, in this course, be more useful to implement greater interest in *understanding* rather than in vague "parrot fashion" learning. Most teachers cannot deny that they are teaching pupils in order that they may pass. However this is no fault of the teachers and the pupil must be grateful that the teacher is giving his astute knowledge so that the student may pass.

Instead of giving formal exams in mathematics and science what is wrong with students taking notes into an exam and relating them to the various questions asked? For example, in the present style of examination forgetting a difficult formula in maths can mean a total loss of marks for a particular question. I know it is hard to "knock" the present method of testing the written subjects such as English, Economics and History, however with a little thought this too could be over-

come. Generally speaking however, to argue against this suggested leniency in exams would be highly impractical.

Consider the everyday occupations in which one's parents are employed. Can you imagine an accountant, forgetting an item on a balance sheet failing to seek reference of it; or the banker trying to remember last month's bank statement; or the librarian trying to remember who wrote a certain book; or even the housewife remembering the mixture to some cake? Of course not! The first thing they would do is to look it up somewhere. This list could go on forever and to me it seems so ludicrous that pupils are not allowed to do something that everybody else can.

The universities are gradually changing to this way of thinking. In certain faculties, namely law and engineering, students are allowed to take notes, formulas and diagrams into the examinations.

It is hoped that the Secondary Schools Board of Examinations soon wakes up and instead of living in the past does something concrete along these lines. There is no doubting that it will make better citizens of tomorrow rather than a lot of brainwashed academics.

T. Hawkins, Form 6

HE BOUNDS FROM THE EARTH . . .

Nay, but I would not change this horse with any that treads but on four posterns. He bounds from the earth as if his entrails were hairs. When he trots the air the earth sings as he touches it. He's the colour of nutmeg and of the heat of ginger. Here indeed is a horse and all other beasts you may call jades.

Shakespeare

The post-mortem examination revealed this animal had a heart weighing 13½ lbs; the heart of a champion and one which stopped beating on June 29, 1969 to close the legend of the thoroughbred known in racing idiom as "The Mighty Tulloch".

Throughout the last century of thoroughbred racing in Australia, racegoers have flocked to witness the awe-inspiring clashes of their contemporary turf giants. The magnificent racecourse duels of Phar Lap and Nightmarch, Tulloch and Prince Darius and more recently Tobin Bronze and Galilee, have attracted immense public interest and enthusiasm. In particular the names Carbine, Phar Lap and Tulloch stand as synonyms for courage and greatness in any field of endeavour.

A champion in any sport is automatically a public idol and stands as the supreme representative of his own sporting sphere. Tulloch was no exception, for in the late 1950's and early 60's the champion, by virtue of his stirring racecourse deeds, had become an integral part of Australiana. He had become the idol of millions, heretofore unfamiliar with the Sport of Kings, and had come to represent the man-in-the-street concept of ultimate sporting supremacy.

Racing had rarely seen a heart to compare with Tulloch's either in size or courage. It was the same courage which defied death lurking at his door in his racing days as a three-year-old. It was the same heart that was only half a pound inferior to that of Phar Lap, whose 14 lb. organ is believed to be the greatest ever in a thoroughbred. Yet the 15.2 hands Tulloch

was a mere dwarf alongside the magnificence of Phar Lap's 17.1 hands structure.

The son of Khorassan-Florida swept to 36 demoralising victories in 53 starts amassing a Commonwealth stakes record of \$220,247. The only unplaced effort of his career came in the 1960 Centenary Melbourne Cup where under the crushing burden of over ten stone he was a fast-finishing seventh to the New Zealand mare Hi Jinx.

With each approaching Melbourne Cup the thoughts of many Australians revert to the deeds of the turf's past immortals; and to most there exists the hope that amongst this season's crop of gangling yearlings is another champion — a successor to the throne, now left vacant, of "The Mighty Tulloch".

D. Metcalf, Form 6

THE ARTS

By one's 4th year of high school one usually has teacher-testing and work-dodging down to a fine art. But for those of you who have yet to develop these invaluable skills I thought it would be decent of me to pass on the fruits of my past experiences.

First things first, so let us discuss teacher-testing (*if you are not sure of what use this skill is, it can within seconds, tell you the mood of a teacher, or as in the case of a new teacher, tell you if they are friendly, strict, or just plain antagonistic*). Upon the teacher's entering the room one must give him a cheery grin and a cheeky "GOOOOOD MORNING SUH!" If he looks at you and grins, you are indeed fortunate, for you have been blessed with one of those individuals who is incapable of distinguishing between your attempt at playful friendliness and your attempt at making an idiot out of them. On the other hand however if he (or she as the case may be) grins and cackles slightly or turns a brilliant red you will probably find yourself wishing you had not been born.

Enough with teacher-testing (my favourite art form) we will now discuss work-dodging. Work-dodging is the most popular art form, it having one obvious advantage, *less work, more leisure*. A good dodge for those of you who have neglected your homework is to come to school with a piece of torn paper upon which several words are written. Now merely show this to your teacher and explain to him the fact *that* you left your work within the grasp of a junior member of your family, (this dodge never fails).

I could list many more dodges, but time is running short owing to the fact that I have yet to complete 100 lines of "I must do my homework".

G. Rutter, Form 4

A MUSE: ON 'HAIR'

Satisfaction-starved and craving the rationed nectar of inspiration, I muse upon the virtues and vices of their satisfactory existence. This is my vain endeavour to unknot the confused and intertwined vines of life and love. As if it were not enough for the knot we know as "society" to restrict — its grasping hangman, constriction, must strangle as well. Real

freedom is usurped and extinguished, in order to burn the fire under its own mirrored shallowness of established "Freedom", with a capital "F".

I have been deeply influenced by the contemporary musical *Hair*. I am deeply impressed by its doctrine: "Do what you want to do, so long as it doesn't hurt anybody. I am not going to preach; I am merely saying *what* I feel, not why. Without statements 'For' and 'Against', I am boldly going to commit myself to opinion. Why preach to deaf ears, when *Hair's* truth is so obvious.

Society, your very system has become its own curse — conformity, callous conformity.

Rod Rust, Form 6

BUT WHO LEADS THE BLIND?

A lonely man;

blind,
not knowing the beauty of the world:
stands on a street corner,
his heart held in his hand;
the bustle of a city crowd goes on around him,
pushing,
rushing,
knocks him over;
I walk past not helping;
I kick him while he's down.

Bryan Mullan, Form 6

THE NEW G.T.

Brand new and gleaming clean
His own, his new, his one big dream
Of racy lines and widened wheels,
His first, his own, his new G.T.
The long straight road lay dead ahead,
What would it do if given its head?
His foot had reached the carpeted floor,
His speed was nigh on ninety-four.
The front tyre blew and over it turned
Four times before it finally burned.
There it lay on its flattened side,
Broken and twisted he lay by his pride,
Silent and motionless beside
His first, his last, his wrecked G.T.

John Crowe, Form 4

FAVOURITE THINGS

Children dying, people ugly,
War, pestilence, famine, and lust,
People lost, people crying.
Distrust, incest, disgust.

Nation against nation, man against man,
War stricken countries, flood and disease
Choice pickins' for they at ease.
Cold and starvation, heat and the flu
Cold copper kettles and warm woollen mittens.

Children dying, people ugly
War, pestilence, famine and lust
People lost, people crying.
Distrust, incest, disgust.

There is no such thing as ugly
There is no such thing as hunger
There is no such thing as pain,
I am blind, I am blind,
But I can see beyond my eyes.

Alan Hancock, Form 5



TIME RUNS OUT

From my window I peer out
To things I can't explain.
Lifeless beings for life to seek
Pass through day to die at night.

Horn-headed creatures, forks grasped well
Seek souls with breath of life,
Tearing hearts from mankind
Leaving sin and hate within.

Darkness spreads its gloomy wings
Around the ray of light,
Blackening graves and tombs below
Place of hearts and place of souls.

Fire disperses the heated words
Through minds not knowing white.
To them the worldly goods are all
No thoughts too far to throw.

Though my window's closed at times
To things not far from life,
And though the curtains dim the light
I fear time's running out.

No more the trees the sparrows share
But now the boughs the crows do darken.
The leaves from green to black do turn
To fall upon the dazzled ground.

The laughter from those happy faces
Fades to show the hate within.
Churches close the doors to the dwindling few,
Minds take arms to guard their thoughts.

People in themselves see more,
Hands hang limp when once they helped.
Faces are grey and false and see
Only strangers.

I'll close my window,
And the curtains too
No more I'll peer through tinted glass
To things I can't explain.

G. Campbell, Form 4

PEAK HOUR

With a screech of brakes
a car slows down.

That is the noise of a
bright new town.

The hurry and scurry
of the city life –

People pushing, buses hissing,
pedestrians marching side by side.

It's four o'clock and
another peak hour.

The cops are waiting
for a driver's mistaking.

With a little plastic bag
and a brand new pad

And a siren just waiting
to whirl.

A train starts rolling as
bus's doors are closing.

And a red light changes
to green.

And the traffic is
flowing quite well.

And as you can see

This is a peak hour spree

In a city like our
Sydney town.

M. Clinghan, Form 1

WHAT PRICE YOUR DREAM?

Sun rises, Moon sets,
Heralding a new dawn.
Dreams die, People wake,
With new energy from old sleep.
Reluctant feet carry reluctant minds,
Into a new day to do old things.
Just one second more in a long year
In an endless progression of lost dreams
Of people seeking lost serenity
And obtaining just obscenity.
One long war of many colours,
Each one hating all the others;
Each one fighting for his own just right,
Each ignoring his own just right.
All men fight for eternal life,
All men doomed to eternal strife.
People scorn the women's crying,
People ignore their brother's dying.
Sun sets, Moon rises,
Heralding the end of a new day,
One useless second in a useless year.
Millions of questions go unanswered.
Dreams live, people sleep,
Never to awaken.

P. Nesbitt, Form 5

THE GREAT SEA OF SAND

The great desert, as far as one can see, lies lifeless; an immense sea of sand, utterly empty, utterly barren, and utterly lonely. A parched section of this earth that has succumbed to the merciless flogging of the ever-lasting sun. There is no shade, no life, no sound, in fact nothing to break the monotony of the flat, dead sea of sand. For nothing can live where rain seldom falls and water is rarely seen. Here there is only the dry air and silence; absolute silence. Nothing moves. Everywhere is a continuous blanket of sand. There are certain deserts in the world, where some forms of life have, over a long period of time, adapted themselves to endure heat and drought conditions.

To say that the desert is completely flat would be untrue. The flatness is broken by rises in the sand, called dunes. With the sun directly over them, they cast no shadow and cannot be seen from the air, hence the desert appears flat.

Man has tried to live in the desert. People who live there all their lives have a much better chance of survival than people who have lived in the City all their lives. But, Man has still to conquer "*the great sea of sand*".

Phillip Vindin, Form 2

THE 21ST OF JULY

Men in the twenty-first century looking back on this year 1969 will remember one date, the 21st of July, the day on which man first set foot on another world. At this school, as everywhere in Sydney, everything stopped towards mid-day. However nobody seemed to know exactly when the astronauts were going to leave the lunar module "Eagle". By fourth period some of the teachers had given up trying to teach and boys were clustered around transistor radios trying to decipher the crackling voices which had crossed a quarter of a million miles of space. At the end of fifth period a radio was hooked up to the public address system and lessons stopped altogether.

Towards the mid-lunch bell it became clear that the astronauts were preparing to leave the module. After an interminable wait they reported that the cabin was being depressurised. To many gathered around the loudspeakers in rooms throughout the school the suspense was almost unbearable. After some difficulty with the depressurisation Armstrong finally announced "The hatch is coming open." Some thirty or so teachers in Lab 2 and about three hundred boys outside the windows watched Neil Armstrong slowly descend the ladder and gingerly step onto the lunar soil at 12.56 p.m.

Was it worth it? Even before the "Eagle" touched down on the lunar surface the moon was becoming a mark of where one stood on social and political issues. Streams of letters poured into papers throughout the world condemning America for spending money on space rather than on pressing human needs. Are they right?

The U.S.A. has invested \$36 billion in the space programme since Sputnik, when it has great poverty, housing problems and many social and economic injustices. A typical comment is, "It would be a mistake to commit \$100 billion to a manned Mars landing when we have problems getting from Boston to New York City." However the issue cannot be set out in such sharp

"either-or" terms. Money used for space is not money taken from social programmes and by the same token a social programme should not mean a cut in space expenditure. It would be much better to reduce expenditure in areas like the Vietnam war. At present the space programme absorbs one-half of 1% of the American gross national product whereas cigarette taxes alone contribute between 1% and 2% to it and six times as much money is spent on gambling each year. Also the cost of a poverty or city replanning programme would dwarf the cost of technical teamwork that put men on the moon. It is very easy to say that \$40 billion should be spent on housing but unlike the moon landing earthbound problems involve human apathy and prejudice. For all that, the "systems-analysis" approach perfected by the Apollo project, the mastery and management of so many factors by separate teams of specialists, may prove of immeasurable value in years to come.

The space programme will probably pay for itself anyway. Already there have been numerous technological advances and in less than a decade research has produced hundreds of what NASA calls "space technology transfers". The space programme itself helped combat poverty. The only permanent way to relieve poverty is to provide employment and at the height of its operations in 1966 NASA employed 400,000 people and hundreds of companies received contracts. With space contracts beginning to dwindle now, major companies are laying off thousands of research and development workers.

However the greatest benefits the space programme will confer on man cannot at this time be measured or imagined. Just as Columbus had no idea of what would come of his journey, similarly we can have no idea of what will follow the first exploration of the moon. Thomas Paine, Administrator of NASA sums this up in the words, "Space travel has opened up an entirely new destiny for man — and indeed for terrestrial life. We who are alive today are taking part in a fundamental new step in the evolution of life, perhaps as significant as the ancient emergence onto land of primitive organisms from the sea."

Space is the new frontier for man, beyond the planets lies the infinite universe. The exploration of space is the greatest adventure the human mind and spirit has ever undertaken.

Colin Mathers, Form 5

LOVE-LIFE NONSENSE

Greatest of all life's forces is that of love,

And likewise lies love's luxury force, as life.

I marvel then, why 'round man's love

Life seems not to revolve, when life,

I know, for woman centres 'round her love.

Love-life seems man's love to be, or is a life

Of love; his dream, or p'rhaps his real love

Varies from his love-life, to his love of life —

Each, in its turn, his one and only love.

Yea; not love — but woman, is master of man's life.

Oh, and for this reason: Thank You Lord above —

Underneath on earth, that man still takes a wife . . . to love.

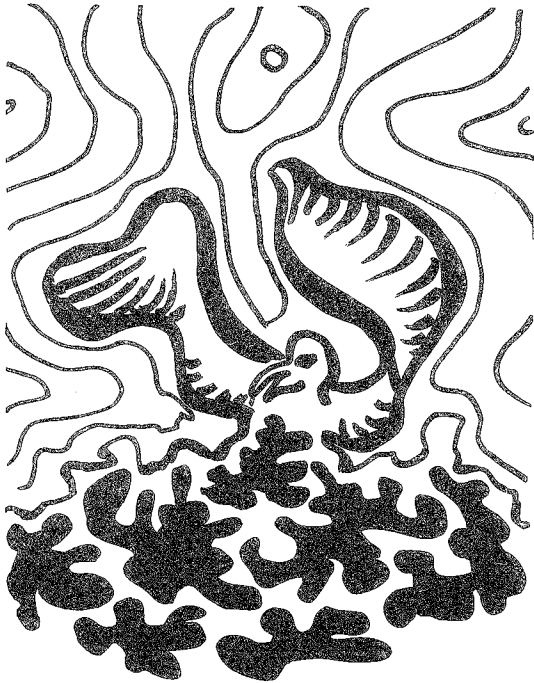
Rod Rust, Form 6

PERTURBED SONNET

Out of the ever deepening, ever darkening abyss of isolation
I emerge, O Lord, with the help of Your Grace.
My inane, incomprehensible feelings, my isolation
Are going, my life is no longer a waste.
For I have found true companionship
With a seemingly wonderful, remarkable girl,
My mind now begins a painful trip,
My past is mirrored in my pearl.

And that which I see I know I can't face.
If I should return to that passionate storm
Of gnawing, starving, purging loneliness,
If my happiness should slip from its present place,
And if I found I couldn't reform
I feel I would be tortured, and never have rest.

S. Lyons, Form 6



YET LIFE GOES ON

The fine dew settles on the once green grass,
Nothing stirs in the stark brown earth;
All around grows a sense of death
While the moon shines dully on a pool like glass.
The days will come, and the nights will pass,
And a doe will remember her child of still birth;
For her there exists no season of mirth,
Only a time of anguish that lasts.

But the sun still rises, bringing the morn,
Rousing from sleep many resting souls.
For each fallow doe that loses a fawn
The phoenix of new life comes forth from the coals.
And with each little child, in a mother's arms curled,
Rests and abides the fate of this world.

Bryan Mullan, Form 6

DAWN LIGHT

Behold the dark chariot, symbol of night
Casting illusions of goodness and peace
Halcyon days and a world in a dream.
Dangers, destructions lurk here unseen
Feelings of passion, emotions alight
The devil in black, the bride clad in white;
White becomes amber and is no longer right.
The years of not caring have dried the sad tears
Numbed the emotions, quelled all the fears.
A lonely man's love is hid from our sight,
A people's oppression shrouded in light,
Building dream castles touched with despair
Holding brief solitude suspended in air.
What an illusion!
O Lord of the night
Black hearted Hades, visions of might
The darkness of Hatred, the dawning of Hope.
But when is the dawning, when will we fight
A world full of hatred approaching twilight?
Come brave Athena stay the sunset
Slay the dread Gorgon, Permit the dawn light.

Philip Nesbitt, Form 5

THE ROAD TO BURRABOGI

THERE is a road, beautiful beyond definition, which leads 200 miles from Coolawogabri to Windewinjeri. It runs through wide expanses of anthills and flat plains dotted here and there with outcrops of rock and patches of spinnifex and prickly-pear. In Winter these plains are characterised by biting, cold winds and wild dust storms which sting the legs with sand. In Summer there is nothing but heat bearing down and scorching the dry cracked earth.

The beauty of the road and its surrounds lies not in the lofty bluegums and rolling pastures characteristic of some of the most beautiful parts of Australia. No, the beauty lies in the extreme desolation of the place. Sometimes there is no sign of human existence for 50 miles – nothing except the road and the companionable whistling of the wind which pushes the “Tumble Weed” or “Rolly Polly” grass (as it is known in these parts) across this vast ocean of red.

The only sign of one's actual existence is the stream of red dust, a mile long, behind one's car. At this point one tries to imagine what it would be like if there were a river nearby, for irrigation. But there is no river, and water is scarce, and where water is scarce, so is life. The average rainfall of the region is about four inches every year, but there has been a drought for nine months.

About 100 miles from Coolawogabri, there is a town Burrabogi, with a population of fifty. For five miles either side of Burrabogi the road cuts a straight and dusty path.

The town relies on small opal mines for its income. The only buildings are a General Store, a pub, a Community Hall (built only last year), a one-teacher school and a few scattered houses.

If approached at dusk, the town makes a startling

impression, being brilliantly lit up by its two street lights. The hotel is the main centre of entertainment, and from it ensue many oaths, which to the unaccustomed ear, might sound like selections of a special vocabulary, developed for "oathing" in country pubs.

On the other hand, if Burrabogi is approached in the afternoon, it is rather less active. In front a horse is scratching its lazy hindquarters on a tree, planted for the purpose of affording shade to the house. The tree has long since begun to wither. The house is of the wide-verandah type, having been enclosed with flywire on three sides. A senior inhabitant, inevitably named Joe (he is Justice of the Peace, Mayor and parson, and consequently most active on Sundays), stares from underneath a wide brimmed hat and says, "Ow yer goin'? That's the second car o' the month." Then he pulls the brim of his hat down over his eyes and resumes his interrupted sleep.

Although Burrabogi society may appear boring to the outsider, this is not so, for as Joe will tell you, there is a community get-together once a month. Then he takes another sip from his schooner and remarks, "I reckon it's about noon." (It's half past four.) Such is life in Burrabogi.

Mark McLaghlan, Form 5

THE FIELD OF MIRACLES AND MEN'S DREAMS

We toil under the harsh sun,
Our backs brown as the ground we tread upon,
To bring forth a miracle
That will flourish under our care,
And grow, and then be destroyed.
Yet still it pours forth into the air,
The green miracle of life still revolves,
Birth, life, death.

Once again our backs strain, to harvest the crop,
And soon all is bare
For we have cleared the field of all its life,
Stripped it of its beauty,
And now the wind plays its fife
Through the field,
And raises dry dust
From the field of miracles.

Vladimir Stashko, Form 3

COMPASSION?

Crouching low behind the three foot wall, the boys could hear the incessant panting of the dog, which lay, shaded and protected, on the cooler side. With Alex, Charley and Tom, and the dog, and the hot Australian sun, it was a scene typical of any you or I may have visited. But the longer one looks, the more one can see differences.

In no time at all the boys were over the wall and had the dog bound up. The precision of the boys' manoeuvre was evident — it should have been, they'd practised long enough.

The dog was dragged to Tom's place, where it was unbound and its legs staked spread-eagle. The three nine-year-olds could

handle the dog without difficulty. With medical skill, they stripped the dog of its hide. Its plaintive call could be heard a block away. Luckily, it died quickly.

This operation finished, they prepared to dissect the dog. This was fun. But Alex, who'd remained silent throughout, stood up.

"Haven't we done enough to the poor thing already?"

"You idiot. It's only a dog."

"You thought it was real fun when we were only practising."

"I think Alex's a scaredy-cat. Rrrroarr," went the lion.

Alex ran all the way home.

"Mom — Tom and Charley are cutting up a dog."

"That's all right dear. They're only having fun. Why don't you go and play with them?"

"No. It's cruel. They shouldn't do it. It's cruel."

"Now, now, Alex. You shouldn't be saying things like that. What if people heard you? They'd be saying the Clarke's had a crazy son. Now, say you're sorry and that you won't mention it again."

"No. They shouldn't do that to the poor dog — it never bit anyone. They're cruel. They're cruel."

"That's enough of that, young man. Go up to your room and we'll see what your father says when he gets home."

"But Mum . . ."

"No 'buts'. Up you go."

When Mr Clarke arrived home Alex's condition was discussed. It was easy to see that there was a worried mother, but because he had not seen the symptoms, Mr Clarke was not unduly worried.

"Do you think he's all right, Don?"

"Yes, of course, it'll pass. These kids get some queer ideas."

But Alex wasn't all right. All the next day and the day after he wandered about saying how cruel it was, people shouldn't do things like that; Tom and Charley should be smacked.

On the third day they could stand it no longer. After Mr Clarke came home, they took Alex to see the doctor.

"The doctor's finished and he'll see you now." The nurse ushered them into his office.

"Alex is in the next room, and yes Mrs Clarke, he does have a problem. I've had a few such cases over the years. It seems to come on for no apparent reason. But luckily, it can be cured."

"What is it doctor?"

"He has this mental condition, which, in medical circles, is called compassion."

"Oh no! Is that bad?"

"As I said, it can be cured. He has this idea that it's wrong to kill other animals and people just because we want to. He even says we shouldn't be attacking other countries like we are. I don't want to alarm you unnecessarily, but if you are familiar with history, you'll have heard about the Great War of two centuries ago, in the twentieth century to be exact, which nearly resulted in the entire extinction of the human race. Well, most of the people at that time it seems, had the same condition as Alex has — and you know what happened to them. It was only the Righteous Ones — those uncompassionate beings — who were saved and who were able to live on and create a new race; that is, us.

“It’s the same type of thing as that old lady the other day, who was found collecting clothes for orphan babies, or at least trying to. Little did she know of course, that orphan babies aren’t allowed to live – I mean to say. Of course, she was put away. But don’t worry. Alex is young and our treatment courses are renowned for their good results. Alex will be all right in a week or three.”

“Thank you doctor. We’re most indebted to you.”

“Not at all. I’ll show you the way out. Tell me Mr Clarke, do you think we’ll ever drive those New Zealanders and Americans out of Viet Nam?”

B. Shepherd, Form 6

THE RACK OF USELESSNESS

I tilled the land
And harvested the crop
For I was young,
But now,
Now my life has been hung,
On the rack,
The rack of uselessness.

My hands, wrinkled and feeble
Clasp each other, like mother and daughter,
And slowly die with me
For age has vented its anger upon me
And the life ebbs quickly from my body,
Yet still can I feel the warmth of the sun
And hear the mating calls of the young birds.
But my turn has come
When I must leave good mother earth
And wing my way into heaven,
Like a swallow wings its way through the clouds,
To peace, and life, and hope.

Vladimir Stashko, Form 3

EMISSARY

The cloud whirled slowly around its white centre and focussed its attention on the revolving ball of blue and brown that lay below it. For some time now it had been slowly becoming aware of a waning of interest in the beings that populated the planet and had decided finally on a course of action. It had waited for two thousand years to see the outcome of the arrival of its first emissary, but two thousand years are as nothing to one for whom time has no meaning. But the inhabitants had not been inspired in the manner of other worlds, and the religion that had eventually been accepted, distorted and confused as it was, now faced extinction. Another would have to be sent. And the cloud drew its outermost particles into the eddying pools at its centre and concentrated . . .

The man stared in silence at the cobbled road which twisted between the closely-packed houses of the slums of the city. Lines of washing gathered the filth from the huge factory whose blackened chimney dominated the area, and rival bands of urchins spat at each other across the street. The man shifted his position on the dirty steps of the apartment-house where he slept and watched as one of the urchins approached a man dressed in the fine clothes of a gentleman. The urchin stretched

out his hands in the customary attitude of the beggars of the region and the man, displaying on his face his pity for the rags in which the boy was clad, pulled out his wallet and gave him a note. The boy was thrown immediately into convulsions of thanksgiving, and grovelled wildly in the filth at the man’s feet. The gentleman, overcome with the antics of the urchin, had no time to notice the band which had run up behind him and broken his skull with an iron bar. He was stripped of money and clothes and left in the gutter. And the man looked at the band of youths and saw again in their fleeing silhouettes the outstretched hands of the urchin, this time twisted into the attitude of prayer, the clergyman who preached humility and had never walked through the slum area, the businessman, praying for others that he might gain himself, the whole populace of the planet, grovelling on their knees for wealth, and always the iron bar. And he looked above the skyline of tenement buildings and saw a cloud tinged crimson by the setting sun as if with blood. And he climbed the narrow steps into his apartment room, closed the door, and shot himself.

And the cloud looked down and smiled slowly. Then it turned away, and the World of Urchins exploded into the depths of space.

Ian John, Form 6

SURF: A VIEW

Sensual surf, coquette, enticing mincing water-beams to
flirt
With you; and few who play upon your even smoothest skin,
Emerge unwhetted to involvement from within
Your waves of wonderful emotion. There, in mutual
motion,
Never passive, you pretend to work as well,
But you compel all action; you fulfil or fell,
And fallen now is favoured next; then fallen is again,
Each wanton wave seductive, yet breaking only once,
A clinging villain-virgin, blessed with nature’s prepollence –
Living, giving,
Peeling off on an hydraulic rhythm-ride
Of climb and fall – deeper, faster, farther deep inside
Tighter sections, sucking, surging,
Urging higher, harder –
Strive to drive in harder –
Absorbing closeness swallows: rapture-ravished, quenched,
Engulfed, then buried in white joy and reborn, in flowing
freedom drenched,
For you to surfeit is to cloy; and then you
Lull. Your pounding passion exhales rolling sets of sighs –
swell,
Passing, without breaking, on the shallow shore dispel.
And so, you keep us waiting; we wait a while, until, once
more
Awakening, you bathe us with the products of your labour,
In your graceful sliding tubes, slash us with the fervour of your
favour,
Exhilaration, satisfaction, – burnt; vigour quick is spent,
Yet, ever we’ll return: Life’s curve ’round you is bent.

Rod Rust, Form 6

THE KOLAR UNIVERSE

A few minute pieces of Toofa 5 managed to slip through the Observer's magnetic net, but it wouldn't affect the shape that would result.

The shattered planet would be reformed by the Observer's planetary metamorphoser. This invention was basically a small metallic network, atomically powered. This was connected to a glowing sphere in the centre. The sphere was adjusted to the original size of the planet; thus the sphere was adjusted to 5,000 miles in diameter, being Toofa 5's original diameter measurement. The pieces of Toofa 5 were placed in the sphere. Circumfusing this was a steel ring with two small separations at the top and bottom. The ring bathed the sphere with nuclear rays, which in turn triggered the transformation inside. The transformed planet, after it had cooled, was directed back to its original orbit, being completely identical to its former self.

This then, would be Kolar's job for the next eternity, when he would be replaced by another observer, and this was his universe to repair until his replacement was endorsed by the "Old Ones".

J. Bilbe, Form 3

A DELAYED VISIT

All round the rubble lay in ominous piles. Here and there the sky could be seen in patches between the smoke. The fact that this had been a modern city could be seen in the buildings that remained standing. All was still in the city. In a building an old man bent over a radio. Beside him was an ancient relic, uncovered by archeologists – an internal combustion engine with a generator attached.

His muscles straining, the old man bent his back to cranking the machine. Kept in perfect order, it started without trouble and the man sat down at the radio and tapped out the morse signal. The radio was tuned for a planet in the Alpha Centauri Solar System. The engine began to splutter and the message was sent out at a faster rate. Slowly the message took shape.

"Journey delayed, in fact cancelled. Will report more fully later when conditions suitable. Dad."

With a final choke the aged engine stopped. Around the city was a silence that was dangerously unnatural. Suddenly ominous rumbles and shaking from the earth grew louder. It would not be long now.

The old man stood up abnormally straight for a person of his age. It was probably the artificial bones that did it. His craggy face turned sky-ward, twisted in thought. The "last of his kind" bore a great pride and yet, the small time of his reign cast anxiety on to his expression. His gnarled hands shielded his unmoving, almost inanimate eyes. The sun could be seen, an enormous globe, but with no warming heat or light. Its face, half covered with the red hot glow of molten metal dying from lack of heat. Across the sun-spot scarred, still functioning half, the pitiful star continued its celestial task in its death bed.

Walking at a fast gait, the lone figure crossed the deserted street to another half-ruined building and disappeared, soon to return with a tin and a funnel. Into the shed he walked, to the

motor. The tin's precious contents were emptied into the tank and the old man cranked the engine slowly. The generator started charging the batteries and the man entered a room where a typewriter was set up in front of a television camera. Seating himself the old man began typing:

Western Celestial City,
United Earth.

19th April, 2001

Dear David,

To-day I will be handing on to you the greatest responsibility ever undertaken. You will be the last homo sapiens from this Universe.

Two months ago, beings from another Universe, came to attack and exterminate. Using some method unknown to us, they drew most of the energy from the sun to hurl back at the earth in the form of lethal weapons. At the time I was experimenting with electro-magnetic fields and accidentally threw one around me.

Everyone else was slaughtered and the beings flew down and destroyed the power supplies and most of the buildings. While sending the sun's energy against us, the creatures, whoever they were, started a chain reaction in the earth's centre. The reaction is becoming greater all the time and soon the earth will merely be a memory. I have estimated that I have but five hours left. When this letter reaches you I will have been gone for four months. Now I wish to sign off saying good-bye because I wish to spend the time I have left in the laboratory completing my life's ambition to finally solve my theory on how all came into being. This has been my sole quest and I will at least go feeling satisfied.

Wishing you good luck,

Your Father.

The old man turned the engine off now and happily walked out of the room. A bright holocaust and deafening roar shook the earth and still with a smile, as atoms blasted him to pieces, homo sapiens left this galaxy.

P. Campbell, Form 2



RECOLLECTION ON HIS DEATH BED

He looked back; back to the time when he was young, blue-eyed and adventurous. He wasn't always old and grey but once blonde, tall and husky. Even though the end seemed near he still spoke about the time when "they" came.

How it happened nobody but he knew. He had expected "they" would come. He was working on interplanetary travel at the laboratory. When those beings came he did not resist; they were too powerful. They came in strange spider-like vehicles and took him to a place somewhere in the galaxy. He escaped from their eerie world before they interrogated him and made it back to earth. "They" had tried to stop him from aiding the cause of interplanetary travel, but they were too late. After this man had done so much the only people who came to share his final hours were his son, daughter and a local doctor.

But he was not selfish, because through his research and ideas many lived a better life. He seemed as good-humoured as ever although the end was near. He was eighty-three, down-trodden, forgotten and lonely, but it had not always been like this.

Once he had friends, and journalists and scientists came to visit him. The *Times* had run a feature article about him: "Robert Reinard, scientist, humanitarian, man above men".

Through his youth he was kind to both man and beast. Studies were his major concern as times were hard and exams harder still. Graduation came. A scientist was born. Science was not his only concern, helping man through donations and technology were also his ambitions.

Was this how the world repaid him? Was this how the world repaid a man who had cast a giant shadow in his time? These must have been his thoughts as he pushed the plunger to gain revenge and what was left of civilisation was obscured by a brilliant searing flash followed by the familiar mushroom-shaped cloud.

D. Stimler, Form 2

THE LAST MAN

The corporal lay on his stomach gazing out the window at the sun's dying rays of crimson and orange, seeing perhaps in the setting of the sun, the same fate that awaited him. His hands, usually so steady, were shaking as he went over his tommy gun, checking if it was fully loaded and flicking off the safety catch.

He glanced behind him in the semi-darkness. What he saw was not pretty; there in the last six hours seven brave men, – British soldiers – had died fighting. Now their dark forms lay silent for ever, sprawled across the bunker surrounded by the scars of war – of bullets flattened in the walls.

The soldier, clad in tattered khaki slacks and shirt winced as he leant on his wounded arm, splattered with dried blood. He drew himself up and in the dim light scanned the jungle. His unshaven dirty face expressed all the sense of hopelessness that lay within him. The jaw was firmly set but the light blue-grey eyes were vacant as if he were reminiscing of days gone by as men often do on their death bed. The dark was converging swiftly on the jungle now. He knew that it would not be long before they came again and this time it would be the last.

He was still gazing when the first burst of fire rattled along the wall outside. But for a minute he paid no attention, he was searching his memory for something to give him courage as a sergeant had once told him to do when ever in need of "guts". Then he remembered a tune and again he heard it drumming clearly in his brain, the mournful wail of a bugle playing taps. His soul stirred within him, sending cold rivulets up his spine. His courage surged through his veins and he thrust the tommy gun out of the window. Rat-a-tat-a-tat, the gun spurted defiance into the night.

John Keogh, Form 2

THE DAY OF BATTLE

Far I hear the bugle blow
To call me where I would not go,
And the guns begin the song,
"Soldier, fly or stay for long."

Comrade, if to turn and fly
Made a soldier never die,
Fly I would, for who would not?
'Tis sure no pleasure to be shot.

But since the man that runs away
Lives to die another day,
And cowards' funerals, when they come,
Are not wept so well at home,

Therefore, though the best is bad,
Stand and do the best, my lad;
Stand and fight and see your slain,
And take the bullet in your brain.

D. Metcalf, Form 6

THE INSIDES OF A POTATO

Potatoes are dirty on the outside but you didn't know about the inside did you? (This wasn't copied from *Laugh-In*.) Well a long while ago when all potatoes were green – you didn't know they were green? But surely you must know the song: "A long time ago when the earth was green, etc." Well, if the earth was green, everything on the earth must have been green. (Maybe that's our link with the Martians.) But to return to the topic, while the outsides only of potatoes were green, correction on the former, the insides were orange. Now you know what's going on in Ireland today so you can imagine what it would have been like in Potato Land.

Orange insides would be having a major rumble inside trying to get outside to smash the green outsides inside, and green outsides would be doing likewise to get inside to massacre the orange insides and turn them outside. And so it goes . . . "Oh, it is the biggest mix-up that you have ever seen, the insides they are orange and the outsides they are green." Now you know why we eat the insides and throw away the outsides. (No offence to the original faith, it just turned out that way.) "But how did the orange insides turn white and the green outsides turn brown?" you may be asking. That is another story and



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there's no room for it here, so tune in to the next school magazine in 1970 for further potato mash.

John Farthing, Form 2

THE SAGE TO THE YOUNG MAN

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
'Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free.'
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
'The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
'Tis paid with sighs a plenty
And sold for endless rue.'
And I am two-and-twenty,
and oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

Here by the labouring highway
With empty hands I stroll:
Sea-deep, till doomsday morning,
Lie lost my heart and soul.

D. Metcalf, Form 6



EXAMS

You sit with the light on your face, struggling to concentrate.
The page seems to be in a foreign language –
The knowledge you cry for is unobtainable.
A whole year wasted –
Full of parties, the beach, late nights,
A last-minute scramble to do an essay.
Now it is too late.

The alarm clock ticks spasmodically. It seems to whisper
"I wasted time and now doth time waste me."
Its face takes on bizarre proportions –
There is a crash; it lies smashed on the floor.
You lie sobbing on the bed.
Exams are mere days away and you must try to learn . . .
But you know it is too late.

Brian Ashton, Form 3

BUT A DREAM, A DREAM OF REALITY

my eye to life is real,
and so i'm led to dream
that we are all dying,
in our own peaceful serenity.
to be so deeply depressed,
to deny the existence of a god,
is to cry, to cry, oh Jesus help!

my participation is not hindered by my dream,
my dream is reality.
i cannot deny what life has done,
but to all my watching, to what has it come.
a cop gunned down
a senseless war continues
a tramp so poor . . . why? . . . time can do so much to
warp, to mangle, to destroy.

the dawn shall break on eyes of a child
and herald the new reality,
for a child ceases to grow when dead,
and without the child our realm is empty.
but the year shall come and the night will see,
my dream of reality.

my reality, my real existence,
existing in fact, the fact, the happening.
and my regard is to things as they are,
to my artistic treatment on life so real,
my realm, my kingdom, my domain, my sphere-all but to end
in time,
and time is reality.

K. Guy, Form 5



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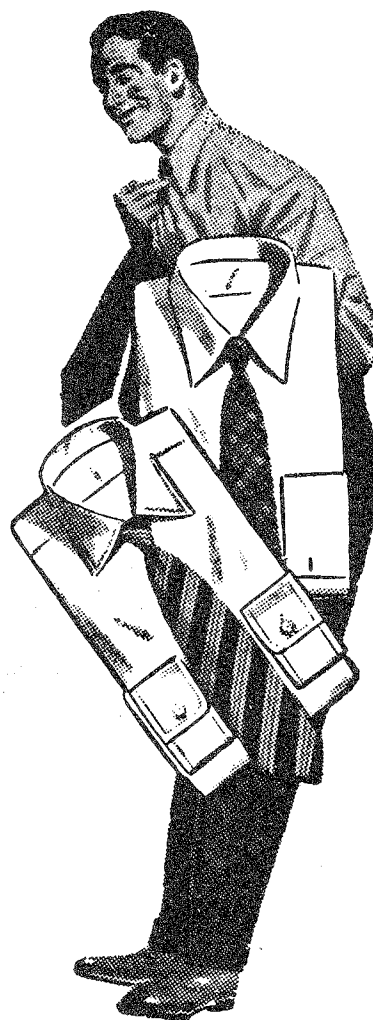
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THE BEAST OF DISEASE

Brights lights swirling in flashing phosphorescent fits,
 My eyes swam in the confusion of beauty blended with beast.
 The sky and earth shimmering in an indescribable array of
 blood and pure sound.
 The ground opened up as if to swallow my pitiless defenceless
 body.
 "I must kill it" repeated my stunned mind.
 Hopelessly I crawled into its swirling light-infested eye.
 Onward I groped with the deafening roar of agonizing pain
 Shouting into my head.
 Shooting spirals of bright light seemed to pluck out my useless
 eyes.
 Reaching the interior I fiercely plunged my fist into the core
 of its brain.
 Screaming and cursing beyond this world followed;
 pure sound so loud that it paralysed my dazed body.
 I fell to the ground my brain collapsing into an unconscious
 state of useless mass.
 The cursed beast staggered into the core of the earth to
 be digested by darkness.
 Suddenly the sky and earth restored itself to perfect peace.
 Serene beauty blanketed my bloodshot body.
 I fell deep into slumber, recuperating from my victory
 over such a personal foe.

Bryan Herd, Form 4

TEACHER BRUTALITY

In recent years we have been subjected to a great deal of exposure to brutality, but one type of brutality, common to pupils all over the world, has not had attention drawn to it by the mass media. This is brutality by the teaching staff. Teacher brutality involves the bestial act of causing harm to one of our fellow pupils. This brutality can be physical, e.g. caning, hitting,

belting and detention squad; or mental, e.g. teaching, which we all know is sheer mental torture. Either can cause infinite harm, or worse.

In writing this article I do not wish to bring forth the moral aspects of corporal punishment, but I do wish to make sure that you, the pupils of H.B.H.S. fully understand the extent of teacher brutality in our school. In order to explain this, case histories of a few incidents are hitherto shown. The situations are the same but the names have been changed to protect the innocent . . . us!

Case No. 1

I witnessed a teacher, whom I shall call Mr Lardy (recognisable by his stunning brushback hair-do), brutally and inexplicably attack one Philip Oldboy. Philip was behaving in his usual angelic way when the said Mr Lardy assaulted him with the



teachers' main line of attack, i.e. chalk to the body followed by a duster to the head. Philip let out an ecstatic cry, only to find Mr Lardy swearing at him in his usual geographical dialect. What a detriment! Poor Philip had to be carried from the scene of the crime, while the teacher escaped unscathed at the end of the period. Compatriots! Something should be done about the likes of Mr Lardy.

Case No. 2

For this case the following eyewitness account will suffice: "I was patiently struggling over a Maths (ughh!) problem which I found too difficult for my youthful intellect. Upon calling over the teacher, who happened to be Mr Basketball ('Big Dave' to his friends), I was sworn at profusely for not knowing the answer. This, granted, would be natural, but upon saying 'I



A RIGHT DECISION

When you leave school what are you going to do? Get a job? Enter Teachers' College or University? Go to Tech? No matter what path you choose you will be called upon to assume new responsibilities and make decisions. The right decision now is to open a Savings Bank account at your High School, if you have not already done so. This account will be most valuable to you when you enter your chosen field and even more valuable should you later wish to start a business or acquire a home.

For further information contact your school or the most convenient office of

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was never learned how!' the said teacher picked me up by the kneecap (oh! excruciating pain). Then, in turn, I was: hit, pinched, bit, scratched, given a stiff arm tackle (deliberate and vicious), and finally, while screaming 'teacher brutality' was bodily thrown from the catwalk on the new building. On landing I was again abused, by the teacher on playground duty, for spilling blood over the P. & C.'s beautiful rock garden.

It was, sort of, thus, that the last attack by a teacher, on me, occurred."

Thank you, Alan "Fibber" Fox, who is recovering from a badly bruised pinky finger in Burwood Snooker and Billiards Room Hospital. Get well soon, "Fibber".

Case No. 3, 4, 5 . . . n.

Other incidents include:

3. Brutal caning of 27 innocent lads for not having their homework (?) cards.
4. The disgraceful spraying of saliva on many junior boys at the last G.M. (You know, I can't understand the mentality of some of these teachers.)
5. The brutal extracting of coinage from the pockets of innocent bottle scavengers by teachers posing as Stuart House collectors. Etc., etc., etc. . . .

So the list of case histories grows, and I am sure you can add one to the file. It is for this reason I have written the article, in order to tell pupils, one and all, of H.B.H.S., to UNITE!! against teacher brutality in our school today.

All boys interested in joining the elite club, P.I.L.A.V.B.A.T. (Protection of Innocent Lads Against Vicious and Brutal Attacks by Teachers) please see Ray Thompson, 5D roll. He will see you get all the particulars of: membership, at the nominal fee of \$100 entry and \$50 p.a. (payable to him, tax free, no credit); and the function of the club. Thank you.

Ray Thompson, Form 5

IN AN ALIEN WORLD

The quiet of a normal country day was broken by an increasing roar. The trees watched as a glowing fireball rocketed out of the sky, hit the ground with a tremendous crash and bounced towards a boulder, cutting a swathe through the trees as it did so. Upon hitting the boulder it fragmented throwing flaming pieces to all sides. As these pieces of the spaceship burned two dark objects came floating from the sky, suspended by large, billowing masses of silky material. One landed and did not move. The other landed in a crumpled heap, and was dragged into the nearby stream by its parachute.

Revived by the cooling water, he opened his eyes and looked about him, a stranger in an alien world. There was something about the strangely coloured sky and trees that worried him. He had heard of them before but couldn't think where, or why these things should worry him.

He unharnessed his parachute and walked over to where his friend lay. It only took one look at the mutilated body to verify that it held no life.

"Well," he thought, "I had better find out what lives here." He started towards the creek, to follow it, but he stopped before he had gone ten steps. He had remembered why the strange

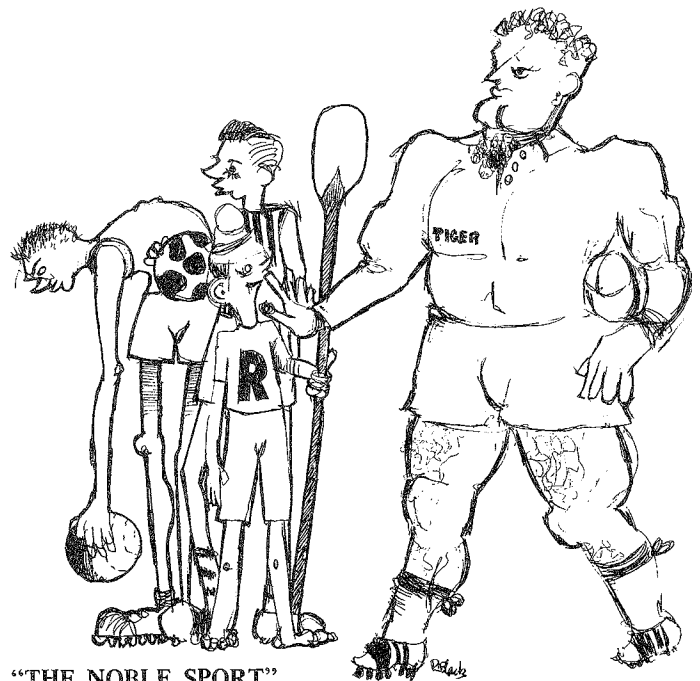
colour of the sky and trees worried him. He had read about the inhabitants of this planet; a barbaric race of low intelligence. He had read about what they had done to the first expeditionary force that had landed here to start them on the path to greater learning.

Trapped on this inhospitable planet, without friends and not knowing what to do, he sat beside the stream, with his head in his hands thinking. Suddenly a rifle shot broke the silence and the doomed visitor fell, a bullet hole in his back.

The trees watched as the "sniper" stepped into the clearing, walked over to the body, kicked it to make sure it was dead and sneered.

"And if any other of your Martian friends try to invade this 'ere Earth they'll get the same treatment." So saying, he disappeared back into the bushes.

Russel John, Form 4



"THE NOBLE SPORT"

The noble game of Soccer has come under the constant hammer of the critics in Australia. The locals know their barbaric gladiatorial game as "League". It is equal to the noble art of jousting, a competition in which the main aim was to barrel your opponent. If you listen to that august chap "Won", you will hear him applauding barbaric deeds. An example of such was during a local 1st grade Rugby League match: "Oh look Reg! That right uppercut was a beauty! And look at that! WAM! Ha, Ha, there's a prop in that scrum carrying out the time-honoured practice of gouging out the eyes of the opposing hooker!" He jests at such brutal actions. Is this sport?

If the idea is to hurt and maim, can this be called sport? One plays sport to enjoy it, but sitting up in hospital with a ruptured spleen as a result of a deliberate intent to damage and maim is hardly the way to enjoy it. You want to play *all* season, not to play one match and play maybe once or twice again that season as a result of being crocked by some punch-drunk ruffian.

The average fat, beer-drinking, pie-eating Aussie spectator

regards Soccer as being somewhat of a ladies' game. It is the extreme opposite. Soccer is hard, and requires great stamina and fitness. You don't have to weigh 15 stone, be 6' tall and be built like a Sherman tank to play Soccer, because it is a game of skill – something that is often lacking in League. Speed is important, and you don't have to be a Russian weight-lifter to be successful, using the name of sport as a scape-goat for some brutal outlet for an acute persecution complex.

The popularity of Soccer in Australia is already catching up to League, Union and Aussie Rules. As far as world popularity is concerned, judge for yourself – Soccer is played in virtually every country in the world. F.I.F.A. or the International Football Association has something like 150 registered national teams, League has 5. This year there could be no Rugby League World Cup because officially "they couldn't afford it" but we know the *real* reason – nobody, with the exception of a few Australian die-hards, is interested.

Ponder on the points mentioned. If you play any other game in winter besides Soccer – Convert now! there may still be time to save your souls.

M. Burton, Form 2

MATHERSMATICS

This article was written to cater for the Mathematical rather than the Literary-Minded person and consists of a number of entertaining and instructive little problems which the author has encountered in his nineteen years as a fifth form pupil.

1. For a starter here is a fairly easy little equation. Find the value of 2 if $\sin \theta = 7\pi$. You know the answer already, don't you! You don't? Well, try this –

2. If $\int_0^\pi r\sqrt{\partial} = 8$ and $r\sqrt{\partial} \neq 13$ when the temperature is above 70°F, why did Shakespeare write *Hamlet*?

3. This next problem has an interesting history. It was the last thing said by Dr Frankstus, the notorious mathemagician who made a pact with the Decimal, before burning his log tables and becoming an angle. Here it is in its entirety. Solve for x:

$$(a - 1)(b - 3) = b^2 + H_2O$$

4. This is not a problem but a little-known fact which if made public would revolutionize business and destroy our nation's economy. The starting point of this proof is that $\frac{1}{4}$ dollar = 25 cents (which is obviously true). Taking the square root of both sides $\sqrt{\frac{1}{4}} \text{ dollar} = \sqrt{25} \text{ cents}$. Simplifying this we get $\frac{1}{2}$ dollar = 5 cents.

5. If you think that the first three questions have no practical application and are rather pointless, here is a useful and practical little item, for which a complete proof has never yet been published. Given Sperring's constant = 5.96×10^{-3} and the loss of mechanical energy on impact is 909 Ahmeds how can the amount of ink used to print this article be determined? It is important to note that this problem can only be solved in summer.

6. This item may be of interest to German scholars: assuming k is a constant why do people still get toothaches ~~teethache~~ ~~toothsache~~ ~~teethsache~~ pains in their teeth?

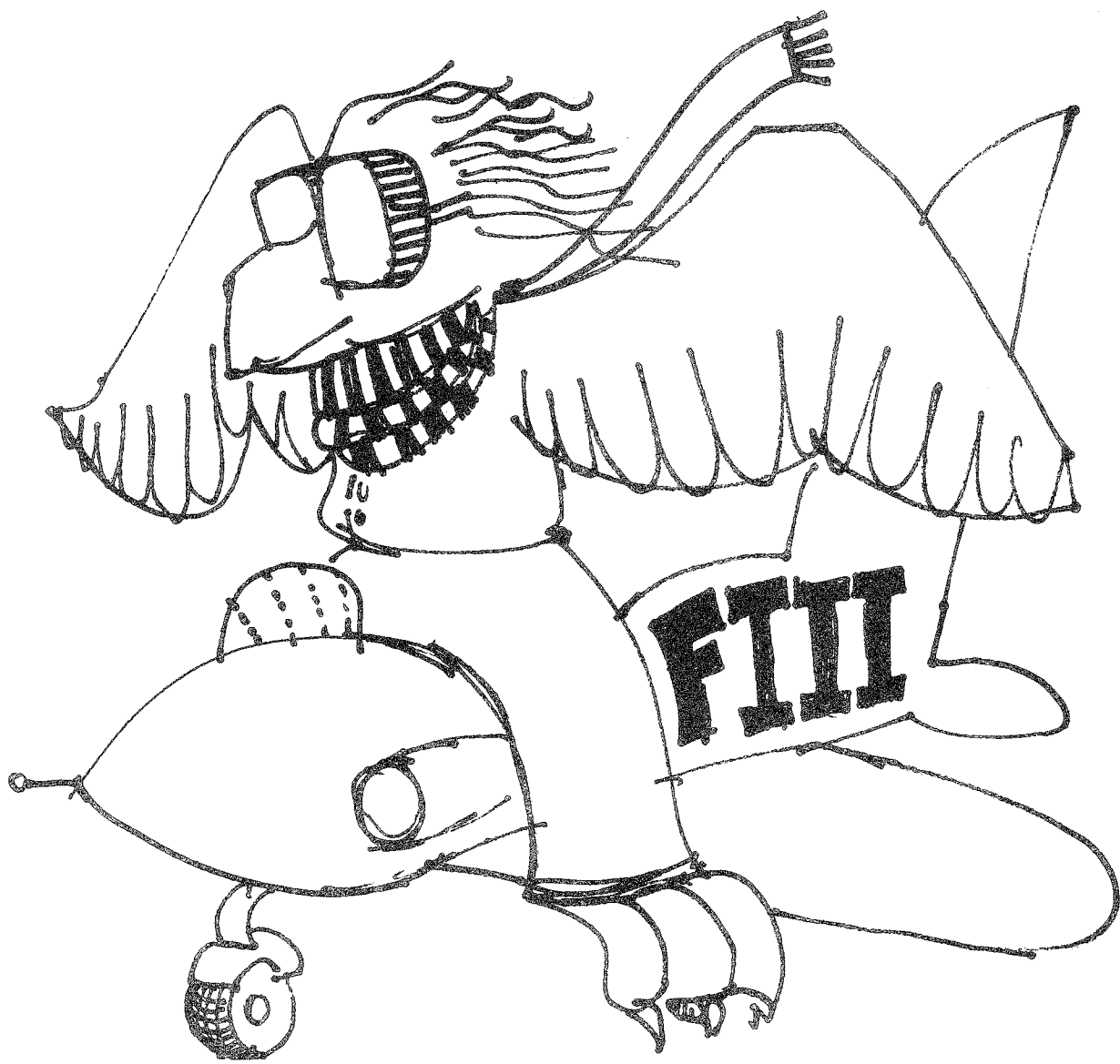
7. All that is needed to solve this last problem is a Funnelmental knowledge of Physics and the ability to spend

long hours crouched over a desk with pencil and paper. Using Hughes' formula $p = q\pi\sqrt{l}$ what is Sperring's constant in Java-nese? I Grant you that it cannot be solved Hafetily and you will have to spend Moore time on it than usual but all you have to remember is that it is rather pqulier.

Solutions to these problems will not be welcomed and should be addressed to the Dead Letter Office, G.P.O., Sydney.

Colin Mathers, Form 5





THE WILD NEW GOVERNMENT'S TOY

'Tis of the Wild New Government's Toy, "Swingwing" was its name,
 Of poor but honest plans 'twas built to look like an airplane.
 It was the P.M.'s only hope, the Air Arm's only joy,
 And dearly did these bold men love the Wild New Government's toy.

Chorus: Come, all my hearties, we'll cruise the mountains high,
 Together we will tumble, together we will die,
 We'll fly over valley and jet over plains,
 And we'll scorn to fly this junkheap, tied down with iron chains.

Six million dollars worth when it left the aerodrome,
 And through Australia's sunny skies the gleaming plane will roam,
 Floundering amongst the clouds, its toxic fumes destroy,
 It's a terror to Australia, this Wild New Government's toy.

Chorus: Come, all my hearties, we'll cruise the mountains high,
 Together we will tumble, together we will die,
 We'll fly over valley and jet over plains,
 And we'll scorn to fly this junkheap, tied down with iron chains.

In seventy-one this daring plane will commence its wild career,
 Its pilot knows the danger, we people all will fear,
 A crash into the hydrofoil could cause panic in the bay,
 "Won't matter," quips our gallant John, "This plane's here to stay!"

Chorus: Come, all my hearties, we'll cruise the mountains high,
 Together we will tumble, together we will die,
 We'll fly over valley and jet over plains,
 And we'll scorn to fly this junkheap, tied down with iron chains.

Ross Letherbarrow, Form 2

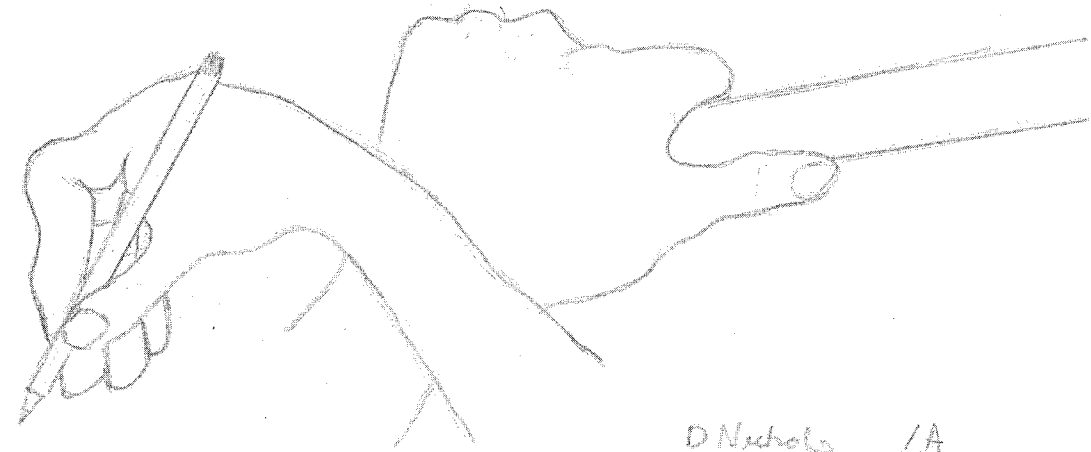
With apologies to Banjo Patterson and *The Wild Colonial Boy*.

Art contributions

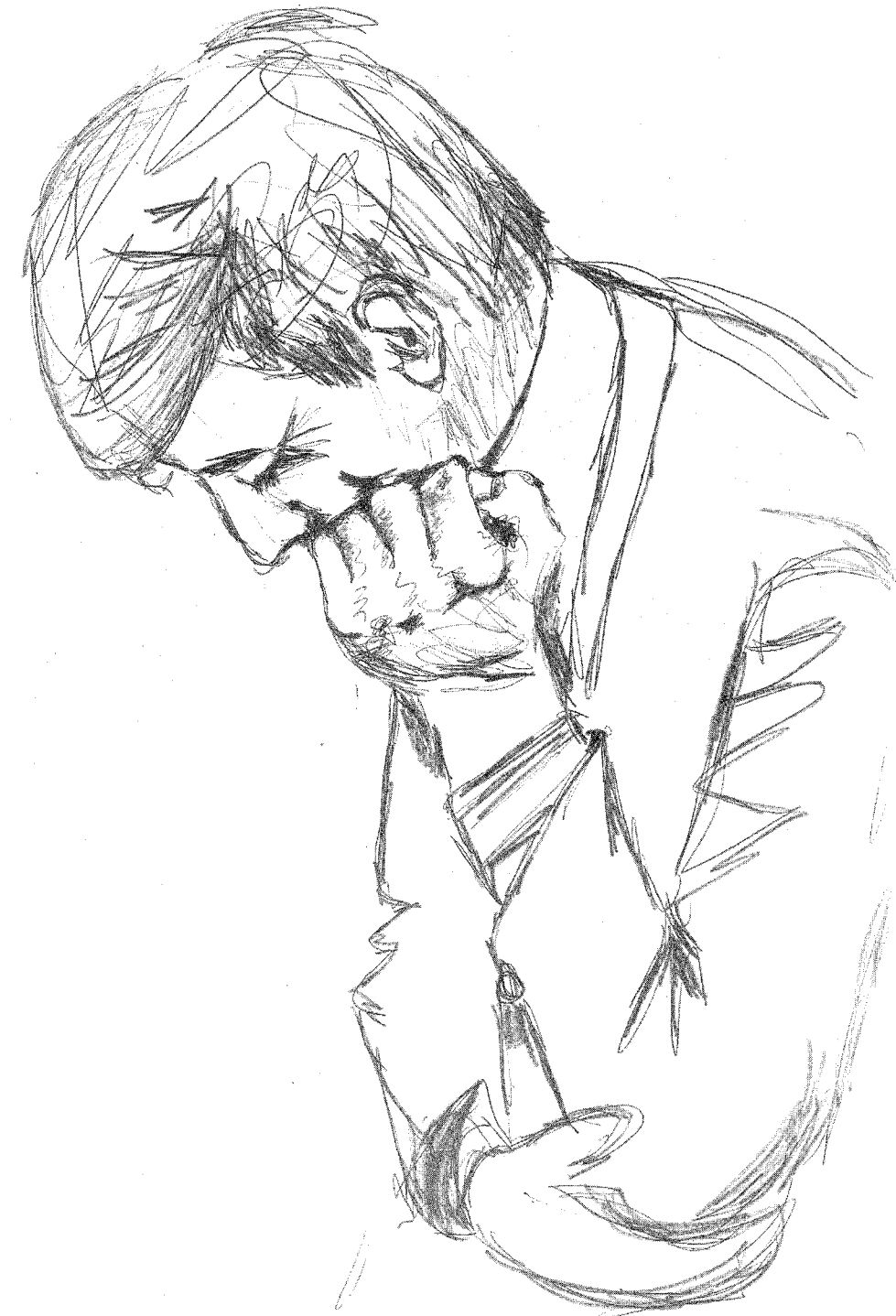
Top left: G. Hunt, 4th Form; below left: D. Nichols, 1st Form; centre: R. Thomson, 5th Form; right: J. Luscombe, 6th Form.

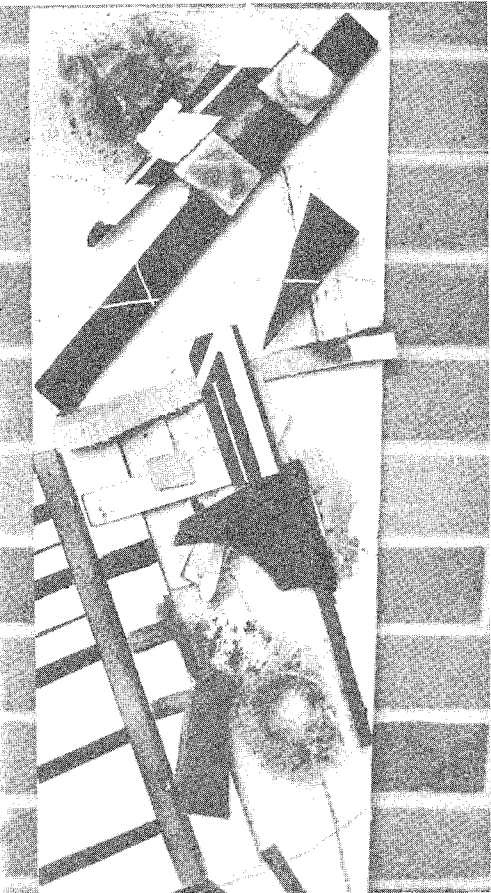
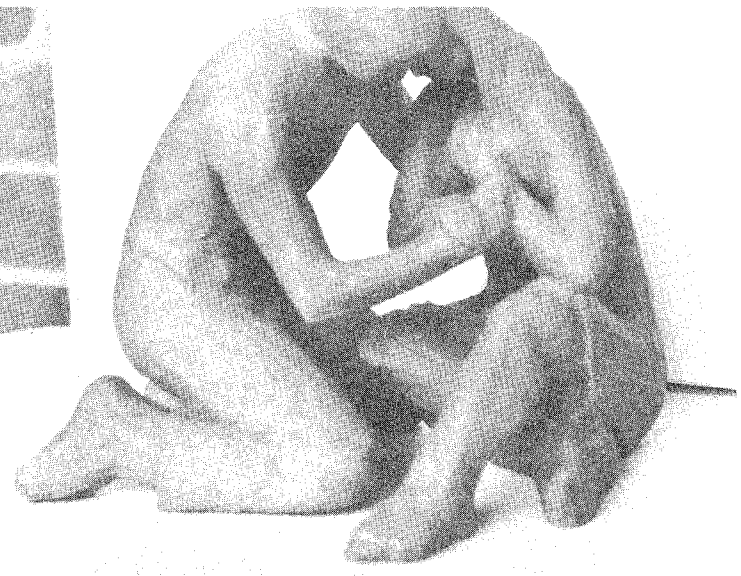
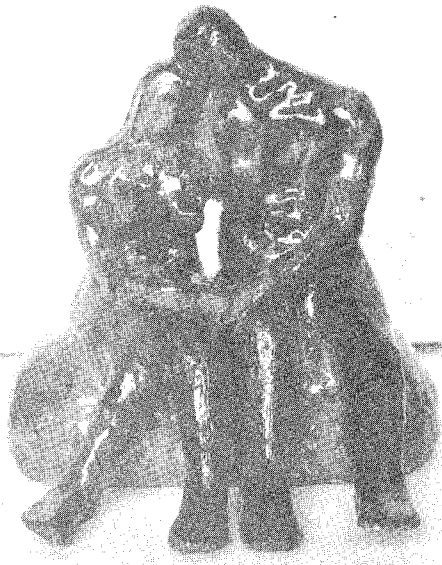


G. Hunt 4A

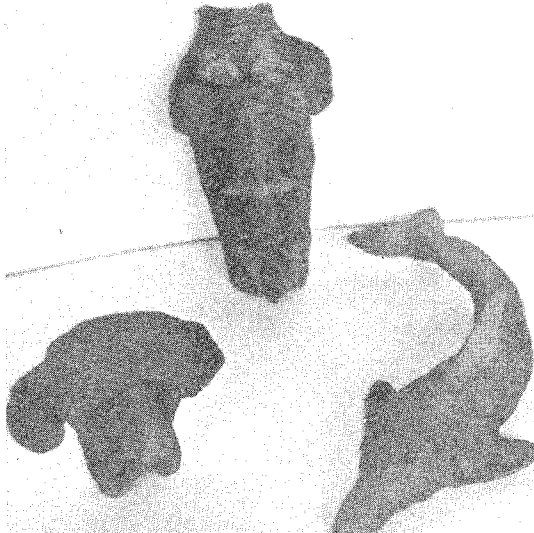


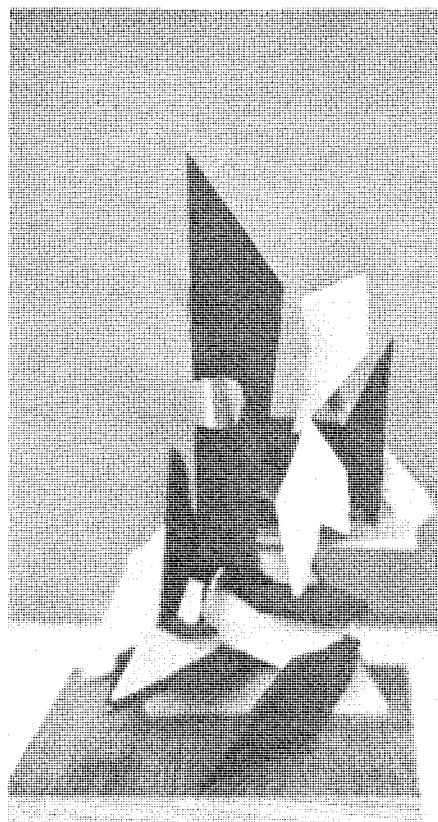
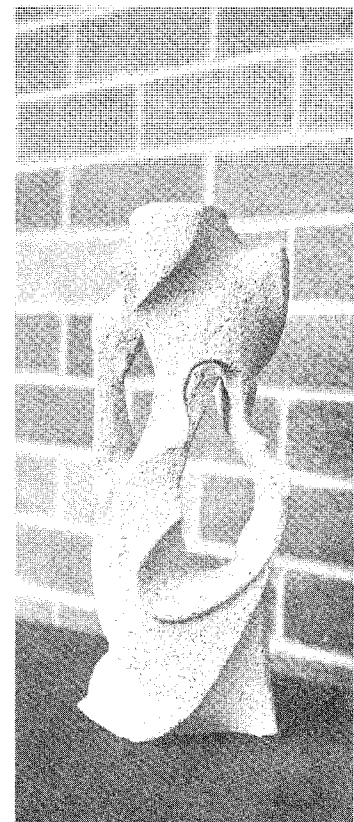
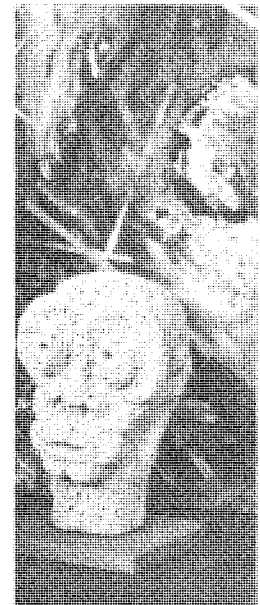
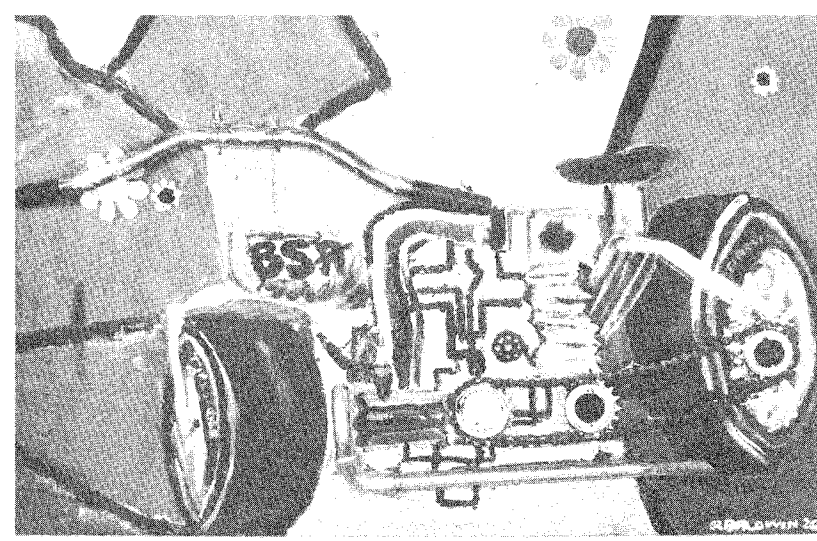
D. Nichols 1A





Top row: (l to r) Mark Stewart, 4th form, Form; Chris Baines, 6th Form; R. Baldwin, 2nd Form; Krooglik, 6th Form.
 Centre row: (l to r) P. Cooke, 2nd Form; Stephen Goldsmith, 5th Form; 2nd Form sculpture; Stephan, 5th Form.
 Bottom row: (l to r) 1st Form ceramics; G. Papas, 3rd Form; John Cox, 5th Form; 2nd Form sculpture.





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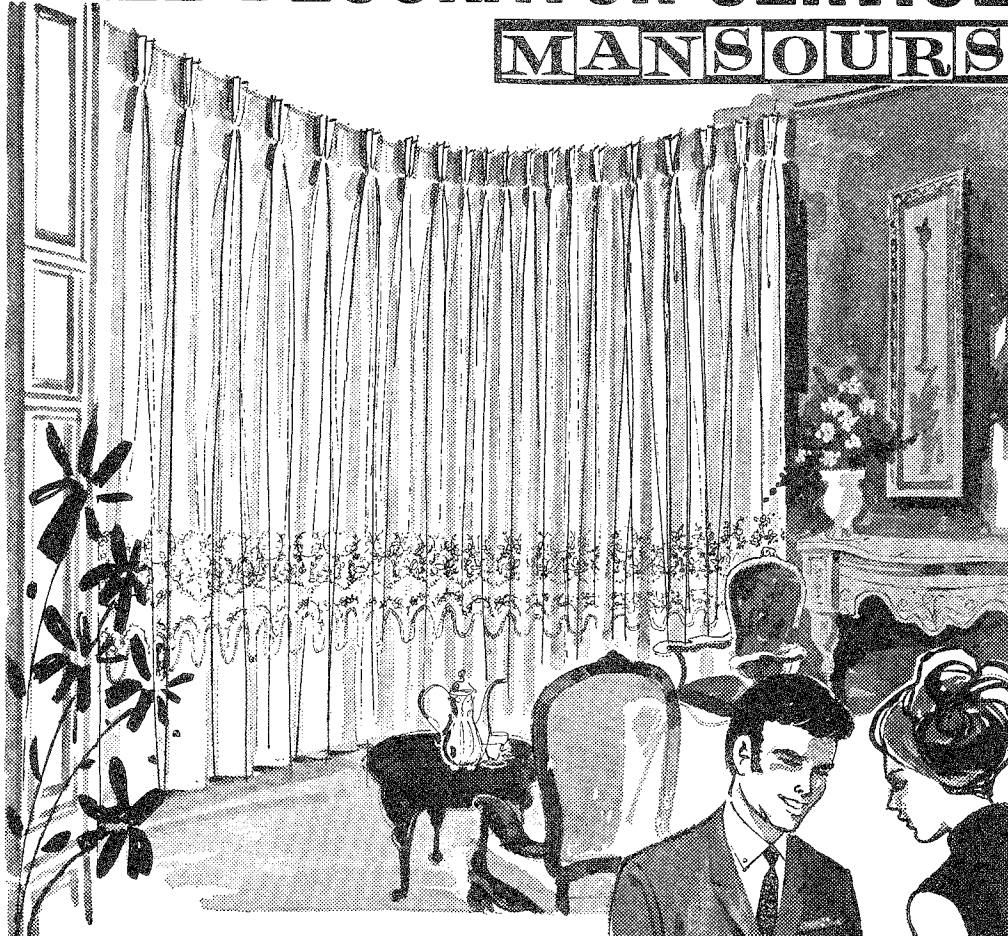
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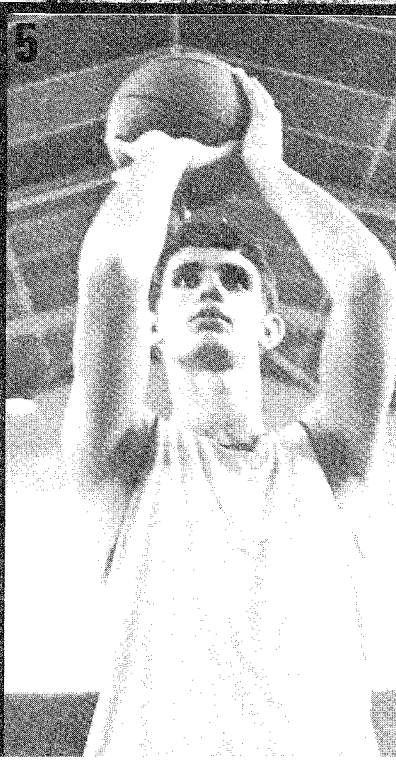
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Sport

1

1. Attack. 2. L. LeRoy, CHS Tennis. 3. D. Flood, CHS League. 4. J. Brookes, CHS Baseball. 5. P. Johnson, CHS Basketball. 6. Normanfust clears a corner. 7. Scrum.



Sports master's foreword

In this, my first year as Sportsmaster, I reflect with a great deal of pride on the sporting performances during the year. From early in first term when the school established itself as Zone Champion in swimming, diving and water polo, 1969 promised to be a "good year" for Homebush, and indeed it has been.

Although, and it is with some regret, the 1st Grade Rugby Union failed for the first time in eight years to win the premiership, the overall enthusiasm and performance of our players have improved. This was verified with nineteen of our teams contesting finals in the winter season.

With the diversity of sports offered in our zone competition, together with the increased number of grade teams, there is the opportunity for all boys to participate in any one of fifteen different activities during the year. Unfortunately however, there are those who still find it too much of a burden to seek grade representation, and throw the responsibility of the school's commitment to others.

In these days, where there is so much reward and glamour for "winners", it is often difficult to continue striving and playing hard when victory appears to be going against you. The true test of sportsmanship is indicated when having played your hardest and lost, is not to turn away, but to join in the applause for the winner and accept the challenge to improve.

My sincere thanks go to the Headmaster and all staff members for their loyal support throughout the year and for their valuable assistance in furthering the sporting activities in the school.

C.H. Pears



Manager: Mr Pears

A pleasing feature of this year's athletic carnival was the added participation of many boys who, in past years, have been content to attend merely as spectators.

Although some of the feature events such as the senior walk, tug-of-war and the staff relay had to be omitted from the programme, the enthusiasm and interest displayed by the competitors and some spectators ensured a very successful day of athletics.

Apart from Mr Barry's bone shattering feat with the shot putt, no other outstanding performances were recorded. However the general standard of athletics produced enabled the school to select a strong team with depth in ability for the zone carnival.

The athletic team at the zone carnival once again filled fifth place against particularly strong opposition, but the closeness of the final points indicate the keenness of competition and also our general improvement in zone carnivals.

RESULTS OF SCHOOL CARNIVAL

Age Champions	House Championship
12 years: K. Johnston	1st Howe 888 points

13 years: G. Brown	2nd Hayes	733 points
14 Years: N. Klunicki	3rd Vaughan	655 points
15 years: K. Neale	4th Greening	632 points
16 years: P. Christopher		
Open: G. Hincksman		

NORTH WESTERN ZONE CARNIVAL

Best Performances

Open	K. Compton	1st Triple Jump	
	W. Rudgley	1st Discus, 2nd Javelin	
	D. Ord	1st 400 metres (Division 3), 1st 110 metres Hurdles (Division 2).	
	L. LeRoy	2nd 800 metres	
16 years	A. Fong	2nd 400 metres (Division 1), 3rd 100 metres (Division 1).	
	N. Davidson	1st High Jump	
	15 years	D. Jamieson	1st Shot Putt
	14 years	G. Davies	1st 100 metres (Division 1) 1st 200 metres (Division 1) 2nd 80 metres Hurdles (Division 2)
13 years	N. Klunicki	1st 200 metres (Division 2), 2nd 100 metres (Division 2), 2nd 80 metres Hurdles (Division 1)	
	S. Doyle	1st High Jump	
	12 years	M. Burton	1st 100 metres (Division 3) 2nd 800 metres
	12 years	G. Millson	1st 100 metres (Division 1), 1st 200 metres (Division 1), 1st High Jump
	R. Valler	2nd Shot Putt	

C.H.S. Representatives

A. Fong, K. Compton, W. Rudgley, D. Ord, L. Le Roy, G. Hincksman, J. Oyston, N. Davidson, G. Thorne, D. Jamieson, G. Davies, S. Doyle, N. Klunicki, G. Brown, G. Millson, R. Valler, K. Johnston.

Cross country

Manager: Mr Pears

This year's cross country was conducted on a course set out around Airey Park. Although the course did not provide for a great deal of variation in terrain, it did prove to be a gruelling one, and some of the performances by the runners were quite good.

RESULTS OF SCHOOL CARNIVAL

Age Champions	House Champions
12 years: R. Willson	12 years: Greening
13 years: M. Selkirk	13 years: Howe
14 years: R. Tuke	14 years: Howe
15 years: D. Peters	15 years: Greening
16 years: R. Mutton	16 years: Greening
Open: R. Brennan	Open: Hayes
J. Cox	

Aggregate:	1st Howe	316 points
	2nd Hayes	313 points
	3rd Greening	310 points
	4th Vaughan	276 points

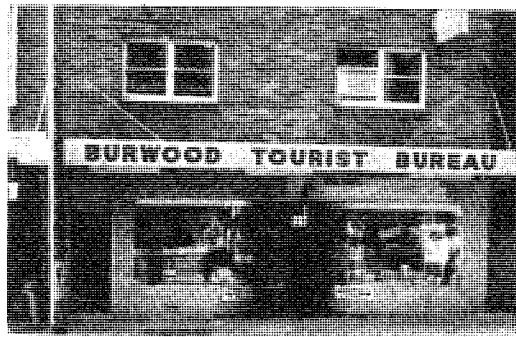
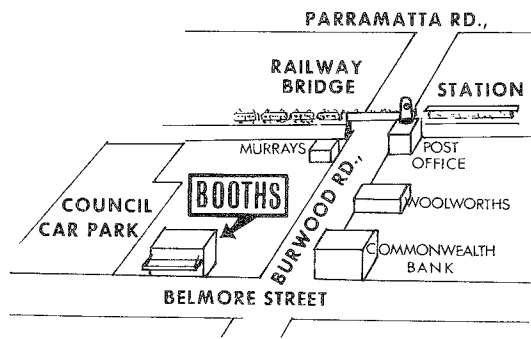
At the Zone carnival, Homebush could only fill fifth place in the overall points score against particularly strong opposition. Our congratulations are extended to the Zone Champions, Normanhurst.

ZONE CARNIVAL

Best performances

J. Cox	6th place, Open Division
R. Brennan	7th place, 16 Years Division
D. Peters	4th place, 15 Years Division
R. Willson	8th place, 12 Years Division

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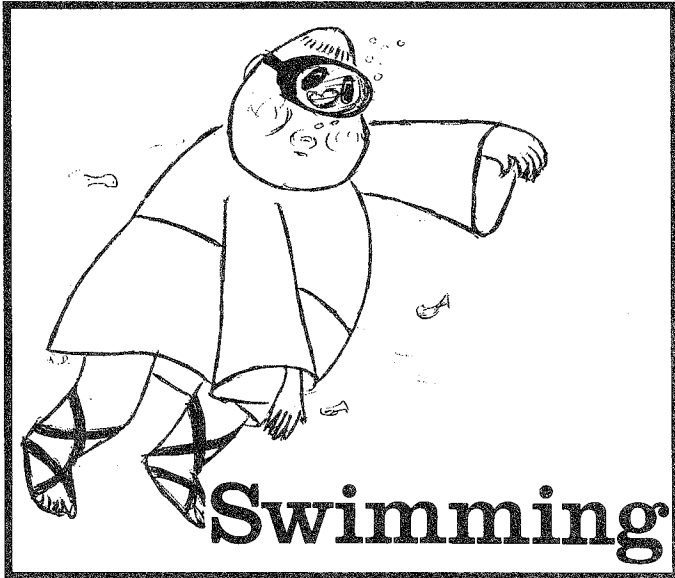
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The school swimming carnival was conducted at Bankstown Olympic Pool on Friday 28th February. The carnival, thanks to the efforts of the staff, ran very smoothly. The standard of performance was the highest seen for many years as a total of twenty two records were created. Congratulations to the Champion House, Vaughan, who put an end to Howe's four year monopoly of the Farmers' Shield.

This year our swimmers were invited to compete against St. Patrick's College and a number of other Catholic Colleges at a night carnival. The carnival provided competition for our boys and proved to be excellent preparation for our North Western Metropolitan Zone Carnival.

The Zone Carnival was conducted at North Sydney on Friday 14th March. All members of the swimming team must feel proud of their efforts on this day. Homebush were outright winners of the carnival, winning three of the six age divisions.

The boys teamed particularly well to win five of the six relays and to come second in the other. The best individual effort of the day was by Lewis Gallur, who won five individual events.

A large number of our boys represented the Zone at the Combined

High Schools Carnival. S. Goldsmith, J. Cox, L. Gallur and J. Talbot performed well to be placed in finals.

I would like to thank the parents who attended and assisted at the St. Patrick's Carnival and our carnival. Also I would like to thank all our swimmers, including the reserves who combined to produce a marvellous team spirit and effort at the Zone Carnival.

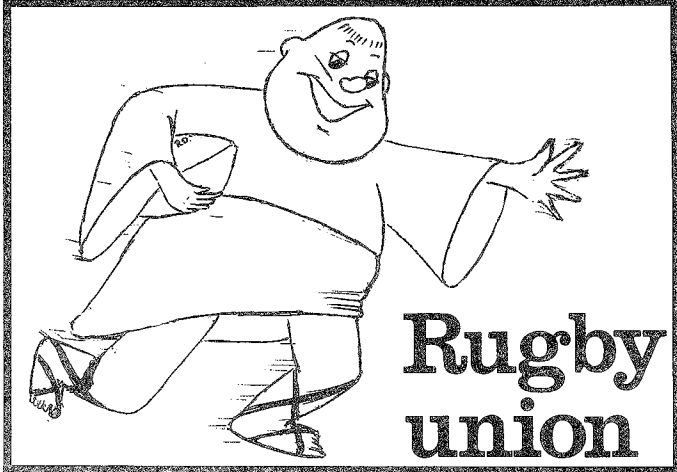
School Age Division Champions

- Senior: J. Cox
- 16 years: S. Goldsmith
- 15 years: T. Robinson
- 14 years: J. Talbot
- 13 years: A. Letherbarrow
- 12 years: L. Gallur

ZONE DIVING COMPETITION

This year the zone diving was held, prior to the swimming carnival, at the Parramatta Swimming Centre.

Our boys performed well to take out the overall competition. Peter Steele was our best performer, winning the thirteen years event.



FIRST GRADE

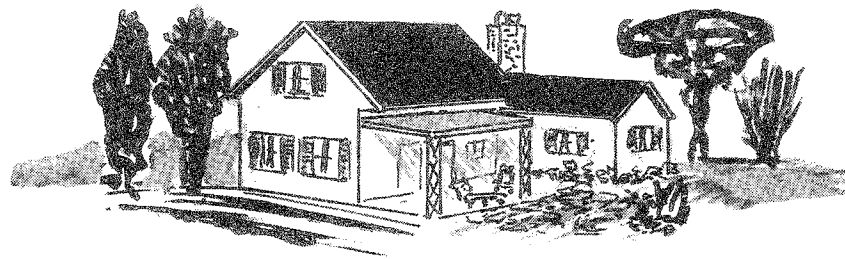
Coach: Mr Stewart

Team: G. Hincksman (Capt.), M. Reardon (V. Capt.), D. Flood, F.



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England, J. Darke, B. Mutton, P. Harris, D. Veigel, K. Piefke, K. Flood, E. Goddard, R. Comans, N. Epoff, A. Fong, G. Hassall, B. Chilcott, A. Mills, C. Egan.

Zone Representation: D. Flood (C.H.S. 2nds), A. Fong, G. Hincksman, P. England.

Played: 16. Won 9. Lost 5. Drew 2.

Points: For 172 (41 tries). Against 139 (20 tries).

For the first time in nine years, our first grade Rugby team did not win the zone premiership, being defeated by the eventual winners Normanhurst in the semi-finals. The team played some excellent football in the early part of the season going through the first round undefeated. Unfortunately, due to injury problems, the team lapsed badly



in the second round, only managing to win one match, and draw another.

Our zone, North Western Metropolitan, made a clean sweep of the interzone matches, defeating the so-called premier zone of Sydney, North Shore, by 17 points to 6. Our zone also supplied 13 players for the C.H.S. Rugby teams. Also our congratulations to Epping for winning the coveted Waratah Shield for the third consecutive year.

On behalf of the team, I would like to sincerely thank Mr Stewart for his dedication to the team. He brought the team from fifteen individualists to play as one unit. I would also like to thank Mr Myers for his regular attendance at our matches. Also, a thank you to the 2nd XV coach Mr Moore, who always had to supply replacements to the 1st XV. It was also heartening to see Mr Mason, last year's coach, at our matches. His advice and criticisms were very much appreciated by the team.

Win or lose, 1st grade always played with the tremendous team spirit and a great deal of sportsmanship.

Geoff Hincksman (Capt.)

Homebush entered a team in both the Waratah and University Shields. In the Waratah Shield, Homebush convincingly defeated Birrong and Riverstone but on a waterlogged oval we were decisively beaten by Sydney Tech. In the University Shield (League) Homebush were eliminated by Ibrox Park by 17 points to 16 after they led 16 points to 2 at half time.

As coach, I would like to thank the team for the pleasure they gave me in watching their football matches in 1969. I would also like to add that Geoff Hincksman proved a fine captain and a second rower of real quality. I feel that, like his brother, he will go as far in Rugby as he wishes for he is that rare thing, a complete footballer – one skilled in all phases of the game.

J. Stewart

SECOND XV Coach: Mr Moore

Team: G. Langham (Captain), D. Keating (Vice-Captain), R. Armfield, R. Armstrong, C. Cavanagh, P. Coffill, J. Graham, L. Giutronich, K. Gyftos, B. Hall, D. Jones, G. Lee, P. Mead, J. Oysten, B. Riddell, B.

Shepherd, G. Stephan, R. Taylor, K. Thompson, J. Wright.

Semi-Final: Homebush defeated Epping 3 - 0.

Final: Normanhurst defeated Homebush 3 - 0.

We congratulate Normanhurst, who defeated us in the final, as Zone Premiers for 1969. In a very even competition all games played were very keenly contested with results usually in the balance until the final whistle blew. Captain Gary Langham led the team well but was unfortunate to be on the sideline because of injury for quite a few matches. David Keating who took over the captaincy in Gary's absence deserves special mention for a job well done. The team is to be congratulated on the enthusiasm and sportsmanship that marked both their wins and their losses.

THIRD GRADE

The third grade rugby side performed extremely well. Basically the fifteen years side of last year, it took us some time to find our feet in open rugby.

The opening games of the season showed our basic problem was lack of football sense and coordination.

These problems became the principal factor in the training sessions and the results can be seen in that in the second round we lost only one game.

The determination which was characteristic of the team this season was demonstrated in the semi-final game against Epping.

B. Stewart

FOURTH GRADE

The fourth grade rugby union had a difficult season – always playing sound – and sometimes good football – but seldom able to seal a victory. Several games were almost in our keeping, but fatigue over the last few minutes allowed the opposition to score. Perhaps greater dedication to training may have assisted here. The "fourths" were often called upon to provide players for higher grades, particularly later in the season when injuries were heavy in all grades. Several boys found permanent positions in the higher grades.

In all, twenty-four boys played in this team in the course of the season. Although we won some matches, our best performance was to hold the competition leaders, Normanhurst to a 6-all draw. Some of the most consistent performers in the back line were John Crosby, who captained the side, Arthur Tsembis, Michael McNally and Ron Wilson, while in the forwards, Greg Humphreys and Peter Towle tried hard and the hooking duo of Watling-and-Ellis always produced a reasonable share of possession.

15A

The team had a very good season, finishing second to an extremely strong Macquarie side. We entered this match underdogs and the score was no indication of the respective efforts of both teams.

The standards of all teams were even and our best performances were: defeated Meadowbank 19-0 and in the semi-final when the team rose to the occasion and defeated Asquith 8-0.

Much of the success must be attributed to the team coach, Mr Birkett who spent many diligent hours training the team.

Regular players were: T. Graham (Capt.), B. Peirce (V. Capt.), K. Weale, D. Selkirk, S. Kusnier, D. Peters, J. Brown, M. Chirkoff, J. Bilbe, R. Bernstien, P. Barnes, J. Scotland, M. Fishburn, J. Graf, P. Cipallone.

T. Graham

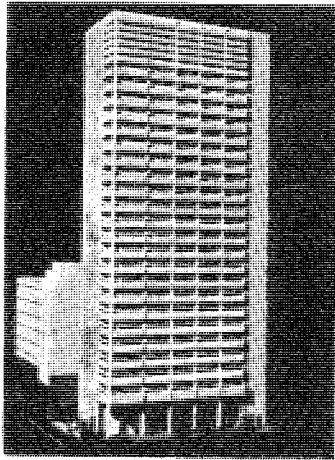
15B

Team: C. Beauchamp (Capt.), J. McGrath (V. Capt.), B. Herd, M. Shirt, M. Vincent, G. Pappas, T. Talbot, R. Leslie, N. Cuddy, J. Fisher, J. Walker, G. Zuev, K. Taylor, S. Tsembis, J. Rochford, A. Pelchin, G. Cooper, G. Piefke, J. Dunshea, P. Allison.

The 15B's had a very good season with only two losses. We beat the minor premiers, Macquarie, in the semis. We met Epping in the grand final and were very unlucky to lose 3-0. Considering that our team had major changes every week, our boys played well and with great spirit.

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S. R. SMITH,
Secretary.

The boys are in debt to our coach, Mr Barry, who trained us capably every week and kept us going at times when we were struggling.

Chris Beauchamp (Capt.)

14A

Team: B. Reardon (Capt.), C. Thiodossiou, P. Yip, P. Larsen, D. Larsen, T. Bartlet, Tuke, R. Flood, W. Fuller, M. Blackwell, J. Rhodes, Banning, G. Smith, R. Spicer, J. Gardner, S. Doyle.

This team not only managed to have a most successful season, but also provided some of its members with a new found ability and confidence. On the other hand there seemed to be a few players already having over-developed ability for 'heavy' play – a trait perhaps inbred in their previous Rugby League experiences, one can only guess at the imported origin.

However all this can be excused in the light of the team's performances in scoring some 112 points for 20 against, an effort indicating the team effort and their application to good Rugby as individuals.

14B

Reaching the semi-finals was a fair indication of the effort put up by this team. During the season some good wins and a couple of closely contested matches gave the boys good experience for the coming years. A few narrow defeats did nothing to dampen their enthusiasm. Outstanding efforts were recorded in every match played by Terry Spinks and Gabriel Ma and some of the smaller boys in the team well and truly outplayed their larger rivals. Overall, a rewarding experience and good prospects for the future.

J. Arnold

13A

PREMIERS

Team: Clifford Russel, Steven Fogarty, Johnnie Prontie, Malcolm Selkirk, Peter Steele, David Loy, Grant Lawless (Crumb), Ross Letherbarrow, Keith Richie (Tank), Rob Lalor, Ian Fogarty, Mark Clingham, Paul Ward, Peter Irwin, Neil Mathieson.

Following a massive defeat in the first game the 13A's retaliated and



did not lose another game winning the semi-final 5-3 against Macquarie and the final 13-3 against Epping.

During the season all players starred but the success must be attributed to team effort and team spirit as shown at training.

13B

ZONE RUNNERS UP

Coach: Mr Hughes

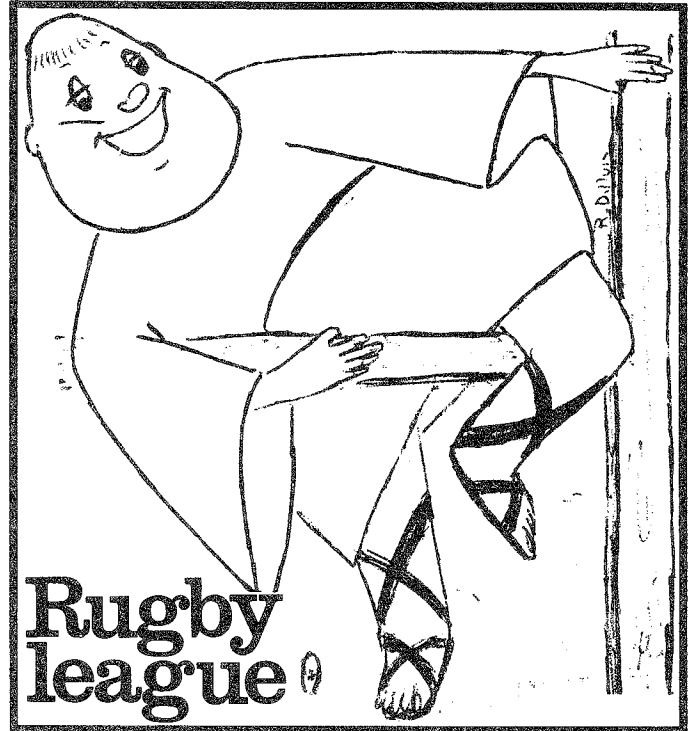
Team: G. Dale (Captain), G. Beasley (Vice Captain), P. Schofield, S. Vindin, G. Oeding, G. Heap, Grocott, M. Fishbein, E. Montgomery, C.

Purdy, P. Bolton, G. Cuddy, D. Lynch, B. Fuller, G. Thomas, R. Wearne, M. Baty, P. Irwin, M. Leo, K. Wilson, R. Fleeton.

The team was undefeated in the first round. Although losing narrowly to Macquarie, at the beginning of the second round we went on to become minor premiers. The team scored 226 points in the season, and only 20 points were scored against it. Top try scorers were R. Wearne and G. Dale. K. Wilson was the goal-kicker.

The team wishes to thank Mr Hughes for the time and effort he gave to us.

Greg Dale



9 STONE

Coach: Mr S.F. Harmer

Team: I. Ellis (Capt.), P. Newman (Vice Capt.), S. Latimer, W. Ho, K. Guy, G. West, J. Burtonwood, G. Wheatley, I. John, G. Hennessey, B. Boorer, K. Sherwood, R. Harvey, I. Lynch, G. Luscombe, R. Jones, H. Tsardakidis.

The team had a most successful season being runners up in the competition. Homebush was beaten in the Grand Final by Meadowbank. Congratulations to the winner. An impressive feature of the season's football was not so much the success that this team enjoyed but the tremendous team spirit that developed. Numerous injuries weakened the side but still each player gave his best. The team was ably led by "Fang" Ellis whilst P. Newman inspired a courageous pack of forwards. Of the senior members I. John, G. West and G. Hennessey deserve special mention for their whole hearted displays. Of the younger brigade S. Latimer, J. Burtonwood and G. Wheatley deserve special credit. A pleasing feature of the team's performance was that the backline scored the majority of tries. Much credit for this can be given to R. Harvey who emerged as the most consistent hooker in the Zone. Guy, Burtonwood, West and Wheatley all scored nice tries whilst dashing winger W. Ho led the effort with eight tries. G. Wheatley was the team's leading scorer with three tries and twenty four goals.

With a strong core of young boys playing in the 9.0 stone team and with many talented juniors in the other grades 1970 should see Homebush remain one of the premier sides of the Zone.

8 STONE

Team: S. Church (Capt.), I. Heap (Vice Capt.), G. Bailey, W. Clymo, C. Delimihalis, D. Aldridge, R. Thorpe, D. Murray, G. McCann, J.

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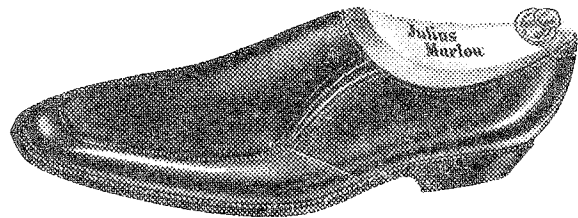
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Hammond, J. Stanton, G. Millard, G. Higgs, J. Langley, P. Moloney.

This team reached the semi-finals of the competition but were beaten by the eventual premiers Epping 15-5. The team scored 135 points and had 40 points scored against. Top try-scorer was lock-forward I. Heap who scored 10 tries during the season. The two most consistent players were lock-forward I. Heap and captain Stephen Church. Other players who played well on various occasions were G. Higgs, D. Aldridge and P. Moloney.

J. Langley

7 STONE

Team: S. Bermingham (Capt.), G. Yule, A. Thomas, G. Graham, R. Smith, B. Heap, S. Burns, N. Begnell, McPhee, W. Hancock, H. Pascoe, R. Motby, M. Isaacs, Wilton, D. Crowe, R. Hozack, J. White, G. Jones.

Though they ran ruggedly, punted purposefully and tackled tenaciously, the sevens finished fourth in the competition.

Weekly workouts and gruelling games provided the team with stimulating sport. Superb sportsmanship and debonair demeanour characterised this grand group.

B. Lippiatt

6 STONE

ZONE PREMIERS

Team: G. Jeffes (Capt.), P. Teece (Vice Capt.), J. Cattall, W. Hooke, T. Straube, R. Ferguson, G. Baty, G. Langley, G. Yorke, B. Thomas, R. Kirby, R. Corney, S. Hawthorne, R. Wilson, S. Walker, S. Broadbeck, J. Reilly.

The 6.0 stone team suffered their only defeat against Macquarie in their first game of the season. They improved steadily throughout the



season drawing 3 all with Macquarie in the second round. With splendid teamwork and brilliantly led by their captain and vice-captain they were successful in the final defeating Macquarie 8-6. (P. Teece 2 tries, Langley penalty goal).

Squash

SUMMER

1st Grade

S. Lewis
P. Harris
G. Weeding
C. Dein
D. Todd (Res.)

2nd Grade

R. Watkins
R. Aston
G. Tench
B. Mullan
I. Macnab (Res.)

16 Years

P. Deans
R. Clarke
R. Comans
B. Gavin
G. Henderson (Res.)

The three teams performed very creditably considering the inability of many of the players to connect racquet with ball. Undaunted, with

team spirit throbbing in our veins, we pressed on regardless, rising to the dizzy heights of 5th place. Our 15 years team reached the pinnacle of success and gained 4th place.

WINTER

1st Grade

S. Lewis
R. Aston
B. Munroe
C. Dein
I. Macnab (Res.)

2nd Grade

R. Thompson
A. Hancock
D. Hooker
P. Dears
R. Clarke (Res.)

The lessons gained in summer proved very useful in winter, but our squash failed to improve. A late run for the semi-finals was foiled, due to the absence of some key players. However, our 2nd grade team made the semi-finals, only to have inglorious defeat thrust upon them.

Our thanks go to our coach (well, manager anyway), Mrs Knowles, for her help in perfecting our techniques.



FIRST GRADE

Team: S. Hayes, R. Gentles, S. Doctor, D. Todd, M. Spinks (Capt.), J. Thomas, F. Gasper, G. James (Vice Capt.), J. Forson, R. Mutton, R. Guthrie.

Homebush had a very good season this year going through the competition undefeated. However the team was unfortunate to strike Asquith at their peak and went down to this side in the semi-final.

The first grade side participated in a knock-out competition sponsored by the Western Suburbs Soccer Club. The side played well enough to win their group and met South Strathfield in the final and were defeated 2 goals to nil.

Again Homebush entered the Tasman Cup competition but not favoured by the luck of the draw and met James Cook in the first



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round. Homebush were defeated by 5 goals to nil. (Incidentally James Cook reached the quarter finals of the Tasman Cup.)

This year the first grade were coached by Mr Seagrott who was helped by Greg Byles from the Western Suburbs Soccer Club. Our



thanks to Mr Seagrott and Greg Byles for their interest. Below is a summary of the results of games played throughout the season.

Zone Competition

Homebush v Epping (both rounds washed out)

- v Macquarie, 1-1, 2-1
- v Meadowbank, 1-1, 4-1
- v Normanhurst, 2-0, 3-3
- v Asquith, 4-0, 2-1

Semi Finals v Asquith, 0-5

Tasman Cup v James Cook, 0-5

Western Suburbs Knock Out

- v Enmore, 4-0
- v Fort Street, 1-0
- v Ashfield, 3-0

Final v South Strathfield, 0-2

M. Spinks, (Capt.)

2ND GRADE

Team: John Starkey, Bill Watkins, Geoff Bent, Bruce Rider, Gordon Tench, Ian Ibbert, Michael Miles, Graham Wood, Michael Peters, Ray Murray, Tony Hawkins, Brian Mullan.

Out of the twelve matches played in the zone competition, Homebush won seven, drew two, lost one and two were cancelled due to the



weather. A sum of 26 goals were scored and only 8 reached the back of our net.

The team fired well in the opening games of the competition, notching 11 goals for, and 0 against. The final game in the first round against Asquith was played in the rain and our spirits were dampened. The game, refereed by "Mary Poppins", turned out to be a bit of a joke and we suffered our only loss during the season (3-0).

With a new image in the second round, the team turned in some splendid displays of soccer. We took out the minor premiership against Asquith beating them 3-1.

The semi-final the following week, also against Asquith, showed just who this competition was going to be taken out by. The score being 3-0 for us.

The final against Normanhurst was a thrilling spectacle that changed the conversations of many at school the following day. The final result was 2-1 after being down 1-0 at half-time. The side in the first half was a very different one from the amazing, speedy second half. Brilliant teamwork and a headed goal from "Woody" from a corner, sealed the match for the Mighty Second Graders.

It was unfortunate that this team had to turn down a national tour due to the pressure of examinations but the effort of 1969 was their greatest reward.

Our thanks must go to our very inspiring manager-coach, Mr Gunther, and to our early morning coach, Greg Byles who did a great job preparing us for the final.

1969 – the year SOCCER replaced Rugby Union at Homebush.

15 YEARS

PREMIERS

This was an exciting year for the team which started off as if they were going to walk away with the competition – slipped near the end –



but rose magnificently in the semi and grand final, defeating Meadowbank for the first time.

All the boys played well but special mention must be made of Spinks, McAllister and Kitching who provided the backbone and consistency. My congratulations to all of them.

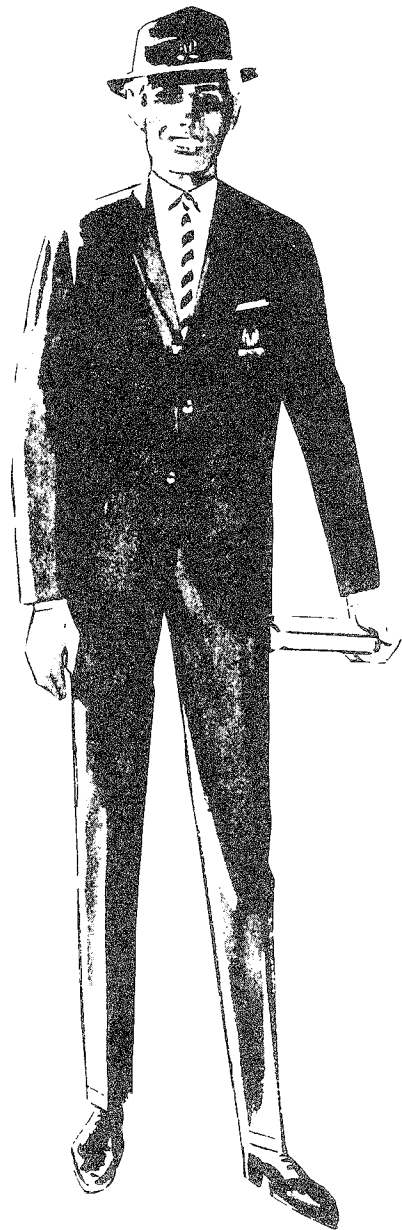
14A

Coach: Mr Castell-Brown

Although this team was not the strongest in the competition they played some outstanding football. The team pulled together when Lindsay Rowe and Richard Archer and Mark Burton found great form. Rowe was the best player in the team.

During the May holidays, the team played in a knock-out competition. We expected to be defeated in the first game but fought hard to be Runners-up. The team that defeated us was Ibrox Park.

A highlight of the season was our match against the potential competition winner, Asquith. A hard fought game ended in a one-all draw and Asquith was a little upset by this. If we could maintain this form we would be world-beaters.



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Team: Woods (Capt.), Burton, Mathieson, Archer, Holland, Rowe, MacAllister, Coulson, Brown, Rixon, Rogers, Tanner.

G. Woods, Capt.

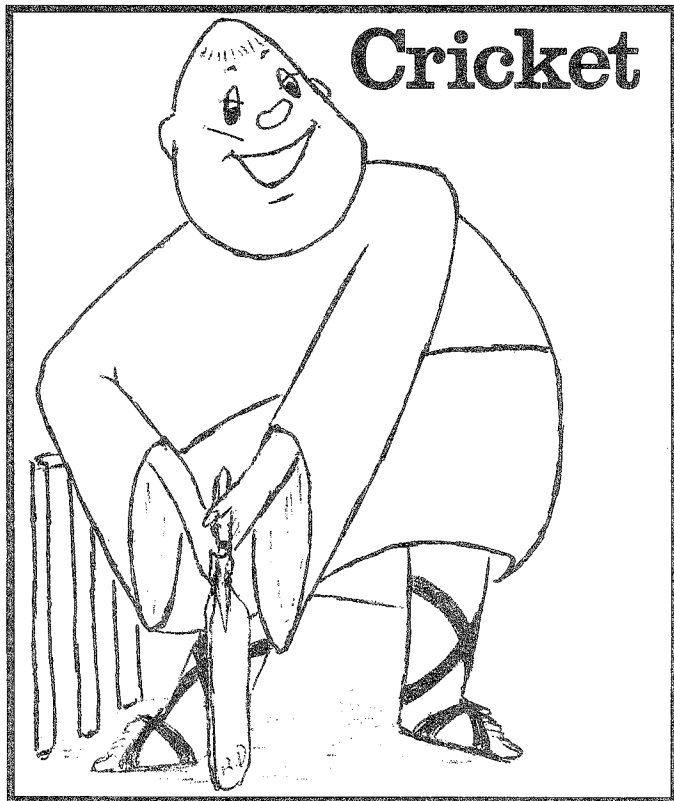
13A

Coach: Mr J. McManus

Team: L. Bittman, D. Crosby, P. Tench, J. King (Vice Capt.), S. Harvey, J. Asmus, J. Matthews, C. Doctor, O. King (Capt.), S. Crook, E. Guthrie, S. Nicholson, W. Hoffman.

Although losing many matches, the Team displayed steady improvement throughout the season. It was only towards the end of the competition that the team began to function as a unit. Notwithstanding many temporary setbacks, the Team exhibited stoic qualities. Best players were: Larry Bittman, Stephen Harvey and Jeffrey King. The highest goal scorer was Owen King – 8 goals.

J.W. McManus



FIRST XI

Coach: Mr Moore



Team: Ray Gentles (Captain), Tony Hawkins (Vice-Captain), Geoff Bent, Neil Davidson, Ken Flood, Alan Fong, Stephen Hayes, Gary James, Ian John, John Langley, Peter Mills, Tony Mills, Jeff Thomas, David Veigel.

Results:

1. Homebush 153 (James 74) lost to Epping 210 (Davidson 5-37) on the first innings.
2. Homebush 6-226 decl. (P. Mills 86, James 78) defeated Macquarie 104 (Flood 4-40, Thomas 4-39) on the first innings.
3. Homebush 109 (James 31) lost to Meadowbank 110 (Thomas 6-43) on the first innings.
4. Asquith 8-180. Rain stopped play. Match drawn.
5. Normanhurst 8-237. Homebush 2-21. Second day washed out. Match drawn.

Semi-Final: Homebush 6-160 (John 57) versus Epping. Rain stopped play. Match drawn.

Throughout the season Homebush held their own against opposing teams and subsequently were placed third in the competition. In the semi-final against Epping, Homebush batted strongly on the first day to be 6-160. However the second day was washed out and Epping being minor premiers advanced to the final which they won. We congratulate them on their win.

As the above results indicate Gary James was by far the most consistent batsman, scoring in all 213 runs at an average of 53.3. Good scores were also recorded by Ian John, Tony Hawkins and Peter Mills.

The bowling honours deservedly went to Jeff Thomas snaring 12 wickets at a cost of 13.8 runs apiece. The remaining wickets were shared between Ken Flood, Neil Davidson, Tony Hawkins and Peter Mills.

The fielding generally was of a high standard as shown by wicket-keeper John Langley and captain Ray Gentles taking 8 catches close to the wicket. If most of the team had shown as much concentration as these two then more catches would have been held. In the outfield Peter Mills was outstanding and saved many runs with his returns to the wicket.

2ND GRADE

Coach: Mr Gunther

“Cricket practice on Monday. Rain dance practice on Tuesday.”

Despite the fact that three of our matches resulted in draws because of rain on the second day's play, and the fact that on the occasion of each draw we looked like losing (before the rain came), I would like to defend my team and say that they deserved their second placing behind Epping.

The team, apart from myself, consisted basically of G. Hassell (Vice Captain), G. Bent, C. Delimichalis, S. Bermingham, G. Hincksman, G. Hall, R. Guthrie, S. Ironside, R. Thomson, G. Thorne, S. Corney and A. Creighton.

A. Fong and G. Timmins played some matches with us and D. Veigel played several games before being promoted to first grade.

Statistically, the best performances came from G. Hincksman (highest score 64), G. Bent (52), in batting and G. Bent (8-14), G. Hincksman (6-8) in bowling.

As a whole the team showed great skill in fielding and in intelligent running between the wickets. My congratulations go to all members of the team.

On behalf of the team I would like to thank Mr Gunther for his enthusiasm and helpful hints throughout the season.

B. Shepherd, Capt.

3rd GRADE

Team: B. Bevan (Capt.), J. Stephenson, J. Figura, J. Starkey, J. Crosby, D. Liddell, T. Smee, G. Timmins, J. McNally, S. Bauert, S. Lyons, F. Gasper, D. Hooker.

3rd Grade played well throughout the season although they were not highly placed in the premiership. The team was characterised by many outstanding performances especially by J. Figura and J. Crosby in

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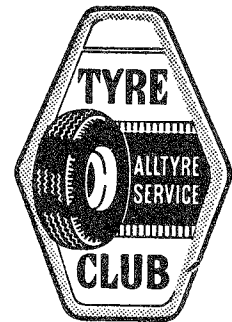
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the bowling, and B. Bevan and J. Stephenson, and D. Hooker in the batting. Although the team was not endowed with many brilliant cricketers, win, lose or draw they played with great enthusiasm and sportsmanship. The team was ably coached by Mr Ahmed.

B. Bevan, (Capt.)

15A

Team: C. Beauchamp (Capt.), P. Bird, A. Fox, J. Forson, J. McGrath, P. Dyer, I. Guthrie, R. Bernstein, L. Kitching, W. Imlay, G. Zuev, Creighton.

There was a marked improvement by all members of the team. We finished third but lost any chance of victory when the semis were washed out. Beauchamp and Bird bowled well during the season and Forson, McGrath and Fox showed good batting form at times. Overall it was a good season and the team played well together. Our thanks are due to our coach Mr Yardy who took an active interest in the game.

Chris Beauchamp

14A

Team: G. Langley (Capt.), R. Flood (Vice Capt.), R. Dewer, G. Yorke, G. Enfield, B. Thomas, G. Robertson, F. Chirkoff, W. Bridges, G. Cowan, R. Assef.

The team showed a great spirit during the season and was unlucky not to gain a place. In the first round we were narrowly defeated by Normanhurst the eventual premiers due to some inaccurate score keeping. Although other matches did not live up to the promise of this game R. Flood and G. Langley produced some good performances with the bat and ball. Ron Flood gained selection in the Combined High School 14 years team and is to be congratulated on his effort. Other players to stand out, particularly in the field were G. Enfield, R. Dewer and B. Thomas.

G. Langley (Capt.)

14B

ZONE PREMIERS

Team: P. Yip (Capt.), P. Gane, C. Coulson, J. Cattell, I. Tanner, G. Woods, P. Brown, P. Coggiola, G. Ma, G. Arthur, W. Hooke.

This team had a very successful season. It demonstrated well that team-work is the key to success. Although containing two very talented cricketers in P. Gane and C. Coulson, the team owes its success to fine



efforts of co-operation. Perhaps the team's greatest success was in the semi-final against the previously undefeated Normanhurst side. The final was won by a narrow margin of 5 runs against Asquith High. The outstanding players were P. Gane and C. Coulson, whilst G. Ma, P. Coggiola and P. Brown performed well in the field. G. Woods performed creditably as wicket-keeper. The aggressive batting of J. Cattell often got the team out of a tight situation.

13A

Coach: Mr Daines

Team: A. Reynolds (Capt.), P. Cowan, D. Crowe, G. Dale, P. Ferguson, S. Fogarty, G. Hartis, A. Lamont, G. Lawless, D. Loy, S. Matthews.

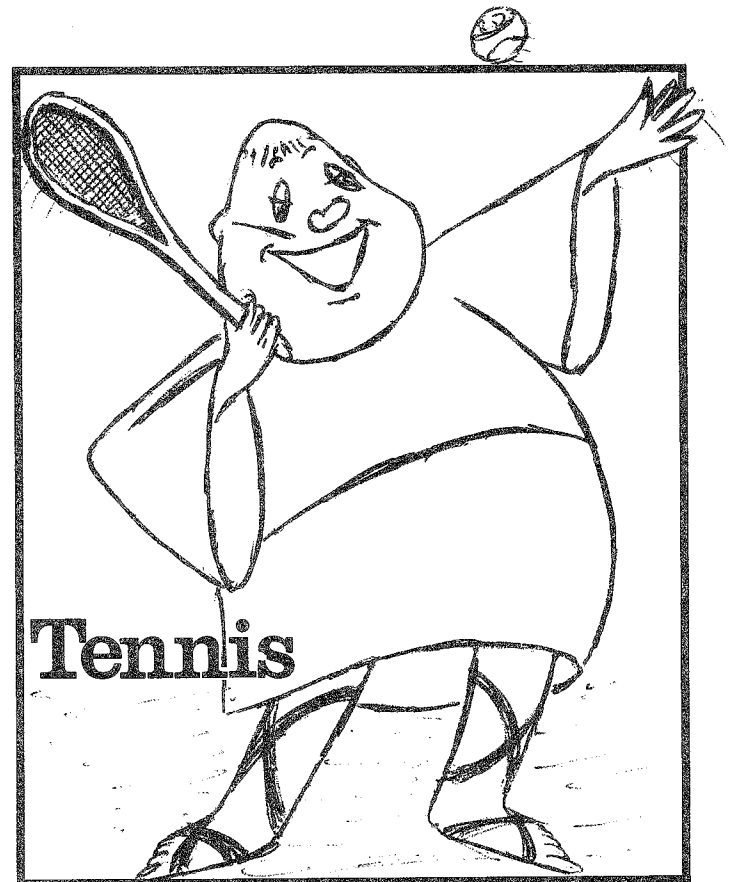
Although playing only two games this team was quite successful, winning one game and narrowly losing the other to Macquarie. Weather and transport problems prevented the team from other games.

The best batsman was D. Loy who consistently scored well and the bowling of S. Matthews, A. Reynolds and S. Fogarty continually worried the opposition.

13B

Team: P. Lemcke (Capt.), O. King, J. Asmus, R. Maxfield, M. Berry, C. Thugar, N. Apps, J. Montgomery, K. Johnston, K. Studhome, J. Pronty.

This group of cricketers proved in a short time to be a possible basis for future higher grade cricket for some time. Indeed many of the players seemed to have potential far beyond their age and experience. The whole of the team combined well and provided orderly mature cricket. Credit must be given to the approach and general manner displayed being further verified by their undefeated effort thus far.



The following boys represented in the 1969 competitions.

First Grade: L. LeRoy (Capt.), G. Valler, G. Sutton, L. Hockey.

Second Grade: P. Christopher (Capt.), M. Levett, G. Campbell, W. Reynolds, P. Britton, C. Willmott.

Under 15 Years: P. Yip (Capt.), K. Tritton, W. Imlay, D. West, K. Sheldrick.

Under 14 Years: I. Murray (Capt. - summer), R. Meyer (Capt. - winter), S. Taylor, R. Valler, A. Reynolds, K. Cunningham, G. Ma.

In the summer competitions, 1st grade were Premiers while 2nd Grade and Under 15's were defeated in their finals, 2nd Grade losing by only 3 games. The Under 14's were defeated in their semi-final.

In the winter competition, all teams reached the finals but only the

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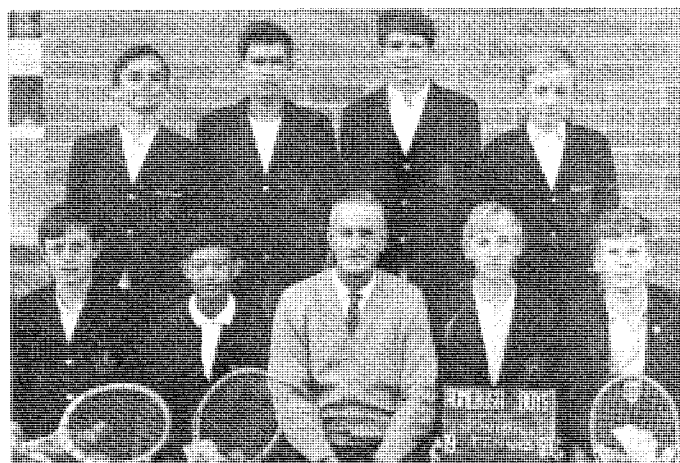
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Under 15's were to continue to be Premiers.

Our Singles Champion, L. LeRoy, was selected Captain of the C.H.S. team to play Queensland in the Pizzey Cup competition to be held in Queensland. The 1969 Junior Singles Champion was W. Imlay.

While these results are very pleasing, we consider 1969 as a year of



losses. By the retirement of Mr Quail, we have lost the man who, being associated with Homebush tennis for over 10 years, was most responsible for these successes.

L. LeRoy will complete his school studies this year and so leave us taking our best wishes for every success in his promising future in tennis.

The boys' appreciation of Mr Quail's efforts was clearly shown in their presentation to him of a wallet.

Finally, we would like to express our thanks to Arnotts for the use of their excellent courts and to the parents for their efforts so that, in appearance, the boys are a credit to their school.

E. Grant

Water polo

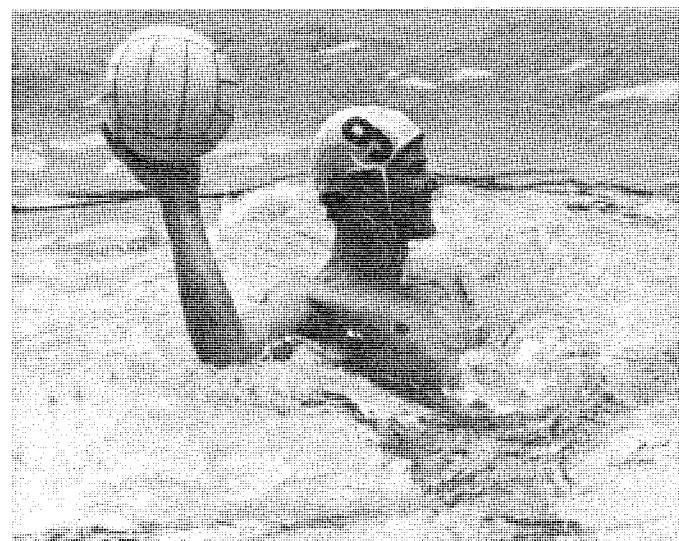
The victorious 1969 squad consisted of Ross Mutton goalkeeper, Jeff Darke, Ed Goddard and Greg Haynes as backs and Paul Duval, Keith Thompson, John Cox and Martin Grove as forwards.

The team rose to a superb unit of co-ordination in the final of the school competition, thrashing the previously undefeated Asquith 6-0 to become zone premiers.

In the C.H.S. knockout competition 1st Grade battled its way through the heats, quarter and semi finals to meet Penrith in the final.

Unfortunately we were beaten by one goal to become runners-up.

Four of the team, Ross Mutton, Keith Thompson, Greg Haynes and Martin Grove were selected for the zone side, the latter two players



made their way through to the final selection trials for the C.H.S. team, unfortunately missing out on selection.

Special thanks must be extended to the coach, Mr Birkett for his enthusiasm in bringing the team to its excellent form.

M. Grove

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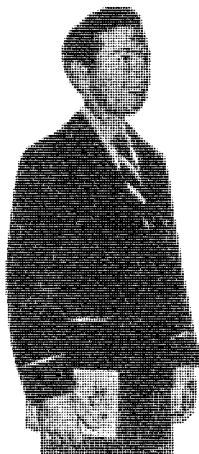
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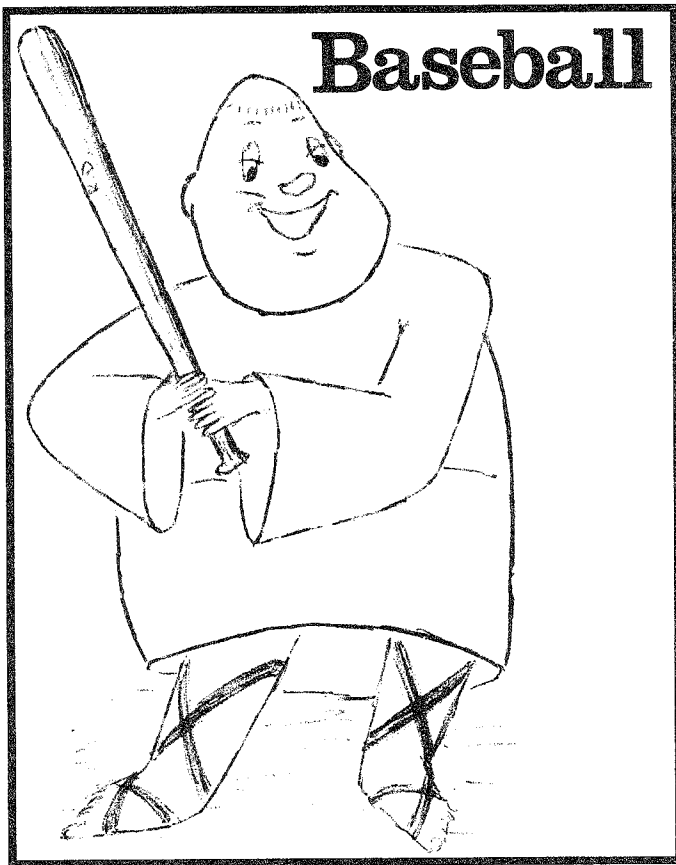
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Coaches: Mr Kennedy and Mr Brawn

Within two years Homebush Boys' High School has been elevated to a position of baseball superiority in the North Western Metropolitan Zone, a position clarified moreso by virtue of the fact that we were the undefeated zone premiers in the 1969 season. Every member of this team has given his best at all times and has demonstrated a high degree of sportsmanship in keeping with the traditions of the school. It would be extremely difficult to select the best player as possibly the key to our

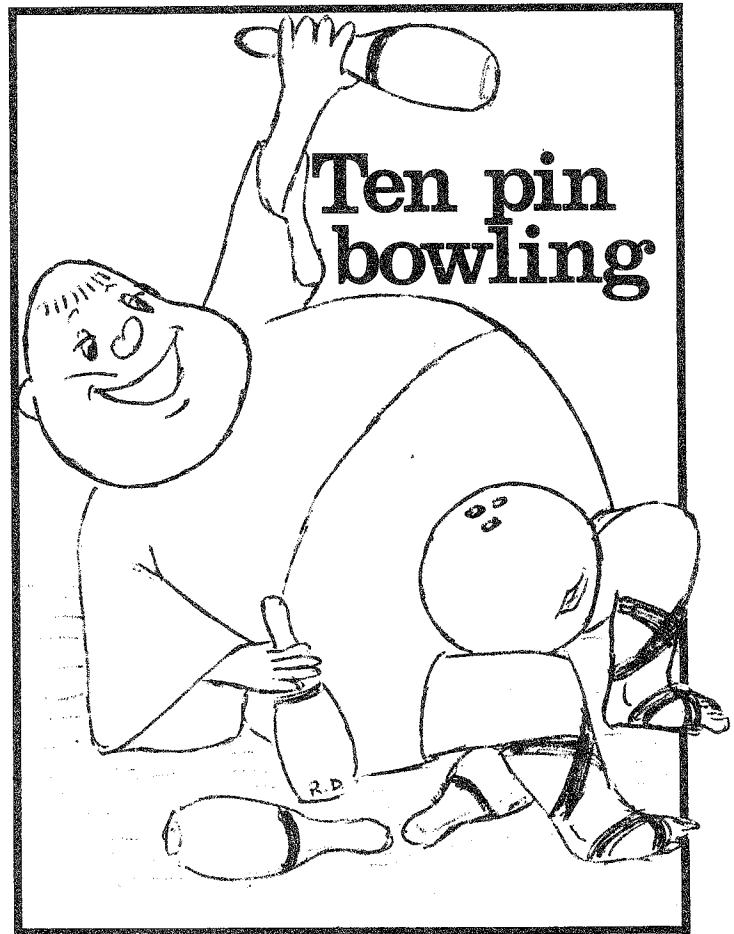


success lies in the spirit which encourages every boy to shine as a member of the squad and not merely as an individual. However, mention should be made at this stage of the selection of John Brookes in the Combined High Schools team.

The length of time for which we can expect to enjoy this success is certainly dependent upon the development of the younger boys, and it is particularly encouraging to notice the interest and enthusiasm shown

by them. Although the Under 15 team was unsuccessful in the zone competition, they will have obtained valuable experience and may be a force to contend with in the coming season.

S.J. Kennedy



Ten Pin Bowling was introduced to the school for the first time in 1969. It commenced with six weeks of bowling instruction class at the Hi-Way Bowl. This was followed by a 14 round inter-school competition in which four 5 man teams were entered. Homebush was successful in winning 3 out of the 4 grades with 4th grade being undefeated for the season. In the 1st grade A. Mullan bowled an average of 149. In 2nd grade Ankudinoff bowled well with an average of 140. D. Luke in the 3rd grade bowled a consistent 140 average. In the 4th grade G. Cowan bowled consistently for an average of 165.

Sailing

In 1968 Sailing was re-launched at Homebush. The Zone kindly provided an outboard engine while a pick-up boat and facilities were made available by the Concord/Ryde Sailing Club. Unfortunately sailing as a school-boy sport presents one serious drawback in that boys must have their own boats – or have access to one. This has meant that as yet only a few boys have had the opportunity of taking part in competitions. Races are run on a handicap basis and boats may range from Manly Juniors to replicas of *The Endeavour*. Of the Homebush boys who raced in the 1968-69 season, the most successful were L. Rowe, M. Jones and R. Motbey of 2nd Form and R. Hozack of 1st Form. It is hoped that in 1969-70 more boys will be interested and spend their Wednesday afternoons boating on the placid waters of the Parramatta.

J. McManus, Commodore



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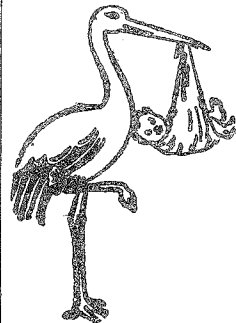
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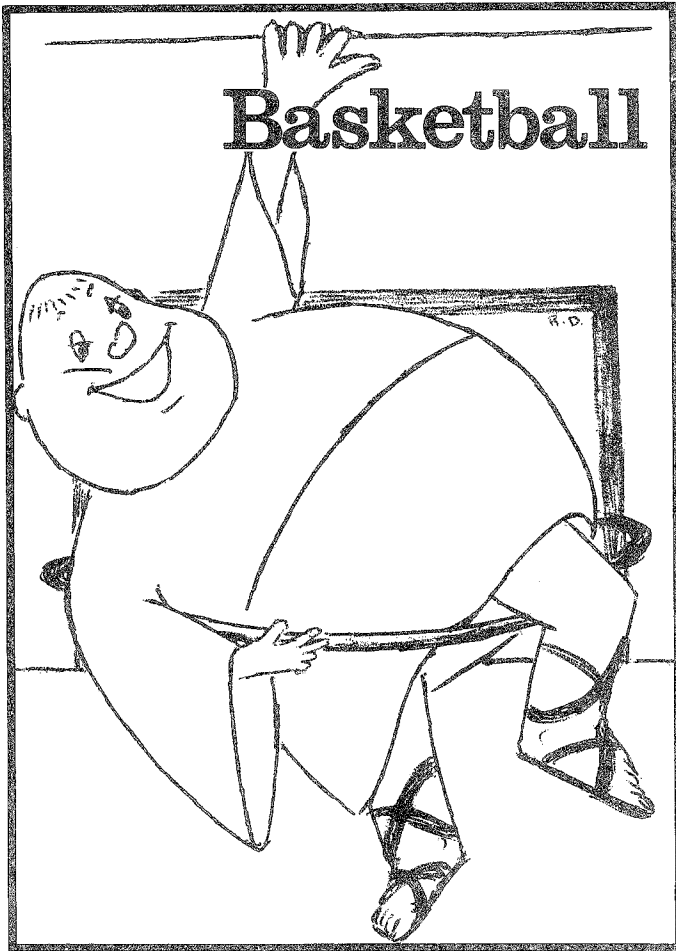
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1ST GRADE

1st Grade went well this year. In the zone competition they finished a close second to Meadowbank, who were again state champions, being defeated in the final 60-48.

A.Cunningham, CHS Basketball

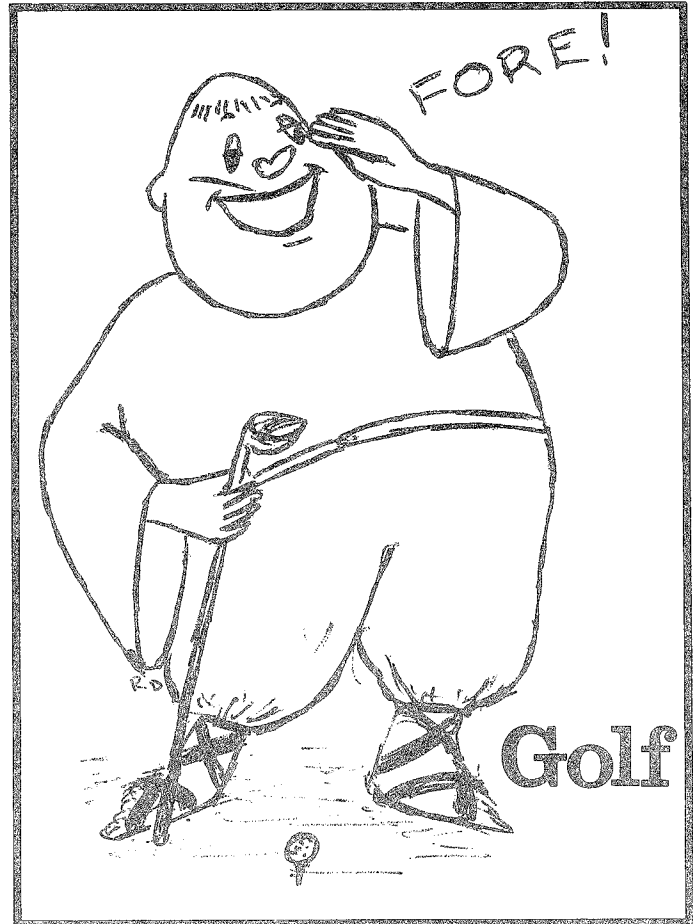


In November last year Homebush entered its 1st in the State schoolboys tournament and managed to finish 3rd, a very fine effort. Unfortunately again this year they were defeated in the third round of the Shell Cup, the annual State wide competition which this year had a record number of entries.

Also during the earlier part of the year, Homebush played Auburn Girls' High, the State and schoolgirl champions, and although Homebush was generally taller and stronger, the games were closely contested.

Throughout the season the team played well as a unit. But special mention must go to Peter Johnson, a State player, whose consistent high scoring and defensive play helped the team to many a victory. He was backed up well in the back court by A. Cunningham, another State player, and V. Duselis, A. Mazur, K. Compton and R. Cunningham showed greatly improved form during the season and together with C. Egan worked in very well with the team.

We should like to thank Mr Franks for his help and assistance during the year.



Open team: B. Riddell (Capt.), B. Ryder, B. Rose, R. Ford, P. Nesbitt, S. Goldsmith, S. Foster.

15 years: T. Graham (Capt.), M. Fishburn, L. Luke, D. MacGrath, J. Fenwick, S. Bennett, R. Purdy.

Once again the school entered two teams in the zone competition.

The Open team performed well and gained second place in the competition. Our school was unlucky not to take out the competition as we were the only school to defeat the eventual premiers. The most outstanding performance of the season was the equalling of the Hudson Park Golf Course record by team captain Riddell.

In the C.H.S. Golf Championship B. Ryder gained second place and we filled three of the first five places.

The 15 years team had an enjoyable season and whilst they did not win the competition they gained valuable experience.

T. Graham, G. Barry



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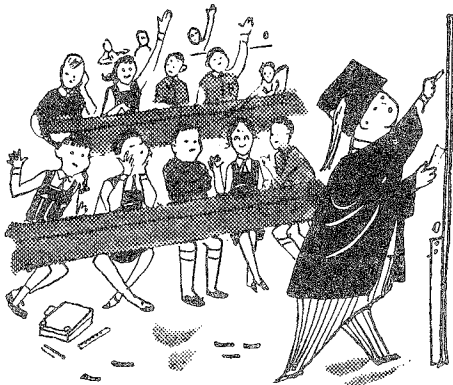
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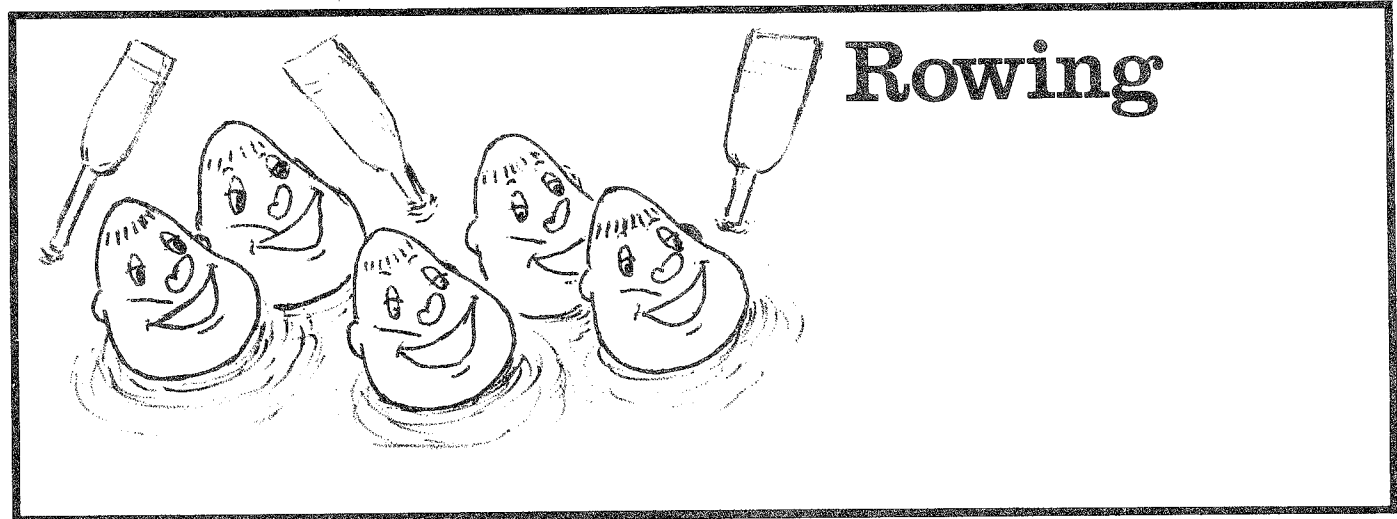


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After a relatively poor showing in this year's C.H.S. Regatta, Homebush is again rising to the fore in rowing circles. This is partly due to two major alterations to our boat. The first was the replacement of the controversial "poppets" to the more orthodox swivels. Secondly, the shell has been split allowing it to be transported on a car, making us self sufficient when the shell has to be transported for non-local Regattas.

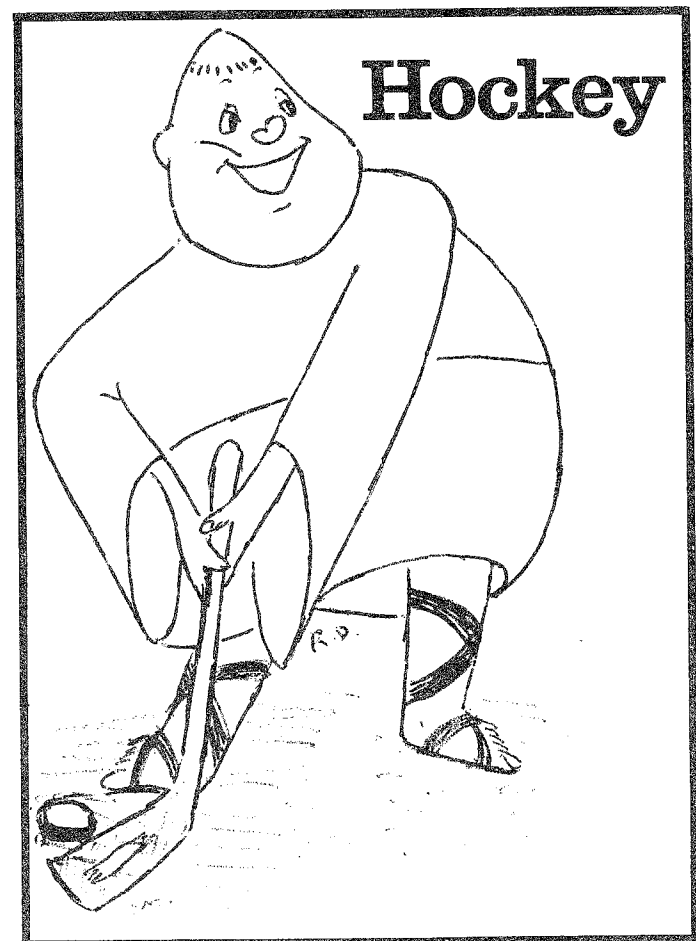
However, no amount of equipment is any good without the oarsmen to make use of it, and unfortunately Homebush has been caught with its pants down; the absence of rising junior crews to replace our senior oarsmen has been sorely felt. A vigorous recruiting campaign, backed by Mr Myers, has restored the squad to its former strength, and provided sufficient juniors to ensure no future collapse such as we have just experienced.

As a new addition to the squad myself, I am eternally grateful to the "Resident Coaches" Mr E. Ireland and Mr G. Carlson, for their co-operation and advice and to Paul Brennan of 6th Form for his very able coaching of the junior members of the squad. Several crews are now beginning to take shape, the most promising of which is P. Giutronich, H. Bruist, K. Mackay and S. Yorke, and it is anticipated this crew will form the nucleus of our squad to compete in the 1970 C.H.S. Regatta to be held in Grafton over the Easter period.

Special thanks must also be given to our coxwains K. Cunningham, P. Jamison and Webster as well as R. Brennan, G. Coates and J.

Andrews who are always more than willing to be available to cox and coach crews as well as row. Again, I would like to thank everyone connected with the squad.

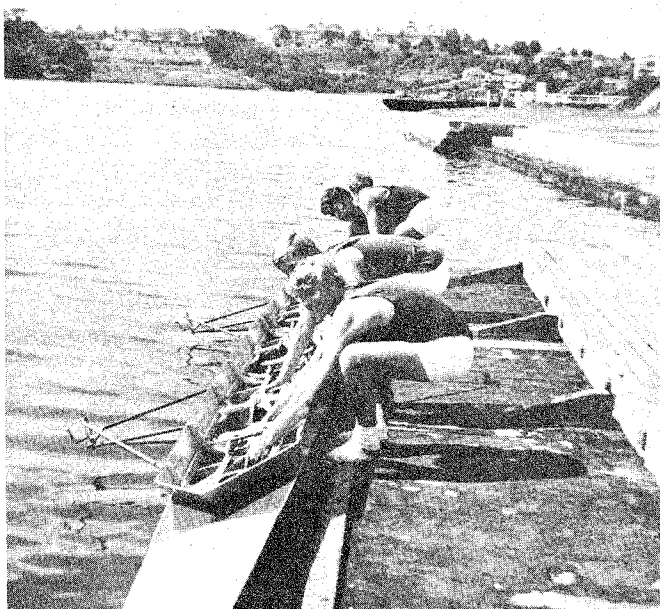
J. Ewing



Coaches: J. Cubis, L. Halliday, S. Kennedy

The season opened auspiciously with a seven nil defeat by Macquarie. This set the tone for the rest of the games. But although the shadow of defeat stalked us at every corner, we never surrendered. The coaches agreed that there was some intangible quality present in the two teams called - team spirit. The lads gave their all. Bully for you lads.

J.E. Cubis



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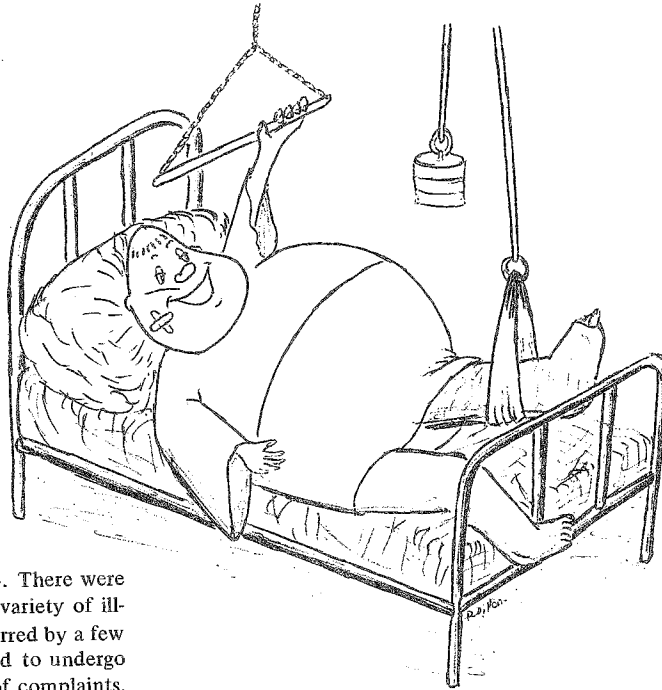
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Room 34



Another very successful season was had in Room 34. There were some excellent performances by some of the lads. The variety of illnesses was really something to be seen. The season was marred by a few cases of good health and one or two team members had to undergo disciplinary action but on the whole there were plenty of complaints, and ill health inevitably triumphed. We can once again congratulate the boys of Room 34 for splendid attendance – they were as always “real triers”.

Miss D. Orr

Credits



To all those who helped in any way in the production of the magazine, the Editor, Mr B. Lippiatt and the Business Manager, Mr H. Webster, give their thanks.

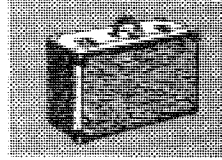
Special mention is due to the intrepid band of Form V Advertising Salesmen who secured much tangible support from a multitude of generous advertisers. Cartoonists Rod Dillon and Mr P. Donnellan, photographers Alan Cowan, Ross Liggins and Phillip Brown and the members of the Art Department have done much to individualise our magazine and for this we are very grateful.

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The Farmers Shield	
Champion House, Swimming	Vaughan House
The Bert Oldfield Shield	
Champion House, Basketball	Greening House
The W.S.R.U. Club Shield	
Champion House, All Sports	Greening House
The Prefects' Shield	
Champion House, Debating	Hayes House
The Jim Greening Shield	
Old Boys versus the School Debating	The Old Boys
The Neil Gunther Trophy	
Champion Senior Debater	P. Gallagher
The P. & C. Trophy	
Champion Junior Debater	N. Armfield
North Western Metropolitan Zone	
Swimming Cup, 12 years division	
14 years division	
16 years division	
Champion School	Homebush B.H.S.
The Negus Cup	
Champion House, Rugby League	Howe House
The Bill Barnes Trophy	
Champion House, Rugby Union	Greening House
The Stan McCabe Trophy	
Champion House, Cricket	Hayes House
The Harvey Ford Trophy	
Champion House, Tennis	Howe House
The Old Boys' Trophy	
Champion House, Soccer	Vaughan House
The Lidcombe Rotary Club Shield	
School Citizenship	J. Shenstone
The Briars Cricket Shield	
Outstanding Player 1969	G. James
The Briars Rugby Union Shield	
Outstanding Player 1969	D. Flood
The Old Boys' Cricket Club Trophy	
Champion Athlete, Vaughan House	G. Hincksman
The West Strathfield Bowling Club Trophy	
Champion Athlete, Hayes House	G. Brown
The Bellbird Trophy	
Champion Athlete, Greening House	G. Millson
The Grace Brothers Trophy	
Champion Athlete, Howe House	K. Weale
The Greening Trophy	
Champion Swimmer, Greening House	R. Letherbarrow
The About Trophy	
Champion Swimmer, Vaughan House	S. Goldsmith

The Air Force Memorial Trophy	
Champion Swimmer, Howe House	J. Talbot
The Hyman Trophy	
Champion Swimmer, Hayes House	J. Cox
The Sutton Trophy	
Champion Athlete, Senior	G. Hincksman
The John Hardgrove Trophy	
Champion Athlete, 16 years	P. Christopher
The Homebush R.S.L. Sub-Branch Trophy	
Champion Athlete, 15 years	K. Weale
The Lewis Berger Trophy	
Champion Athlete, 14 years	N. Klunicki
The Chas. Warne Shield	
Champion Athlete, 13 years	G. Brown
The Myles Trophy	
Champion Athlete, 12 years	K. Johnston
The Angus & Robertson Trophy	
Champion Swimmer, Senior	J. Cox
The Hyman Trophy	
Champion Swimmer, 16 years	S. Goldsmith
The Vaughan Trophy	
Champion Swimmer, 15 years	T. Robinson
The A.R.C. Engineering Trophy	
Champion Swimmer, 14 years	J. Talbot
The Bell Trophy	
Champion Swimmer, 13 years	R. Letherbarrow
The Ingersoll Trophy	
Champion Swimmer, 12 years	L. Gallur
The Carlyon Cup	
Best and Fairest Soccer Player	M. Spinks
The Samuels Trophy	
Champion Tennis Player	L. LeRoy
The Drummoyne Rugby Union Club Trophy	
Best and Fairest Rugby Union Player	G. Hincksman
The Drummoyne Rugby Union Club Trophy	
Most Improved Player	K. Piefke
The P. & C. Trophy	
The Most Outstanding Boy in the School	I. John
The Burwood Rotary Club Trophy	
The Most Outstanding Boy in Fourth Form	R. John
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The Outstanding Cadet Under Officer	W. Whyte
The C.H. Hunt Marksman Trophy	P. Barnes
The Ladies' Auxiliary Trophy	
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<i>First in Mathematics</i>	Nicholas Klunicki

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<i>First in Linguistics</i>	Aeq.	John Keogh
<i>First in Craft</i>		
<i>Lidcombe Rotary Prize for Service & Scholarship</i>		Phillip Reay
<i>Prize for Meritorious Service to the School</i>		Kenneth Charnock
<i>Third in First Form</i>		Ross Letherbarrow
<i>Second in First Form</i>		Malcolm Handel
<i>First in Art</i>		
<i>First in Social Studies</i>		
<i>First in Linguistics (Aeq.)</i>		
<i>First in Form One</i>		Bruce Thomas

CLASS 1F

<i>Third in Class</i>		Mark Topen
<i>Second in Class</i>		Noel Beggell
<i>First in Class</i>		Peter Hennessy

FORM 2

<i>First in Geography</i>		Brian Ashton
<i>First in Commerce</i>		Alan Kinkade
<i>First in Woodwork</i>		John Pridham
<i>First in Metalwork</i>		Bryan Herd
<i>First in Music</i>		Steven Bennett
<i>First in Art</i>		Terry Graham
<i>Lidcombe Rotary Prize for Service & Scholarship</i>		Neil Armfield
<i>Tierney Prize for Literature (Junior)</i>		Russell Copp
<i>First in Technical Drawing</i>		
<i>First in History</i>		
<i>Third in Form Two</i>		Chris Beauchamp
<i>First in German</i>		
<i>Second in Form Two</i>		Dennis Hammond
<i>First in English</i>		
<i>First in Mathematics</i>		
<i>First in Science</i>		
<i>First in French</i>		
<i>First in Latin</i>		
<i>First in Form Two</i>		Mark Krieger

CLASS 2F

<i>Third in Class</i>		Paul Kolesnikov
<i>Second in Class</i>		Ken Thoroughgood
<i>First in Class</i>		Graeme Till

FORM 3

<i>First in Geography</i>		Ian Ryan
<i>First in German</i>		Peter Fisher
<i>First in Woodwork</i>		Robert Leake
<i>First in Metalwork</i>		Paul Shirt
<i>First in Technical Drawing</i>		Roderick McGregor
<i>First in Music</i>		Mati Korgvee
<i>First in Art</i>		Graham Hunt
<i>First in Commerce (Aeq.)</i>		John Magrath
<i>Prize for Meritorious Service to the School</i>		Robert Laughton
<i>First in Latin</i>		
<i>Lidcombe Rotary Prize for Service & Scholarship</i>		Robert Brennan
<i>First in Mathematics</i>		
<i>Third in Form Three</i>		Alan Wilton
<i>First in English</i>		
<i>First in Commerce (Aeq.)</i>		
<i>Second in Form Three</i>		Norman Bull
<i>First in Science</i>		
<i>First in History</i>		
<i>First in French</i>		
<i>First in Form Three</i>		Russell John

FORM 4

<i>First in History</i>		Phillip Nesbitt
<i>First in Woodwork</i>		Brian Fox
<i>First in Metalwork</i>		Ian Turnbull

<i>First in Art</i>		Gordon Tench
<i>Prize for Meritorious Service to the School</i>		Robert Heap
<i>First in German</i>		
<i>First in Music</i>		Boris Terry
<i>First in Commerce</i>		
<i>Third in Form Four</i>		
<i>Lidcombe Rotary Prize for Service & Scholarship</i>		Gary James
<i>First in Geography</i>		
<i>First in Technical Drawing</i>		
<i>Second in Form Four</i>		
<i>Burwood Rotary Prize for the most outstanding boy</i> <i>in Fourth Form (Trophy)</i>		Neville Rowe
<i>First in English</i>		
<i>First in Mathematics</i>		
<i>First in Science</i>		
<i>First in French</i>		
<i>First in Latin</i>		
<i>First in Form Four</i>		Colin Mathers

FORM 5

<i>First in Mathematics</i>		Paul Harris
<i>First in Geography</i>		Geoffrey Hall
<i>First in Modern History</i>		Dennis Metcalf
<i>First in Ancient History</i>		Peter Johnson
<i>First in Latin</i>		Naum Noman
<i>First in Economics</i>		Stephen Williamson
<i>First in Industrial Arts</i>		Ken Sherwood
<i>First in Art</i>		Grant Luscombe
<i>Lidcombe Rotary Prize for Service & Scholarship</i>		Barry Shepherd
<i>Prize for Meritorious Service to the School</i>		Paul Brennan
<i>Prize for Meritorious Service to the School</i>		John Shenstone
<i>Prize for Meritorious Service to the School</i>		Gary Hassall
<i>First in German</i>		
<i>Third in Form Five</i>		Gary Morphett
<i>First in Science</i>		
<i>Second in Form Five</i>		Stanley Vincent
<i>First in English</i>		
<i>First in French</i>		
<i>First in Form Five</i>		
<i>Tierney Prize for Literature (Snr.)</i>		Ian John

FORM 6

<i>First in Industrial Arts</i>		Gregory Francis
<i>First in Music</i>		Ken Barnett
<i>The Doug. Rodgers Prize for French (Aeq.)</i>		Robert Slough
<i>First in Modern History</i>		Gary Lennon
<i>The Charles Johnson Prize for Economics</i>		Dennis Mortimer
<i>The Hume Barbour Debating Competition Prize</i>		Stanton Hyman
<i>The Cramp Debating Competition Prize</i>		
<i>Prize for Meritorious Service to the School</i>		Stephen Lewis
<i>First in Ancient History</i>		
<i>Prize for Meritorious Service to the School</i>		John Coates
<i>Prize for Meritorious Service to the School</i>		Stuart Pavel
<i>Prize for Meritorious Service to the School</i>		Ross McMillan
<i>The Old Boys' Prize for Sport and Scholarship</i>		Mark Healey
<i>First in English</i>		
<i>The Doug. Rodgers Prize for French (Aeq.)</i>		
<i>Lidcombe Rotary Prize for Service & Scholarship</i>		David Kavanagh
<i>First in Latin</i>		
<i>The RSSAILA Prize for All Round Merit</i>		
<i>Third in Sixth Form</i>		Robert Kass
<i>First in German</i>		
<i>The Anthony Hamilton Prize for Mathematics & Science</i>		
<i>Second in Sixth Form</i>		Chris. Aflecht
<i>First in Geography</i>		
<i>The Ladies' Auxiliary Prize for Dux of the School</i>		
<i>Greening Prize for Dux of the School</i>		Barry Thomas
<i>First in Art</i>		
<i>The Captain's Prize</i>		
<i>The P. & C. Trophy for the Most Outstanding Boy</i> <i>in the School</i>		Alan Butler

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Examination results 1968

School Cert.

How to read results.

1. English; 2. Science; 3. Mathematics; 4. Social Studies; 5. Geography; 6. History; 7. Commerce; 8. Art; 9. Needlework; 10. Home Science; 11. Technical Drawing; 12. Metalwork; 13. Woodwork; 14. Farm Mechanics; 15. Agriculture; 16. Music (Secondary Schools Board); 17. Music (A.M. E.B.); 18. Asian Social Studies; 19. French; 20. German; 21. Latin; 22. Greek; 23. Russian; 24. Dutch; 25. Hebrew; 26. Italian; 27. Spanish; 28. Ceramics; 29. Weaving; 30. Art Metalwork; 31. Graphic Arts and Bookbinding; 32. Bookcrafts and Leathercrafts; 33. Sheep Husbandry and Wool Science.

Grade of Results

a indicates a pass at advanced level.

c indicates a credit pass at ordinary level.

p indicates a pass at ordinary level.

Also NO letter after a subject indicates a pass at ordinary level.

m indicates a pass at modified level.

Ankudinoff, N. 2 5 13m 23a
 Badder, S.T. 1 2 3m 16
 Balkin, G. 1 2a 3a 5 12a 13a
 Baracz, H.G. 1 3 5 7 11
 Bartlett, D.R. 1 2a 3 5c 11 13c
 Bent, G.R. 1 2a 3a 5a 11a 19c
 Bernstein, J. 1c 2 3c 6a 7a 19c
 Bowen, P.L. 1 2 3c 6a 8a 20c
 Bownas, D.F. 1 2 3 7 13
 Britton, P.J. 1c 2a 3a 5a 11a 19a
 Brookes, J.A. 1c 2c 3c 6 11 13c
 Brown, P.G. 1c 2a 3c 6m 7a 19p
 Campbell, G.A. 1c 2p 3c 5 8c 11
 Cavanagh, C.A. 1 2 3a 5a 7c 13p
 Challenger T.L. 1 2m 3a 5 11m 19p
 Chapman, C.J. 1 2 3m 5c 7 12
 Christensen, P. 1 2a 3 5c 12 13
 Christopher, P.A. 1c 2a 3a 5a 11a 20c
 Clymo R.W. 1 2a 3a 5a 11a 19c
 Comans, R.J. 1a 2a 3c 6a 7a 19p
 Cowan, A.J. 1 2a 3c 5a 11c 20
 Cox, J.C. 1 2 3m 5c 8a

Crawley, R. 1c 2a 3a 5 11 12
 Daly R.N. 1m 2c 3a 5a 7a 19p
 Dillon, R. 1 2a 3a 5c 11a 19
 Dowdall, J.A. 1 2 3 5c 11p 13p
 Doyle, R.W. 1 2c 3c 6 7c 12
 Duggan, S.L. 1 2 3c 5c 8a 11
 Duvall, P.W. 1c 2a 3p 5a 19m 21p
 Dyer, S.W. 1 2a 3 5 11a 12a
 Enright, A.B. 1c 3c 5c 11 13
 Essenstam, G.L. 1c 2a 3c 6a 7a 20c
 Evans, G.A. 1a 2a 3a 5a 16a 20a
 Ferris, I.A. 1c 2a 3 5 19 21
 Fisher B.P. 1a 2a 3a 6a 11a 19p
 Flood, K.J. 1 2c 3a 5a 7a 19p
 Ford, G.R. 1a 2a 3a 5a 20a 21a
 Foster, S. 1c 2m 3 11 19
 Fox, B.K. 1 2 3 5a 11 13a
 Frier, C.K. 1c 2 3m 5a 8a 11
 Gavin, B.T. 1a 2a 3a 5a 11 19c
 Goldsmith, S.J. 1c 2a 3a 6c 8a 20
 Green, C.K. 1m 2 3 5 12 13c
 Grierson, D.J. 1 2a 3 5c 16c 19
 Grierson, J.T. 1 2 3 5 11m 13c
 Guthrie, R.K. 1c 2a 3a 5a 11a 13a
 Guy, K.G. 1c 2 3 5a 7c
 Hall, B. 1c 2c 3a 5a 11a
 Hancock, A.W. 1a 2a 3a 6a 19a 21a
 Harvey, R.J. 1 2a 3a 6 7c 13c
 Haskell, G.A. 1 2 3 6c 7c 13
 Hayes, S.J. 1c 2 3 5c 11 13
 Heap, R.P. 2c 3 12a 13a
 Henderson, R.G. 1a 2a 3a 5a 11a 20a
 Hillyard, N.F. 1 2 3a 5a 12c 13a
 Ho B.S.M. 1c 2a 3a 5a 11a 19
 Hodgson, R.G. 1 2c 3 6c 8a 20c
 Hoffman, W.W. 1c 2 3 6a 8a 11
 Hooker, D.J. 1 2 3a 5a 7a 19m
 Hunter, P.W. 1c 2 3a 6a 7a 19p
 Jacks, L.C. 1 5 7c 13
 James, G.R. 1a 2a 3a 5a 7a 20a
 Keighley, R.W. 1c 2a 3a 5a 11a 19p
 Kennedy, P.A. 1 2a 3a 6a 11c 12
 Kidd, R.G. 1 2c 3 5c 11 20
 Korgvee, A. 1c 2a 3a 5a 11a 20a
 Langley, J.S. 1 2a 3a 5a 7a 19
 Larsen, E.D. 1a 2c 3 6a 7a 19
 Lawless, M.E. 1 2 3 8c 20
 Lawrence, A.J. 1m 2 3 5c 8a 20p
 Lee, G.C. 1m 2c 3a 5a 11 13
 Leung, K.Y. 1 2a 3a 5a 11 20a
 Loomes, K. 1 2 3 5c 7 11
 Macdonald, D.J. 1 2m 3m 5 11
 Mackay, K.J. 1 2 3 5 12c 13c
 Mandel, M.P. 1c 2c 3a 5a 11 12
 Maskey, L. 1 2c 3 11a 13
 Mathers, C.D. 1a 2a 3a 6a 19a 21a
 Mazur, A. 1c 2a 3a 5a 11a 20a
 McAlpine, R.J. 1m 2 3m 5m 7m 12
 McDonald, B.W. 1 2 3 5 7 11m
 McDonough, A. 1a 2a 3a 5a 8a 19

McLachlan, M.D. 1a 2a 3a 6a 20a 21a
 Mills, P.G. 1a 2c 3 6c 7a 21a
 Nesbitt, P.J. 1a 2a 3c 6a 7a 19
 Newman, P.G. 1a 2a 3c 5a 7c 13c
 Norman, T.J. 1a 2a 3a 6a 11c 13c
 O'Brien, D.P. 1 2a 3a 5a 7a 19
 Owen, P.A. 1c 2a 3a 5c 19
 Oyston, J. 1 2a 3a 5a 11a 19c
 Petros, M.J. 1 2a 3a 6 7a 20
 Piefke, K.M. 1 2 3 5a 7
 Porst, R. 1c 2 3c 7a 19a
 Pridham, E.W. 1c 2 3c 6a 7a 19
 Randell, S.T. 1c 2a 3 6a 11a 19
 Rider, B.J. 1c 2 3c 5 11 19
 Rose, B.V. 1 2a 3a 5a 7a 19
 Rowe, N.H. 1a 2a 3a 5a 11a 19a
 Rudgley, W. 1c 2a 3 6 11m 20
 Sewell, N.M. 1 2 3 7 13m
 Singleton, R.R. 1 3 7m 11
 Sollom, R.K. 1c 2c 3 5 7 13
 Stephan, G.P. 1c 2 3 11 20
 Stephen, G.M. 1c 2 3a 5a 14 10c
 Stoker, R.J. 1c 2 3a 5c 8a 11a
 Stringer, L.R. 1a 2 3 5 8a 19
 Svarens, A. 1m 3m 5 11m
 Tavener, R.J. 1 2 3 5 12
 Tench, G.I. 1a 2a 3a 5a 8a 19a
 Terry, B. 1a 2a 3a 5a 16a 20a
 Thomas, J.K. 1 2 3m 6 8c
 Thomas, P.O. 1 2a 3 5c 11a 12c
 Thompson, R.C. 1a 2a 3a 5a 11a 19c
 Thomson, K.R. 1a 2a 3a 6a 8a 19c
 Thorpe, I.M. 1 2 3 5 11 13
 Trittton, J. 1 2 3c 11c 13c
 Turnbull, I.J. 1a 2a 3a 5a 11a 12a
 Valler, G.R. 1c 2a 3a 5c 11a 19
 Voroshine, P. 2m 3 11 13c
 Wallace, I.K. 1c 2 3c 5c 11m 19a
 Watkins, W.G. 1a 2a 3a 5a 8a 19a
 Watling, G.L. 1c 2a 3 6a 7c 12
 Weeding, G.L. 1a 2a 3a 5a 8a 19c
 Weeks, A.G. 1a 2a 3a 5a 7a 20a
 Weir, G. 1 2c 3c 5 11 13
 Weller, W.R. 1 2 3 5 7m 13
 West G.C. 1c 2a 3a 5a 11a 19
 Whyte, W.B. 1 2a 3a 5 11a 19m
 Woodger, E.J. 1c 2a 3 5a 7a 19c
 Yorke, S.G. 1 2c 3 5 11 19m

Higher School Cert.

How to read results. Each group

of figures or figures and letters denotes one subject and the grade of pass. The subject appears before the hyphen and the grade of pass after it.

1. English; 2. Mathematics; 3. Science; 4. Agriculture; 5. Modern History; 6. Ancient History; 7. Geography; 8. Economics; 9. French; 10. German; 11. Latin; 12. Greek; 13. Italian; 14. Spanish; 15. Bahasa Indonesia; 16. Russian; 17. Dutch; 18. Hebrew; 19. Chinese; 20. Japanese; 21. Music (Board); 22. Music (A.M.E.B.); 23. Art; 24. Industrial Arts; 25. Textiles and Design; 26. Home Science; 27. Sheep Husbandry and Wool Technology; 28. Farm Mechanics.

Grade of Results

(1) indicates a pass at first level.
 (2) indicates a pass at second level except in the case of mathematics and science.

(2F) indicates a pass in the second-level full course in mathematics or science.

(2S) indicates a pass in the second-level short course in mathematics or science.

(3) indicates a pass at third level. GS indicates that the candidate has been successful in the general studies paper.

Aflecht, C.E. 1-2, 2-1, 3-1, 10-1, GS.
 Ambler, K.C. 1-2, 2-3, 3-2F, 7-2, GS.
 Anderson, G.N. 1-2, 2-2S, 3-2S, 5-2, 7-2, 8-2, GS.
 Aspinall, G.D. 1-2, 2-1, 3-1, 10-1, GS.
 Atkinson, R. 1-2, 2-2F, 3-2F, 6-2, 10-2, GS.
 Aubrey, J. 1-2, 2-2F, 3-2S, 24-3.
 Baines, C.M. 23-1, GS
 Baldwin, A.C. 1-3, 2-2S, 9-3, 22-1, GS.
 Barnett, K.M. 1-2, 2-2S, 3-2S, 7-2, 8-1, 21-1, GS
 Baxt, R.B. 1-2, 2-2F, 3-2F, 6-3, 8-2.
 Beauchamp, G.B. 1-1, 2-2S, 5-2, 6-2, 11-3, GS.
 Bell, T.M. 1-2, 2-2S, 3-2S, 5-1, 11-1, GS.
 Benfell, G.H. 1-3, 2-3, 3-3, 6-3, 8-2
 Benson, P.E. 1-3, 2-2F, 3-2S, 7-3, 8-2, GS.
 Butler, A.J. 1-2, 2-2F, 3-2F, 23-1, GS.
 Buriak, V. 1-2, 2-2S, 3-2F, 8-2, 24-2, GS.
 Champion, P.R. 1-2, 2-2F, 3-2S, 23-2, GS.
 Clark, G.A. 1-3, 2-2S, 3-2S, 5-3, 8-2, 24-2, GS.
 Clymo, B.J. 1-3, 2-3, 3-3.

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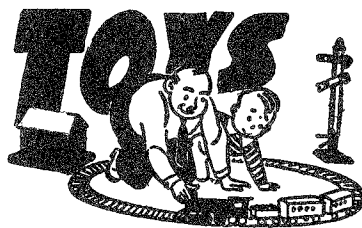
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- Cole, J.R. 1-2, 2-2F, 3-2F, 6-2, GS.
- Cooke, I.J. 1-3, 3-3, 7-2, 8-2.
- Craig, M.T. 1-3, 2-2F, 3-1, 9-2.
- Creighton, R.W. 1-2, 2-2F, 3-2F, 5-2, 8-2, GS.
- Cunningham, R.J. 1-2, 2-2S, 3-2S, 5-3, 6-3, 24-2, GS.
- Danes, B.R. 1-3, 3-3, 8-3, GS.
- Dinham, I. 1-2, 2-2F, 3-2S, 8-2.
- Dobbs, N.A. 1-2, 2-3, 3-2S, 5-3, 7-2, 8-2, GS.
- Druery, J.E. 1-1, 2-2S, 3-2S, 5-1, 9-2, GS.
- Durham, W.A. 1-2, 2-2S, 3-3, 8-2, GS.
- Duselis, J. 1-3, 2-2S, 3-3.
- Epoff, N.G. 1-3, 2-2S, 3-2S, 23-3.
- Ferguson, P.D. 1-2, 2-2F, 3-2F, 5-3, 9-2, GS.
- Flood, D.J. 1-2, 5-2, 6-2, 8-2, GS.
- Fogarty, J.B. 1-2, 2-3, 3-2S, 5-2, 9-3.
- Fox, J.G. 1-2, 2-1, 3-2F, GS.
- Francis, G.L. 1-2, 2-1, 3-1, 24-2.
- Gallagher, K.M. 1-3, 2-3, 3-3, 8-3, 9-3, GS.
- Gardner, F.M. 1-2, 3-2S, 5-2, 7-2, 8-2.
- Gerke, R.J. 1-3, 2-2F, 3-2F, 6-2.
- Graves, R.B. 1-3, 2-2F, 3-2S, 8-3, GS.
- Harden, L.W. 1-2, 2-3, 3-3, 8-3, 24-2, GS.
- Healey, M. 1-2, 2-2S, 3-2S, 5-2, 8-1, GS.
- Hind, J.M. 5-3, 6-3.
- Holman, H.G. 2-3, 5-3, 8-2, GS.
- Hooker, W.F. 1-2, 2-2S, 3-2S, 5-2, 7-2, 8-2, GS.
- Hudson, K.G. 1-3, 2-2S, 3-2S, 5-3, 8-2.
- Hunter, R.K. 1-3, 2-2F, 3-2F, 5-3, 8-2.
- Hyman, S.D. 1-2, 2-2S, 3-2S, 5-1, 11-2, GS.
- Ireland, G.J. 3-2S, 5-3, 7-3.
- Jacenko, W. 1-3, 2-2S, 3-2S, 5-2, 6-2, 8-2, GS.
- Johnston, R.D. 1-3, 2-3, 3-3, 5-2, 7-2, 8-2.
- Kass, R.B. 1-2, 2-1, 3-1, 11-1, GS.
- Kavanagh, D.J. 1-1, 2-2S, 3-2S, 5-2, 9-1, GS.
- Kennerson, A.R. 1-2, 2-2F, 3-2F, 8-1, GS.
- Kusher, H.A. 1-3, 5-2, 7-2, GS.
- Lane, M.R. 1-1, 2-2S, 5-1, 10-3, 15-2, GS.
- Lemcke, D.J. 1-3, 2-2F, 3-2F, 7-2.
- Lennon, G.W. 1-2, 3-3, 5-1, 6-2, 8-2, GS.
- Lynch, J.D. 1-3, 2-2S, 3-3, 5-2, 6-2, 9-2, GS.
- Mackay, B.P. 1-3, 2-2S, 3-2S, 6-3, 7-2, 8-2.
- Magill, R.G. 1-3, 2-2S, 3-2S, 6-3, 7-2, 8-2, GS.
- Mallon, P. 1-2, 2-1, 3-2F, 8-2, GS.
- McBride, T.D. 2-3, 3-2S, 5-3, 23-1.
- McDonough, J. 1-2, 7-3, GS.
- McMillan, R.G. 1-2, 2-2F, 3-2S, 8-3, 23-1, GS.
- McMullen, S.E. 1-3, 2-3, 6-3, 24-2, GS.
- Messina, F. 1-2, 2-1, 3-2F, 10-2, GS.
- Mills, A.L. 1-1, 2-2F, 7-2, GS.
- Mochan, K.B. 2-3, 3-2S, 6-3, 7-3, 8-2.
- Morris, B.V. 1-3, 2-3, 3-3, 5-2, 6-2, 8-2, GS.
- Mortimer, D.E. 1-2, 2-2S, 3-2S, 5-2, 8-1, GS.
- Mutton, B.K. 1-3, 2-2S, 3-3, 7-2, GS.
- Negerevich, N. 1-3, 3-3, 5-3, 21-1, GS.
- Newman, P. 1-3.
- Nichols, C.J. 1-2, 2-2S, 3-3, 5-2, 7-2, 8-2, GS.
- Orr, A.S. 1-3, 2-2, 3-3, 7-3, 8-2.
- Ottaway, L.B. 1-3, 6-3, 8-2, GS.
- Patterson, L. 1-3, 5-2.
- Pavel, S.G. 1-2, 2-2F, 3-3, 21-2, GS.
- Pemberton, J.K. 1-3, 5-2, 6-2, 24-3.
- Piech, J. 2-2F, 3-2F, 8-2.
- Pitman, G.J. 1-3, 2-3, 3-2S, 8-2, GS.
- Pond, C.P. 1-3, 2-2F, 3-2F, 24-2.
- Punch, J.R. 1-2, 7-3, GS.
- Pyle, J.S. 1-3, 2-2S, 3-2S, 6-3, 9-3.
- Reaoch, J.L. 1-2, 2-2F, 3-2F, 5-2.
- Reardon, F.M. 1-3, 3-3, 5-3, 6-2.
- Roudenko, N. 1-2, 2-2F, 3-2F, 7-2, GS.
- Scott, R.J. 1-3, 2-2F, 3-2F, 23-1, GS.
- Simpson, D.H. 1-3, 2-3, 3-2S, 7-3, GS.
- Slough, R.G. 1-2, 2-2F, 3-2F, 9-1, GS.
- Sly, G.R. 1-3, 2-3, 5-2, 6-2, 8-2, GS.
- Orr, A.S. 1-3, 2-2, 3-3, 7-3, 8-2.
- Spence, G.P. 1-3, 2-2S, 3-2S, 8-2, GS.
- Stebnicki, B. 1-3, 2-2S, 3-3, 5-3, 8-2, 24-3.
- Stringer, G. 1-3, 2-3, 3-2S, 23-3.
- Taylor, R.P. 1-2, 3-2S, 5-2, 6-3, 8-2.
- Thomas, B.R. 1-2, 2-2F, 3-1, 7-1, GS.
- Toms, I.N. 1-1, 2-2S, 3-2S, 5-2, GS.
- Unwin, D.R. 1-3, 2-3, 5-3, 6-2, 8-2.
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- Wang, S.H. 1-3, 2-2S, 3-2S, 5-3, 8-2, 15-2, GS.
- Webb, L.D. 1-2, 2-2F, 3-2F, 5-2.
- Westcott, P.C. 1-2, 2-2F, 3-2F, 7-1, GS.
- Wilhelm, D. 1-3, 2-3, 5-3, 8-3.
- Williamson, P.K. 1-2, 2-1, 3-1, 11-2, GS.
- Windon, J.L. 1-2, 2-2S, 3-2S, 7-2, 8-1, GS.
- Wood, R.W. 1-2, 2-2F, 3-2F, 7-1, GS.
- Wood, B.M. 1-3, 5-2, 6-2, 8-2, GS.
- Zantis, G. 1-3, 2-2S, 3-3, 5-3, 9-2, GS.

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