

Principal's message.....

May I take this opportunity of saying how much I have enjoyed my stay at Homebush Boys' High. I would like to thank all Staff, Parents and Pupils for making the position of Principal much easier. During the last few years there have been many innovations and changes, but I firmly believe that the strength of the school has withstood these and that Homebush for many more years will be renowned for its brilliant academic and excellent sporting achievements. I also believe that the pupils of Homebush will be well prepared to go out into what at present is a very difficult time for them. The next few years, I think, will be very good ones for Homebush. Over the last few years we have had a very small Senior School and a very large Junior School. This will change considerably next year, and even more so when Concord opens in 1980. By that time there should be nearly as many pupils in Year 12 as there are in Year 7. Finally, thank you one and all.

W. Harvey.



**Our principal
Mr Barry.**

Staff 78

Principal	: Mr. W.E. Barry
Deputy Principal	: Mr. I. Stewart
English Master	: Mr. B. Miller
History Master	: Mr. B. Lippiatt
Social Science Master	: Mr. A. Brawn
Mathematics Master	: Mr. J. Evans
Science Master	: Mr. K. Mahony
Language Master	: Mr. R. Cruikshank
Industrial Arts Master	: Mr. J. Menton
Art Master	: Mr. R. Johnson
Special Master	: Mr. F. Fielding

ENGLISH AND HISTORY

Mr. G. Allport, C. Barris, C. Bundy, S. Codey, D. Ellis, A. Faraker
N. Fox, A. Hey, K. Jacka, G. King, M. Klein, R. Roberts, R. Tedford,
R. Brass, K. Dray, N. Francis (LIBRARIAN).

MATHEMATICS

P. Bowie, P. Bryant, G. Carrozza, E. Cook, E. Grant, T. Jurd,
P. McDonald, P. McLean.

SOCIAL SCIENCES

J. Brewer, R. Chambers, J. Cuke, W. Dean, S. Murray, G. Schneider,
R. Storey, J. Taggart, L. Walker, D. Yardy.

SCIENCE

R. Baines, A. Bundock, C. Crollini, P. Edwards, S. Hitchings,
A. Pol, F. Sherman, J. Tobler.

LANGUAGE

Mrs. E. Kolossa, R. McDonald, J. Waterhouse.

INDUSTRIAL ARTS

H. Burton, J. Coskerie, A. McPeak, D. Ryan, J. Sprouster,
N. Welsh.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

R. Coggan, K. Pinkey.

ART

R. Duncan, S. Marquet, P. McSkimming, I. Stansmore

MUSIC

R. Colman, G. White.

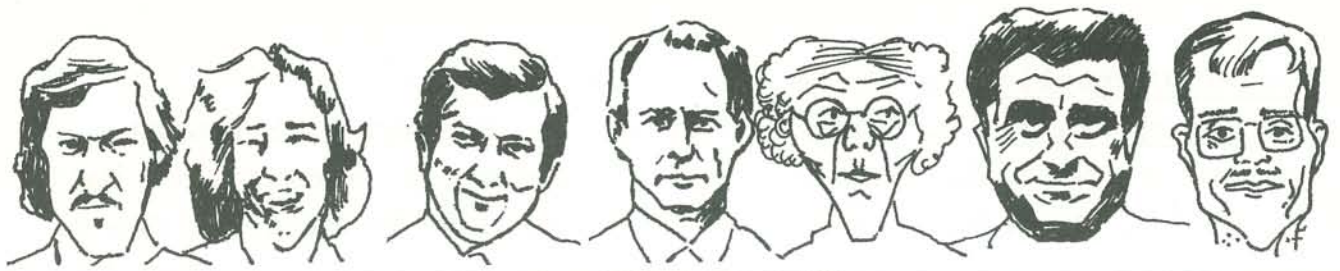
MIGRANT ENGLISH

B. Barko, P. Salmon, T. Sullivan, I. Yusuf.

School Councillor : Mrs. J. Heraghty.

Ancillary Staff: A. Cary, T. Castell, M. Feeney, B. Ferguson,
D. Hatter, M. Hooker, E. Kleitman, J. Ramsey, J. Thomas,
D. Thorne, G. Trim, S. Williams, S. Wilson, R. Bechara, S. Creer.







Captain's Report

Modesty is a commodity of the 'old-school'. Today schools are dynamic and trend-setting. Therefore, for individuals to have their "outstanding contributions" recognized, it takes more than relaxing after the hard-work is done. Because of this many "outstanding contributions" in Homebush slip-by unnoticed. Even some of the commodities of Homebush, the 'old school' have become simply old-fashioned and outdated. Added to the list of integrials of modern schools is cosmopolitanism. Where the old school had only the best Chinese Students (and we still have them) we now have pupils of all backgrounds at Homebush. Most are proud to contribute, as "International Night" shows. However, two traits of Homebush, since its inception have remained constant. 1) You as a student spend a sizeable part of your life here and 2) we together as a unified school are constantly competing on an inter-school basis to have our outstanding sportsmen, our outstanding debaters, our outstanding academics recognized in what is a competitive community. Immediately the importance of two things becomes obvious: 1) since we spend so much time at school we can't afford not



to 'enjoy' ourselves and 2) the school uniform and Homebush colours are vital to the pride and performance of teams from Homebush, in fact individuals. Without it we are not truly a school.

I think everyone likes to be the best at whatever one does.

George Gavalas, Australian School boy Rugby Player and Al Karagluo, Australian Feather Weight Wrestling Champion have proven it is not beyond anyone who works at it. I say strive for the best because, although there has always been a deviate minority of non-contributors at Homebush, generally there is majority of potential 'doers', prepared to get involved, and capable of the best. All that is needed is for you to try!

Enjoyment is equated with involvement. I urge you to get involved. When this is done you will have time as every sixth former

(sorry, year twelve student) does to reminisce and judge the worth of school discipline and the doors it has opened to you. As one who is on the verge of leaving Homebush I like the description of its pupils as "fine young men". It suggests a maturity that 'boys' lack. I would hope that Homebush as in the past can produce objective, fair minded citizens form diligent students. This is the whole purpose of your being at school and my being here too. Finally Mr. Barry and Mr. Brawn, I feel everyone should themselves feel a sense of obligation to determine for Homebush what is 'best' for themselves and get the recognition for their outstanding contributions which they deserve. The different methods with which this can be done is up to you the individual or characters who make a school. Indeed, though, there is no room for modesty at all.

Peter Walne

From der Boys...

At the close of 1977 a select group of about thirty Year 11 students were elected to an office which has so frequently been described as bestowing upon one the "highest possible

esteem that the School can offer" I refer to of course to the office of PREFECT.

What does this seven-lettered word really mean?

- POWER
- RESPECT
- EFFICIENCY
- FRIENDLINESS
- ENCOURAGEMENT
- CAPABILITY
- TOLERANCE.

These are the seven factors which make a good Prefect. However, each and every Prefect must be able to apply each of these factors in its correct balance. Some of us for example (usually the biggest), might not use quite as much power and a little more friendliness. Others conversely, (notably the smallest) might exert a little more power and authority. All in all though, I have been



very pleased with the 1978 prefects. We have not exploited our positions of respect and power too much, yet we have performed our duty in assisting the daily routine of the school. We would like to extend a big thankyou to those people who have made our job easier and more pleasant. Thanks Mr. Brawn for giving us advice when we were in need. Thanks, Mr. Stewart for handling those few ruffians we couldn't cope with. And a special thank you to the Ladies Auxiliary for that superb Prefect's Dinner in May. Finally, a big thank you to Homebush boys' for making our final year a memorable one.

Michael Andrews

Ladies Auxiliary

President: Mrs. Jenkins

Secretary: Mrs. Neville

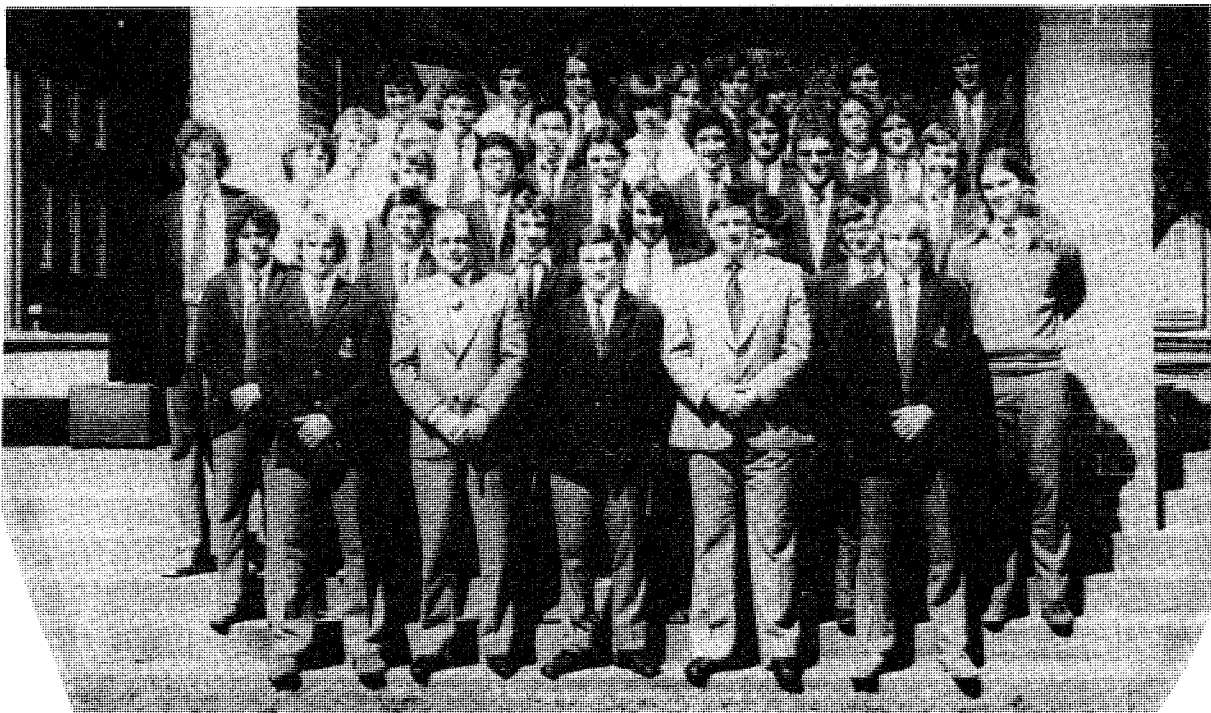
Treasurer: Mrs. McDonald

Bulletin Information : Mrs. Ikin

Clothing Pool: Mrs. Ikin,
Mrs. Dobbs.

The Ladies Auxiliary has endeavoured to help the various functions within the school run smoothly, to be as informed as possible about the changing educational standards, and to assist the P&C financially so that necessary school needs can be met.

The postponements of the Athletics Carnival caused some frustration and much merriment as mothers



Prefects '78

hastily re-scheduled activities (it's not true that our Treasurer considered postponing her marriage or house-moving to suit the carnival).

Many thanks go to Mrs. Jan Filmer for a perfectly organised Prefect's Dinner, also to the night-time caterers for organising refreshments at the Drama Festival, Musical, and Parent-Teacher night.

The Auxiliary could not function without the untiring efforts of the Form Representatives and their groups of dedicated helpers; the efficient planning of Mrs. Litchfield, the Day-Time Catering Officer, the superlative amount of work done by Mrs. Ikin and Mrs. Dobbs, the the Clothing Pool Conveners, the collating, typing and printing of the Bulletin, done by Mesdames, Ikin, Dobbs and Layland, and the support of the Secretary and Treasurer - to all these people congratulations on a job well done.

Thank you to all the others, too, who have helped in so many ways - special speakers at meetings, the boys who deliver messages or carry goods, and parents of ex-pupils and friends who have supported so many functions.

Appreciation must be expressed for the co-operation of the staff during 1978, especially

Mrs. Heraghty, the School Counsellor, Mr. Lippiatt (who at the "Welcome to New Mothers" was acting Principal, and History Master); Mr. Stewart, the Deputy Principal, and our Principal, Mr. Barry, who interrupted busy schedules to keep the Mothers informed of Educational changes and other school matters.

"Orientation Day" is a welcome opportunity to meet the incoming boys, and the "Sixth Form Farewell" our opportunity to say "Good-bye" to seniors who are leaving . To all those boys leaving school we wish success happiness and satisfaction in their chosen careers, and trust they will look back with happy memories on their days at Homebush Boys' High School.

Jan Jenkins

President



The Boys in Green

1978 has proved to be a difficult year for the unit, mainly due to the lack of support from the student body. Despite this, those who were involved have gained much from the experience.

Training, every Tuesday afternoon has been directed towards subjects such as, drills, navigation and field-craft. These were put to practical use at what was surely the highlight of the year's training - annual camp.

Held at Singleton Infantry Centre, the camp offered cadets an opportunity to experience living in Army field conditions. It also provided facilities to conduct activities that could not be organised for normal home-training parages: These included a two-day trek (an "experience" in its self), riding in Armoured Personnel Carrier vehicles, inspection of Army Weapons and probably the most popular activity, firing the M16 Rifle.

All who are involved with the unit look forward to it going on to bigger and better things, but this cannot be achieved without increased support from the students.

Many thanks are due to the N.C.O.'s for their continued efforts, organising the training of the cadets, but especially to Lieutenants Edwards and



Baines, whose efforts have ensured that the unit has run so smoothly.

Cpl. C.S. Bevins.

The Boys in Blue

This year has seen the successful rebuilding of the Air training Corps. With our numbers increasing due to the influx of Years 7,8 and 9.

The Air Training Corps offers junior training in most aspects of Air force Life. Cadets joining the corps may be rewarded with courses in survival, airmanship, man management service knowledge, ground defence, navigation, meteorology, radio, absailing and orienteering, etc. There are three camps per year to Air Force bases around N.S.W. and luckier cadets may get to travel interstate, No camps are compulsory, weekend bivouacs and field-training courses are also available.

Cadets who show enough potential as successful pilots are eligible for gliding and flying scholar-



ships with private instructors, free of cost.

Next year we hope to further increase the number of cadets in the Corps. from the junior years and continue to maintain our present standard of intelligent, mature and self-disciplined young men.

Our former F.H. Commander D.C. Franks a former teacher of Homebush left our ranks this year. Although it was sad to see him leave Flt. Lt. F.R. Fielding has done an excellent job in maintaining the past standards and building up both numbers and morale. New members are always welcome, however, joining at the beginning of the year is preferred. Finally cadets enjoy all their

activities free of cost. Members of the Air training Corp. develop social efficiency and effective citizenship.

Awards:

1st in 1st Year: CDTCPL P. Perry
1st in 2nd Year: A/CDTSGT A. Popov

Promotions:

Leading cadets to corporals: A. Popov, J. Bullock, D. O'Regan, G. Lasorsa, P. Perry, R. Lathem, and Stewart Filmer achieved the excellent rank of Cadet Under Officer.

FLT. LT. F. Fielding the FLT. CDR. and FLT LT. D. Franks would like to thank FLG. OFF. M. Browning, PLT. OFF. A. Ferris, C.U.O. S. Filmer and members of 11 FLT. for a successful year.





'TEN LITTLE NIGGERS'



After several years of highly successful productions of comic plays the club this year attempted something more "serious".

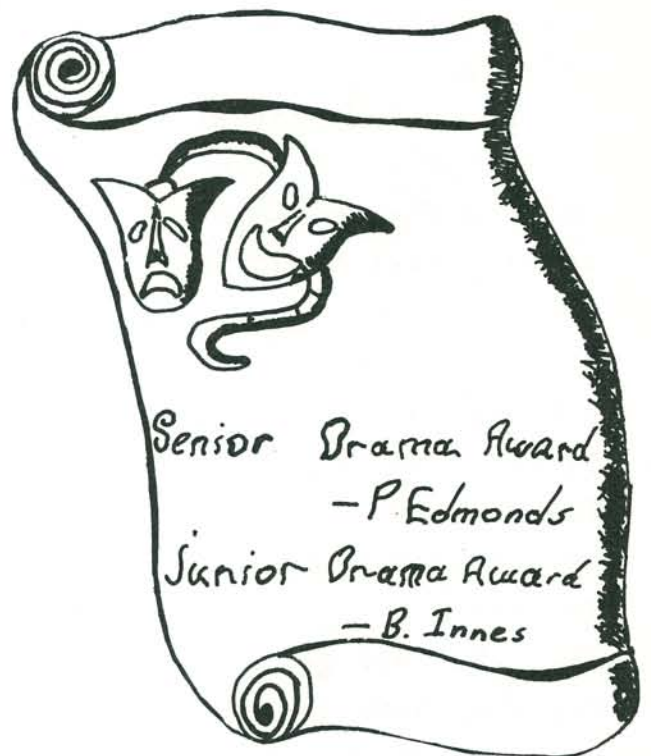
Agatha Christies', "Ten Little Niggers" provided just the right blend of nerve wracking suspense and old fashioned melodrama.

The cast in order of appearance included:

ROGERS..... Peter Reay
NARRACOT..... Monir Saad
MRS. ROGERS... Janine James
VERA CLAYTHORNE...Carmen Russo
ANTHONY MARSDEN...Paul Terrett
WILLIAM BLORE.....David Richardson
GENERAL MACKENZIE..Ken Buckley
EMILY BRENT...Megan Dooley
SIR LAWRENCE WARGRAVE...
 ...Bradley Innes
DR. ARMSTRONG...Peter Valencic
PRODUCTION AND DIRECTION...
 Ken Dray
FURNITURE...Gail King and Ken Dray
SET DESIGN...The Stage Crew
COSTUMES AND MAKE UP..Gail King
LIGHTING...John Sotiriou and
 Michael Hoolahan
SPECIAL EFFECTS...Greg Makaroff
STAGE MANAGER..Stewart Pendlebury
PROMPTS...Wayne Barrett and
 Vince Pirello.

Time, energy, tempers, frustrations and hard work are the investments in a play, while the rewards are countless. Not just the applause and praise, but the discoveries about oneself acting as a member of a team as well as another character role. It is hoped that next year the club will be able to go beyond these discoveries and explore the nature of drama and life with work in movement, speech and creature drama.

K. Dray



"The Bushy.....Rap"

In 1978 something new and exciting began - "The Bushy ...Rap." The whole purpose of this apparatus of propaganda was to provide a vehicles in which students could contribute literary masterpieces on air grievances.

However, after only two editions of this blasphemous literary everest, we, the writers, publishers and editors of the "Rap" realised a basic flaw in our initial aims. The state of the legendary 'bushy' spirit; the supposed pride in one's own abilities and activities of the school, no longer exists.

So what happened to the Bushy Spirit, that lustful look in pupil's eyes ? Had the bottle fallen off the shelf, smashed and been swept away, or had our so called apathetic society finally emerged from its shelf and infiltrated into the educational institutions?

If present trends are any indication these questions will echo in the aisles of humanity's literary Mecca for eternity. The absence of literary feedback has created doubts about the success of our literary venture. The...Rap was designed to run smoothly with regular contributions from the student body . Here lies the - Rap's great

potential - the freedom of expression and magnification of the individuals viewpoint in a massive hierarchiacal institution. Consequently, the Bushy - Rap has gained nowhere near its full potential since feedback is minimal.

"Ice-cream Land"



First day of winter, 1978, a very cold and miserable day, 25 or so brave and valiant students set out to conquer the phenomnal icy heights of "ice-cream land" - better known as Dairy Farmers. They were accompanied on this glorious quest by two not so wise "members of staff"; who, none-the-less considered the quest to be of monumental importance for the betterment of all concerned. The exodus began...late, as may be expected, from the school grounds at exactly 12.45 p.m. and proceeded to travel by a string of luxury limousines (well, three to be exact), to the wonderous land of Dairy Farmers. After waiting for the rest of our troupe

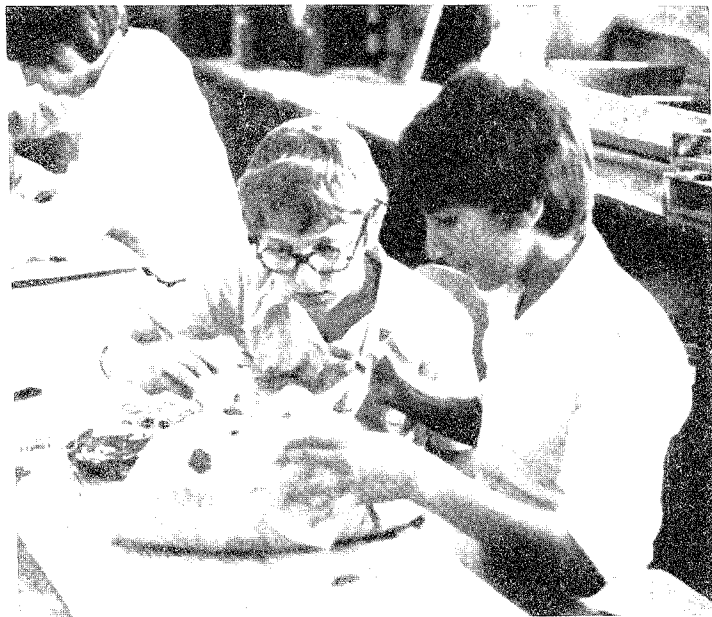
(who were unfortunately detained due to lack of limousines and foot power) we were issued with standard helmets (protection against fall-out) and various pamphlets - we were quite ignorant to begin with, but not for long!!!!

Next we were kindly escorted by a very patient lady to the goal of our quest, the ice cream factory. Here we witnessed feats beyond our imagination - all that ice cream !!!! When we had regained our breath, we made a quick dash through the blizzard to the place where milk was tested, sorted, classified and finally packaged in very "attractive" packages - a sight for sore eyes after being through what was known as the "freezer". By this stage our poor feet could not stand the pace so we all sat down to watch a movie about cows and such, after which we were given some reward for accomplishing our quest.... somehow, it strikes me that this was a very fitting end to our adventurous afternoon.

Mr. Dean &
Miss Sawicki.

E.S.L.

Homebush Boys High School is one of half a dozen schools to which newly arrived migrant boys



are sent for an intermediate stage between the Language Centre and the normal classroom. This year we have three different types of class: there are 6 groups of boys of varying language ability, who are in a normal roll class, but go to Special English four to eight times a week for small group teaching. In years 7 and 8 there are "parallel" English classes; these are taught much the same English course as other classes at that level, but are taken by a Migrant English Teacher, who adapts the programme to help boys newly arrived to Australia. The third group is the "Intensive Migrant English" class, a separate roll class which spends all its time with one of the Migrant English Teachers. When not giving language classes, one of the Migrant English Teachers accompanies these boys to Science, Maths, Music, Art and Craft. The subject teachers then gives a lesson adapted to

the needs of this group.

It is the concern of the Migrant English Teachers to ensure that any language problems encountered during the lesson are overcome in the Migrant English classroom.

This is quite frequently done by incorporating the vocabulary of the Maths, Science or other lessons in language lessons.

These classes are very valuable as they make it easier for the boys to enter the mainstream when their English becomes more fluent. Not only do the boys get more specialized work, but also they feel less isolated from the body of the school.

With as many boys from non-English speaking countries as we have at Homebush B.H.S. every teacher on the staff is involved in the problem of second-language learning as are the members of the clerical staff, the library staff, the tuckshop and anyone else who has contact with the boys.

It is the group effort by every member of the school community which gives the migrant boys the opportunity of coping with education, employment and society as a whole in an English-speaking country.

Parents too can help, whether born in Australia or overseas, in making the transition from schooling in one language to another easier for our students.

The aim of the E.S.L. Staff is to help students to function as soon as possible in normal stream classes and other school activities, both socially and linguistically."

E.S.L. Staff

Ceramic Club



The ceramics club has been very busy this year with more students discovering the excitement of throwing on the wheel.

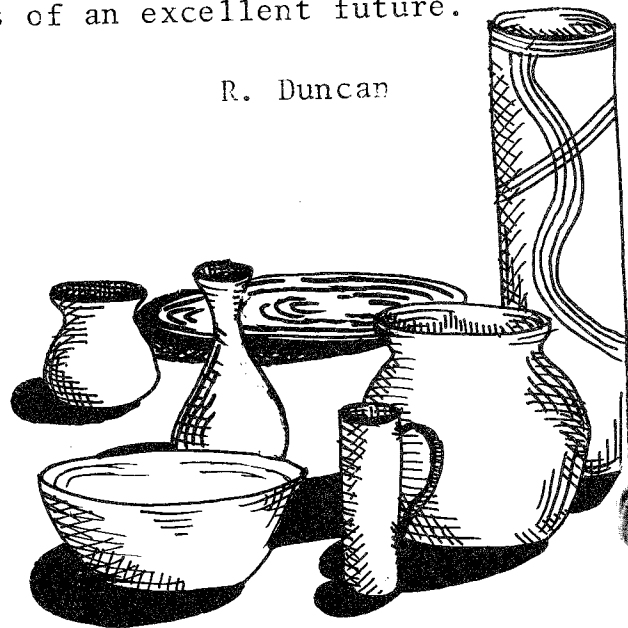
Steven Allen of year 12, Ali Karaoglo of year 11, Gary Jackson and Craig Terrett, both of year 9 have been influential in encouraging a greater interest among younger members. They also set a high standard that

other students can follow.

This year an improved study course of one unit has started on year 11 and is hoped that this will provide students with a rewarding insight into this exciting art form.

Some year 7 students are achieving surprisingly good results considering their little experience in throwing on the wheel, and this must certainly assure us of an excellent future.

R. Duncan



Interact

The Interact Club of Homebush Boys' High School has had a varied and interesting history - but I think this year has proved to be the most interesting. Headed by a Board of Directors almost solely made up of Year 10 students, it has tackled problems previously left up to Senior Years.

This movement of responsibility

has made room for an upsurge of membership and fellowship across a wider range of students. After an unfortunate low last year the Interact Club this year has been able to look back on its past mistakes and hopefully learn from them.

The main aim of the Interact Club of 1978 was to develop within the school a sense of identity. By

doing this we organized a number of activities which people could relate to as an Interact Project. Included in the Interact service were such things as Disco's, Sausage Sizzle's and Civilian Days etc. which all contributed to the school's financial position. For a Club to be successful it must have mature guidance and we greatly appreciate the time and help given by Ms. Chris Bundy and Mr. Reay Livett in the course of the year. They provided a continuing and untiring catalyst for the Club.

Next year the Interact will be sponsoring a Japanese exchange student. I am sure this will be a great benefit for the school in Inter-National understanding.

Paul Terrett
PRESIDENT

Jindabyne Revisited

With frozen toes and aching bones the ordeal of the Cooma Mail has once more been endured. Scenic Cooma Station "Gateway to the South" seemed to be lacking in charm at 5.45a.m. with the temperature at -2°C . We are then whisked to Jindabyne by coach to join the other two hundred students in the unanimous condemnation of breakfast. Little do they know the cook is just warming up, she has another twenty recipes that



Mother never made lurking somewhere.

The rest of Saturday is spent in orientation and getting to know the other students attending the camp. The field study centre has a dual objective; one to cover field practical work for Science and Geography students. The second and an equally important objective is to teach the two hundred students to enjoy themselves. For the next six days the "Bushie Boys" would cease to be "Bushie Boys" and become part of a group that will work and play together.

By the following Friday we know about the ripples and pools of Cobbon Creek, the cracks in Rose Rock, the differences and the distribution of the white and black sally's, and the colour, texture and odour of the 'C' horizon. Some of us can do parallel christies while others just damage the flora trying to escape the terrors of the T-bar.

We also know this is the last occasion we will see most of our companions from the camp. However there are a few friends that will remain with us and the experience will remain with us all.

Peter Edwards

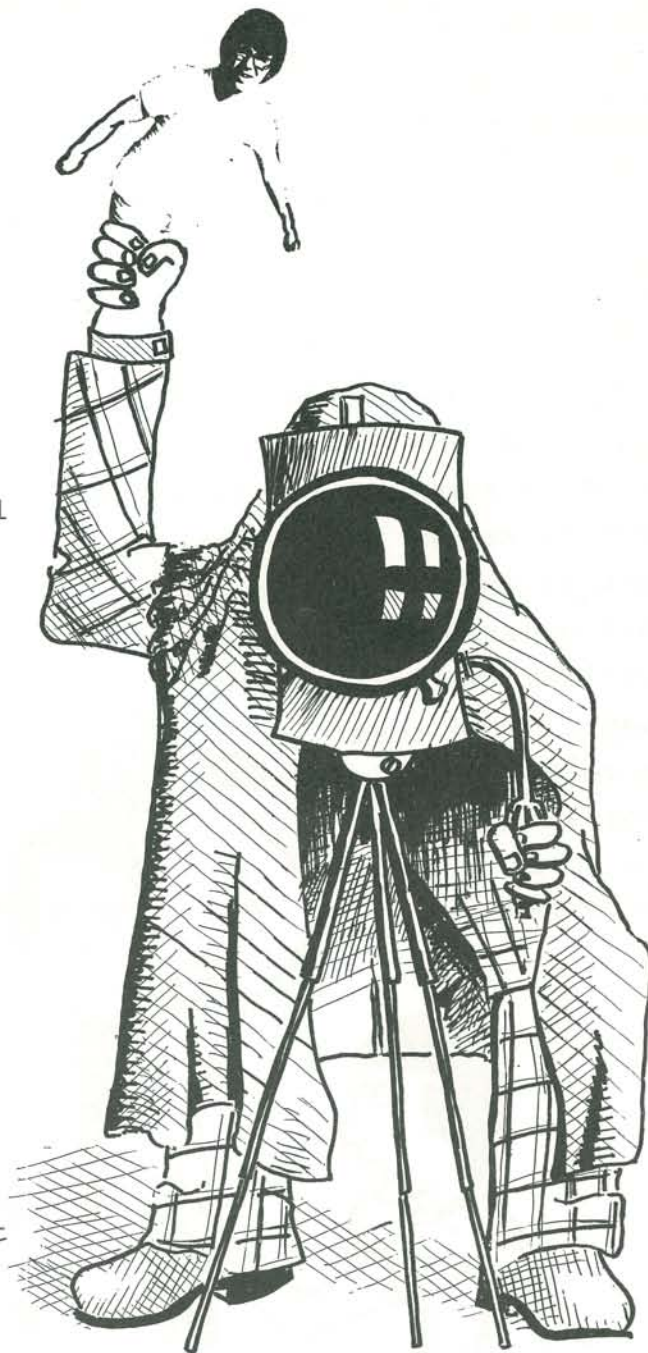
Photographic Club

This year has seen a notable increase in the membership of the Photographic Club, a club which commenced operation only last year. Already club members play an integral part in the production of the photographic elements of this magazine in both taking photographs and developing these photographs. They do, however, have opportunities to undertake much of their own work. Special thanks should be attributed to Peter Haynes, Darren O'Regan, Simon Lelli and Douglas Niven who have devoted much of their time to magazine efforts.

Club activities this year have also extended to the raffle of a camera in order to aid in the purchase of some items of photographic equipment for the school.

Despite considerable growth of the club, we are looking toward further expansion of club membership and involvement. Membership, it is expected, shall continue to be offered to students in Years 9 to 12 in 1979.

We would like to thank the Art



Department for their co-operation in our activities throughout the year.

Douglas Niven
President

Debating

HUME-BARBOUR DEBATING TEAM REPORT

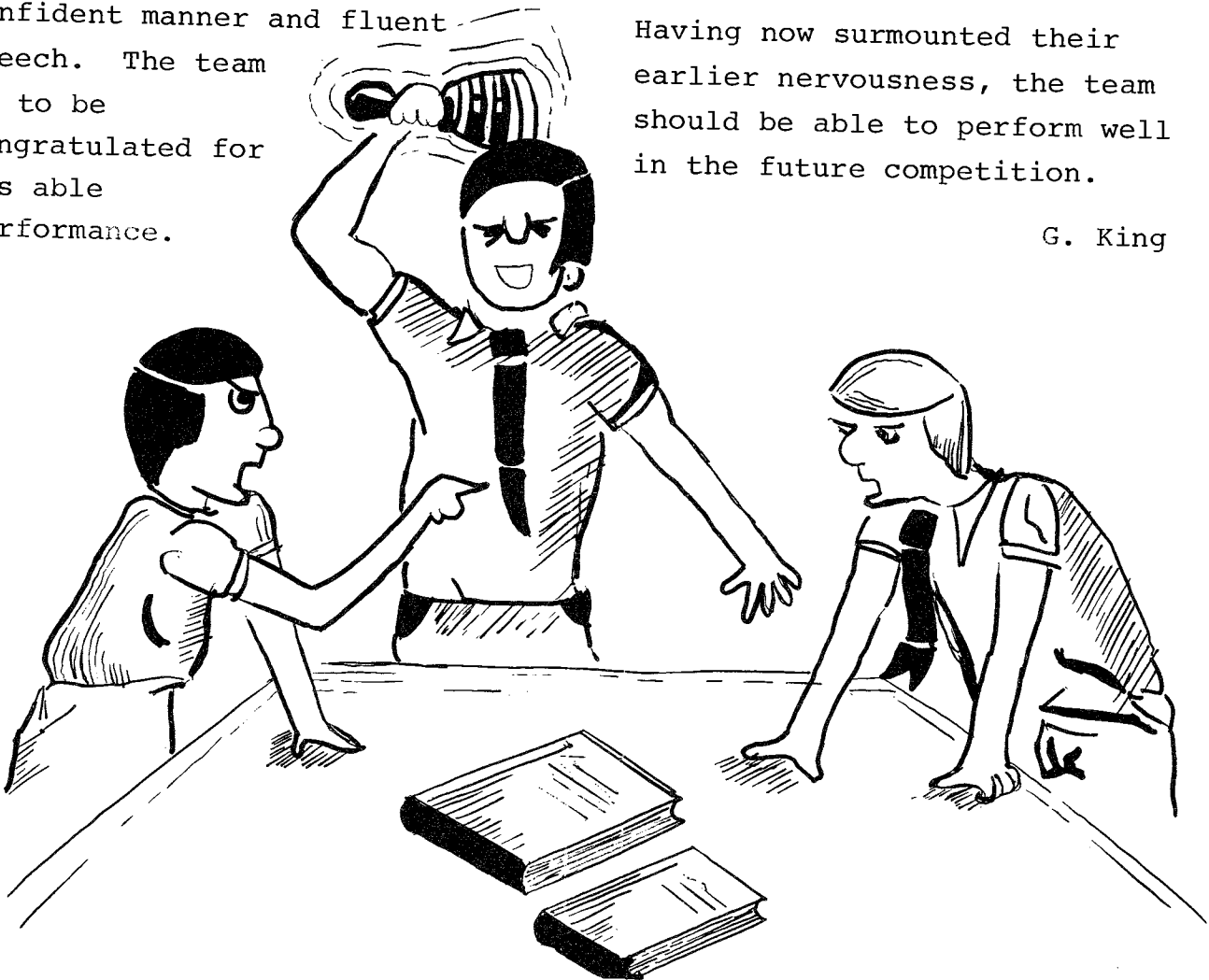
Belmore Boys' High, Drummoyne High and Fort Street High provided competition for Homebush's Hume-Barbour Debating Team this year. Unfortunately, the team, consisting of Stewart Filmer, Peter Walne, Geoff McCarthy, and John Bignocolo, was not able to make it to the Zone Finals. However, they did defeat Fort Street, a school with the highest debating reputation. This was Geoff's second year in the Hume-Barbour competition, and his past experience showed in his confident manner and fluent speech. The team is to be congratulated for its able performance.

TEASDALE DEBATING

Despite some solid preparatory activity, the Homebush Team went down to the superior verbal gymnastics of South Strathfield and Auburn Highs. Although we lost to Auburn, the dissertation on the dodo of Ken Buckley ensured that the school established a reputation for a superior wit. Fortunately the hard practice bore fruit when the team of Clifford Everingham, Dennis O'Regan, Ken and Bruno Gentile defeated Granville in a close contest. Wayne Barret's scholarly demeanour was also appreciated in these debates.

Having now surmounted their earlier nervousness, the team should be able to perform well in the future competition.

G. King



KARL CRAMP DEBATING COMPETITION

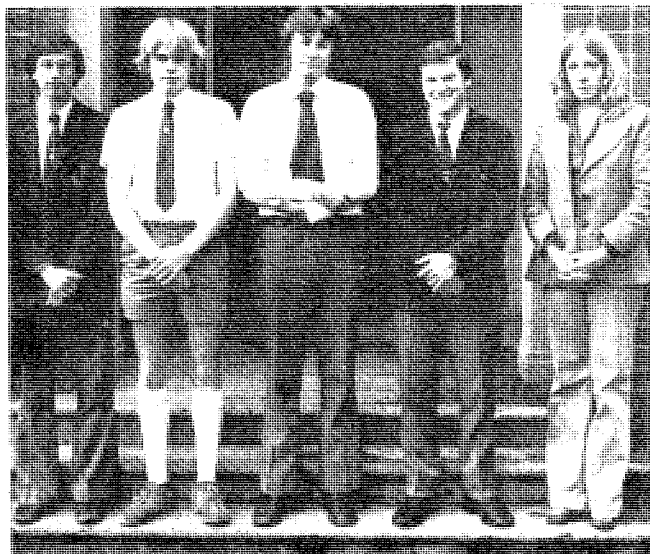
Hume Barbour Debating Team
This year the Karl Cramp Debating Team, consisting of Douglas Niven, David Richardson, Ashley Riddell and Simon Lelli, performed extremely well under the guidance of Mr. Ken Dray.

This year the team defeated (or as some members would have it, destroyed, obliterated and annihilated) in succession Auburn Girls, Birrong Boys and Birrong Girls. Modestly accepting this tremendous achievement of Zone winners, the team prepared itself for the first of the Interzone Competitions. Being confronted by a Fort St. Girls team, - played havoc with some of the members of the team and subsequently the team were beaten, thus bowing out yet for another year.

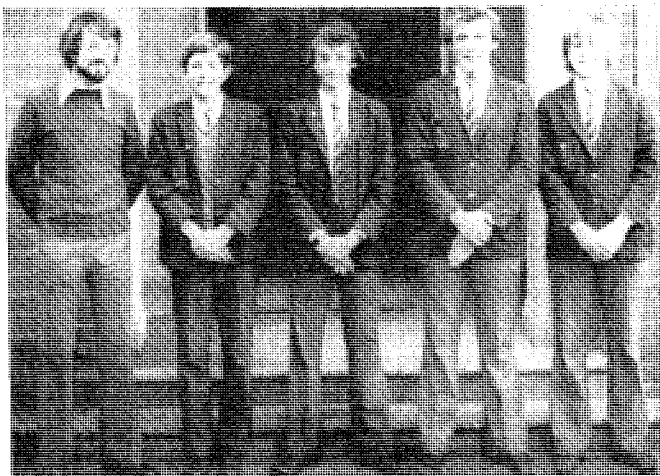
Next year it is hoped that the team will surpass this years pleasing effort and improve even further if thats possible.

S. Lelli and A. Riddell.

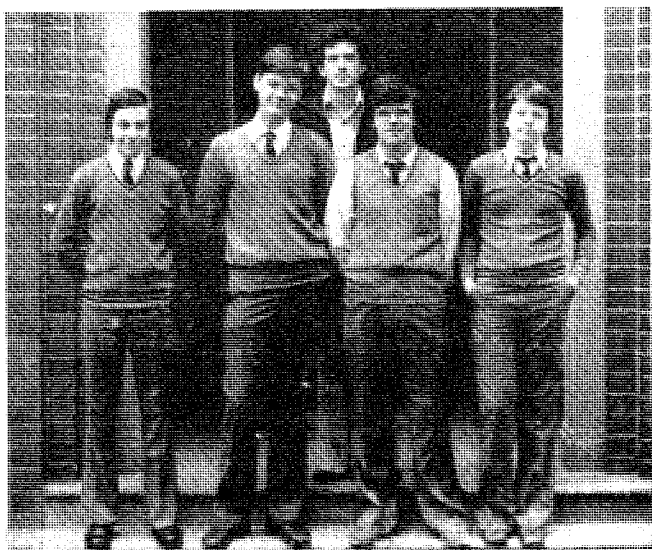
Karl Cramp Debating Team



John, Stewart, Geoff, Peter, Miss King



Mr. Klein, Cliff, Wayne, Dennis, Ken,



Douglas, Ashley, ^{Mr. Dray} Simon, David,

MUSIC
MUSIC
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10X Music

A view from 10x Elective Music Class on the subject of International Night, its successes and failures, its good moments and its not so good movements.

The view from the stage was one of excitement and splendour as many different nationalities performed their dance. Meanwhile, we waited. Mr. Al Grassby honoured Homebush Boys' High as he enjoyed

the night, idling away long hours of entertainment. Meanwhile, we sat there. We 10x elective of which I am a member include: John Sotiriou, Piano; Kevin Lo, Piano; John Roots, violin; Ken Buckley, cello; Lloyd Robinson, piano and percussion; Richard Black, clarinet and saxophone; Bruno Gentile, guitar and trumpet; Guy Saltis, guitar; Wayne Barrett, drums and several times gold

medalist; Dennis O'Regan, clarinet; John Mattinson, bass. After a forty five minute wait on stage our chance came. It was at this moment we expected Mr. Grassby to walk out (after he heard Miss Colmans introduction). The selection of the biggest Beatle Hits included "I want to hold your hand", (dont take it personally), "Yesterday" (more trouble now than before); "Hey Jude"; and "All we need is love", (only name of song). Then as quietly as it started it ended. It was at this time our item would become either an instant success or failure. To our relief everyone was clapping and cheering, we were a success. We all enjoyed ourselves that night.

P.S. one of the audience next day said, "The lighting effects sounded terrific."

a band-8X

At the beginning of this year a new music class started called 8X elective music. Some of the boys hadn't had much experience but there were others who are or have been in a band.

This band (8X only) has 1 cello 1 trombone, 1 oboe, 2 trumpets, 4 violins, 2 flute. 3 recorders and drums (if needed).

Our repertoire began with "Merrily" and "Au Clair de la Lune" . However, our tuneful renditions are not always appreciated by the Science Class in the next room. But we are all practising hard to surprise 10X by performing with them in a suite from "Jesus Christ Superstar" as one of the numbers conducted by Miss Colman in the October Musical.

Greg Zinc.



Technics



Technics is a collective term used to describe the large range of subjects that can now be taught in the Industrial Arts Department. The range of the courses is very broad and at Homebush includes Building Construction, Power Mechanics, Cabinetwork, Metal Machining and Fabrication, Fibreglassing, Electronics and Plastics.

Each course is designed by a teacher with a special interest in that subject area. The Technics lobes are designed to provide as many choices as possible to the boys in the hope that the course will be both interesting and rewarding. In these times of changing attitudes to education and demands on children, technics courses could prove interesting and educational to the student at school and also be beneficial as a hobby or vocation after leaving school. For example a boy may have an interest in motors and may therefore choose Power Mechanics as his course. This course will then provide him with a basic knowledge of the parts and functions of petrol engines and some components of a motor vehicle. After continuing the course at school the student can then choose whether he would like to continue in this field after completing school. During Year Seven, all boys do an Introducing materials course where they are introduced to Woodwork, Metalwork and some drawing.



In year eight we provide a course in Basic Wood and Basic Metal. These two courses are pre-requisites for any further Technics courses in years 9 and 10.

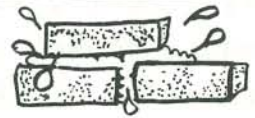
The Building Construction programme this year was to construct a double garage (on the school grounds), which could later be used for a work area for the fibreglassing and maybe Power Mechanics. Fibreglassing has also been introduced and has proved very successful for the boys that have chosen it. They have put a lot of time both in, and outside

class hours into constructing fibreglass kayaks.

We trust that courses offered this year prove both interesting and educational and that maybe a larger range of Technics lobes can be offered to help make those school days a little more unpleasent.

D. Ryan.

The Garage



The teaching of Industrial Arts subjects in N.S.W. State Schools over the last few years has taken a progressive step towards the future.

At Homebush this trend has continued with a varied selection of subject areas now open to pupils. One of these progressive trends was the implementation of a Building Construction lobe into the year 10 programme. The ultimate objective of this lobe was to construct a double garage, so as to accomodate both the building and storing of fibreglass canoes, and also to provide a suitable working and storage area for the Power Mechanics lobe.

Although progress has been slow, the garage is now starting to take shape.

The site on which the garage is being built is situated behind the I.A. block so as to allow easy and suitable access to the rest of the school. Many thanks must go to a group of willing workers who have set about constructing the garage in a very professional and tradesman like manner. They being the following Year 10 pupils: David Langham, Laurie Muggerige, Stephen Chadder, Nigel Moore, Tim Wallace and Dennis Tobec, as well as the remainder of the Building construction team who have helped in some way. Guidance for the construction was carried out by Mr.A. McPeak and Mr.J. Sprouster.

If anything has come out of this adventure it is that we now know how not to built a garage.

J."Civil & Civic"
Sprouster.

I.S.C.F.

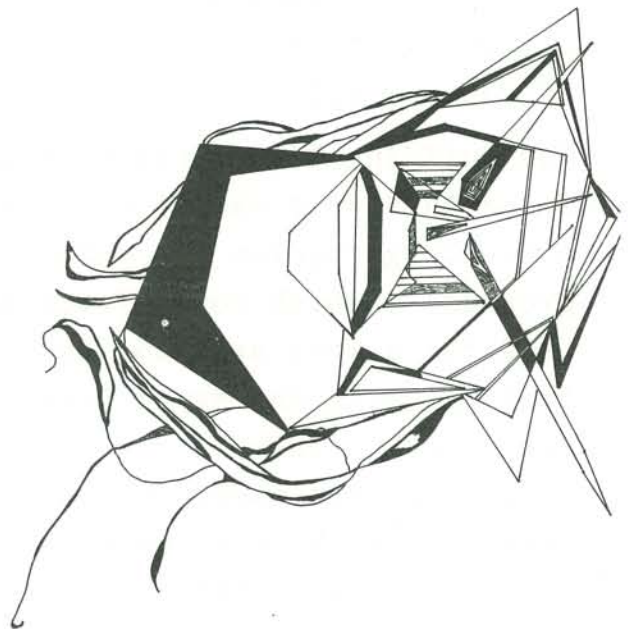
I.S.C.F. is open to anyone (Christian or not) every Monday lunchtime in Room 36. We are a group (fellowship) of Christians who want to communicate the free salvation and eternal life that Jesus offers you.

This is what a Christian is, he is not a holy person or a fanatic, just a person who is concerned enough about you to tell you the Good News of Salvation in Jesus.

If you laugh at this, or simply couldn't care less, then the Bible says you are lost (1 Corinthians 1:18) and need Jesus. We at I.S.C.F. urge you not to listen to what your friends, the newspapers or your pop groups say about Him. The fact is that he died for you and was resurected so he could be your saviour, and we will do all we can in Christ's name to open your hearts to lead you to Him.

All you need to do is to open your heart to Jesus and allow Him to be your Saviour (Revelations 3:20) He will do the rest.

From: I.S.C.F.
JESUS LOVES YOU.



INTERNATIONAL NIGHT

Our "traditional" International Night was held on 29th May, 1978 and I think we can call it the most successful one we have had yet.

The rationale behind this night is to bring together our migrant and Australian population and create an awareness of existing community languages and cultures within the school. I suppose we have been very successful in this respect over our few years' experience.

People were impressed with the displays; which included; UNICEF cards and Homebush Boys' Cookbook organised by Miss Bundy and the Interact boys; The Turkish room organised by Mr. Yusuf; a Greek display organised by Mr. Barris; The Italian room organised by Mr. R. McDonald and Mr. Carrozza; The Asian room organised by Miss Cuke, Mr. Chambers, Mrs. Salmon and Mrs. S. Wilson; An Egyptian display by Mr. E. Sayd Ganal; and even an Australian display organised by Mr. Allport and Mr. Coggan.

We had a superb buffet of International dishes in the hall followed by Mr. Barry's words of welcome and a speech from our distinguished guest Mr. Al.



Grassby.

Followed by entertainment groups from Turkey, Italy, Greece, Chile, Argentina, Uruguay and Korea performing dances and songs. The Homebush Band provided us with some enjoyable music as did David Grant on the guitar. We would like to give special thanks to Mr. Barry, Mr. Stewart, Mrs. Hooker who worked tirelessly in the kitchen.

The main reason for the success of this night was the co-operative effort of Homebush Boys, parents and staff. We must have more opportunities like this to teach our Australian friends about ethnic groups and the enrichment they can offer, particularly as our community is multicultural.

I. Yusuf







MUG SHOT

FAVOURITE SAYING. Will
teachers please
excuse this
interruption?



FAVOUR
gentle
lad



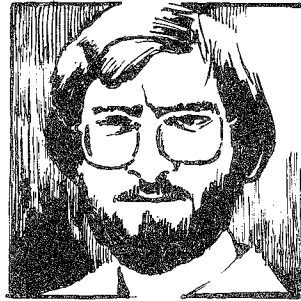
FAVOURITE SAYING Where's your best son?
You're in the pool
son.



FAVOUR



FAVOURITE SAYING _____



FAVOUR



FAVOURITE SAYING RUGBY,
BASKETBALL, SOCCER OR
THE HIT PARADE?



FAVOUR
YOU



FAVOURITE SAYING _____
DAMMIT, ZAMMIT. YOU WON'T
HAVE ANY CHILDREN.
ESSAY LENGTH- IT'S NOT HOW
LONG IT IS, BUT WHAT YOU DO
PARK YOUR BUTT. WITH IT.



FAVOUR
Re
in

FAVOURITE SAYING Oh,
men, I'll have you,

FAVOURITE SAYING _____
Righto, Gentlemen

FAVOURITE SAYING Here's
a referral slip.

FAVOURITE SAYING PACK UP
MORONIC CRETINS.

FAVOURITE SAYING What
gby team are you
son?



FAVOURITE SAYING _____
"You're a pain in the bum,
son!"



FAVOURITE SAYING _____
"Now, boys, get a
hold of yourselves."
and, "pull yourselves
together"



FAVOURITE SAYING _____
Tuck in your
shirt



FAVOURITE SAYING _____
IT'S FÁRÁKER, NOT
FARÁKER.



FAVOURITE SAYING You
wouldn't go three
rounds in a
revolving door.



GAZZAS' REAL FAVOURITE WITH THE KIDS.

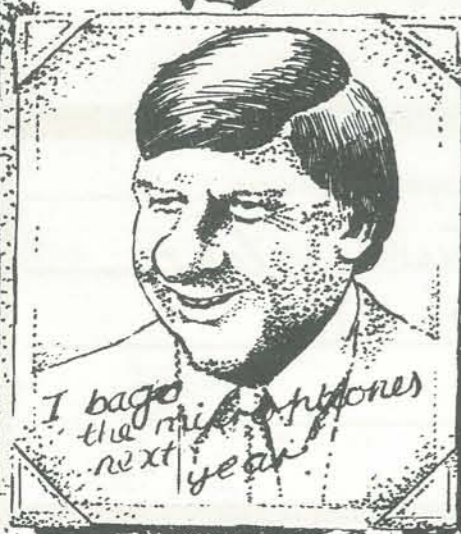
SPECIMEN

With Regards
Rubber Neck

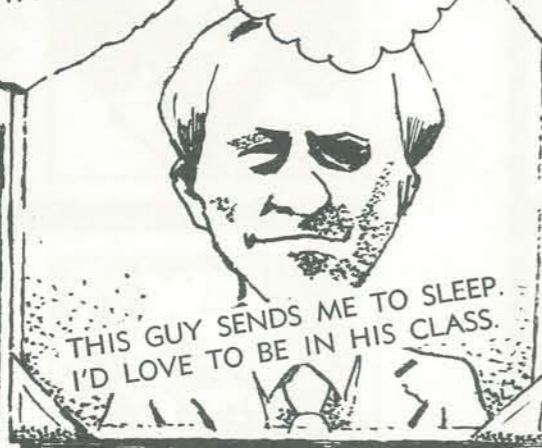


yours truly
Mr Monday

DUE TO UNFORTUNATE CIRCUMSTANCES, A PICTURE OF MISS BRASS WAS UNOBTAINABLE.



I bag the milk phones next year



THIS GUY SENDS ME TO SLEEP. I'D LOVE TO BE IN HIS CLASS.



BEWARE
DANGER
BEWARE

THIS GUY'S NOT THAT BAD, ONCE I EVEN SAW HIM SMILE.



I'm sure Cook came with the school.

Master Cook

THIS PICTURE REALLY TOOK SOME DIGGING IN THE HOMEBUSH FILES.



THE SCURGE OF THE WOODWORK ROOMS.

yours sincerely
ROBERT REDFORD



KING GOES OUT FOR THAT SYMBOLIC C STUFF

What's He Doing Here!

fossil photo albums ~ 1878

NSW METROPOLITAN POLICE FILES

NAME OF TEARAWAY: N. FRANCIS.
CRIME: MOLESTING KIDDIES WITHOUT TIES AND HORSE WHIPPING POOR LIBRARIANS.
SENTENCE: LENDING BORING BOOKS TO BORING PEOPLE.



MUG SHOT

Mr Francis, of all the look Although he does look the sadistic type, just look at those closely set eyes.



PROF. TOBLER MAYBE THE LUCKY WINNER OF A NOBEL LOGIE ON THE NYBERGS NOBELS NIGHT. ONLY GENIUSES CAN TAKE PART IN THIS BIG MOMENTOUS FARCE. RHUBARB RHUBARB EXTRA RHUBARB



OBE FOR THE SUPER BRAIN

BY HOMEBUSH CORRESPONDENT HARRY HALF-WIT

MR. EVANS IS IN THE RUNNING FOR AN OBE. THIS MAN HAS GONE FAR BEYOND NORMAL HUMAN STANDARDS IN THE FIELD OF MATHS. (I HOPE HE HAS ENOUGH MONEY FOR THE TRIP TO ENGLAND. MAYBE YOU COULD WORK SOMETHING OUT WITH MR. COGGAN. YOU KNOW, A FUN RUN.)



SPECIAL THANKS TO THE METROPOLITAN POLICE FOR PROVIDING US WITH SOME INTERESTING INFORMATION

A Clown in a Circus

The pressure of society is upon
my back,

The tensions are great and I'm
starting to crack.

Traffic, disease, overcrowding
and pollution,

Rush, rush, rush...is there any
solution?

What is the aim of our seventy
years alive,

It is to succeed, or merely
survive?

What is success and what is
survival?

A successful person is not my
idol.

Enjoy what you can, bear with the
rest.

Don't worry about failure in
society's test,

Forget all your troubles, forget
society,

Live your own life, why be 'High
and Mighty'.

How can I live in a world such as
this?,

I barely have time to catch a
kiss.

Society says that we are to
blame,

But it is the wood that kindles
our flame.

The pain of living is bringing
me down,

My face is twisted into a
permanent frown.

Everyday we must sleep, work
and eat.

Society has us running off
our feet.

The pace of society is too
fast to handle,

I am the wick of a fast
burning candle.

I try to rebel, but I'm told
to sit still,

Escape is impossible, but
my life is worth nil.

"Escape from society" - what
a wicked thought !

A non-conformist - he must be
caught,

And re-indoctrinated with
society's ideals,

So he can keep on making
"Business deals".'

Society controls you and
society controls me,

stripping us of freedom and
individuality,

My thoughts are the only
private things I've got,

"Society Blues" are making me
run hot.

Hot ! Boiling mad...I want to
run,

Turn off the heater, turn off the
Sun,

Turn off my life I achieve no
purpose,

I am just a clown - a part of
the circus.

Andrew Steed 12C

Flying High

Soaring, soaring in the sky,
Is a bird that catches my eye,
Flying high above the sea,
But all alone he is free
Down he dives down into the sea,
Looking for a fish delicacy
Up he comes and in a flash
Come the birds trying to grab
and snatch.
He has it now and now its gone,
He flies away all alone,
Off he goes over the sea
But all alone he is free

C. Langburne 7A

Jumbo

The huge silver bird awaits my
boarding.

Ten, twenty, forty, fifty, the
mileage builds up as the sky
comes down.

A warm and wet confrontation
with the clouds.

As we rise and greet the
heavens

We are no where near the evil
devils.

Over the pacific with fishermen
in joy as they collect their
greed,

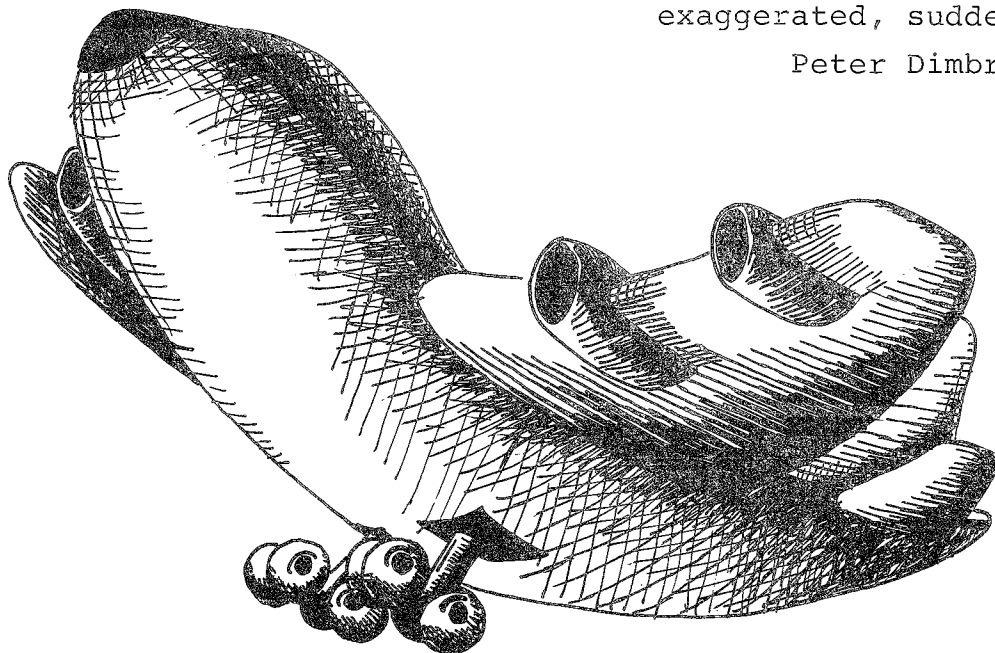
Fasten your seatbelts, down we
come.

Second by second we move towards
the runway where the huge
tower instructs us,

We skid, once, twice, as the
rugged runway confronts the
burning rubber wheels.

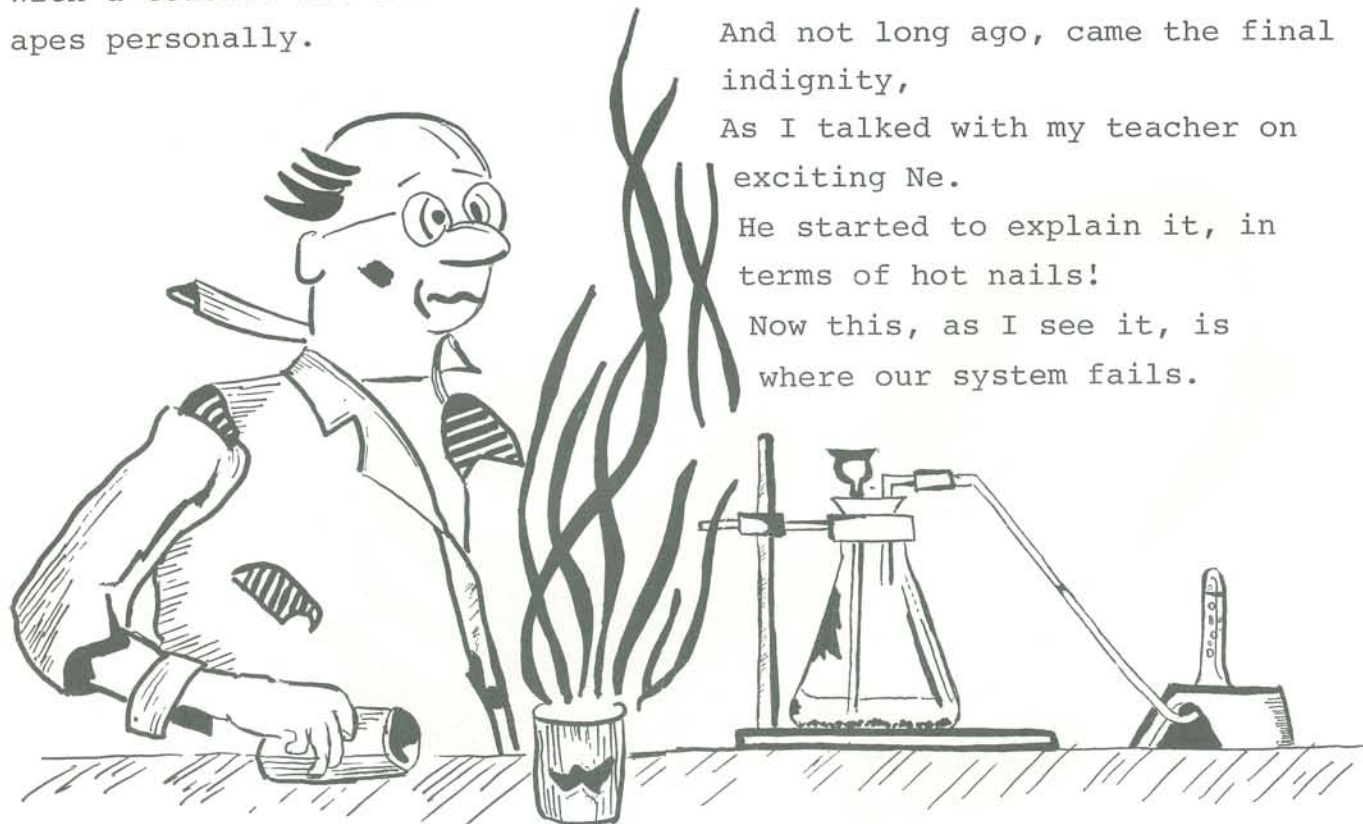
We roll at high speed to an
exaggerated, sudden stop.

Peter Dimbrowsky 8C



Science

When I was a lad, Science was
alas,
Taught to me in an ungraded
classm
No experiments worked, and
seldom did we,
While silver was 'S', not the
usual 'Ag'.
Each day as I sat, asleep at
my table,
The others worked on, as best
they were able.
They were still on page two - I
had finished the course,
And the teacher, from explaining,
was exceedingly hoarse.
We went to the Zoo, where I
spent the day,
With a teacher who knew all the
apes personally.



The buses were late - as they
usually are,
Then one of them just about
rammed a car.
The power-supplies, they never
seem to work,
Until given a bang; a biff;
and a jerk.
The gas cocks are broken, the
taps non-existent,
And this in all science labs is
consistent.
Our bags we must leave outside
all the time,
As this is 'known' to discourage
all crime.
While if something of ours,
into his pockets does tuck,
A felon - well to us, it is
always bad luck.

And not long ago, came the final
indignity,
As I talked with my teacher on
exciting Ne.
He started to explain it, in
terms of hot nails!
Now this, as I see it, is
where our system fails.

Education (through a skinny window)

The seventeenth year of my life has just passed. I look back at what I have done in those years. I think I reminisce; but finally I decide that I have not really done anything. It is my opinion that the life of the individual in a Westernised country, such as ours, does not really begin until the individual has left school.

As I look back I realise what my life, until now, has consisted of.

The first five years of my life were spent in the warm, tender care of my parents. They taught me the essentials of life; how to feed myself, and how to tie my shoelaces.

At five I have learnt these basics, and am now prepared to embark on the second stage of my life. I call this stage "institutionalisation." Yes! Now I begin my education !!!

I am taught.....

C A T spells cat

$$2 \times 2 = 4$$

$$5 \times 3 = 15$$

$$9 \times 7 = 63$$

.....I learn....

Time passes.

The capital of Italy is Rome.

The capital of England is London

The capital of Japan is Tokyo

$$50 \div 11 = 4 \frac{6}{11} = 4.54$$

I learn more.....

At eleven begins "institutionalisation - phase two"

Medieval worders were called Seifs.

$$\text{Pye} = 11 = 3.142$$

Introduction. Argument.

Conclusion.

....Even more I learn.....

At fifteen I have the first real choice of my life. Do I begin "institutionalisation - part three?" Or do I join the work force?..... I think....I have been taught to think logically.

Institutionalisation

- . Chance of a better job
- . more holidays
- . Security

Workforce

- . Hard Work
- . Money

Conclusion

Continue institutionalisation.

.....Still more I learn.....

This is what I see when I look back at my life. Now, I have reached the second choice in my life. Should I begin "institutionalisation - phase four?" Or should I make the move and join the rest of the world. For all my seventeen years I have finally learnt something worthwhile; and this thing can never be taught. I have learnt that it is not possible to continue to prepare for the real world forever. The time

must come when the big step just has to be taken. You may think that this is a very pessimistic view of our education system. However this is not so. For all the trivia that I have absorbed in the past seventeen years, I have learnt that one important thing. The education system is aimed at preparing the individual for the world. In my case it has took so long to do so.

My description of a trash bin

As I approach the grey mouth the smell knocks me back like a speeding train. The interior is like a generator, generating one endless odour, growing greater and greater.

The grey ash is reminding the new trash of its final destination at the end of the day. As the wind blows some of the trash to freedom, the maw gets wet by a dog's cocked leg and an intruder pokes his nose into opening scavenging scraps left by an unthankful boy.

Evening comes and the mouth is taken to its morgue where its



contents are burned. It sleeps so still except for the creaks of a warped base rocking in the night breeze. The next day will be just as fresh.

Scott Colless 8B

Unwanted

Finally I'm out of gaol coming home feeling a warm welcome but arrive and find it deserted.

I have nobody to tell about my ordeal.

I feel unwanted, lost, trappedin gaol again?

A nightmare and nobody to waken me.

David Piljek 7E

The Fig Tree

The invincible monument stands
fast

The school's pride and joy of
the past.

It viewed the settlement of
Sydney

And admired its growth with
great dignity.

Once the home of abundant wild
life,

Now the scene of the industrious
life of man.

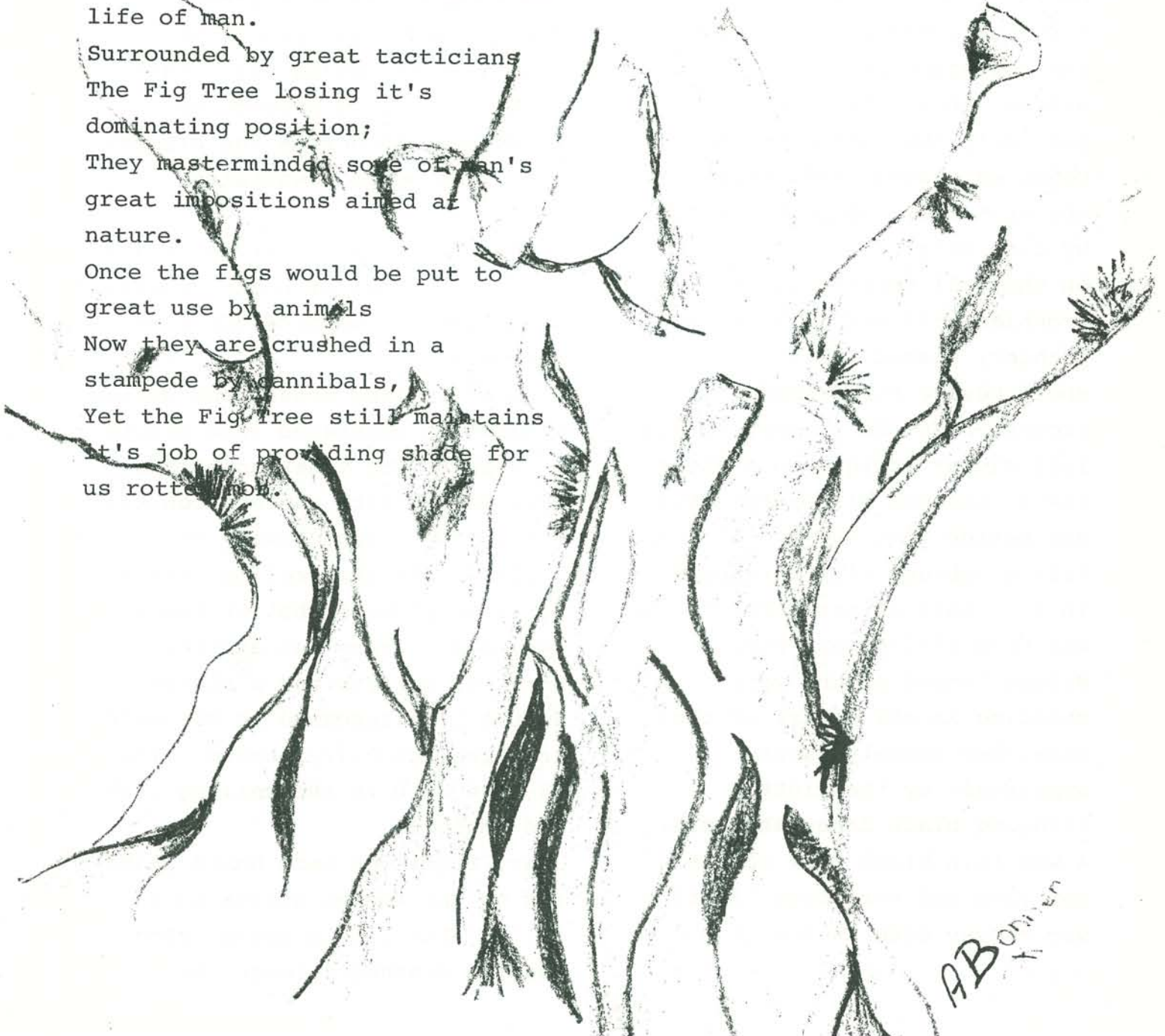
Surrounded by great tacticians
The Fig Tree losing it's
dominating position;
They masterminded some of man's
great impositions aimed at
nature.

Once the figs would be put to
great use by animals
Now they are crushed in a
stampede by cannibals,
Yet the Fig Tree still maintains
it's job of providing shade for
us rotten men.

The peace and the harmony of
doing school work outdoors is
still preserved by this monument
The monument of them all.

Everybody shares an interest in
the fate of a tree which has
been so kind and great.

Dedicated to our Fig Tree by:
Geoffrey Stimson 8AE.



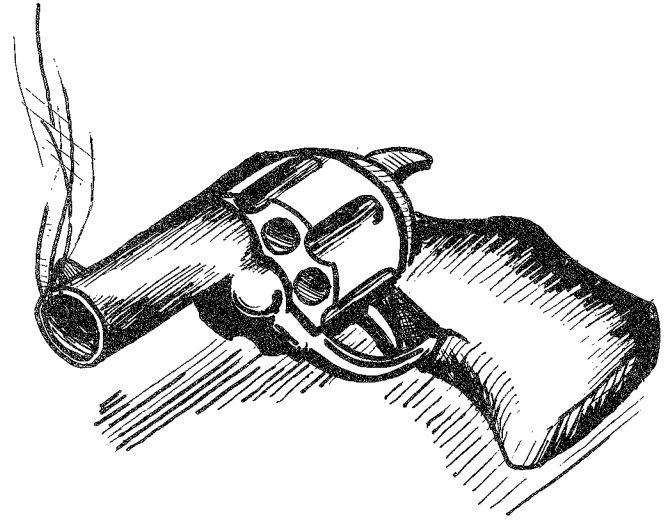
AB
O'Brien

MALONE P.I.!

Malone eased back on his office chair. He ran his hand over the armrest then looked up, deep in thought. The office was a small totally practical affair. The paint was yellowing through age and excess tobacco smoke. The hall light streamed through the door's glass inset which had the words, "J.B. Malone, PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR" painted on it in gold lettering. To his right, Malone could see the cityscape through the window, though his view was partially obstructed by the venetian blinds, half-drawn, and the grit built up on the window by city smog.

On the wall behind him were trophies he'd won as a prize-fighter, placed lovingly on a shelf beside his framed P.I. license. In the corner, to his left was an antique coathanger stand, bearing his pistol strap and beside that was a dull green filing cabinet with antique files in it. Dull as its atmosphere was this office was "home".

Malone looked at the woman standing in the centre of the room, her shapely figure emphasised by the tightly clinging black dress she wore. A web-thin black veil covered her face and her rouge lipstick was glossy even in the dingy light.



In a masculine, confident voice and with a tone of distrust, Malone said, "So, you think someone's trying to kill you?" Suddenly, a wild screech of tyres tearing across the bitumen road, was heard downstairs.

With a slamming of car doors and the barking out of husky orders, the rattle of machine gun fire commenced.

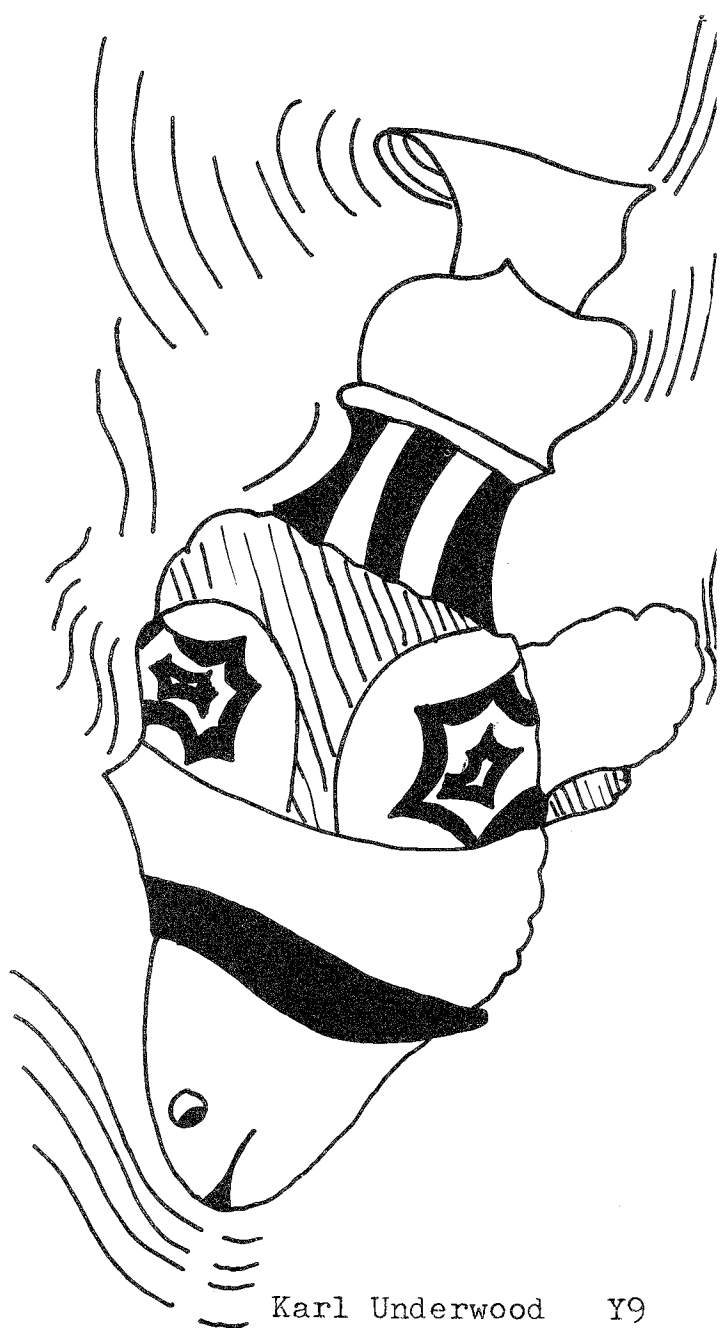
With a tingling crash, the office window was shattered into minute crystals. The venetian blinds were warped into violent convulsions by the rapid spray of bullets. In the ceiling, random patterns of black bullet holes appeared. There was another burst of bullets and a shaken dotted line appeared in Malone's trophies and P.I. license. The 15-watt bulb in the ceiling light was smashed.

Heavy footsteps were heard plodding up the wooden stairs in the hall. With little pause, more gunfire crashed through the

glass inset, hurling crystal fragments across the small room. The heavy, oak door was splintered beyond recognition and finally, a time-triggered grenade was pitched through the door, slammed into the wall and dropped to the floor. With another spatter of gunfire and more barking of orders, the heavy feet briskly plodded back downstairs and with a slam and squealing of tyres, were gone.

Malone stooped down to pick the grenade up and with a snap of his wrist, flicked it out the window. He moved forward, staring coldly at the woman standing in the centre of the room. After sweeping tremors of a grenade explosion outside in the street below, had passed, he asked, "How can you prove it?"

Peter Valencic



Karl Underwood Y9



Angelo Zaia Y12

Loneliness

To sit in the never relinquishing
silence,
and study, and think about the
world around this is loneliness.
To sit in the sadness of a dark
corner,
and think of a way to seek
revenge,
this is loneliness,
for loneliness is a thinking
place.

Martin Walne 7B

Trucks

Amazing, Metallic,
ten legged bull-dog,
with it's four sharp pairs of
eyes,
with a cloud of smoke
from his two twin silver pipes
as he puffs by.

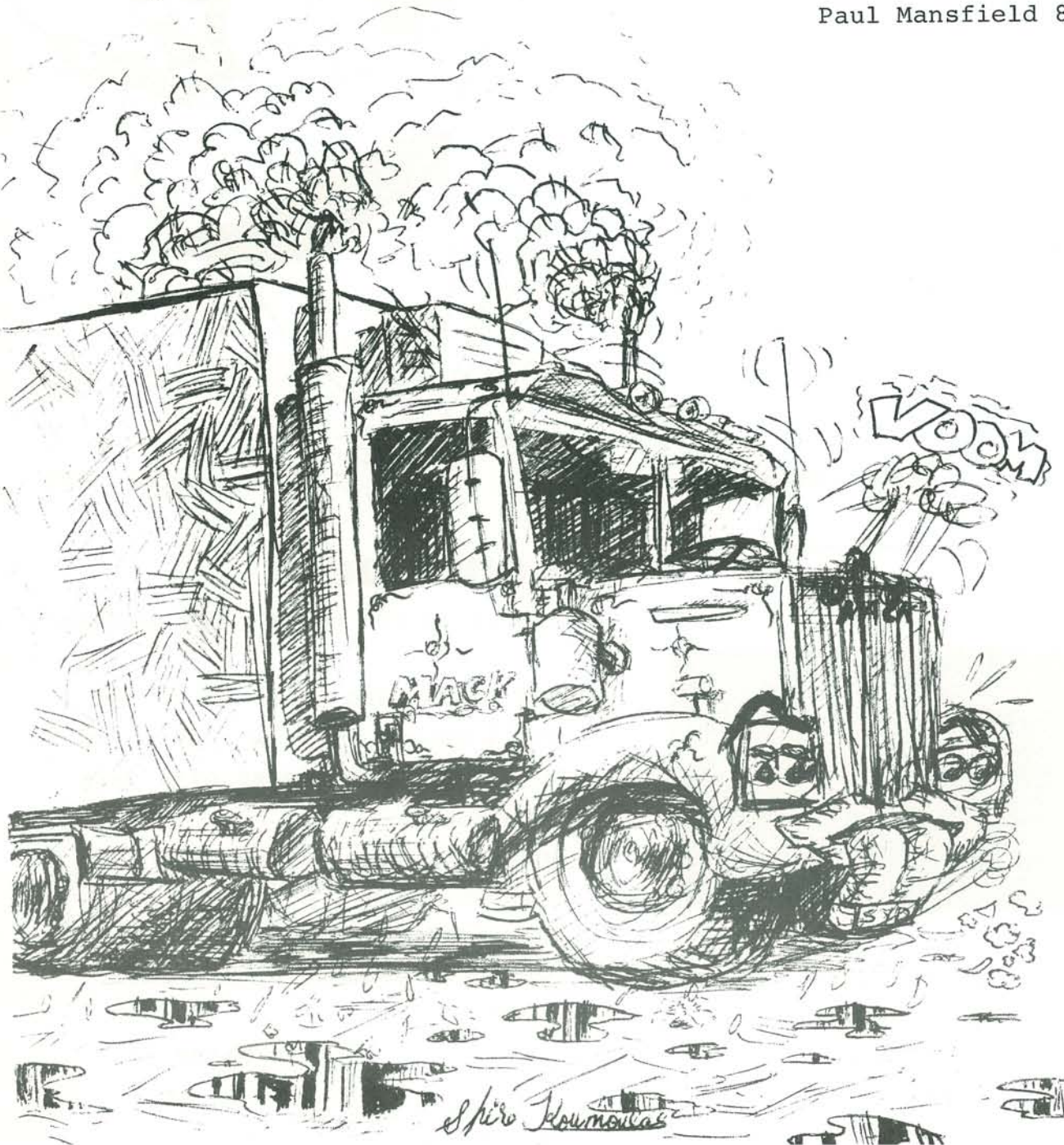
He also has a Massive appetite
in which he drinks dieselene
he breathes in clear air like
a dragon,

he needs oil for his engine
and drops his oily spoor,
he also has a body of red.
He has dark black tyrey feet,
on which his nails are
polished silver.

He has a registration
number : ISI.177

State : Sydney

Paul Mansfield 8C



Two Sixth Formers Meet...

"Gudaypeed."
"Gudaydug."
"Howyergoing?"
"Priddygoot."
"Jeezscold!"
"Djerreken."
"Dunyermatz?"
"Yair."
"Howlongdjadootfer?"
"Cuplours."
"Izatal?"
"Yair."
"Wadjado?"
"Jestztufeazet."
"Izatdabell?"
"Yair."
"Watznow?"
"Rolcol."
"Zeeyerladderdenmait."
"Yairinistry."

Douglas Melville 12B



The Killer Instinct

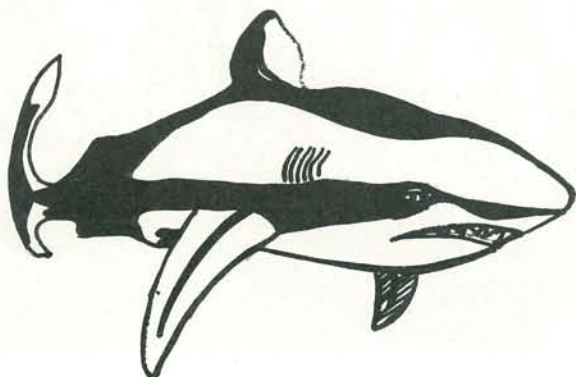
John Scott checked over his scuba equipment one more time, before the dive. Everything was fine and so he sat on the edge of his softly swaying boat and plunged into the brilliantly clear ocean.

He felt the coldness of the water bite into his skin and after the turbulent white bubbles cleared away, John again could see that he was in his second world; a world of hypnotic fantasy.

The harsh rasping sound of his breathing was clearly audible in the still silence.

John with his now accustomed movements went down to the coral reef below. The contrast of the magically blended colours was astounding. With every flick of his flippered foot John came closer to this vast carpeted floor below him.

Fish with a vibrant spectrum of colours quickly flashed in front of him, dodging this incompetent creature with a limited amount of air on his back.



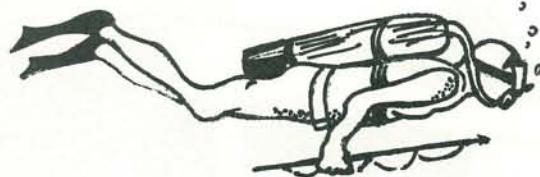
John reached the bottom and with a heavily gloved hand, picked up a brilliantly red lobster, avoiding the quick snaps of the painfully persecuting claws and clumsily put it in his hessian bag. His spear was now ready to commence the killings.

A magnificently coloured angel fish crossed in front of John's malevolent path and without trying to resist the temptation John lifted his spear into place, aimed and in a blinding flash the spear did its operation.

The fish seemed to drag with the momentum of the spear and leaving a thick red fuliginous trail of blood behind, it floated down to the bottom of the coral bed.

With a contented sneer behind his mouth-piece, John went to apprehend his kill and with his usual sense of pride stabbed in onto his spare spear, where other fish were going to be lined up like shishcababs ready for the barbeque.

John had continued on with his usual slow pace and with every aim of his spear, he added to his growing tally so that when he had finished, he had caught more than enough.



He had decided to finish off the air in his tank and so he stopped and admired the splintering flashed from a school of sardines, when mysteriously they all darted away from him for no reason, or else it could be a John turned around slowly, afraid to think he was right, when, it was too late to think otherwise, for he had just turned into the enormous, gaping jaws of the last shark he would ever see.

Bruno Gentile
10A English.

Description of a Person

He strutted along the road, like a peacock, chest stuck out, bold and dignified. Eyes green and glaring like a cats, glowing in the dark, concealed by dark stringy strands of hair which hung lifelessly. His nose hung down like an elephant's trunk grabbing peanuts, while his lips were tight and mean, a face which would make milk curdle.

The only clothes he wore were old faded blue jeans and a stained Crystal Cylinder Shirt.

Ian Wilson
8b English

The Black Sheep

The superior gestures,
He calls
"An informative speech, "Now !"
Struck by bewilderment, the heart thunders.
The bloodflow savagely blemishes
Clearly marking you as DUNCE.

You try!
your muscles are chained
your lips, bound,
your brain, frozen,
You have stopped functioning.

All around, Cold foreign eyes
staring.

There you stand,
wrapped in a hot blanket of tense atmosphere
and the deafening silence,
that tortures you with perplexity
and embarrassment.

Where is your knowledge?

Speak!

You know the answer

Break loose from this ghastly
grievous grip,

Try Harder!

No use!

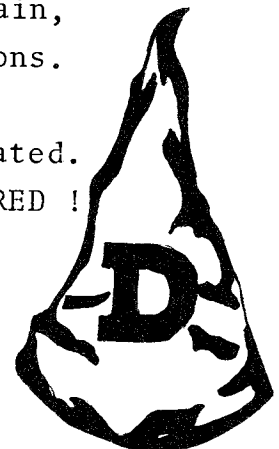
Only striving in vain,
lay down your weapons.

Once again,

you have been defeated.

Coyness has CONQUERED !

R. Cimen
11B English



7 Black Friars

Seven Black Friars, sitting back
to back,
Fished from the bridge for a pike
or a jack.

The first caught a toadfish.
The second caught a crow.
The third caught a smile shell.
The fourth caught a dab
The fifth caught a tadpole.
The sixth caught an eel.
The seventh one caught an old
cart wheel.

Brian Barhoum
7A English.

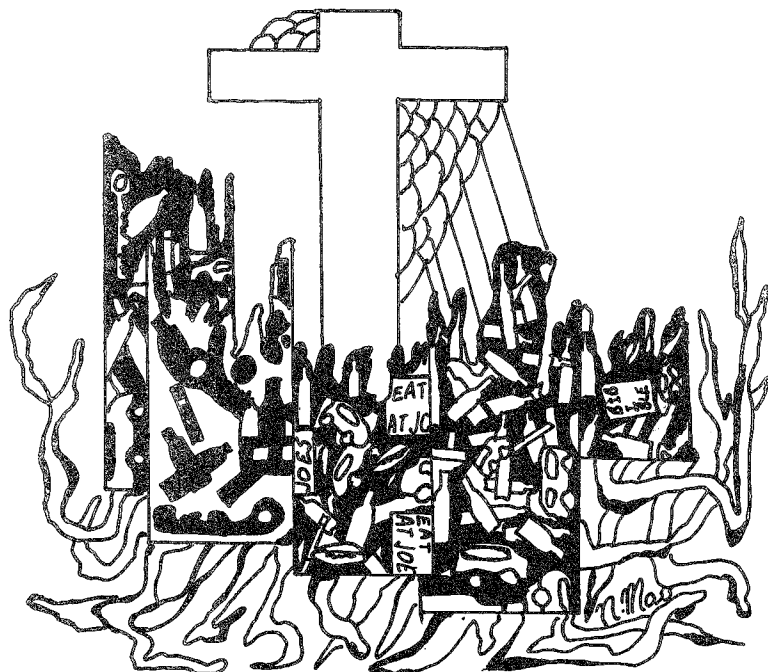


Like Nazi's propaganda rallies,
The President's speech.
American ideals of grandeur and
perfection

shot down like a crippled
Zeppelin.

Women plastic painted false
Strapless and untruly slim
Toupeed men with ulcers and paunch
Drinking Brandy and smoking
cigars,
Telling stories of Days gone by.
Peaking from behind curtains
Men, rapists, murderers, thieves
Caught and sent to a new society
with nothing but memories.
Paid lovers, killers, drivers,
keepers.
Ten dollars here hundreds there.
People bought people sold.
Drug store falsity of corners
Quick and Cheap.

Andrew Wayman
11B English



Philosophy of a Mr. David Grant

They call them plastic cities,
and class there dwellers as
plastic people or zombies.
They criticise our mentality,
quoting... "They're all mad."



And make it quite clear that
sanity is a rare quality.
But they are the privileged ones.
They hang out in parks,
and flood Bjelkes streets
They all cry out for peace and
love and friendship.
But it is here.

They destroy our beliefs,
and scream for a world of untouch-
ed landscape,
Devoured by roses and raspberries
and rhinoceros.
And babbling brooks
And Deciduous delights
And.....
Hence, they go on in an endless
description of a fantasy world.
These, are the blind fools who
see all.
These, are the deaf fools who
hear all.

These, are the dumb fools who know
all.
Monkies.

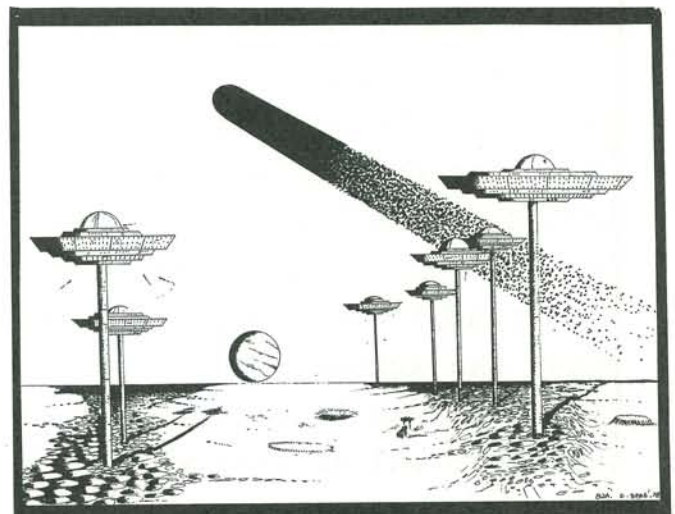
So to these perfect homosapiens,
I say, "Wake up John, ITS
DAYLIGHT."

David Grant
11B English

Reflection

On a glassy sea
lies a clear vision,
shining brightly,
weakening the eyes,
rising upwards,
into the heat of the day,
seeming ageless,
tired,
spraying rays of light,
full of energy,
like an untapped well.

David Bullock



The Legend



Ever since the dawn of time, when man first crawled out of his primeval slime, and sat down to watch television, legend has been used to explain natural phenomena. Now we tell the story of "What ever happened to the Prefect's room?"

Beeperpain the school bell rang for 3:15 last day of term three 1977 and with it signified the end of an era. What happened? Was it just that Miss Bundy's cookbook would never be seen again? No, something much worse. Timberlumber, the sixth form prefect's room had been kidnapped and raped by three sinister looking Art Teachers.

"Oh, don't worry", they all cried "You'll soon get another." We waited, our prefects rosters waited, even our ping pong balls waited. No room. We had been swindled.

The prefects became restless. But all was well, King Peter had a plan. "We'll steal a portable from the back of a truck." he cried. This seemed practical at first since such portable - carrying trucks frequently went past the school.

The plan was laid out. A little villager called Zeki was to be

on the road in front of the truck. When the truck stopped everyone would lift the portable from the truck while King Peter confused the driver with his special: "sexual connotations and imagery."

Wow! all the prefects hummed with excitement. A crow's nest on top of the flagpole (which is never used except for climbing up), spotted a truck. Prefects donned pixie hats and began milling around the gate. Zeki ran out across the road and lay down. All was set. Along came the truck, a cloud moved across the sun, lightning was suddenly audible, the truck came nearer and nearer, Zeki broke out in a cold sweat. "Holy Aychesie", shouted King Peter, "he's not stopping!" Poor Zeki, to this day he still eludes us, no trace of his body was found.

"Bad idea King Peter," said all the prefects, throwing their pixie hats on the ground in disgust.

"If you can do a better job then you can have my crown," said King Peter. "It's not my fault. Brawny the patron saint of Prefects said we'll get one. May be we have been evil and he has punished us."

The prefects decided to please Brawny the patron saint by being good. For the next month all the prefects watched over the flock at the hot food bar and even saw to it that the flock boarded the buses home correctly. Still, the prefects room did not come.

What was to be done? No-one knew. Soon came the crunchy golden leaves of autumn and then followed the nakedness of winter. The prefects exposed to the cruel wind began to grow restless again. They needed a new and better plan.

"Why not have a 'coup d'etat' on the Art Staff room and get back what is rightfully ours?" said one right-wing prefect.

"Yeah," intellectually said another. A coup it was going to be. On Friday the middle of winter 1978 thirty frost bitten prefects attacked the Art Staff room. Beard pulling and rude comments about I.S.C.F. were the main weapons. Things were going well until one held up a cross and said she wasn't afraid. Prefects ran for their lives.

"What happened?" said King Peter.

"I don't know," said Prince Michael, "but I got a Van Gogh self portrait!"



"Great, we'll use it to raise money" said Lord Stephen.

"We can't, its only a copy," said Prince Michael.

"No worries," replied the King.

"We'll set up a circus and play pin the ear on Van Gogh! At 20c a pop it will take us about ten years to raise enough money to buy a prefects room."

Things looked blacker than ever.

The approaching H.S.C. meant that soon they would have to shed the protective skin of school and face the hardships of the world. It sure is scary growing up.

The exams took their toll on the prefects. Excessive drinking and the constant urge to take a day off school took toll of many. Lunchtimes were the worst. Those who didn't go playing Jack Brabham were left to stare at the ground where the constant stubbing of cigarette butts had left the ground bare, and wonder what the hell they'd do with their lives.

What do we want with a prefect room anyway, we'd only have to keep it tidy.

S. Filmer 12AE



Craig Ferguson 7CD2

Rain, smack, canvas,
Invisible art upon the path.
In green emerald rivers ran,
And into the sea was flushed

Five fingers were to suffice
Yet once of years gone by
I feared the five fingers which
accompany me lively-
For she'd gone to the sun.

The night spoke
Yet lamp blackness said 'No!'
I lay mummified in a cocoon of mind,
I heard not the manderine his
fingers tap.
His orange eyes dropped rain like
- in unison.

Peter Poulet
12A English

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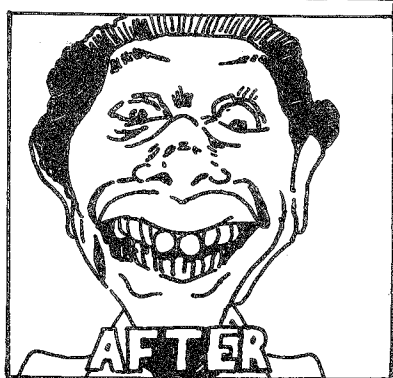
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Sportsmaster's Fore-ward

1978 proved to be one of the most successful all-round sporting years in the history of Homebush Boys' High School. The school won a total of 24 premierships (13 Summer and 11 Winter) in the zone competition.

As is always the case, we still have our apathetic minority. Fortunately, however, I feel the number of boys who adopt the attitude of non-involvement is on the decline.

Congratulations and appreciation is extended to the Prefects and Staff for their support at the major carnivals. The Prefects, as is traditional, again rallied to the cause and helped greatly in making the carnivals successful. I would also like to extend my gratitude to the Ladies Auxiliary for their catering efforts at the School Athletics Carnival. In particular it was appreciated due to the necessity to change dates.

Athletics Carnival

12 Yrs. - P. McDonald
13 Yrs. - F. Calcara
14 Yrs. - R. Woolsey
15 Yrs. - J. Clinghan
16 Yrs. - A. Toutziridas
Opens - B. Gavathas



Hayes House - F. Calcara
Vaughan House - B. Gavathas
Greening House - P. McDonald
Howe House - R. Woolsey
Champion House - Greening House

Swimming Carnival

12 Yrs. - N. Gripper
13 Yrs. - S. Gilbert
14 Yrs. - S. Heslop
15 Yrs. - M. Lorber
16 Yrs. - D. O'Regan
Opens - G. Hay
Hayes House - M. Andrews
Vaughan House - G. Hay
Greening House - D. O'Regan
Howe House - B. Santone
Champion House - Vaughan House

Cross Country

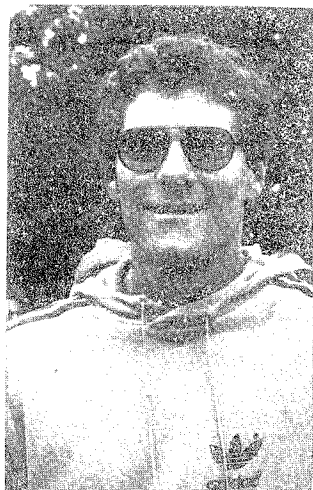
The Cross Country was run in conjunction with the "Fun-Run" which was a School Fund Raising effort. The following boys won the individual age championships
12 Yrs. - Glen Nash

13 Yrs. - Stephen Gilbert
14 Yrs. - Stephen Heslop
15 Yrs. - Michael Carver
16 Yrs. - K. Jeffes
Opens - R. Peterson

In conclusion I would like to thank Mr. Barry for his continued support and participation in Sport at Homebush. I, and I am sure, the boys, wish him every success at his new school.

R. Coggan
SPORTSMASTER.

Sportsman of the Year Award



G. GAVALAS

George has not only been an excellent sportsman but also an excellent ambassador for his school.

George excelled at Rugby having played First Grade since Year 9. He Captained his school, his Zone and N.S.W. Combined High Schools this year and whilst touring New Zealand with the Australian Schoolboys he also Captained the team on one occasion. George was

a member of the Australian Team in 1976, 1977 and 1978. This feat has never been achieved before. Whilst at Homebush Boys' High George has also excelled at Athletics (representing at C.H.S. on three separate occasions). He has also played First Grade Water Polo and Rowed in both Eights and Fours for the school.

I feel sure George is a worthy winner of this award.

K.G.Myers Award

ANGELO ZAIA

Angelo has been a most conscientious sportsman and citizen of Homebush Boys' High. He has not only been a good performer but has lended his support to all school activities. Angelo has played First Grade Rugby for two years and has been a First Grade Volleyball player for two years. He has actively participated in the Swimming, Athletics and Cross Country

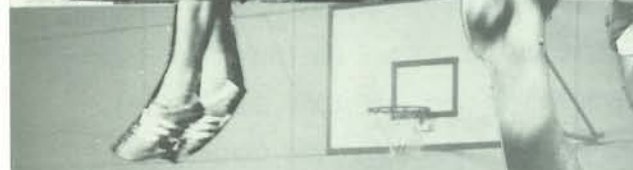
Carnivals.
Angelo is a worthy winner of this award.

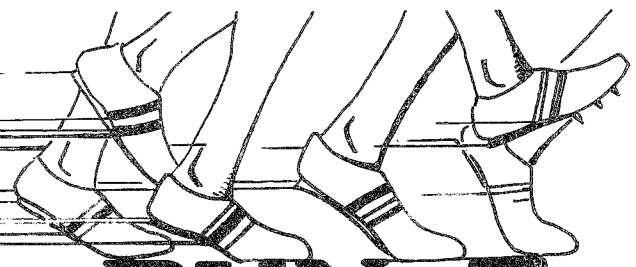
Junior Sportsman of the Year

LAURENCE MUGRIDGE

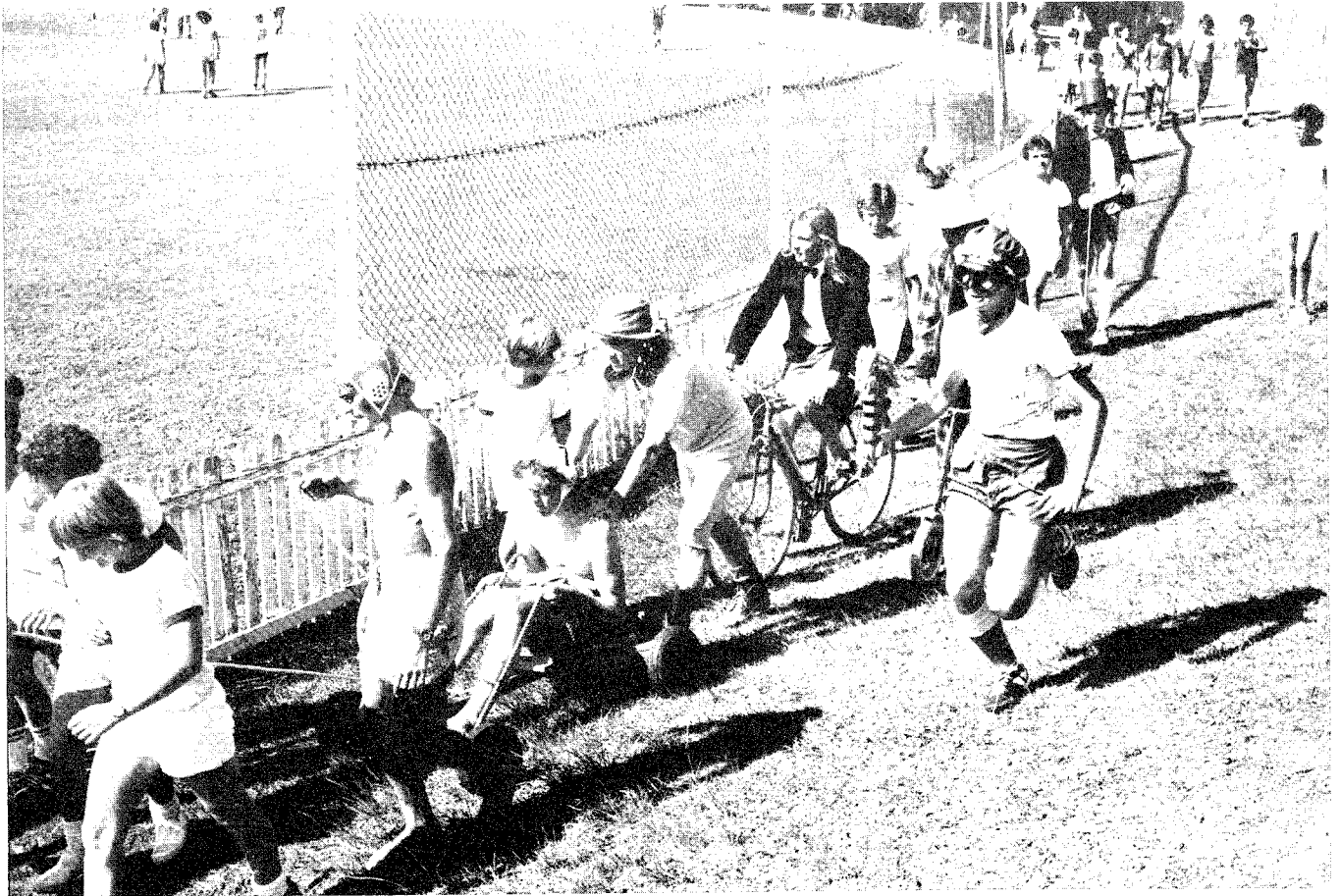
Laurence has been an ardent sportsman during his 4 years at Homebush. Whilst still a

Junior member of the school he has already represented at First Grade level in both Rugby and Baseball. Laurence has enormous sporting aptitude and has played in several Zone Premiership Teams in Rugby and Baseball. I congratulate Laurence on achieving the honour this award affords him.





N. THE FUN RUN. T



In conjunction with the Annual Cross Country, Homebush Boys' School held a 'FUN RUN' to raise funds for school text books.

Betty Cuthbert started just over 1,000 competitors including pupils from five other schools. A Normanhurst pupil came first while Michael Carver received first placing in the Homebush Team.

John Calcurra of 9A received a

prize for the most money raised while Chris Sapunos of 10E received a prize for the best dressed runner .

The Fun Run was an enjoyable event for all, the most pleasing aspect of all being the raising of \$3,000 by the teachers and boys of Homebush Boys' High Schools, for the purchase of school text books and vital equipment.

Sports Results

Summer 1977-78 Champion Summer

<u>School</u>	<u>Premiers</u>	<u>Coach</u>
Baseball	1st - 15A - 14B	Mr. Taggart Mr. McLean Mr. Sherman
Basketball	1st- 13A	Mr. Tedford Mr. Brewer
Champion Basketball School		
Cricket	15A	Mr. Hunt
Squash	1st - 15	Mr. Carrozza Mr. R. McDonald
Champion Squash School		
Volleyball	15 - 14	Mr. Jurd Mr. Pol
Water Polo	15 - 14 - 13	Mr. Codey Mr. Codey Mr. Coggan
Champion Water Polo School		

Minor Premiers and Runners Up

Basketball	2nd - 13B
Cricket	14A
Squash	2nd
Tennis	15
Volleyball	2nd
Water Polo	1st - 2nd

Zone Results

Swimming	- 3rd in Zone
Diving	- Champion Diving School
Athletics	- 3rd in Zone

School Representations

Basketball	- Zone	-G. Richards -M. Tarrant -A. Toutzardis C.H.S.-A. Toutzardis
Volleyball	- Zone	-T. Vizza -J. Vertley -M. Allen
Baseball	- Zone	-M. Khan -C. Jolly C.H.S. 1 -M. Khan -C. Jolly
Water Polo	- Zone	-D. O'Regan -M. Andrews -G. Hay C.H.S. 2 -M. Andrews C.H.S. -G. Hay - Train on Squad
Rowing	-	C.H.S. Metropolitan Champions

-1st Fours
-4th Fours
Lightweight Fours

Winter 1978

<u>Premiers</u>	<u>Coach</u>
Basketball	15A - Ms. Cuke 13A - Mr. Duncan 13B - Mr. Bowie
Champion Basketball School	
Rugby	15A - Mr. Taggart 15B - Mr. Edwards 14A - Mr. Brawn 14B - Mr. Bundock
Champion Rugby School	
Squash	1st - Mr. R. McDonald 2nd - Mr. Carrozza 15 - Mr. R. McDonald
Champion Squash School	
Tennis	14 - Ms. Salmon

Minor Premiers and Runners Up

Basketball	13A 13B
Hockey	15
Rugby	3rd
Soccer	13A 13B
Squash	14
Tennis	2nd

School Representatives

Rugby - Zone	-G. Rice -G. Gavalas -R. Lipovac -P. Walne C.H.S. 1 -G. Gavalas Australia -G. Gavalas
Soccer- Zone	-M. Allen
Squash- Zone	-Squash Champion I. Mescher
Weightlifting	Australia -J. Fong
Wrestling	N.S.W. -A. Karagloul

Summer Winning Teams



1st Grade Baseball Team: C. Jolly (Captain), M. Khan,
D. Dibitetto, R. Potbury, F. Neuhold,
A. Browne, L. Mugridge, J. Horspool,
A. Waterman, G. Coffill.



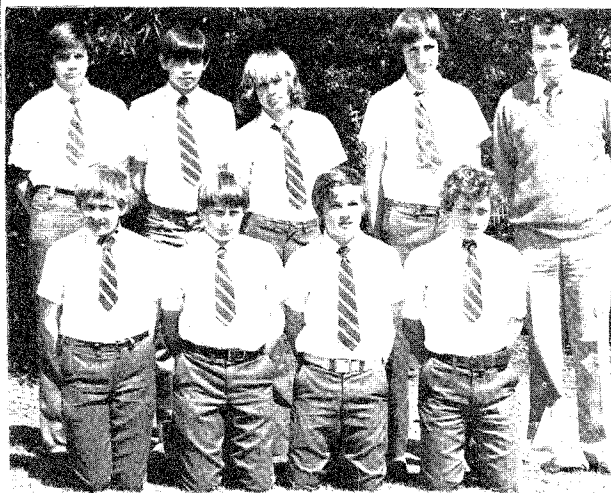
2nd Grade Baseball Geoff Rider, Tony Dorrigo, Chris Pearse,
Robert White, Sherif Chettin,
George Lukman, Steven Karanicolas,
Vance Lowe, Denis Trobec, S. Svetlov.
N. Demiril, Steven Varga



1st Grade Basketball
 Co-Captains: Mike Tarrant,
 Arthur Toutzaridis.
 Greg Richards, Tony Kalcina,
 Murray Brown, Sam Barone, Robert
 Colussi, Andrew Wayman, Mark
 Sangkuhl, Vova Tohadze.
Coach: R. Tedford.

13A Basketball

Team: M. Marelic, P. Omaye,
 G. Lasorsa, C. McArthur,
 C. Lyons, S. Davidson, J. Yealland
 P. Valeontis, S. Breugal,
 A. Tohadze.



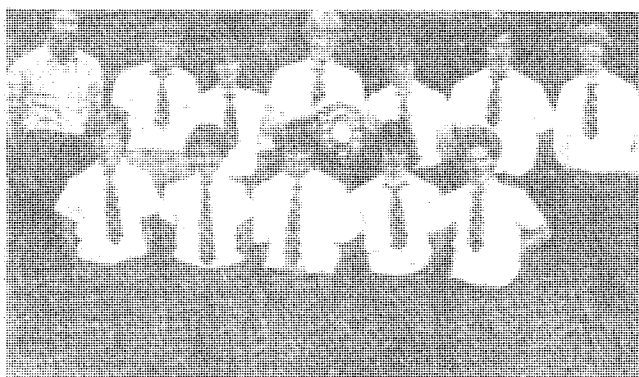
15A Cricket

Albert Alonso (Captain), Claudio
 Orlando (V. Capt.), John Anastasiou
 David Brown, Brad Compton, Tim
 Craig, Geoff Hancock, Jamie
 Hancock, Craig Hinton, Gary
 Hodges, Paul Katsavelas, Michael
 Maher, Tasy Moratis, Ian Richards,
 Steven Swinfield, Jeff Thorn,
Coach: Mr. N. Hunt.

15 Water Polo

Team: S. Heslop (Capt.)
 T. Wallace, S. Chant, M. Lorber,
 S. Patterson, B. Santone, G.
 Black, M. Luidmanis, A Provenzano,
 P. Perry, R. Tate.

Coach: Mr. S. Codey.



14 Water Polo

Team: S. Prince, I Young,
C. Holder, S. Chant, I Thompson
(Capt.), P. Lorber, R. Marsh,
M. Leslie, M. Laws, C. Gavathas.

Coach: Mr. S. Codey.



13 Water Polo

Team: L. Coote, N. Gripper,
S. Gilbert, S. Tikkanen, I Bohay,
B. Flogeras, A. Johnston,
G. Moratis, J. Peulic, W. Teagle,
A. Hooke, D. Niven.

15 Volleyball

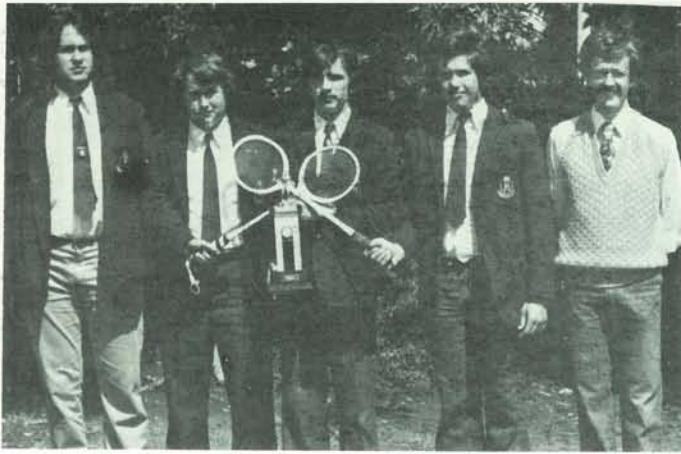
Team: Eddy Zaccomer (Capt.)
Russell Jenkins, Paul Hickson,
Giacomo Biviano, Recai Baharoglu,
Bobby Zaia, Ian Harvey,

Coach: Mr. T. Jurd.



14 Volleyball

Team:- D. Haroon (Capt.)
C. Hoy (V. Capt), O. Devicenzi,
E. Diamondtopolis, F. Cremona,
S. Child, S. Gillard, P. Culshaw
G. Duffy.



1st Grade Squash

Philip Baldwin, Alex Popov,
Nicky Mescher, John Dicer

15 Squash

Glen Kesbah, John Clinghan, John Skib,
David Jaksetic, Michael Carver



Winter Winning Teams



15A Basketball



13A Basketball



13B Basketball



14 Tennis C. Hutchings, A.
Hancock (c), M. Khun, A. Wylie.



14A Rugby The Squad: Hugh Andersen, Jason Banfield, Alan Canellis, Oscar Devicenzi, Dean Haroon, Craig Hoy, Mark Leslie, John Maberly, Richard Mason (Vice Captain), Jeff McDonald, Mark Neville (Captain), John Paton, Shaun Prince, Ian Richards, Ray Woolsey, Ian Young, with assistance on various occasions from Scott Colless, James Gilbert, Robert Goldberg, Craig Holder, Geoffrey Kirk, Robert Marsh and Darren Richards.





1st Grade Squash



2nd Grade Squash



15 Grade Squash

15A Rugby

Team: J. Clinghan (Captain),
 R. Jenkins (Vice Captain),
 D. Trobec, S. Chant, G. Black,
 R. Zaia, J. Ardas, C. Laba, A. Hearn,
 S. Heslop, S. Patterson, T. Wallace,
 J. Thorn, G. Hodges, D. Hamill,
 M. Luidmanes, P. Hickson, R. White

15B Rugby

F.B.-B. Compton, Wings - T.
 Pasialis, I. Harvey. Centres -
 S. Karanicolas (V.C.) G. Wilson,
 F. Debrencizi. 5/8 - A. Tassone
 1/2 - J. Smith, Lock - A.
 Provinzano, B'Ways - R. Tate,
 G. Hancock, 2nd Row - T. Wallace
 (c) P. Katsivelas, E. Curtin,
 Props - J. Anastasiou, B.
 Hooker - S. Jackson, Reserve -
 G. Loukmas.

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EDITORIAL

The work contained within these pages is the culmination of a year's consolidated work in all facets of the school society, that is the classroom, the sporting field and the school playground.

I feel that this editorial should contain not only thanks to the many pupils who have avoided the so-called school apathy tag and entered their own literary contribution, but also to the various members of the community who despite these hard times have kindly donated various amounts of money, to pay for the magazine. My thanks to you all, both gentlemen and pupils of Homebush Boys' High for your time and energies.

I am deeply indebted to the following array of steadfast personages for their unbounding enthusiasm in the production of this well shod extravaganza.

Assistant Editor/Art Co-ordinator

- Mrs. S. Marquet

Literary Editor - Ms. R. Roberts

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D. O'Regan, D. Niven

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N. Moss, S. Koumoulos, A. Bonner,
A. Riddell, M. Szabo.

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Printer- Mr. W. Greenwell

John Sprouster

EDITOR

