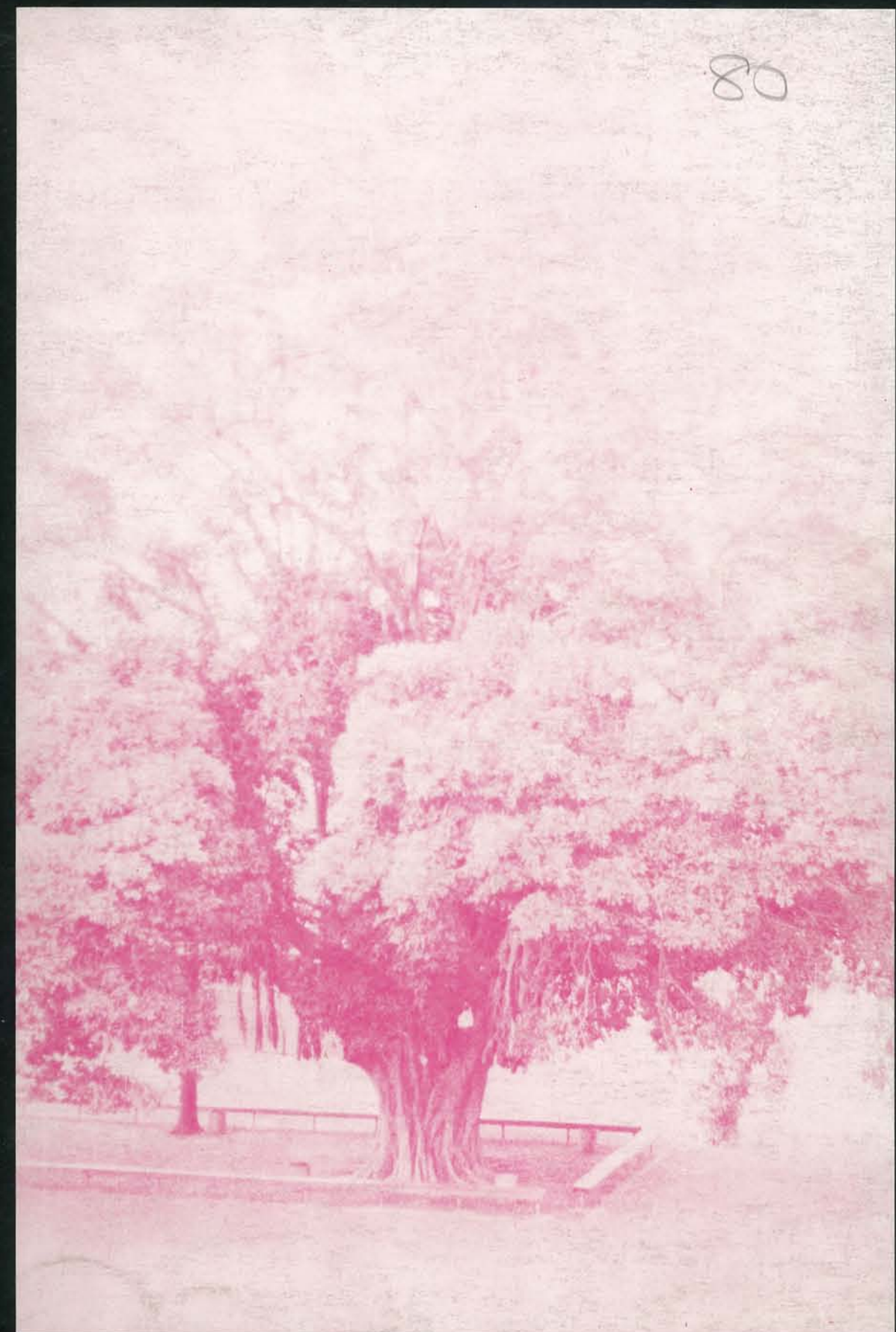
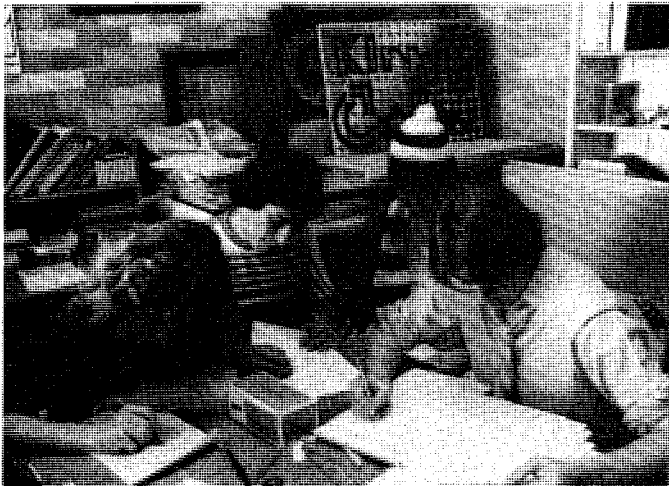


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# Editorial



This year's magazine reflects the perpetual activity that took place in 1980 and is an effort to maintain a high standard in print.

Our personal involvement in the editing and layout indicates the spirit which still exists at Homebush Boys' High. This spirit is universal, whether it be in the visual arts, the sciences, literature or in the area of sport.

The contributions by students were of an excellent standard and there were very few rejected. "Some boys' poetry had potential but lacked fire — so we burned it" is an apt phrase.

We look forward to next year's issue and an even higher standard of contributions because we have an optimistic attitude towards Homebush Boys' spirit and are very proud of its history.

**Craig Terrett,**  
EDITOR

A school magazine is basically a report on events that occurred in and about the school over the past year. There are the usual reports that are important for a successful magazine but the element that makes this magazine special for me is seeing the pupils and teachers who gave their free time to the many tasks involved. This truly reflects a strong pride for the school they are associated with.

Apart from the main production team of Craig Terrett, myself, Laurie Fagan, Mr. Johnson and Mrs. McSkimming we thank Mr. Thornton and Mr. Stewart whose support was greatly needed and always there.

**John Aqualina**  
**Laurie Fagan**  
ASSISTANT EDITORS

## 1980

We acknowledge the support of David Little, Calan Madgwick, Des Hamilton, Victor Ivanoff, Martin Walne, Stephen Crowley, David D'Silva, Angelo Laios, George Shandar, Con Kakoris, Andrew Tohadze and the many other junior boys who took care of essential work.

### EDITOR'S REPORT

I now know the power of the printed word — it's the only way that 90 per cent of the world's population receives its information, because it is legible. Have you ever thought how difficult it would be to read the newspaper if each article was written by individual journalists in whatever writing implement was available. Consider the legibility of a well-educated doctor's handwriting. Of course school teachers have been painfully wading through schoolboy "code" and apart from suffering eye strain have learned to rearrange, correct and interpret what may have been intended. Thankfully at the end of the day we can forget the art of handwriting.

The newspaper we read will be produced by the journalist tapping his story into a word processor keyboard, the machine will arrange spacing and locate spelling errors. Any adjustments or rearrangement can be made on the visual display screen before the final print-out button is pushed — bingo, it's in print and photo reproduction will do the rest.

Maybe the ball-point pen which we manage with today will go the way of the post office pen with all the blotches and smudges that accompanied it.

Keyboard writing, or typing, with associated video display will have to wait a while before Homebush Boys' High can afford it — so — next year when you lot start sending in your scraps of paper with every conceivable variation of handwriting — have some consideration for the editor who has to de-code it and the poor soul who finally puts it into type so that you can read it.

Apart from the promotion department, the advertising department, the sports department, the creative writing department, and the logistics department it has fallen to a few people to also run the photography department.

In an effort to be totally self-sufficient (and save money), we developed our own film and printed most of our own prints with the help and assistance of the Art Staff, the Photography Club and individual pupils and staff. I thank all those patient people who "posed", unfortunately one crucial roll of film did not turn out and if your group or team is omitted please put it down to lady luck and buy yourself a lotto ticket.

On your behalf and mine I would like to thank all those people who contributed to help keep the Homebush Magazine afloat.

**For the Magazine "Team"**  
**Mr. Johnson, Art Master**

# HOMEBUSH BOYS YEAR BOOK

*The Editors would like to thank Mr. Charles Higgs of the printers, W. R. Bright & Sons (Fairfield) Pty. Limited for his help, advice and patience in producing this year book.*



## Principals Message

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The school, established in 1936 as a Junior High School, has undergone many changes developing to a Selective High School and at the present as a Community High School. Traditional courses have changed to the situation where wide ranges of courses are available and include Approved Studies, Transitional courses, Remedial courses, Community languages and Multi-Cultural programmes.

The school population prior to 1945 was predominantly Anglo-Saxon in origin, but this has changed significantly with the post-war influx of migrants from non Anglo-Saxon countries.

The industrial resources of the area which ranged from small business to large multi-national organisations have resulted in this school's student intake comprising more than 50 different nationalities. Italian, Greek, Asian, Turkish, Lebanese, Yugoslavian origin include the majority ethnic groups and with the remainder, total 40% of the school population.

It is obvious that a Multi-Cultural Education Programme has to be a major consideration in the organisation and administration of the school's activities. With this consideration in mind, all students should be able to take full advantage of social, economic and educational opportunities within our society and still maintain their individual ethnic identities.

Three aspects of a Multi-Cultural Education Programme are equality of opportunity, cultural diversity and common understanding to satisfy the needs of the students. Acceptance of these aspects implies common tolerance and respect, that no group is isolated, nor does one group dominate, and each member of our society recognises and accepts equality of all ethnic groups.

Because of the failure and neglect of previous policies of assimilation or integration, ethnic groups developed their own communities to satisfy their needs and aspirations. It is important that ethnic groups not only maintain their individual cultures but also share with our society, our culture, resources, services, civil rights, political power, particular values and all the other aspects of life which have national significance for our whole society.

With these ideals as a goal, it is hoped that each student of this school will take his place in our society with a sense of the personal worth of his Australian national identity.





# Captains Report



I'll dispense with the well-worn opening — "It seems like only yesterday . . . these hallowed halls . . . a short-back-and-sided kid . . ."

There have been many new experiences, people, places and ideas (good and bad) associated with this school, and I've had six very full years.

My message is limited to a few points.

To those students not finishing this year — make an effort. Whatever you do will then give you a greater sense of accomplishment.

It's not for the school or staff that you work, it's for yourself. You reap the benefits.

Also, sample as many other activities the school offers (too numerous to mention) as you can. The opportunities may not exist after high school. Make the school your smorgasbord.

To the members of staff that our Sixth Form have frustrated, befriended, irritated and/or amused — let me extend our continued respect, apologies and thanks.

Finally, to Sixth Form — thanks for the company and much luck for whatever life you choose to lead.

**Peter Valencic, School Captain**

## Paul



Senior students should not need notes to use the Library.

**Paul Terrett, Vice-Captain**

P.S.: I've six books overdue and I hate raisin toast.



# Ladies Auxiliary



**President: Mrs. Heslop**  
**Secretary: Mrs. Kellett**  
**Treasurer: Mrs. Campbell**  
**Bulletin Information: Mrs. Ikin**  
**Clothing Pool: Mrs. Ikin, Mrs. Dobbs**

The Ladies' Auxiliary has had a busy year even though our numbers have been rather small during this past 10 months. So many of our mothers are finding it increasingly necessary to work either full or part-time.

We try through the Bulletin to keep all parents informed of what is happening at H.B.H.S. The Auxiliary with the assistance of the form representatives have had several fund-raising functions which have assisted the P. & C. financially. There are many school needs which cannot be purchased by the school and this is where the Parent Organisations endeavour to help the school.

This year we were blessed with good weather for the Athletics Carnival — many thanks to all the mothers and boys who helped the Auxiliary on that day.

Many thanks to Mrs. Jan Jenkins and her band of very willing Prefects' mothers for a very well organised Prefects' Dinner — the Prefects will long remember the Guest Speaker, Mr. Allan Davidson on that occasion. Appreciation must be expressed to many — Mrs. Vola Weldon, the Day-Time Catering Officer, Mrs. Ikin and Mrs. Dobbs, the Clothing Pool Convenors and also for their help with the printing of the Bulletin each month, to our efficient Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. Kellett and Mrs. Campbell and to each and everyone who has helped in any way with attending and supporting the Auxiliary.

We were sad to farewell a good friend, Mrs. Blanche Ferguson in August and everyone wishes her a very happy retirement — she was a truly good and helpful friend for many years. Mrs. Margaret Hooker has been appointed as her successor and we wish her every success.

Thank you to all the staff for their co-operation during 1980, especially to Miss Hayes, School Counsellor, Mr. Codey, Year 7 Master, and Mr. Lippiatt, Acting Deputy Principal and History Master for their assistance at the Welcome to New Mothers, also to Mr. Stewart, Deputy Principal and our Principal, Mr. Thornton, who has always been willing to give us his valuable time to keep the mothers well informed about the many changes in the Education System and all relevant school matters. With the "Sixth Form Farewell" the next function, we take the opportunity to say "Good-bye and good luck" to each and every one of you — may you all find success and happiness as well as satisfaction in whatever careers you choose. May you all look back on your time at Home-bush Boys' High School with many happy memories. Thank you Miss Colman for your help in the organisation of the Farewell luncheon.

It will be a most welcome opportunity to meet the incoming boys on "Orientation Day".

**Shirley Heslop, President**



# Prefects Report



## SCHOOL PREFECTS

Seated Row (L. to R.): David Bullock, Tim Wallace, Peter Valencic, Ian Stewart, Doug Thornton, Kev Mahony, Paul Terrett, Giuseppe Lasorca, Wayne Barrett.  
 2nd Row: Halil Tuncel, Jeff Child, John Skib, Leopold Poulos, Dennis Oregon, John Clinghan, Greg Dobbs, Bruno Santone, Paul Hagen.  
 3rd Row: Paul Davidson, Ken Buckley, Russell Jenkins, Maris Luidmanis, Tony Jackson, Chris Brook, Don D'Bitello, Mario Tropea, Danny Coles, Stephen Brown.  
 Top Row: Julian Ardas, John Roots, Alan Browne, Bradley Innes, Tony Robinson, Dick Black, Stephen Hugh Patterson.

The enthusiasm and dedication of this year's prefects far exceeded my expectations. Their shared approach to the prefect role established a strong bond of friendship and harmony amongst us that made our efforts so much easier.

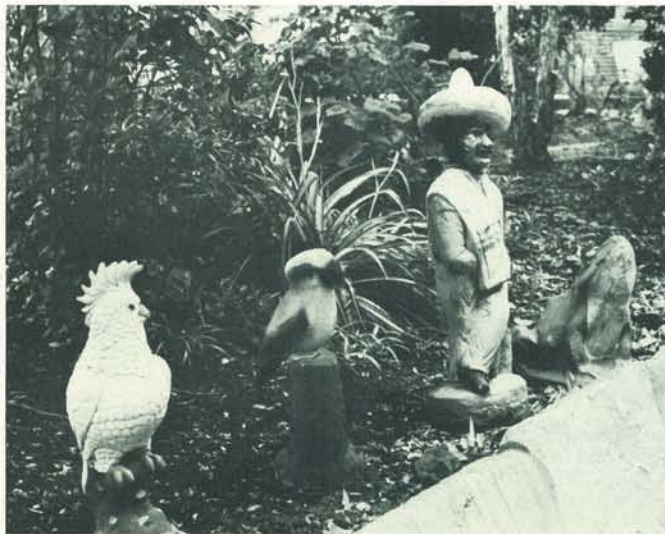
With few exceptions the 1980 "bushy" prefects have maintained the high standard Homebush has come to expect. Their presence was felt in all aspects of school life — school band, Interact, debating, grade sport and their somewhat questionable handling of prefects' duties.

As in the past the athletic and swimming carnivals were very successful due to the untiring effort of the prefects and Year 12 as a whole. Much thanks must go to the PE department for their faith in our ability to handle these prestigious annual Homebush events.

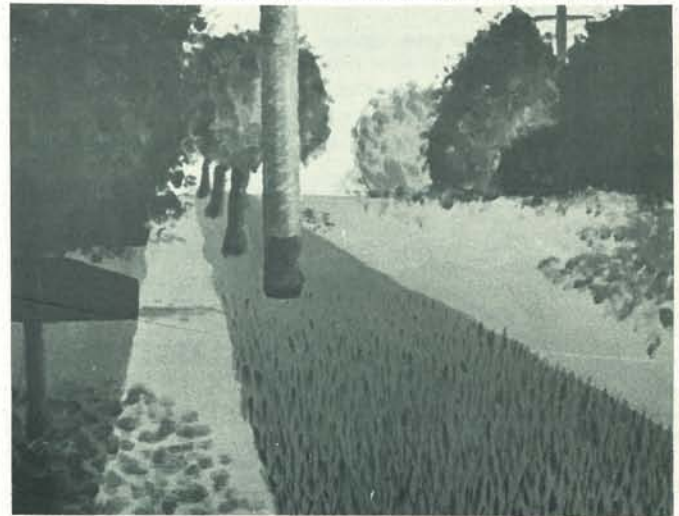
In a school the size of Homebush the most difficult problem is to involve each and every boy in some active and responsible role. Prefects only through their involvement can initiate some form of motivation and school spirit. It is in this area that this year's prefects have achieved most. They have led by example in their efforts to motivate the school. Therefore HBHS has seen a resurgence of sporting and academic achievements.

In closing I would like to thank our administrators, Mr. Brawn and Mr. Mahoney, without their guidance and assistance the prefect body could not have functioned successfully. Special thanks must also go to Mr. Thornton and Mr. Stuart for their interest and encouragement. The biggest thank you goes to the ladies auxiliary and our mums for treating us to a feast at the Prefects' Dinner. Finally, I would like to extend my appreciation to the prefects for a job well done. To Year 12, the very best of luck in coming years.

**Dennis Oregon, Senior Prefect**



Local Flora and Fauna return to Homebush Boys



"Shady Walk" by Martin Walne

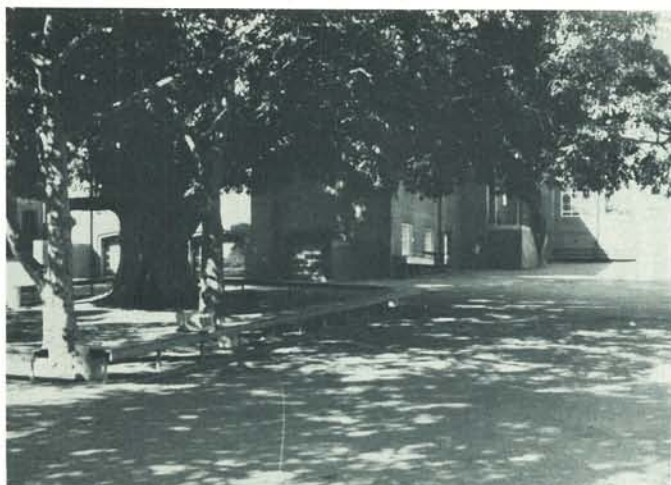
## H.B.H.S.

Students of Homebush High rejoice,  
 Loud praises to our school we'll sing,  
 Hark to the owl, wise emblem's voice,  
 In wisdom face all the tests that spring  
 For courage brings us to the throne,  
 Fight ever though you fight alone.

When in the service of our life,  
 We take up tasks to help our race,  
 Let's like the lighthouse keepers strive  
 Be worthy of our trust and place  
 And keep our faith a torch of flame  
 For ever bright in honour's name.

In fields of sport we all concur,  
 The flaming torch we'll carry on,  
 Sing 'Recte', shout 'et Fortiter'  
 The race is run, the goal is won;  
 And when at last we say 'goodbye',  
 Give honour to our Homebush High.





What would we do without our Fig Tree?

## Interview with Mrs. Sutton

At the end of the 1980 school year, Mrs. Sutton will be retiring after 23 years of service with the school in the canteen.

In this exclusive interview Mrs. Sutton recalls some of her memories about the school.

When Mrs. Sutton arrived in 1957, Homebush Boys' High was a selective school (i.e. you needed to be of a certain standard to enrol at the school).

"There has been no great change, since I arrived," Mrs. Sutton says, "but the changes that have occurred have been for the better."

Mrs. Sutton recalls the magnificent brass band the school once had, and the excellent drama that was staged.

"The school has maintained a very high standard overall," she says. "I'm very sad about leaving."

When Mrs. Sutton arrived, her son and nephew attended the school.

It is interesting to note some of the prices charged by the canteen when Mrs. Sutton arrived.

"Cream buns were 5 cents, sausage rolls 7 cents, salad rolls 15 cents," she explains.

She also explains how her famous "roll in roll" originated.

"When I first came here, I used to make rissoles. It was tiring, and going home to the butchers one evening, it came to me that well, what's wrong with a "sausage roll in a roll." And of course it took off like a rocket.

While Mrs. Sutton praises the school for its performance, she does deliver one disturbing comment.

"There has been a change in the attitude of the pupils. When I arrived, the pupils were so proud of their school. Today some pupils are very casual toward the school. These days with the natural flow on from primary to secondary school students just accept Homebush as another school."

"I love the school, I'm terribly proud of Homebush. Homebush has brought me a lot of joy. It has been my life for so many years."

Geoffrey Stimson, 10A



"Reflections"

### Summary:—

Candidates listed have gained marks above the minimum aggregate mark required to receive consideration for admission the Universities and/or Tertiary Institute.

Candidates	Best 10 Agg/500	% Tile Band
1. Kwok H. Tam	426	95 - 100%
2. Douglas D. Niven	422*	"
3. Kam T. Fung	419	"
4. Patrick Lam	405	"
5. Riza Cimen	403	"
6. John Prineas	402*	"
7. Russell N. Peterson	386	90 - 95%
8. Fuh J. Chin	384	"
9. Kam W. Sinn	385*	"
10. David L. Dight	374	"
11. Simon U. Lelli	365	85 - 90%
12. Ashley Riddell	365	"
13. Darren J. O'Regan	350	80 - 85%
14. David J. Williams	349	"
15. Jack K. Fong	346	"
16. Andrew P. Waterman	339	"
.. Craig A. Sandstrom	339*	"
.. Kim K. Lee	339*	"
19. Andrew J. Glover	336	"
20. Franz A. Aquilera	335*	"
21. Craig J. Livett	334	"
22. Mehmood A. Khan	327*	75 - 80%
23. Vincent J. Pizzinga	326*	"
.. Grant A. Doran	326*	"
.. John A. Dicer	326*	"
26. John C. Burt	311	70 - 75%
27. Victor Acuna	308*	"
28. Michael Tarrant	306*	65 - 70%
29. John Sullivan	303	"
30. Brian R. Jenkins	300*	"
31. Timothy P. Andrews	297*	"
32. John Hales	292	60 - 65%
33. Andrew J. Steele	290*	"
34. Stephen P. Vaughan	288	"
35. Allan J. Furlong	282	+ (W.M.E.G.T. - only) 55 - 60%
36. Stewart R. Pendlebury	278	"
37. Cyril P. Turner	274	"

### Scaled Marks for Subjects

Candidate	Subject	Mark	% Tile Band
Kwok H. Tam	Mathematics	3U 132	91 - 100%
	Physics	2U 95	"
	Chemistry	2U 93	"
	Eng. Science	2U 73	"
Douglas Niven	Economics	2U 88	"
	Physics	2U 94	"
Kam Fung	Chemistry	2U 85	"
	English	2UA 66	"
Riza Cimen	Economics	2U 85	"
	Geography	2U 79	"
John Prineas	Gen. Studies	1U 38	"
	Geography	2U 75	"
Russell Peterson	Physics	2U 88	"
Fuh Chin	Mathematics	2U 78	"
David Dight	Economics	2U 81	"
Simon Lelli	Gen. Studies	1U 40	"
	English	2U 76	81 - 90%
Ashley Riddell	Anc. History	2U 75	91 - 100%
	Art	3U 105	71 - 80%
	English	3U 119	61 - 70%
Darren O'Regan	Art	3U 105	71 - 80%
	English	2UA 77	91 - 100%
	Economics	2U 73	"
David Williams	Economics	2U 79	"
Craig Livett	Geography	2U 80	"
Mehmood Khan	Geography	2U 73	"
Grant Doran	English	2UA 73	"
John Dicer	Mod. History	2U 79	"
Michael Tarrant	Mathematics	2UA 59	"
	Geography	2U 71	"
Stuart Pendlebury	English	2UA 72	"
Brian Jenkins	English	2UA 67	91 - 100%
John Sullivan	English	2UA 65	"
Stephen Vaughan	Mathematics	2U 73	"
Franz Aquilera	German	3U 133	71 - 80%



# P and C

## Annual Report - P. & C. Association

An important contribution to your school and to the whole of the State Educational System is provided by the Parents and Citizens' Association attached to individual schools.

Our P. & C. Association meetings, held on the second Wednesday of each month, are the venue for discussion on educational matters and the essential needs of the school. It was very disheartening to see the very small number of parents who attended the meetings this year, so please make a promise to come to as many meetings as possible next year to show your interest and support for Homebush High and to see for yourself the role of the P. & C. Association.

Again this year we asked parents to contribute to the Envelope Appeal, to raise funds for the school to provide essential equipment and amenities that are much needed for your son's education but are not always supplied by the Education Dept.

At two of our meetings this year we were very pleased to welcome Mr. Taggart who gave parents very interesting and useful information on the work done with the boys in the field of Careers Advising, and the Maths Master, Mr. Evans, who gave parents a very comprehensive report on the Mathematics Syllabus.

I would like to say thank you to our Headmaster, Mr. Thornton, for his attendance and informative reports at our monthly meetings and we look forward to his continued support next year.

I would also like to say thank you to the Ladies' Auxiliary for their efforts during the year and for the support they have given the P. & C. Association.

In closing I would like to thank the parents who have supported the school and to welcome new parents to the P. & C. Association in 1981.

Cynthia Dragovic  
President, P. & C. Association



Mrs. Ferguson, a wonderful lady

### THE SECRETARY'S PRAYER

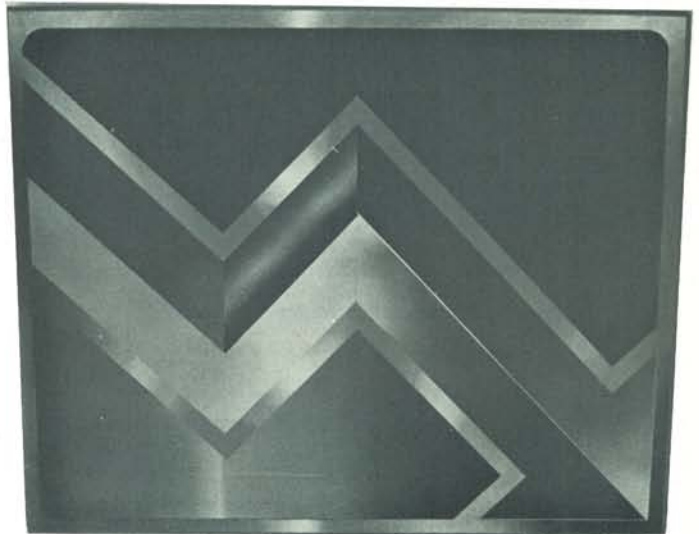
Help me to have the memory of an elephant, or at least one three years long. By some miracle let me be able to do all things at once, answer four telephones at the same time, and type a letter that "must go today" even though I know it won't get signed till tomorrow. Let me not lose patience when I search files for hours for a paper found on the boss's desk. Give me the knowledge of a university professor along with my Leaving Certificate. Help me to understand and carry out all instructions without any explanations. Let me know, without being told, where the boss is, what he is doing, and when he will be back. And when the year ends, grant me the foresight not to destroy, although I am told to do so, records which will be asked for within a few days of the new year.

Mrs. Ferguson has retired this year after many years of faithful service.

## Ancillary Staff



Back Row (L. to R.): Mrs. E. Harvey, Mrs. M. Hooker, Mr. B. McKenzie, Mrs. A. Cary, Mrs. D. Thorne, Mrs. T. Castell.  
Front Row: Mrs. M. Alexander, Mrs. D. Hatter, Mrs. E. Youseff, Mr. D. Thornton, Mrs. C. Williams, Mrs. E. Fox.



"Twisted Arrow", Acrylic Painting by Leno D. Fuccia, 12A



# 1980 Homebush Staff



**ENGLISH HISTORY EXECUTIVE**  
Mr. Lippiatt (History Master), Mr. Miller (English Master),  
Mr. Stewart (Deputy Principal)



**SCIENCE STAFF**  
Back (L. to R.): Mr. Sherman, Mr. Bundock, Mr. Baines.  
Seated: Mr. Mahony (Master), Mr. Morris, Mr. Edwards, Mr. Pol,  
Mr. Whiteman, Mr. Hitchings.



**ENGLISH STAFF**  
Standing (L. to R.): Ms. King, Mr. Fox, Ms Hey, Mr. Allport,  
Mr. Klein, Ms Roberts, Mr. Faraker.  
Seated: Mr. Barris, Mr. Tedford, Ms Robson.



**SOCIAL SCIENCE STAFF**  
Standing (L. to R.): Mr. S. Codey, Mr. A. Brawn, Mr. R. Storey,  
Mr. N. Francis, Mr. D. Yardy.  
Seated: Mr. J. Taggart, Mr. M. Christisson, Mr. S. Murray,  
Ms. J. Cuke, Mr. N. Cannon, Mr. J. D. S. Brewer.  
Absent: Ms. L. Badby.



**LIBRARY STAFF**  
Left to Right: Mrs. M. Alexander, Mr. M. Christison, Mrs. G. Trim.



B.J.'s B.O. Baffles Babs





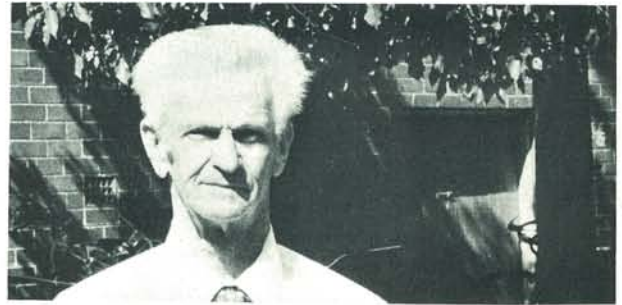
**INDUSTRIAL ARTS STAFF**

Standing (L. to R.): R. Fairall, J. Coskerie, N. Welsh, A. McPeak, W. Blake.  
 Seated: H. Burton, J. Sprouster (Acting Master), D. Allen.  
 Absent: Mr. Menton, Industrial Arts Master.



**E.S.L. and I.M.E. STAFF**

Back Row (L. to R.): Mrs. J. Jamieson, Mr. I. Yusuf, Ms. B. Dobosz, Mrs. Truong.  
 Seated: Mrs. P. Salmon, Mrs. E. Yusuf, Mrs. D. Urquhart, Mrs. V. Shevels.  
 Mr. Jurd is the innocent bystander.



Mr. Menton, Industrial Arts Master



**MATHS STAFF**

Back Row (L. to R.): Mr. McLean, Mr. Carrozza, Mr. Cook, Mr. Bryant, Mr. McDonald.  
 Seated: Mr. Grant, Ms Dalton, Mr. Evans (Master), Mr. Jurd.



**LANGUAGE STAFF**

Mr. McDonald, Ms. Smart, Mrs. Norbert, Mr. Cruikshank (Master).





**MUSIC STAFF**  
L. to R.: Mrs. Le Brun, Ms Reynolds.



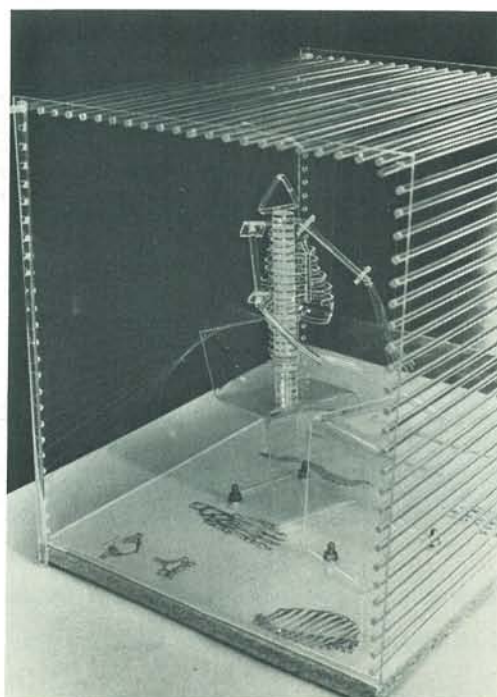
**P.E. STAFF**  
Mr. Fielding, Mr. Coggan, Mr. Pinkey.



**ART STAFF**  
L. to R.: Ms. J Harbutt, Mrs. P. McSkimming, Mr. R. Johnson (Master).



"Paul Terrett's Friends all packed and ready to go"  
Charlie Chaplin, Groucho Marx  
Darwin, Freud and little "Finger"



"Clinic at 4 am" by Perez Mozes  
Drawings and Sculpture in Acrylics



# Students Contributions

## A Day to be Remembered

It was silent, with only the gentle lapping of the water against the small tin hull to be heard. The city lights could be seen but were in another world, so it seemed. The world was at peace with itself.

The old fisherman retrieved his line rhythmically, rebaited, then deftly flicked it upcurrent. He waited, enjoying the feeling of solitude and personal satisfaction that could be sensed all around. Staring at the blinking stars he raised a hand and drew on that ever present cigarette.

Time passed and the fisherman watched as nature gave its silent alarm as the first rays of a new day crept into the night sky.

He was thinking of moving to a school of feeding tailor when the light line slipped smoothly through his fingers. The bream had stopped to finish his tasty morsel when the fisherman struck home the hook. It made a few short runs and soon tired. The fisherman saw that the hook was firmly implanted in its jaw and easily lifted it into the boat. It was a keeper, and tossed into the ice box with two others of similar size.

He rebaited quickly sensing this small run of activity was to be short lived. As the line was slowly sinking, he baited the rod rigged with double ganged hooks with a small pilchard strip in the hope of something more lively.

Shifting uneasily the angler waited, this time accompanied by the hovering seagulls who were waiting for the tailor school to re-appear in the vicinity.

The rod registered a slight nibbling, the line went tight and the fisherman swiftly raised his rod and struck. The fish moved strongly away from the boat but the steady drag soon checked him. It turned towards the boat and crossed the light bream line. He cursed under his breath thinking of the time that would be wasted picking apart the usually intricate fish-made tangle. It circled under the boat making matters worse, but the main thing he thought about was landing the fish.

It tired gradually and the distinctive round silvery shape of a trevally showed about ten feet under the boat. The last few feet of line on the reel and the fish was in a position to be netted. The fisherman reached for the landing net when the trevally gave the last sharp tug and dislodged the hook from the sliver of skin it was hanging from. It swam victoriously away, leaving the fisherman with one almighty mess.

He was unpicking the tangle when the tailor school showed itself once again. That was a good excuse to drop what he was doing, and he moved to the frenzied scene of fish jumping and seagulls picking off the hapless baitfish.

Stopping upwind from the feeding tailor he cast the shiny Toby in the midst of the action. One crank of the reel resulted in a savage strike from a fish that raced away against the drag. Then it turned towards the boat, leaped twice, successfully dislodging the lure.

A larger fish wolfed down the weaving lure only five yards from the boat and in no time at all had stripped fifty yards of the six-pound line off the reel. It sulked around out there, then moved off strongly but more slowly taking yet more line.

The fisherman started pumping, and slowly won back some of the valuable line, but it was touchy business as the fish wasn't beaten yet. It suddenly turned and surprised the angler with a scorching long run.

It fought stubbornly for a while but that last run seemed to have burnt the fish out, and ten minutes of steady work on the light rod had the exhausted fish near the boat in a position to be gaffed. The fisherman held the rod high in his left hand, aimed carefully and successfully gaffed the fish with the other. And it was a beauty!

The smile on his face told the story as he carefully removed the lure from inside the tailor's mouth. An eight-and-a-half-pound beautifully-conditioned tailor. This was a personal record for the fisherman on six-pound line, and that was one proud and happy fisherman in that boat!

The tailor school had moved on in that time so the old fisherman slowly trolled out of the area towards home picking up two small stragglers that would be put to good use in a future fishing outing to be enjoyed.

John Aquilina, 11A

## Under

Night dreams  
not only dreams  
escape hunt starts

freedom lasts  
only hours  
dazzle world gives  
long lost venture

a sad exterior  
is a standard  
inside short term  
journey

Craig Terrett

## Teacher

Playground duty, duck the balls,  
Wolf whistles' sounding inside walls.  
Chalk dust, words, overhead pens,  
Gawking schoolboys — secret yens.

Posing up front — an image to keep,  
Raving on — sending you all to sleep.  
Wolf whistles when they spot your legs,  
Others that mumble "Go suck eggs".

"Works us too hard"; "Slack as hell",  
There goes yet another bell.  
Little soldiers standing in line,  
Us "mormons" have a pretty tough time.

Clock ticks on — minds wander,  
Maths — a time not to squander.  
Little lambs into the slaughter,  
It's another lesson with "Hitler's Daughter".

Sniggering laughs — endless lust,  
Naive jokes that bite the dust.  
Facing the board — as if we don't know,  
Who's broken wind in the back row.

Macho men with empty brains,  
Spending lessons watching trains.  
Grown up schoolboys — "bum fluff" males,  
Kick a football — it never fails.

"Scrummo", "Fibro", "Unco" — "Read the text",  
What will the darlings think of next.  
Nothing's new — we know it all,  
We were kids once — we've been there before.

Education — "What a farce",  
Period 8 — my last class.  
When the bell sounds at a ¼ past 3,  
It's home for you — a stiff drink for me . . .

Anon-y-mous!

Padded Applique in Dyed Materials  
"Stuffed with Life" by Peter Valencia, 12, School Captain



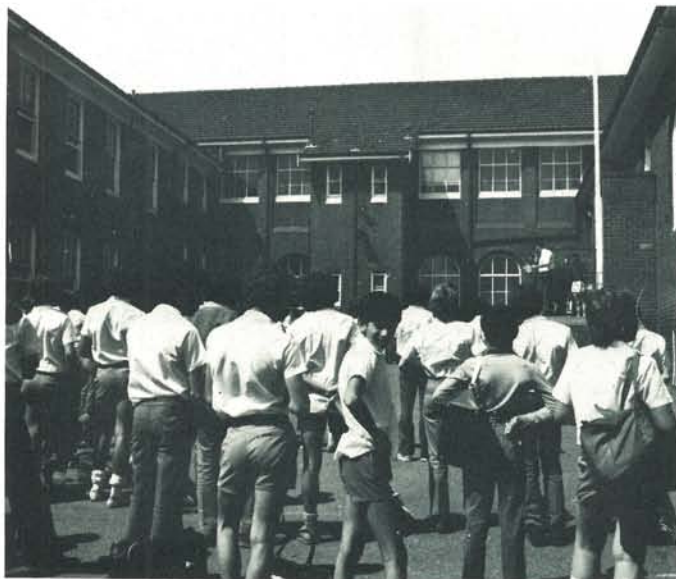


# Teachers Rules and Regulations

The following Rules and Regulations for Teachers were published in 1872.

1. Teachers each day will fill lamps, clean chimneys and trim wicks.
2. Each teacher will bring a bucket of water and a scuttle of coal for the day's session.
3. Make your pens carefully; you may whittle nibs to the individual tastes of the pupils.
4. Men teachers may take one evening each week for courting purposes or two evenings if they go to church regularly.
5. After 10 hours in school, the teachers should spend the remaining time reading the Bible or other good books.
6. Women teachers who marry or engage in unseemly conduct will be dismissed.
7. Every teacher should lay aside from each pay a goodly sum of his earnings for his benefit during his declining years so that he will not become a burden on society.
8. Any teacher who smokes, uses liquor in any form, frequents pool or public halls or gets shaved in a barber shop will give good reason to suspect his worth, intentions, integrity and honesty.
9. The teacher who performs his labours faithfully and without fault for five years will be given an increase of 25 cents per week in his pay, providing the board of education approves.

\* \*



## A Violent Storm

The rain beat down violently on the roof. There was a far off roar of thunder and the lightning streaked down. Suddenly there was a silence and then a scream. I felt uneasy. It was as if you had just forgotten something very important and couldn't quite place it. A panic stricken person ran furiously across the road into an abandoned house. The salt spray swept over the land like flying sand in a sand storm. The wind whistled viciously through the trees which bent almost to the ground. Then without a warning the full force struck. Trees were bodily uprooted and flew everywhere like mad, decorated poles. House roofs came off their mountings, and, twisting and turning, were flung into the middle of roads. Sea water was swept over their barriers sweeping people off their feet. The wind howled even more vigorously than ever and the rain seemed to boom down.

Then suddenly the fury collapsed, dying down to only a strong wind, leaving only the remains of the disaster.

Danny Aarons, 7A

## A Commentary



Almost a year has elapsed and this terrible semi-tragedy has yet to play out its final scene. At its summit stands the semi-deified figure of the Ayatollah with its forbidding mein — a benevolent Iman to some, a malevolent fanatic to others. Be that as it may, the essence of this drama is one of strange bed-fellows — marxist radicalism blessed by religious fanaticism aiming to bring a capitalistic superpower grovelling to its knees. And the leader of this great superpower? Almost powerless to act. A paper tiger? Crisis of confidence in this champion of the free world?

And what of the original actor, the Shahenshah, ruler of rulers, King of Kings? Misguided soul. He tried to accelerate his nation into the twentieth century but succeeded only in earning its ever-lasting hatred. The end does not always justify the means!

And what of the hostages themselves? Poor innocent lambs. But who cares? Fifty-two hostages, one million Afghans, three million Kampucheans, six million Jews! who cares?

Perez Mozes, Y12

## H.B.H.S. Entrance Examination

Time allowed Seven weeks plus two weeks for reading (plus postage time).

All questions must be attempted. For the ORAL section you will need an eraser, a pen and a sharp pencil.

QUESTIONS:

1. Who won World War II?
2. Who came second?
3. What time is the seven o'clock news on?
4. Who built the great pyramids?  
(a) L. J. Hooker; (b) Civil and Civic; (c) Department of Main Roads; (d) The Pharaohs.
5. Who was Sir Cumference? Was he an outstanding Australian?
6. What is a silver coin made of?
7. Spell these words:  
(a) Kat; (b) Inland; (c) Karet (words form the H.B.H.S. English Department).
8. Write the number 0 to 10 in sequence. Marks will be deducted for numbers out of sequence.
9. Explain Einstein's Theory of Hydrodynamics OR write your name in block letters.
10. How many Commandments was Moses given?
11. Who built Stephenson's rocket?
12. There were six kings of England named George. The last was George VI. Name the other five.
13. In the 1974 sheepdog trials, how many were found guilty?

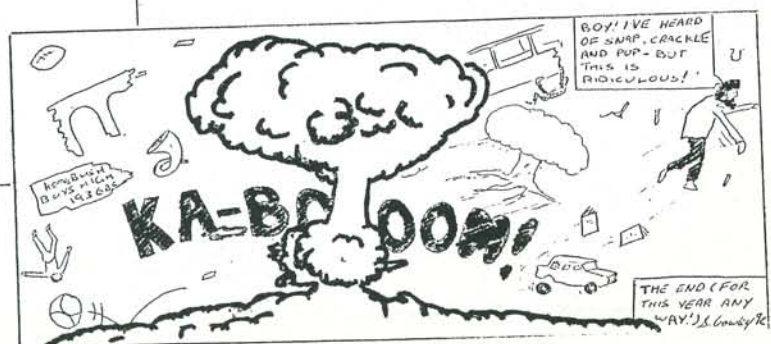
R. Bullock and J. Lipski



# HOMEBLISH HIGH 1980

AN ABNORMAL TALE OF AN ABNORMAL SOCIETY!

ARTIST AND WRITER: STEPHEN CROWLEY 9C





# Why be Vegetarian

People have been consuming less meat recently as meat prices have soared. Many people have been giving up meat and finding that they can live quite well without it.

Most of the world's peoples have been living on a low-meat diet for generations and eat only a tiny fraction of the amount of meat per head consumed by North Americans and Australians. The vegetable protein used to feed sheep and cattle destined for the dinner tables of these nations could sufficiently feed many more people in the world's poorer nations. Rich farming land which could be used to produce enough grain and vegetables to feed many hungry people is instead being used to graze a few head of cattle. Eating meat, while already denying food to those who need it most, is gradually becoming available only to the rich.

But meat is not the only luxury food. Many other crops such as coffee, lentils, carob, cocoa and tea are being imported from nations where the people do not have enough food or enough land to grow their own crops on.

But this is not reason enough to give up meat. There are also moral arguments against the slaughtering of animals when other forms of food are available. Many animals are raised in over-crowded and inhumane conditions purely for the purpose of slaughter. Although these animals are killed as quickly and cleanly as possible, the possibility remains that animals experience fear, pain and loss when another member of the flock or herd is killed.

There are health reasons for being a vegetarian also. Vegetarians tend to be thinner than meat eaters and this alone makes them less prone to heart attack. Vegetarians rarely ever drink or smoke. But this is not to say being a vegetarian immediately makes you healthy. It is more important to eat food that is wholesome and nutritious than any food that is not meat. Many people who are vegetarians have very bad eating habits such as eatink too much cocolate and sugar-rich foods.

The main barriers to giving up meat are psychological. People are brought up eating meat and believe that if they stop eating meat they may become sick. Some people believe that all vegetarians are "hippies".

This belief makes many fear they will be rejected by relatives and friends if they become a vegetarian. Others just like the taste of meat or cannot think of any meal to cook that does not involve meat. If people would look around they would find many delicious vegetarian meals. Fresh strawberries and nectarines, French quiches, Italian minestrone, Lebanese felafel, Greek spanacopitta and mushrooms are examples. Many people would find that if they tried a vegetarian diet, even for a limited period, that it is very enjoyable.

L. Fagan, C. Terrett



## Reading the Funnies

Ha Ha Ha Ha  
Ha Ha Ha  
Ha Ha Ha Ha  
Ha Ha Ha.

Hamish Redarms



## A Day in the Life of Scruff

Scruff has had many adventurous days. This is one of them.

Scruff set off on another adventure on Monday morning after his master, Jon Taylor, had released him before leaving for school (i.e. 9.15).

The first location of interest he reached was the local butchers. His nose had brought him this far but now his eyes were leading him as he could see the tender, fresh meat displayed in the window of the store. Scruff just sat outside the store, his mouth watering, trying to think of a way to steal some meat without being caught by the butcher.

Scruff's chance came when the butcher had some scraps to take down the back. Quickly seizing the opportunity, Scruff scampered through the front door and onto the display rack where the meat was. The butcher was now returning and could see Scruff in the meat. Quickly the butcher ran after Scruff, but Scruff had already a piece of meat in his mouth and was scampering back out the door.

When Scruff had gone far enough to be out of harm's way he stopped, looked around at the now furious butcher and gave him a very smug look to indicate that he had made the getaway quite expertly. Scruff then moved on a little longer where there were no people and enjoyed his juicy, succulent, stolen breakfast.

That single piece of meat was not really enough to satisfy Scruff's rather large appetite, so he decided to go after another kind of meat. Not of as high quality as the butcher's but one that will suffice a hungry dog — cat's meat.

Scruff was now on the prowl, alert for any signs of cats.

Walking along the pathway, having no success as yet, Scruff happened to cast his eyes upon a beautiful, plump, juicy tomcat across the road sunning itself in its master's driveway. This cat would have held three times as much meat as the steak Scruff had devoured before. Quickly, Scruff began his many times used manoeuvres which would hopefully catch the unsuspecting pussy. Scruff had made it across the road without making the cat aware of his actions and was now at the front fence of the house. Scruff crawled on his belly till he got as close to the cat as possible without being seen. Then he pounced, landing right on top of the cat. He gobbled it up even before it could yet out a wounded "meow".

Scruff was quite full now but he decided that some rubbish scraps would go down well. The house next door to his meal's (the cat) house had a large orange garbage bin so Scruff checked it out. As soon as he got there he attacked it, sending the lid flying. He had just ripped into the plastic bag inside the bin and was starting to eat the scraps when he heard barking coming from the side of the house. In a few seconds a dog came flying around the corner. It was the watchdog come to see what was happening. This watchdog was a finely bred Alsatian, standing strong and sturdy. Quickly the watchdog went to meet and maybe attack Scruff, but Scruff didn't wait for him. He was out of that house's front gate before the Alsatian knew what was going on. Scruff was prepared to fight any dog — except this one.

Scruff realised it was now getting near the end of school, so he decided to go and meet Jon.

Scruff arrived at the school at the beginning of last period. When Scruff did arrive, he saw a class doing javelin in the lower grass area. He decided to see what was happening and maybe have some fun too. Scruff watched Frank Fielding teach his class how to throw a javelin for a while. Then after one boy had thrown a javelin and it had landed, Scruff chased it, picked it up and put it in his mouth and then set off. This set the whole class after Scruff but when Scruff found that he would soon be caught, he dropped the javelin and scooted away.

The bell signalling the end of school then went and Scruff ran to the exit Jon would be leaving by. There Jon met up with Scruff and took his adventure-weary mutt home.

D. Valencic, 8A



# Arena

The battlestation Death Star has been destroyed, its threat eliminated by one man-boy's courage and will; a will enhanced by and perfectly in tune with the basic energies of existence, the Force. The rebels are safe — for the moment.

Much has happened since then. The rebel alliance has succeeded in incorporating the might of the system-empire of Tiradii into its sorely wanting ranks. For now, however, these matters shall pale into insignificance as a confrontation unlike any other will take place.

## I

Out in the radiation soaked omniverse of interstellar space the song and dance of quanta energies and erratic electrons lie in tune with the grand orchestration of our macrocosmic universe. This harmony of chaos is about to be shattered, shattered by the passage of several craft so cosmically insignificant and yet which house the heirs to the stars.

Leaving a quickly dissipating trail of ionic residue, the flaring engines of the two craft forever propelled the occupants forward at speeds rivalling that of the photon.

The two craft, remarkably similar in principal design, varying only in wing structures and weaponry arrangements to any degree.

The X-wing fighter, the old craft of the rebel alliance was in a non alert position, "wings" together, the long carrot shaped body augmented by a bright red slash running its length. On the wings at their base blazed the cylindrical ion engines, its terrible power betrayed only now and then by a ghostly wisp of exhaust.

The second and newest craft was dubbed, rather dully, the Tiradii Striker Mark One. It was the same basic aerodynamic structure of the X-wing fighter yet it differed in its tri-planar wing structure to the rear and side mounted laser cannons.

Both belonged to the same purpose and both were escorting important personnel to their new base on a new un-named outworld system.

The discovery of the Tiradii system was as many great events in history, pure happenstance. A fighter squadron returning from a recon mission was unable to cross the usual shipping lanes due to the passage of some important cargo ships for the Empire with the usual heavily armed escort of two of the Empire's dreadnought class cruisers.

Seeking refuge from these scions of the cruelest regime the galaxy had ever known the squadron made the dash to a system registering only "possible existence" status on the nav-computer.

Needless to say, the powerful scanners of the star-ships easily picked up the fleeing rebels and one of the dreadnoughts gave chase spewing from its undersides squadron after squadron of intercept fighters. The result was a great chase. The rebels only just succeeded in keeping a distance between themselves and the savage imperial fighters, a lead only possible thanks to the updated ionics on the X-1 craft.

With the imperial Tie-Fighters on their tail the rebel's chances of survival lay solely on the very slender hope that the Tiradii system planets did exist; a hope made even more bleak by the uncertainty of what type of reception they were to expect. The force however was with them and the planet empire was indeed found though through no accident of fate.

The class M planet now called Tiradii was screened by mighty field generators pouring out energy enough to guard fifty thousand Heavy Cruisers from point blank energy cannon bombardment. Its energies however were not for destruction but for concealment. The complicated field matrix produced by the generators produced an effect by which any type of radiation hitting it, be it white light or sub-space frequencies, was restructured so that upon interception of detectors reproduced an image of completely barren space therefore rendering the planet, for all intensive purposes, invisible.

This time however it chose to be visible and the rebels took the chance and flew into the gaping hole in the shields which instantly closed behind them.

The rest is history. The rebels' pursuers arriving at the area last detected found nought but the usual immediate emptiness of space. There was not even a system of planets close by to suspect a possible hyper-jump. They finally marked them down as lost but what the rebels had stumbled upon could well turn the tide against the Empire. Within those incredible shields lay a world whose technologies took the rebels' breaths away. Fortunately through their mutual hate for the Empire they were able to form an alliance.

So great were their engineering capabilities that within months of their meeting the Tiradii technicians had perfected a craft based on the rebels' own X-wing fighter yet with weaponry, speed, strength and precision that put the X-wing to shame. Needless to say the rebels quickly re-equipped the X-wings with the TS-1's machinery.

Thus the two became one cause and silently, swiftly the rebels built up their fighting strength in readiness for the battle to end all wars.

So now the commanding general of the Tiradiian armada was being escorted across a dangerous sector of the third spiral of the Galactic arm—a stronghold of the Empire and yet necessary to traverse due to the unusually high matter concentrations. The only alternative was to break free of the galactic disc and travel through intergalactic space, a journey unthinkable to those learned of the Force. The Force itself generated by the living minds and souls of all things is only effective to the borders of the disc. Beyond that lies the horrors of races unknowing of the Force, tagged Outsiders by the few expeditionary parties that ever returned.

The general was being transported via a battle cruiser disguised as a conventional ore finding prospector vessel. The cruiser made of new hull plating better than the best Dreadnought armour the Empire had to offer was itself an important reason for the journey. Added to that, the general was to commence plans with General Dadona for the invasion of the Empire's strongest systems.

Even with so much importance attached to the vessel they decided to play it low key and send only two fighters along with it.

Aboard was none other than the man who led the rebels to the Tiradiian system that historic occasion, Homer Lightmaster. In the accompanying TS-1 was a Tiradiian and close friend, Hin-jan.

## II

"A what?" he cried, "a sensitive? What are . . ."

"Hey, not so loud, you might be overheard," Homer almost whispered into his transceiver, regretting that he had ever opened his mouth.

"Don't worry, we're on a closed band; nobody can listen in." Hin was amused at his friend's embarrassment yet still shocked by his revelation.

"A sensitive was an extremely gifted person who retired to fuller and more intensive meditative and self development purposes on the monastery planet Julia. They were wiped out with the Emperors takeover."

Wishing that he had never enquired Hin took a sweeping glance at his console readouts checking auto-pilot and scanner. It was on second look that he noticed a distortion from the normal blue white lines marking stellar, planetary and asteroidal masses.

"Wakey wakey Homer, we've got company."

"Yeh I'm reading it too. Point five parsec, fifty-five degrees east, declination — twenty-two point seven six."

Homer mumbled into his micro-transceiver now fixed onto a direct "s-to-s" link with the mother transport.

"Main Control, this is X-1 registering craft on intercept velocity. Status unknown. Suggest investigation. Confirm please."

"X-1, Main Control. High risk factor involved yet must take every necessary precaution. Must stress we shall not cut speed and we jump with or without you."

"Understood." Switching frequencies, "Okay Hin-jan, accelerate to zero point seven four light."

Easing the joystick forward he felt the pleasant tug on his shoulders and hips. He could have increased the inertia damper's field but that would deny him the exhilarating sensation of impending battle.

Stealing a glance to his side he noticed that the TS-1 too was shifting perceptibly against the starfield indicating his tremendous speed.

He liked the feel of battle. The exhilaration of weaving in between the white dashes of enemy fighters (as they appeared at such tremendous speeds!) and blasting them with wave after wave of torpedo bombardment or with twin salvos of laser cannon pulses. This was not however how he wanted to feel. In most instances, in the heat of a battle each death would affect him physically and each battle held the threat of insanity. He now pushed it to the back of his mind.

"Homer! The ship — it's moving towards — accelerating — passed standard light and getting faster."

"Understood. Getting a visual scan from computer. The design is unusual, looks like some type of yacht; probably not . . ."

"It's firing, damn you, put on your shields!"



Reflexively Homer Lightmaster struck the screens energiser, almost instantly shaking the controlled energy matrix that formed the shields flared, groaned, wavered but persevered against the enemy attack salvo.

"Inertialess field on! Battle status!" He barked into his transceiver at the same time depressing several key buttons. Instantly the lights dimmed to a blood red and his suit helmet visor dropped to cover his face. Status gauges showed capacity photon torpedoes and he heard the hum as his "wings" assumed the X configuration.

The shimmer of the inertialess field became apparent. The inertialess field was another recent discovery, allowed precise and meticulous manoeuvres in gravitationless space by nullifying a body's inertia and thus allowing it to accelerate to multi-light in seconds, stop on a credit or turn on right angles from incredible velocities.

"Defensive Manoeuvres, fast!"

Upon Homer's order the two craft split velocities, each taking opposing displacement vectors.

The crescent shaped craft took to following Homer, who with the slightest burst of power was reaching speeds of up to fifteen light; exceptionally dangerous in such a dense sector of space.

To Homer's horror the alien ship was easily matching the speed he was travelling at and worse, he could see no tell-tale shimmer of an inertialess field.

Angling his shield to the rear, he once more shook to another barrage of phasers. At his speed any undue vibrations were very likely to shake the ship apart.

Slowing down, Homer angled off in an attempt to shake him but to no avail; the alien clung to him like an eridianian sucker sloth.

Suddenly there was a flash but he heard no report. In his scanner display he saw that Hin had swung around and was now blasting away at the alien with all the firepower that he could muster. The "yacht" however was shrugging them off like a Bandersnatchi Blood flea, taking no notice of him.

Meanwhile they were getting deeper into off-the-charts territory whilst their General's escort ship was getting farther away.

The best Homer could do was to weave in and out of the line of fire and pray against hope that his shields would hold at a crucial moment. But soon, he had had enough . . .

"I'm going to attempt something Hin. No time to expand. I want you to slow down gradually, not so much that the other would notice. The moment you see me fire, you fire." Hin replied assent.

Carefully Lightmaster positioned the fighter to a position one ship's length below that of his antagonist; not too much for the other to correct himself. Using his scanner he slowed down a fraction letting the alien snatch up a few thousand kilometres. His hand hovered almost hesitantly over a particular button isolated from the rest of the console. With all his crash landing webbing and shock absorbers on he hit that button hard suddenly stopping a ship travelling fifteen times the speed of light in less than a second. This was too much even for the strong inertialess field and some of the inertial potential leaked through throwing Homer violently forward, killing him if not for his webbing. Using this forward momentum he activated all laser power settings and released a massive salvo of torpedoes, all at the ship and hoped that his power augmented by that from Hin's ship was capable of overcoming the enemy's shields; especially since the alien should not be counting on so sudden a change in firepower velocities.

The flash of vapourising metals took a full twelve seconds to reach him.

### III

So great was the explosion that the hard radiations showering then required the shields be kept on full for a whole minute after it.

Homer Lightmaster lay sprawled on his console, beads of sweat so profuse that the cabin's air conditioner could not evaporate them, trickled and mixed with the half-dried streaks of blood that painted his face. He would have wondered if he was still alive if his bruises had not so painfully reassured him.

"Hey Homer y-you okay. Come in . . . please!"

Slowly he got up and straightened his disheveled head gear.

"Hin . . . I'm . . . okay. How about you?"

"Just dandy. I must say you had me scared for a second when you disappeared behind me. I thought you'd broken up or . . ."

A flash from Homer's left suddenly illuminated his cabin, momentarily blinding him. Another flash and his whole ship was rocking now as Hin-Jan's TS-1 was transformed into a quickly dissipating tendril of vapour.

"By all that's holy . . . NOOO!"

The scream that left his lips ripped through his very psyche. His friend had gone now that he needed him most.

Slowly the obvious dawned on him and against his will he turned his head to look through his front viewport, the thing he dreaded most in all this universe. The dark, sinister silhouette of an . . . Imperial Tie Fighter.

Suddenly he grew cold but he knew his heating units were working perfectly. It was a chilling of the soul not the body.

This was the vision that had endlessly tormented his nights. A battle he fought a thousand times waking in a cold sweat. This time there could be no waking up. He knew what he had to do. Had his father's soul not whispered this very moment into the winds of his subconscious, yet he was frightened, God help him, he was scared.

Suddenly he felt ice cold tendrils, ethereal yet stronger than any substance of matter snake into his mind. He screamed in revulsion at the ugliness of the intrusion, snapping down mental shields he never knew he had, struggling to hold onto his sanity.

Clutching his console until the metal bit into his fingers he revelled in the physical sensation.

The pain, concentrate on the pain, don't let that bastard get . . . through.

He was reeling from the continued mental barrage upon his barriers. His thoughts were confused, nothing to focus on. He struck his hand viciously on the seat edge cutting deeply into his flesh. Pain . . . concentrate on the pain. Let — it — feel PAIN!

He was conscious of energies inside him, within and without stirring from an ages old sleep; stirring and forming themselves into a bolt of psychic force. He launched it at the filth in the Tie Fighter with all his might.

The mental barrage ceased for a moment as if surprised and then resumed with renewed fury and vehemence.

"Must concentrate — fight — must fight." He summoned the Force, let it flow through him, focused it into a weapon of incredible violence and threw it wave after wave only to be replied to with equal force.

He could sense the drain, not only on himself but on the Force itself. Through his dazzled unfocused eyes the stars began to dim— then flash in accelerating cycles.

Such was the violence of the battle that the ensuing energies were splitting the very fabric of space, rupturing God's design and dimming the star's eternal fires.

Homer Lightmaster knew that that . . . thing out there was his equal yet so incredibly everything he despised — his negative.

The flashes came more often now. Drenched in perspiration he knew the time had come.

In the dark, dense atmosphere the dingy lighting transforming the cabin instrumentation into pale ghosts. A thin red appendage, humanoid, moist and pulsating, snaked out of the shadows, its thin frame ridged with thick blue veins that carried the putrid broth some may pass as blood through the creature's body. Long spindly fingers ending in jagged claws pulled the rest of the hand along, slowly, painfully. As if from a dead man's grip the fingers pried themselves loose and a bloodshot eye darted about in the palms musty centre, staring at its target. Now with intent the fingers gripped the lever and painstakingly lifted it little by little until it was fully over. The hand then dropped, balling into a fist oozing thick nauseating gel all over itself.

Homer noticed something through his pain. The Tie Fighter — it was moving towards him. The stellar flashes were now almost continuous, their rapidity as their psychic interplay increased.

Blindly Homer grabbed the joy stick with his good hand and pushed it forward with a final intensity.

### IV

The two ships started to accelerate towards one another, their shapes illuminated and contorted into ghastly images by the escaping energies of the chasm in space.

Their exhausts spewing ionised atoms enough to create a solar storm, the ships threatened to destroy a universe.

Faster and faster they went until with a scream of pure psychic energy and a flash putting the brightest sun to shame the two "poles" of the Force met and were swallowed by the energies of their own creation, condemning themselves to an eternity of horror where even death, the welcome visitor, dares not venture.

**George Koungoulos, 11B**

---

One day Mr. Thornton, Mt. Stuart, Mr. Coggan and Miss Colman went fishing and the boat overturned. Who was saved?

**Ali Ibrahim, 9D**



## Ronald McDonald

Ronny, Ronny, cute and cunning  
How do your profits grow?  
With sugar, grease, salt and meat  
And plastic smiles all in a row.

Laurie Fagan, 11A



## Urban Society: The Killer

Violence in cities dates back to the beginning of the Industrial Revolution which saw the rise of the city. However, it has only been in the last twenty-five years that we have realised what settling down in a "concrete jungle" really does to us.

The first important advancement towards this realisation came in 1958, when psychologist John Calhoun constructed an experiment designed to find out what would happen if a rat population became "concentrated" in a certain confined area.

May I suggest to the Science Department that instead of gassing their rats so that Years 7 and 8 can tear them to shreds, they try the following experiment, even though it may be just as ghastly.

The experiment consists of four interconnecting pens. Each of the pens contains a harem of females who make their nests while being guarded by a strong male rat. However, there is a difference. Being interconnecting pens, the two end pens only have one entrance, whereas the two middle pens have two entrances. Now remembering that each of the two pens contains one male rat, this means that each of the two male rats in the two middle pens have to contend with the great difficulty of guarding two entrances.

The following are the horrifying and disturbing results of the experiment.

The middle pens soon became the centre of free social action as the population rose. However, unexpectedly, a situation developed which would cause wide controversy even to this day. The new rats started to organise themselves into "gangs". These gangs were very active but more importantly "criminal". They committed an act which was called rat rape.

Now let's relate this experiment to urban society. Just as the rats became concentrated, people become more concentrated in cities and so dominance over fellow man becomes more important than dominance over a piece of space.

Thus, the frustrations of urban society are enforced on each citizen, knowledge of his own nature; that he never shall or never has been created equal; that we get along more because we must than because we want to; that we are aggressive being easily given to violence. This we do not like.

Yet the city is not meant to be a concentration camp. Just as Calhoun's rats freely chose to eat in the middle pens, we freely enter the city.

Why do we choose to do this? The answer to this question is the desire by man to achieve three powerful needs — identity, stimulation and security. Yet in the majority of cases all he manages to achieve in the city is anonymity, boredom and anxiety. Violence is a means of obtaining identity, a means of stimulation, and a means of security. Therefore we are easily given to it. Furthermore, we "enjoy" violence and destruction. Whenever fire ravages a building, we don't try to put it out. We just stand back and watch the spectacle.

If we have not the foresight, if we have not the will, then we shall learn one day who waits to rule us.

Geoffrey Stimson  
10A Geography

### TEACHERS v. STUDENTS RUGBY MATCH

At the end of the second term, a rugby union match was organised and played between brave staff members and Senior students at Airey Park. The match was sprinkled with flashes of individual brilliance on the teachers side from the likes of "Bull" Barris, "Stilts" Taggart and the clever positional play from "Legs" Welch which placed him about 50 yards from the ball for most of the game.

The Seniors were unlucky in losing the match but were far superior in attack, led by John Clingham and his runs through the brittle defence of the teachers.

John Ana played well for the students in the teachers' backline, halting promising movements with dropped balls and bad passes.

Apparently the students had decided to allow the teachers to win so John's help was in vain.

Final score was ????, which no way reflected the true brilliance and superiority of the student side.

Unbiased Spectator



## My Nana

My Nana was a wonderful lady,  
I loved her very much,  
Just as she loved my family and I,  
I hoped that she would never go away,  
But one day she did go away,  
And I never saw her again,  
I know I never will,  
I can still remember that day,  
As though it were yesterday,  
And although she is no longer alive,  
My memories of her are still very much alive,  
My memories of a very wonderful lady.

Mark Gjessing, 8A

Miss Reynolds says —  
Why are you talking  
please stop that talking  
about 45 times a period. Michael Laws, 10F



"Free Flight", photography by SYA with the help of Mr. Pennington



## Do Children have too many Privileges

Do children get too many things too easily in our society? Of course they do! When our parents were young there were no such things as TV, video cassettes, pin-ball machines and space invaders, ten-pin bowling, etc. They had to entertain themselves by reading, listening to the radio and making their own entertainment.

In our parents' day very few people had automatic dish-washers, washing machines and dryers. Children had to help with all these jobs and these were very time consuming which left little time to do their own thing. Today children have so much free time they do not know what to do with themselves half the time.

Because of the many different mod cons there are these days, we take so much for granted and tend to get bored. The children think that money grows on trees — they don't realise that their parents have to go out to work for this money and expect so much because of it. The children try to accuse their parents of being mean when they are refused things so the parents take pity and become over generous.

Because of the generosity of the childrens' parents, the children think they will be supported for life. When they leave high school and try to get a job they find that it isn't as easy as they thought it would be.

If children realised how hard it was after leaving school they might not expect so much when they were younger.

**Danny Aarons, 7A**

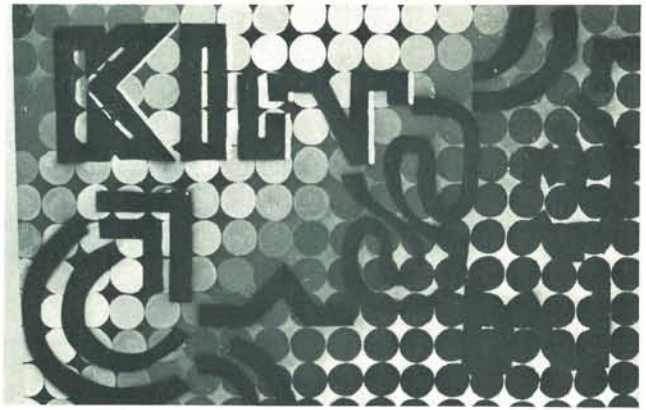
People may claim that children have the privilege of viewing television today, whilst their parents when young had to read or find other things to do to entertain themselves. But today, parents watch television just as much as their children. And it is not just the children who spend dollars playing pin-ball machines and electronic games, it's also the fathers.

People may claim that children get too much pocket money. They do receive more than in the past. But have you considered what a child must do with his pocket money? He must buy pens and pencils and other aids for schoolwork.

Some may claim that children have too many toys or even bicycles. Children should have lots of toys to attract them out into the fresh air to play. And as for the argument that children should not have bicycles — that is absurd, children should have bicycles to provide exercise and fun.

Besides, the more things you give to a child, the more responsible he or she becomes.

**Jeffrey Jackson, 7A**



Abstract Painting by Martin Khun, 10X  
This painting won Martin 2nd Prize overall at the Annual Westfields Art Exhibition

## Namib Namib

The Namib Desert is situated on the skeleton coast of south-west Africa, ranging from 97 to 160km in width. The Namib's dunes drift northwards with the north side of the Namib made of rock and gravel and the southern side made up of different dunes.

On this barren wasteland a person would find a lot of extraordinary creatures living on it. Over 200 kinds of beetles would be found. These insects feed on grass and make their home under the sand. Some species of beetles are: the blue beetle, white-back beetle, black beetle, etc. Rain falls from every three to seven months and when it rains everything springs into life with the blue beetles, toad grasshoppers hatching and the vegetation cover coming out. The rain stops in a few days or weeks, the sun breaks through the clouds, and activity starts again on the leeward side of the sand dunes. After the grass has grown it is invaded by finch-larks which build their nest there and lay eggs. These birds are nomadic.

Another animal is the trap-door spider which builds its burrow on the slope of a dune. This spider goes into a ball and rolls when it wants to make a fast get-away from its enemy. The spider is hunted by the wasp which hatches in one week and eats the spider or the spider's egg. The first reptile seen in the film was the side-winding adder. This snake's eyes are on top of its head. Its main food is the lizard which it bites and injects venom into the lizard's body. After biting it, it lets the lizard go and using its tongue, it follows the lizard and then eats it.

One bird in the Namib is the sand grouse. The female lays the eggs and sits on them until sunset, then the male takes over. These birds have fluttering throats and when it rains and water is available the female has five gulps of water, usually taking her 10 seconds and the male has as many as he likes but faces the task of bringing water back to the family.

Another bird in the Namib is the snake eagle. The main food for this bird of prey is the whip snake. The eaglet has a ferocious appetite and the parents go to a lot of trouble trying to get it fed. The snake is carried in the stomach of the parent, and when the eaglet eats it it digests everything — scales, bones, etc., leaving nothing behind. The last reptile seen in the film was the chameleon. This animal sheds its skin quite often throughout the year. The chameleon's diet is beetles, lizards and snakes. There are two adaptations it's developed and they are the power of changing colour, and its eyes move around in different directions.

The golden mole was another interesting animal. It has no eyes and sometimes lives under the sand without a burrow. This animal has a very good sense of smell and its diet consists of beetles, termites, spiders and the legless lizard, its main food. The last animal seen in the film was the white lady spider. This spider, when digging its burrow, lines the interior with silk. The trap-door is made out of silk and sand.

The last part seen in the film was the icy-cold sea on the skeleton coast which is rich in plankton. This plankton is eaten by fish; the fish are eaten by birds, making a food-chain. In the night, fog blanks the Namib. This fog condenses and is the only source of moisture for many animals. The fog lasts for many hours until the sun breaks through it and a new day begins for the Namib Desert.

**Congo Fin, 8C**



# Rocks Visit

On Friday, 15th August, 1980 9Y History visited The Rocks in Sydney, the oldest remaining area of the first white settlement in Australia.

Our aim was to try and picture the Rocks as it was originally, before the changes which came this century. It was a little difficult, as after the plague of 1900, and during the building of the Sydney Harbour Bridge in the 1920s and early 1930s, many slum areas were cleared and the redevelopment plans have changed the face of the Rocks.

However, many well-to-do homes still exist in their original form, and old bond stores, and homes restored show how the inhabitants of the Rocks lived and worked.

The Rocks was once a very rough area. Convicts were sent there when the first settlers arrived. Gentlemen and officers went to the other side of Sydney Cove, where the Opera House is now. Sailors spent their nights in the many public houses in the Rocks. Gangs of young men, called "pushes", were frequently involved in brawls in the narrow alleys of the area.

From our excursion we learned how the Rocks was settled and how it once used to be. We found out about the redevelopment plans and were impressed that the Sydney Cove Redevelopment Authority has made an attempt to restore the famous area of the Rocks.



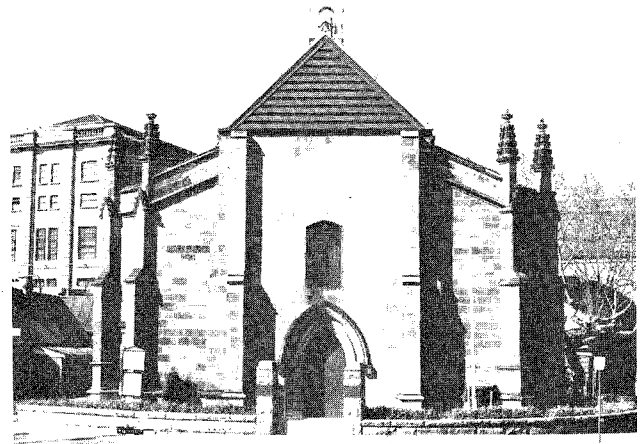
**CADMAN'S COTTAGE:** Cadman's Cottage was built in 1815 and had extra storage areas added in 1840. It was originally built as the lodgings for John Cadman, an ex-convict, and then in charge of boats in the harbour. In those early days the cottage was only 10 metres from the water, a practical position for a coxwain to live. Today, however, the panoramic view of Sydney Harbour from the cottage has disappeared — replaced by a view of the overseas terminal.

**GEOLOGICAL AND MINING MUSEUM:** Here we saw many displays of rocks and minerals including uranium and coal. We were impressed by the full-size replicas of gold nuggets such as the "Welcome Stranger" and the "Father's Day" nugget and the Holtermann Specimen. There were also miniature working displays showing how the ore bodies were mined and taken to the top. Relics from the gold rush days, cradles, pans, windlasses, and tools were well preserved. A display of modern gold metal detectors was seen, and we saw how just a small nugget of gold is worth a small fortune.

**CAMBRIDGE STREET:** As we came out of the Argyle Bond and walked towards the Argyle Cut we passed a narrow street called Cambridge Street, where in 1900 the plague broke out. Then it was a narrow alley containing the filth and dirt of the slums. Although it was cleaned and widened it still seemed very narrow to us. This part of the journey through the Rocks was very interesting.

**THE ARGYLE CUT:** We walked through the Cut which was started in 1843 by convicts using only hand-held implements. Later the work was finished by council workers in 1867. They used explosives to blast the rock away. When finished the Cut gave easier entry to Millers Point.

**ARGYLE PLACE:** We liked Argyle Place because it was very well set out and the terrace houses which faced the oval shaped village green, were very well maintained. Argyle Place began as a well-to-do area in Millers Point. It is well summed and airy, much different to the slums in other parts of the Rocks.



**THE GARRISON CHURCH:** As we came down the stairs from Observatory Hill, we were struck by the splendour of the Garrison Church. Some of the boys thought this was the highlight of the entire excursion. When inside the church, we met a university lecturer who told us it was called the Garrison Church because the soldiers from Fort Phillip attended morning prayers and Sunday services there. We were all greatly impressed by the stained glass windows. I think we were all glad to see a building in the Rocks in such fine condition.

**LOWER FORT STREET:** From Argyle Place we walked down this fine street to Dawes Point, the park in the shadows of the Harbour Bridge. Along this street we were struck by the different styles of terrace houses and fine Georgian style buildings and noticed also the "Hero of Waterloo" hotel.

**THE ROCKS VISITORS CENTRE:** As we proceeded back down George Street to Circular Quay, we passed this centre where earlier we had seen a film on the history of the Rocks. The Visitors Centre itself had been used as a Coroner's Court from 1907-72 and there are still courtroom signs on many of the heavy old doors.

**THE OPERA HOUSE:** The second half of our excursion was to be a guided tour of the Opera House but first we had to eat. Even though we had all brought packed lunches, most of us couldn't resist the overpriced cakes, chips, eclairs, chiko rolls, etc. available at the Snack Bar. When we had finished eating, being just able to walk since we had eaten so much, we went to the theatre foyer and met our guide.

First we were shown the Drama Theatre which had a priceless curtain woven in France. This theatre seats 544 people. Then we walked up some stairs to the foyer outside the Concert Hall which is the biggest auditorium by far, seating 2,700 people. We looked at the painting by John Osborn based on Kenneth Slessor's poem, "Five Bells". We thought we could do better. In fact some of us thought a kindergarten kid could do better.

We then looked out the big glass window and had a great view of the harbour. The guide said that one acre and a half of glass, made in France, was used in the Opera House, and cut into 700 different shapes.

Then we entered the Concert Hall and, unknowingly, sat in the Royal Box. As our enthusiastic guide said, they were Liz Windsor's and Phil the Greek's seats. We saw the acoustic rings, which looked like giant transparent lifesavers.

All eyes turned to the organ, as the player looked as though he was going to play it. Foiled again! He just did it to tease us.

Next on the tour was the Opera Theatre itself. Here some of the box seats were the worst seats in the theatre, as you couldn't see the stage. We learned that the Opera Theatre is too small for Grand Opera.

The guide told us that the doors closed when a performance began, and if you were late you weren't allowed in, but had to view the concert on a T.V. monitor set into the wall. So far they have managed to lock out two Prime Ministers, including Mr. Whitlam and Mr. Fraser, because they were late.

After this tour we decided we had done enough walking for one day and caught the train at Circular Quay. A very enjoyable day!

Report compiled by Joseph and Thomas Lipski, Robbie Bullock, Brett Imlay, Mario Lopez, Neil Gripper, Craig Largburne, David Baldacchino, Jay Tumminello, Russell Kellett, Steven Wyld, Vinh Dich Ha, Stephen Crowley.

Photographs: Neil Gripper.

Teacher: Ms K. Jacka.

**9Y History**



# Australian Maths Competition

1.

Twenty people at a gathering all shook hands with each other exactly once. The number of handshakes was:

(a) 190; (b) 200; (c) 19; (d) 400; (e) 380.

2.

During a particular morning, a light signal goes on at precisely 9 am. Thereafter it goes off and on at equal intervals, each lasting a whole number of minutes. Later that morning it is observed that the light is OFF at 9.09, ON at 9.17 and ON at 9.58. The light will be on during that morning at both:

(a) 10.30 and 11.21; (b) 10.14 and 11.00; (c) 10.23 and 11.01; (d) 10.25 and 11.33; (e) 10.40 and 11.46.

The above questions appeared in the 1980 Australian Mathematics Competition, an annual event organised by the Canberra College of Advanced Education. The competition is open to all secondary students throughout Australia, New Zealand and the South-West Pacific Area.

The competition is divided into three sections: Junior Division (Years 7 and 8); Intermediate Division (Years 9 and 10); Senior Division (Years 11 and 12).

Each year more students are taking on the challenge and aiming for one of the following awards.

MEDALS for outstanding students in each division.

CASH PRIZES for leading candidates in each year.

MERIT CERTIFICATES for the top 45% of entrants in each State/year grouping — Distinction certificates for the top 15%; Credit certificates for the next 30%.

The competition is growing in popularity each year with over 102,000 students participating in 1979. The increase in interest was reflected in this year's response by students of Homebush Boys' High — 136 of our students entered the competition, more than double the number in 1979. The results were commendable: 25 Distinctions; 54 Credits. Congratulations to all successful students and good luck in 1981.

Ruth Dolton  
Maths Teacher/Competition Correspondent

## Year 11, 2 Unit Maths

Apart from various comedies and incidents, which regrettably will not be mentioned in this report due to numerous death threats. Year 11 2 Unit Maths has proved a truly interesting (yawn) subject. Myself frightened off by the looks of 3 Unit Maths, fled to 2 Unit to find an easier life. However, my first impressions of an easy course were soon demolished and I shortly found myself having to knuckle down to some hard work and concentration (unbelievable isn't it?). Along with the class's chorus of "Ha's!" and "What the heck's??", I was and still am determined to defeat the system. At this very moment (3.05 pm, 5/8/80) my class and I are tackling calculus (all those \*!?!&%?! theories) and we are determined to avoid the ultimate disgrace (whatever that means). However, with less than four months remaining in the year, we are running "Against the wind" (not the TV serial).

John Paton (Drowsy)



## Marking

Red pen crosses,  
Few marks gained,  
Mainly losses,  
Frustration increases,  
Feel like screaming,  
Look on the bright side,  
I could be dreaming?

Miss Dolton

Knit one, pearl two, knit one — oops — dropped one!

## Advice

Miss Dolton

Your poetry I do applaud,  
Even though it's rather broad,  
But for purposes of examination  
How about some concentration?

## Laugh Corner Industrial Arts

Once long ago, as Mr. Menton can testify, an engineer, a chemist and an economist were trapped on a desert island with a tin of tuna — but without an opener. Having reconciled themselves to this repulsive meal, they set about trying to get at it. The engineer suggested they smash the can flat with a rock, and pick out the pieces of fish (if such is an apt term for tuna); the chemist didn't like this idea and proposed dumping the tin in the sea and letting the metal rust away. The economist stroked his beard, looked into the middle distance, and said, "First let's assume we have a can opener . . .".

Up to the end of Year 10, the approach in Industrial Arts is very much that of the engineer; a lot of practical work with just enough theoretical background. With the arrival of Year 11, you learn why it is best to smash the can, and how.

In Years 11 and 12 things change a bit: first, the subject becomes "Engineering Science"; second, the whole practical side of the course — with the exception of drawing — vanishes. This, however, should not cause an immediate rush by Year Toppers to take Art as an elective: the subject still provides ample scope for the active pursuit of mechanical interests.

An exciting part of this is the idea of the Integrated Question. This takes the form of an assignment, with plenty of preparation time, which can be done on any commercial product with a sufficient — usually five — number of parts. The report is made up of a drawing of the unit — which means you can pull it apart with an excuse — and some information on the materials and processes used. The second part can be a good opportunity to get access to a manufacturer, maybe go on a tour of the factory, and even choose — or perhaps arrange — a career. The course also has many materials testing experiments.

It is a two unit course in Year 11, with the option of upgrading to three units in Year 12, and is an approved university entry subject. An enormous amount of material is covered, from the structure of the Bohr(ing) atom to that of the Harbour Bridge and the connection between the two; but with a little bit of work it is not excessive. The teachers are very helpful too, and keep the overtime to a minimum.

What do you need — in present subjects — to do it? Is Tech. Drawing essential? Do you have to want to be an engineer?

Well, drawing — at least one lobe (½ year, remember?) — is helpful, but due to the large number of candidates who haven't done drawing there is usually a division of students into two classes, one of which does an extra amount of drawing. Beginning with the basics, of course!

For the "Mechanics" and "Materials Science" topics, a good understanding of Science concepts is required — things such as: "What is a force? What is gravity?" and so on. Doing any Science subject in Year 11 is an advantage, and this works both ways as Engineering Science helps with the Science courses.

Most of the people who do it are interested in Engineering, but the course is very relevant to draftsmen or scientists as well.

What level Maths? Well, the most successful students are doing 3 units, but even 2UA students can do well as long as they can do some graphic solutions and use a calculator.

English — and here I mean no offence to Mr. Miller's cohorts — seems to have little influence on results, as many of the best students are New Australians with good Maths but not the best grammatical English.

Languages and other subjects are non-essential, but can serve as a welcome change from an intensively scientific timetable.

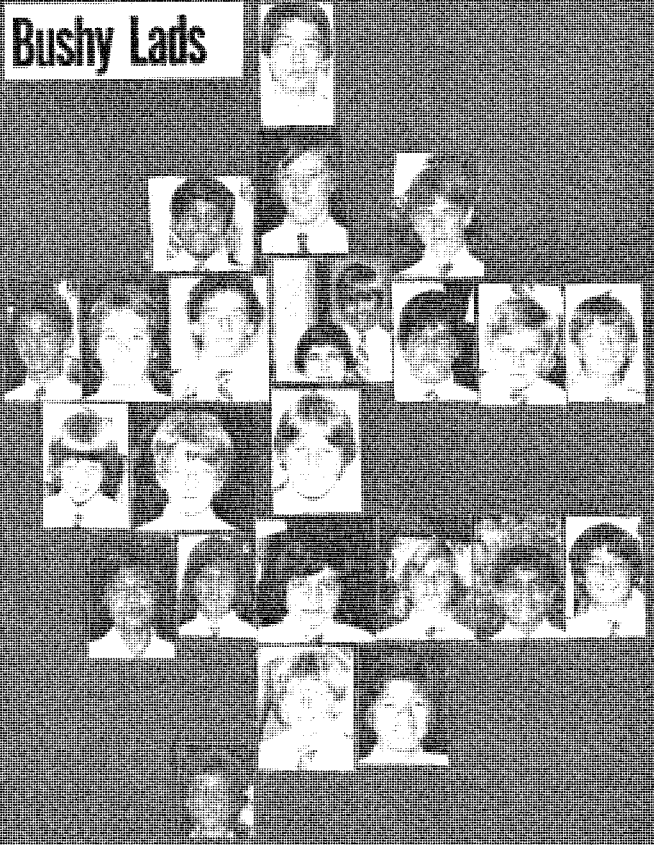
So there you have it — another elective to consider. So many decisions! Ah, well. Just wait 'til you're a Senior: think of the power, and that tie — just as good as any of Al Grassby's.

F. Fetherston, Y11





**Bushy Lads**





# You Meet the Nicest People at H.B.H.S.



The I.M.E. group on excursion

From the following survey, which was conducted in the first term of 1980, it can be seen that approximately two-thirds of our current school population have parents who were born overseas. Out of almost a thousand students, only 332 boys born in Australia have Australian parents and 267 boys born in Australia have either one or both parents born overseas. The rest of the school population (338) were born overseas and an increasing proportion of these (particularly our Vietnamese/Chinese students), haven't learnt any English prior to coming to Australia and have come to our school after a brief term at the Language Reception Centre in the city. Consequently, at our school we now have three Intensive Migrant English (IME) classes.

On arrival from the Centre, boys are usually placed in the Intensive 1 Class and then they progress through Intensive 2 to Intensive 3 and, after anything up to one year, normal stream classes. Once in normal stream, they are usually taught mainstream English by English as a Second Language (ESL), who also conduct the IME classes.

## IME Staff

Nationalities	
ANGLO SAXON	
Australian	332
SECOND GENERATION	
MIGRANTS	
Austrian	1
Chinese	6
Czechoslovakian	1
Dutch	5
Estonian	10
French	1
Finnish	3
German	5
Greek	64
Hungarian	14
Indian	1
Italian	98
Indonesian	1
Latvian	2
Lebanese (Arab)	4
Maltese	5
Polish	9
Portuguese	1
Norwegian	1
Russian (Chinese)	11
Spanish	3
Yugoslavian	21
Sub Total	267
Total	599

Nationalities	
Australian	599
Argentinian	2
American	1
Ceylonese	1
Chilian	5
Chinese	17
Cypriot	6
Czechoslovakian	1
Egyptian	4
English	14
Fijian	3
Filipinos	2
Finnish	1
German	3
Greek	9
Hebrew (Israel)	2
Indian	6
Irish	1
Italian	31
Jordanian (Arab)	2
Korean	14
Lebanese (Arab)	28
Mauritian	3
New Hebridean	1
New Guinean	1
New Zealander	10
Pakistani	1
Polish	1
Portuguese	3
Russian	4
Syrian	4
Tongan	3
Turkish	45
Uruguayan (Span.)	11
Vietnamese	80
Yugoslavian	18
Sub Total	338
Total	937



## Refugee

Have you seen me somewhere here in the classrooms or the playing fields? Have you seen me close by you or somewhere quite far off? Do you notice that I stand sometimes and stare at you — just stare at you as you play and talk and laugh with the friends you have at school?

It's not that I am stupid, and marvel at your skills or the complex movements you perform. Like you, I could play it too — but I do not know your game, I do not know its rules, you see I cannot even say its name.

In many, many ways, I'm just like you — two arms, two legs, two eyes — but in other ways I am so different that I feel as if we live on separate planets, in worlds apart. Though we are pupils at this same school, and are here to learn and to prepare for our lives ahead as men, our pasts have marked us differently for the futures that we face. And sometimes I wonder why — why all this suffering and pain should have come to us — and I am angry! I'm angry that my country is no longer free, that I have had to leave all that I knew and loved. And now I'm angry that I cannot speak to you and ask you why you play your game that way, or what you do when you go home from school, or where you go when its weekend. And I want to fight and shout, and throw that ball so hard that it will make a hole right through that wall just there.

Sometimes that's what I do — all those things and more — but other times it's like I'm in a dream, and I just float through all that happens hereabouts — and do not think — and do not think.

For if I wonder about the country I have left, about the friends I knew and my family still there, the dream becomes a nightmare, and I cannot stand it them.

On behalf of IME Students,  
Mrs. V. Shevels.

I was at the Sport Carnival. It was boring. I only liked the spear throwing and the running. We were playing soccer and a teacher took the soccer ball from us. The teacher returned the soccer ball at 3 o'clock. The Sport Carnival in my country is different. We play soccer and throwing frisbees too.

Zdenko Mihic

I was at the sport ground at 9 am on Friday. I saw a lot of different kinds of sports, such as cross-country, high and long jump, discus, etc. We had lunch there. After lunch I drank coke. I ran in the 800m. I was very tired. So I just sat on the ground for a while, then I went home and I drank a bucket of water. Then on Saturday I couldn't walk anymore, so I stayed at home all the day.

Pham Quang

On Friday morning I went to the park with my friends. When we came to the park, we saw the pupils crowded in front of the park. We went up there and I saw my class friends all there. My class friends were sitting there. They were watching the racing. One of my friends went in the race but he didn't win. I came to him and greeted him and said, "Bad luck". After that I tried to run in the races but I didn't know where I had to go to race. I had my lunch and looked up to the track — it was big and crowded, after that I went to my house and told my father about the carnival.

Elhamy

I went to the park for the Sports Carnival. First game I played but it was cold and I didn't exercise. So I came second last, so I didn't play next. And Friday I brought the ball. Me and my friends played but that was for a very short time, because teacher got my ball. So I just watched. I wanted to go home but the ball was in the teacher's hand. Many boys went home. I thought about the Korean carnival. Before, the Korean carnival was for three days. There they played soccer, baseball too. And it's very interesting.

But here there are not many different things. Some games are very interesting. I read a Korean book but it was not very interesting. I watched the last game. I was very tired!

Singho Ahm

We went to a sports ground on 9th July, on Thursday afternoon and Friday. I saw a lot of different kinds of sports. Many students were running, walking and high jumping, but I didn't do any of them. I just sat and watched. In my country we haven't got sport in school.

Kha Chan Khiam



# Music

## THE BAND

The Homebush Band now has forty-five members registered with the State Band Association of New South Wales.

## OPERA HOUSE PERFORMANCE

Since the last report, our Band has contested the City of Sydney Eisteddfod in the Concert Hall of the Sydney Opera House. The acoustics of a building with such a high ceiling were a new experience. The adjudicator awarded us 70 points.

## MUSICAL TIES

A touch of sartorial splendour was added to the Musicales with the introduction of Band Ties. The Annual Musicales was commenced and concluded by Band numbers. Notable was Oleg Borg's jazz break during "The Fifth of Beethoven Disco Style", on tenor sax; and Wayne Barrett's bongo accompaniment to the "Estrellita".

## MARTIN PLACE

Encouraged by this performance, the Band was audacious enough to play in the Martin Place Amphitheatre on 29th November, 1979. These lunchtime performances are presented daily by the City of Sydney Council.

The Anzac Day 1980 Ceremony showed just how far the Band has come in one year. Thirty-five boys performed with the Band setting an atmosphere with "Nearer My God To Thee" and "Abide With Me" as the school assembled. Duo trumpeters C. McNair and P. Maranik played the "Last Post" and "Reveille". After the occasion the Band gave a half-hour recital in the quad.

## SOUNDS FROM THE MUSIC ROOM

Entry to the Band is usually through the music elective classes. Here boys have the opportunity to learn the basic techniques of an instrument, the theory behind music, study the harmony, arranging and composition of music, and become acquainted with the classics of all centuries.

8X music class played "The Red River Valley", "Evening Song" and "Cutting Bench" at the 1979 Musicales. With their big brass sound, 8X were considered the best item of the evening by some of the audience. They were conducted by Miss Colman.

9X Music Class were called on during Education Week to step into the breach when several Bandsmen were unavailable for a performance at Westfields Shopping Centre at Burwood. Year 9 presented a half-hour programme, representing the school and the Department of Education. Solos were taken by Greg Zink on drums; Peter Maranik—trumpet; Matthew Ma—clarinet; Matthew with Michael Hull played a clarinet duet; and a flute trio was presented by Darren Woods, James Chown and Brett Adams.

## THE MUSICALE

Compere Paul Terret did a fine job, and artists not mentioned above included Joseph Lipsky—piano; David Bullock—guitar; Ray Davis—organ; John Sotiriou—piano; Year 7 sang under the direction of Miss Traveller; Andrew Rogers played piano and Wayne Barrett gave a drum solo. The 10X recorder ensemble rendered Baroque and traditional numbers under the baton of Mr. White.



Miss Rosemary Colman



## The Band, May 1980

James Chown	Year 10
Brett Adam	Year 10
Edmund Milterski	Year 10
Tran Quoc Xinh	Year 9
Rodney Chown	Year 7
David Robinson	Year 8
Matthew Ma	Year 10
Michael Hull	Year 10
Terry Moskios	Year 10
Jonathon Clark	Year 10
Victor Rivera	Year 8
Ben Granato	Year 8
Ali Ibrahim	Year 9
Inhak Choe	Year 7
John Proctor	Year 8
Oleg Borg	Year 10
Peter Maranik	Year 10
Craig McNair	Year 9
Grant Howard	Year 10
Mark Pearce	Year 9
Mark Hull	Year 8
Stephen Pattison	Year 8
Glenn Beard	Year 9
Tim Barton	Year 7
Wayne Lawler	Year 9
Noel Bruin	Year 10
Wayne Pye	Year 8
Peter Begnell	Year 8
Si Hao Ho	Year 8
Greg Zink	Year 10
Sun hak Choe	Year 10
Andrew Toth	Year 7
Peter Schofields	Year 7
Vinh Vuong Tan	Year 8
Walker Wong	Year 9
Paul Louis	Year 10
George Ters	Year 8
Nelson Doven	Year 8
Wayne Barrett	Year 12
John Sotiriou	Year 12
Alex Nikolzew	Year 9
Andrew Rogers	Year 12
Matthew Turner	Year 8



## SCHOOL BAND

Back Row (L. to R.): W. Lawler, P. Maranik, M. Hull, J. Chown, G. Zink, R. Black, N. Bruin, X. Tran.  
 2nd Back Row: W. Barrett, T. Moskios, M. Ma, J. Clarke, E. Milterski, B. Adam, G. Howard, G. Beard.  
 3rd Back Row: S. H. Choe, A. Ibrahim, W. Wong, R. Chown, T. Lipski, P. Louis, Q. Borg, M. Pearce, S. Pattison, A. Rogers, A. Nikolzew, Miss R. Colman.  
 Front Row: D. Robinson, M. Hull, S. H. Ho, I. H. Choe, C. McNair, W. Pye, V. Rivera.



# Library

The year 1980 has seen many changes to the Library. Probably the most important of these changes are the two new staff members who have come at varying intervals during the first half of the year. At the beginning of the year, Mrs. E. M. Alexander took over the position of full time clerical assistant from Mrs. G. Trim who is now working part time. At the beginning of second term Mr. M. Christison took over as Teacher/Librarian from Mr. N. Francis who has transferred to the Social Science Department.

Mr. Francis, who was Teacher/Librarian for five years, is thanked for his approachable manner and his willingness to help students with any aspect of the Library and indeed, your schoolwork.

Up until the end of July there had been approximately 400 new additions to the Library stocks. These have taken the form of new books, cassettes, pamphlets. The Library was pleased to place on exhibition several displays. These displays included Sumerian Buildings and Norman Houses by Year 7, a display of historical photos and documents and a display of Clay Hands. These displays either represent the end result of the students' work or they assisted us with assignment material.

The Library offers many services and facilities such as foreign language books and cassettes and puzzle games. A comprehensive Reference collection is held including Encyclopedias on topics from health to the peoples of the earth, dictionaries, year books and a street directory.

The Library prefects assist in the running of the Library in areas such as circulation and reshelving of books. The following boys have assisted in this way: Danny Aarons, David Dunlop, Philip Gargett, Guy Gordon, Tony Jones, Michael Kretch, Matthew McCormac, Palani Mohan, Francis Noon, Scott Teagle and Craig Twyman.

**Philip Gargett**  
Vice-Senior Library Prefect Monitor



Sunil Chhabra

## LIBRARY PREFECTS

Back Row (L. to R.): Mr. Christison, Philip Gargett, Fred Fetherston, Guy Gordon, Michael Kretch.  
Centre Row: Palani Chandra, Tony Jones.  
Front Row: Matthew McCormac, Francis Noon, David Dunlop, Danny Aarons, Craig Twyman.



Did I mention the time I . . .

# Air Training Corps

This year the Air Training Corps has had its best year since its re-establishment a few years ago. Due to the influx of recruits from the junior school we have exceeded our establishment number. Our congratulations to Guiseppa Lasorsa for obtaining the final rank of Cadet Under Officer. To him, the NCO's, existing members and finally the Officers, Flt. Lt. Fielding, Flg. Off. Browning and Flg. Off. Ferris, who endure the long hours necessary for the upkeep of the flight, we extend our gratitude for their efforts.

During a cadet's training he learns discipline and moral qualities needed for good citizens. After all the hard work involved in drill and lectures (i.e. airmanship, ground defence, weapon training, survival, etc.) they are rewarded by the chance to attend different activities. These include flying or gliding courses, bivouacs, shooting, promotion courses, various marches and camps to R.A.A.F. bases.

On general service training camp the cadets go flying in service aircraft, do shooting on the base ranges, attend field days in the bush, learn about various occupations on the base, play sport and meet other cadets from all over N.S.W.

The training of a flight level consists of three stages — basic, proficiency and advance.

The following cadets have completed proficiency stage, which is the second year of training; Lcdt.'s Lacey, Gordon, Yealland, Louis, Eik, Hull, Le Breton and Cpl. Ma.

Promotions since the beginning of the year are as follows:

From Sgt. — Cdt. U.O. G. Lasorsa.

From Lcdt. — Cpl. M. Ma, C. Matthews, R. Lane.

The following cadets are awaiting promotion from Lcdt. to Cpl., after successfully completing the Junior NCO course: Lcdt's P. Gordon, M. Hull, T. Le Breton, J. Yealland and I. Young. Cpl. C. Mathews is now awaiting promotion to Sgt.

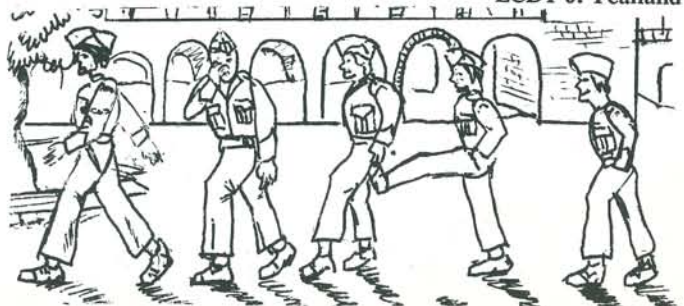
Lcdt. M. Eik won the Flying Scholarship competition held by the N.S.W. S.Q.N. AIRTC.

Cadets are also attending camps at Richmond, Williamtown, Wagga Wagga, Bankstown and Narromine. A number of cadets are on course at these camps for general service training, Junior Non-Commissioned Officers, Senior Non-Commissioned Officers, Cadet Under Officers and Glider Flying courses.

We would like to thank everyone involved with our flight, particularly the Cdt. UO and officers who give up their valuable time to assist us with our training.

Parades are held on Thursday afternoons and new members are always welcome, particularly from the junior years.

## LCDT J. Yealland





# Debating Hume Barbour



Each year the Hume Barbour Debating Team seems to better the achievements of the prior team, and 1980 was no exception.

This year's team of Paul Terrett, Peter Valencic, Ken Buckley and Bruno Gentile, all of Year 12, reached the State Quarter Finals of the competition. Unfortunately they were defeated by Killarney Heights High by a mere sliver of a point.

This is the best result from a Homebush Debating Team for many years and is attributable to the hard work and dedication of the members. I thank them for their constant co-operation and unflinching good humour and sportsmanship.

## Karl Cramp

**G. King**  
Debating Co-ordinator

1980 was a good year for Year 11 Debating — up to a point. We managed — with a couple of drafted speakers — to win the Zone, having slaughtered, annihilated, exterminated and otherwise defeated the poor fools who sought to challenge us — Strathfield Girls', South Granville and Strathfield South (Mr. Thornton's old side).

Unfortunately, we were narrowly defeated on a point at law — the adjudicator was a law student — and bowed out to Parramatta High in our first inter-Zone debate.

Members of the team also participated in Apex and other speaking competitions. We reached the Apex semi-final as a team, and Kirby Ikin has been selected for a State tour as an exhibitionist.

The team was (in speaking order): Fred Fetherston, George Kougoulos, Kirby Ikin and Peter Skib.

**F. Fetherston**



Come on Perez, just a little smile



# Ceramics Club



Pottery Annex

## THE CERAMICS CLUB

Next year will be a vintage year for potters. The new ceramics annex has made a big difference to the comfort and convenience of the members of the Ceramics Club and it has become obvious that because of the limited (lunch) time available to staff, that the Tuesday afternoon workshop will be the main access to wheel thrown pottery. Students are capable of using their elective art periods, but this would only be possible after initial training in clay preparation and final turning on the wheel.

A very big avenue for exciting production pottery is moulded and slip cast pottery but this requires a great deal of research into design and making of moulds. New materials are coming onto the market and it only requires an inventive mind to apply them to ceramics. One such case is the lining of the underneath of America's space shuttle with a heat shield of ceramic tiles. A little ambitious for schoolboys perhaps but new ideas are not the property of adults.

While not a member of the club, Greg Dobbs, one of our Year 12 Art students, recently submitted for his H.S.C. exam a set of containers, teapots and mugs which he made at home and fired in his own wood-fired kiln. The kiln also was his own design and was modified and constructed on a trial and research basis. His style of work was based on the natural colouring of the wood ash and the natural forms of the Japanese "Bizen" ware. We wish Greg all the best and hope that next year some other ceramics students will build their own "pottery".

**Mr. Johnson**



Bizen Ware by Greg Dobbs, 12A



# Oklahoma

The "Oklahoma" production, staged in early July this year by a combined group of students from Homebush Boys' High and Strathfield Girls' High Schools, was a successful endeavour which drew full houses on each of the three performance nights and proved to be a great deal of fun (and hard work) for the students and teachers involved. But — it was worth it all!

Our soloists, Kerry Denten, Peter Marinic, Neil Hall, George Shander and Mark Pearce displayed a great deal of talent on stage and some real teamwork off-stage and at rehearsals. The hard work put in by understudy, Mark Tatarinoff, was not seen by audiences on stage but gave the cast and crew confidence that the show could go on despite all . . .

The chorus included a good representation of new students to Homebush Boys' High this year. 7B and 7E classes were particularly well represented. Rodney Chown of 7E presented a most convincing performance as Cord Elam.

With assistance from Miss Colman at rehearsals, members of the Homebush Boys' High School Band provided a sturdy brass, woodwind and percussion complement to the orchestra. Miss Rey-

nolds and Danny Aarons (7A), together with a visiting student teacher to our school, Mrs. Puglisi, took part in the orchestra as violinists. Mrs. Le Brun assisted as accompanist and boys' chorus repetiteur. Senior student, John Sotiriou, Year 12, was involved in organising the lighting.

The most important part of any project such as a school production is the involvement of the participants. The producer, Mr. Payne and the musical director, Mrs. Nerbec, both from Strathfield Girls' High, spoke highly of the responsible attitude shown by all students. Staff members from both schools assisted in many areas of the production; attractive posters were arranged by Bob and assistance in script learning was offered by Miss Robson.

Publicity was enhanced by a revue of songs from the show performed at Westfield Shoppingtown prior to the performance week. This performance was accompanied by Mrs. Le Bruin on piano and David Pearce on drums.

The production of "Oklahoma" was a success mainly due to the co-operation of both schools' Principals, staff and students. It is hoped that a similar project will be attempted again in the future.

Mrs. C. Le Bruin



## THE 1980 TALENT QUEST

Tradition is hard to establish, however, this year Homebush Boys' High Interact Club hopes to have created a tradition that will stand for many years to come. The First Annual Homebush Boys' High Talent Quest was successfully held this year.

Staff and students both participated in this evening of fun and frolic. The evening was designed to allow the staff and students of Homebush to demonstrate their specific and individual talents (whether musical, comical, satirical, magical, fantastical incredible or degrading). Participation was indeed overwhelming but, unfortunately only three acts could be successful in receiving prizes.

Congratulations to the winners — 1st, The All-Male Staff Choir. This "musical" act was headed by Ms. Jan Cuke whose baritone voice was clearly heard above Mr. Tom Pinky's soprano voice; 2nd prize was won by Vava Todhase (Russian dancer). Boring. 3rd prize was given to the amazingly talented, incredibly musical, outstandingly funny Year 12 student Bradley (I Am The Greatest) Innes, which consisted of an impersonation of Her Ladyship Dame Edna Everage. Brad wore a tasteful evening gown of assorted colours, resembling Jackson Pollock's "Blue Poles". Oh, and not forgetting Pat McSkimming who helped a little.

The Talent Quest was well received by the audience. They responded like a union meeting at the dock yards would to Malcom Fraser. Thanks, guys!

Brad Innes, Y12



"Bird Abstract" by Theo Alexakis, 12A





# Death of a Feeling

Once it was full of spirit and pride  
It stood united and fortified.  
With men of steel and men of mind  
"RECTE-ET-FORTITER", that's the sign.

Its men held their head up high  
For it was amongst the best, that, no-one can deny  
It had discipline, not too extreme  
But enough for it to be filled with esteem.

The men were happy, filled with vigour and zeal  
Competition and co-operation were both part of the deal  
Their colour of royal maroon was worn with pride  
But alas! how could we let it all die.

The men of steel had survived  
But from us the men of mind is deprived  
Now part of the pride is dead  
Replaced by ignorance and disorder instead

I beseech you, man of reason  
Be strong in body and in mind  
For through our past we can build our future  
And restore it to its former feature.

Steven Har, 11B



# The Flying Dutchman

A haze of heat hung over the blue waters of False Bay, a seaside playground on the tip of South Africa. It was a hot day in March, 1939, and on the sunbleached sands of Glencairn beach some 60 people relaxed beside the warm waters of the Indian Ocean.

Suddenly, out of the haze sailed a full-rigged Eastindiaman such as had not been seen in the waters off the Cape for several centuries. Those who noticed her called out to others, and soon everyone on the beach stood in an excited group, chattering at the end of the sea.

According to a newspaper report on the following day, the ship, with all her sails drawing well, although there was not a breath of wind at the time, appeared to be standing towards Muizenberg.

The British South Africa Annual of 1939 reported with uncanny volition the ship sailed steadily on as the Glencairn beachfolk, shaken from their lethargy, stood about keenly discussing the whys and wherefores of the vessel which seemed to be bent on self-destruction somewhere on the sands of Strandfontein. Just as the excitement reached its climax however, the mystery ship vanished into thin air as strangely as it had come.

In the days after the appearance of the ghost-ship, several theories were put forward. One was that the people of Glencairn had seen a mirage and that the phantom ship was, by some accident of light refraction, the image of a ship sailing several hundred kilometres away.

But, the people who had sighted it, pointed out that the broad, squat hull and high poop, and even the rigging, were unlike that of any modern sailing ship. It was unmistakably a 17th-century merchantman.

One lady defied the sceptics and said the ship was none other than the Flying Dutchman.

Even before it inspired Wagner to write his opera, *Der Fliegende Hollander*, the Flying Dutchman legend had been known to countless generations of sailors around the world. Old records show that in 1680, a Dutch Eastindiaman, captained by Hendrik Van der Decken, sailed from Amsterdam for the Dutch East Indies settlement at Batavia. Van der Decken, a man of fearless and adventurous nature, apparently had few scruples and an unsavoury reputation. But he was a skilled seaman and the owners had few qualms about giving him command of the vessel, in spite of his boasts in the waterfront wineshops that he would return with a fortune.

All seems to have gone well with Van der Decken and his crew as they sailed south through sunny tropical seas but, near the Cape of Good Hope, a sudden tropical gale tore the sails to shreds and wrecked the rudder. As days turned into weeks, the ship was tossed about off the Cape, unable to make headway against the battering force of a south-easterly gale. According to legend, Van der Decken became increasingly furious as every trick of navigation and seamanship he tried failed to bring him around the Cape.

Taking advantage of Van der Decken's frenzied state of mind, the Devil suggested to him in a dream that he should defy the Almighty's attempt to stop him rounding the Cape. In a rage, the Dutch sea captain took up the challenge;

With frantic mien and appalling oath he took,  
And loudly cried above the tempest's din:  
My destined course and resolute career  
The power of God I thus defy to stay  
Nor shall the Fiend of Hell awake my fear  
Though I should cruise until the Judgement Day.

Retribution came swiftly as the Angel of the Lord commanded that Van der Decken should roam the seas forever "until the trump of God shall rend the sky".

The ship would eventually founder and the crew would die, but Van der Decken must keep his vigil until Doomsday.

Van der Decken and his ship never reached Batavia. Since 1680 there have been countless sightings of his ship reported. Any ship that sights the spectre ship is said soon to have bad luck.

That was the case when the late George V, a midshipman on HMS *Bacchante*, saw the phantom ship and a figure in ancient dress on her poop as the *Bacchante* sailed 80km off the Cape. Next day, a member of the crew fell from the rigging and was killed.

The last recorded Cape sighting was in September 1942, when four people sitting on their balcony in Mouille Point, Cape Town, saw the ghostly Eastindiaman sail into Table Bay and disappear behind Robben Island.

Brett Adam, 10Y German

# My Most Precious Possession

Most people have their own ideas as to what a most precious possession should be. As for me, my most precious possession is an old brown bag with some old clothes in it. They are the cheapest, commonest things that you could imagine, but they are very precious to me because they bring back memories.

Two years ago, when I escaped from Vietnam in a small wooden boat, I could take nothing with me but a bag containing some clothes as we had to be very secretive about leaving. When the boat eventually landed safely in Malaysia, I was taken to a refugee camp. At that time it was the rainy season and I had no relations and no money and I had to look after myself. I had nothing but this bag, but it was very useful to me at that time. In the daytime, I used it to carry food and, at night, I used it as a pillow. When it was cold and raining, my old clothes kept me warm, and they comforted me when I caught cold. I could not live without them. By the time I reached Australia, my clothes were faded and torn, but I still brought them with me. They were good friends when I was miserable and they had come from my family and my homeland. They meant, and they still mean, a lot to me.

Huy Liem Trinh





# Works

The ease and grace those earlier poets showed  
 Elude me now though long and hard I toil;  
 With their blank verse and pentametric ode  
 They tempt my mind yet emulation foil.  
 Why is this? Am I some inferior beast,  
 Unable to my thoughts homogenise  
 And doomed to spend my life just reading Keats?  
 But no! For better things my soul still strives.  
 I am yet young — a bud, no faded flower,  
 I've still my youth, my life is scarce begun;  
 With work and care and thought I may achieve  
 The skill and wit to do what they have done —  
 Then I'll no longer with frustration grieve.  
 So Slessor, Shakespeare — still your scornful mirth:  
 Rhymes I'll write too before I leave this earth!

F. Fetherston, 11A

# Second

Clocking-in at jail, each day  
 Revoking liberty, exchange for pay  
 Time gone,  
 Life atrophy now,  
 Noiseless workers make no sound.

Ali Ibrahim

# My Snail

I had a little snail and I kept him in a tin,  
 But I was told the other day this practice was a sin,  
 And so I took his tin outside and let him go scot free.  
 He looked about, but turned around and crawled right back to me,  
 I put my hand in front of him and he climbed onto it,  
 He crawled onto the middle and was just content to sit.

And while he sat upon my palm, he fertilized my hand  
 I looked upon his little mess but I was very bland;  
 I tossed him up into the air and when he fell down dead,  
 I raised my foot and brought it down upon his slimy head,  
 And now my little mollusc friend lays in the garden deep,  
 Assured of peace and quiet, and of course, eternal sleep.

Brett Adam

# A Wet Dream Come True

In 1977 I was persuaded to play water polo for the all-conquering Under 15s team. We won the schools' competition that year but were disappointingly beaten in the State Knockout Semi-Final. I played 1st Grade in 1978. In 1979 I found myself playing in the Regional team which was my first representative selection.

1980 must be a year not to be forgotten. I was selected for CHS 1sts but could you imagine my surprise when I was picked for the Australian Schoolboys! I was actually going to Japan and Hong Kong to play as an Australian representative.

Four days before leaving we met in Sydney for some rigorous training sessions — anxious to get on with the tour. We left Sydney on a direct flight to Japan, nine hours without sleep. On arrival we found the Japanese to be the most considerate and generous people on earth and I established friendships which I shall always cherish.

Hong Kong was entirely different, in fact it was quite sleazy but nonetheless interesting. During the tour we managed to lose only three games which was a good effort considering we beat the Hong Kong National team twice.

I must make special thanks to Mr. Steve Codey, Keith Harron and, of course, Ross Coggan. This is for their enthusiasm to get up in the early hours of a morning to train a bunch of high school kids — without pay!!!

Thanks must also go to the entire school body for their support and encouragement in their fund raising efforts.

Sayonara, Arigato (goodbye, thank you — Japanese style).

Maris Luidmanis

# Haikus

Sparkling like a diamond;  
 Gleaming like a pearl;  
 Clear as glass.  
 Sliding down the leaf.  
 A raindrop.

Andrew Toth, 7C

Sparkling as a jewel;  
 Twinkling like a star;  
 As bright as a golden nugget;  
 Bubbling like a spa  
 Champagne.

Slava Saharoff, 7C

Sky-scrapers, buildings,  
 Cars and trucks. No mercy given  
 To the passersby.

Mark Mansfield, 8A

The Frangipani  
 Thousands of arms to attract  
 The unforeseen guests.

Tommy Ng, 8A



Is it really worth  
 The four years of sweat and tears  
 If you finish fourth?

Danny Valencic, 8A

Autumn leaves falling  
 gold, yellow, brown, and ruby  
 from the sleeping trees.

Old McGill, resting  
 puffing on his old clay pipe  
 feeling very friendly.

David Robinson, 8A

# Moonmen Antics

The swiftness of a dagger plunge  
 the shadows lurk, the shadows lunge.  
 The taste is bitter, one of spite,  
 Who will last this bloody night  
 The attack is swift and victory sweet,  
 for the skull and crossbone roam this street.  
 Once again the "Sons of Hades"  
 claim another two old ladies.

Tim Royal, 11D





# The Foreigner

## Characters:

Foreigner: Well dressed, tries to be friendly, but shy, knows a little English.

Aussie: Fat beer gut, wears singlet, short stubbies, thongs, very ocker.

Taxi Driver: A little impatient, accepts only Australian money.

Bartender: Well-mannered and friendly.

## Abbreviations:

For.: Foreigner                      T.D.: Taxi Driver

A.: Aussie                              B.: Bartender

At the Airport.

For.: (Outside airport). "Taxi" (goes past). "Taxi" (goes past again). "Damn Australian" (waves a \$20 note). "Taxi" (a taxi stops).

T.D.: "Where you headin', sport?"

For.: "No, no, sport. I wanna good place to sleepy."

T.D.: "Expensive place or cheap place?"

For.: "I wanna good place, to sleepy and good food. I don't care zie cost."

T.D.: "I know just the right place, matey."

For.: "Where you takey me?"

T.D.: "No worries, sport?"

For.: "No sport, I wanna place to stay."

## The Destination:

For.: "Where ama I?"

T.D.: "Kings Cross."

For.: Whara you say?"

T.D.: "Kings Bloody Cross. Oh! That'll be \$15, mate."

For.: "Do you take Italiano Express?" (holding the card out in front of him.)

T.D.: "No, sorry mate, only good old Aussie dough."

For.: (Holding out \$15) "Thanks you." (Gets out of the car.)

T.D.: "Yeh, see ya, mate."

## In the Bar:

B.: "What'll ya have, mate?"

For.: (Looking at a couple of guys beside him.) "One of what day have."

B.: "Middy or schooner?"

For.: "What are you talkin' about? I wanna what day have."

B.: "Do you want a small glass or a large glass?"

For.: "Ummm." (Looking at the ceiling.) "I taka both."

A.: (Hits the foreigner on the back, hard.) "Gaday, mate."

For.: (Spilling his drink in front of him.) "Hullo."

A.: (Sits beside him.) "Shout me a beer will ya?"

For.: "Why you got a sore throat?"

A.: "Ahhh! Smartass, aye."

For.: "Oh! no, ass no smart, the heada is."

A.: (Grabs his shirt.) "Shout me a beer, mate or I'll wring your flamin' neck."

For.: (Shouts at the top of his voice.) "One beera for the big man please, and hurry up."

B.: "That be \$1.84."

For.: "Oh no, sorry, the big one and little one is mine and the other one is his." (Pointing to the Australian beside him.)

A.: "You selfish wog."

## The Fight:

(Australian playing snooker for money when the Foreigner accidentally bumps him.)

For.: "Sorry, mates, no mean it."

A.: (Acting tough.) "You dense wog. You just made me lose fifty bucks."

For.: "I looky for it." (Starts looking around under the table.) "No can find it, sorry."

A.: "You son of a dense dog."

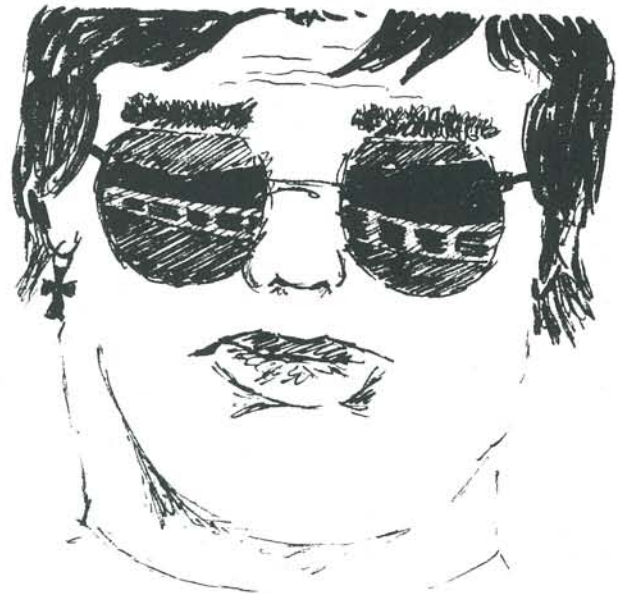
For.: (Holding up his fists in an unorthodox manner.) "Come on, come on."

A.: (Holding up his fists.) "Alright, I'll bash your head inside out." (Has a swing but Foreigner ducks and the Australian hits the Barman.)

For.: (Swinging his arms.) "Come on, I knocky your blocky off." (Kicks the Aussie in the ???), the Aussie falls in pain and doesn't get up.)

For.: (Walking out, looking tough.) "I'm going back to Italy."

**Claudio Carniel, Bobby Cavalletto,  
Nick Calaitzopoulos, Tony Kassapakis,  
9B English**



## Disco Boy

On the town  
My velvet vest  
to decorate

White skin  
bones protrude  
a high man

lemon face clean  
ambitious feet

The lady of my dreams  
fallen  
to the charms of another  
just like me

Take is easy  
back in line  
Don't want to appear  
radical

Pigman opposite  
range of vision  
limited  
evil eye  
gun fastened on  
bare leg  
sweating palm  
Nervousness

In the street  
I wander dazed  
Suddenly  
A sharp pain

WILD MEN  
Glazed eyes  
blood drips  
from a shiny blade.



**Hamish Redarms, 11D**



# Mauritius

Mauritius, "The Star and the Key of the Indian Ocean", is a heart-shape island situated just above the Tropic of Capricorn, 800km east of Madagascar.

Discovered in the early 16th Century by the Portuguese, settled by the Dutch in 1598, named after their Prince Maurice of Nassau (hence its French name, L'île Maurice), occupied by the French in 1715, captured by Great Britain in 1810, Mauritius was declared independent on 12th March, 1968 and gained membership to the U.N. in April, 1968.

Port-Louis, its capital is the main port, Mahebourg being the second port and the location of Plaisance, the island's main airport.

Covering an area of 720 square miles, Mauritius has a population of approximately 900,000. Situated between three continents, Mauritius is a melting point of races, religions and cultures of Asia, Africa and Europe. The general population therefore comprises of people of European and of mixed and African origin, Indo-Mauritians and Chinese. The most widely spoken languages are English and French

The island has rugged mountains, fertile valleys, coastal plains and lakes and stunning waterfalls. In the centre, a great plateau rises to a level of some 2,000 feet. Bordering this central tableland are three mountain ranges with fantastically-shaped masses of basalt which testify to a volcanic origin of the island.

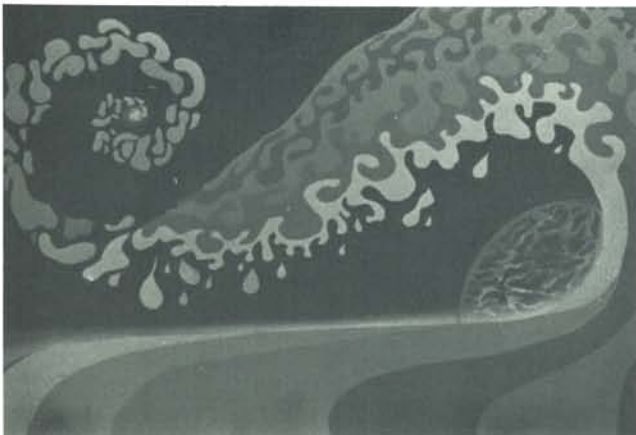
Mauritius has a maritime climate with sufficiently marked difference between summer and winter (the only two seasons of the island) to avoid monotony. It is tropical in summer and sub-tropical in winter. Summer months, September to February are warm to very hot. Winter is cool and mild, and last from March to August but has some cold periods especially in the centre of the island which is a plateau on which one of Mauritius' largest towns, Curepipe, is situated. There are no very well-defined rainy and dry seasons. And almost everywhere the vegetation remains green throughout the year.

Mauritius' economy is based almost entirely on sugar. Other exports are rum, vanilla, aloe fibre and coconut oil. As a result of the favourable climate and scenic attractions the tourist industry is growing in importance. There are many places worth visiting in view of their historical, scenic, spectacular or original appeal. Among them may be mentioned the following: Champ de Mars, Pamplemousses Botanical Gardens, Trou Caux, Cerfs, Chamarel Falls, Coloured Earths, Plaine Champagne, le Reduit (residence of the Governor) and Grand Bassin.

The calm waters of the lagoons around the island are bordered by the smooth beaches of white coral sand with an interruption in the south and west where the coral sands give way to the steep rocky coast. The coast is fringed with casuarina or filao trees. Except for very few places, bathing is safe around the island. Facilities are available for swimming, sailing and water ski-ing.

Thus, Mauritius, once a French dependency, later a British colony and now independent, has retained that great influence of French culture which undoubtedly gives it that touch of elegance and finesse which still makes it — The Star of the Indian Ocean!

**Des Peroumal, Y10 French**



Bradley paints up a storm

Bradley Innes

# That Time of Day

Horses neighing  
Wild dogs baying  
Hens are laying  
Scales are weighing  
Dead men praying  
Poor men paying  
Rock bands playing  
Murderers slaying  
What's this poem saying?

**Greg Tyson**



# The Starship Supafry

Travelling through the unknown space surrounding them, the crew of the Supafry make sure their craft runs sufficiently through space. Everyone on the Supafry has a job to do on the Supafry, and it must be done with skill and efficiency.

As the crew members talk on the main deck of the craft, which is filled with computers and gadgets, the engines cut out. There are, at first, thoughts of a slight engine failure, but after several minutes the crew know something is wrong. Captain Max Krilich gives orders, "Randall, get the radar working on full scan." Responding immediately Randall does as ordered. "Martin and Gibbs, get down and work on the engines. Thompson, you help them; man all battlestations. Vautin, get on the radio and give a may-day," Krilich orders.

"Sir, I have picked up something on the radar," says Randall.

"Keep an eye on them," says Krilich. "See if you can get them on the radio, Vautin."

Trying frantically, Vautin finally gets a reply.

"We are the Western Suburbs Magpies, we must destroy," says the unidentified craft.

"Does anyone know who owns the craft?" asks Krilich.

"Yes, I do, it's the starship Frenchfry, their leader is Warren Boland, he is a murderer. Also his two offiders, John Donnelly and Bruce 'Fats' Gibbs, they're all murderers," says one Russell Gartner.

Then, without warning, the Western Suburbs Frenchfry fires at the Supafry. It is a hit, the Supafry's left wing is out of action. The Supafry takes hits all over. Then Krilich remembers, "Bring in the secret weapons." So on comes the secret weapon, Graham Eadie, who chimes into the attack with a new laser. The laser is effective in imposing injuries on the Western Suburbs camp, the Wests pack finally know they are beaten. They turn their craft around and show their pace to get away from their victors, the men of the Supafry.

Krilich says, "After all that I congratulate you on our win, so how about a Toohey's or two or three or four or five—would you believe six."

**The Alien**



# Science Fiction Club

At the beginning of Term 2 the Science Fiction Club was formed. Kirby Ikin, Linden Davidson and George Kongoulos decided that it was time for more of the Science Fiction genre to be introduced into the school, and so the club was formed.

The aims of the club are to provide Science Fiction reading material for club members, to take theatre parties to Science Fiction movies, run competitions, hopefully to screen Science Fiction movies at school, and to increase the general interest in Science Fiction within the student body.

The club has grown to a membership of 20 students and has aroused the interest of many teachers. These club members enjoy the use of the club's fast growing library in Room 16.

Thanks to the continual efforts of Linden Davidson, the club conducted a highly successful trip to the second night of "The Empire Strikes Back" on Friday, 8th August, at the Hoyts Entertainment Centre. This trip was attended by a group of 80 people which consisted of teachers, students, friends and families, and proved to be a very enjoyable night.

Special thanks must be given to Miss Robson for the use of storage space in Room 16 and her help in establishing the club, to the librarian, Mr. Christison, for providing some storage space in the club's initial weeks, and to Mr. Thornton for his endeavours to obtain a cupboard for the club.

**Kirby Ikin, 11B**



Plasticine Tableau by Paul Terrett, 12A, School Vice-Captain

## Interact



Homebush Boys' High Interact Club has, once again, completed another year. The year has been fulfilling in many small ways. Small in the sense that we did not endeavour to achieve the enormous glories of the past. However, the activities we did become involved with were successful and enjoyable. Activities such as talent quests, guessing competitions, cake days, door knocks and the hosting of some Japanese students, all contributed to a worthwhile year.

Throughout the year a good relationship developed with the Interact Club of Strathfield Girls High. This relationship heightened the interest and desire to become involved with Interact affairs. Many joint meetings were held with Strathfield Girls which led to the development of many purely social evenings.

My congratulations to the new Board of Directors and wish you every success for the year 1981. I am sure the new Board will be able to maintain a high standard of service and fellowship.

P.S. Special thanks to Buck Rogers, Vince (The Nose), Wayne, Brad, McSkining, Johnson and our Club Mascot, Karen C.

**Paul Terrett, President**

# Senior Rumbling



Rumbling competitions were held at irregular intervals this year on the senior lawn. The competitions took place at lunchtime, the enthusiasm of the competitors being determined by their frame of mind. Occasionally, enthusiasm was boosted by the participation of Year 12 students.

Outstanding performances were given by John Aquilina, Tim Royal, Robert Clark and Jim Guns. A sterling performance was also given by the pair of John Anastasiou and Paul Katsivelas who seriously injured many opponents with graceful skill. But undoubtedly the winner of this year's Harley J. Dogmaster award for the best and fairest rumbler goes to David ("Frosty") Lipski. Throughout the year, David performed with unflinching brutality, maiming his schoolmates in grand fashion without showing a hint of mercy. Even when injured, David never gave up the game. A classic example being the incident where David, with an extremely painful foot injury, was ferociously attacked by a very mean looking Selwyn Jackson. David proceeded to flip Selwyn into the air. Selwyn's fall was very aesthetically pleasing. Overall, 1980 was a very successful year for rumbling although the winner of last year's award for best rumbler, Scott Chant, is no longer with us.

**Faithful Spectator, 11A**

# Tony Houhlias Fan Club



This year was a successful year for the club with membership increasing to three. Many excursions to see Tony in action on the tennis court were made. Funds this year exceeded \$1.00 for the first time in the club's existence. Next year we hope to build on these achievements.

**Greg Tyson**







## How Does it Feel?

"Now look what you've done! You've smashed the cup on the floor. Go to your room . . . now!"

And off you stamp. You slam the door as you go. It's not fair, you say to yourself. You feel so mad at your mum. You feel as if you could push the walls down. You feel like fighting 16 monsters. You feel like digging a hole to China. You feel so mad, mad, MAD!

But you don't always feel like that. Sometimes you are happy just by yourself. Sometimes you are happy just by yourself. Sometimes you feel like crying. Sometimes you feel hungry. You think you could eat forever. Some feelings tell you what you are like: hungry. sleepy . . . some feelings tell you what the things around you are like: hot, wet, hard, heavy, smooth, fishy . . .

But you — you feel different all the time. Every day you feel like a lot of different things. HOW DO YOU FEEL.

Q. H. Minh, 8A



"Characters of the Magic Mile" by Brad Innes, 12A



8G holds a Birthday Party for Ms Harbutt. It was also the premier performance of the 8G Choir and Light Opera Co.

## Fahrenheit 451

Some time ago (who cares when!) 9A and 9B English went on an excursion to Dave's Encore Theatre in town (in Sydney). The purpose of this excursion was to see the 1966 film version of Ray Bradbury's science-fiction novel of the same name, "Fahrenheit 451".

What a disappointment this film turned out to be!

"Fahrenheit 451" was about a future society in which books are not allowed. Any hidden books are burnt by a special force of Firemen, of which Montag is a member. The temperature at which book paper burns is 451°F, hence the story's name.

The main character of "Fahrenheit 451", Montag, was played by an obscure actor with the equally obscure name of Oskar Werner. Werner had a German accent so heavy that much of his dialogue was inaudible.

Julie Christie (no relation to Agatha!) "starred" in the roles of both Linda (Montag's wife) and Clarisse (Montag's very close friend). Presumably the producers of the film thought that it would be less costly to hire one actress to play two roles than to hire two actresses to play one role each!

The odour of cheapness was evident in this trashy film after only a few minutes of viewing.

None of the detailed gadgetry or space-age equipment that we, the audience, thought would be in this futuristic society was displayed in "Fahrenheit 451". The "scenery" was woefully inadequate, and, in fact, most of the futuristic society resembled a typical modern-day suburb. In addition, the fire station which housed the book-burning Firemen looked like an old garage, and every time the Firemen were "called out on a job" they always followed the same route to the offender's house — a little confusing? The fire engine itself was not unlike a match-box car in appearance. This is further evidence that little attention was paid to setting and scenery, etc.

The most impressive effort at realism was a monorail, but this air of realism was shortlived. As soon as the monorail stopped, it didn't deposit its passengers on a station of some type but displayed a narrow flight of stairs on which passengers climbed down to a paddock! A sleek, modern monorail — and a paddock? A little confusing to say the least!

The originality and excitement of Ray Bradbury's story was totally obliterated by this revolting film; many of the characters were changed and some even had their presence overlooked. The conclusion of this film has revealed new levels of idiocy never known to man before. (If you don't know what I mean, just ask anybody in 9A or 9B English).

I don't think anyone who went on the excursion really enjoyed the movie — you will have to judge for yourself the value (if any at all) of the nauseating film described here.

T. Lipski, 9A

## A Regulation Visit



Early this year an excursion was organised for Senior students to the Police Academy. Arriving there, one may have been mistaken and believe he was really at Randwick horse stables.

After a tour and talk on the many aspects of horse behaviour, our minds were cleared, we were at the stables. We then proceeded to Centennial Park where a display in horse riding was given. Many students opted for the alternative entertainment found close by, throwing berries at the duckies in the lake.

Enlightened Student



# The Innocent Immigrant

Apart from the brilliancy of the street lights, the night was dark, silent and very cold. The piercing, chilly wind blew across my wringled face, making it difficult for me to breathe. Like on every other day for the past three years in Australia; I was taking an evening walk. These long walks brought back memories of my homeland, my relatives and my friends and so I really enjoyed them.

Unfortunately, that is now in the past and now I have to look to the present, not even to the future, for in this country I do not know what the future has in store for me.

Hands in pockets, I passed an alley which was one of the homes of some Australian drunks. Seeing drunks with their most prized possession, the bottle, was not new to me. Carlton, where I lived, and Fitzroy housed a large number of drunks.

Stopping in front of a jewellery shop, I leant against a telephone pole while I wiped my eyes which had begun to weep because of the wind. Then I heard the footsteps of someone coming up behind me. Turning around, I saw a drunk with a bottle.

"Ya got some dough, mate, so I can buy me a bottle?" At the same time he raised the bottle in his hand to show me that it was empty.

Feeling somewhat apprehensive, I answered him in as suave a manner as I could: "No, Sir."

"Sir! No one has called me sir for donkey's years. Where are ya from?"

"I am from Greece."

"So ya a wog. I have met ya type before, ya wog."

The word "wog" was not new to me. Many Australians called me and other migrants wogs. At first being called "a wog" made me angry with Australians. Later on it did not disturb me at all. No matter what anyone says, I am proud of being a Greek. Therefore, whatever this ignorant old drunk might call me, it did not bother me at all.

I tried to ignore him and, hands in pocket, I continued down Lygon Street. He grabbed me by the shoulder and gave me a push.

"Where ya going, wog?"

I kept on walking, feeling the glare of his eyes on my back.

He repeated, "I'm askin' ya, where ya going?" When I did not pay any attention, he said furiously, "Ya bloody wog, I'll teach you."

With tremendous rage he grabbed a large rock from the gutter and threw it with all his might through the window of the jewellery shop. The window immediately shattered into hundreds of tiny pieces. Turning around, I ran towards the drunken man, who had toppled over on to the pavement.

"Are you all right?" I asked concerned.

"Ya bloody wog, get your dirty hands off me."

Pushing me away, he clumsily got up and disappeared down a side alley, chuckling in a hideous sort of way. How foolish of me, I thought, feeling sympathy for a man who intended doing me harm.

Quickly bending down to pick up my hat which had fallen off, I felt someone grabbing me violently around my left arm, hurting me considerably. I let out a cry.

"Don't 'ohh' me. You deserve it."

While being hauled along, I protested: "But what have I done, Sir?"

"You broke the window, didn't you?" he answered firmly.

"No, Sir, it was an old man," I answered.

"Don't give me that. That's what they all say, but I'm no fool." He paused, then added, "Do I look like a fool?"

Personally, I thought he was a great fool, for arresting me, an innocent man. I had thought that the police here were the same as in Greece. To tell you the truth, I had not been in trouble with the police before, so I had never really known anything about how the Australian police force operated. Now I knew.

"No, Sir, you don't look like a fool."

"You see, Mr. . . ., Mr. . . .?"

"Mr. Papadoulos . . . George Papadoulos," I said quickly.

"Well, Mr. Papadoulos, I'm placing you under arrest, for attempting to break into a jewellery shop."

"No, Sir, you all wrong."

"The Australian police are never wrong — and you keep that in mind."

How could this policeman charge me, I thought, for doing nothing? I was only standing in front of the shop. The old man had done everything. Can't he understand that the drunk man caused all this on purpose, in order for me to get blamed, in what he probably thought was revenge? I wished I was back in Greece right then; I knew that there I would have been treated better.

Directing me to sit down on a wooden chair at the police station, the policeman went to talk to the officer in charge. Sitting patiently, I felt very nervous. It was like the time when I first arrived in Australia, a country which I had thought would treat people equally.

After a few minutes of waiting, a different policeman came up to me and told me that I had been charged with attempted robbery, which would mean three months' goal, no bail and also a fine of one hundred and fifty dollars for the broken window. Gaol. How could they? I hadn't done anything. Inadequate information had led to a verdict which was really decided between the policemen and not a judge. Attempting to convince them that I was innocent was unsuccessful. Their accusation wasn't true, but they were sticking to it.

Fastening handcuffs around my wrists, the policeman directed me to the police car parked outside. As I passed the office, I heard another two policemen talking to each other.

"Do you believe he did it, Sam?"

"No, they haven't got the guts to do something like that. Anyway, it serves him right. All these bloody wogs should be sent right back to their own countries!"

Hearing this, I cursed them and the whole Australian population. Head high, I got into the car and began swearing in Greek to relieve my feelings about the injustice of it all.

Ali-Ibrahim, 9D



Paul Terrett (Vice-Captain)

## An Apple for the Teacher

The new machine reclines in grace beneath its screen,  
Crammed full with "chips", inside its cover—green,  
And ventilation holes to keep the insides cool—,  
Designed to meet the needs of ev'ry school.

Its "HI-RES Graphics" are beyond compare  
—Allowing games as good as anywhere —  
Like "Space Invaders", "Lemonade" and more;  
And still I don't approach the "APPLE's" core.

It teaches maths — with discs can process words—,  
Play melodies and tunes as sweet as birds:  
So well that it may even lend a hand,  
If fair Ms. Coleman needs to boost the band.

So if in class you see a strange new creature;  
Relax — it's just an apple for the teacher!

Frederick Fetherston



## Impossible

Western Suburbs to win  
Donnelly must get more thin  
Warren leads them out onto the ground  
Against Artie fat and round.

Parra kick off for now  
Straight in the arms of McLeod  
He sends it out to Buckley on the wing  
Who runs past Glover like the king  
Buckley goes in for the try  
And look at poor Cronin starting to cry.

Peard puts it up into the air  
But Wests don't really care  
Smithy takes it like a light  
And poor Parra a fright.

He scores a try again  
And as Frank would say, that was a gem  
You hear a mighty cheer from the hill  
As Wests win 77-nil.

Andrew Shears, 8B

## Anything – Is it Something?

When one is asked to write on such a topic, such things come to mind as: is something anything or is anything something? Many things make up something but are they anything. Another point comes to mind: is anything everything, or is it some particular thing? On the other hand, if we have something, have we got anything or have we everything. This is mainly because anything implies everything. So it can be seen that anything is something which is everything. Ergo this shows that in fact we in Year 12 know everything about nothing.

Mr. Baines, Year 12 Chemistry  
Ken Buckley

## An Alarming Incident

It was seven o'clock on a nice sunny day in Flemington and I was off to Paddy's Markets. My mother said I was in a stupid mood this morning and I think she was right because I was about to play a sneaky trick on the whole market. I bought the largest helium filled balloon I could find and then placed myself strategically under a large flood-light in the centre of the building. I then let the string go and it went up and up straight towards a large flood-light. When it was about three metres away from the flood-light, I screamed as loudly as I could, "BOMB!"

The balloon then hit the light and the heat burst it immediately. The large "bang" echoed through the building as though a "real" bomb had gone off. This was then followed by a few blood-curdling screams. The whole market was panicking. One lady in her fright, ran straight into the men's toilets, which was followed by a scream, which was followed by the lady running "out" of the men's toilets. The lady in her frantic state ran clear across the building, out a door and disappeared into the distance. The mass hysteria was increasing. No-one seemed to be injured, but one young man ran into a cage full of dogs accidentally setting them free. The dogs spotted a cage full of mice which they attacked, setting them free too and the chase was on. I kept my eyes on one mouse which seemed to be the fastest. He ran and ran until he came to a lady who had been tripped and was still on the ground. The mouse jumped on her skirt. The dog wanted that mouse so there was a loud scream as another lady vanished into the distance.

By this time I thought I had better run, so I did, all the way home.

Ward McDonald, 7A



## Dear Del

Dear Del,

I have this problem. I think I am falling in love with my geografee teacher. How can I make her like me?

Dear C.M.,

Start by spelling GEOGRAPHY correctly!

Dear Del,

I have this shocking problem with my history teacher. The other day he came into our class and walked past us, smelling horribly of smoke ("yuk"). What can I do to stop this guy from smoking?

Anti-Smoker

Dear Anti-Smoker,

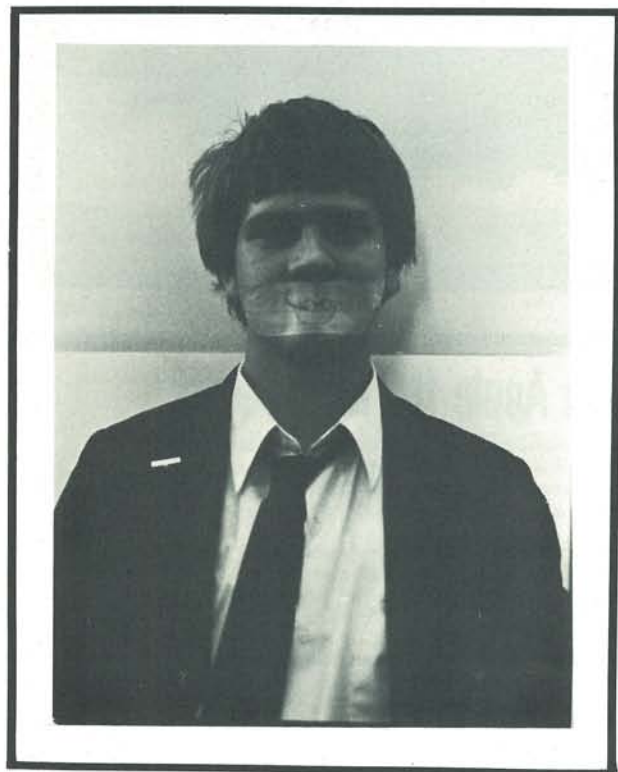
Unfortunately many smokers do not appreciate how unpleasant and offensive their smell can be. You will therefore have to be very subtle in your approach. Here are some suggestions:

(i) "Mr. X, would you like one of my extra strong peppermint breath fresheners? I want to ask a question?"

or

(ii) "Sir, someone near me has been smoking."

Ali Ibrahim, 9D





# The Empire Strikes Back

When I came out of the theatre after seeing "Star Wars" for my very first time, I remember thinking that what I had just seen would never be equalled, let alone beaten, by any other future movie. However, when I came out of the theatre after seeing "Star Wars" for my seventh time, I remember thinking how poor the special effects were, how long the movie seemed to be and how hot the theatre had felt. In truth I had lost the fantastic feeling of adventure George Lucas had given me when I had first seen the movie. Never again, I thought, would I experience the excitement and the tremendous feeling of joy that "Star Wars" gave that long year before . . .

Then came the sequel.

On Monday, 4th August, 1980, almost three years since "Star Wars" original release in Sydney came "The Empire Strikes Back" — episode five in the Star Wars saga. I was fortunate enough to be able to attend the Sydney premiere of this movie and what I saw left me overwhelmed. In short the "Star Wars" feeling had returned in a bigger, better and more exhilarating way than ever before. After not knowing what to expect, I was pleasantly surprised to find "The Empire Strikes Back" a better movie in all respects than its predecessor "Star Wars".

One major feature that differentiates "Empire" from "Star Wars" is that the characters have become three-dimensional. No longer do we have the comic book cut-outs whose near indestructibility made them less than believable. They now show emotion and depth of character which allows the audience to relate to the lives the actors portray. The audience actually experiences the trials, pains and sufferings the characters undergo. Even the ultimately evil character, Darth Vader, brings an emotional twist to the movie during its climatic battle of good versus evil.

Princess Leia and Han Solo also have their moments as a strong relationship develops between them. But, probably, the most dramatic change occurs in Luke Skywalker — the movie's central character. He is no longer a lost farm boy from Tantooine, but a maturing young man who must learn to control the forces of good and evil that battle inside him if he is to become a powerful Jedi like his friend and mentor, Obi-Wan Kenobi.

"Empire" also introduces some new characters, the most impressive of which is Yoda, the Jedi master. Yoda is a work of art created by Muppeteer Frank Oz. The incredible facial expressions of Yoda make him seem fantastically alive and terrifically realistic. The only thing that I found wrong with the presentation of Yoda was his voice.

Another new character in "Empire" is Lando Calrissian, the governor of a mining colony on the planet Bespin.

The story of "Empire" is, in itself, divided into three major parts. It begins on the icy world of Hoth where the Rebel Alliance has established its new base, as its previous base was discovered by the corrupt Empire. The second part of the movie covers Luke's training as a Jedi by Yoda on the swamp world of Dagobah and then finally, in the film's last section, the events that occur on Bespin are covered. The movie, however, mainly concerns itself with Luke's adventures thus fully showing how much he changes from the beginning of the film to the end . . .

The conclusion to "Empire" leaves a lot to be desired as it seems to occur without answering any of the questions the movie conjurs up.

I can only hope that we will have answers to these questions in another three years time when "The Revenge of the Jedi" — episode six in the Star War saga — is released. Until then we can only guess at the answers and hope that the Force never leave George Lucas and his modern-day mythos . . .

Linden Davidson, Y11

## Moon

As the sun sinks down,  
The night grows darker  
Then a white ball awakes from its sleep  
To shine its brightness upon the earth  
But the distant light soon disappears from the sky.  
As the day awakens  
The shining light cries in the distant sky  
As the day starts again.

Mark Crissani, 7C

## Up There Magpies

Up there Magpies,  
Hit 'em hard.  
Dallas in front,  
And Smithy rear guard.

Cooper will knock 'em  
Head over heels,  
And Gibbs will think  
This is a terrific meal.

Ronnie will pilot them  
Over the post,  
And when Teddy scores  
Just watch him boast.

And when Wests score  
Listen to the hill cheer  
And if we go bad  
No one will you hear.

We've won again  
And don't we feel great.  
We'll be back here next week  
And I won't be late.

Andrew Shears, 8B

## Night Wish

Sharp pins of water  
Falling, falling, falling  
Darkness engulfs life  
Wind, raging, howling.

Footsteps break the night  
A voice breaks out  
Have you got any money  
Echoing, clanging  
Through the endless caverns of a rotted mind.

Paranoia strikes  
A fist lashes out  
A sharp jab to the gut  
Cold, bloody metal lunges  
Scream, shrill and piercing  
Soon engulfed by a merciless night.

Thump, gurgle, splash, moan  
Last sounds of a bitter life  
Footsteps race into an endless night.

Hamish Redarms, 14B



"Pimaroo" the Old Man, by Vova Tohadze, 12A



# The Battle for the Classroom

The bell had rung, it was the last period. Emerging from a staffroom came a teacher. With cane in one hand, chalk in the other, the teacher was ready for the battle.

The pupils in the quad stood their ground until the command was given. Jostling each other, they fought for the best position, the last arriving for a seat alone.

A cry came from the corridor, with a flying leap he landed in his seat. The enemy advanced, pausing at the door, entering with a mighty roar. "Sit down and get your books out!"

There was a hush over the battlefield as the students toiled away. They knew that they were defeated and had to get away.

The speaker crackled and the familiar sound came on. The cry for retreat had been called and so the students packed away their books until another day.

The battle was not over for the retreat was not yet good. A student made a break for the door but was repelled by a teacher's piercing look. The teacher had defeated them and so as a sign of victory he put up on the board "9A" detention number fifty-four.

**Ken Green, 9A English**

## Tornado

Here it comes, close in sight,  
Twitching like the darkest night.  
It makes a chill run down my spine,  
The fright within me shows a sign.  
When it comes, it hits us hard,  
It destroys all things with disregard.  
When it's gone, it leaves behind,  
A vivid memory, within your mind.

**Giuseppe Lasorsa, 12A**



## Forest

The birds are chattering in the trees overhead. The pine-needles are a foam-rubber mat beneath my feet. I deviate around a delicately woven web, with its master sleeping peacefully in the middle. Many a time I come across small brooks, making merry the forest with their laughter. Rabbits scurry away to hide, as I, an alien, came marching through.

**Mark Pearce, 9A English**



## H.B.H.S. Woodwork

In Year 9 Woodwork the choices are few, you either do wood machining or the normal course, cabinet work.

Wood machining requires a great deal of skill and imagination and a great deal of patience. If you have no imagination your job will be just a normal job with no character. If you have no skill, well your teacher will be doing all your work and you will be graded poorly, so if you have only one of the above qualifications you should not nominate yourself for wood machining. Some of the jobs that are made in wood machining are rolling pins, laminated bowls, bowls, goblets, etc.

Cabinet work is more technique than skill and is much more simple. You should be very attentive because the teachers spend a great deal of time explaining how to do your job and make you do your job to perfection, which is good in one way but not so good for the impatient type. That is what you do for the first three lobes.

Our next lobe is building construction. We have the massive task of erecting an annexe adjacent to the school's manual arts block.

**B. Cavalletto, 9X**

## 10xc Industrial Arts

This course is ideal for those who like to design and construct their own projects. 10XC has been doing this course for two years now and are now on the final project before the end of the year. Previous projects have been to design a sheetmetal ashtray, a wooden sandpit toy, a mousetrap driven vehicle and a plastic desk pen holder.

Apart from the experience of designing, manufacturing and learning about and using a wide range of materials, a lot of enjoyment has been derived from actually seeing something that you have designed and built with your own mind and muscle, solving design problems and improving designs made by others. A first step to learning a little about all facets of engineering and technology.

**Trevor Liu, 10XC**





# Music Millions

The popular music performers of this cacophonous age are earning vast amounts of money. However, performers, i.e. instrumentalists and vocalists of a more serious and dedicating kind earn considerably large amounts of money, sometimes surpassing today's superstars.

The figures of money concerning the amount obtained by performers in various concerts and functions have been recorded—however a comparison can be made easier between the different periods of time by considering the average weekly wage before being approximately \$10.

Ignacy (Jan) Paderewski (1860-1941), a Polish pianist and composer of operas, a symphony, a pianoforte concerto, pianoforte solos (including Minuet in G) and songs. Figures concerning money earned between 1888 and 1944 by performers places Paderewski at the highest place on the list. His income between 1891 to 1940 was more than \$4,500,000. An example of a concert, for Paderewski, raking in more, was a recital he gave at Madison Square Garden which grossed over \$30,000,000. He also received money from royalties for the performance of his works.

An Italian tenor, Enrico Caruso ('73-'21), earned most of his success and his money to the invention of the gramophone records. He recorded his first ten records and received \$173. During the period 1903-1924 however, Caruso received more than \$2,300,000 in royalties from the sale of his records. Caruso even received \$28,000 for a single performance in the United States of America.

In the post-Depression period Joscha Heifetz (1901—) starred in the film "They Shall Have Music" where he earned a massive \$110,000. The Russian-born prodigy of the violin earned during the period 1917 to 1944 over \$2,500,000. However, as the virtuoso is still performing, his income would have risen considerably during these latter years.

John McCormack (1884-1945), a tenor from Ireland, was also a money-raker (and probably money-spender), who earned over \$350,000 a year during his period of boom. However, the royalties from his records (597) amounted to over \$900,000 per annum.

Other great money-spinners include Amelita Galli Curci, earned money ranging from \$6 a performance to \$8,000 per performance; the Swedish soprano Christine Nilsson earned \$1,400 a performance; Adelina Patti, the Spanish soprano, refused to perform for any amount of money under \$4,000, she earned \$18,500 on a number of occasions at the United States of America and Jennifer Lind, who was offered \$850 per night including an equal share of the receipts.

Of course, the true and dedicated performers did not particularly succumb to a state of anxiety if they did not receive large amounts of money or royalties. However, quips about money originating from this age reflect their attitudes, e.g. "Money talks. The secret is to hold on to it long enough to hear what it says."

S. McCarthy

**Shoebox** Houses in a suburban street;  
Shoebboxes on a shelf.

**Silent** Sitting on a beach  
The city lights far away;  
Solitude is peace.

## Five-Thirty Interlude

Dull block faces stare into space;  
Sharp jolts accompany the rhythmic beat;  
The crowd is silent;  
People bury their face in the evening paper;  
Bodies squash and shove like animals as the train halts;  
The same scenery passes you once more;  
I am just another expressionless face.

Laurie Fagan, 11A

# Haikus

Sea, ever breaking  
Pounding down upon the rocks  
Grinding them to sand.

Endless droplets fall  
From the dark thundering sky  
Cleaning the city.

Ivan Lock, 8A

Soaring through the air  
The sea eagle sights its prey  
Then swoops and grabs it.

Demetres Liakos, 8A

War is meaningless,  
Innocent life is destroyed,  
And so is the Earth.

Raymond Wong, 8A

Squashed by a car  
I saw a fat, old cat dead  
In the busy road.

Thomas Laios, 8A

Teachers scream and roar.  
Children disobey their law  
And find themselves second best.

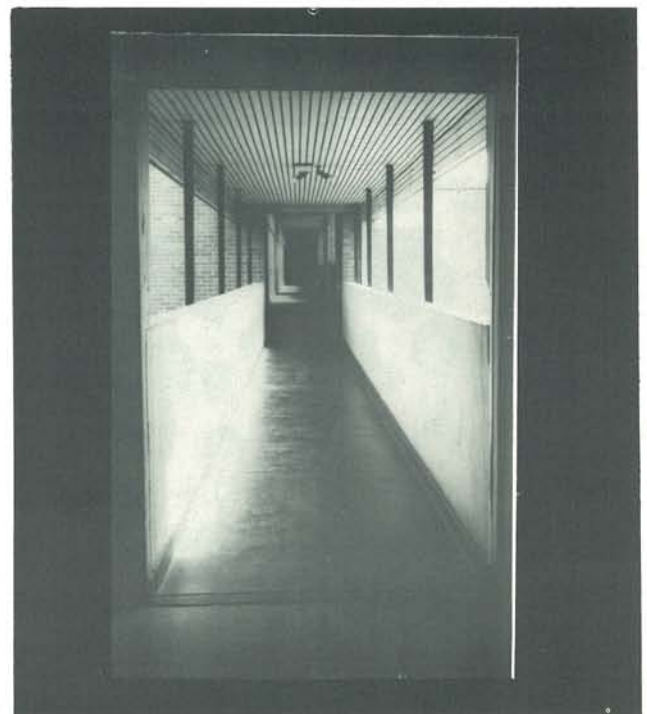
Tony Drivas, 8A

Colourful patterns —  
Running, jumping, graceful moves  
Winning medals, too.

John Barnett, 8A

Swirling, splashing sea  
Dons a void of green and blue  
Where white horses dance.

Alan Robinson, 8A







**8A ROLL**

Back Row (L. to R.): Jonathon Taylor, Alan Robinson, Allan Pank, Robert Richards, Mark Mansfield.  
 2nd Row: Alan Cook, Ohad Katz, Daniel Valencic, Maurizio Calicetto, Peter Baker.  
 3rd Row: Ivan Lock, Wayne Pye, Demetres Liakos, Andrew Krnel, Thomas Laios, Paul Williams, David Robinson.  
 Seated Row: Mark Gjessing, Raymond Wong, Tony Drivas, Kit Lowe, Elvis Jusic, John Barnett, Con Traiforos.



**8D ROLL**

Back Row (L. to R.): Scott Smith, Wayne Smith, Selwyn Fetefuuka, Rabih Eldick.  
 3rd Row: Chai Fai Tsang, David Dao, Steven Bosnar, Mark Futcher, John Newton.  
 2nd Row (L. to R.): Steven Politi, Serdar Sarman, Con Kekatos, Clem Valentino, Ian Broadhead, Dirk Blell, Florina de Guia.  
 1st Row: Trevor Booth, Bradley Lane-Ford, Colin White, James Tsang, Teddy Ragg, Mehmet Yag, Steven Toomey.



**CLASS 8B**

Top Row (L. to R.): Con Kaletsis, Steven Mikulic, Miro Dingar, Andrew Shears, Dino Pauluzzi, John Giese.  
 2nd Row: Ronnie Tesanovic, Steven Pattison, John Sanders, Geoffrey Mitchell, Dennis Ardas, Victorio Rogonese.  
 3rd Row: David Henderson, Mustafa Ali, Gaven Beavens, Laurie Franco, David Deniston, Russell Gibbs, Peter Begnell, Petros Vournelis.  
 Seated Row: Steven Modgwick, Sameer Issa, Martin Hartelt, Matthew Turner, Grant Hawkes, Kevin Black, Phillip Bullock.



**CLASS 8F**

Back Row (L. to R.): Battal Mumcu, Thanh an Tran, Askin Karadag, Luigi Columbraile.  
 3rd Row (L. to R.): Tan Vinh Vuong, Max Burrello, David Thompson, Kim Duc Tran, John Leer.  
 2nd Row (L. to R.): Nicola Ferrara, James Kassapakis, Elias Youssef, Van Minh Ly, Van Ty Huynh, Alex Fernandez, Robert Jackson.  
 1st Row (L. to R.): Marcello Del Boccio, Paul Neu, Haydar Bolat, Memhet Esen, Si Ho Hao, Ali Kula, Peter Panayi.



**8C ROLL**

Top Row (L. to R.): Kevin Adolphus, Wayne Watkins, David Goles, Andrew Simos, Bradley Marsh, Alex Tokareff.  
 2nd Row: Darren Howell, Robert Scerri, Mehfuz Khan, Murat Yavas, Theo Ninness, Shane Henderson.  
 3rd Row: Roderick Campbell, David Corriae, Anthony Ryan, Stuart Kilborn, Nick Danas, Sasa Puskarcuk, Michael Armstrong.  
 Seated Row: Kenneth King, Hatim Ali, Mustafa Marsap, Victor Riveria, Tony Chong, Mark Hull, John Proctor.





**8G ROLL**

Back Row (L. to R.): V. Sokolovic, M. Ozonuk, B. Campbell,  
P. Pacumi, G. Fichera.  
1st Row: D. Lacey, M. Mann, M. Aboul Rahmun, S. Stevis,  
A. Thornberry.



**CLASS 9C**

Top Row (L. to R.): A. Pazniewski, F. Flamingi, V. Ha, S. Crowley,  
C. Hutchings, D. Tisgounis.  
Middle Top Row: E. Antony, I. Kolotas, A. Everstets, A. Johnston,  
N. Gripper, Y. Seden, T. Douglas, R. Maclean.  
Middle Row: D. Hales, J. Mandato, B. Burns, B. Nicolitsis, M. Kalic,  
I. Young, F. Soros.  
Bottom Row: G. Nash, M. Lopez, J. Lipski, C. Tang,  
N. Calaitzopoulos, Q. Tran, E. Szabo.



**CLASS 9A**

Back Row (L. to R.): Angus Wylie, Martin Walne, Stephen Gilbert,  
Yuri Posa, Paul Rhodes, Pablo Kleckin, Ian Bowhay,  
Peter McDonald, Peter Valeontis, Sidney Chong.  
Centre Row: Robert Simon, Petro Roditis, David D'Silva,  
Thomas Lipski, Peter Michael, Radovan Sladojevic, Kenneth Green,  
Angelo Laios, Brett Imlay, Raymond War.  
Front: Robert Bullock, Warren Thrush, George Shandar, John Curtis,  
David Piljek, Phong Trinh.



**9D ROLL**

Back Row (L. to R.): Stephen Gusman, Scott Maberley,  
Paul Pannozzo, Mark Magi, Dale Cornell, Sung Bok Byun, Joe Zito.  
3rd Row: Glen Beard, Tommy Stevanja, Russell Kellett,  
Renato Ficarra, Andrew Tohadze, Ian Maloney, Con Kokoris.  
2nd Row: Tony Nicotra, Bobby Cavalletto, Wayne Lawler,  
Stephen Breugel, George Maraitis, Bernard Fellner, Mario Cerra.  
Front Row: Edward Kjeldgaard, Coskun Turkel, Stephen Battaglini,  
Ray Robinson, Chris Papadopoulos, Ali Ibrahim, Craig McNair.



**CLASS 9B**

Back Row (L. to R.): Andrew Sawicki, P. Corbett, L. Patonay,  
R. Ciaffoncini, P. Adams.  
2nd Back Row: S. Santoro, A. Bonfiglio, N. Himmelreich, D. Niven,  
K. Koumoulas, M. Pearce, A. Cannone.  
Front Row Standing: E. Norum, E. Sarelius, J. Park, J. Haines,  
A. De Matos, P. Floro, G. Langburne.  
Front Row Seated: G. Carrozza, G. Burch, H. Trinh, S. Oh, P. Ton,  
S. Mah.

**9E ROLL**

Back Row (L. to R.): Tran Quoc Xinh, Stuart Davidson, Gavin Rolfe,  
Craig Corcoran, Peter McIntyre, Nick Kounelis.  
2nd Row: David Bezjak, Stuart Davidson, Scott Langston,  
Steven Tikkanen, Robert Crissani, Ma Nguyen.  
3rd Row: Gabriele Iezzi, Robert Laviano, Georges Youssef,  
Clive Lomas, Domenico Matrone, Chong Ching, David Baldacchino.  
Front Row (Seated): Phillip Rossello, Ross Sparkes, Tallal Mostafa,  
Alec Nikolzew, Quach Chi Thanh, Chau Vi Banh, Bruno Speranza.







**9F ROLL**

Back Row (L. to R.): L. C. Tran, P. Wiggins, P. Ferris, C. Smith, B. Davy, C. Seth, W. Wong, J. Wood.  
 Middle Row: F. Kucuk, S. Lui, S. Wylde, D. Simes, G. Jano, C. Pecora.  
 Front Row: J. Tumminello, T. Short, B. Yucel, G. Leong, V. C. Truong, W. Bini, R. Allan.



**10B ROLL**

Top Row (L. to R.): Trevor Le Breton, Mario Marelic, Joe Chabo.  
 2nd Row: Peter Rouse, Ron McLarty, John Favero, Warren Weldon, Paul Mansfield, Graeme Bliss.  
 3rd Row: Ian Wilson, John Cann, John Simcic, John Pardalis, George Tsoromokos, Gerald Nicholls, Lawrence Coote.  
 Seated Row: Des Hamilton, John Cassen, Yasar Ahmet, Peter Maranik, Vince Santoro, Anton Arets, Gary Fryer.



**CLASS 9G-H**

Back Row (L. to R.): Mark Dimech, Michael Roser, John Taylor.  
 3rd Row: Mark Waine, Sam Germana, Michael Guidotto, Mohamed Elachkar, Aldo Rubinic.  
 2nd Row: Darren McCormac, Dominic Pecora, Andrew Norton, Abraham Ergun, Peter Armstrong.  
 Front Row: Helder Simoes, Robert Steinfeldt, Arthur Milonas, Leo Parisotto, Guido Falgiatori, Andrew Barton, Carmelo Pollicina.



**10C ROLL**

Top Row (L. to R.): Noel Bruin, Mark Pederson, Tony Al-Chami, Martin Krnel, Scott Colless, Geoff Coghlan, Stephen Thornley, Robert Knight.  
 2nd Row: James Hunt, Khaled Mostafa, Steven Clark, Nick Golovochenko, James Chown, Francis Khoury, Stephen Child, Joseph Musumeci.  
 3rd Row: Michael Dowsell, Danny Gordon, Craig Boyce, Jonathon Clark, Dimitri Berg, Carmelo Triulcio, Colin McArthur, Yahya Kilic.  
 Seated Row: Geoffrey Kirk, Paul Newton, Salvatore Ragusa, Peter Lorber, Grant Lumsden, Nick Mantikos, Andreas Blell.  
 Absent: John Maberly.



**10A ROLL**

Back Row (L. to R.): Peter Simos, Peter Comer, Dean Haroon, Steven Gillard, Vinh Dao Ha, Giovanni Larsorsa, Paul Louis, Clifford Meyer.  
 3rd Row: Paul Nestoras, John Brasz, Mark Tatarinoff, John Yealland, Martin Khun, Igor Mescher, Joe Ghrache.  
 2nd Row: Paul Culshaw, Brett Adam, Craig Hoy, Bryan Milliss, Edmund Milterski, Matthew Ma, Steven Coles.  
 1st Row: Trevor Lui, Neil Hall, Sergei Cujko, Victor Ivanoff, Oleg Borg, Terry Moskios, David Pearce.







**10D ROLL**

Back Row (L. to R.): B. Malloy, D. Peroumal, R. Novak, D. Bakic, D. Wiggins, P. Salminen, R. Caccaviello.  
 3rd Row (L. to R.): S. Sahin, P. Kellett, W. Arregui, C. Kyrdes, R. Melitia, B. Kutlucan, Z. Jutrisa, G. Howard.  
 2nd Row: C. Scerri, F. Cremona, G. Duffy, Van Kotachatum, G. Zinc, C. Ford, G. Parisi.  
 1st Row: E. Issa, G. Thumbergur, R. Hong, P. Yip, A. Campbell, G. Currie, M. Kazantzis.



**10F ROLL**

Top Row (L. to R.): S. Atatug, G. Bardas, I. Young, S. Wagstaff, Kien Banh.  
 2nd Row: P. Fairburn, G. Jano, P. Dimbrowski, M. Hull, M. Laws, E. Pektuzen, I. Norton.  
 Seated Row: M. Delboccio, T. Georgopolous, M. Evans, C. Tomasetta, Tran Minh, P. Sharkey, S. Doyle.



**CLASS 10E**

Back Row (L. to R.): Robert Jaksa, Robert Vaccaro, Ronald Heather, Greg Burgess, Erol Tarpis, Bayram Esen.  
 Centre Row: Peter Hunt, Adam Biro, Emmanuel Diamantopoulos, Con Poulos, Ted Baskerville, Scott Beynon, Ricardo Valencia.  
 Seated Front: Paul Rose, Michael Pedersen, Jacky Bilic, John Pavec, Robert Floro, Bernie Jones, Denis Webster.



**10G ROLL**

Back Row (L. to R.): Richard Chang, Shaun Prince, John Kosmas, Lap Vi Lam, Tony Costanzo, Hom Banh Lam.  
 2nd Row (L. to R.): James Gilbert, Sun-Lak Choe, Bill Akrotos, Cesidio Giamberardino, Kevin Kanli, Craig Holder, Raymond Letby.  
 1st Row: Andrew Hyde, Lee Tarantola, Osmen Ordukaya, Michael Diramio, Hasan Kucuk, Ames Carnegie, Yavus Sahim.



**8E ROLL**

Back Row (L. to R.): Dwyer, Arnold, Lau, Iskra, Kalmar, Bardas, Radice, Walker.  
 2nd Row: Khoury, Buksh, Di Leva, Hampson, Bastow, Trafford.  
 1st Row: Lopes, Ruggerio, Ly, Erden, Al-Chami, El Afshal.



**10H ROLL**

Back Row (L. to R.): Graham Gibbs, Hakki Ali, Leon Bochkareff, Swiasak Vongsuvan, Mok Alexander.  
 1st Row: Juan Celorio, Huseyin Gonulla, Steve Abdul-Rahman, Michael Ters, Tony Cao.





**11A ROLL**

Back Row (L. to R.): Fabio Flamingi, Darko Dinjar, John Conti, Rodney Cohen, Eugene Adoncello, Frederick Fetherston.  
 3rd Row: John Anastasiou, Nick Frintzilas, Khalil Al Chami, Martin Dragovich, Laurie Fagan.  
 2nd Row: John Aqualiner, Kit Chan, Wojciech Buzowski, Quintin Alloro, Frank Debreczeni, Nicky Anese.  
 1st Row: Paul Chong, Nauro Coco, Albert Alonso, Anthony Cavanaugh, Robert Clark, Terry Duckworth, Nevzat Demirel.



**11C ROLL**

Back Row (L. to R.): John Paton, Anthony Poljak, David Lipski, David Leighton.  
 2nd Row: Damian McQuade, Phuong Hung, David Little, Shaun McArthy.  
 1st Row: Greg Myers, Paul Perry, Peter New, Rick Newton, Tasy Moriatis.



**11B ROLL**

Back Row (L. to R.): Omri Katz, Jamie Hancock, Steven Heslop, Andrew Hancock, Tony Houhlias, Tony Geoga.  
 3rd Row: Kerry Kyriacou, George Koungoulos, Glenn Kesbah, Phillip Gargett, Harry Georgatos, Robert Kilborn.  
 2nd Row: Kirby Ikin, Paul Katsivelas, Spiro Koumoulas, Bogdan Grubisic, Sung Hwan Ke, Timmy Georgiades.  
 1st Row: Brian Jones, Carlo Laba, Selwyn Jackson, David Jaksetic, Steven Har, Han Suk Kim, Filippo Giusa.



**12A ROLL**

Seated Row (L. to R.): Ringo Chan, Choana Hak Choe, Theo Alexakis, Nunzio Burrelli, Wayne Barrett, Wayne Chee, David Bullock.  
 2nd Row: Paul Davidson, David Badby, Richard Black, Joe Burrello, Stephen Brown.  
 3rd Row: Danny Coles, Jeff Child, Chris Brook, Jonathon Clingham, Sunil Chhabra.  
 Top Row: Ken Buckley, Muhamed Akbar, Alan Browne, Joe Bosnar, Julian Ardas.



**11D ROLL**

Back Row (L. to R.): Tartaglia, Royal, Terrett, Sueflou, Yu, Valakas, Thorn.  
 2nd Row (L. to R.): Rosanella, Zucconier, Simon, Vlacic, Williams, Shabir, Schobeld, Secchiaroli.  
 1st Row: Shib, Serras, Smith, Toi, Zeidam, Billy Soo, Peter Soo.







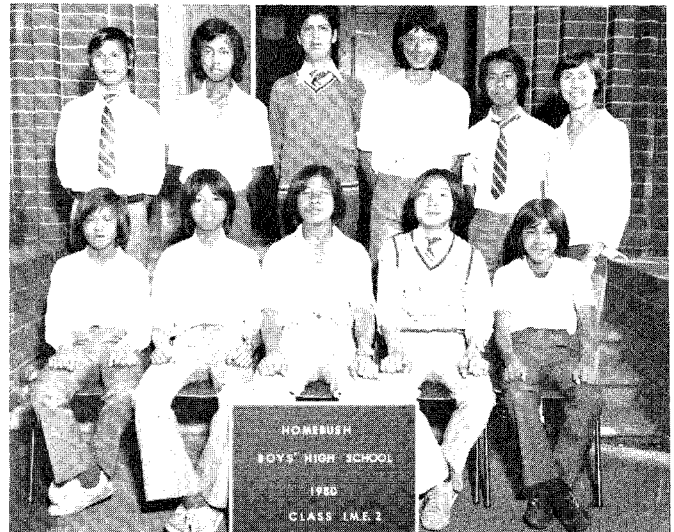
**12B ROLL**

Seated Row (L. to R.): Ben Hales, Raymond Davis, Paul Hagan, Joe Khoury, Greg Dobbs, Bruno Gentile, Joe Lasorsa.  
 Middle Row: Russell Jenkins, Leno Difuccia, Morris Cleckin, Michael Jones, Clifford Everingham.  
 Top Row: Tony Jackson, Bradley Innes, Marco Levada, Gary Flynn, Don Dibitetto.



**12C ROLL**

Seated Row (L. to R.): John Nicotina, Van Ly, Andrew Rogers, Santo Pizzonia, Minas Minas, Larry Maher, Sanjif Muttakamaru.  
 Middle Row: John Peterson, Chriss Mathews, Maris Luidmanis, Dennis O'Regan, Stephen Pattison, Lloyd Robinson, Theo Pasialis.  
 Top Row: Stuart McPhee, Leo Poulos, Andrew Long, Tom Nuzzo, Tony Robinson, Vince Pirello, Ahmed Moussa.



**12D ROLL**

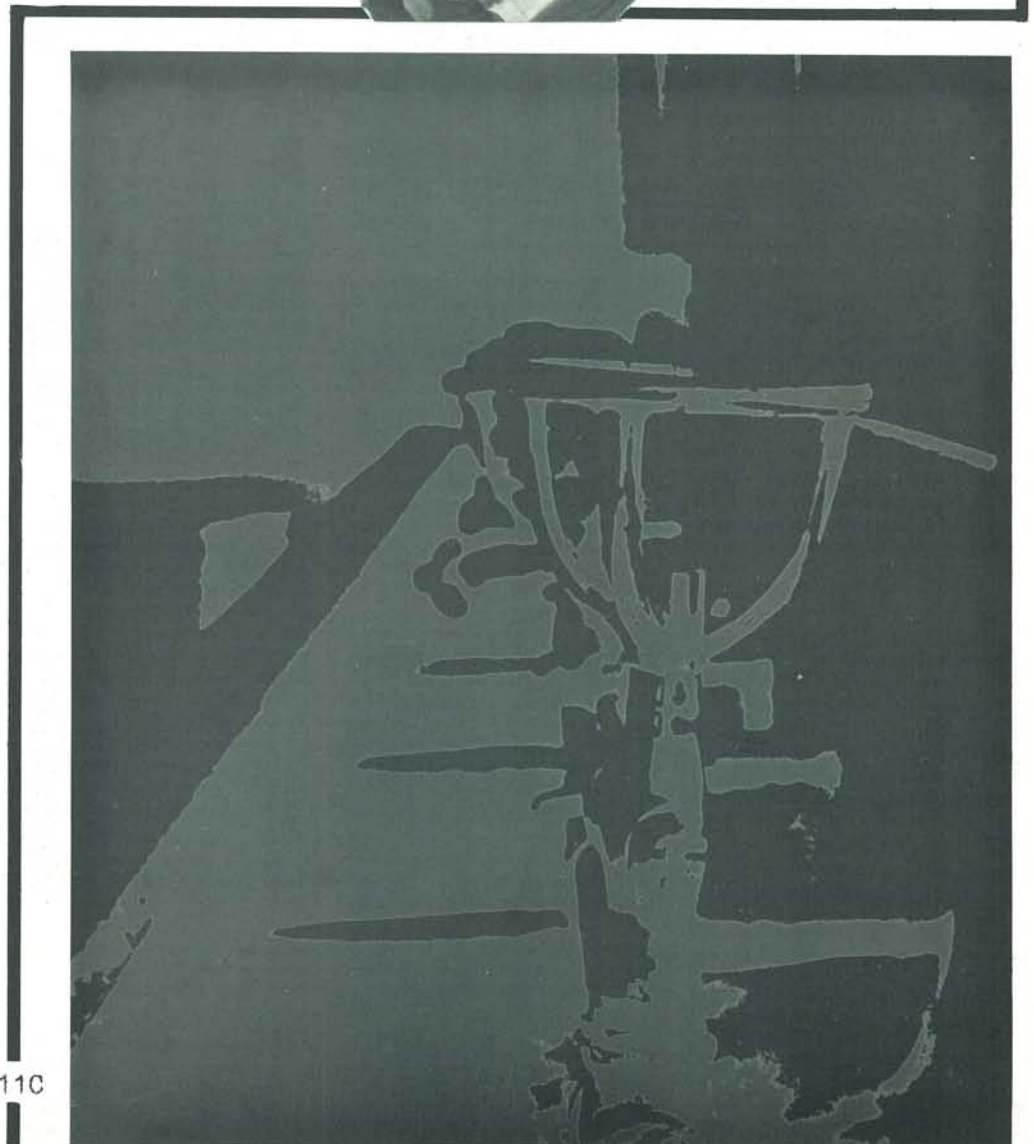
Seated Row (L. to R.): Michael Rossi, Tom Nuzzo, Peter Valencic, Mario Tropea, Tim Wallace, Tony Vizza, Guy Saltis.  
 Middle Row: Vova Tohadse, Mavel Sevastos, John Roots, Andrew Long, Haken Tuncil, Gino Stephens, Mark Temple.  
 Top Row: Bruno Santone, Andrew Woldhuis, Tony Robinson, Marco Levada, Dorian Sabaz, David Tarrato, John Skib.







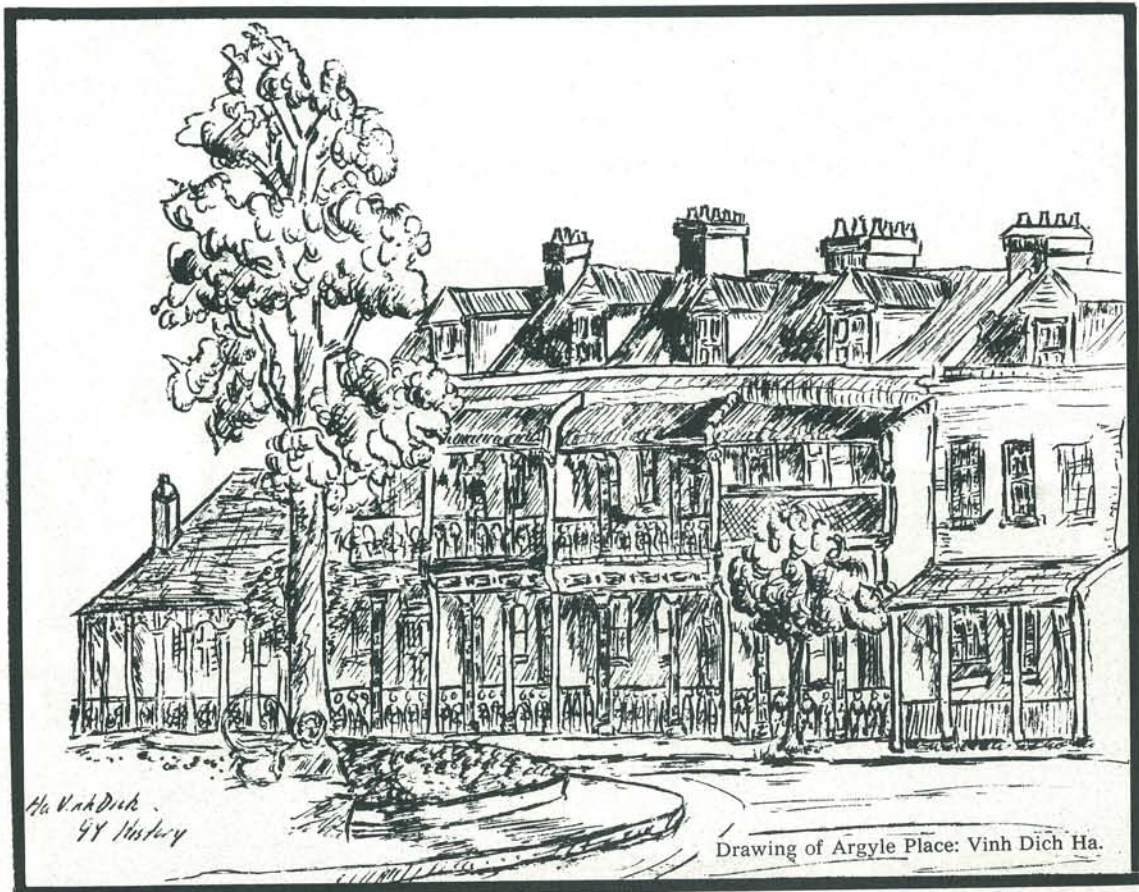
"Tranquility" by Yuri Posa, Year 9 Art  
This photo won Yuri the Silver Medal for Landscape Photography in  
this year's Herald Photography Competition. Congratulations!



QUOC HUNG PHUONG 11C

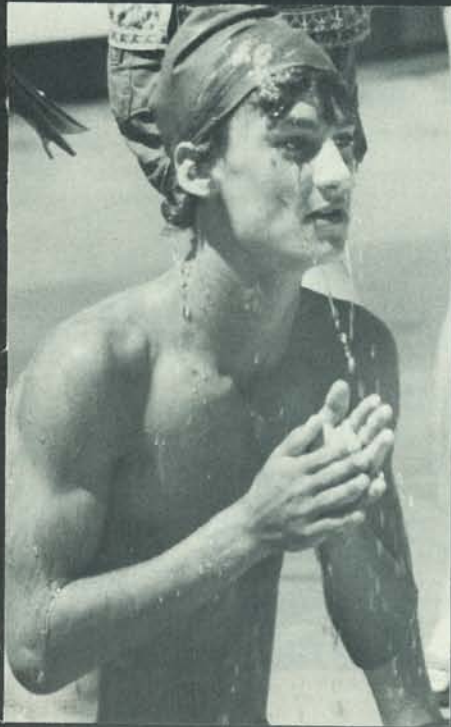


# Art Exhibition/Westfield Plaza





# Sport in '80





# Sportsmasters Forward

Homebush Boys' High displayed its sporting prowess again in 1980. Over the years the "Bushie" boys have established themselves as a major sporting force to be reckoned with in zone and state competitions. In summary the outstanding achievements in 1980 include:

- (1) Winners of 11 summer premierships in the zone.
- (2) Winners of 11 winter championships in the winter. This represents the greatest number won by any school in the zone.
- (3) Winners of the: (a) 4th fours in rowing at the NSW CHS titles.  
(b) Pairs at CHS rowing titles.
- (4) Semi-finalists in the NSW CHS Proud Trophy baseball competition.
- (5) Semi-finalists in the NSW CHS 15 yrs. David Woods Shield (water polo).
- (6) Semi-finalists in the NSW CHS Hunter Douglas Shield (squash).
- (7) Grand finalists in the NSW ASA Shield (1st grade water polo).
- (8) Champion summer school in zone.
- (9) Champion Rugby school in zone.
- (10) Champion Diving school in zone.
- (11) Regional winners of 1st grade Rugby Beneficial Finance Shield.

These highlights represent a few of many achievements in 1980. Individual achievements will be summarised in a separate section of the school magazine. However, the two outstanding performances that should be mentioned here are:

- (1) The inclusion of Stephen Heslop in the Australian under 18s water polo team that toured Europe.
- (2) The inclusion of Maris Luidmanis in the Australian School-boys water polo tour of Japan and Hong Kong.

As most readers would realise it is not merely coincidental that Homebush Boys' High produces results such as those summarised herein. These results are the end product of dedication, hard work and team spirit cultivated by both teachers and team members. To this end I extend my sincere congratulations and appreciation to the many members of staff who give willingly of their time and effort. I also congratulate those boys who apply themselves to their sport, whether they be winners or losers. The great Olympian Ron Clarke once said: "The test of character comes when you do not win but still keep trying your hardest."

Homebush didn't become the force it is in sport without many boys displaying such character. Keep up the good work.

My appreciation is also extended to the Principal, Mr. Thornton, for his continued support and encouragement of sport in the school.

## ATHLETICS CARNIVAL, 1980

Once again fine weather allowed the conducting of a highly successful carnival. Many boys participated and as usual those apathetic boys that suddenly fall "ill" on carnival days were not missed.

The eventual champions were:

*Individual Champions:* 12 yrs. — D. Guinnane.  
13 yrs. — A. Orlando.  
14 yrs. — P. McDonald.  
15 yrs. — S. Gilbert.  
16 yrs. — J. Paton.  
17 yrs. — M. Luidmanis.

*House Champions (Individual):* Hayes House: P. Armstrong.  
Vaughan House: S. Gilbert.  
Greening House: P. McDonald.  
Howe House: V. Spoto.

*House Championship:* Greening House.



## SWIMMING CARNIVAL

The following champions emerged.

*Individual Champions:* 12 yrs. — R. Gripper.  
13 yrs. — J. Webster.  
14 yrs. — M. Hampson.  
15 yrs. — S. Gilbert.  
16 yrs. — S. Heslop.  
17 yrs. — B. Santone.

*House Champions:* Hayes House: I. Bowhay.  
Vaughan House: M. Hampson.  
Greening House: D. O'Regan.  
Howe House: J. Webster.

## CROSS COUNTRY

The highlight of the Cross Country season was the success, after seven years in last position, in finishing 5th in the zone of eight schools.

## SCHOOL CARNIVAL RESULTS

*Individual Champions:* 12 yrs. — G. Lopez.  
13 yrs. — J. Fletcher.  
14 yrs. — M. Hampson.  
15 yrs. — S. Gilbert.  
16 yrs. — H. Ali.  
17 yrs. — E. Adoncello.

*House Championship:* Vaughan House.

*Championship House:* Vaughan House.

R. COGGAN, Sportsmaster.

## SPORTS RESULTS 1979/80.....

### SUMMER 1979/80

<i>Zone Premiers</i>	<i>Coach</i>
1st Water Polo	Mr. Codey
15 Yrs. Water Polo	Mr. Coggan
14 Yrs. Water Polo	Mr. Harron
13 Yrs Water Polo	Mr. Coggan
<b>CHAMPION WATER POLO SCHOOL</b>	
14A Cricket	Mr. McDonald
15 Yrs. Basketball	Mr. Brewer
13B Basketball	Mr. Tedford
<b>CHAMPION SCHOOL IN BASKETBALL</b>	
14B Baseball	Mr. Fox
1st's Volleyball	Mr. Jurd
2nd's Tennis	Mr. Grant
14s Tennis	Mr. Grant

### WINTER, 1980

<i>Zone Premiers</i>	
15A Rugby	Mr. Storey
14A Rugby	Mr. P. McDonald
14B Rugby	Mr. S. Codey
13B Rugby (Joint Premiers)	Mr. J. Taggart
<b>CHAMPION RUGBY SCHOOL</b>	
14A Soccer (Joint Premiers)	M. Burton
14B Soccer	Mr. Murray
2nd Grade Squash	Mr. Carrozza
1st Tennis	Mr. Grant
14 Yrs. Tennis	Mr. Grant
15 Yrs. Hockey (Joint Premiers)	Ms. Cuke

## ZONE CARNIVAL RESULTS

Swimming: 3rd place  
Diving: 1st place.  
Athletics: 4th place.  
Cross Country: 5th place.





SCHOOL REPRESENTATIVE SPORTSMEN

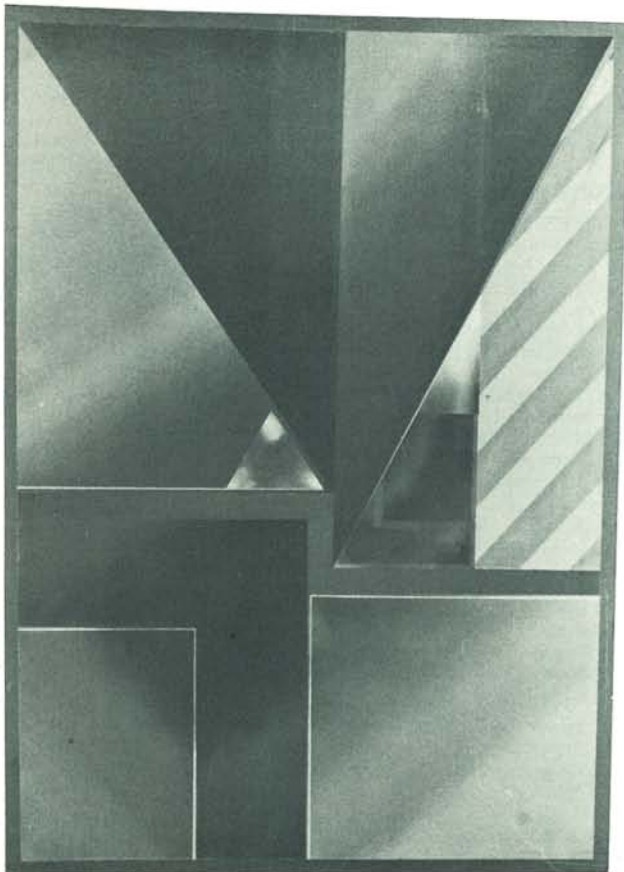
Zone	Region	State (NSW)	MINOR PREMIERS OR RUNNERS-UP
Denis O'Regan (Rugby) Stephen Heslop (Rugby) Jeff Thorn (Rugby) Tony Vizza (Soccer) Leo Poulos (Soccer) Craig Hoy (Volleyball) Emauel Diamantopolous (Volleyball) Bobby Zaia (Volleyball) Dean Haroon (Volleyball) Leo Poulos (Volleyball) Craig Langburne (Diving) Craig Holder (Diving) A. Provenzano (Water Polo) C. Holder (Water Polo) S. Gilbert (Water Polo) Z. Jutrisa (Baseball) R. Scerri (Cross Country) J. Fletcher (Cross Country) E. Adoncella (Cross Country) D. Bakic (Athletics) J. Yealland (Athletics) P. Corbett (Athletics) M. Corbett (Athletics) M. Luidmanis (Athletics) P. McDonald (Athletics) C. Meyer (Athletics) P. Malzard (Athletics) M. Yavas (Athletics) B. Santone (Swimming) M. Hampson (Swimming) S. Gilbert (Swimming)	Denis O'Regan (Water Polo) Maris Luidmanis (Water Polo) Stephen Heslop (Water Polo) Bruno Santone (Water Polo) Alan Browne (Squash) Steven Clarke (Squash) Alan Browne (Baseball) Geoff Rider (Baseball) Dom Dibitto (Baseball) Craig Hutchings (15 Yrs. Tennis) Craig Langburne (Diving) Mark Futcher (15 Yrs. Tennis) Robert Kilborn (Tennis) Albert Alonso (Cricket) Jeff Thorn (Cricket) John Clinghan (Cricket) Claudio Orlando (Cricket) John Anastasiou (Cricket) D. Bakic (Athletics) P. Corbett (Athletics) P. McDonald (Athletics) C. Meyer (Athletics) P. Malzard (Athletics) M. Yavas (Athletics) M. Hampson (Swimming)	Denis O'Regan (Rugby) Maris Luidmanis (Water Polo) Stephen Heslop (Water Polo) Bruno Santone (Water Polo) Claudio Orlando (Cricket — Metropolitan) John Anastasiou (Cricket — Metropolitan) Alan Browne (Baseball)  National (Australian)  S. Heslop (Water Polo) M. Luidmanis (Water Polo) G. Parisi (Weightlifting) P. Rouse (Rowing) J. Yealland (Rowing) D. Berg (Rowing) S. Gillard (Rowing) G. Nicholls (Rowing) P. Valencic (Rowing) M. Tropea (Rowing) A. Maher (Rowing)	NOT EVENTUAL PREMIERS 1sts Tennis Mr. Grant 1st Grade Cricket Mr. Sprouster 14B Cricket Mr. Burton 13A Cricket Mr. Murray 13B Basketball Mr. Tedford 14A Baseball Mr. Coskerie 1st's Basketball Mr. Storey 2nd's Volleyball Mr. Pol 14's Volleyball Mr. Bundock 15B Rugby Mr. Bryant 1st's Squash Mr. Carrozza



**SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR  
MARIS LUIDMANIS**

**JUNIOR SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR  
CRAIG HOY**

**K. J. MYERS AWARD WINNER  
DENNIS O'REGAN**



"Abstract Geometric", painting by Maris Luidmanis



Have you ever noticed the wise old owl above the main entrance?



## First Grade Volleyball

First Grade Volleyball came into its own in 1980, when they won the Zone competition, undefeated. Good back court play by Eddy was complimented by the aggressive spiking of Leo and Maurice. The setters, Dean and Craig, showed versatility and experience by blocking, digging and spiking consistently. Bobby will long be remembered for his blocking and Andrew for his serving.

Overall it was a great team effort and at last the trophy has come to its rightful possessors, Homebush High.

**T. Jurd, Coach**



**1st GRADE VOLLEYBALL**  
Seated Row (L. to R.): Craig Hoy, Leo Poulos (Capt.), Bobby Zaia, Andrew Long (missing).  
Top Row: Eddy Zaccomer, Dear Haroon, Maurice Kleckin, T. Jurd (Coach).

## Second Grade Volleyball

A most enjoyable season. Our players were the remains of three other grade teams — and yet they combined well. Through regular and determined training, they improved individual skills and achieved a high standard of team play.

Victories were many during the season, however, on final day things did not go our way. We finished second to our rivals, Ashfield. Congratulations to Ian and Manny on Zone selection.

Team: F. Cremona, M. Diamontopoulos, O. Devicenzi, M. Asaf, J. Ardas, R. Jenkins, P. Simon, I. Harvey.

**N. Pol**

## 14 Years Volleyball

During the last summer season 14s Volleyball finished undefeated minor premiers. With excellent coaching by Mr. Bundock and Mr. Pinkey only two sets were dropped. The semi-final was won in straight sets, and only seven points were lost.

The final was played against Ashfield and after a long match, Ashfield ran out victors by 3 sets to 1. The team consisted of eight players, Paul Mach, Dennis Arobs, Mirak Yavis, David Bezjak, Yosri Sedan, Peter Adams, Steven Bosnar and myself. All players performed exceptionally well throughout the season.

**Glen Nash**

## First Grade Rugby

Once again another year has passed and with it a successful 1980 rugby season. Successful because out of 13 matches we won 10, a record that may only be compared with that of the New Zealand All Blacks and Canterbury Second Division.

The man instrumental to our success was Tom Pinkey. Not unlike his Welsh countrymen, he was quick-thinking, possessed with great ball skills and a slight aggressiveness, indeed a great rugby player.

Despite his faults, like being taller than I am, coach got us into the semi-final against Epping. It was a hard, gruelling match and certainly not without incident. Craig Hoy (our star fullback) had free surgery done on his nose. Epping eventually won 23-12 and we departed — we to the pub; Epping to a Tupperware party and Craig Hoy to hospital.

To be fair, Epping were a good team, made even better with Australian five-eighth Brett Papworth — however, we were not without our fair share of representatives. Dennis O'Regan was chosen for CHS 1st Grade, an outstanding effort well recognised and praised by all English teachers who appreciate true ability. Dennis has now re-enrolled and has returned to school — "long time no see!" Jeff Thorn and Steve Heslop were representatives also but for the Zone team. Steve was also chosen for the Australian water polo team.

Our training session (used in the singular as our Friday session was more a mock demonstration for the cleaners) was very important. It was conducted under the watchful eye of Con Barris, the Greek Superman. He was determined to make us fit. Well we certainly became fitter than any other side in the competition. The programme had to be stopped as it was discovered that we couldn't play rugby. Sessions were then concentrated on ball skills.

Well that seems to cover most of the major points in this year's 1st Grade. Once again thanks must go to Tom Pinkey and for that matter Tony Bundock (3rd Grade coach) and Con Barris (2nd Grade coach) for their contribution and dedication during the year. Mr. Coggans would like to reiterate by saying exactly the same thing. (Tautology award, 8th place).

This years rugby proudly sponsored (hopefully) by Excel Sports, Burwood.

**Paul Davidson, Y12**



**1st GRADE RUGBY**

Back Row (L. to R.): Julian Ardas, Jon Clinghan, Steven Heslop, Steven Gillard, Craig Hoy.

Centre Row: Selwyn Jackson, Hakon Tuncel, Dennis O'Regan (Capt.), John Anastasiou, Steven Brown, K. Pinkey (Coach).

Front Two Rows: Charlie Ford, Recep Agar, Bulent Katlucor, Frank Depricenzi, Steven Patterson, Jeff Thorn, Paul Davidson.

**YEAR 12 FAREWELL**  
Mr Pinkey, Dennis O'Regan





## Second Grade Rugby

This year's 2nd Grade Rugby team had an erratic season, in more ways than one. Firstly, the team's lineup was hardly ever the same for more than two matches in a row. First Grade were always stealing our better players and there were injuries — guys dropping out and Wednesday absentees.

Our play was also erratic. We could often turn on some excellent rugby, especially in the forward play, then the next week we would — well, not play as well. Just about the only aspect of 2nd Grade which was not inconsistent was the attendance at training. Training attendance was constant from the first session to the last, always about eight, despite the efforts of our coach Mr. Barris, so training often ended up in a half-hearted game with 3rd Grade, which then often ended up with Mr. Barris being rumbled, with Ken Buckley starting it.

The old saying tells us that it's not whether you win or lose but its how you play the game. This certainly applied to 2nd Grade; we always enjoyed ourselves on the field.

Whenever we were losing, Tim Wallace would try to spur the team on, spluttering something through his mouthguard. No one could ever understand him but Tim tells me that it's the tone of voice that counts. Another character who deserves mentioning is Larry Maher. Larry adopts the no-brain-no-pain principle. And Johnny Paton, well what can be said about John. I can remember John sprinting to the maul and driving into the opposition's forwards. That would have been perfectly alright if it wasn't for the fact that the opponents that John was driving into were also running towards the maul. John was also an expert at receiving the kick-off. "I couldn't see the ball," was often his excuse. However some credit must be given to John. Once he had the ball firmly in his hands and was put through a gap — not many people could catch him.

2nd Grade did have a successful season winning eight out of 15 matches. We reached the semi-finals and were to play James Ruse. We would not have reached the semis if it wasn't for Mr. Barris and all his time and effort that he put into our team, for this we are very thankful. By the way, we lost our semi-final 36-nil and had three players sent off. **Tony Jackson**



## Third Grade Rugby

### THE TEAM WITH NATURAL ABILITY

During the year we played 15 games. We won 11 of these games easily. Our victories could have been easier if we had had greater turn-outs at our training sessions. During the season the members of the team were unenthusiastic. Playing one game against Epping 4th Grade, we only had 12 players, we only had 12 because we were playing away. This shows the great school spirit held by the rugby players. Fortunately we only lost by 12-nil, not a great victory to the Epping team.

The team with the natural *ability* could have gone on to win the Grand Final if we had had 100 percent attendance to training. But as we never did, our hopes of being victorious in the Grand Final shrank when we were beaten by Epping 3rd Grade in the Semi-Final.

So the team's thanks go to Mr. Bundock (our coach), Mr. Barris (2nd Grade coach) and Mr. Pinkey (1st Grade coach) who helped those of us at training to improve our game, and in some cases the tackling skills.

**Ken Buckley, Gun Salesman**

## 14 Years 'A' Rugby



### 14A RUGBY

Back Row (L. to R.): P. McDonald, C. Corcaran, S. Langston, P. Corbett.

2nd Back Row: G. Mitchell, P. Malzard, R. Marsh.  
Front Row: M. Essen, A. Rubinic, M. Hampson, J. Sanders, C. White, S. Henderson.

Absent: J. D'Arrigo, C. Meyer, R. Richards.

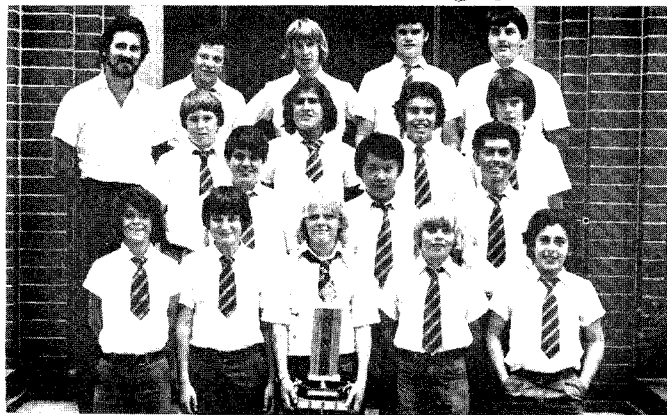
Without doubt, the best and most promising side I have coached at Homebush. The side was strong in all areas: speed, size and technical skill as well as an avid will to win.

If the boys are dedicated to training and remain injury-free the Buchan Shield may be within our reach in 1981.

All team members express their thanks to the 14Bs who kept us supplied with able and keen replacements and to Mr. Codey whose skill with the whistle always deserved a bottle or two.

**P. McDonald, Coach Macka**

## 14 Years 'B' Rugby



### 14B RUGBY — ZONE PREMIERS

Back Row (L. to R.): S. Codey (Coach), S. Smith, G. Bastow, D. Thomson, M. Iskra.

2nd Row: R. Robinson, A. Karadag, J. Zito, P. Adams.

3rd Row: L. Colubraile, S. Mah, J. Kassapakis.

Front Row: P. Neu, J. Lopes, N. Craig (Capt.), B. Lane-Ford, T. Nicotra.

14Bs were a very successful team in 1980. Losing only two games during the season when the As had numerous injuries the team scored 221 points and had only 34 points scored against them. Success was due to the keenness shown to train and the heart shown by all boys on the football field. The team had many stars with Nigel Craig and Glenne Bastaw excelling in the backs and James Kassapakis, David Thomson and Sanisan Mahr showing plenty of strength in the forwards.

The team reached its peak at the right time of the season, during the semi-finals. Although Ashfield and Normanhurst had beaten the team during the season, both suffered convincing defeats in the semi and final. Ashfield were defeated 32-8 (seven tries to two) and Normanhurst in the final 18-4 (four tries to one) to cap off a tremendous season for the team.

Let's hope the team stays together, trains together and enjoys rugby together next year. I'm sure if they do, success will again come to this team.

Not in Picture: R. Richards, B. Yuksil, M. Erden. **Mr. Codey, Coach**



# 15 Years 'A' Rugby



This year has been a very successful season. In a tight competition the 15A Rugby won nine games and lost three games not including the finals. This put us in second place. Then in the semis we met Epping in what was one of our best wins, we played like a team and we won 17-6. In the grand final we met the team we have not beaten in three years and they were undefeated all year, but in a close match we won 6-3 — two penalty goals to one penalty goal.

The year has seen the team reach the final 16 in the State in the Buchan Shield Knockout competition. We reached that position through a bye then successful clashes with Macquarie 14-10 and James Ruse 17-7, only to get knocked out by North Sydney 28-4, but the score at half time was only 7-4.

This very successful year is mainly due to a superb coaching effort on the part of Mr. Storey who helped us greatly and also due to a great showing of concerted team effort.

A. Cannone

**15A RUGBY PREMIERS**  
 Front Row (L. to R.): Anthony Campbell, Andrew Canone (Capt.), Eddy Pektuzin, Ali Khallouf, Saltimis Yucel.  
 Second Row: Colin Scerri, Peter Fairburn, Bill Nicolitis, Mario Cerra, Erol Tarpis.  
 Back Row: Mr. R. Storey, Trevor Lebreton, Paul Rhodes, Steven Tikkanen, Stephen Gilbert.  
 Missing: Bradly Davy.

# 13 Years 'A' Rugby

**Team:** Graham Barnes (Capt.), Ward McDonald (Vice-Capt.), Rod Chown, Ottavio Citton, Ian Coleman, Peter Evans, James Hall, David Henderson, Darren Howell, John Ibrahim, Yucel Kucuk, Scott Tadner, Aldo Orlando, Stuart Nix, Sean Pracey, Robert Scerri, Brett Smith, Scott Teagle, Wayne Watkins. **Coach:** Mr. Brawn.

We enjoyed a fairly successful season by winning seven of our twelve matches but were defeated by Asquith in the semi-finals. The best performances were by Ottavio Citton, Ward McDonald and Robert Scerri, who filled the first three places in the Best and Fairest Award. The top try scorer was Robert Scerri who crossed for 16 tries and Aldo Orlando topped the goal-kicking with 14 goals.

**Graham Barnes, Ward McDonald**

**Coach's Comment.** In common with all young Rugby teams at Homebush, the grounding of this team's skills was obviously from another football code and the new skills of Rugby were rather strange to them. However, we were, by the end of the season, capable of forming something resembling rucks, mauls, line-outs and real scrums. It was quite a satisfying season considering our lack of a yard or two of pace and the loss of two of our most promising forwards with injuries which kept them (rather agitatedly) on the sidelines for the remainder of the season. It is quite common to find Homebush junior sides begin slowly but become real premiership threats in 14 and 15 years age groups. I expect this group of boys to follow the pattern, particularly if they will dedicate themselves a little more wholeheartedly to their fitness and restrain their natural comic ability in the coming years.

A. Brawn

# 13 Years 'B' Rugby



**13B RUGBY**

Top Row (L. to R.): S. Fetuufuka, I. Milonakis, C. Frintzilas.  
 3rd Row: J. Webster, S. Stevis, B. Granato, D. Guinane.  
 2nd Row: M. Batton, M. Ibrahim, M. Debrecenzi, K. King.  
 Front Row: M. Barton, J. Fletcher, L. Nicotra, G. Lopes, M. Hitchings.





Back: J. Sprouster (Coach), P. Katsavelas, J. Clingham (Vice-Capt.), G. McDonald, T. Moriatis, G. Myers.  
 Front: J. Anastasiou, C. Orlando, G. Hancock, A. Alonso (Capt.), B. Jones, J. Thorn. Away: R. Smith, S. Chabbra.

## First Grade Cricket

1st Grade Cricket finished undefeated minor premiers and although the final ended in a dramatic draw, we lost by the odd bonus point.

Every team member performed creditably throughout the season. The team had a strong batting line-up and an equally lethal bowling attack. Orlando, Clingham, Anastasiou, McDonald and Alonso headed the runs dept., while none was more consistent than Thorn in the bowling with Clingham and Anastasiou also getting among the wickets.

At the time of writing our team had reached the final 32 of the 1980 Davidson Shield State Knock-out.

The strength of the team was underlined when five players were selected for the Central Metropolitan Team while Claudio Orlando and John Anastasiou went on further to the C.H.S. selections in Newcastle.

The positive attitude and results of our team was mainly due to the guidance of our coach, Mr. J. Sprouster.

## 14 Years 'A' Cricket

1980 runners-up to Asquith. A very promising team of enthusiastic Cricketers who lost the Final by only 11 runs. Stewart Nix proved a very capable captain and inspired the team to work hard every match.

The team's competitive spirit and high level of sportsmanship make them a very promising prospect for future years.

With some dedicated practice in the batting department, I'll be most surprised if the Premiership doesn't come to this team.

**P. McDonald, Coach**

## 14 Years 'B' Cricket

An extremely well balanced side, the 14A's were far too technically well equipped for the opposition. The batting accolades were shared by Steve Politi, John Geise and Jeff Mitchell, whilst the bowling was shouldered by Mehfuz Khan and Phillip Rosello.

The fielding and running between wickets were notable factors in our victory. The all-round leadership ability and talent of George Moriatis were equalled only by the high standard of umpiring.

**Mr. Murray**



14A CRICKET

Seated Row (L. to R.): Tom Politi, Mephis Khan, Andrew Simos, George Moraitis, Danny Valencic, Glen Bastow.  
 Top Row: John Geise, Andrew Krnel, Colin Meyer, Geoff Mitchell, Joe D'Arrigo, Craig Langburn, P. McDonald.



## First Grade Soccer



### 1st GRADE SOCCER

Standing (L. to R.): Geoff McDonald, Maurice Kleckin, Leo Poulos, Tom Nuzzo, Tony Vizza, Paul Katsivellas, Paul Chong.  
Front Row: Eugene Adoncello, Albert Alonso, Ron Smith, Chris Brook, Peter Valencic.

Reo Poulos: Greek international now residing in Australia.

Gordon McQueen: Favourite player — Geoff McDonald.

Peter (Who?) Valencic: Token intellectual.

Ron "Allsorts" Smith: Number 13, has eye trouble.

Eugene de Mouth: A shining wit.

Tom Nuzzo: Hair always immaculate, likes women.

Paul Shong: Glamour player—sole survivor of Asian contingent.

Kaptain Katsivellas: Super hero, aerial acrobat.

Maurice: Position—relaxed. Hobbies—smoking, soccer.

Elvis Vizza: Master, favourite saying — Tom! No hospital balls!

Chris Brooking: Highly excitable, loud, rude and short-tempered.

The Fabulous Flamingi Bros: No! He's Fabio, I'm Fabrizio!

**Polly, Coach.**

## Second Grade Soccer

With five wins, two draws and seven losses, 2nd Grade Soccer just missed out on a place in the semi-finals this year. In an even competition, the team recorded wins against the top two teams, but lost games against easier opposition.

A good team spirit developed under captain Geoff Rider, until he left to take up employment, and then under Geoff "Freemasons" Hancock. Robert Jaksa proved a very capable and reliable goalkeeper, and at the other end, Frank Cremona played well in attack all year. The most improved player was Ricky Novak, who developed into a fine attacking player. Ricardo Valencia was the most consistent player, putting in a strong game every week.

Homebush 2nd Grade provided strong opposition every week, and the team generally represented the school well, in attitude, dress and behaviour.

The team: R. Jaksa, D. Little, G. Hancock, H. Kucuk, G. Rider, P. Kellett, S. Koumoulos, R. Valencia, H. Ali, M. Pederson, R. Novak, M. Minas, D. Peroumal, K. Kanli, F. Cremona, W. Arregui.

**N. Fox, Coach**

## Third Grade Soccer

Third Grade Soccer showed a major improvement in the 1980 season, achieving a place in the semi-finals. They lost to Ashfield 3-0.

Joe Musumeci and James Chown were among many outstanding players who helped the success of their team as captain and vice-captain respectively. Other players being Ralph Caccaviello, Richard Chang, Massimo De Voccio, Cresidio Giamberdino, Steve Abdulrahmen, Peter Hunt, Gabriel Jano, Ian Kolotas, Joe Musumeci, John Pavec, Bogdan Grubsic, George Bardas.

## Indoor Soccer Report

An indoor Soccer Tournament was played during July and August in the H.B.H.S. Gymnasium. This is the first year anything like this has been attempted, so the final results were totally unexpected. A lot of hard work and time was put in by Mr. Pol and Geoff McDonald (fighter) of Year 11, as well as P. Katsiuelas, A. Alonso, T. Vizza and L. Poulos. Twenty teams were entered into this debut event which raised \$100 in aid of Year 12 for their end of year festivities.

The teams were pooled into groups of five, and each team played the other three teams once. The teams had their fancy names such as "Westhambush", "Parasites" or even "Slimy Steve and the Several Selected Super Soccer Stars", and the preliminary rounds got under way. Some great soccer was played, many upsets occurred and a great time was had by all.

It was a great grand final, epitomising the way the entire tournament went. The masters won a very hard fought game by five goals to one. with the heavily backed Europeans not showing their usual sting.

Well done to the "Masters" — Tony Vizza, Leo Poulos, Tom Nuzzo, Maurice Kleekan and John Anastasiou, and once again praise must go to Mr. Pol for the large amount of time spent preparing the H.B.H.S. Indoor Soccer Tournament.

**Geoff McDonald**



## 15 Years 'A' Soccer

C. Carniel, D. Tisgouni, R. Kellett, E. Sarman, S. Ferieria, S. Santoro, P. Dimbrowsky, S. Kopuz, G. Carrozza, A. Milonas, M. Laws, J. Nuzzo, N. Calitzopoulos.

The lack of being able to consistently field the same team resulted in a slip to seventh position. With five losses only by one goal this proved critical. On the occasions when a strong team was fielded some notable victories were recorded.

Best and most reliable for the season was S. Santoro.

**J. Evans. Coach**

## 14 Years 'A' Soccer

The team has been together for at least two years now and have only lost one game in those years.

This year the team has been going extremely well with victories like 18-0 and 13-0. It seems very likely that we will make the grand final as we did in the previous year.

**George Moraitis, 9D  
Mr. Burton, Coach**





## 14 Years 'B' Soccer



14B SOCCER

Back Row (L. to R.): D. Liakos, A. Simos, N. Canellis.  
 Centre Row: M. Yavaz, P. Vournelis, T. Ruggiero, T. Radice,  
 Mr. S. Murray (Coach)  
 Front Row: M. Yavas, S. Toomey, A. Morotto.  
 Absent: M. Yag, A. Fernandez, S. Bosnar.

Undeclared! Minor Premiers and Premiers for 1980! An excellent effort making it two years in a row.

The team enjoyed throughout the season, superior attacking and defensive strategies. Andrew Simos (centre back) kept the defence working well with the result that only six goals were scored against us all season. Nick Kournellis and Tony Ruggiero always gave a 100% performance in the backs so that goalies Tony Radice and Petros Kourellis had little work to do.

Up front the speed of Murat Yovas and Angelo Marotta provided us with great penetrating moves often well finished off by Alex Fernandez and Mumcu.

The midfield section with Stephen Toomey, Helmet Yag, Stephen Bonnar and Dimitri Lialcos, gave valuable service to the forwards. Yet it is with the midfield where our major weakness lies and hopefully next year when we iron out the trouble spots our strength will be even more formidable.

## 13 Years 'A' Soccer

The team always tried, but due to spasmodic attendance at training they therefore lacked cohesion. Players must learn the fundamentals of the game so they can be executed automatically. It must be remembered that fitness wins the game.

In all we scored nine goals to 18 against which indicates the closeness of the match. There weren't any goals scored against us in the second half of each match.

Congratulations to all players — Aarous, Couto, Calcara, Choc, Dunlop, Haynes, Ragg, Satin, Spotto, Traiforos, Vargas, Verrelli, Gill, Denniston and Peters, the referees.

F. Fielding, Supervisor

## Squash

Once upon a time there were a group of ignorant "squash players" who tried their luck at playing squash. These poor under-privileged kids were thrown around, dragged about and crammed into Burwood Squash Courts. Life was very hard there (sigh, sigh!) with 50 people to six courts (well something like that). There were brawls and quarrels until Mr. Life Be In It himself Coggans liberated these wonderful brilliant playing, squash players and transferred to Apex Squash Courts at Five Dock (Hallelujah!).

Life was pleasant and free at these new courts. The players improved tremendously and, like a miracle from heavens above came a coach.

Under the supervision of Miss Harbutt and Ms. Smart (alias Miss Bundle of Joy and Mrs Chocolates Galore) these players improved to even greater heights. But this was not enough, for they wanted competition. The "Court" decided that there must be a racquet to play for. "Round robin" soon sorted out the slobs from the fit. With the two strongest emerging as John Curtis and David D'Silva.

As usual, the PTC really came through on grand final day, by not supplying us with buses to get to the courts. Once more we were thrown around, dragged about and crammed into Burwood Squash Courts. One game was played on court 10, the second on court 11 and the third on court 12. Despite the jumping from court to court the set was completed and John Curtis winning 2 games to 1.

But these kids are not the only strange ones, as we all saw one week when Miss (Hit It Everytime) Harbutt played a set with David D'Silva. She leapt and lunged, slogged and smashed and beat David.

John is now enjoying his new squash racquet kindly stolen from, I mean donated, by Apex Squash Courts of Five Dock.

The slack, slob image has now poined Mr. Life Be In It Coggans' hit parade. The fitness freaks now freely roam at Apex Squash Courts, constantly converting more slobs.

George Shandar, Con Kokoris

## First Grade Squash (Winter)



1st GRADE SQUASH WINTER

Left to Right: W. Chee, S. Clark, D. Coles, A. Browne.  
 Coach: G. Carrozza.

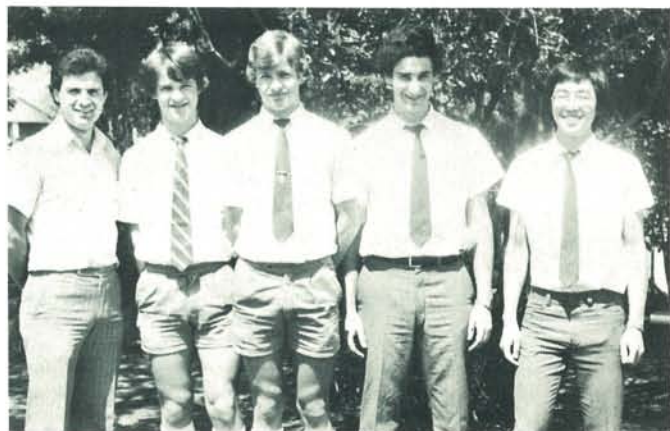
Under the expert coaching of Mr. Carrozza the team proved that it was going to be one of the best squash sides that Homebush has produced.

The whole side has played winter and summer seasons with many successes but this being the best. The side were minor premiers and also played in a State trophy, in which we were overall third in the State.

A great way to finish our final year and our sincere thanks to Mr. Carrozza and all the team members who always played extremely well.

Alan Browne

## First Grade Squash (Summer)

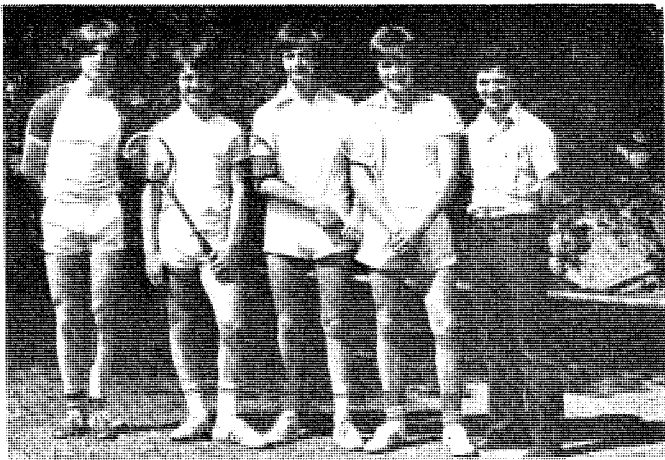


SUMMER 1st GRADE SQUASH

L. to R.: G. Carrozza (Coach), S. Coles, D. Coles, J. Nicotina,  
 W. Chee.



# Second Grade Squash (Winter)



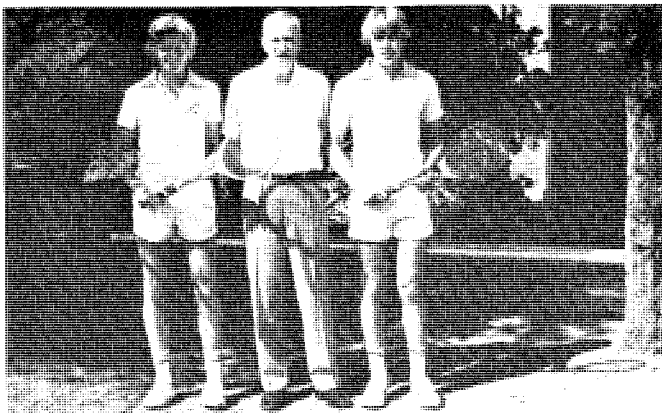
2nd GRADE SQUASH

L. to R : R. Latham, S. Coles, P. Perry, R. Vlagic, G. Carrozza (Coach).

With a concerted effort all season by every team member, and under the guidance of Mr. Carrozza, 2nd Grade Squash managed to come from fourth place after two premiership rounds, to be Premiers in the Winter Competition, defeating Ashfield 3-1 in the Final.

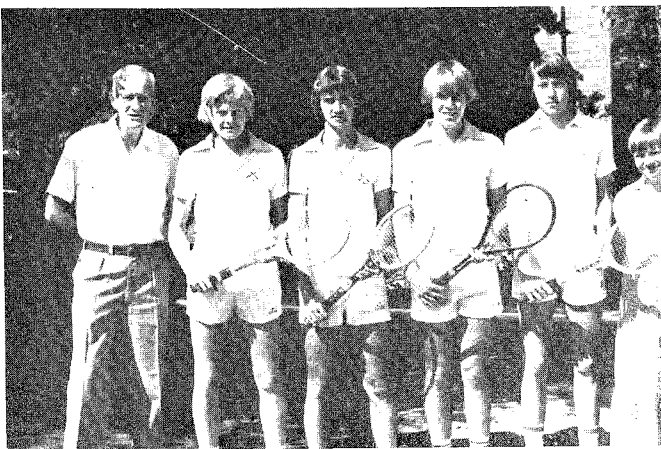
Mr. Carrozza, Coach

# Tennis



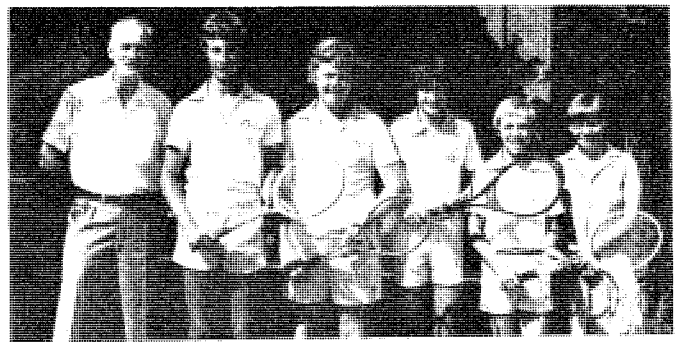
U/15 WINTER TENNIS CHAMPIONS

Left to Right: Robert Kilborn, School Champion, winner of Samuelson Trophy; E. Grant; Craig Hutchings, U/15 Champion, winner of Quail Cup.



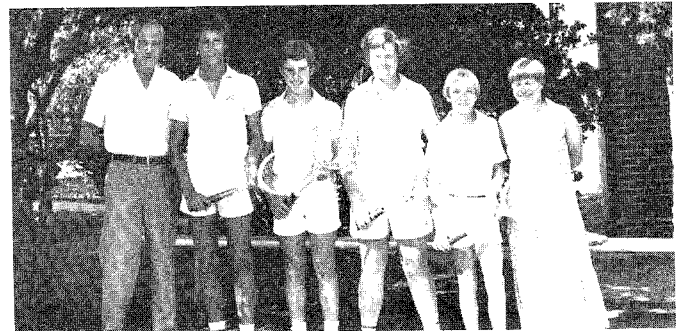
WINTER 1st GRADE PREMIERS

Quarter-Finalists Stan Jones Trophy  
Left to Right: E. Grant, Robert Kilborn, David Taranto, Craig Hutchings, Jamie Hancock, P. Salmon.



U14 SUMMER PREMIERS

Left to Right: E. Grant, Mark Futcher, Stuart Kilborn, Peter Baker, Kevin Black, P. Salmon.

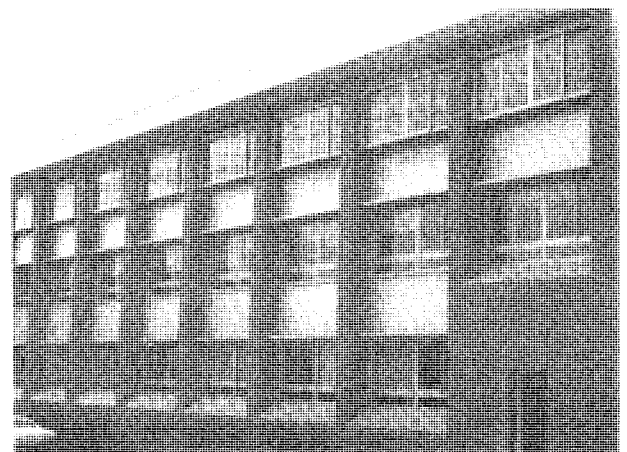


WINTER PREMIERS UNDER 14's

Left to Right: E. Grant, Mark Futcher, Alan Robinson, Stuart Kilborn, Kevin Black, P. Salmon.



"Hands for Freedom", photography by 8YA





## First Grade Hockey



### 1st GRADE HOCKEY

Standing (L. to R.): Mr. T. Jurd, Kerry Kyriacou, Tim Royal, Rodney Cohen, David Lipski, Tasy Moraitis, Ian Williams, Recai Baharoglu.

Seated: David Leighton, Peter Soo, Bruno Santone (Capt.), Greg Myers, Brian Jones, Anthony Poljack.

There was great enthusiasm in the team and a great will to win. In the 1st Grade side there was unearthed some fine talent such as David Lipski who as goalkeeper was a constant thorn in the side of the opposition. His magnificent saves rescued us on many occasions. The fullbacks, Ian Williams and Kerry Kyriacou, worked together well and developed a good combination in positional play. The halves consisted of Rodney Cohen whose ball control is well-known and Bruno Santone, our loyal and encouraging captain, whose massive hits had us on the attack at all times. The other half was the Komakasi Kid, Tim Royal, whose aggression sparked us on many a time.

The forward line raided the opposition goals with gay abandon. Anthony Poljack (Lurch), supported the team with constructive criticism while our other winger, Dave Leighton, made long flashing runs down the right flank. The inners, Tasy Moraitis (Slug) and Brian Jones, were a contrasting pair. Brian's speed was his major weapon in his dribbling while Tassy's breaks were based on uncanny ball skill. Peter Soo (Animal) was our most potent attacker whose size did not detract from his courage. Greg Myers (Invisible Man) added stability to the team when he was there. Rick Baharoglu (Hop-a-Long) was to give the team experience and class but due to a niggling knee injury, was out for most games.

Last but not least, our coach, Mr. Jurd, who was our inspiration, is thanked creditably for his service to the side and for Hockey, as a sport in Homebush Boys' High.

**Kerry Kyriacou, Finest Boy**

## 15 Years Hockey



### 15's GRADE HOCKEY

Top Row (L. to R.): Robert Bullock, Ian Wilson, George Tsoromokos, Neil Gripper, Chad Katz, Frank Soros.

Front: Kit Lowe, Graeme Bliss, Paul Culshaw, Ken Green, David Dao, Robert Simon.

Missing: Geoff Coghlan, John Cann.

The 15s hockey continued their magnificent run of wins that is typical of the fighting spirit that existed last year.

What more can be said for a team that scored 91 goals for and none against. The team was blended with experience and exuberant youth. Paul Culshaw (Captain Skill) and Ian Wilson (Mr. Aggressive) supplied the solidity and experience, Robbie Bullock (Killer) and David Dao (Flying Chinaman) were bright spots in a team of stars.

The grand final, unfortunately, ended in a nil-all draw which meant a joint premiership. It was a great season of hockey and we are hoping for the same success in following seasons.

Kerry Kyriacou showed great authority in his refereeing and the team appreciate his efforts each week.

**J. Cuke**

## First Grade Baseball

A. Browne (captain), D. Dibitto, S. Jackson, G. Rider, Z. Jutrisa, B. Gentile, L. Maher, M. Maher, G. Howard, S. Koumoulas, J. Peterson.

This team was to be one of the strongest 1st Grade sides in many years at Homebush Boys' High School. The side performed up to their capabilities all year, and although defeated in the grand final their will-to-win never died. Under the capable coaching of Mr. Taggart and Mr. Bryant the team performed extremely well to make it into the final 16 of the State. Certainly many players gained in many ways from playing 1st Grade, it was a terrific way to end, for some of us, our final year at Homebush Boys High School.

Well done, fellows.

## 14 Years 'B' Baseball

Almost all of the 14B squad had had no previous experience of the game, but after losing the first game by 15-2, they improved sufficiently to win the premiership without another loss.

Paul Neu captained the team well and covered the difficult catcher's position. Pitcher Alex Fernandez was erratic at times, but won several games on his own, with some very fast pitching. The outstanding player in the team was Mehmet Esen, who played in several positions, and excelled in both batting and fielding, as well as being a reliable relief pitcher.

In the final, Homebush defeated Meadowbank by 20-12. Colin White and Mehmet Esen were the best players for Homebush in this game, which was played in very hot and trying conditions, out in the middle of Meadowbank Park.

The team was: 1. Alex Fernandez; 2. Paul Neu (Capt.); 3. Mehmet Esen; 4. Chris Papadopoulos; 5. Peter Corbett; 6. Colin White; 7. Demetres Liakos; 8. David Thomson; 9. Tony Chong; Joe Zito; Ivan Lock.

**Jim Guns, Vice-Captain**

## Basketball

There was no Grade Basketball this season because they elected to drop it as a winter sport. So House Basketball was instituted instead.

At first there was a combined competition, but because of the age differences, Mr. Tedford formed two distinct competitions — Junior and Senior.

In Junior there were four teams. I was the captain/coach of team No. 1. We did fairly well in the competition, but we mainly played to keep in training for the next grade season.

I have enjoyed playing in this competition and hope it continues next winter.

**Peter Begnell, 8B**

This year saw a very successful season of Senior House Basketball with many first and second grade players competing to prepare themselves for the coming grade season. Among the players participating were nine members of the Shell Trophy team.

Competition was strong with three of the four teams going into the final round with the same number of points. One drawback was the lack of substitutes which left teams in a difficult position on several occasions when players were away. However, next year it is hoped we will have some new players to give all teams more bench strength.

**Richard Black, 12A**



## First Grade Basketball

Team: Vova Tohadze (Captain), Vince Pirrello, Richard Black, Van Tong, Surasak Vongsouvann, Alex Vadakis, The Tran. Coach: Mr. R. Storey.

Our relatively epitomised 1st Grade side, made up mainly of the junior years, had a successful season. Though lacking height and training sessions, but possessing great skill and team morale, we made it in an up-and-down manner to the Zone finals. Only to be vanquished by our arch-rivals Epping.

The outstanding performances exhibited by Vince Pirrello and Richard Black and near 100% shooting by The Tran and Surasac, dominated the highlights of the season.

A special thanks to Mr. R. Storey who supported the team throughout the season.

Vova Tohadze, Y12

## Second Grade Basketball

Second Grade Basketball had a successful season, making it as far as the semi-finals. The team managed to finish second in the minor premiership, losing only two games throughout the season, both times to a strong Epping side. The semi-final was lost by a narrow margin to Meadowbank, a team who we had twice beaten by one basket during the season. Overall, the final outcome of the season was pleasing, considering it was the first time many of the team had played together. Next season promises to bring better results.

Laurie Fagan, Captain  
Miss Cuhe, Coach

## 13 Years 'A' Basketball

All winter we trained for the summer season. The season began and for the first six games we annihilated the opposition with scores like 85-12. It came down to the last game and we played Ashfield with the final result being a draw. We met them again in the grand final and although the game was closely contested, we lost for the first time to finish second in the competition.

Russell Gibbs, Captain 8B

## 13 Years 'B' Basketball

The 13B basketballers had a very successful season winning against Asquith, Epping, Meadowbank, Macquarie and Normanhurst before losing to Ashfield in the final round. We met Ashfield again in the grand final and although they were a very tough opponent we ran out victors 17-13.

Mohammad and Hatim Ali, Y7 & 8

### 13B BASKETBALL

Back Row (L. to R.): Tuon Luu, Tony Ferraro, Trinh Minh.  
Front Row: Con Kaletsis, Hothang Tai, Mohammad Ali, Hatim Ali.

## 15 Years Basketball



The 15s Basketball team had a very successful summer season. We played two rounds of competition, conceding just one loss, against our arch-rivals Ashfield. There were some easy wins including a 100-10 win over James Ruse. Not even the departure of our coach, Mr. Duncan, could stop us from winning yet another premiership.

The team consisted of Mario Merelic, Leslie Patonay, Giovanni Lasorsa, Peter Comer, Robert Floro, Abraham Ergin, Phong Trinh and myself, Pablo Kleckin. After a very hard-fought competition between Leslie and myself for top scorer, Leslie Patonay came out on top by a few lousy points. Abraham Ergin would have to be our most consistent player, he barely showed up and averaged less than three points during the competition. Although he improved tremendously during the last few games.

Everybody put up a tremendous performance in the grand final where we thrashed Normanhurst by more than 20 points. It has been my pleasure to have been able to associate with the guys, both on and off the court.

Pablo Kleckin

### 15's GRADE BASKETBALL

Seated Row (Left to Right): Robert Flora, Giovanni Lasorsa, Abraham Urgan, Phong Trin.  
Top Row: Pablo Klecken, Mario Marelic, Leslie Patonay, Peter Comer.

## 14 Years Basketball

Outstanding in the games leading to the grand final playing without a loss, Homebush was to go down to Epping in what was a close grand final 10-13. Players of outstanding batting averages were James Kassapakis (C.) and Askin Karadag who combined with the accuracy of Stephen Toomey's pitching to help the team win many of their games. Other players being Frank Dileava, Dirk Blell, Maurizio Calicetto, Tony Radice, Miro Dinjar, Gustavo Smith, Louis Al Chami.





**1st GRADE WATER POLO**  
**Undeafated Zone Champions**  
**State Knockout Runners-up**

**Back Row (L. to R.):** Stephen Heslop, Alan Provenzano, Tim Wallace, Dennis O'Regan (Capt.), S. Codey (Coach).  
**Front Row:** Stephen Gilbert, Bruno Santone, Maris Luidmanis, Shaun Prince.  
**Absent:** Robert Marsh.



**15 YEARS WATER POLO**

**First Row (L. to R.):** I. Wilson, L. Coote, B. Marsh.  
**Middle Row:** D. Thornton (Princ.), P. McDonald, C. Holder (Capt.), M. Hampson, R. Coggan.  
**Top Row:** N. Gripper, S. Gilbert, I. Bowhay, S. Tikkanen.



**MR. HARRON'S 14 YEARS WATER POLO**

**Front Row (L. to R.):** A. Rubinic, R. Bullock.  
**Middle Row:** J. Sanders, R. Marsh (Capt.), S. Smith.  
**Back Row:** M. Hampson, S. Langston, P. McDonald, B. Campbell.



**13 YEARS WATER POLO ZONE PREMIERS**

**Coaches:** Mr. Coggan, Mr. Harron.  
**Back Row (L. to R.):** W. McDonald, S. Teagle, J. Ibrahim, M. Thompson, M. Corbett.  
**Middle Row:** W. Smith, R. Gripper, P. Gill.  
**Front Row:** P. Schofield, M. Batton, J. Webster, M. Barton, J. Fletcher.



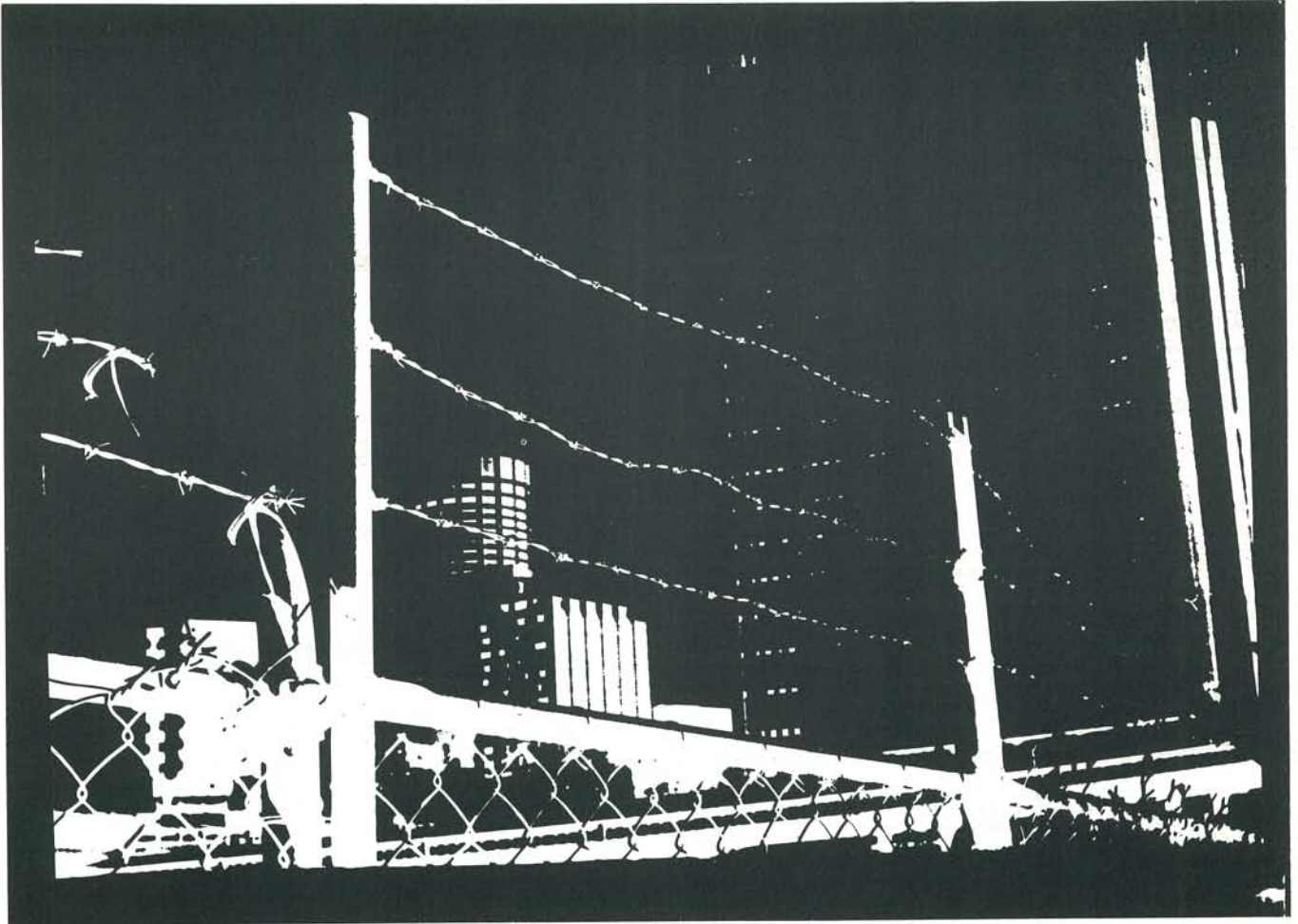
**ROWING — PAIRS**

1980 has been a very successful year for the pair, stroked by Mario Trapia, bow man Peter Valencic and coxwain Aaron Maher. Our greatest achievement was winning at Grafton in the C.H.S. State Championships. We also won the St. Ignatius regatta by a

margin of five lengths. We trained very hard throughout the year and at times five or six mornings a week but it could not have been possible without the coaching from Mr. Baris and to him goes our special thanks.

**Aaron Maher**





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