

the Senior Shot Put 43' 1", with A. Jackson 2nd and N. Ryder won the Senior Discus 104' 3", with A. Jackson 3rd. It is interesting to note that both N. Ryder and A. Jackson have been very close rivals over the past 2 years and both deserve equal mention. D. Fryer won the under 15 years High Jump with a leap of 5' 4". G. Gibbs finished 2nd in the 16 years 880 yards; P. Tandy finished second in the 16 years High Jump and G. Hallinan and K. Reeves finished 2nd in the Senior Triple Jump and Senior Mile respectively. Our 15 years 4 x 110 yards relay also won, in 48 secs.

At the Sydney Combined High Schools Carnival, our school had some fine representatives who reached the finals and hearty congratulations must go to B. Prideaux, who won the 16 years 220 yards in 23.3 secs.; D. Fryer, who won 15 years High Jump 5' 6" and N. Ryder who finished second in the Senior Shot Put.

On behalf of all the athletes I would like to thank all teachers and parents concerned, who have helped during this season and, in particular to thank the members of the staff at Waratan Oval for their assistance.

This year no particular group should be singled out, as in all the athletic events our lads have performed well, and for next year our athletes can look forward to another prosperous season.

W. REICHERT, Senior Champion

## SWIMMING REPORT

### School Carnival:

The advent of an Olympic swimming centre at Lambton has opened a new era in the swimming history of Newcastle.

The increased facilities for training should result in keener competition in future carnivals.

The club which has been formed at the Lambton pool is composed almost entirely of junior members and so in a few years the school should have an influx of promising swimmers. A diving pool will be completed in the near future and so this will revive the dying art of diving in the Newcastle area.

The School Swimming Carnival this year was extremely successful. It was run under ideal conditions in the new pool. Many parents were in attendance to see their sons swim.

The entries in the junior divisions were commendable and some fine swimming was witnessed, however the number of entries in the senior events was disappointing.

The swimmers who distinguished themselves at the Carnival were: Grahame Dawson, Scott Derwin, Jeff Johnson, John Groves, Mark Bright and Owen Morgan, who won the 12, 13, 14, 15, 16 years and senior age championships respectively. All these swimmers spent much time in grueling training sessions.

Records were broken at the Carnival by John Groves, Scott Derwin, Jeff Johnson, John Davis, Mark Bright and Owen Morgan. In addition the records for the 12 and 13 years and senior relays were broken.

The victorious House was Hannell which was well in the lead with 381½ points.

### Zone B and Area Carnivals:

Well over forty swimmers represented the school at the Zone Carnival. Competition was keen and the school won the day by 1½ points from Tech High. Six swimmers from Boys' High broke zone records. This was a very commendable feat. Record breakers were: Derwin, Groves, Moxey, Spencer, Morgan. The competitors who came first or second in their races at the Zone contested in the Area Carnival which was co-educational and was held at Maitland Baths.

Boys' High competitors proved their worth at Maitland and as a result, Scott Derwin, P. Budden, John Groves, Mark Bright and Owen Morgan were selected to go to Sydney and swim in the C.H.S. carnival. Several of these boys decided not to compete because of pending exams, but those who went were unable to gain a place in the State.

OWEN I. MORGAN

## SCHOOL BLUES and HONOUR POCKETS

At a recent meeting of the school union it was unanimously decided that an attempt should be made to formulate a more specific set of by-laws for the awarding of sports blues.

A meeting of senior grade coaches under the chairmanship of the sportsmaster set out their combined suggestions which were then placed before the subsequent meetings of the full union for their acceptance, amendment or rejection.

The subsequent discussions resulted in the meeting being extended over lunch hours for a fortnight before a full set of by-laws were drafted and accepted by the union. These by-laws aimed at:

1. Maintaining high and uniform standards for blues awards — and
  2. Conforming to the current P.S.A.A.A. organisation of inter-school sport
- are set out below.

1. Blues can be awarded in any sport which reaches a 1st grade open standard. (Open being defined by the union as "Those 1st grade teams, open to all boys up to the year of their 20th birthday, which compete in regular P.S.A.A.A. competitions and are acceptable to the majority of the sports union as being of equivalent standard to the existing blues sports").

For 1963 these sports are Rugby League, Cricket, Soccer, Tennis, Athletics and Swimming.

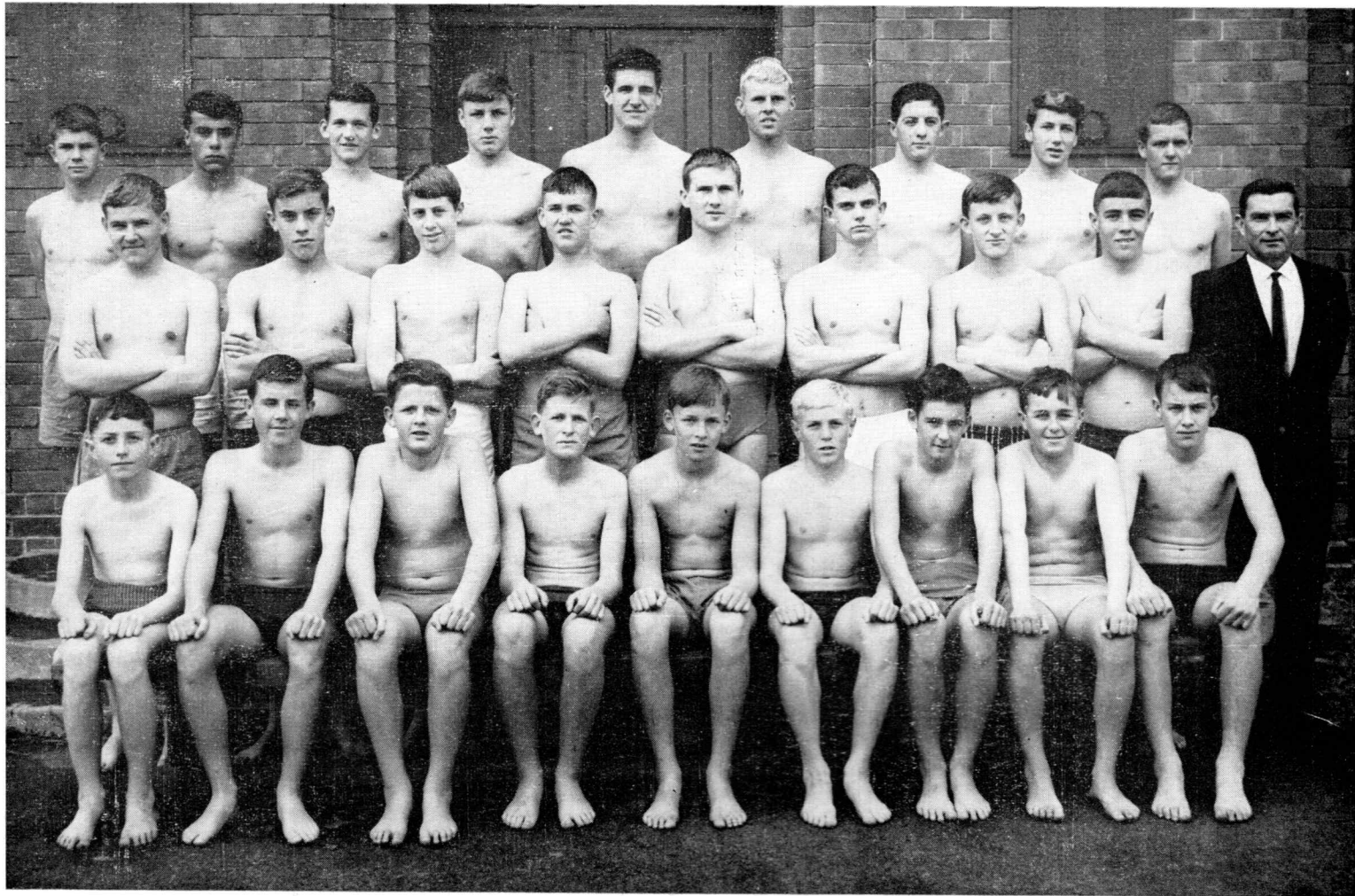
2. (i) The blues committee consist of — the Headmaster (or his deputy), the Sportsmaster, the coaches of the blues teams, the school captain and the school vice-captain.

(ii) This is the only body empowered to nominate awards for blues.

3. The nominations for blues be accepted or rejected by the school union.

4. In team sports awards be recommended only to boys of outstanding ability and performance in that team, or in representative performances arising from membership of that team. Such boys must also display sportsmanship to qualify.

5. In athletics, swimming and similar individual sports blues be awarded for outstanding



#### SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row: C. Flynn, R. Montgomery, G. Morris, M. Bright, R. Ryan, I. Parsons, D. Marchoni, G. Huxley, D. Hancock.

Middle Row: W. Ainsworth, T. Tyler, P. Seale, B. Baker, K. Parsons, W. Merrilees, R. Morgan, R. Humby.

Front Row: A. Alcock, W. Gander, S. Derwin, L. Rennie, S. Frost, J. Davis, K. Moxey, S. Robinson, D. Gibbs.

Photo by McRae Studios

Block donated by Henry Lane Pty. Ltd.

performances in relation to time and distance, under the existing conditions, at Area or C.H.S. Sydney level in 16 years or open events. Sportsmanship and contributions to team effort should also be considered in these awards.

6. That boys be eligible for 1st grade teams irrespective of age or weight as long as their performances are of the required standard as these are the only teams from which they can gain a blue.

7. A boy who already holds a blue in a sport may have a bar added to it if he is considered worthy of the award of another blue in the same sport in a subsequent year.

Following the acceptance of these by-laws the union then considered the qualifications for the awards of an honour pocket as set out in the 1953 school magazine. Two amendments were made to these rules with the result that they now read as follows:

The School Union, which has the sole right to award and supply honour pockets and labels, has decided that they be awarded to pupils who satisfy one of the conditions listed below and are acceptable to the union.

1. Play 4 or more games in the 1st grade Rugby League, Soccer or Tennis teams or 3 or more games in the 1st grade cricket team.

2. Be a 5th year student or a member of the senior team representing in swimming or athletics at Zone, Area or C.H.S. Sydney level.

3. Be a prefect.

4. Be a regular member of the senior debating team.

5. Be recommended to the union by the Honour Pocket Sub-Committee as a result of some special service.

6. Be recommended by the Headmaster as a senior boy who has given outstanding school service.



#### ORCHESTRA

Back Row: S. Bridges, P. Buckland, D. Ireland, W. Reichert, R. Heath, P. Amour, J. Nemes.

Second Row: S. Fry, P. Meredith, J. Harding, K. Bohatko, J. Ross, P. Davis.

Front Row: S. Campbell-Jones, S. Rigby, Mrs. Linnammarsh, P. Sandy, L. Sandy.

Photo by McRae Studios

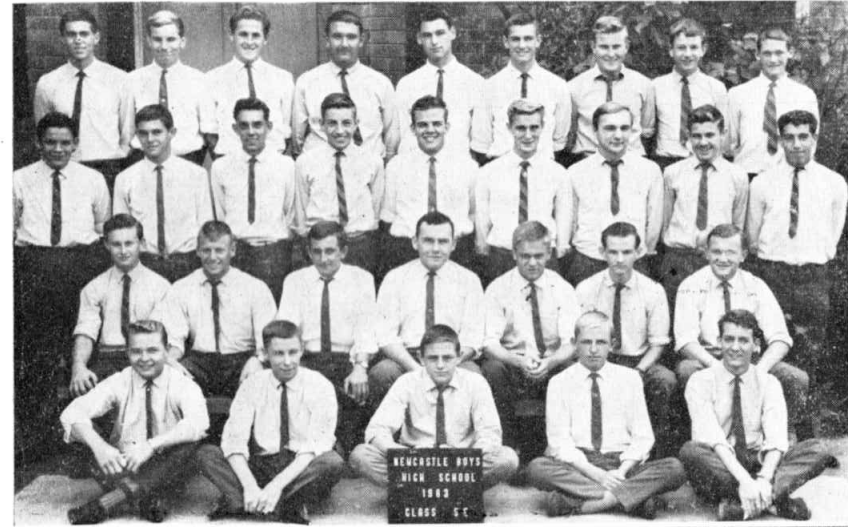
Block donated by Mr. C. G. McDonald



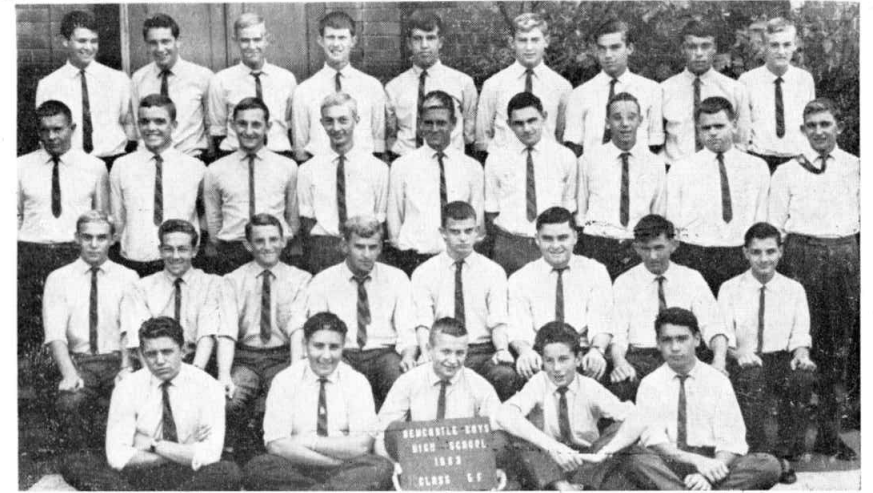
Photo by Chisholm Studios, Maitland

# FIFTH YEAR

1962



1963



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## CHESS CLUB REPORT

1963 was another successful year for the Newcastle Boys' High School Chess Club. The A grade team entered in the inter-school competition did not lose a match in the six rounds played, and lost only one game out of thirty winning the trophy by two matches from its closest rival, Booragui. The team was comprised of P. Staines (captain), A. Svirskis, L. Hillman, A. Gray and J. Hadfield. Of these, Staines, Svirskis, Hillman and Hadfield were undefeated throughout the competition, while Gray narrowly missed out on an unbeaten record, losing only one game. In the play-off for the "most successful player" trophy between the four undefeated players, the team captain, Staines, won the final from Svirskis.

From the A grade team, two players, Hillman and Svirskis entered the Mattara Junior Chess competition, arranged by the Newcastle Chess Club and played at the W.E.A. rooms in the form of a Swiss tournament, finishing as winner and runner-up respectively, with a difference of half a point in their scores. In this tournament, Pegg, George and Berka of the Boys' High Chess Club also acquitted themselves

well, Pegg finishing 4th, only one full point behind the winner.

In the B grade competition the school's No. 1 team was very successful in the inter-school rounds, being undefeated in the rubbers, and losing only six of the total number of games played. This team consisted of George, Wade, Wilson, Colyvas, and Hancock, with Broadfoot (Jun.) dropping out half-way through the competition to make way for Colyvas. Hancock won all his games and George won all but one which he drew.

The No. 2 B grade team was composed entirely of first year boys, and although they won none of their rounds, they showed considerable promise for the future. This team consisted of B. Boyd, D. George, P. Sandy, S. Mathios, G. Barbouttis and P. Layzell.

Our sincere thanks go to Mr. Southern of the mathematics staff whose tireless organisation, helpful advice, and genuine interest proved a source of encouragement to all members of the Chess Club throughout the year. We should also like to thank the Newcastle Chess Club, especially Mr. Martin, for making the inter-school competition possible.

A. SVIRSKIS      L. HILLMAN



### CHESS TEAM

Back Row: L. Hillman, A. Gray, J. Hadfield, P. Staines, T. Hancock, A. Svirskis, Mr. G. Southern.  
 Front Row: C. Broadfoot, D. George, B. Boyd, S. Wade, P. Layzell, K. Colyvas, G. S. Barbouttis, P. Wilson, S. Mathios.

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# Articles

## A GLIMPSE AT THE WAX TRACK

"Down with detractors of pop music, say I. Records can only become popular because enough people like them," said Bob Rodgers, one of Australia's leading disc jockeys. In other words, in twenty years' time, today's records will be looked upon as the standards of the 'sixties so we must learn to appreciate them rather than learn to dislike them. Public opinion says whether a record will be a hit or not. Certainly, we are the public, but you and I are only a minute part. If we go against public opinion we have little effect upon it, but if we agree with public opinion then the increase in popularity is stupendous.

My feelings about today's records are that they are topical: they tell about us; of things that interest us. Their tunes are modern; they are fast, to show that times are moving fast. I think that the song "On Broadway" is a very good example of a popular, topical song. Below are the words of the first verse so see if you agree.

"They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway,

They say there's always magic in the air,  
But when you're walking down that street  
And you ain't had enough to eat,  
The glitter'll die off and you're nowhere, on Broadway."

The big question everyone asks at the end of each year is: "What was the top selling record?" According to figures released by Music Operators of America and the National Association of Record Merchandisers the top selling record in 1962 was "Big Bad John" sung or narrated by Jimmy Dean. This sold more than two million copies in America. Two singles sold more than one and a half million copies. They were: "I Can't Stop Loving You" by Ray Charles and "Roses are Red" by Bobby Vinton. Those to sell more than one million copies included: "Can't Help Falling in Love" by Elvis Presley from the film "Blue Hawaii", "The Lion Sleeps Tonight" by The Tokens, "The Twist" by Chubby Checker and "The Duke of Earl" by Gene Chandler. Connie Francis was voted best selling female vocalist and most played juke-box artist. Elvis Presley gained the award for the best selling male singer and biggest sale of an L.P. (Blue Hawaii). Chubby Checker had the most played rhythm and blues record (The Twist) while Leroy van Dyke was billed as having the most played country and western record (Walk on By).

Probably the most pleasing note of interest over the last twelve months was the fantastic increase in popularity of Australian artists and records. Melbourne's Frank Ifield had undoubtedly the biggest success story of the year. He left Australia some three years ago to try his luck in his native England which he left to

come to Australia in 1946. Every record he released was more popular than its predecessor until at last he brought out "I Remember You". Already it has sold more than one and a half million copies. It will be interesting to see at the end of the year just where this record rates in sales figures. He followed this up with "Lovesick Blues", "Wayward Wind", "Nobody's Darling But Mine" and now in July, he has just released his version of "Waltzing Matilda" which is the V.I.P. record for July throughout Australia.

Another Australian to break through into the big time was Lucky Starr. His recording of "I've Been Everywhere" was received so well that it has earned him a five month trip to America where it is rumoured he could become engaged to Cheryl Holdridge, an original member of the Mouseketeers. Following close behind Lucky could be Jay Justin. Jay's big record "Proud of You" has been released in America and England where it has received very favourable reports. Jay may later make a trip to promote this record and his follow up one called "Three Act Play".

I have just received news that Robert Porter, better known as Rob E. G., has had his recording of "Jezebel" released in several overseas countries. It could quite easily become as big a hit overseas as it has been here.

Undoubtedly the most popular artist in the world would be Cliff Richards and The Shadows. Apart from topping the charts in as many as six countries in the one week they have appeared as the stars in the films "The Young Ones" and "Summer Holiday". They were to come to Australia in November, but unfortunately they are to make another film then and so will not be seen here until about November 1964. The new record by The Shadows is very interesting because one side, "Atlantis", must surely take off, while the flip side, "I Want You to Want Me", is the first single which they have sung. They have the sound that could sell, so don't be surprised if their records from now on have a instrumental on one side backed by a vocal.

If the year 1963 is to be linked with any particular type of music, then it will no doubt be surfing music. "Pipeline" by The Chantays has topped the one million sales mark and one that will probably be the biggest surf record of the year is Jan and Dean's "Surf City". The amazing thing about the popularity of surfing records in America is that 95% of America's population lives nowhere near the sea. Maybe the inlanders do what one record suggested and all go "Surfin' Down the Swanee River".

Who will be the biggest selling female vocalist of 1963? I believe it rests between four: 15 year old Little Peggy March, 19 year old

Leslie Gore, 18 year old Brenda Lee who was married on Anzac Day to Charles Shacklett, and Steve Lawrence's wife Eydie Gorme. The humorous part about Brenda Lee's marriage was that her first record after the big occasion was called "My Whole World is Falling Down". The No. 1 vocal group of the year should undoubtedly be Peter, Paul and Mary. Their records are far too consistently good for any other group to beat them. The award for the best male artist will be very keenly contested. For once I think that Elvis Presley could quite easily be beaten for the position. Roy Orbison, with big selling songs like "Workin' for the Man", "Leah", "In Dreams" and "Falling", could quite easily win. Cliff Richard and Del Shannon must also be given excellent chances. Once again the leading instrumental group should, I believe, be The Shadows.

Whilst on the subject of instrumental groups, one that could make itself well known in the future is the Sydney group The Vibratones. Their first record "Expressway" and "Man of Mystery" was, unfortunately, a bad recording so many people believe, but take my word for it. This group is good and shows great potentiality because of their original sound. By the time you read this, their follow-up record will probably be well known, but if by chance it is not yet released then I have heard from a very reliable source that it is altogether different from "Expressway" and should most certainly be a top selling record.

In such an article as this, I feel that it is only right that I should make a prediction. I don't think I will be too far out if I say that the 'new sound' will be the Lancashire sound. The ones most likely to succeed with this sound are Gerry Marsden and the Pacemakers, and Billy J. Kramer. Elvis Presley also could make a big comeback as he has now started selecting his material himself, rather than taking songs from films in which he stars.

Before finishing, I will list below the top selling records, month by month, up until the time when this must go to press.

JANUARY: "Big Girls Don't Cry" by the Four Seasons. "The Boys" by The Shadows.

FEBRUARY: "The Boys" by The Shadows. "Little Town Flirt" by Del Shannon. "Surrender" by The Denvermen.

MARCH: "From a Jack to a King" by Ned Miller. "Hey Paula" by Paul and Paula.

APRIL: "Walk Like a Man" by The Four Seasons. "In Dreams" by Roy Orbison.

MAY: "Pipeline" by The Chantays. "Tamoure" by Bill Justis.

JUNE: "Tamoure" by Bill Justis. "It's My Party" by Leslie Gore.

JULY: "How Do You Do It" by Gerry and The Pacemakers.

Well that's all, I've got to go but be sure to enjoy all the great stacks of wax and remember that whether on the highways or the byways stay tuned to the airways.

GEOFF GREGORY, 5B

## "MODERN HISTORY — WHAT'S THE USE?"

What is modern history? Basically, it is the study of man's efforts to get along with his neighbour, the adjective "modern" implying that the period being studied is since the mid-eighteenth century. All right, history is the study of man's efforts at living peacefully with his neighbour, so what! What does this achieve? Sounds rather boring — eh?

Quite the opposite. History is a thrilling subject.

History, and particularly modern history, provides the key to understanding the people of foreign nations. It would be impossible to understand the status of the individual in Soviet Russia, or the Russian culture as it exists today, without having some understanding of the background of the Russia of today. To understand the cases above, one must study the Russian Revolution, an event which was the turning point in Russian history — a renaissance of the Russian culture. One must understand how the Communists got control of Russia, and something about how they have governed the country between then and today. It is only after one has studied the history of Russia that one can really understand the Russian people and nation of today.

The person who knows very little about modern history will find much difficulty in understanding current affairs. By understanding, I mean, being able to see the significance and importance of current events, not merely learning a list of names, places and events. (Such methods achieve absolutely nothing). The person who has studied modern history finds, every day, through the means of his newspaper, that history is repeating itself. Every news item has some special significance.

History broadens the mind. The person who does not know anything, or even the person who knows very little about the history of the world since 1900, is considered ignorant. That is not what I say, it is what every great professor, or learned person will tell you. The person who remains in the one district all of his life, and who does not study the way of life in other countries, or districts, will become very narrow in his outlook. If we, as a nation, are to progress, we must broaden our outlook, and the only key to this is the study of modern history.

The study of history enables us to understand the future. History, regardless of what some people say, is constantly repeating itself. Indonesia's taking of West Irian is nothing new — it is a mere repetition of the aggressive imperialism of the nineteenth century — it is a re-enactment of Japan's aggressive expansion of the 1930's. Any person, who makes decisions affecting millions of people, as do our politicians, must take into consideration history in the making of new laws, or the amending of old legislation. Failure to recognise the historical factor always lead to the fate of the legislation, and often the legislators. So many examples of this can be found — the Treaty of Versailles after World War I, or even earlier still, the French Revolution. We must learn from the errors of the past. For example, if certain legislation has met with little or no success in several countries, it would undoubtedly (depend-

ing upon its nature) be foolish to introduce such legislation into Australia.

To fully explain the value of modern history to the twentieth century Australian student, many pages would be required. Nevertheless, history is not so much a study of facts (that is, dates, events, and people), but rather a philosophical analysis of particular trends in different nations. We all know that World War II broke out in 1939, hence it would be without purpose to teach this without going a little deeper into the matter. Why did that war break out? Is it yet finished? These are the type of questions one must answer regarding the Second World War. I guess that once the word philosophy is mentioned, you sigh. But there is no reason whatever for such a sigh, because a genuine study of history is something thrilling, interesting and valuable. However it can not be interesting until you enter into the true spirit of it — a spirit of curiosity and perseverance. Unless the student is prepared to take a real interest in the subject, then history is purposeless, and in fact, a big waste of time. I am reminded of the old proverb, "You only get out of a thing, what you put in", and indeed, how true this is in regard to modern history.

BRYAN COWLING, 5th Year

## AN APPRAISAL OF THE WYNDHAM REPORT

Dr. Wyndham states that "a community which, by statute, keeps all boys and girls at school, must be able to assume that the school will be able to minister to all its pupils, however few and diverse their talents." For this reason the new system incorporates a much wider range of subjects which are claimed to add more interest and variety to school life, and make greater allowance for the varied aptitudes and grades of intelligence. In making such allowance he (Dr. Wyndham) admits that those principally considered were those "at the lower end of the range of ability."

Such recognition of and provision for those with no special gift is very humane and commendable, but to impose this system, which Dr. Wyndham concedes is less rigorous than its predecessor, on students who are innately keen and talented, cannot be justified, however worthy the motive.

The plan was suggested in 1954 as an "alternative" curriculum for use in secondary schools where pupils were preparing to face life and meet the world rather than schools where the pupils are preparing for tertiary education. But to make it obligatory is to keep tomorrow's leaders at the level of those that are to be led, to discourage keenness, for in not distinguishing between those going on to a higher education and those going to school merely because the law demands it, the plan necessitates the abolition of selective schools and the consequent suppression of brilliance and keenness.

Another unsatisfactory aspect is that the course to matriculation is now six years long, one argument being that students are too immature when they arrive at university. Of course what Dr. Wyndham has failed to realise is that it is not their age that makes pupils mature, but

their environment. The longer they are kept at school, treated as children or youths, the longer they are immature.

Thus we see that although the Wyndham Report has fine aims and good motives, yet the effects of its implementation will have results on the most important section of the student population which are not in the interests of tomorrow's community.

P. JOHNSON, 4A

## A LADDER OR A CIRCLE

**Headnote:** Recently I compiled a list of definitions of many of the different ideologies of the world, and upon analysis, I noticed that some of the definitions could be logically arranged into a sequence. This discovery should explain the background to this article.

Capitalism is an economic system in which the owners of capital (i.e. the factory owners) reap the profits. But it is also a system which places much emphasis upon the distinction between rich and poor — the haves, and the have-nots. As capitalism develops, the inequality grows wider, and the power which the capitalists have over the poor grows stronger.

Obviously the person who desires equality will want capitalism abolished.

To achieve such, nationalization — a mild socialism — is introduced. As nationalization brings results, more socialist ideas will be adopted until the country is "purely" socialist. In a socialist society, the interests of the individual are subordinated to those of the community.

When a country is socialist, it is usually upon the verge of becoming Communist, since socialism and Communism are so much alike. In a Communist society all individual freedom is abolished, but if pure Communism is introduced, there will be a "dictatorship of the proletariat", which means that all workers will be equal.

When such equality is achieved, democracy which represents equality and freedom can be introduced.

In theory this process resembles a ladder. As each aim is achieved, the next step is attempted until eventually one reaches the top. However, assuming that there were no social and economic problems involved in the respective change-overs, in reality this process resembles a circle — because when democracy is finally achieved, the way is once more open for the reintroduction of capitalism, and the whole process is repeated.

This philosophy teaches us many things. In this world there is no such thing as Communism or democracy! Did you know that? What we know as Communism is only a diluted form of Communism. Similarly with democracy.

Today we must be satisfied with impure democracy. If however, you are a radical demanding pure democracy, the above philosophy is the only logical way of introducing it.

Jaunty melioration!

BRYAN COWLING, 5B

## THE HUNTER RIVER

We all know the Hunter River. We know that its source is in the Mount Royal Range north-west of Scone near a little town called Ellerston. We know that from this little back-water it flows into a valley; a mighty valley; a valley which is regarded as the most beautiful and most fertile in Australia. As this valley weaves its way between the hills, so too, does the Hunter River.

Anybody who has driven from Newcastle to Maitland via Hexham, draws the conclusion that the Hunter is a rather large, muddy river with mangrove trees growing along its banks, with a small island scattered here and there to break the monotony. This is the Hunter River as the Sunday driver knows it, but I would like to take you with me and show you the most beautiful part; the part which I know best; the part west of Muswellbrook.

My tour begins at Baerami Creek, a township containing not more than a dozen families, and, as this town is small, so is this tributary of the Hunter. It is nothing bigger than a storm-water channel, except in flood times when it inundates the whole settlement, and yet at times one wonders if this really is a river, for in the dry season the only indication is an odd waterhole from which the water has not yet been drunk by the thirsty cattle. This part, however, is the most fertile part of the whole Hunter Valley. We see on either side cattle grazing in lush, green, lucerne paddocks surrounded by ripe, bulging, yellow and brown wheat and oats and the familiar tall, green corn, saccaline and milo. This scene is prevalent right down the Hunter Valley as far as Maitland, although the further down we go, the less attractive it becomes as the green loses its rich healthy colour.

Now we move down to Sandy Hollow. Here we meet the biggest tributary of the Hunter, the Goulburn. By the time this river reaches Sandy Hollow we find that the constantly flowing water has made an extremely deep gorge. When we cross the bridge we find that the river is not very wide at all, but on looking down, our stomachs jump into our mouths, because we seem to be suspended so far above the water. Yes, there is water here — enough for those irrigation pumps over there on that hillside and enough to water the cattle at that rather modern looking dairy of John Martin's over there. Sand at the bottom? Yes of course. You see the silt only travels up as far as about Maitland. The rest is sandy-loam and gravel that the rain washes down from the mountains.

And now we are just west of Denman. To be exact we are at the spot where the Hunter meets the Goulburn. From here the Hunter flows on into Denman. Denman is just a normal country town; two hotels, two garages, two cafes, a butcher shop, a post office, sale yards, freezing works, railway station, and the usual half-dozen or so churches.

Next we come to a bend in the river where Reg Wilson lives. Reg is a typical bushman. He is the foreman at that new futuristic dairy five miles out of town. Reg, his wife and children, live as everyone around here does, off the "fruits of the land." Just near Reg's gate is the 'new'

Denman Bridge. It was built after the last flood, and one look at this fine feat of engineering, shows the prosperity of the district.

Just around another slight bend we come to Mr. O'Brian's. His, is the name that is respected throughout these parts because he is the breeder of champion pole Hereford cattle. His property is the ideal property. It runs, for the most part, right along the riverbank for some two or three miles. The property has an abundance of weeping willows which afford excellent shelter for the cattle on hot days, and an excellent snapshot for the camera fan. He has a few thistles in his paddocks, certainly, but, so too, does everyone else.

A little further on comes Leischke, Higgins, Nowland, Duncan and Jones. Dairy farmers, racehorse breeders, calf raisers, turkey farmers, wheat and oat farmers, these are the men that use this mighty river. It is they who make it as famous as it is.

You may consider that the river must change quite a lot to supply the different needs to these men, but it remains the same throughout; wide, deep, picturesque, and useful. The use of this river easily overcomes its geographical appearance. To the men who depend upon it, it is heavenly, and yet I doubt if one of the farmers could describe to you the course of the river through his property. He couldn't say whether it bends towards this or away from that, for to him, it is handy to everything.

This is the way the Hunter and its tributaries are to the men of the Hunter Valley. It is not a muddy river with mangrove trees along the bank, it has no islands. No! It is a beautiful river with weeping willows along its banks, a sandy-gravel bottom, a winding river, but more important to the men of the valley it is the source of their income, a means of existence for their animals and their crops. These men do not go for a drive of a Sunday and criticise the river, instead, they work alongside the river, admire the river, love the river, the Hunter River.

GEOFF GREGORY, 5B

### SHOULD JUNIORS STUDY HISTORY?

I believe that everybody should have an appreciation of history — and the only method of acquiring such is by studying it.

However history is not a subject in which the student merely learns, "parrot-fashion" long lists of dates and events — history is an expressive, objective, and interpretive subject. Hence the history student must be able to read "deep" material, analyse it, and from it draw out a sensible conclusion. To the student who is unable to do this, history is a very boring and monotonous subject.

The teaching of history in the junior school generally follows this pattern: The teacher informs his class that the lesson is to be about the "First Settlement in Australia". (The class emits a sigh). "Now boys, Australia's first white settlers arrived in 1788," says he, "and the reasons for the colonisation of Australia were . . ." (A long list of reasons are given). In this case no student is able to express his opinion as to the reasons for Australia's colon-

isation, because he is unable to examine critically the truth in each reason.

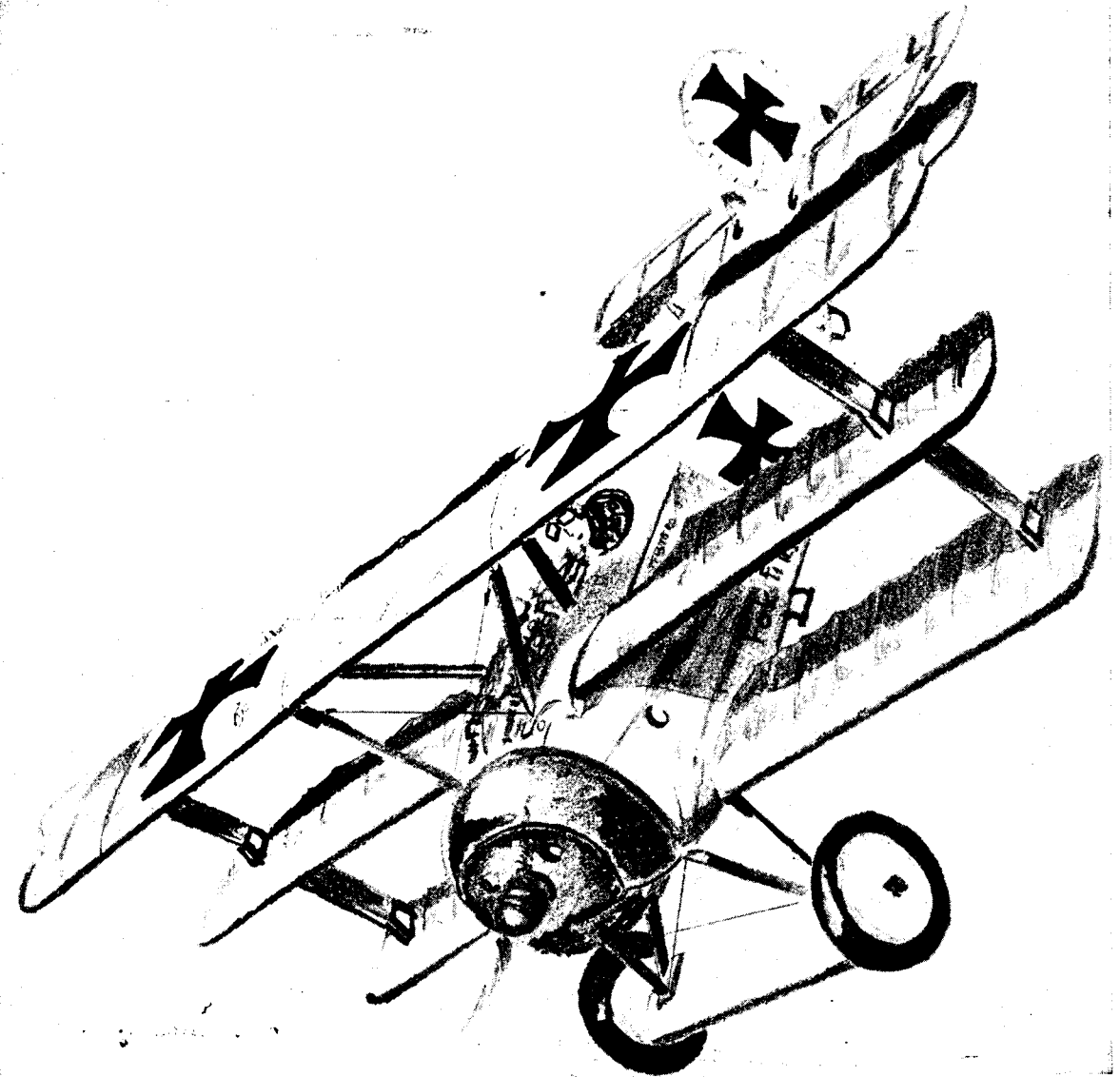
The subject of history as taught in the junior school is not history at all. All that it is, is a teaching of dates, events and people — nothing else. And what does this teaching achieve? Of what use is it to the student? What lessons does it teach him? Nothing of any significance? It may broaden the student's outlook on life, but that is all.

Such teaching as this defeats the purpose of history. Instead of encouraging the student to appreciate history as a living, and interesting

subject, it repels him. Is this the teachers' fault? Is this the student's fault? No. It is the fault of the Department of Education. Can we expect a second year to be able to reason just as clearly as a fifth year? Of course not.

Then, what should be done? To this dilemma I can see only one answer — abolish the teaching of history in first, second, and third years altogether — and wait until the student is mature enough to reason history clearly, and this should be possible in fourth and fifth years.

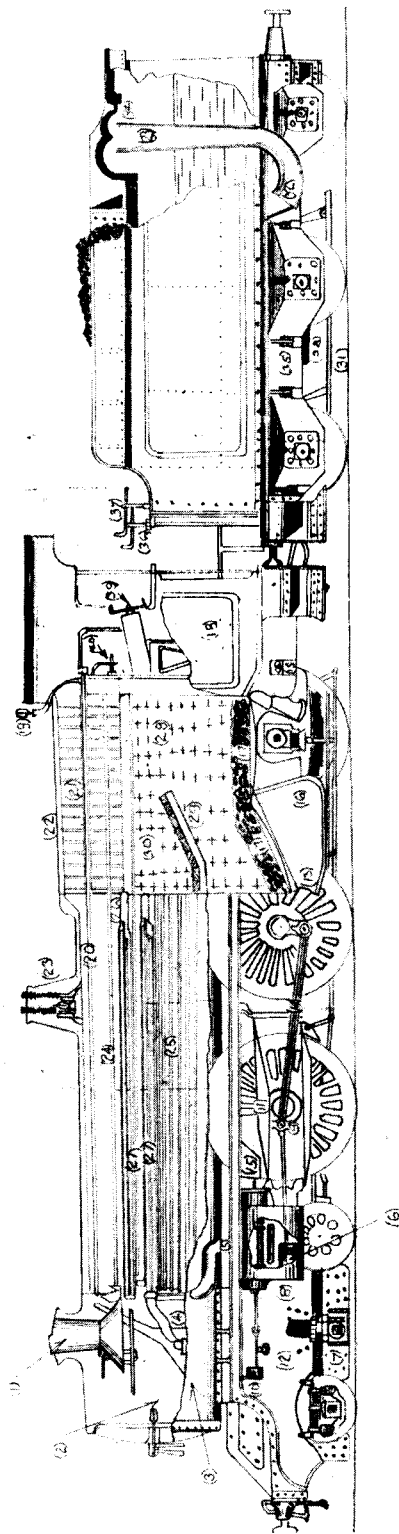
BRYAN COWLING, 5th Year



Block donated by Rylands Brothers (Australia) Pty. Ltd.

M. FAUCHON, 5C





- |                                 |                             |                            |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Chimney                      | 21. Vertical Stays          | 31. Brake Rod              |
| 2. Smoke Box                    | 22. Boiler Casing           | 32. Water Scoop            |
| 3. Blast Pipe                   | 23. Safety Valves           | 33. Water Inlet Pipe       |
| 4. Superheater Header           | 24. Longitudinal Stays      | 34. Deflector Dome         |
| 5. Steam Chest                  | 25. Fire Tubes              | 35. Tender Frame           |
| 6. Piston                       | 26. Steam Superheaters      | 36. Brake Handle           |
| 7. Bogie Frame                  | 27. Super Heater Flue Tubes | 37. Water Pickup Handle    |
| 8. Cylinder                     | 28. Fire Box                | 38. Vacuum Brake Reservoir |
| 9. Crosshead                    | 29. Brick Arch              | 39. Reversing Gear Handle  |
| 10. Inside Cylinder Steam Chest | 30. Fire Box Stays          | 40. Regulator              |

J. HODGES, 3C

Block donated by Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia

# Prose and Poetry

## DATES AND DIFFERENCES

A race-track is something for you to see,  
So come along, spend the day with me,  
Beneath a sky of blue, white clouds scurry,  
'Midst machines and mechanics all in a hurry.

Then fetch your lipstick and powder-pack,  
Yes, I'll provide the lunch time snack  
For it's a pleasure to have you come  
With me, to the race-track and a day of fun.

Have you ever seen such a sleek array!  
I could look at these beauties any day.  
Oh, well, looking at you is a pleasure for me,  
Say, there's the starter, come and see.

There's number nine, that's the car for me!  
Oh, you're in the wind and you cannot see?  
Well, would you like to go beneath awning?  
Did you have a late night, I thought you were yawning?

Alright, I'll buy you a 'burger bun,  
(Gee, bringing a girl spoils all the fun,  
No more will I ask a Sue or Sally  
For a Heddon Greta motor rally!  
PAUL LEWER, 5D

## SPEEDSTER'S COMMENT

The sirens are screaming  
The cop bikes are gleaming  
The red lights are flashing so bright.  
Now it's started raining  
The cop bikes are gaining  
Oh, why did I ever get tight?  
R. BOWEN, 5A

## IMAGERY OF A BLACK CLOUD

O black cloud  
of the blue hemisphere  
Black sheep amongst  
the pure white wool  
A blot; a smudge;  
a pirate's flag  
Atop the snowy sails set full.

Your nebulous ebony  
spreads a hand  
Athwart the spilling sun  
Which blazes a crack  
in the sky so grey  
And awaits the crack of a gun.

And from this wound  
pour the drops  
Of an incessantly seething sea  
To quench the thirst  
of a brown parched land  
While sacrificing thee.

PAUL TANDY, 5A

## WHERE IS THE GREATNESS?

Where is the greatness?  
The deep full meaning  
Where is the way?  
What is the goal?

Somewhere there must be something  
Though all I see is nothing  
Is it that eyes are gauzelike  
And sift through the water  
And let the gold fall away?  
P. SLADEN, 5A

## TO A TRANSISTOR

Oh radio though cordless thou art  
Your music swells most forcefully  
Myself from you I'll never part—  
The \* ! ? x : !! earphone's stuck in me!

One turns a knob, twists a dial  
Swears and curses vehemently  
Because some drip's left you in the sun  
And flattened out your battery.

The strap's been broken, earphone lost  
Dial twisted till the wires crossed  
Electrodes from the battery reeled,  
The bottom's falling from beneath.  
Everything's done, no more can happen  
Adieu, farewell to Alan Lappan.  
R. BOWEN, 5A

## VIEWPOINT

When you climb a thickly-timbered hill  
You notice many things;  
That moss grows on the southern side of trees,  
Or that gum trees are irregularly shaped,  
Or that orange fungus grows on fallen boughs.  
And it's pleasant, for the trees shut out the wind.  
So you think, "I'm comfortable here,  
Why should I go on farther?"

But you climb up until you reach the hilltop,  
And there a sweeping prospect is presented;  
The timbers, and the valleys, and the towns,  
And the mountains farther off,  
And the sky, and the clouds, and the sun.  
Then you realise that the depth and breadth  
Of all that you survey  
Has made the climb worthwhile.  
In our own minds we build our little corners,  
And we stay in them to think,  
Where we're protected from the things  
Which, in fact, should stir the brain  
To greater effort.  
And our timbers are of prejudice and bigotry.

But, with a bit of effort on our part,  
We can leave the timbers, and attain that height  
From which our vision will be clear,  
So we can see what's really to be seen,  
In all its breadth and depth.

W. OAKES, 5A

## THE MYSTERIOUS CAVE

My cousin and I were out in the country on a hike when we saw a large group of caves. We ran towards them and upon reaching them commenced exploring.

After about an hour, we decided that we had better be going as it would soon be dark. We had our packs ready and were about to leave, when, all of a sudden, we heard it.

It sounded like the wail of some creature, and when we turned there was a pale green light shining from one of the caves. The light was becoming brighter and brighter until it was too bright to look at, so my cousin and I turned around and ran home as fast as our legs could carry us.

After tea we told mum and dad of our adventure and the strange light and how we ran as fast as we could, although I don't think that they believed us.

Later that night, about midnight we once again heard that mysterious wailing and as I hurried towards the window I could hear my parents getting out of bed. I looked out into the night and saw a great white figure slipping through the shadows towards the bush.

The next day we thought that we might go and take another look at that cave only this time we would go armed.

We started out early in the morning and reached the cave quickly and immediately set about finding the cave.

When we found it we decided to wait in the bush till whatever was in there came out.

We only had to wait a short while before we heard it. It started as a low groan, but increased in volume until it became a high pitched wailing sound.

Then the thing came out. It was a great white bear about ten feet high, about four feet wide and as we found out later weighing about five hundred pounds.

As there was no light this time we followed it for a while and when we got the chance we took a shot at it.

Unfortunately we did not quite kill it with our rifles and it ran, wounded and mad through the bush.

We then went and rang the police, who, when they came had rifles big enough to kill the bear. They also wanted to see the cave where the bear had come from so we took them there.

On arriving at the cave the police worked their way stealthily towards the back of the cave while we watched for the bear.

The police soon explained the light that we saw. The back of the cave was a vast, deep pool of water and the roof was covered with glow worms which gave off the weird light.

Just then my cousin and I raced into the cave yelling that the bear was back.

The bear came roaring into the cave but was stopped by two well placed bullets just above the heart.

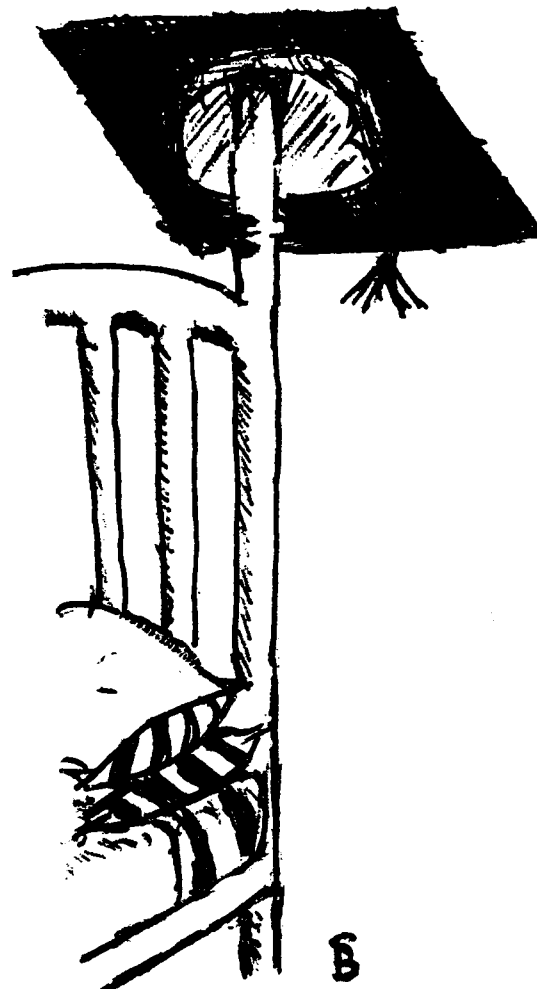
Then with a supreme show of super strength the bear rose and plunged into the pool never to rise again.

T. MORGAN, 2B

## A BEAUTIFUL VIEW

The view from the top of the cliff was indeed beautiful. This was well worth the travelling we had done; first to Katoomba and then down to Echo Point. We arrived just as the mist was rising from the bottom of the valley. The tops of the trees seemed to be floating in space. The cliffs half shrouded in mist looked ghostly. At that moment the mist started to descend. When I looked down again the green foliage was impressive against the brown of the surroundings. The track at the bottom of the cliffs twisted and wound around the bottom of the age old hills. Black dots moved along the narrow ribbon. They were actually people but to us on the heights they looked like ants. Further away on the right the skyway swaying in the wind, was silhouetted against the skyline.

KENNETH FENWICK, 1C



"MR BEARD HAS  
RETIRED."

Block donated by Waratah Bowling Club

## THE PRICE OF FEAR

De Borrigh usually slept with the gun next to him in bed. But he had had a bad night and the memory of it was still strong in his mind. He was jumpy and he knew how he usually slept after a bad night. He realised he might discharge the gun while he was asleep and so that is why he placed it on the table. The table was close to the bed and he could get the gun if anything happened.

He was lying down, shaking violently, and feeling sick after the effects of the benzedrine had worn off. He felt cold but he was sweating. He reached for a cigarette but remembered he had given the last one to Ivanoff so he put the matches down and tried desperately not to think. But to forget the white staring face of Ivanoff was impossible.

Ivanoff had always taken pride in his work. De Borrigh often joked and called him conceited but Ivanoff would just laugh and shrug his shoulders in that queer way of his. Ivanoff had been a good man — knew his work and never talked. He was always careful not to drink too much so he would not talk. He had not even talked at the end.

In the darkness they had both been watching the train come down the tracks towards the explosives. Ivanoff wore that exultant smile he always wore when he had finished his job. Borrigh was watching him to see his right hand come up and brush the brown hair from his eyes with the excited nervous gesture he always used just before the explosion. But the explosion did not come.

Instead the train stopped and troops began to pour out. They began combing the scrub. Ivanoff's hand was poised in mid-air. Dawn was coming and the top of the hillside was silhouetted against the lighter sky but the hillside was still dark and Borrigh and Ivanoff could not be seen.

"We'd better go," Ivanoff said simply. They went. As they ran low over the hilltop a shot rang out. Ivanoff clutched Borrigh's sleeve. Borrigh turned and faced Ivanoff. Ivanoff twisted round and pointed down the hill — his face blank. Borrigh nodded, not understanding, and turned to go on.

As if undecided Ivanoff gave Borrigh's sleeve a short tug and then his hand slipped away. He fell to the ground and lay still — his face expressionless. "Ivanoff," Borrigh whispered urgently. Ivanoff said nothing. Borrigh knelt down and looked at his friend. Ivanoff's eyes were staring into his own. They were glazed and unworking and beads of sweat stood out on his forehead. Borrigh sighed turned and ran quickly.

The drugs did their work — he got back. He felt sick and broken as he lay on the bed. He thought of his wife and child over the sea. Thinking of home always made him feel better. He thought of the times he used to go hunting with the dog — he remembered the fresh smell of stubble and the sound of the quail as they shot out from under the nose of the pointer. His name had not been De Borrigh then. It had been an English name — but that world was

far away. He felt a lump in his throat and felt as though he could not swallow.

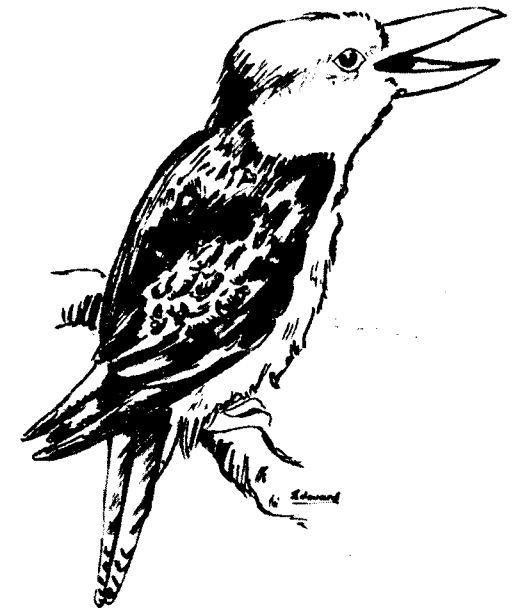
He fell into a fitful sleep and dreamt about home . . . the quiet nights beside the open fire with a book, the dog on the rug and his wife talking to the boy.

Suddenly he was awake. He did not know what the noise was nor where it came from but he had heard it. A soft scrape as though the downstairs door had been closed. Slowly he reached for the gun, slipped the lanyard round his wrist, and stumbled out of bed. With his head throbbing and the pistol dangling on the lanyard he stood for a moment listening. Fear was knotting his entrails, his stomach seemed to be contracting; and he tasted the old taste of fear in his mouth. A drop of sweat ran down his nose, hesitated for a moment and then fell making a hollow "plop" on the floor.

With his left hand shaking De Borrigh tried to screw on the silencer. He cross threaded it and swore under his breath. At last it was screwed on. Borrigh sank to the ground and edged his head round the door. He saw a dark shadow at the top of the staircase. He could hear the other man's breathing. He felt a wave of sympathy for this man whom he was about to kill. The palm of his hand was wet and he knew he must shoot before he broke down completely. He levelled the gun and aimed at where he thought the lungs of the crouching figure would be. A flash and De Borrigh was on top of the man grasping him across the mouth and feeling the warm blood on his left hand which was on the man's chest. The only sound was a hoarse sigh. The man's body convulsed and his eyes showed bewilderment as they stared into De Borrigh's.

When the body was limp De Borrigh took his hand away from the man's mouth — stood up slowly and opened the blackout curtain. A shaft of light fell across the dead face of Ivanoff.

OWEN I. MORGAN, 5A



## WHAT A MAN!

Few there are that live a life that's hard;  
Only some will die a death the same.  
This man did both, because he claimed a name  
That stirred men up and showed their lives as marred.

He was born in filth;  
An unimpressive entry made  
Into the world.  
They little knew how great was then the purpose  
Of his birth:  
He knew it though, as the first light softly  
glowed on earth  
And day broke out.

He lived until the prime of life  
Unrecognized in his obscurity.  
He lived an alien, as from another world;  
He was different.  
His heart's desires seemed stronger than others.  
He bent his life towards a certain task.

The work for which he came,  
He called his "meat".  
And "meat" it was indeed to him—  
He lived for it.

He set his life like flint to do it;  
It was a hard work,  
Not one he relished. He would, for all his  
greatness,  
Have done it another way.  
But he knew full well  
There was no other way.

Thus, though he was great in might and  
prominence,  
He laid aside the greatness  
And made himself a servant.  
And as he served, he spoke the reason for his  
coming.

He was so outspoken he roused his listeners to  
rage.  
Only the common rabble would hear his cutting  
words,  
Few really believed them.

So, after three years of working like a slave,  
His moment came—  
And all the world then turned against him.

They put him to death in the cruelest  
Fashion then devised.  
It was almost like a lynching.  
But they were amazed at how he died.  
He was no coward.  
No ranting or raving or pleading for mercy.  
He understood what these lesser humans  
Did not understand.  
Just before he died,  
He felt the burden lifted,  
That had weighed him down.  
Now his work was finished!  
He shouted it for all to hear  
And then he died.

To some, this man is imagination's figment,  
Or a legend, or a fairy tale.  
Others think this man is dead.  
"A fraud and liar," others say;  
"He speaks rubbish."  
"What a fool!"  
But still, in spite of all this jibe,  
His message still is clear today, as ever:  
"He is a fool, himself, who says there is no God."  
But that's not all.  
The name that stirred men up is "Jesus",  
Which means "Saviour".  
This is the claim He makes.

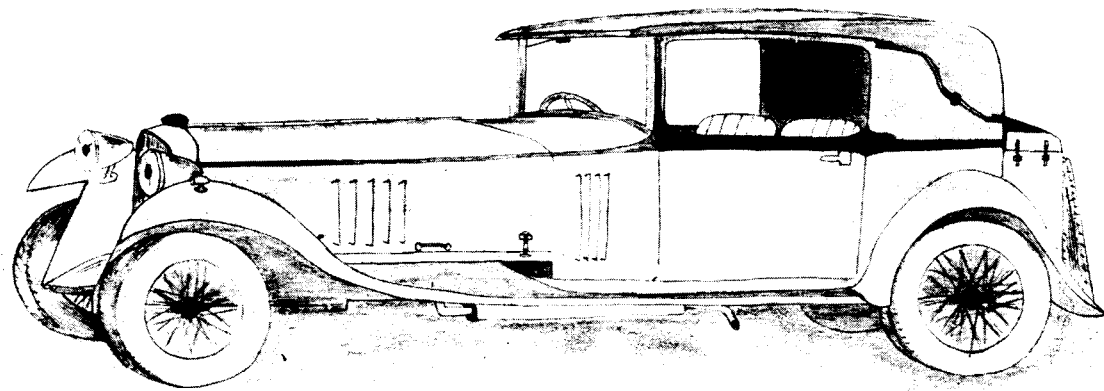
TONY TROUGHEAR, 5A

## SUNSET

I looked into the west  
and saw the sun diving,  
diving beneath the hazy clouds  
of distance; and far up on my  
right there lay the moon  
leading the attack of night  
with soldiers of stars,  
striking and dismissing day  
from the portals of heaven.

Strong jagged hills line  
the edge of a purple blanket  
shot with arrows of red  
and piercing the clouds  
giving them a golden fringe.  
Spectacular softens to subtle,  
the blue to black approach of night  
sets off the sparkling points of light  
and then the blackness of the night.

G. FRY, 3D



Block donated by Mr. N. Williams

## THE PRIZE IS TO THE SWIFT

Harold Bell stood before the automatic  
elevator and watched the great steel grille slide  
open.

He stepped smartly into the cage and faced  
about so that he could contemplate the slow,  
inexorable closing of the door.

There was something about that door —  
something mechanically impartial — that both  
fascinated and frightened him. The door opened  
and closed like that for big people and little  
people alike. He wasn't sure that he approved  
of that door. Yet, maybe he was as proud of the  
mechanical door as he was of the Bell Building  
itself. The door, like the huge building, crystal-  
lized everything that he'd struggled after:  
protection, security, isolation, freedom from fear  
. . . freedom from fear . . .

The elevator slid noiselessly to the eighteenth  
floor. Harold Bell waited for his stomach to  
arrive and then sprang out just a second ahead  
of the steel grille that closed unhurriedly behind  
him. He paused a moment to reflect that doors,  
like humans, should be made receptive to the  
commands of their superiors, and then he entered  
his sound-proof office.

Miss Henley retrieved his hat from the floor  
and casually hung it upon a brass hook.

"There were four callers," she said. "Three  
gentlemen wanting to sell properties — and the  
seedy gentleman in the blue dungarees."

Harold Bell's face underwent a subtle  
change. It might have been indigestion, it could  
have been fear. "Is that fellow still hanging  
around? I thought — when we transferred from  
the old office yesterday—"

Miss Henley's eyes shifted into neutral. "He  
still says that he wants to interest you in a  
gold-mine in Combargana. Perhaps — if you  
could grant him an interview —"

"I won't see him. He'll have to wait."

"I keep telling him that. He says he's in no  
hurry. He always says he's in no hurry."

Harold Bell picked up a teak ruler from his  
desk and ran his fingers along its polished sur-  
face. "I knew that fellow once in South

Australia," he said. "We worked a claim  
together. It was a fairly rich seam. Then we  
quarrelled. There was a legal fight — and well,  
the prize is to the swift and the silent. That's  
all I have to say Miss Henley. Show me the  
afternoon mail."

She stood behind his swivel chair for several  
minutes, contemplating his stooped shoulders.  
Bell brushed letter after letter aside without  
comment. Then Miss Henley said quite simply:

"You ought to grant him an interview, Mr.  
Bell."

Harold Bell wheeled and faced his secretary.  
Suddenly her eyes reminded him of the elevator  
door, patient, impartial, steel-grey. Harold Bell  
side-stepped smartly to avoid being caught up  
in the concentrated honesty of her gaze. "That  
will be all, Miss Henley," he said tonelessly.  
"You might give Mr. Dingle a hand today. He's  
on the seventh."

He watched the door close silently behind  
her, then, absently he stared about him, absorb-  
ing the rounded lines of the new furniture, the  
bric-a-brac, the red-plush carpets, and drinking  
the silence. It was the silence and the isolation  
that he revered most — the brand-new  
soundproof room that kept out all the harsh  
unpleasant noises, stilled the insistent beatings  
of the rabble. Up here, on the eighteenth floor,  
at the very pinnacle of the Bell Building, he  
enjoyed a sense of splendid isolation. Along  
with the automatic elevator and the building,  
this room was the crowning glory of a life-time  
incessantly dedicated to bolstering the ramparts  
between himself and the rest of the world.

He had known poverty, and the further away  
from it he got, the more he feared and hated it.  
This great, spacious chamber, unrelieved by any  
wall ornament or window, and into which no  
sound might penetrate except at his express  
bidding, was the most defiant and at the same  
time most protective gesture of his life. It was  
his 'thumb to the nose' at the rest of the world.

It was late when he snapped out of his  
reverie and already the room was dark. He  
looked up and stared straight ahead, and even  
as he began to rise from the swivel-chair the  
door began to open, noiselessly.

"You're late getting away Miss Henley."

"It isn't Miss Henley."

The figure insinuated itself into the room  
and stood by the slowly closing door. The click  
of the door as it snapped shut stabbed through  
the silence of the room.

"I've come to interest you in a gold-mine in  
Combargana," the visitor said quietly.

Harold Bell's fingers reached across the  
surface of his desk and came to rest on the  
smooth teak ruler.

"Have you a gold mine in Combargana?"

"I had, but a feller took it from me. My  
trouble was I couldn't read — couldn't read a  
word. The other feller was well educated — I  
lost my half."

"Who got it?"

"Feller by the name of Bell."

"Then, what do you want with me?"

The visitor emerged from the shadows of  
the door and became a discernible blur against  
the grey walls.

"Thought you might know of him. He went  
into real estate. I see his picture in the paper



Block donated by K. R. Hincks

yesterday, sitting in his new office. I can read now."

"That's — that's fine."

"Yeh. I see where he is sitting in his sound-proof office. That feller, I reckon, is trying to escape from the ugly noises of his conscience. But he can't do it like that. The noises is inside of him, see?"

Bell stood up, "You can drop in here tomorrow, Frank," he said, "and we'll talk this thing over —"

"I was saying," the other went on heedlessly, "that I can read. It says in the paper that he's in a sound-proof room. Now, I reckon that if such a room can keep noises out, it can also keep noises in —"

"There's an opening here in the business, Frank."

As he spoke the visitor began to move forward until he loomed over the desk. Harold Bell opened his mouth and roared until the veins protruded through the pale skin of his neck — great resounding roars that in other circumstances would have been heard at the farthest end of the street . . .

The following morning, punctually at nine o'clock a seedy gentleman in faded dungaree pants approached Miss Henley's desk and asked to see Mr. Harold Bell.

"I want to interest Mr. Bell in a gold-mine," he explained, producing a sheaf of papers.

Miss Henley stared at him unblinkingly.

"I'm afraid Mr. Bell is dead," she said.

The seedy gentleman nodded and walked towards the lift. The great steel door slid ponderously back. Miss Henley stared thoughtfully ahead for a moment, and then busied herself with the morning mail.

J. SAMPSON, 5A

### BUSY WHEELS

In the busy city  
Wheels are turning fast.  
In the busy traffic  
Cars are rushing past,  
Gaily painted taxis  
Rush around the town,  
Great big clumsy buses  
Go rumbling up and down.

All these busy wheels  
Move us round with ease,  
Other busy wheels  
Are not the same as these,  
They are making power  
Which cuts down on your chores,  
Soon electric power  
Will open up your doors.

Way out in the country  
Wheels are working too,  
Dirty big earth-movers  
Now don't look so new,  
The highway they are building  
Will open up the plain,  
It will flourish freely  
With fields of golden grain.

JOHN EBBOTT, 1B

### SUSPENSE

You stand at the dressing room door, or sit on the seats surrounding the oval. The field is an oval of emerald, dotted with the white figures of the players. The meagre crowd is dotted about the seats or in the stand.

There is always action on the field. The fieldsmen close on the batsmen in a never-renting circle. The crisp click of bat on ball is carried across the ground by the cool summer breeze.

The bowler moves in again. The fieldsmen tense. The ball beats the bat, splitting the stumps asunder. The batsman walks dejectedly back, meeting the incoming batsman at the gate. Sprigs pound on cement.

"Better get padded up. You're in after A1," the captain calls out.

You walk into the cool darkness of the dressing room. There is an odour of sweat which perpetually pervades the room. Your sprigs pound on the cement floor, and the sound is echoed by the walls.

"What happened?" you ask the just-dismissed batsman.

"Ar, e's moving the ball about a foot in the air," he says, "you'd better watch him."

You begin to pad up, each strap feeling as if it has never been done up before. You do up the last strap, and put on your gloves. You notice your boot-lace is untied. You swear, and after taking off your gloves, you retie it.

Picking up your gloves and bat, you get up and walk out. Your sprigs sound even more loudly on the cement. The sunlight is blinding, and you sit in the sun for a while.

A shout of "Hozat" echoes across the ground, and the batsman before you walks out onto the ground towards the pitch.

You sit quietly on the seat, waiting for the fall of the next wicket. Your legs feel like rubber, and the bat seems to weigh a ton.

Suddenly you hear the disheartening click of the ball hitting the stumps, and you get up ready to meet the batsman at the gate.

"How's the wicket?" you ask him.

"Arr, it's orright," he says simply.

You walk through the gate and now comes the worst part. Your heart is pounding, your legs feel like rubber and you feel you cannot lift the bat. At last you reach the pitch and are ready for your first ball.

P. PAGE, 5A

### THE SNIPER

He sits alone in his lofty haven,  
Clothes bedraggled, face unshaven,  
Waiting for an unsuspecting foe,  
Death to the soldier whose progress is slow.

He turns his head, his gaze is steady,  
He has his rifle at the ready,  
A belt of ammunition around his hip,  
A cigarette hangs from his lip.

He levels his rifle and clutches the trigger,  
From out of the jungle emerges a figure.  
He crouches in his leafy den,  
A sniper, a killer of men.

GARY FLYNN, 2D

### THE WALL

Over the darkened roofs of East Berlin, the refugee could see the vague silhouettes of the watch towers; gaunt, uninviting and a constant source of trouble to the freedom-aspiring East Berliner. Although he could not see it, he knew about — had even seen quite closely on one occasion — the thick, ugly barrier of stone, crumbly mortar and barbed wire that lay between the free and captive Berliners.

Carefully, lest he should wake any sleepers in the building below, the furtive figure covered the last yards of the roof in a semi-crouched position and leaned over the gutterings to check that the coast was clear. Ensuring that the soles of his shoes were well-muffled in rag, he took a deep breath and hopped off the edge, avoiding the noisy, rusty iron that served as the gutter. A careless rattle, an unguarded scuffle and the game would be up.

Breathing heavily now, for he was closer to the watch tower sentries than he had ever been, the refugee stooped and scooted to the end of the aisle. On peering around the decaying corner building and down the broad but less-used "Strasser" leading to the wall, he noted the scle guard on the wall at that point. Carefully timing the guard's pacing, he found that he had four seconds in which to move every time the soldier disappeared between the wall and the far side of the last building in the street. With silent haste the man dodged from door to door, shinking against a door or recessed window when the guard came out from the gloom. Every minute was bringing him nearer and nearer to the wall, the canal and freedom.

At last the silent, darting figure was within yards of the wall itself. Spread-eagled against the deeply-recessed portal of the last building on the "Strasser", the East German grimly calculated how long he had to act, and then acted.

Tightly gripping the ten-inch steel bar that had never left his hand that night, he waited his opportunity, then sidled quickly along the side of the building as soon as the guard went past the corner. Motionless, he waited until the guard walked out again. In one movement he stepped behind the armed guard, and cut him down with a blow to the back of his neck. There was a distinct snap, but before the Russian could crumple he had been dragged into the shadows in the narrow space between the wall and the house. Now only the width of the canal from the French sector, the man had still to deal with the watch tower, seventy-five yards along the wall. While planning his escape it had been his main cause for worry, since it had a powerful spotlight and machine-guns. A diversion was necessary, and the answer lay in the steel bar. Cautiously the man rose to his feet, and then heaved the steel far back over the roofs he had crossed a quarter of an hour before. Almost simultaneously, three things happened. The metal hit a tin roof with a satisfying crash. The light of the tower were beamed towards the sound and away from the water and the refugee, frantically clawing at the rough, protruding cement for hand and foot-holds, reached the

wall's broad top as shouting and activity brought to life a second tower one hundred yards further on.

Even as he leaped from the wall he felt the cruel sting of the unseen barbs as they clutched at him in vain. The pain quickly faded from his mind as he swam as fast as he could for free soil.

He was more than half way across when, with a shock, he heard the sound of gunfire and the unpleasant splash of hot lead ten yards off. His ruse had only been partly successful, and as he stopped swimming to give the gunners less to aim at, the cold circle of light he saw moving at him across the surface chilled him to the marrow. Waiting until the last safe moment the German sucked in a lungful of air, and sank beneath the water.

Underwater, his stinging eyes watched the yellow disc through the murky canal. At last the searchlight swung over him, and the water above grew dark once more. Thankfully, but still with great caution, he surfaced.

"Thank God!" he spluttered.

Then he began swimming with a new-found speed, but even as he did, a second light swept across, and found him. Risking all in a last effort, the man sprinted for the bank, scant feet away. Almost immediately he felt a savage pain, in his shoulder. Even as he ceased thrashing, his arm useless, he felt the firm bottom under his feet. With a last desperate lunge he grabbed the bank with his good hand, and as small-arms fire from the French sector gave them covering fire, two French soldiers scrambled down the bank to him. He greeted his rescuers with a half-strangled cry, and then the gunfire, the harshly-lit but smiling faces of the Frenchmen, the sound of the lapping, blood-stained water, all faded into nothingness.

BARRIE STOKES, 5A



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**PATH TO GLORY**

Even during his school days, our local M.P., Charles Brown, distinguished himself by his innate ability to dodge responsibility and work. This "talent" later proved invaluable in his political career.

On leaving school, he was apprenticed to a trade and within a few years became a union delegate. His diligence in collecting union fees, brought him under the favourable notice of the powers behind the local political scene and the following year saw him elected to parliament. He was now Charles Brown, M.P.

Although no orator, by paying close attention to his colleagues' parliamentary speeches, Charlie soon acquired an impressive repertoire of cliches, which satisfied his not too critical supporters. This, and his "Hail fellow well met" manner was enough to ensure his automatic return to office at each election.

At the age of forty, Charles Brown, M.P. (or Charlie, as he likes to be called) is a tough and experienced politician. Notwithstanding this, he is a very generous and noble fellow, for I have heard him say so, at innumerable political meetings.

Not only has he the interests of his electorate at heart, but his own welfare also ranks high in his consideration. He believes that his frequent trips overseas, in quest of ideas to improve his electorate, of course, are highly beneficial, and so they are; to Charlie Brown.

Might I mention here that his sideline is photography and he is able to indulge freely in his hobby, obtaining expensive equipment, duty free. But this, of course, is only a just reward

for his outstanding service to the community, in undertaking these arduous trips.

A politician of such thrift, I have never seen before. For example, he was able to use the Gosford stone, left over from the local park improvement project to great effect in building a retaining wall in his neatly landscaped garden. Indeed, his residence is a veritable mansion, with government material manifest in every nook and cranny. Charlie certainly hates waste.

He manages to appear at most public functions and boasts that he has never missed the supper at any. I suppose he can be excused for his enormous appetite, for he undoubtedly needs all the nourishment he can get, to stand up to the rigours of office.

Having dined with Charlie at official dinners, it is impossible to forget the enthusiasm he injects into this particular facet of his political duties, and his incipient but rapidly developing paunch is a tribute to his gastronomical diligence.

Despite his ubiquitous nature he manages to spend most Sundays with his family and I always feel very relieved to think that he enjoys some relaxation, when I see him carefully packing the government car, with canned beer, luncheon baskets, fishing rods and guns, ready for a day's picnic.

This is but another illustration of his consideration for the electors, who, having provided the funds for the purchase of such an expensive vehicle, would be unhappy to think it was lying idle over the weekend.

Charles Brown is the idol of his people and will assuredly remain the local M.P. until his death — probably from over-eating.

PAUL SEALE

**AXOLOTOLS**

If at this poem  
You chance to gaze  
With mind alert  
And eyes ablaze  
you will up arms  
and swiftly smote  
The thick skull of  
The drip who wrote.

But if you read it  
In a dream  
The words here written  
Will not seem  
To be important  
and also won't  
Make so much sense  
They don't!

My reason for writing I do not know  
I hate it, despise it,  
Scorn it, deride it,  
Dislike it, detest it,  
Criticise and reject it—  
(It's dough)

R. BOWEN, 5A

**SEASCAPE**

Sea is steady, Amphitrite sleeps,  
Small ripples of tide creep along the beach,  
Wind is still and gulls are hushed,  
A scene as old as life itself.  
Into this peace a man intrudes,  
Well known by wind and sea is he,  
Heavy are his footsteps treading sand,  
A silvery harvest his to reap.  
Sea swells slowly as moon awakes,  
Its path showing brightly, edging land,  
Rocks on shore glisten dark and grim,  
While fish flip feebly on a bed of cane.

PAUL LEWER, 5D

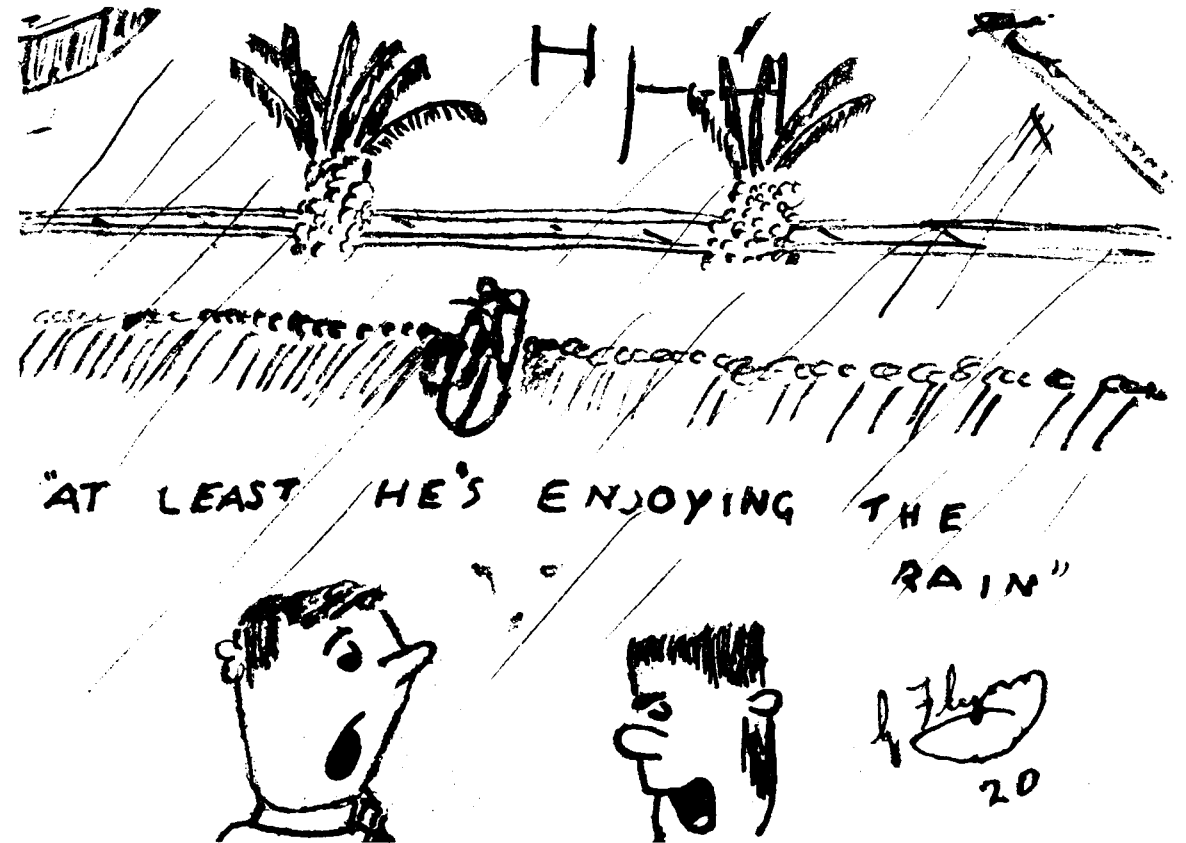
**FLYING**

Soon I was flying majestically high,  
Through the clouds all scattered, high,  
Like a black dot on a blue background,  
Diving and turning, round, and round,  
Swooping and climbing, higher and higher,  
Looping the loop like a ball of fire,  
Then I came down to land again,  
On the runway smooth as a plain.

G. TAYLOR, 1B



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## MUSICAL IMPRESSIONS

Sounds so nobly dreamt, confusing,  
 Inarticulately flee  
 From vibrating brass, wood, twine  
 Eternal emittance  
 Of discordant  
 Cacophony.

Soaring strings rise o'er monstrous  
 Drones — a fleeting flutter  
 Of flute-like scales above a  
 Melancholy chatter  
 From the hautboy's  
 Sombre crudity.

Tranquility submits to tumultuous  
 Subtleness; from placid  
 Pianissimo to egregious exclamations.  
 Clamorous clings  
 From vociferous  
 Percussion.

Terrestrial torrents of archaic  
 Rhythms, robust,  
 Fanciful dance of frolicking peasants  
 To the joyful  
 Lust of  
 Instrumentation.

Interrupted by chords of wind  
 Of naivete; concise  
 Virtuosity.

A confusion of brassy tones  
 Regimentally herald  
 A brisk finale as  
 Diminishing quiverings  
 Transcend aural  
 Perception.

RICHARD HEATH, 5A

## IRONY

The school bell tolls the knell of coming break,  
 The screaming schoolboys race towards the tuck;  
 The teacher plods with many an obvious ache  
 Towards the trembling boy who's run amok.  
 Now fades the very last glimm'ring spark of  
 hope  
 And all the air a ghastly tenseness waits—  
 Save where the cane, he wields his droning  
 flight,  
 And many a whack is felt with certain fate.  
 D. DART, 2D

## FRANKENSTEIN'S SON

Frankenstein's son is coming,  
 His image I can see,  
 Coming down the hill-side,  
 Coming to get me.

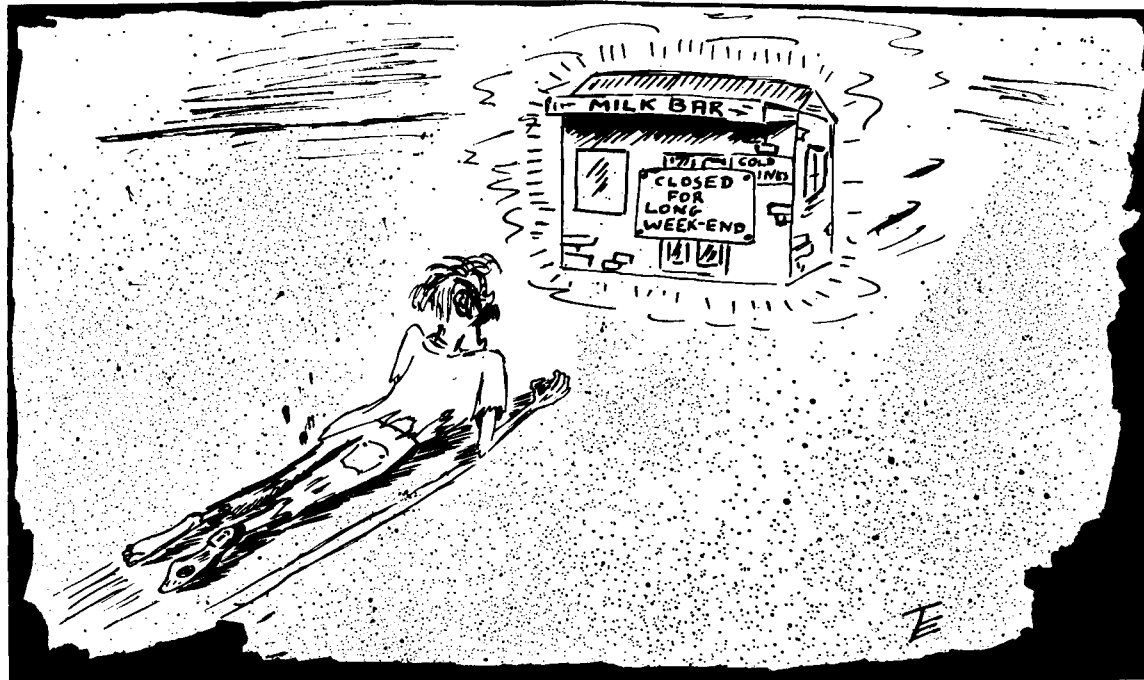
His face is scarred and twisted,  
 His eyes are well inset,  
 His lips are torn and blistered,  
 His clothes ablaze in red.

I can hear his footsteps clearer,  
 The clock strikes hour of one,  
 Death is drawing nearer  
 It's either me or Frankenstein's son.

I can hear a creaking floorboard,  
 As the door knob begins to turn,  
 I am clasp my big broad-sword,  
 While my eyes begin to burn.

Just then the door flies open,  
 And standing who I see,  
 It is my big fat father,  
 Coming to reprimand me.

NEIL RANDALL, 2C



Block donated by Ell's Pty. Ltd.

## BLUES AWARDED FOR 1963

CRICKET: B. Gibson, D. Williamson.  
 RUGBY LEAGUE: J. Marsden, D. Williamson,  
 M. Turnbull (Bar).  
 SOCCER: J. Archibald, H. Fryer.  
 TENNIS: W. Harrison, C. East.  
 SWIMMING: M. Bright, O. Morgan (Bar).  
 ATHLETICS: B. Prideaux, K. Reeves, N. Ryder,  
 P. Tandy.

## HOUSE COMPETITION

AGGREGATE POINT SCORE: Hannell House.  
 ATHLETICS: Hannell House.  
 SWIMMING: Hannell House.  
 BASKETBALL: Shortland House (Winter Com-  
 petition).  
 SOCCER: Shortland House.  
 RUGBY LEAGUE: Hunter House.  
 TENNIS: Hunter House (Winter Competition).  
 CRICKET: Competition still in progress.

## ATHLETICS, 1963

Senior Champion: W. Reichert.  
 16 Years Champion: P. Tandy.  
 15 Years Champion: P. March.  
 14 Years Champion: G. Edgar.  
 13 Years Champion: G. Vero.  
 12 Years Champion: A. Alcock.

## SWIMMING, 1963

Senior Champion: O. Morgan.  
 16 Years Champion: M. Bright.  
 15 Years Champion: J. Groves.  
 14 Years Champion: J. Johnson.  
 13 Years Champion: S. Derwin.  
 12 Years Champion: G. Dawson.

## HIGH SCHOOLS' COMPETITIONS, 1963

CRICKET:  
 1st Grade Premiers.  
 2nd, 3rd, 4th Grades (competition still in pro-  
 gress).

TENNIS:  
 1st Grade Premiers.  
 2nd Grade Premiers.

SOCCER:  
 1st Grade Premiers.

## TEAM SPORT REPORT, 1963

RUGBY LEAGUE.—Although our 1st XIII failed to retain the University Shield this year they gave a good account of themselves when they were defeated in the third round 13-5 by Newcastle Technical High, the ultimate winners of the competition.

In the Evans Shield competition our 1st XIII lost 9-2 in the semi-finals again to Newcastle Technical High. Congratulations Tech!  
 Our 2nd Grade was defeated in the Grand Final 8-3; the 3rds and 5ths were defeated in the semi-finals whilst the 4th grade was eliminated at the final. The 6th and 7th grades failed to qualify for the semi-finals.

SOCCER.—Congratulations are in order for our A Grade team — the competition premiers. The B Grade were very unlucky to go down fighting 1-0 in a replay of the final. The C Grade were eliminated by Broadmeadow Junior High in the semi-finals and the D Grade lost to Hamilton Marist Brothers High 5-3 in an exciting final.

TENNIS.—Our tennis players performed well during the season, the 1st and 2nd grade teams each taking out the premierships.

CRICKET.—The standard of cricket at the school is at a high level. Congratulations coaches on a job well done. The 1st XI were the premiers in the open grade and at the present time our 2nd, 3rd and 4ths are among the competition leaders. Here's hoping they maintain their present form.

AUSTRALIAN RULES.—The school entered two teams in the competition but was defeated in the final.

Sport on a House basis was played in the following:

Rugby League—A and B grades (8 teams).  
 Soccer—A and B grades (8 teams).  
 Tennis—A and B grades (8 teams).  
 Basketball—A and B grades (8 teams).  
 Softball—A grade (4 teams).  
 Other sporting activities conducted were Golf, Squash, Swimming and Athletics.

## 2nd GRADE LEAGUE

W. Brogden	J. Marshall
H. Wykman	B. Ellis
D. Brownsmith	R. McWhinney
A. Lee	G. Mack
G. Hallinan	M. Heaston
B. Hooker	D. Locker
R. Bear (c.)	T. Cook
R. Brown	W. Simms

## 8st 7lb. RUGBY LEAGUE

J. Taylor (c.)	J. McLennen
M. Broughton (v.c.)	G. Askey
J. Hoskins	I. Tonks
P. Saunders	G. Dark
G. Jones	G. Ling
A. MacNeill	S. Fry
I. Sullivan	

## Reserves—

I. Lovett	D. Flynn
M. Green	E. Rennie

**7st. 7lb. 5th GRADE RUGBY LEAGUE**

Coach: Mr. Galvin

- |               |            |
|---------------|------------|
| J. Davis (c.) | C. Morrow  |
| J. Johnson    | S. Trench  |
| N. Bawes      | N. Waldie  |
| B. Kerridge   | R. Kelly   |
| B. Kearns     | B. Hogan   |
| M. Croudace   | P. Sweeney |
| G. Vero       | I. Bell    |
| B. Alexander  | B. Edwards |

**6st. 7lb. RUGBY LEAGUE**

- |                      |              |
|----------------------|--------------|
| S. Moore (c.)        | B. Boyd      |
| N. MacDiarmid (v.c.) | R. Daly      |
| D. Doyle             | P. Dalling   |
| S. Roach             | D. Schultz   |
| R. Coleman           | D. Attwater  |
| B. Robinson          | T. Wallis    |
| B. Cunningham        | G. Wilson    |
| N. Morrison          | N. Moffitt   |
| G. Barbouttis        | T. F. SHEEDY |
| G. Elsey             |              |



**1st GRADE LEAGUE**

Back Row: Mr. A. Smith (Coach), P. Drinkwater, R. Newham, C. Chambers, M. Turnbull, J. McGarry, D. Chapman, M. Stedman.  
 Front Row: T. Dunncliff, K. Byrnes, W. Reichert, D. Williamson (vice-captain), J. Marsden (captain), D. Puddicombe, I. Pratt, B. Hooker.

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**6st. 7th GRADE RUGBY LEAGUE**

- |               |               |
|---------------|---------------|
| M. Curry (c.) | P. Layzell    |
| D. Knight     | P. Noak       |
| G. Hill       | S. Reeves     |
| P. Hain       | P. Corbett    |
| S. Braye      | B. Beath      |
| G. Melick     | P. Maltby     |
| G. Hocking    | A. Wheeler    |
| T. Bennetts   | J. Strickland |
| R. New        | J. Myers      |

**1st XIII REPORT**

The 1st XIII had a mixed season, starting strongly but finishing, dogged by bad luck. We finished equal second to Marist Bros. in the Evan's Shield points score but a count back of points for and against gave Marist second place. This left us in third position which meant playing undefeated Tech. High in the semi-final. The team played hard football trying to win right to the final bell but were beaten 9 to 2 by the better side.

Our best game of the season was our win over Marist Bros. at Waratah Oval. The game

was hard fought but we had the edge from the start. The teamwork was excellent, the ball being passed about so much that it frequently confused Marists. After scoring 3 hard earned tries and having a magnificent goal kicked by Turnbull we ran out winners 11 to 9.

In the State wide University Shield competition we won our first two games and were unlucky to draw Tech. High in the third round. The game was played on a cold rainy day at No. 1 Sports Ground. We started strongly and were first to score with a thrilling try by the full back Dunncliff which Turnbull converted. We felt confident at half time being down only 7 to 5 but in the second half Tech. went on to win 13 to 5 and also to win the coveted shield. The team combined well in this

half and were unlucky not to score after attacking for long periods. Steadman and Turnbull were outstanding in their keenness in this half.

THE TEAM: Trevor Dunncliff at full back was always safe and cleared the ball well with long runs.

Ray Newham and Peter Drinkwater were our two hard running wingers scoring many tries by determined running.

Max Turnbull the outside centre made many long runs linking well with his wingers. He showed his versatility late in the season by filling the vacant lock position and inspiring the forwards with darting runs through the opposing pack. Max was also the goalkicker saving us a few times with fine goals.

Williamson at inside centre found many



**1st GRADE CRICKET**

Back Row: B. Mathieson, B. Hooker, M. Turnbull, J. Archibald, T. Dunncliff, J. Taylor.  
 Front Row: I. Forrester, B. Gibson (c.), Mr. Maehl, D. Williamson, C. Traill.

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gaps in the opposing team's backline and then fed Turnbull intelligently.

Byrnes was a hard running five-eight. He backed up well and tackled hard.

Steadman the half was the most tenacious player in the team, he never gave up hope. Martin was excellent in defence and started many attacking moves from the scrum base.

McGarry played lock until forced out of the team with broken ribs. His tackling was always hard and his backing up was tireless.

Pratt and Reichert were the second row. Pratt an excellent defender also gained ground by his crashing runs through the middle of the rucks. Reichert moved up to his man well and made some long runs downfield.

Puddicombe and Chambers were the front rowers. Puddicombe ran well from the edges of the rucks and Chambers was a tireless worker in the scrums.

Hooker, Marshall, Chapman and McWhinney

filled positions of injured players with much distinction.

On behalf of the team I would like to thank Mr. Smith for his knowledgeable coaching and his keen interest shown throughout the season.

J. MARSDEN (Capt.)

### 1st GRADE CRICKET

I am pleased to report that for the short 1963 season our 1st XI were the outright winners. This honour was due to the team having some outstanding players who were backed up by consistent performances from all of the team.

The team remained undefeated during the season the one sad note being our clash with Technical High School — this match being abandoned.

The opening match at Robins Oval against Maitland produced a draw. The team scored 143 on a chancy wicket and this score was due to the fine effort of Darrell Williamson who

scored a brilliant 83. J. Taylor and T. Dunning made double figure contributions. Before stumps Maitland were 2 for 12, their finest batsmen being dismissed in the last four overs. Things augered well for a win, but rain washed out any further play.

In the next match, Marist Brothers were sent into bat on another sporting wicket. They were dismissed for 44, Barry Gibson having the fine figures of 7 for 11. Norm Ryder took 2 for 3. Our openers made a good stand (B. Mathieson 15, J. Taylor 17) and the following batsmen had a merry time thrashing the attack. Best scorers were B. Gibson 50 not out, M. Turnbull 50 and B. Hooker 25. Batting a second time Marists collapsed and scored 63, Gibson taking 4 for 27 but it was John Archibald who stole the honours having the remarkable figures of 5 for 9 off 11 overs.

In the final, Maitland batted first and scored

103, this time Barry Gibson, adding to his laurels, took 8 for 39. When our turn came to bat, runs were hard to get but double figure efforts by Williamson, Traill, Turnbull, Dunning, Gibson and Archibald, together with an exciting last wicket stand of 12 enabled the team to compile 105.

Team members who gained representative honours were B. Gibson, D. Williamson, M. Turnbull and C. Traill. Highlight of the match against Cranbrook was the fine century scored by Williamson.

In conclusion I would like to say two things. The team is a very strong one, ably led by Barry Gibson. The team is commended for their sportsmanship which was shown on all occasions. Secondly I regret to say again that the season is far too short and disrupted. It is to be hoped that steps to remedy this will be successful.

P. MAEHL (Coach)



### 2nd GRADE CRICKET

Back Row: P. Crowhurst, D. Gray, R. Ryan, G. Rushton, G. Harrison, J. Russell.  
Front Row: D. Cairns, S. Roach (vice-captain), Mr. J. Simpson (coach), G. Robson (captain), P. Whitelaw, C. Peebles.

Absent: I. Sullivan.

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### 3rd GRADE CRICKET

Back Row: Mr. Smith (coach), E. Rush, P. Briggs, G. Edgar, I. Bell, J. Feenan (vice-captain).  
Front Row: M. Skelley, G. Gilmore, N. Lee, G. Halton (captain), K. Jarvis, B. Kearns.



## 2nd GRADE CRICKET

At the time this report went to the press, the 2nd grade cricket team remained undefeated. In the first game against Central, Newcastle 127 and 1-27 defeated Central 68 and 5-30 on the first innings. Good performances were made by Roach and Mathieson, who was promoted to the First XI next match.

Our next game was against Hamilton Marist. We won the game by 152 runs to 123. Harrison and Roach again showed out with the bat and we were well supported by Stow who made a quick 23. Our team was strengthened by the return to the side of Cairns who captured 4 wickets for 39 runs.

Our next game against St. Pius X was reduced to one day, owing to rain and wickets fell quickly during the afternoon. We dismissed St. Pius for 54, Robson capturing 4 for 6. Our batsmen replied in hitting up 128 runs in less than even time. A good performance was again recorded by Harrison, who scored 35.

Our last game was also reduced to one day,

owing to the rain. We won this game against Junior High, due to some fine bowling by Cairns 5-29 and Peebles 4-15. Junior High was dismissed for 54 and in reply we scored 4 for 66, Rushton scoring a fine 44.

The team would like to thank Mr. Simpson for his words of advice and keen interest in the team. His comments and keenness were appreciated by all team members and we hope that he will continue to help the team with his words of advice.

G. ROBSON

## 3rd GRADE CRICKET

Coach, Mr. Smith

So far this year our team is undefeated, winning three matches on the first innings and one match was drawn.

The first game against Broadmeadow Junior High resulted in a win by Boys' High by 127 to 114. Boys' High batted first and after being 2 for 74 were dismissed for 127. Halton 43 n.o. and Gilmore 35 were the main scorers. Central



## 4th GRADE CRICKET

Back Row: S. Braye, T. Howell, R. O'Hearne, W. Bradford, V. Topic, J. Davis, S. Robinson, R. Daly.  
Front Row: D. Kibble, G. Vero (vice-captain), Mr. McRae, M. Simpson (captain), R. Whitelaw.

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at one stage was 6 for 101 but Jarvis dismissed the remaining batsmen quickly, finishing the innings with 6 wickets for 30.

The next game against Marist Brothers saw Boys' High win on the first innings.

Marist Brothers batted first and were dismissed for 67, Feenan with 2 for 11 being the most successful bowler, four being run out. Boys' High scored 94, Gilmore 19, Bell 18, Halton 18 and Kearns 16 n.o. all being successful. Marist Brothers batted again and lost 5 wickets for 37, Lee taking all the wickets for 20.

The game against St. Pius X was drawn, they having lost their first four wickets for 0 before rain interrupted play.

The next game was played over one day against Junior High. Junior High batted first and was dismissed for 38, Briggs taking 6 for 18 and Feenan 2 for 1. Boys' High scored 54 runs for the loss of 1 wicket, Gilmore scoring 32 n.o.

The team would like to thank Mr. Smith for his help and advice.

G. HALTON, Captain

## 4th GRADE CRICKET

During the first half of this year Newcastle has done well to win four matches, two of these being outright victories. Our only loss came when we met Broadmeadow Junior High at Dangar Park. Here we were defeated 69 to 96, with Newcastle avoiding an outright defeat.

Vero, O'Hearn, Smyth and Davis were among Newcastle's run-getters with Vero (vice-captain) taking out the bowling honours with more than fourteen wickets so far. Other outstanding bowlers for the team were Davis who has taken more than nine wickets, O'Hearn, Bradford and Topic, who have improved a great deal.

Although many fine catches were taken in the field by Leeman, Davis and Vero, Newcastle has to improve, especially with their returns to the wicket. If it had not been for our excellent wicket-keeper, Smyth, many valuable runs would have been thrown away.

Finally, Newcastle's marked improvement in the last few months has been due to the fine coaching of Mr. McRae who has held practices every Monday afternoon in Waratah Park. We would all like to thank him for his work.

Team members: M. Simpson (capt.), G. Vero (vice-captain), Davis, Smyth, O'Hearn, Topic, Daly, Braye, Fenwick, Leeman, Robinson, Kibble, Whitelaw, Leslie, Bradford, Howell, DeCoursey, Boyd, Elsley.

## HOUSE TENNIS REPORT — WINTER 1963

This season rain affected play a great deal. It caused the late start, and during the season it interrupted many games. At first the competition was conducted in two grades — A and B, but when the renovation of the gravel courts was complete, a C grade was added. Shortland was the premier of the A and B grade competition.

A. FENWICK, Hunter House Captain

## SQUASH

During the winter and summer seasons the growing popularity of squash was shown by the increasing numbers participating in this sport. At our main centre at Darby Street, four courts were in continual weekly use, with the average cost being three shillings per player.

To meet the growing popularity, eight new racquets were purchased. A teams' competition played at Darby Street gave added interest to the game and should prove successful in future seasons. Other courts in use were at Mayfield and Waratah.

The climax of the season came when two players represented the school in the Combined High Schools Squash Championship played in Sydney. Zimmerman of 4th year was unlucky to meet last year's State Champion in the 1st round, but fully extended him before being defeated 9-5, 9-2. Nowland of 5th year, after having a forfeit in the 1st round, was beaten 9-5, 9-5 in the second round. However, both players benefited from the experience.

With the increasing popularity of squash it is possible that inter-school competition could be arranged for the future.

K. NOWLAND, 5th Year

## GOLF REPORT, 1963

During the August holidays our school won the teams event in the Northern District Schoolboys' Championship at Muree. Chris Campbell-Jones tied for first place with a 74 but was forced into third place in a sudden death play-off.

The other two members of the team Chris Morrow and Neil Valentine recorded 77 and 78 respectively. In the senior division Geoff Gregory finished equal second but was beaten into 3rd place in a play-off. Campbell-Jones won the 16 years and Morrow was runner-up in the 15 years being beaten by a stroke.

A week later at the State schoolboys' championship played at Northbridge, Sydney, our team — Chris Campbell-Jones, Chris Morrow, Neil Valentine and Les Brien all qualified for the final at the very testing Longreef Course, but all except Campbell-Jones, who ran 6th failed to show form.

On Wednesday afternoon about 70 boys play golf at the racecourse. Here there is a competition between the local school teams and because of bad putting lost in the final to Tech. High. During these Wednesday afternoons Geoff Gregory holed in one.

Without the co-operation of Mr. O'Donoghue and his keen enthusiasm such records would not be attained.

Shield team:

N. Valentine (capt.)  
C. Campbell-Jones, L. Brien.

Golf teams:

C. Morrow	D. Hudson
S. Lenham	N. George
G. Gregory	G. Morris
J. Cluloe	J. Russell
J. Withers	R. Mierendoff
R. Wilson	D. Hancock
J. Ebrill	L. Mather



**GOLF TEAM**

Back Row: C. Campbell-Jones, S. Lenham, L. Brien, Mr. O'Donoghue.  
 Front Row: G. Gregory, N. Valentine, C. Morrow.

Block donated by Broken Hill Pty. Ltd.

**A GRADE SOCCER, 1963**

This year has been a very successful one for the A grade soccer team, which was undefeated premiers and finalists of the Zone B competition. Our success can easily be seen from the fact that our team scored thirty one goals, during the competition, and conceded two, both to Tech. High.

In a rain marred first round the school played only one game, convincingly defeating Broadmeadow Junior 13-0. Games against St. Pius, Tech. High and Hamilton Marist's were abandoned. In the first game of the second round Broadmeadow offered much stiffer opposition but we defeated them 5-0. Our game against St. Pius was again abandoned. Tech presented greater rivalry in our next match and, after being down 1-0 at half-time we fought back strongly in the second half to level the score at 1-1. In the final premiers game we defeated Hamilton Marist's 3-0 in another hard fought game.

We met St. Pius in the semi-final and easily defeated them 7-0. After a scoreless first half against Tech. in the final we came from behind

again to draw 1-1. In a closely fought replay we defeated Tech. 1-0.

Throughout the season most boys played consistently and our team moulded into a fine combination.

Joe Wisniewski, the goalkeeper, was very safe throughout the season and part of our success must be credited to him.

It is worthy of note that Ross Conn and Gary Stewart were the smallest fullbacks in the competition, but they combined well as a unit and repelled innumerable attacks.

Paul Seale, Harold Fryer and David Carr made up our half back line. These three boys excelled in defence and provided a suitable link between the forwards and the backs. Special mention must be made of David Carr, who undoubtedly was the most improved player in the team.

The forwards comprised of Alan Briggs, Ken Trippett, Mick Taylor, John Archibald and David Whiteside. These boys developed an understanding towards the end of the season which made them a constant threat to the opposition's



**1st GRADE SOCCER**

Back Row: M. Duckworth, R. Jarvie, D. Carr, H. Fryer, D. Whiteside, A. Briggs, K. Trippett.  
 Front Row: Mr. McKenzie, G. Stewart, P. Seale, J. Wisniewski, J. Archibald, R. Conn, M. Taylor.

Block donated by Jayes Travel Service

defence. Ken Trippett was the find of the season. Previously recognised as a fullback, Ken was brought up to the inside right position when the team was reshuffled for the finals.

Robert Jarvie was a regular member of the team and M. Duckworth was always ready to play when required.

We were fortunate in gaining the greatest selection from any school in our zone for the Newcastle Open Age Team. Harold Fryer, John Archibald, David Whiteside and Geoff Rushton, a B grade player, were selected.

Our thanks, once again, must go to our coach, Mr. McKenzie, for the interest he took in us and for the valuable advice he offered throughout the season.

JOHN ARCHIBALD, Captain

#### B GRADE SOCCER TEAM, 1963

The team:  
 G. Rushton (c.) P. Crowhurst  
 G. Harrison G. Omerod  
 P. Smith W. Bates  
 J. Threlfo J. Gray  
 P. Whitelaw L. Reinhart  
 D. Fryer R. Booth  
 I. Wood

#### C GRADE SOCCER TEAM

##### Semi Finalists

T. Wallace (c.) P. West  
 A. Woods (v.c.) N. Lee  
 J. Feenan E. Baker  
 G. Halton N. Norman  
 G. Skelly E. Rush  
 S. Flemming Z. Whiteside 12th

#### D GRADE SOCCER TEAM

Chris McKinnon Ted Howell  
 Peter Frazer Trevor Smythe  
 Robert Whitelaw John Travillian  
 Mervin Curran Reserves—  
 Ron O'Hearn (v.c.) Mark Pepper  
 Robert Shand (c.) Clive Gregory  
 Grahame Anderson Andrew Clarke

#### AUSTRALIAN RULES

This has been an extremely good year for Australian Rules at this school. We had two teams entered in the district competition. Our No. 1 team won its semi-final against Junior High after finishing second in the competition. However Junior High protested that we had played an over-age player. The No. 2 team consisting mainly of second and third year boys performed creditably in the competition for their size. No doubt they will do better next year. In the Inter-Zone game between Zones A and B Boys' High had strong representation, and Robert Davies from the No. 1 team won the award for the best man on the ground for that game. Other players to fare well during the season were Marco Legovich, Zenon Helinski, Carl Reid and Mark Bright. Next year should see even better performances from both teams.

Many thanks to Mr. Willmot and Mr. Alf McKinnon without whose help we would not have enjoyed our success this season.

B. PRIDEAUX (Captain)

#### SOFTBALL REPORT

Shortland House completed the season as undefeated premiers. Hannell and Hunter were equal second on 2 points and Smith brought up the rear with no points.

With a large majority of 5th year boys, Shortland was always superior and the winning margin was never less than 25 runs.

Shortland had an excellent line-up of "big-hitters" which included: Phyllis, Allan, Andrew, Cowling, Broadbent, Marriott and Eltis. Many new players shone out and these included: Flynn, Fry, Furner and Herbert. Shortland proved too strong in all departments and no team came close to excelling its efforts in fielding, pitching or batting.

This season, the teams were divided into two grades and the games were played with greater enthusiasm owing to the separation.

Thanks go to Mr. Judge and the teachers who controlled the matches for their encouragement throughout the season.

WARREN ELTIS 5B, Captain

#### HONOURS POCKETS

##### General Comments

Special consideration will be given to regular members of a sport team who are injured and prevented from playing their full quota of games as stated in the conditions for sport awards.

The award of H.P.'s is to be confined to members of 1st grade teams approved by the union and to pupils of 4th and 5th year.

##### Conditions governing inscriptions for Honour Pockets:

1. All H.P.'s are to be worn on the left breast pocket of the school blazer.
2. No inscription (except where the wearer is a prefect) is to be made in the upper part of the H.P.
3. Lettering is to be silver in colour and the maximum height is to be  $\frac{1}{4}$ ".
4. The approved forms of wording for H.P. inscriptions are: 1st XI Cricket, 1st XIII, 1st XI Soccer, Senior Swimming, Senior Athletics, Debating, School Service, 1st Tennis, CNDHS Tennis, CNDHS Cricket.
5. In (4) above, the wording is to be followed by the year — e.g. Debating 1963.

Members of school teams that win premierships may place a label to that effect in red letters  $\frac{1}{4}$ " high on the left breast pocket of the school blazer underneath the school badge. If the wearer of such a label is awarded an Honour Pocket, then the premierships label must be transferred to the lower left pocket. This is the only addition permitted to the school blazer.

#### 1st GRADE TENNIS

The 1st Grade tennis team, consisting of Bruce Mathieson, Colin East, Wayne Harrison and Colin Thursby were undefeated minor and major premiers defeating Maitland in the final. One of our members, Wayne Harrison was selected to go to Queensland with the N.S.W. State team while all members represented Newcastle against Sydney.

Our sincere thanks are due to Mr. Neilson for his support and encouragement in managing us through the year.

C. THURSBY, 5A

#### 2nd GRADE TENNIS REPORT

2nd Grade Tennis had a successful season this year and took out the premiership honours. The team consisting of Kevin Corbett, Dennis Hetherington, Richard Hough, Greg Kentish and Peter Jenkins played consistent tennis throughout, and with help from the second team, had no trouble reaching the semi-finals. Newcastle Technical High Team however, provided close competition in the final, but fast tennis from our team led to victory.

Thanks should be given to Mr. Shield for coaching, barracking and especially transport to distant courts.

RICHARD HOUGH PETER JENKINS



Back Row: C. Thursby, C. East.

#### "A" GRADE TENNIS

Front Row: B. Mathieson, Mr. J. Neilson, W. Harrison.  
 Block donated by Brambles Industries Ltd.

### B GRADE No. 2 TENNIS TEAM

The B Grade No. 2 tennis team consisted of N. Willis, P. Knox, P. Gower, P. Coulter, G. Kentish and J. Stace. Due to injured legs N. Willis and P. Knox were unable to complete the season with the team. G. Kentish on a few occasions played with the No. 1 team and R. Howe was our fourth member. We were successful against both Junior High and Marist Brothers but were defeated by Central Tech. high and our No. 1 team.

On behalf of the team I would like to thank Mr. Shield for his interest shown in the team and for his helpful advice given throughout the season.

J. STACE, 3A

### UNDER 14 No. 2 TENNIS TEAM

Throughout the season, the under 14 team enjoyed some well deserved successes and defeats. All members improved tremendously as the season progressed, especially against the eventual premier — Marist Brothers. The U/14 No. 2 team was fortunate to reach the semi-finals but had to forfeit to the No. 1 team.

Our youngest member, Alan Mulligan impressed everyone with his determination and he showed a tremendous improvement by the end of the year. His partner, Ian Henderson performed well and was always consistent. Richard Johnstone, my partner was exceptionally dependable and between us we had our share of success.

On behalf of the rest of the team, I would like to thank Mr. Simpson, our coach and Bruce Austin, our reserve for their support and encouragement.

JONATHAN GARVEY



### "B" GRADE TENNIS

Back Row: P. Jenkins, K. Corbett, G. Kentish.  
Front Row: R. Hough, Mr. Shield, D. Hetherington.

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## Thanks to Benefactors

Perhaps our greatest thanks go to the advertisers for their generous monetary contributions. Certainly without their assistance this magazine could never have been published.

It is hoped that through your co-operation with this new form of advertising your original investments will be more than repaid by increased sales.

We would also like to thank those private donors for helping the magazine and so maintaining ties with the old school.

THE EDITORS