



SWIMMING TEAM, 1964

Back Row: B. Budden, R. Humby, T. Tyler, M. Bright, G. Leach, I. Parsons, P. Davis, D. Hancock, P. Baker, A. Evans.
Second Row: S. Barratt, E. Craney, D. Flynn, P. Moore, R. Morgan, K. Read, J. Harrison, M. Daffey, R. Wingett, G. Sneddon.
Third Row: I. Henderson, D. Gibbs, W. Gander, J. Groves, S. Derwin, J. Richards, J. Johnson, S. Fleming, J. Davis.
Front Row: G. Jones, P. Spencer, M. Daly, G. Dawson.

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1964 SWIMMING REPORT

Those factors which make any school swimming carnival a success — enthusiastic competition and participation, adequate facilities, fine weather and experienced supervision, were present to make our carnival this year a memorable one.

With a nine-lane Olympic pool and such capable officials in charge it was not surprising that the results were good, reflecting a high and improving standard of swimming in the various age groups.

In the overall point score, Hunter House came out on top to win the Clive Hocquard Shield whilst the age champions indicate the outstanding individual performances:

Senior, M. Bright; Under 16, J. Groves; Under 15, J. Johnson; Under 14, S. Derwin; Under 13, G. Jones; Under 12, S. Bland.

A special mention must be made of Scott Derwin who broke records in the 55, 110, 220 and 440 yards freestyle and the 55 yards back-stroke for the under 14 age group.

This year both the zone and state carnivals were eliminated. This came as a disappointment as the former had formerly provided a means of competitive practice while the latter would have enabled our outstanding performers, notably Derwin and Groves to test their ability with the best swimmers in the state.

The area carnival consisted of heats at Kurri and the finals at Maitland. On both days we were favoured by fine weather, and thanks to the experienced encouragement of Mr. Schmierer and Mr. Abrahams, our school was fairly successful.

In the seniors we were well represented by Bright, Parsons, Morgan, Moore and Evans and we gained quite a few minor places. The under 16's found our real strength with Groves, Davis, Hancock, Gander, Harrison and Gibbs providing some stiff opposition for other schools while their win in the 4 × 110 relay in record time was an admirable achievement. In the under 15's Reid and Johnson were the outstanding swimmers. In the under 14's it was Derwin who dominated his rivals to win convincingly in the 110 and 220 events, while in the most testing race of the day, Derwin took out the open 380 and broke the area record. He is without doubt the best swimmer to have represented Boys' High and has a promising future not only in schoolboy but also national competition.

We also competed well in the junior age groups and the day concluded with Boys' High coming third in the northern area to Maitland and Wauchope.

— GEOFFREY LEACH, 5B

SCHOOL BLUES and HONOUR POCKETS

The by-laws of the School Union aim 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 and 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 1964 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 sportmanship to qualify.

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

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DEBATING CLUB REPORT 1964

The Debating Club has enjoyed a very successful year under the capable guidance of Mr. Carter and Mr. Fardell, and has on many occasions met during the Speech Training periods to debate varied topics of general interest.

The first topic which we debated was the provocative statement: "If we desire peace we must prepare for war", and on other occasions members met to debate many and varied topics from "Television advertising is pompous, puerile and pathetic and if we did not laugh at it we would cry". This was debated by N. Krauth, P. Richards and J. Derwin for the Government and by P. West, R. Boyd and A. Lawson for the Opposition—to "The Opera House must be built regardless of the cost" with G. Bell, A. Lawson and I. Henderson debating for the Government and W. Sharp, D. Cairns and D. Pierce for the Opposition.

On several occasions the club has entertained the school assemblies with their verbosity, and their skill at debating was applauded by senior and junior assemblies alike on one occasion, when members were debating the topic "Censorship is a necessary evil of the modern society," Mr. Jeff Solomon was good enough to lend his experience and adjudicate for us. The experience gained from these debates before a large audience was incalculable.

Perhaps the climax of the club's activities was the meal and debate at the Hamilton-Broadmeadow Lions Club. Here eight boys; G. Bell, A. Lawson, I. Henderson and G. Fry representing the Government and R. Boyd, P. Burgess, D. Hanney and I. Carlin representing the Opposition debated the topic: "Modern adolescents are granted a social significance out of all proportion to their worth." The experience and enjoyment received from this visit was tremendous.

I. CARLIN



DEBATING CLUB

Back Row: D. Hanney, G. Bull, R. Boyd, I. Henderson, D. Davey G. Fry, P. Richards.

Front Row: P. West, G. Bell, A. Lawson, I. Carlin, D. Pierce, P. Burgess, P. Jackson.

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CHESS REPORT

As usual, the Chess Club has been well attended this year. First Form boys have been present in increasing numbers and this augurs well for future.

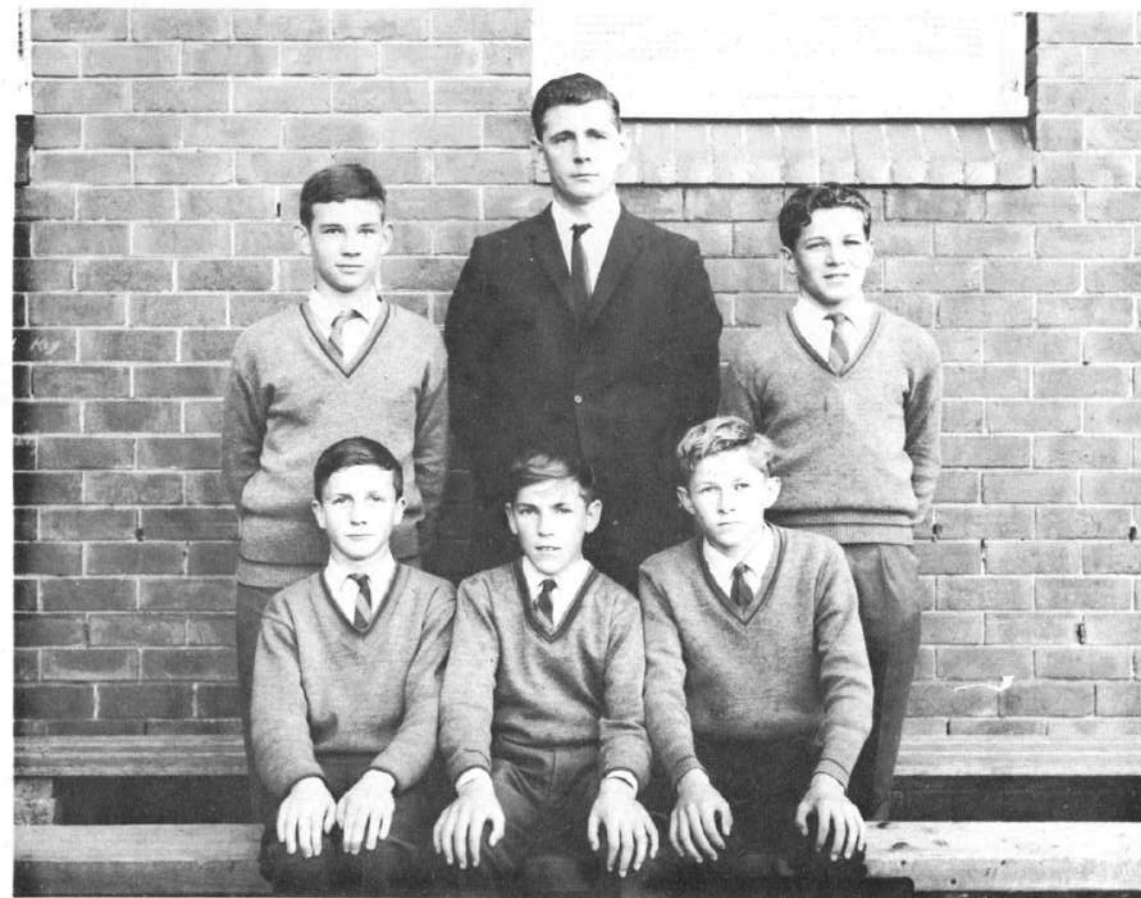
In the Newcastle Chess Club's High Schools' Competition, there were insufficient entries to conduct the "A" grade competition, but the "B" grade was contested by seven schools. Our team consisting of K. Colyvas, P. Wilson, C. Broadfoot, A. Moffatt and D. George, was undefeated at the first round but in the second round was

defeated by Booragul and Cardiff and held to a draw by Jesmond. This lapse lost us the trophy which was won by Cardiff.

The most successful player for the school team was P. Wilson who went through the competition without defeat.

In September, J. Pegg, D. George and K. Colyvas took part in the Newcastle Junior Championships. K. Colyvas was beaten narrowly for second place in the "B" grade in which he was placed last year.

Ex-pupils who have continued to play chess are Gary de Jager, who came second in the N.S.W. Junior Championships, and Phillip Staines who was placed 14th in a field of 36 at the Australian Junior Championships in Adelaide. Both were very creditable performances.



B GRADE CHESS TEAM.

Back Row: C. Broadfoot, Mr. Southern, A. Moffatt.

Front Row: S. Wade, D. George, P. Wilson.

Photo by McRae Studios

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ORCHESTRA

Back Row: D. Williamson, S. Bailey, K. Kerr, R. Rigby, K. Bohatko, F. Flanagan, G. Latter

Middle Row: K. Hofman, G. Faulds, R. Cheek, P. Hobson, P. Smith.

Front Row. I. Taylor, P. Herrald, J. Harding, J. Clarke, P. Sandy.

Photo by McRae Studios

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Articles

A NOVELIST IS NO SCIENTIST

It is really amazing the number of scientific errors that one will find in poetry and fiction.

One may rightly argue, however that these errors are quite unimportant in a fine poem, and can be excused; Nevertheless, it is often interesting and amusing when one comes across some obvious mistakes, many of which really deserve to be termed "howlers".

One frequently finds errors in connection with the moon and stars; In Rider Haggard's novel "King Solomon's Mines" the author describes an eclipse of the sun lasting more than one hour, whereas an eclipse lasts not more than seven minutes. As though this were not enough, there is a full moon the same night—that is to say, the moon suddenly sped around to the other side of the earth.

Unfortunately Coleridge makes a very obvious error in his poem "The Ancient Mariner", in the line "The horned moon with one bright star within the nether tip.", a very bright star indeed, since its light had to penetrate the dark body of that satellite.

One novel tells of a man trapped in a deep pit, and who is comforted by a star which was always overhead. This would only be possible at the North Pole.

The nautical terms windward and leeward are sometimes confused. In "Swiss Family Robinson", one of the boys has a smelly skin cap and is ordered to go windward.

In Jules Verne's famous novel "20,000 Leagues under the Sea", there is a part which describes the characters walking along the sea bottom, clad in airtight suits provided with a breathing apparatus.

Being tired they stopped and slept for a while. Their breathing apparatus consisted of a tank of compressed air, and two pipes leading into the helmet. When the operator inhaled, he had to close up one pipe with his tongue, both pipes being placed close to the mouth, and when he exhaled, he closed up the other, — a good trick when one is asleep.

Edgar Rice Burrows wrote a series of novels dealing with the adventures of a man who was miraculously transported to Mars. In one, he describes the Martian night "brilliantly illuminated by the two glorious moons of Mars." This is rather exaggerated, considering that the satellites of Mars are respectively 10 and 5 miles in diameter.

Last but not least, one boy's story describes the hero being chased by a shark—"And already now he could feel the monster's hot breath fanning his cheek!"

S. KRISTENSEN, 4D

"AEROMODELLING"

The phase of aeromodelling with which I am concerned is control-line flying. The aeroplane must be of robust construction to withstand rough take-offs and very rough landings, as well as the vibration which a twelve thousand r.p.m. engine inevitably produces. The fuselage, tailplane and fin are usually fabricated from eighth inch balsa. The wings if of solid balsa, are carved from a quarter to half inch sheet. If they are tissue covered wings, (more common in planes of 2.5 c.c. engines upwards) they have an eighth by half inch main spar with a half by half inch curved leading edge and an eighth by half inch trailing edge. These three are crossed by sixteenth inch ribs shaped to the required aerofoil. The nose of the plane houses two quarter inch square hardwood bearers to which the engine is bolted. In the case of built-up wings, (described earlier) they are covered with silk or fine tissue which is tightened with dope, a petroleum compound which is painted on and makes the covering fairly strong whilst tightening. The whole plane is painted with a gloss enamel.

Control is achieved by two stainless steel wires which are fastened to a plastic control handle. They enter the left wing and fasten to a bell-crank which communicates with a small lever on the tailplane flap via a piece of piano wire (a pushrod). Large planes (3.5 c.c. engines upward) have wing flaps (elevators) also. The "pilot" stands holding the control handle and the plane flies in a circle around him. A slight up wrist movement causes the plane to ascend and vice-versa. Usually, it follows that large planes (e.g. Thunderstreak) are more manoeuvrable than smaller, trainer types (e.g. Taipan Trainer, Mustang, Husky). Aerobatics include wingovers, loops and horizontal figure-eights.

The power pack is either diesel or glo-plug. The diesel variety run on ether, kerosene and castor oil which ignites due to compression which is controlled by a finger-screw on the engine head. The glo-plug type runs on a mixture of methanol and castor oil. The rate of fuel-flow on both engines is controlled by a finger screw called the fuel needle. The glo-plug itself is a small screw-in plug which contains a filament which is initially heated by a two-volt battery. The engine is started by flipping the propeller with the finger and when started, the battery leads are removed and the filament stays hot and acts as a spark-plug.

Engine sizes are measured in cubic centimetres (c.c.). A very small engine is .02 c.c. and the largest single cylinder model engine is 10 c.c. The average price of 2.5 to 3.5 c.c. engines is five pounds to five pounds ten shillings.

— W. PURCELL, 3C

JAPANESE POETRY AND THE HAIKU

In 905 A.D. Kino Tsurayuki said, "Japanese poetry has for its seed the human heart, and grows into countless leaves of words. In this life, many things touch men: they seek then to express their feelings by images drawn from what they see or hear."

These words written in what was the Dark Ages, in Europe, express the idea of Japanese Poetry. To put, on paper, the wonders of nature, and the beauty of Japan. Even today almost any Japanese can write a poem without difficulty, although, it may be of no literary merit. Onitsura, a Japanese haiku writer of the 1700's, says,

"Is there, I wonder,
A man without pen in hand —
The moon tonight!"

The haiku is a small poem of 17 syllables, contained in three lines of 5, 7, 5 syllables. As may well be imagined, it is no great problem to compose a verse of only 17 syllables, without rhyme or metre, but it is as difficult in Japanese, as in any other language, to write something of value.

The range of poetry is limited both by the shortness of the verses and also by what it was felt proper to include in a poem. Also, the shortness of the poem prevents true narrative from developing, as very little can be related in 17 syllables. But the restrictions of the length and the brevity, help the poem to achieve its effect, as the haiku, must be completed by the reader. It is for this reason that many of their poems seem curiously passive to us, for the writer does not specify the truth taught him by an experience, nor even in what way it affected him. Thus, for example, a haiku by Basho (1644-94).

"The peaks of clouds
Have crumbled into fragments —
The moonlit mountain."

In this modern world, it is good to know, there is one way to reflect. One can read Japanese Poetry, contemplate, and learn to love, the poetic ideas of the poetry of Japan, and especially the haiku.

GREG WARNER, 3A



THE FLYING DOCTOR SERVICE IN AUSTRALIA

The Flying Doctor Service is designed to provide medical service for many remote areas of Australia. Doctors visit their patients by aerial ambulance from a number of bases. They keep in touch with the needs of their districts - which may cover thousands of square miles - by means of an extensive system of radio bases and local transmitters operated by the settlers of the outback themselves. These services provide attention for men and women who would otherwise lack the means of securing prompt medical care. These services have no counterpart anywhere in the world and have captured the imagination of people in many other lands.

In 1912, a system of medical hostels were provided by the Australian Inland Mission.

In 1917, it was suggested to Rev. John Flynn that aerial ambulances would solve the problem of conveying the sick to hospitals. Flynn developed the scheme of using aeroplanes and wireless to provide a medical service, and to him the establishment of the Flying Doctor Service of Australia was mainly due.

Between 1924 and 1926, experiments were made to obtain a radio transmitter that would be cheap, light, and simple to operate. A pedal radio was produced that could transmit signals 300 miles and would be very simple to operate. The power was provided by a pedalled generator. The only set-back was that operators were required to know Morse code. So eventually, in 1928, a Morse typewriter was produced.

In 1927, the Australian Inland Mission approved the formation of the A.I.M. Aerial Medical Service, as long as finance could be obtained. Thanks to the assistance of several organisations, the Flying Doctor Service was set up.

The first service was made in 1928. For the next few years, it advanced rapidly. But in 1933, financial stringency caused the Commonwealth to withdraw its subsidy. So Flynn and Vickers toured cities to raise funds, so saving the situation.

During the following years actions were formed in other States. In 1942, the name was changed to "Flying Doctor Service of Australia" from "Australian Aerial Medical Services." In recent years pedal-operated transmitters have been largely replaced by battery-operated sets. Medical chests are installed at many of the outposts so that in minor cases of illness, treatment can be given over the radio. Also, the scope of attention has been widened: a trained nurse travels throughout the Broken Hill area as well as a dentist.

The fact that Australia has the only service of this kind on such a large scale emphasises the large distances of the Australian outback.

The following quotation comes from Her Majesty's tour of Australia in 1954. She is at Broken Hill talking with the wife of Rev. John Flynn:—

"What a wonderful husband you had, and what a wonderful difference his work made to the isolated people." Asked how her husband started the famous service that defeated the loneliness of the people in the outback, Mrs. Flynn said, "It was just a dream which he achieved by determination and hard work."

— PETER HERRALD, 3A

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EXERCISE "HOLDFAST"

During the May holidays, 62 cadets from Newcastle Boys' High School Cadet Unit attended their annual camp at Singleton. Of these 62 cadets 40 participated in a realistic exercise, (code name "Holdfast"). The 40 cadets were to take part in this exercise as 3 platoon 'A' Company. The aim of the exercise was to test skill learnt during the year, such as duties of sentry, etc. and above all to practise cadets in the normal routine of entrenched troops.

On the morning of Saturday, 10th May, 'A' Company embarked for its company area in a vehicle convoy. On arrival at its area, the company was briefed by umpires on the general situation, that being, that two enemy companies had crossed the Hunter River at Branxton, and were suspected to be in our locality. The Company Commander, Platoon Commanders, and in turn Section Leaders were briefed, and immediately the company began moving into their trenches. The task of deepening the recently vacated trenches, began in earnest, and in a matter of minutes was successfully completed.

At 1030 hours two reconnaissance patrols were despatched to two suspected enemy positions. During the absence of these patrols, an enemy patrol was observed skirting 'A' Company perimeter, and after a brief exchange of shots, withdrew. The morning passed without further incident.

The reconnaissance patrols returned at 1330 hours and both reported a company of enemy on both positions. These patrols did not have an incident-free morning, as one of these patrols made contact with an enemy patrol, and in an ensuing running gun-battle and hand-to-hand fighting, lost to the enemy two cadets who were taken prisoner.

At 1330 hours stand-down was ordered and during a brief respite from vigil, Mr. Richardson visited 3 Platoon and spoke personally to each cadet. At 1400 hours stand-to was ordered, and soon afterwards an enemy patrol was once observed around 'A' Company perimeter. A brief exchange of shots followed, resulting in the capture of three enemy by elements of 2 Platoon 'A' Company (Newcastle Technical High School). However, 'A' Company did not escape "scot-free" as a sentry was overpowered and taken prisoner of "Holdfast." Meanwhile a 24-man fighting patrol from 1 Platoon (Inverell High School) was despatched with the task of capturing a prisoner. However, this patrol returned unsuccessful.

Stand-down was ordered at 1715 hours but before any morsel of food could be willingly devoured, stand-to was shouted. Section link-ups were made and soon after in the now pitch-black darkness another enemy patrol was heard stalking 'A' Company positions.

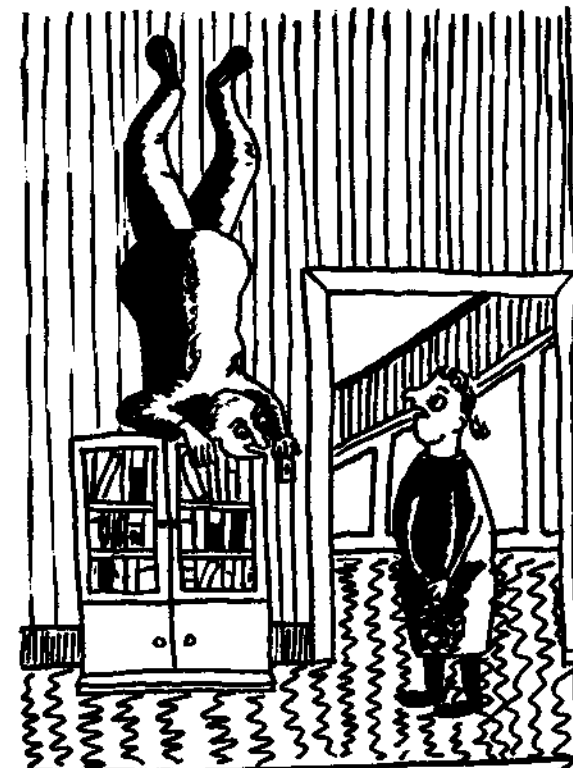
This patrol continued stalking for an hour, until challenged, whereupon after an exchange of shots, it withdrew.

At 1800 hours two reconnaissance patrols from 3 Platoon, and a 24-man fighting patrol from 2 Platoon, were despatched. These patrols, with the exception of one reconnaissance patrol returned without incident. As it was relatively quiet, WO2 Wilson, A.R.A. posing as "Bob Smith of 2 platoon," circled 'A' Company terrorising the cadets. Wilson's aim was to entice cadets out of their trenches and take them prisoner, thus showing in a practical way to never break the principle and leave your trench.

At 2130 hours the exercise concluded and soon afterwards the cadets were sound asleep. The following morning cadets were transported back to camp and all who participated voted it a very realistic, tough, and enjoyable exercise.

Members of the school can look with pride on their cadet unit which was judged, along with Newcastle Technical and Inverell High Schools, as the best company to pass through area 'A' in the duration of the camp. Other schools which competed for the honour of being the best to pass through the area were Barker College, Homebush and Maitland Boys' High Schools.

— R. CRAIG, 3A



BIRD

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NEWCASTLE IN ONE HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW

We must thank our fore-fathers for their far-sighted planning and scientific research of our area.

Today, the year 2064, Newcastle is a highly industrialised city with a population of over six hundred thousand.

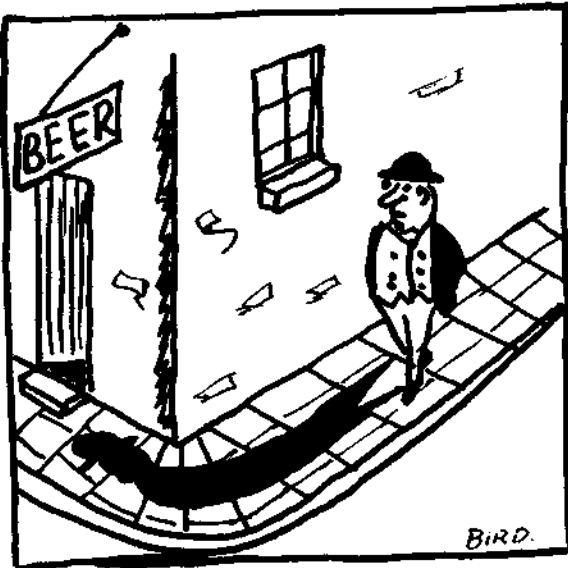
The island reclamation scheme, including the Tourle Street and Stockton bridges, which commenced one hundred years ago, is now a closely settled industrial area providing employment for the growing population.

The discovery of oil in Australia has made the phrase of the past, "Newcastle a city of smoke" a legend. The main industries use oil and atomic power to generate their machinery.

Reorganisation by the Main Roads Board fifty years ago enables us to enjoy the new expressways built to cater for the new atomic-driven cars. Petrol stations of one hundred years ago are a thing of the past. Special atomic cartridges are obtainable in city stores.

The research carried out by the Hunter Valley Conservation Trust has led to the damming of the Hunter River in ten places. This has greatly increased the productivity of the Hunter Valley and has eliminated the silting problems endured for the past one hundred years. Newcastle harbour with its new loading equipment now caters for the expanding industrial imports and exports.

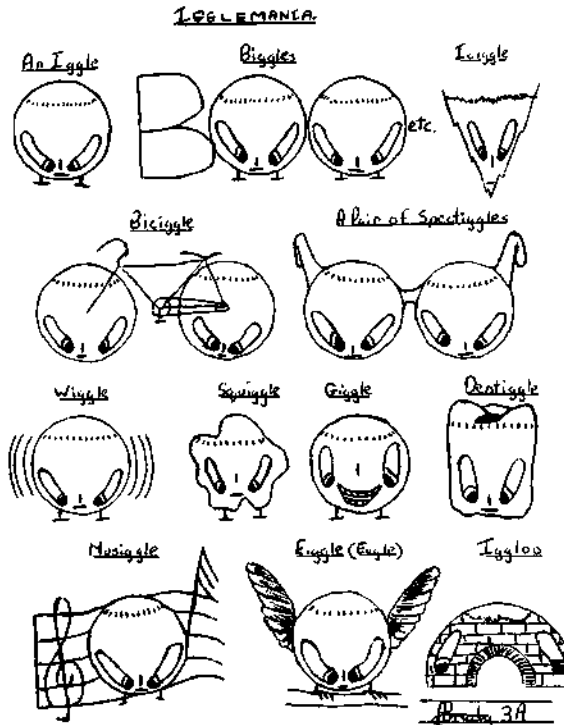
Replacing the old buildings which have been demolished, are tall office blocks and home units. A feature of these is a landing strip on top of the buildings enabling the occupants to make use of the modern helicopter taxi service.



The population of Newcastle has trebled over the last one hundred years. Unemployment is negligible due to present day industrial expansion and modern day amenities offered to employees.

It makes one wonder how the population managed to work and breathe in such a smoke-filled city and suburban areas, which had a poor standard of living and provided such poor facilities for the people.

— P. GOWER, 4E



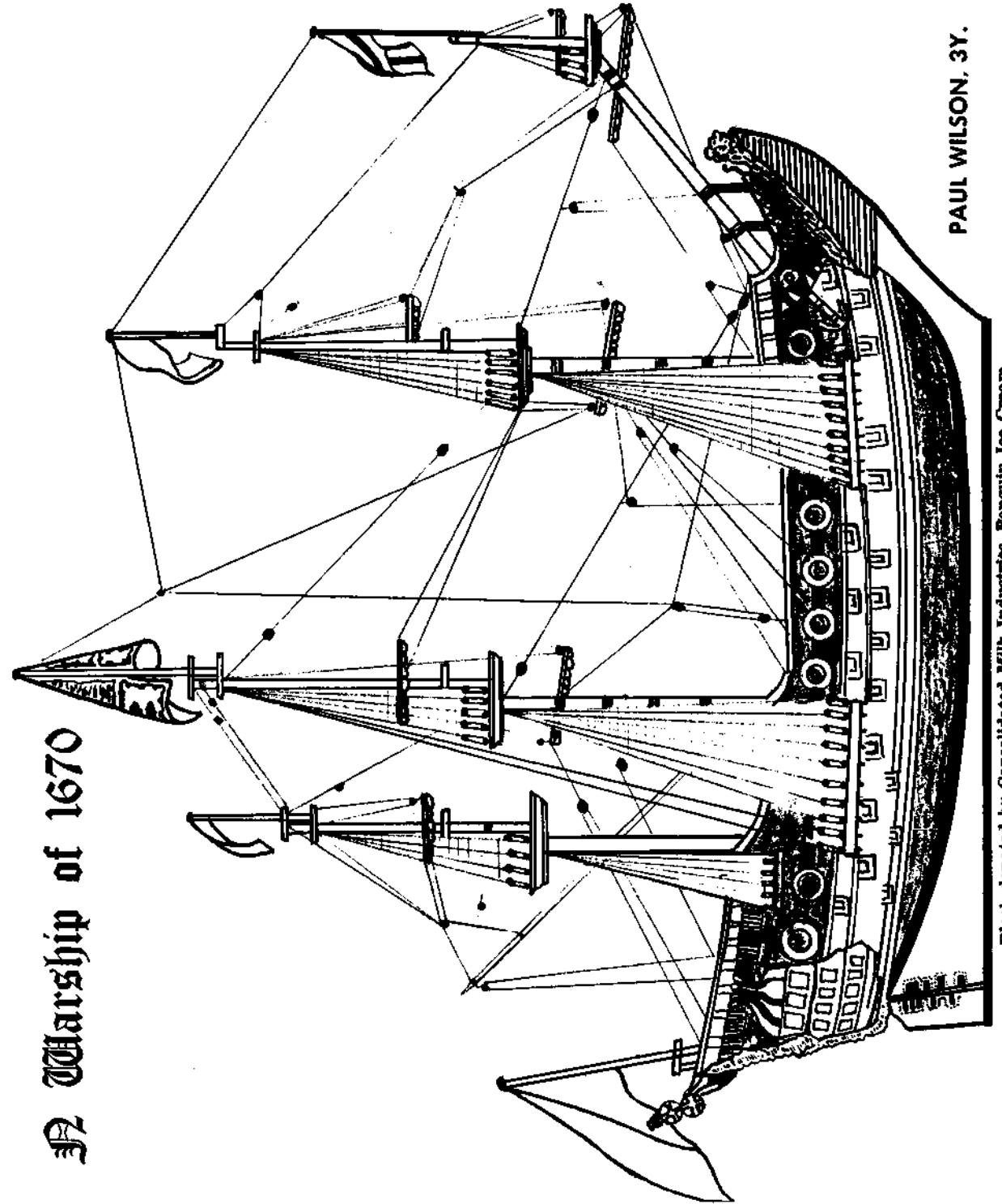
THE LETTER "E"

The most useful of the 26 letters of the English alphabet is the "e" - - useful because it does more work than any other. The letter "e" is an unfortunate letter, however, since it is always out of CASH, forever in DEBT, never out of DANGER, and in HOT WATER all the time. But don't forget it is never in WAR, always in PEACE, is the beginning (and end) of EXISTENCE, and the end of TROUBLE. Without it there would be no MEAT, no LIFE, no HEAVEN. It is the centre of HONESTY, makes LOVE perfect, is the beginning of ETERNITY, the end of TIME AND SPACE, the beginning of every END and the end of every PLACE. Without it there would be no EDITORS or CHILDREN or even TEACHERS.

— R. HUMBY, 4D

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The Warship of 1671



PAUL WILSON, 3Y.

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Sergeant R. O. Kefford, wireless air gunner, and Sergeant R. L. Logan, pilot, stand on the wing root of their Vultee Vengeance dive-bomber.

Block donated by The Hunter Valley Co-operative Dairy Co. Ltd. ("Oak" Dairy Fresh Foods)

Prose and Poetry

IN MY MIND

As I often do
 I am sitting on my jutting ledge,
 High above the bustling, jostling millions.
 Here the atmosphere is hazy, cloudy,
 quiet as a library (with a strict
 librarian).
 Below the mighty motors clang
 Their impetuous motto:
 Proceed,
 Produce,
 Progress;
 Every customer must be satisfied.
 But there is only one way to be satisfied:
 Be like me!
 Have naught to do with the angry world
 And you will surely see
 The warmth,
 the joy,
 the peace of heart
 That only comes when the world is apart,
 And you are high up in the clouds,
 Liberated, free.
 This is too good,
 And soon the flimsy shale must crack,
 and fall,
 And with it I will also go
 down,
 down,
 down,
 And hit with an almighty crash,
 O pain!
 But I can scale the wall once more,
 up and up,
 Another look-out will be there,
 Though smaller,
 flimsier,
 less comfortable,
 It will suffice:
 And I will be happy again.

N. KRAUTH, 4B

Brave soul,
 Too soon the angry darkness
 Will envelop your ideal
 And aspiration;
 Then take
 The lusty glow and life
 From the peak of your ascent
 And penetration.
 Your pride,
 Too central to the theme
 To the thought, the embodiment
 And intention.
 Has taken you so swift, so sure
 And led you to your end
 And your ideal's frustration,
 Brave soul, then take your pride
 And go.

GARRY FRY, 4A

IN MEMORIUM

The school-yard, it lay all in black,
 The desks in splintered wood;
 A dear, dear friend had passed away;
 It was the notice board.
 They knew not how or why it'd gone,
 It was a sinful shame
 That all they saw that fateful day
 Was a school hall lit with flame
 The windows had a subtle glow,
 The bricks were dark and cold,
 As they stood to show their deep respect
 For a board that had been so bold.
 It had shown the pupils of the school
 The things they needed to know.
 With pictures, lists, and printed sheets
 The knowledge imparted so.
 Alas! Alas! Farewell good board
 We all must go, anon;
 Appreciation goes with thee
 And so, a last "so-long."

GREG BELL, 4A.

HELP!!

O, what can ail you, fifth year lads,
 Your heads o'er books are bending?
 Every one now works in class!
 Maybe your marks need mending?
 You all are going late to bed,
 Waking with blood-shot eyes,
 Because you've heard your father say
 "He'll pass, or else he dies!!"
 And what can be this horrid thing
 That causes you such pain?
 It is the looming Leaving, lads,
 And all that's in its train.
 We all must work our hardest now
 With six A's kept in view
 Or else we'll end up teachers,
 The worst that we could do.
 But if suspense is killing you
 There's a way to lose all fear,
 Just face the truth right here and now,
 You'll be back again next year!

IAN PERRY, 5A.

"MODERN LOVE"

My love has blades
 Connected to a motor,
 These whirl around
 And are called rotors.
 It has four small wheels
 So it can be pushed around,
 It is kept in a shed
 Or some other place around.
 The compact motor
 Makes a lot of noise,
 And because it has a peculiar shape,
 It arouses the interests of many boys.
 Because it is so versatile,
 It is many people's intention,
 To own a helicopter,
 A very unique invention.

STEPHEN KUEHN, 3A.

Page donated by Mr. B. Bradford

CAERNARVON CASTLE

Old and majestic, crumbling and worn,
With battlements lofty and standing aloof,
The Castle Caernarvon two streams does adorn
Their banks worn by ages and iron shod hoof.
The Castle Caernarvon has seen a long fight,
The nobles and peasants defending the gate.
Victorious hoards and defeat in the night,
A king crowned in glory and buried in state.
For Caernarvon Castle lives in its past glory,
The entrance hall's mould and the
drawbridge is hoary.

ROBERT JACKSON, 3A

ELECTRIC LOVE

I have a sizzling, frizzling love,
With a flat metallic face,
And when she greases it at night,
She's cooking at that place.
Oh, she is very warm, when near,
I really feel the heat,
And after standing close by her,
I usually need a seat.
Her body is a mass of curves,
Her legs are short and fat,
And she gets so hot that she needs
A shiny oblong hat.
Oh, yes my love's a mass of coils
Who gives the air good smells,
My love's a "Cooka Serva"
That stands upon the shelves.

PHILLIP HARMAN, 3A

THE IAN MECKIFF CONTROVERSY

Australia is out for not a bad score,
Now four African wickets stand no more,
Goddard is out for fifty-two,
But Lindsay only got a few.
Barlow is in and scoring quite well,
Benaud has been bowling for a long spell;
Meckiff in his first over was "called,"
An the umpire very nearly was mauled.
The top cricket writers the country owns
Are saying Col Egar likes to hear moans.
Speaking on the radio Charles Fortune nearly
cried,
But I'm sure Ian Meckiff nearly died.
Meckiff'll retire after the match,
Although he's already taken a catch,
Cricket will lose a one-time star,
Whose presence now a game would mar.

GEOFFREY MORLEY, 3A.

MY LOVE

My love I can look at
For hours on end,
And build up my knowledge—
It's the latest trend.
It is made of wood,
With miles of wire;
The better the reception,
The aerial the higher.
It is meant for enjoyment,
Seeing people and places,
And through it we recognise
Some famous faces.
From the channel it receives
Waves from the air,
And converts the TV set
To a box at which to stare.

B. HARRIS, 3A.

DANCE ON

Remember dear old Rock and Roll
And how it was decried,
And how it grew respectable
And subsequently died.
And how it disappeared from view
(When youth's door shuts, it slams),
That shrieking, lampshade skirted crew
Who now are pushing prams.
So each contemporary romp
Evokes delight and rage:
Last year the Twist and now the Stomp
Have occupied the stage.
And each in turn becomes at last
With sentiment entwined.
Like polkas, Charlestons of the past
In memories enshrined,
This stomping crowd will say with sighs
In nineteen eighty-three:
"What fun, what healthy exercise
Our dances used to be."
"Such verve, such innocence all gone"
That's what they'll say, oh yes.
But what new dance they'll frown upon—
Why, that I cannot guess.

CHRIS NORTH, 4A

This poem is a parody of Maisfield's "Sea Fever" and is an extract from "The Mad Treasury of Unknown Poetry."

GARBAGE FEVER

I must go down to the city dump,
To the lonely dump and the sky,
And all I ask is a garbage truck
And a star to steer her by.
And the coffee grounds and the applecores
And the rancid fat all shaking,
And the grey smoke from the burning
trash
And the grey dawn breaking.
I must go down to the dump again,
For the call of an old shoe fried
Is a wild call, and a clear call
Which cannot be denied.
And all I ask is a windless day
When the acrid smoke hides the sun,
And the garbage burns in a greasy mess
And a thousand rats all run.
I must go down to the lonely dump
To the vagrant gypsy life,
To a mountainous pile of orange peels
Far away from the city's strife.
And all I ask is a merry yarn
From a laughing dump prospector,
And the quiet sleep and the sweet dream
Of a happy trash collector.

I. FURNER, 4D.

STUDY

That horrible task that I fear
Comes every night throughout the year.
When I work and slave and toil
And all the time my brain doth spoil.
I hate that time when I could be
Swimming or playing or watching TV.

T. BENNETTS, 3A.

Page donated by Mr. E. G. Lawer

"THE BANNERS AND GLORY OF ENGLAND"

Twas many a long year ago,
When we marched against the foe:
The glory and banners of England,
Were marching, marching, marching row by
row.
We picked a likely spot,
The blood of our men ran hot:
But we knew; the glory and banners of
England,
Would not forsake us, 'n let us rot
The trumpet blasts blow clear,
The French are advancing near.
But the glory and banners of England,
Will not forsake us here.
The swords 'pon armour clash,
The Frenchmen make a dash,
But we fight, for the glory and banners of
England,

And our blood, in vain will not splash.
With many a heave and thrust,
And with His, hope and trust,
The glory and banners of England,
Will never crumble to dust.
The flower of English chivalry
Did make those rascally Frenchmen flee,
For the glory and banners of England,
That day knew victory.
But from this battle, we do know,
The blood of many brave knights did flow,
For the glory and banners of England.
No remorse do they know.

G. WARNER, 3A.

THE LOUT

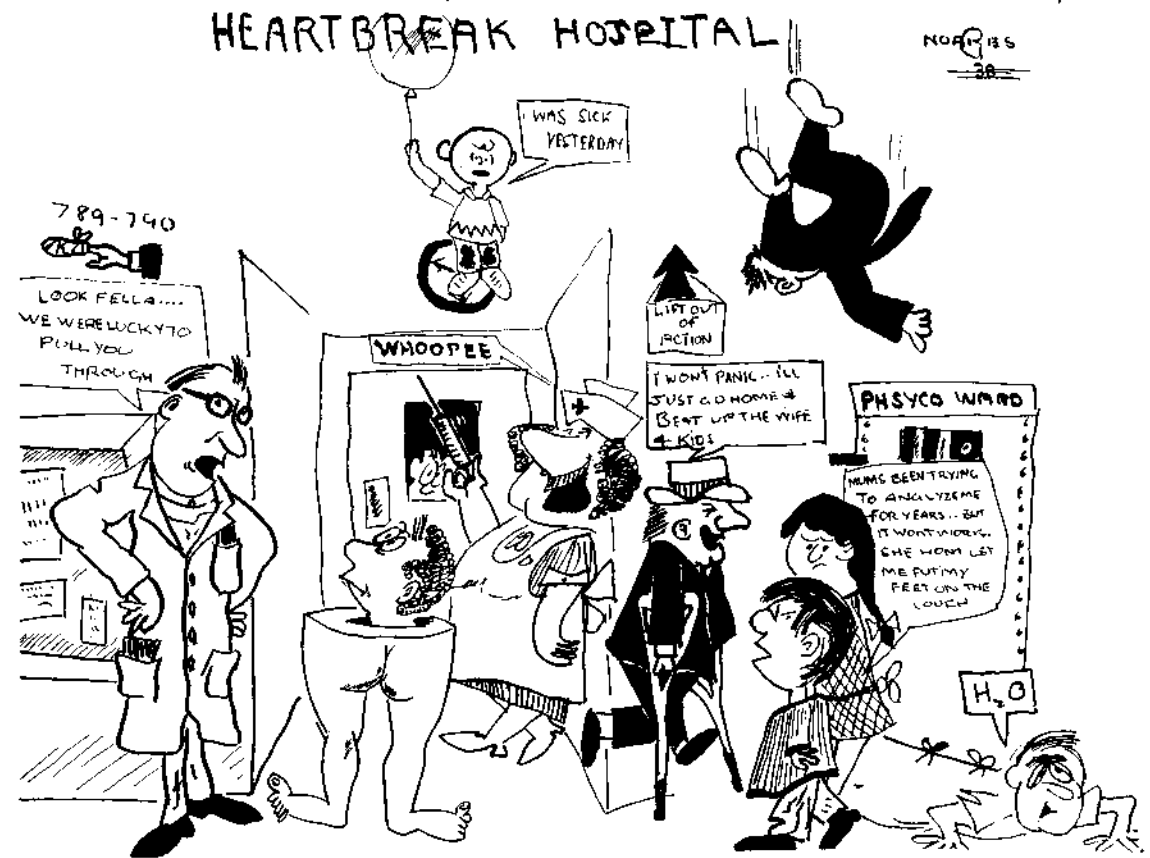
His face was dirty
His jeans were torn
His shirt was faded
and his shoes were worn
His hair was greased
His eyes were small
He looked unhealthy
He wasn't too tall
He leant on his motor bike
Looking too tough
He reached for a fag
And started to puff
He jumped on his bike
Took off like a 'Fokker'
Roared off in the distance
Yes! He was a **ROCKER.**

A. CLARK, 3A

MY LOVE

I'd die if we did separate,
I'd weep all day and night;
That brainwash set so beautiful
The thing that rules my life.
Blood and guts spilt all the time
Is entertainment for the days,
Murder, guns and screams of pain,
Is just the thing for a peaceful laze.
My hours sitting in front of it
Are growing at a rate,
The late-late show till the morning news,
'Tels' you're my fate.

DAVID WHITFORD, 3A.



Block and page donated by Mr. Bird, Wool, Hide and Skin Merchant

Some time ago in my travels through the outback I pulled up and got out of the car to have a yarn with an old diehard prospector who had taken the opportunity of a relaxed "smoko" in the shade of a gnarled old gum tree, the only tree for miles around. Without exception, these bewiskered derelicts from the gold, tin, silver and opal rushes never fail to spin some remarkable tales of the old days. Besides, nearly all of these fellows relish the company of a rare traveller.

This particular chap, as I learned soon, had had quite frequent associations with a few tribes of aborigines and he amazed me with his knowledge. However the only yarn I can reasonably remember from this acquaintance goes something like this:

"It was roughly three miles north of where Birdsville now stands, a quiet waterhole on the Diamantina. Nearby was a temporary hunting camp of a group of the Wadikali tribe. The first members of a hunting party straggled into camp under great burdens of Kangaroos. The hunting was extraordinarily good. Tonight there would be much feasting. As evening closed in, each lubra could be seen cooking great heaps of meat.

"Everyone knows how the aboriginal can eat—as well as he can sleep—and that is saying something. Of course there was so much food that a lot was left for the next day.

"One by one they awoke the next morning stoking up the fires and cooking more food. There was more gorging until the dogs as well as the abos were unable to eat more. Now it is a well-known fact that meat will not keep forever and Kayari, with some hazy idea of fattening the fish in the waterhole, gathered up the remains of the meat, mainly tails as they were the tastiest and hurled them into the rather shallow waterhole. In less time than it takes to throw an elephant over a fence, Kayari and the whole party were flat on their backs, sleeping off the most recent onslaught of Kangaroo meat.

"The sun rose high in the sky. It was almost midsummer and certainly it was red hot. The temperature climbed like an "Atlas" rocket. Since the beginning of time there could hardly have been a day as hot as this. At midday steam began to rise at a great rate out of the waterhole. By half-past twelve the water was simmering and in another half-hour it began to boil.

"The afternoon drew on and the sun finally sank beyond the horizon. Kayari was suddenly awakened. Curse those ants! A mild thirst prompted him to visit the waterhole. As he bent down to drink his nose told him that the water was still warm and that a meaty smell was present. One mouthful later and Kayari could not believe his taste-buds. A bucket-full later and to his bellow the whole tribe came running. All bent to drink. That waterhole did not last long to the disappointment of the fishes.

"It remained only for the whiteman to name this new drink: Kangaroo-tail soup."

E. GIBBONS, 4A.

"ENOK'S REVENGE"

Enok was basically a peaceful creature. One may have aroused his anger by reference to his culinary habits, but he was generally quite level-headed.

Enok was often to be seen perched upon Joel's shoulder, taking an occasional peck at the latter's ear.

He was a small creature by creature standards, and yet possessed an unusual strength: his origin was indeterminable.

It was a known fact in the settlement that Enok had befriended Joel after the fighting at Rangol. An excellent comparison of character, thought many of the inhabitants of the settlement.

Enok differed from his contemporaries in that his habits were of a resolute carnivore, of little consequence to the community, which was quite impartial towards the numerous species of animals it had acquired throughout the decades.

However, Enok was quite a controversial figure, providing the basis for many a "wierd and wonderful" tale, which alternated between the bars and lounges of the settlement.

Even today, some ten years after Enok's death, the tale of his encounter with a certain Dr. Erik is often retold, in the dormant atmosphere of the galaxial cafes and bars.

It appeared that Doctor Erik was the organizer of a committee intent upon Enok's release from the community.

Prominent among their reasons for his expulsion was his constant habit of carnivorousness, condoned by the majority of the settlement, but abhorred by the minority upper class.

To Enok, however, this was sheer absurdity, as, complementary to his own admissions, he only ate flesh twice weekly.

After some weeks, and renewed persecution, Enok developed an intense hatred for the good doctor. The thought of the death of this intrepid human gained a prominent place in Enok's mind.

As the tale continues, Joel was very concerned over his companion's disdainful outlook, and decided to accompany Enok to Erik's residence.

The mono-rail proved a quick and efficient form of transportation to Almir Base Hospital. An impatient nurse directed the pair to the 3rd floor surgery of Doctor Erik.

As Enok scrutinized the waiting room, his gaze fell upon a gruesome collection of bottled organs, lining the top of an adjacent bureau.

It was quite the normal practice among the surgeons of Klaar, an insignia of those who had survived, rather than those who had not. Enok was now in a state of acute malnutrition, and expressed his need for food to Joel.

Some minutes however, passed before the pair were beckoned into the spacious office of Erik, and motioned towards a reclining chair.

I will not attempt to recall the conversation that occurred between the doctor and Joel and Enok; it will suffice to add that the discourse between the three became heated at various intervals.

The Doctor had obviously little knowledge of the excitable Enok. I looked on with little remorse as Enok devoured the arm of the screaming Doctor Erik; it would satisfy Enok at least until his evening meal.

G. SIMMONS, 3B

Page donated by Mr. F. Flanagan

THE SQUATTER AND HIS MATE

That September day of 1839 dawned in a splash of fair, golden sunlight in the Australian bush. On a small hill, a shadowy, horse-mounted figure surveyed a ragged flock of sheep; they were placidly nibbling at the dew-spattered grass which scarcely covered the mottled soil. The man was tall, but not excessively so, his broad shoulders bespoke tremendous muscle power, while the adroit manner in which he rode his horse suggested that he was much versed in horse management. He had a corpulent nose which served to spoil an otherwise handsome face, but his dirty blue shirt and rudely-patched trousers did not enhance his figure. The horse that he rode was so decrepit that its every action promised to be its last, and the dirty grey sheepdog which kept the sheep from wandering was an obsequious animal which cringed at every harsh word.

James Thomas was the son of a successful middle-class English gentleman who owned a huge cotton mill in Manchester. James had never been one for the plush life of a rich young merchant, for his character was much more suited to the rigour of colonial life. Accordingly, he had sailed to Sydney where he had hoped to mould his future as a squatter. Financed by his father, he had gathered together the necessary equipment and sheep to start out for the Western Slopes of N.S.W. He had been obliged to take an old bushman named Pete, as his only companion and guide, as the market for those willing to brave the harsh life of a shepherd was, at that time, very low. Pete was a short, fat man, tolerably experienced in the art of bushcraft, but with a nagging tendency to talk too much. His stupidity had often riled James' temper, but James had to admit that it was Pete's indefatigable perseverance and stalwart friendship which had enabled the small expedition to survive the hazardous journey, through what was mainly, unexplored country. Also, it had been Peter who had given James the incentive to persevere with the sheep through the merciless drought which had just been broken by a week of heavy rain. Yes, James would be forever grateful to Pete.

It had been the blacks that had caused the biggest trouble. From the start, they had delighted in killing the sheep and raiding the vegetable patch which Pete had fondled with loving care. Many were the times they had seemed almost on the verge of attacking the two-roomed hovel in which the hated white men lived. However, James knew that he had one ally in one of the elders, who had often dissuaded the tribe from doing so, and had shown a fear of the white men. Whether he thought that James and Pete were spirits or some supernatural beings, James could not tell.

Meanwhile, the sheep had settled, and James thought it expedient that he return home for breakfast; it was Pete's turn to cook breakfast and tend to the household chores. He swung down the ridge in a clatter of small stones, and it was then that he had his first premonition that something was amiss. A small, black pall of smoke hung over the trees in the home paddock, then was wafted away in a whisp of haze by the early-morning breeze. A curious feeling of disquiet, which refused to be dispelled, crept into his heart, and he found himself spurring on his

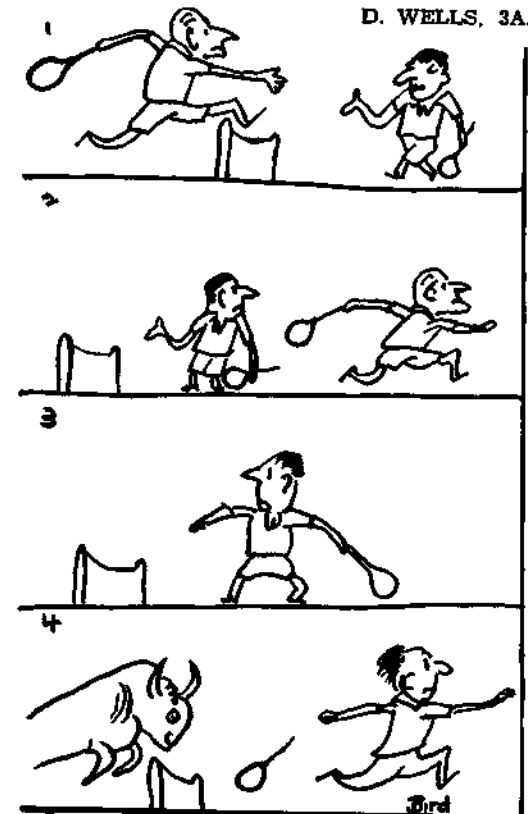
horse and blundering, headlong into the thick belt of trees which hid the house from view. A black shape materialized in the scrub, and a shaft of blurred silver flashed past his eyes and buried itself in a tree to his right. In fearful hate, his horse galloped on, risking life and limb in the undergrowth. Another shape, and yet another, were seen, then hidden again.

With a final effort, his horse broke into the clearing and stopped dead, utterly exhausted. James stared, aghast and horror-stricken at the scene which met his eyes. The house was blazing furiously, and on the ground, still clutching a rifle, was Pete, a spear protruding from his back. Then, as if to put an end to this horrible dream, another spear felled him, in a grotesque heap, to the ground swiftly, life was drained from his body and he died a mercifully quick death.

Months later, the troopers reached the scene of the tragedy. The dead bodies of dozens of sheep littered the ground and near one of the human skeletons was a pitiable old horse, still barley living. It appeared that the horse had broken a leg, but had managed to survive by feeding on the bush grass which grew in the immediate vicinity. They collected the few living sheep and the emaciated horse, and prepared to leave, standing over the two graves that had been dug, one of the soldiers said, "They sure made a mistake in trustin' the blacks. The devils must have waited for years, for the sheep to fatten and multiply. Then they struck, killed these poor blighters and gorged themselves on the sheep. Pretty smart, 'huh'?"

"Yeah."

D. WELLS, 3A.



Block and page donated by G. Caldwell, Jeweller

PEACE AND QUIET

The occasion was not a grim one, although it turned out that way. Just a small family gathering. His parents and children and his brother's children. Yes, about ten people, all talking in various groups around the fire. The younger children are sitting in a corner looking absolutely bored and tired from the "grown-up older talk". The elder children are not sure which way to turn—will they converse with their parents or entertain the younger group. The adults, completely oblivious to the dilemmas of the younger set are sitting around a card table, playing and talking about topical events. The eldest in the room, father and grandfather, sits in a large armchair comfortably close to the fire with his legs stretched towards the flame and with his eyes half closed, ruminating.

The children seem to have found an interest in several toys their grandmother has kept from her children's younger days. With the exception of some shrieks of laughter they are quiet. Their grandmother sits quietly, knitting. She sits near the card table in an armchair. The elder son of the old man suddenly lays down a winning trick but the jubilation again drifts into the hum of conversation. The old man's head is beginning to loll. He's tired and cannot keep his eyes open. His toes stretch a little more towards the fire.

The children have tired of their toys and are just sitting, waiting. They don't know what for. They're just waiting. The older children have formed a group of their own and are talking quietly in a corner. They are getting sleepy. Bed is now becoming a sweet haven but somehow there is a certain atmosphere which holds them together. They don't see each other often — but that can't be it. There's something more. Like a blanket this clinging, inescapable feeling seems to be gently enveloping them. The card game is still going but the players now and again just seem to float away on some mystic breeze.

It is only occasional, the knitter, too, sometimes stops and just sits and, no just sits, expressionless, but, perhaps, thinking of something dreamy, far-away.

The old man has nestled into his chair, welcoming this quiet atmosphere. His toes stretch still closer towards the fire.

The children are now asleep, locked in each other's arms, on the floor. This strangely poignant atmosphere has affected the two teenage children as they are just sitting, vaguely wondering what to say and yet saying nothing. The adults are aware that there is something in the air, something, shall I say wonderful, certainly new and inspiring. Or is it just melancholy or foreboding.

A sharp ring at the front door-bell suddenly sparks life into the tranced gathering. The children are awake, running to the door. The elder children are excitedly talking, peering down the hall towards the door. Everybody is moving. The old man has sat up in his chair. The knitter has put down her knitting and is walking to the door. The adults have put down their cards. Everybody is talking nervously, excitedly, foreignly. Everybody is pleased to throw off this veil which had been clutching at their throats but everybody seems strange. Their talk is not natural, it is jerky and painstaking. The old man is starting to grumble.

The door is opened. Two children, teenagers and their parents come in, exchange greetings and immediately they sense the strained atmosphere which had prevailed. They too, become alert, tense. The door slams shut. The people return to their places. The newcomers join their respective groups. A new hand is dealt. The knitter knits. The old man again begins to sleep, and the small children, overcome, also fall asleep. The older children resume their conversation and again that clutching, groping, unspeakable terror or joy or peace, one cannot tell which descends. The knitter again becomes pensive. The present surroundings begin to blur step by step. The process is faster now. The card game is again beginning to slow down and the old man's toes again stretch towards the fire. The teenaged children are becoming depressed as their talk dwindles and becomes forced.

The knitter is now finding all things blurred. She tries to laugh it off by telling a joke. Polite laughs start and are abruptly cut short. Even the newcomers are caught in the invisible net. The air is lifeless, dead. The old man succumbs to the melancholy and finally falls asleep. One woman leaves the room and returns with a drink of water which is gone in no time.

Pulses pound. The hot thud, thud in the temples symbolizes the potency of this silence.

The knitter succumbs and stops knitting.

The card players succumb and stop playing.

The talkers succumb and stop talking.

But the old man succumbs to nature and dies quietly, peacefully and contentedly.

GARRY FRY, 4A.

EXHAUSTION

Fishing in the pool outside the local asylum did not look very promising today for Sam. He had been sitting there for two hours. While waiting for a bite Sam watched the sun sink low to the west.

Suddenly his daydream was interrupted by a soft footfall from behind. Twisting his head around he perceived something. Sam's eyes goggled, for approaching him was a man whose features indicated he was an escapee from the stone building a few yards away!

Rolling up his line Sam started to walk along the river bank at a brisk pace.

Casting a glance over his shoulder he noticed the lunatic had quickened his pace; sweat broke out on Sam's forehead. He must hurry! His pursuer could be dangerous. Breaking into a run, he thought he would shake off this menace; but the madman also ran. He gained on Sam, who by this time decided to jump into the river and swim to the other side. The lunatic dived in too. Half the width of the river was yet to be crossed; Sam was becoming exhausted; but still the lunatic persisted.

With his last ounce of breath Sam grasped the bank and slumped to the ground exhausted. The lunatic reached the bank, the fisherman was trapped, he could not move. He began to utter a prayer for the saving of his soul, when the lunatic fell down beside him and clapped Sam's shoulder with his hand crying, "Tagged".

D. HANCOCK, 4D

Page donated by Ellis Pty. Ltd.

PIERRE CAY

The ship sailed from Havana, leaving a trail of oily smoke to spoil the picture-postcard prettiness of the harbour, and made her way along the coast of Cuba.

One of the difficulties of navigation in the Gulf of Mexico is the number of small reefs which often occupy otherwise clear stretches of sea. Most of them are called "Cays," some of them are unlighted, others have lights which are cheerfully described on the charts as "Unreliable".

It was one such reef that the "Alpha Damozel" passed. Bob Withers, third mate of the "Damozel", was standing on the bridge when Rodick the second mate came up next to him.

"Pierre Cay," he said. "Know the story, I suppose?"

Bob grinned. Trust Rodick to have a story.

"Grand old pirate type, Pierre was," said Rodick.

"French of course. Used this reef as a hide-hole. Used to lie behind it in his ship, and jump out on the big Spanish treasure ships. Rumour that he buried most of his loot here. Don't believe it myself. Never trust rumours."

Bob said nothing. Rodick was one of the most unreliable sources of rumour in the ship.

"Must have made a packet though. Cleaned out ship after ship. Never let one go once he got his fingers on it. Sunk without trace, crew murdered—every man-jack and woman too. Useful technique. Nobody knew what happened to 'em. Nobody came looking for Pierre. Didn't know he existed. Had a long run that way."

He paused, and Bob asked, "How did you find out about him then, George?"

Rodick laid a finger to his nose. "Research," he said. "One chap escaped at last, from the last ship Pierre ever caught. Tough lad. Thrown overboard with throat cut. Salt water stopped blood flowing. Ripped his shirt up in the water, bandaged it, swam to next reef, lived two months on seagulls' eggs, picked up by ship, got to Jamaica. Lost his voice though, had to write story down."

"Pierre had a daughter. Mother was princess. Pierre kept wife until he was tired of her, then cut her throat. Sent daughter home to France. Sent money too. Girl didn't know where it came from. Grew up beautiful, rich, dukes crawling at her feet. Girl thought father dead."

"What about Pierre?" Bob asked. "Did he know how she was getting on?"

"Of course. Picked up news from ships. Used to ask men about her, then cut their throats."

"He must have cut an awful lot of throats, George!" Bob exclaimed.

The second mate grunted. "Hundreds. Thousands. Bad old days. No atomic bombs though. Not so bad perhaps. Anyway, girl got married. Duke something-or-other, big shot. Appointed ambassador to Mexico. Took girl out with him. Ship got blown south. Should have made Vera Cruz. sighted this cay instead.

"Pierre knew nothing about wedding. No French ships lately. Captured this one. Asking people on deck about girl while crew cutting her throat down below. Terrible. Pierre found her too late. Head nearly off body. Recognised her then—just like mother."

The second mate waited to let them contemplate the horror of the scene.

"Pierre went berserk, took cutlass and killed the crew. Sliced off heads while they were asking what it was all about. Let the Frenchman get away. Went home, married elderly Duchess. Much safer."

"You still haven't told us what happened to Pierre after he went mad. Did he kill himself too?"

Rodick shook his head. "Nobody knows," he said solemnly. "Last seen alone on deck of ship, except for dead girl in his arms. Ghastly sight—sailing away in moonlight. Fishermen say his ghost appears on moonlit nights when there is no wind."

"That's funny," said Bob, "I wonder what that white mist is, over the starboard bow?"

Rodick spun around.

—STUART BRIDGES, 4D.

Typical "Sporester."



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THE ANNUAL FIFTH YEAR DINNER 1964

This dinner is the last congregation of fifth year pupils as a body within the school, and marks the completion of five years of study. Thus it is enjoyed for both social and sentimental reasons, and this year was no exception.

On Thursday, 29th October, one hundred and seventy departing fifth year students with their fathers, prefects-elect and fathers, members of staff and many guests assembled at Winns Shortland Hall, drank to the Queen and commenced the programme for the Farewell Dinner for 1964.

Appropriately, the chairman, Darrell Williamson was the first to address the gathering with a toast to the school in which he conveyed the importance of school life not only for academic training, but for laying a foundation for manhood in every respect. The Headmaster supported Darrell's comments in his own reply, stressing the significance of the school pledge we repeat every week, and its application to later life. Respect for standards set by the departing fifth year was expressed by Grant Harrison, captain-elect, and the vice captain, Richard Hough, returned the thanks of fifth year for these remarks.

Barry Prideaux then lightened the note of proceedings with a very witty commentary on the effectiveness of the staff, and Mr. O'Connor in his

reply wished the departing fifth year every success. The dinner was not to farewell fifth year alone however, and Mr. Hadfield, representing himself and Mr. McKenzie, replied to a hearty three cheers from the meeting as a send-off to them both.

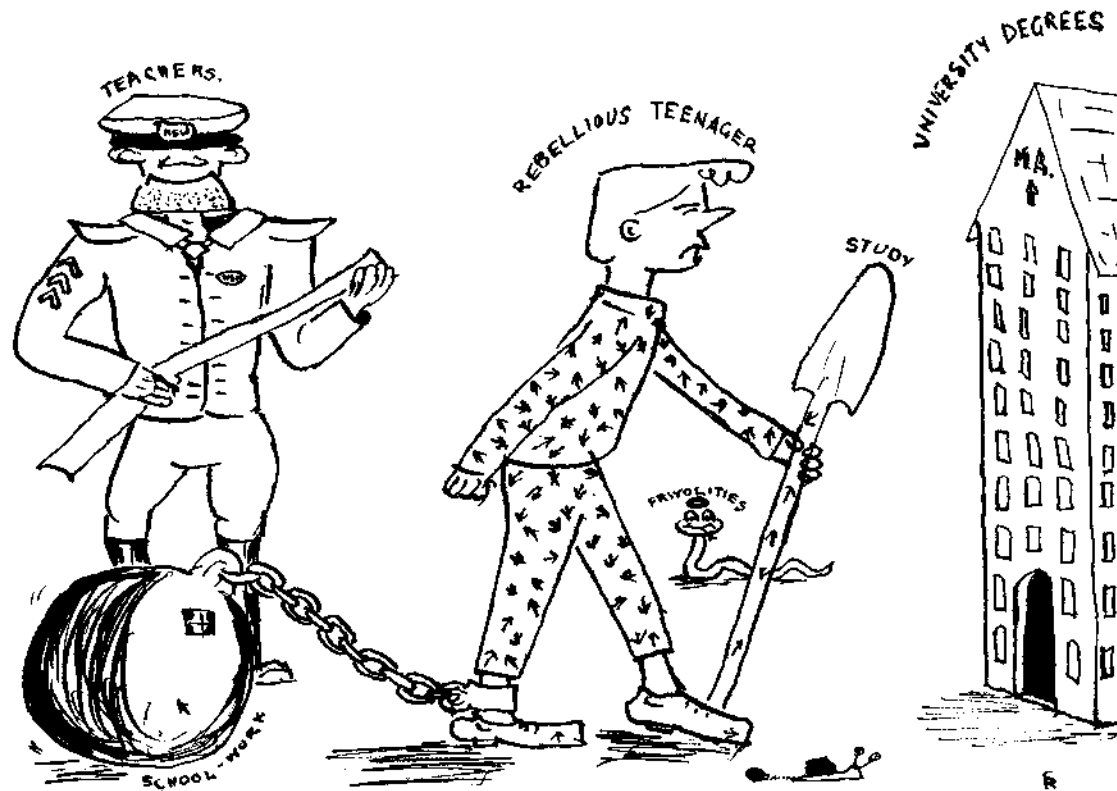
Greg Hansen then expressed pride in "The City of Newcastle", while in reply Mr. McDougall, who represented the Lord Mayor, spoke on the satisfaction of watching young men pass through our school and gain positions of leadership in our great city. Ross Morgan, Phillip Knox and Eric Traise all indicated the significance of some aspect of our school life. Ross lead a toast to the "Old Boys" who have supported the traditions of our school, and Mr. Richard Owens replied; Phillip thanked the visitors for the respect they showed by their presence, while Mr. J. McQualter, Staff Inspector replied; and Eric expressed gratitude for the faith our parents have placed in us with Mr. J. Hough replying on behalf of the parents.

Mr. Beard, as a guest of the school, proposed a toast to the chairman, and the evenings proceedings were concluded somewhat sadly with "Auld Lang Syne".

Mr. C. Harding and Mr. N. Traise entertained the meeting at several stages with musical items, and helped to make it one of the truly memorable functions of our school career.

— RICHARD HOUGH

'The muscles are stiff that once towed the ball...'



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SPORT

BLUES AWARDED FOR 1964

CRICKET: I. Forrester, C. Traill, D. Williamson (Bar).

RUGBY LEAGUE: K. Byrnes, T. Dunicliff, D. Williamson (Bar).

TENNIS: C. East (Bar), W. Harrison (Bar), B. Mathieson.

SWIMMING: J. Groves.

ATHLETICS: A. Lawson, B. Prideaux (Bar), N. Ryder (Bar).

AUSTRALIAN RULES: B. Prideaux, G. Sisely.

HOUSE COMPETITION

AGGREGATE POINT SCORE: Competitions still in progress.

ATHLETICS: Shortland House.

SWIMMING: Hunter House.

BASKETBALL: Competition still in progress—Shortland House leading.

SOCCER: Hannell House.

RUGBY LEAGUE: Shortland House.

TENNIS: Shortland House (Winter Competition).

CRICKET: Competition still in progress (Smith House leading).

ATHLETICS, 1964

Senior Champion: B. Prideaux—N. Ryder.

16 Years Champion: E. Reynolds.

15 Years Champion: G. Edgar.

14 Years Champion: J. Hawkins.

13 Years Champion: D. Lindsay.

12 Years Champion: P. Hawkins.

SWIMMING, 1964

Senior Champion: M. Bright.

16 Years Champion: J. Groves.

15 Years Champion: J. Johnson.

14 Years Champion: S. Derwin.

13 Years Champion: G. Jones.

12 Years Champion: S. Bland.

HIGH SCHOOLS' COMPETITIONS, 1964

CRICKET:

1st Grade Premiers.

2nd Grade Minor Premiers — Competition still in progress.

3rd and 4th Grades—Competition still in progress.

TENNIS:

1st Grade—Premiers.

2nd Grade—Runners up.

3rd Grade—Third.

4th Grade—Runners up.

SOCCER:

1st Grade—Premiers.

2nd Grade—Semi-finalists.

3rd Grade—Runners up.

4th Grade—Semi-finalists.

RUGBY LEAGUE:

1st Grade—Runners up in Evans Shield Comp.

2nd Grade—Premiers.

3rd Grade—Runners up.

4th Grade—Fourth.

5th Grade—Third.

6th Grade—Third.

7th Grade: Failed to qualify for semi-finals.

AUSTRALIAN RULES:

Best and fairest in Zone B Aust. Rules Comp.—G. Sisely.

HOUSE COMPETITION, 1963

Aggregate Point Score: "Fifth Year Shield": Hunter House.

Athletics: "Arthur Shield": Shortland House (1964).

Swimming: "C. Hocquard Shield": Hunter House (1964).

Basketball: "Rundle Trophy": Shortland House.

Soccer: "McGarry Cup": Shortland House.

Rugby: "George Forden Shield": Hunter House.

Tennis, Summer Competition: "The Cooksey Trophy": Shortland House.

Tennis, Winter Competition: "The Caldwell Shield": Hunter House.

Cricket: "F. S. Scorer Shield": Hannell House.

Blues:—

Athletics: B. Prideaux, K. Reeves, N. Ryder, P. Tandy.

Swimming: M. Bright, O. Morgan.

Cricket: B. Gibson, D. Williamson.

Rugby: J. Marsden, D. Williamson, M. Turnbull.

Soccer: J. Archibald, H. Fryer.

Tennis: W. Harrison, C. East.

The Gill Cricket Trophy: I. Forrester.

Athletics Carnivals:—

Champions, 1963, 1964.

Senior: 1963, W. Reichert; 1964, N. Ryder-B. Prideaux.

16 years: 1963, P. Tandy; 1964, E. Reynolds.

15 years: 1963, P. March; 1964, G. Edgar.

14 years: 1963, G. Edgar; 1964, J. Hawkins.

13 years: 1963, G. Vero; 1964, D. Lindsay.

12 years: 1963, A. Alcock; 1964, P. Hawkins.

Swimming Carnival, 1964:—

Senior Champion: M. Bright.

16 years Champion: J. Groves.

15 years Champion: J. Johnson.

14 years Champion: S. Derwin.

13 years Champion: G. Jones.

12 years Champion: S. Bland.

High School Competitions, 1963:—

Cricket:—

1st Grade: Premiership Pennant.

2nd Grade: Premiership Pennant.

4th Grade: Premiership Pennant.

Tennis:—

1st Grade: Premiership Pennant.

2nd Grade: Premiership Pennant.

Soccer:—

A Grade: Premiership Pennant.

Page donated by Mr. A. L. Fraser



1st GRADE LEAGUE. RUNNERS UP FOR EVANS SHIELD.

Back Row: Mr. Ashton, K. Byrnes, J. Borthwick, J. Sheppard, G. Neat, J. Archibald, Mr. Richardson.

Second Row: I. Dunnicliff, C. Slater, D. Chapman, G. Stewart, I. Pratt, J. Gray.

Front Row: N. Neild, A. MacNeill, D. Williamson, D. Widgery, C. Traill, J. McLennan.

Photo by McRae Studios

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FIRST XIII REPORT

This season the First Grade Rugby League team enjoyed only partial success; we were defeated in the third round of the State-wide University Shield competition by Picton after having a brilliant win 25-0 against South Strathfield in the second round. However we managed to be runners-up in the local Evans Shield competition which for the first time included the Coalfields area.

Half way through the season our prospects looked very black indeed. During the first half of the competition we were narrowly, but nevertheless, defeated by Tech High three times—11-9, 8-0 and 6-5. We also were defeated by Marist and our only points came from a draw with Gosford.

We realised that every win from then on was imperative if we hoped to secure a semi-final position, which meant coming in the first two in our own division B, for the first two in division C would enter the semi-finals as well.

The team then played as a team and we won all the remaining competition games, our best win being in the last round of the competition when we defeated Gosford 22-2, when only several weeks previously they had defeated Tech. High in the Uni. Shield.

The team was elated by this good win and after defeating Maitland Marists 29-3 in the semi-final we were keen for the forthcoming clash with Tech. High—so far our bogey team.

In keeping with the time honoured tradition of rivalry between the two schools, the match was somewhat "vigorous", but after half-time we gained supremacy and defeated them, much to their surprise, 6-2.

The Grand Final was played at Maitland against Maitland High. This match proved to be the toughest match of the season with opposing players at "cross purposes" with one another. We played hard but on the day we were not good enough and were defeated 9-5.

THE TEAM.

John Achibald at full back proved to be a very safe handler. His goalkicking too was a handy asset to the team.

Col Slater and Gary Neat were our wingers, and they made the best of the opportunities they received.

Kevin Byrnes played excellent football throughout the season and "cut holes" in our opposition. This resulted in the honour of being the leading try scorer.

Trevor Dunicliff was perhaps most noted for his uncanny anticipation and there was rarely a game in which he did not intercept at least once.

John Sheppard played centre and being a strong runner proved his ability in this position.

The halves, John McLennan and Nicky Neild, combined well and got the rest of the backline moving in top gear. John was always safe and cleared the ball well. Nicky was as safe a tackler as there was and dropped many opponents dead in their tracks.

Dennis Chapman and David Gray were in the second row. Dennis was an excellent defender and his penetrating runs gained the team

much ground. "Daffy" although not as big as his partner played tenaciously and tackled well.

During the year Jeff Stewart, Ian Pratt, Dave Widgery, Charlie Traill and Dave Locker played in the front row. Pratt and Stewart played tough football and ran well from the edges of the ruck and if any 'trouble' arose neither was afraid to mix it.

Dave Locker played his first first grade match against Tech. High in the final and played his best game of the season. His size allowed him to make penetrating runs through the rucks.

Dave Widgery gave a good service from "dummy half" and won his share of the ball.

Charlie Traill played hooker in the later stages of the competition and gave a constructive display. His goalkicking, too, proved to be valuable to the team. Unfortunately for Charlie he missed part of the second half at Maitland owing to some "unforeseen circumstance".

The team is indebted to its coach and friend Mr. Ashton who never lost faith in our ability and continually improved our general play.

D. WILLIAMSON (Capt.)

2nd GRADE LEAGUE PREMIERS

Players: Backs, T. Dunicliffe, I. Taylor, G. Flynn, G. Jones, T. Reynolds, G. Huxley, D. Brownsmith, A. McNeill, J. Archibald, M. Broughton, D. Gray; Forwards, R. Ryan, A. Anderson, G. Smith, D. Locker, I. Pratt, D. Harcombe, G. Gibson, W. Krysko, C. Traill.

Record: Played eight, won seven, lost 1.

The last competition match of the season was played against Marist Brothers at Passmore Oval, to decide the premiers in the 2nd Grade League competition for 1964. The game was very even until just prior to half-time when first Dunicliffe and then Flynn featured in a movement which started behind our own goal posts and ended with Flynn diving over in the corner. This try paved the way for our success as we played solid football in the second half to run out winners.

This was a climax to a season of Rugby League. The other teams in the competition (Gosford and Tech.) were not quite up to the standard of Marists but they supplied many problems for us. We beat Gosford 6-5 at Gosford. The standard of our team can be gauged that 12 of our players represented in first grade at one stage or another of the season.

Our team was composed of a big, mobile set of forwards and a speedy set of backs whose defence was near impregnable.

Trevor Dunicliffe, at full back, was a genius in attack and solid in defence, while both wingers Gary Flynn and "Butch" Jones were always full of determination with their sorties on opposition try lines. The centres, Glenn Huxley and David Brownsmith, with their immovable defence and hard running in attack made them equal to any in the competition. Mick Broughton and "Sandy" McNeill combined well as the halves with McNeill superb in attack, whilst Broughton's strong point was his defence.

Page donated by Mr. C. E. Hough, Valentine Dry Cleaners.

The forwards were huge. Ray Ryan, at lock after starting on the wrong foot, redeemed himself towards the end and always played solidly. Graham Smith, in the second row, was easily the best defender in the forwards and this proved invaluable many times. "Big" Wal Krysko and Garry Gibson were the props; Gibson never far from the ball while Krysko was a big danger whenever he got the ball in his opponents' 25. Charlie Traill, the hooker, and goalkicker started the season in third grade and ended in first grade. Whilst in our team he consistently won the ball and proved a first rate forward.

I would like to thank John Taylor, Ted Reynolds, John Archibald, David Grey, Adrian Anderson, Ian Pratt and David Harcombe, whose services were often called for. These players always gave their best when required.

The naming of individuals who excelled is extremely hard to do. However, in my opinion, Trevor Dunicciffe was the most brilliant player;

Alexander MacNeill the most consistent back; Garry Gibson the most consistent forward; Michael Broughton the most adaptable player (at home either at half or hooker), and the most improved player was Glenn Huxley, who made the big step from House to Grade League look comparatively simple.

However, I feel that the success of our team was through a concerted team effort when 13 players and a coach worked together to achieve the ultimate aim. The team effort was most noticeable at the training sessions when all the players turned up regularly for training. This I feel was a major reason for our success and a lot of other teams may benefit from our experience.

My thanks also go to the vice-captain, Michael Broughton, who led the team ably when I was indisposed, I must also congratulate my team-mates for the fine spirit in which they played the game and for the co-operation I was given.

— DAVID LOCKER, Captain



2nd GRADE LEAGUE PREMIERS

Back Row: G. Gibson, G. Smith, T. Duniccliff, C. Traill.
 Second Row: D. Brownsmith, R. Ryan, W. Krysko, G. Flynn, I. Taylor.
 Front Row: A. MacNeill, M. Broughton, Mr. Maehl, D. Locker, G. Huxley. Inset: G. Jones

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THIRD GRADE LEAGUE—RUNNERS-UP

J. Allison
 J. Bennett.
 D. Bowman
 A. Briggs
 D. Duggan
 J. Ferguson
 N. Forrest
 R. Frew
 R. Green
 P. Greenaway
 D. Hancock
 J. Harrison
 R. Lane
 G. Leach
 G. Ling
 D. Puxty
 G. Robson (Capt.)
 G. Tyler
 R. Younger

7.7 STONE RUGBY LEAGUE TEAM

Coach: Mr. Sullivan
 R. Coleman
 D. Flynn
 S. Granger
 P. Gregory
 G. Hocking
 D. Knight
 B. Kearns
 S. Moore (Captain)
 S. Macdaimid
 S. Roach
 M. Staniford
 P. Sweeney
 G. Wilson
 P. West

4th GRADE (8st. 7lb.) RUGBY LEAGUE

N. Waldie
 J. Davis
 G. Cowan
 J. Hoskins
 J. Johnson
 M. Williams
 S. Boase
 D. Attwater
 I. Bell
 W. Davies
 G. Vero
 C. Morrow
 I. Turnbull
 T. Jacobs
 B. Hogan
 S. Buchanan (N.Z.)
 I. Sullivan (C).

6st. 7lb. N.B.H.S. RUGBY LEAGUE TEAM 1964

Fullback: D. Fitzgerald.

Threequarters: B. Beath, S. Braye, J. Hogg, D. New.

Five-eight: D. Clark (Captain). Half: P. Hawkins
 Forwards: G. Barbouttis, J. Cathkart, S. Stathopoulos, S. Reeves, M. Curry (Vice-Capt.), K. Bohatko.

Reserves: D. George, F. Flannagan.

Coach: Mr. J. Caldwell.

6 STONE RUGBY LEAGUE

Coach: Paul Whalan

P. Lawrence (Capt.)
 C. Plant (V-Capt.)
 R. Dunstan
 G. Parrot
 J. Tate
 A. Kamprad
 T. Morgan
 D. Symes
 J. Hamilton
 C. Wright
 P. Brockbank
 M. Keane
 P. Pratsch
 P. Maltby
 G. Hill

1st GRADE CRICKET

This season has been highly successful, and when the competition finished we had the fine record of five wins from six matches. Under the new system, one round of matches was played during the third term of 1963, in which fifth year students of that particular year were barred, thus keeping nearly the same team for the second round also, which was played during the first term of this year.

In the first round we defeated both Hamilton and Maitland quite comfortably on the first innings, but our match against Tech. High resulted in our only defeat. At the beginning of the school year our team was strengthened still more by the inclusion of John Archibald, Jim Borthwick and Nick Neild. Maitland withdrew from the competition, preferring to play in the Coalfields' Competition and a second team was entered by our own school.

Our first game of the second round was against our Second XI at Waratah and we batted first. We declared at five for 175 due to a great individual effort by John Taylor, who was 93 not out and Neild with 38. The Second XI made 95, Ian Forrester being the main destroyer taking four for 26 and Borthwick two for 17, but Roach, who was batting well when Forrester took a fine catch, must be complimented on his aggressive attitude.

On a perfect batting strip at Learmonth Park against Hamilton Marist, we batted first and were all out for 205, Darrell Williamson making 39 and Traill 65. Again, the fast bowling of Forrester and Borthwick, who took four for 28 and three for 31 respectively, backed by Bruce Alexander with two for 14, gave the opposition no chance and they could only make 92.

Tech. High were sent in on a tricky wicket at Harker Oval and were hustled out for 59, Forrester again taking the bowling honours with five for 28 and Alexander also bowled very well to take three for five off three overs. We replied with 158 of which Archibald made a bright 37, East 32, and Mathieson 20 after the earlier bats-

men had failed. Tech. High followed on and were eight for 96 when time ran out, Alexander taking four for 21, Archibald three for 18.

I was very fortunate in having such a fine group which always played as a team. Taylor was very consistent as an opening batsman and Williamson again showed his brilliance in the number 3 position. Neild and Trevor Dunncliff, both fine stroke makers with the gift of quick footwork, occupied the second and third drop positions. Bruce Mathieson, a batsman with a good eye and perfect timing, only showed glimpses of his true ability this season. With a batsman of Colin East's ability, batting at number seven, shows the strength of the earlier batting and he is a delight to watch when in full cry with his powerful driving in front of the wicket.

The "tail" which consisted of Archibald, Forrester, Borthwick and Alexander always hit up quick runs when necessary. Forrester, with his fast out-swingers, was by far the most successful of the bowlers and must be congratulated on a

fine season. Borthwick, the other opening bowler, took most of his wickets with sheer speed and Archibald, a medium pacer, had the ability to keep the batsmen quiet with accurate bowling and always picked up his odd wicket. The only notable slow bowler in the team was Alexander, who always cleaned up the opposing "tail" without much difficulty with his leg spinners, assisted occasionally by Taylor with his off spinners.

The strength of the team was indicated by the selection of Forrester, Neild, Williamson, Dunncliff, Archibald and Traill in the Combined Northern High Schools' XI which defeated the top ranked Sydney side. Borthwick also gained representative honours, when chosen in a Second XI which drew with Cranbrook College. Finally, on behalf of the team, I would like to convey our sincere appreciation to our coach, Mr. Maehl, who throughout the season showed his keenness and passed on helpful advice to the boys of the team.

CHARLES TRAILL, Captain.



1st GRADE CRICKET PREMIERS

Back Row: T. Dunncliff, C. East, I. Forrester, J. Borthwick, J. Archibald, B. Mathieson.
Front Row: D. Williamson, C. Traill, Mr. P. Maehl, J. Taylor, N. Neild. Inset: B. Alexander

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SECOND GRADE CRICKET

Team members were G. Gilmour (c), G. Halton (v.c.), K. Jarvis, P. Briggs, J. Johnson, G. Skelley, G. Edgar, B. Kearns, E. Rush, N. Lee, J. Feenan, reserve: New.

This season has been highly successful, Boys' High having been undefeated. Most notable team performance being outright victories over Marist Brothers, St. Pius and Junior High. Some noteworthy performances with both bat and ball have been handed in, mainly from the bowlers. Our opening bowlers had outstanding success in two consecutive games, the first in which Briggs took six wickets for six runs off 11 overs with six maidens and the second in which he took eight wickets for six runs in four overs. Our batting has been solid and scores of 154, 153, 193 and 240 have been tallied up for an afternoon's batting.

The team would like to thank Mr. Schmierer for all his help and advice throughout the season.

GREG GILMOUR

Greg Gilmour must be congratulated not only for his captaincy, but also for an outstanding batting average. As opening bat he has an average of 90 which includes two fine centuries. Graham Halton, our vice-captain, was runner-up in the batting with an average of 62 runs per innings.

Team spirit throughout the year has been excellent and it has been a privilege to be associated with the Second Grade team.

MR. SCHMIERER



2nd GRADE CRICKET

Back Row: G. Skelly, G. Gilmore, N. Lee, R. New, Mr. Schmierer, P. Briggs, G. Edgar, J. Johnson, B. Kearns.

Front Row: E. Rush, G. Halton, I. Bell, J. Feenan, K. Jarvis.

Photo by McRae Studios

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THIRD GRADE CRICKET

With the competition only half completed Newcastle is at the head of the points table. We have been fortunate in that we have not lost any game, but perhaps we have been a little lucky at some stages. However, having reached this position we intend to stay there.

Our only unpleasant surprise during the season was when we failed to defeat Newcastle Junior High outright. During this match we seemed to be almost "asleep" on the field—it will never happen again.

On our better days however we convincingly defeated Central, gained an excellent victory over Marist Brothers, and soundly defeated St. Pius outright. Although we have yet to play Tech. High we are all in high spirits and are hoping we can carry out the competition honours.

Two of our batsmen, Gary Vero and Max Simpson gained selection in a N.S.W. Under 14 Cricket team. Max Simpson was later selected in

an Australian Under 15 team to play either New Zealand or South Africa.

Our main pace bowlers are: W. Bradford, R. O'Hearn and J. Davis, W. Bradford taking out the honours for the most wickets.

Gary Vero has done much damage to the opposition with his leg breaks.

Many excellent catches have also been taken during the season and some of these have changed the games completely.

We, as a team, would like to thank Mr. Gill for his interest, his advice and the fact that practices have been held regularly each Monday. All his advice has been truly appreciated and has greatly improved the team.

Team members: M. Simpson (captain), G. Vero (vice-captain), Davis, O'Hearne, Bradford, Daly, Braye, Kibble, Leeman, Whitelaw, Leslie, Howell, Fraser, McKinnan, Anderson, Boyd, Gill, Fenwick, Bailey, McLennon.



3rd GRADE CRICKET

Back Row: Mr. J. Gill, R. Whitelaw, H. Williams, P. Fraser, W. Bradford, E. Howell.
Front Row: S. Leslie, D. Bailey, G. Vero, M. Simpson, (Capt.) J. Davis, G. Anderson.

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FOURTH GRADE CRICKET

With four matches to our credit, Newcastle during the first half of this year, has done extremely well.

Gilmour and Wilkinson have done well, sharing the wickets, while Hamilton, Clarke, Walker and Stathopoulos have improved a great deal.

Although Gilmour, Wilkinson, Robinson and Walker have taken fine catches, Newcastle has to improve their returns to the wicket.

Full credit must go to Mr. McRae, who has helped us a great deal, coaching us every Monday afternoon in Waratah Park. We would all like to thank him for his work.

1st CRICKET No. 2 TEAM

Coach Mr. Caldwell

S. Moore (C.)	J. Andrew
P. Whitelaw (V. C.)	G. Robson
S. Roach	A. Briggs

B. Prideaux	R. Ryan
N. Forrest	J. Ferguson
P. Buckton	K. Tripet
G. Harrison	P. Puddicombe

UNDER 13 CRICKET: (4th GRADE)

Coach: Mr. McRae

T. Smyth	J. Hamilton
R. Walker	R. Sanderson
S. Robinson	B. McCarthy
G. Gilmour	D. Fitzgerald
S. Hatherell	J. Tate
J. Peady	P. Hawkins
B. Tate	J. Hogg
R. Wilkinson	J. Burt
P. Clarke	D. Wright
A. Stathopoulos	D. Parker
J. Garis	



4th GRADE CRICKET

Back Row: J. Hamilton, R. Wilkinson, R. Walker, S. Robinson, G. Gilmour, J. Tate, J. Garis
Front Row: P. Hawkins, D. Fitzgerald, B. Tate, J. Peady, Mr. L. F. McRae, T. Smyth, J. Hogg, P. Clark, S. Hatherell.

Photo by McRae Studios

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FIRST GRADE TENNIS

For the second year in succession our First grade tennis team, was successful in winning the premiership. Our team, comprising G. Kentish, C. East, W. Harrison and B. Mathieson, proved superior to the other three teams, Tech. High, Marist Brothers and Boys' High No. 2, and lost only one set out of 72 played.

Our second team was comprised of G. Cocking, D. Mills, R. Hough, D. Hetherington, K. Corbett, P. Jenkins and D. Harvey, who played two matches with this team and one match with our other team. This team performed creditably and finished second in the point score, thus emphasising the amount of ability in our school this year.

However the standard of the other schools was below par and this was emphasised by the fact that only one regular first grade player outside our school, Wayne Johnston of Tech High, was included in the Combined High Schools' team, which played Sydney Combined High in Sydney and showed a marked improvement on last year's effort. Our four first grade No. 1 team players

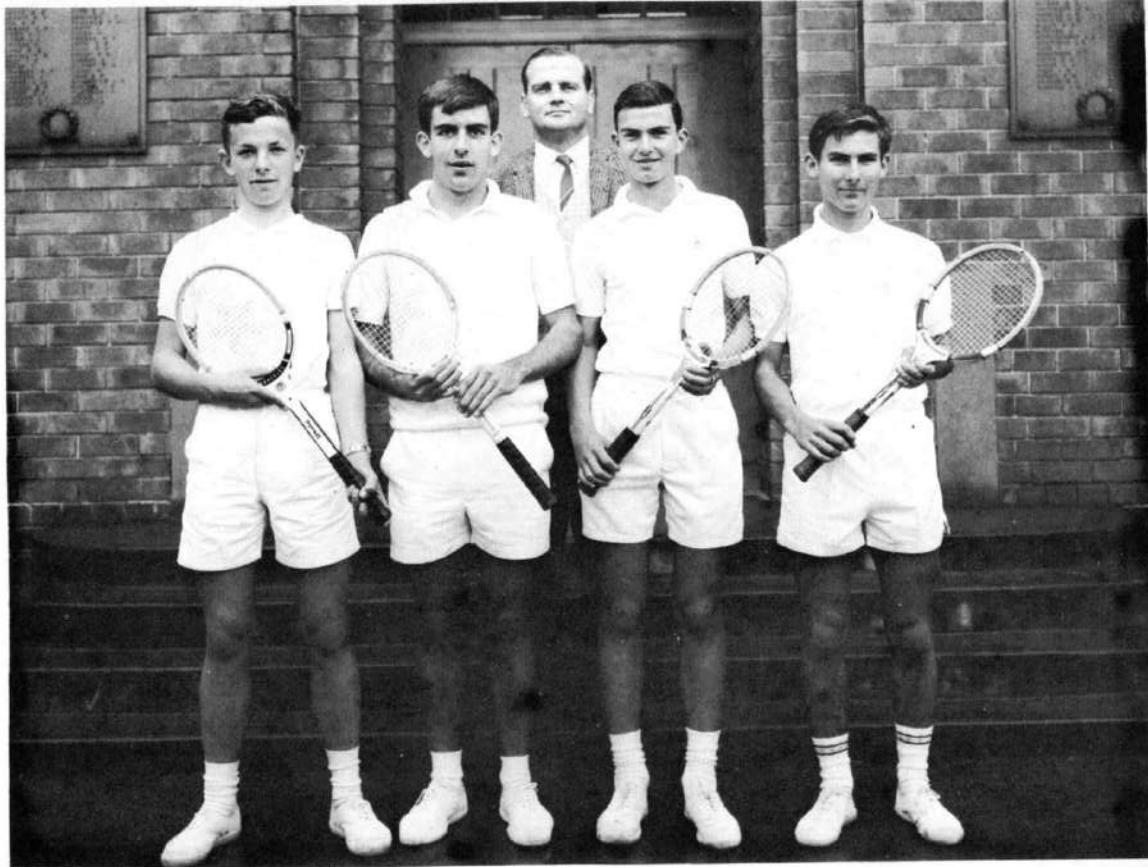
and Dennis Harvey gained selection in this team, which was most capably managed by Mr. Gill.

Congratulations must go to Colin East who was selected as Number 2 player in the New South Wales team which comfortably defeated Queensland in Sydney. However this match was played at a most unsatisfactory time and as a result at least three boys (including Wayne Harrison) who had very good chances of making the team, were unavailable for selection because of study commitments.

A solution to this problem in future could be to bring forward the match from August to March or April or else prevent Leaving Certificate candidates from playing in this State team as no one in Fifth Year can afford to miss a week of school in August.

Finally, a word of appreciation must go to our coach and chauffer, Mr. Shields. He drove both our teams to their various court locations and after the game he would offer us a lift either to the bus stop or home. His cheery words of encouragement and advice were a definite help to both teams.

B. MATHIESON



1st GRADE TENNIS PREMIERS

Mr. H. J. Shields, B. Mathieson, C. East, G. Kentish, W. Harrison.

Photo by McRae Studios

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SOFTBALL REPORT

The softball played this season was of the highest competitive spirit. Hannell House took the honours, with Hunter and Shortland equal second.

We are pleased to see this relatively new sport to the school gaining favour. As umpires of many games we would like to see more attention to rules. Lastly we would like to thank the organising teachers for their assistance.

DAN FURNER and WARRICK BIRD

AUSTRALIAN RULES TEAM No. 2

Coach: Mr. Dobinson

Carl Reid
Henry Reid
Roger Norris
Robert Davies
Ian Scott
Ian Forrester
Scott Derwin
Gary Johns
Eric Craney
Stephen Wade
John Moore

John Williams
Paul Sheehan
Brian Troy
John Strickland
Greg Priest
Greg Platt
Stephen Bailey
Edward Whykman
Peter Martin 1D
Phillip Hartcher
Peter Spencer



2nd GRADE TENNIS RUNNERS UP

Back Row: G. Gilmour, Mr. J. Gill.

Front Row: I. Henderson, K. Jarvis, R. Johnstone, B. Wilks.

Photo by McRae Studios

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1964 AUSTRALIAN RULES REPORT

Australian Rules is a game that is increasing in popularity throughout the Secondary Schools in the Newcastle area. In the Zone "B" competition alone are found six teams competing in a week by week competition. Of these six teams N.B.H.S. submit two, both of which met with success in the 1964 season.

Of the two teams entered by N.B.H.S. the No. 1 team proved to be the most successful. This team, through good, consistent football managed to reach the grand final of the competition, but was narrowly defeated by Broadmeadow Junior High School. The one's had many fine and consistent players who proved to be the power behind the team's successes. Players such as ruckman Legovich and Helsinki and rovers Lindus and Gill, proved to be the mainstays of the team. The outstanding player in the one's, and also the whole competition was Greig Sisely. Greig, a newcomer to the school was responsible for the strong drive given from the centre position. He obtained this drive through strong, hard, intelligent football and his neat ball control proved to be a feature of his fine play. To cap his great

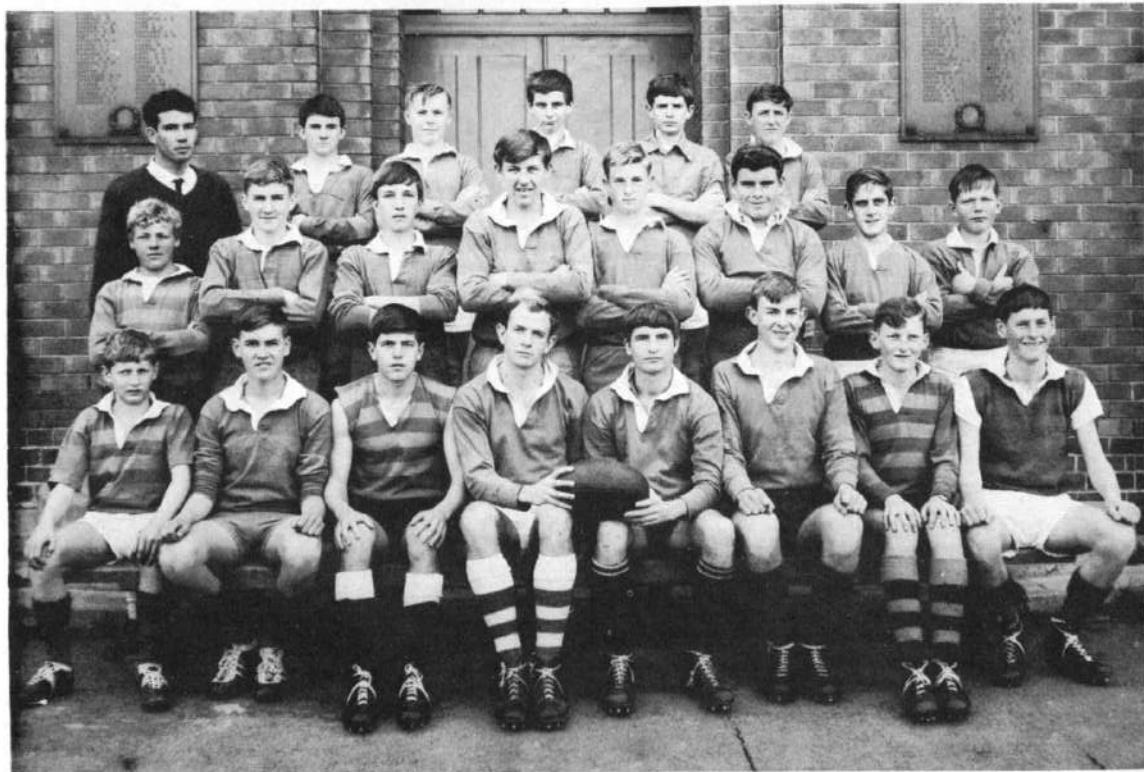
success during the season Greig was awarded the Best and Fairest Award for the competition, an award thoroughly deserved.

The second team, although not of the standard of the firsts, proved to be a force to be reckoned with in all their matches. In this team Carl Reid, their skipper proved to be the mainstay of the team and his determination gained him the honour of being runner up to Greig Sisely in the Best and Fairest votes. Other players to show out during the season were Chuck Davies, Roger Norris and Eric Craney.

In the game between Combined Newcastle and a Combined Sydney team, Newcastle succeeded in giving the Sydney team a lesson on Australian Football. In the successful Newcastle team the predominance of the players came from N.B.H.S. a total of ten in number, and all played well with Sisely, Legovich and Helsinki providing the strength for the brilliant win.

Our success during the 1964 season was due to the fine support and co-operation extended to us by Mr. Willmot and Mr. Dobinson. To these two members of staff we extend our sincere thanks.

B. PRIDEAUX, Captain.



AUSTRALIAN RULES RUNNERS UP

Back Row: Mr. Willmot, P. Lindus, K. Marsh, M. Cruickshank, D. Doyle, S. Gill.
 Second Row: B. Robinson, P. McCormack, M. Alcock, Z. Helinski, D. Bewley, N. Forrest, T. Bussell, B. Viemer.
 Front Row: J. Kemp, B. Baker, M. Legovich, B. Prideaux, G. Sisely, S. Dawe, J. Allen, J. Stanger.

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1st GRADE SOCCER REPORT

This year, 1964, was a victorious year for the first grade Soccer team. Under the efficient guidance of the coach, Mr. Southern, it won the minor premiership and then the final by defeating Marist Brothers, 5-0.

The team was beaten only once in the competition by Marist Brothers, 4-3, in the last match of the premiership competition. The team scored 40 goals and conceded only 16. In the Tasman Cup, Boys' High was beaten 4-0 by Wallsend at the Sports' Ground and also by Cessnock, 3-1, in a challenge match played at Mayfield Park

Four players from Boys' High were selected to represent the Combined Newcastle and Coalfields High Schools in Sydney in a State-wide Soccer carnival. They were P. Whitelaw, K. Trippet, J. Threlfo and G. Cutmore, who was elected captain of the representative team.

Throughout the season, the team played a high standard of football and the players combined successfully as a team, well deserving their wins.

2nd GRADE SOCCER (Semi-Finalists)

- A Woods (c).
- J. Feenan.
- N. Lee.
- S. Fleming.
- G. Dalrymple.
- E. Rush.
- M. Curran.
- D. Whiteside.
- P. Wright.
- S. Ross.
- L. Groom.

Coach: Mr. Hunter.



A GRADE SOCCER PREMIERS

Back Row: Mr. Southern, G. Ormerod, G. Cutmore, P. Smith, P. Melmeth, I. Wood.
 Front Row: J. Gray, G. Harrison, K. Trippet, R. Jarvie, J. Threlfo, P. Whitelaw
 Inset: B. Jack

Photo by McRae Studios

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D GRADE SOCCER

P. O'Hearn, (capt.) M. Cross.
 T. Smyth, (v.-capt.) T. Lawrie.
 D. Jarvis G. Norris.
 M. Pepper. R. Freeman.
 S. Mackie. Reserve: P. Percy.
 G. Faulds.
 G. Dawson. Coach: Mr. L. Abell.

C GRADE SOCCER (runners up)

E. Howell, (capt.) P. Sandy.
 R. O'Hearn, (v.-capt.) C. McKinnon.
 L. Sandy S. Leeman.
 K. Moxey. D. Ledbury.
 R. Whitelaw. Reserves: G. Wellham,
 R. Shand. K. Williams.
 G. Anderson. Coach: Mr. Blunden.

**INTERSTATE AND AUSTRALIAN PLAYERS**

Back Row: C. East, (Tennis); M. Simpson, (Aust. Cricket).

Front Row: T. Smyth, (Soccer); G. Vero, (Cricket); E. Howell, (Soccer).

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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.

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

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 Consolidated Milk Industries.
 Cooper Brothers & Co.
 Courtaulds (Australia) Limited.
 O. A. Cruickshank.
 Ell's Pty. Ltd.
 Ron Ferguson.
 F. F. Flanagan.
 A. L. Fraser.
 C. L. Fry.
 C. G. Harding.
 C. E. Hough.
 Hunter Broadcasters Pty. Ltd.
 Hunter The Stationer Pty. Ltd.

Hunter Valley Co-Operative Dairy Co. Ltd.
 James Timber Co. Pty. Ltd.
 Kloster Pty. Ltd.
 Henry Lane Pty. Ltd.
 E. G. Lawer.
 McDonald and McDonald.
 Mr. R. Morante.
 National Co-Operative Insurance Society Ltd.
 Dr. Neild.
 Newbold General Refractories Ltd.
 "Newcastle Morning Herald" and "Newcastle Sun"
 Newcastle & Suburban Co-Operative Limited.
 F. J. Palmers.
 Rundles Pty. Ltd.
 Ryland Brothers (Australia) Pty. Ltd.
 Scottish Union & National Insurance Company
 G. R. Solomon.
 Soul-Pattinson (Newcastle) Pty. Ltd.
 Stewarts & Lloyds (Australia) Pty. Ltd.
 Temple Bookshop.
 James Tickle & Son Pty. Ltd.
 A. P. Toll Pty. Ltd.
 J. J. Truscott.
 Waratah Bowling Club.
 Whitakers.
 Whitcombe and Tombs Pty. Ltd.
 Winns Newcastle Ltd.
 O. Zimmerman.