

"POLLUTION"

"this even-handed justice commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalices to our own lips." Macbeth Act I, Scene VII.

From the north of the moon to the south of "Coca-Cola Land" man has polluted his environment to such an extent that many experts believe that man's very existence is being threatened by this pollution crisis. From pole to pole life is threatened: eelpouts captured at a depth of 1500 feet, at the bottom of McMurdo Sound had detectable amounts of D.D.T. in their tissues! (D.D.T. has never been used in the Antarctic). The air we breathe, the water we drink, the food we eat, our countryside, rivers, and even the sea have all been polluted as by-products to ever increasing industrialisation and so-called "progress". Pollution is no longer a "necessary evil" which must be tolerated but a real and dangerous threat to man's continued existence. Action must be taken now if we are to avert an environmental disaster.

Perhaps the best known form of pollution to residents of Newcastle is air pollution, which seems to have received the most publicity by the media throughout the world and has also received the most attention by various governments (notably the Nixon administration) who are just beginning to realise the gravity of the situation. Every major industrialised city has a serious air pollution problem. In New York in late July and early August of this year Mayor Lindsay declared a 'Pollution alert' after a six-day heat-wave had trapped a dome of hot air above the city. Visibility at times was cut to as little as 400 yards; New Yorkers with respiratory ailments were advised to stay indoors; those in perfect health were told that merely breathing did damage to the lungs equivalent to smoking a packet of cigarettes a day. In Tokyo traffic police in certain areas have to take 'oxygen-breaks' to keep from being overwhelmed by the noxious fumes spewed out by the traffic. School-children sometimes have to wear masks during heavy smog conditions. Even the upper atmosphere has been polluted to heights of about 50,000 feet by high flying commercial jets.

The major contributor to air pollution is not, however, industry, but the ordinary motor car. In the U.S.A. it is alone responsible for 60% of the nation's air pollution. Modern high-compression engines and high-performance petrols, which the public have demanded, have considerably increased the amount of pollutants per vehicle. So we see that air pollution has not been caused by a group of avaricious industrialists, but through our own ignorance and short sightedness. We must change the pattern of our living; stop the worship of the V-eight twin-carburetted sex-symbols, if we want to breathe. With new cars being produced at ever-increasing rates action must be taken now.

Another serious pollution problem is water-pollution. Pollutants ranging from industrial effluent, and raw-sewage to pesticides and herbicides are befouling the world's rivers. For example, the Rhine, the world's busiest river and the major river of Europe is known as "The Sewer of Europe". An accidental spillage of chemical into the Rhine in 1969 killed 40 million fish and caused an international crisis. Yet no solution as yet has been reached over halting pollution of the river because no one body has power over the whole length of the Rhine and consequently no

realistic action can be taken. This pattern of no-one having enough power to control pollution is repeated throughout the world; the U.S.A. has great difficulty in co-ordinating the states in the fight against pollution; here in N.S.W. the local water-boards do not have enough money to properly treat sewage and the state government has no real power to start proper anti-pollution measures. We must see the problem in a wider perspective; authorities with adequate power must be set up if we are to avert disaster. The problem is so big it has assumed international importance. Lake Erie is now considered biologically to be AT LEAST HALF DEAD. (The Cuyahoga River which oozes into Lake Erie and is classified as an 'industrial river' is so befouled that it has actually caught fire). Many experts consider the pollution of Lake Erie to be irreparable and the rest of the Great Lakes seem doomed to the same fate unless the American and Canadian governments combine in an effort to stop the pollution now. It is now becoming evident that the ultimate waterway of the world—the sea—is also in danger of becoming seriously polluted.

Several major disasters have polluted the sea in recent years. In 1967 the oil tanker the 'Torrey Canyon' broke up off the coast of Britain killing massive amounts of aquatic life and blackening the beaches of southern England. A blowout of an oil-rig off the coast of California near Santa Barbara had the same sickening results. Nearer to home an oil tanker was wrecked off the north of Queensland earlier this year. Just how much can the environment take in the name of progress? And we must realise that these spectacular disasters comprise only a very small part of the pollution which is poured into the sea. Yet the sea produces between 50% and 70% of the world's oxygen—the figures speak for themselves.

Pesticides as well are polluting the environment on an unprecedented scale. There is virtually no place on earth where pesticides are not to be found. Pesticides become more concentrated as they move up the ecological ladder along food chains. In some animals they are concentrated in the reproductive organs, causing the fertility rate to drop. Herbicides such as 2-4-D have been taken off the market because they are suspected carcinogens. Yet if we immediately banned all pesticides and herbicides huge amounts of food would be devoured by hordes of hungry insects and diseases such as malaria would soon reach epidemic proportions in tropical areas. Thus, there is no easy solution. Tremendous amounts of effort and money must be spent to find non-polluting alternatives to these pesticides.

Another more subtle form of pollution is 'noise-pollution'. Loud noise has been proven to have adverse physiological and psychological effects on people. Radiation is another pollutant which has become part of our environment—for example radio active strontium 90 in milk.

Environmental pollution has been allowed to happen through man's arrogant assumption that he can control his environment by bludgeoning it into his desired form through his sheer ignorance of ecological cause and effect; through his greed and desire for short term gain despite the long term consequences; and through man's acceptance of pollution till it is blatantly obvious. To overcome these basic features of man's character will perhaps be the hardest battle in the war against pollution.

ROGER STANCLIFFE, 5A.



EUTHANASIA

He couldn't bring himself to do it. For days he had been putting it off, concealing the harsh reality in the hinterland of his brain. Long nostalgic thoughts vexed him. Could he bring himself to do it? He snatched two cartridges and with sudden determination thrust them into the breach. But then his conscience which had plagued his tired deluded brain began another lament.

He held the gun long in his wrinkled bony hands. Staring past the cold steel and dull broken butt. Time passed for the world but not for Charlie McGregor. On the pitted concrete floor lay the shell of the old man. Every mark, every scratch had a story. It was cracked in places, long senile scars like those etched into his forehead by the agents of Time.

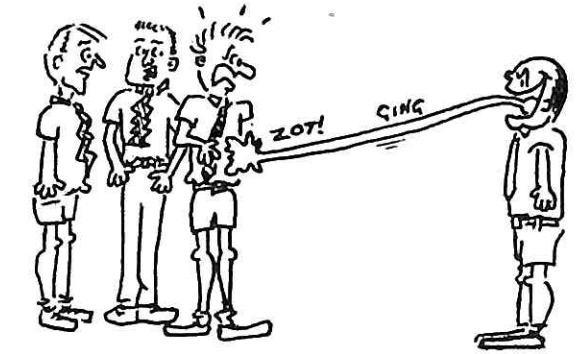
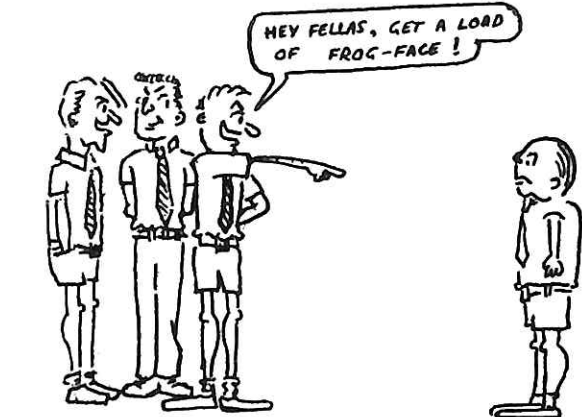
His eyes fell on an object embedded in a corner of the floor, covered in dust and hardly noticeable to the casual observer. "Dust will conquer all" he thought to himself. It was a penny. Left behind by a workman, Sandy Williams in fact. . . "So you'll know when the floor was laid." 1923 it said. 47 years, FORTY SEVEN YEARS. . . Sandy died in '57. . . only Charlie lived on. . . all his other friends had gone. . . all that is except one.

"Charlie McGregor you're not killing an animal you're killing yourself!"

He calmed again. It was time. He looked down the sights. The creature was labouring on the dusty floor. A bitter taste flooded Charlie's mouth. He closed his eyes. The gun recoiled. It was over.

Little had changed. In one corner of the shed lay the remains of a being and in the opposite corner stood the remains of another. The gun was still in his hands, still pointing at the opposite corner, still pointing at the dead being that had been so much of his life. He stood paralysed as thoughts dusted his brain. "He's a fine colt Charlie, you look after him" . . . "good fella" . . . "of course he'll make a good cart horse" . . . "that's the way" . . . "trucks 'll never replace Jason" . . . "here y'are fella, you get that in 'ya" . . . Memories are harsher than realities. His distressed and feeble brain could take no more. He became suddenly angry. A fury tore inside him. He blindly, violently threw his weathered arms about. In a fit of anger he threw the loaded gun at the creature in the opposite corner of the room and the second cartridge discharged.

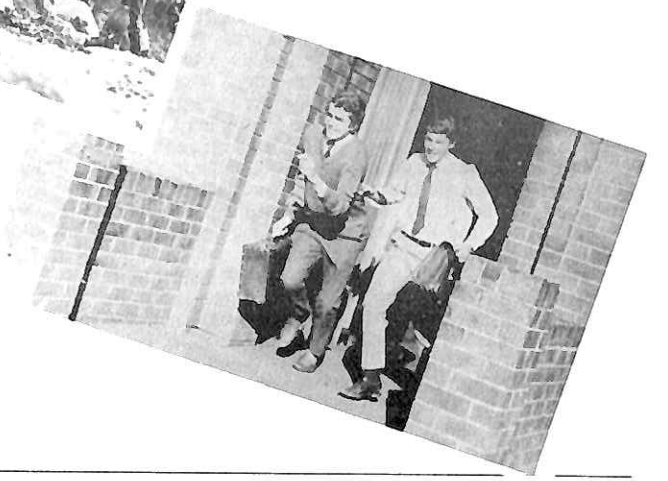
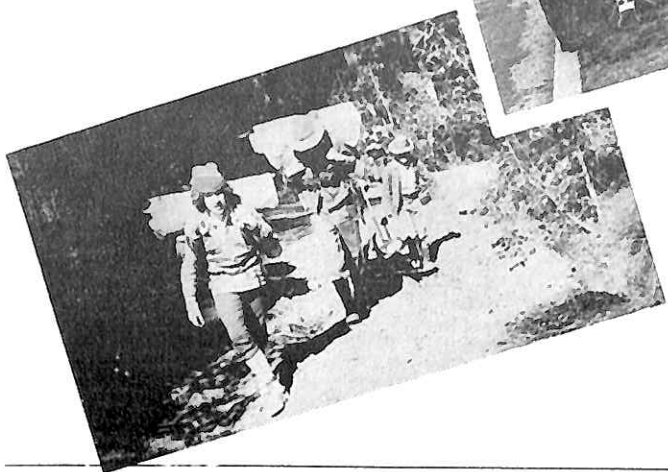
J. BRYAN, 5A.



"FROGFACE"

-P.Lewis

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NATURE, MAN AND INDUSTRY — CAN THEY COEXIST?

Nature and the city. Nature and industry. For those who live in industrial cities, these are conflicting, incompatible concepts. In the cities stone walls, factory chimneys and cars are forcing nature to retreat. Industry is attacking water, air and vegetation, using one of the most brutal means of warfare — poisonous substances.

Industry's attack on nature is, in effect, a war by man against himself. As Jean Dorst, the French scientist, put it: "Homo Faber (Man the Doer) is threatening the very existence of Homo Sapiens (Man the Thinker). Therefore, if man wants to continue living on this earth, he must make room for Nature in his cities and see to it that nature and industry exist in harmony."

Industrial plants and factories eject millions of tons of dust into the air. A grey blanket, reaching a thickness of more than a mile, covers the cities. It has been calculated that in industrial cities the sun's radiation is reduced by one-fifth in the summer, and by one half in the winter.

Each day, drivers in Detroit inhale poisonous humes equal to smoking twenty cigarettes, and a policeman directing the traffic in Central London breathes in fumes equivalent to smoking one hundred cigarettes a day. During the rush hours policemen in Tokyo go off duty every half hour to inhale oxygen at the police station. In damp weather, women's nylons fall to pieces in the streets of Chicago; the cherry blossom shrivels up in Tokyo. The famous Cologne Cathedral and the statues in St. Mark's Square in Venice are crumbling. The water taken from the Ohio River to cool the turbines is eating away their steel walls.

In the course of rapid industrial growth in Australia and overseas, the needs of nature have been forgotten more often than not. People have been used to thinking that the country is large and has ample natural resources. And there is a kind of tacit theory that since the country is one vast project, we can borrow from nature and exploit its reserves without concern and without limitation, leaving it to future generations, whose lives will be easier and richer, to repay the debt to nature. However, the "loan theory" cannot be justified. This kind of economy at the expense of nature is too dear; we place a burden not only on nature, but on ourselves.

Newcastle is not without its problems to say the least. Fallout in Newcastle reaches 124 tons per acre per month in Carrington, compared to the highest in Sydney at 15 tons per acre per month. Industrial waste and sewerage are strangling our beaches and harbour. Lorry, train, ship, ferry and automobile all help to poison the air. Filling in of the Hunter River Islands and Hexham Swamps is gradually destroying one of the few remaining breeding grounds of Australia's now rare swamp fowl.

This pollution problem is due to many factors and cannot be blamed merely on the large industrial enterprises, many of whom have spent large amounts to control fallout. Poor planning, in fact often complete lack of planning, and apathy on the part of government bodies and the general public all help to increase the severity of pollution in all its forms — air, water and noise. Poor zoning has led to the patchwork situation in Wickham, where residents suffer from the obnoxious smells of a meat preparation factory, which itself suffers from a nearby fertilizer handling plant. Coalburning ferries and locomotives are continually pouring black soot into the air — these relics of the past are not justified on either conservation nor economic grounds.

Proposals have been made to develop coal-loading facilities in the Port Stephens area, which would spoil this vast, presently near-natural vegetation area. If the Kooragang area is aimed at becoming an industrial region, why not put coal-storing facilities there, and convey coal along belts to deep-water berths in Stockton Bight. The same could apply to oil storing and possibly refining facilities. By this we could control the industrial environment and its effects could also be confined.

At present, as in the past, the city's "Green Belt" is that transitional area not wanted by industrial, agricultural or residential developers at the moment — tomorrow it will be somewhere else or nowhere as we encroach further on nature. Perhaps it will not be long before we cannot encroach on any remaining natural environment.

Planning is needed if we are to make our environment merely able to be lived on. We must all be prepared to pay the price and not, as in the past, pass the buck onto someone else, be he living now or in the future generations.

GRAHAME KERRIDGE.

NURSERY WIME (OR IS IT CHILD'S PLAY?)

Rings around the Roses
and men upon the moon.
The summer is now over,
winter comes too soon.

People still in ghettos,
without the food they need.
The Arab lying in the sun
blowing through a reed.

Drunk man in the gutter,
sane man with a gun.
Lucy Locket's lost her pocket.
the French, they've left Verdun.

Pusher with a needle,
baby in a cradle;
All the little children cry,
when food comes in a ladle.

When the pie was opened,
and men began to sing,
They sung the songs of men's goodwill—
a most elusive thing.

Rings around the Roses
and men upon the moon.
Spring will bring us nothing,
Sing along in tune.

R. JOHN.

ENGLISH — THE SIMPLE LANGUAGE

Down through the centuries the English-speaking peoples of the globe have taken for granted the usefulness and correctness of our speech. But it has faults. And these have been sifted out by man's unceasing investigation and habit of self-analysis. Recently many pains have been made to revise or utterly revolutionise the English language. The English language (at present) is one of the most difficult languages to learn and understand.

Many printers, publishers, accountants, book-keepers, lecturers, teachers, and so on have protested and complained about the appalling grammar and spelling of their students. But, the pitfalls of English spelling prevail. Every day in every newspaper, whether it be the New York Times or the Newcastle Herald, you find mistakes in spelling too numerous to mention.

Old customs, vowels, consonants, phrases, and spellings have been handed down since early medieval times. George Bernard Shaw devoted his life and will to the English language. He pointed out that letters, not sounds, and other incompetent forms of spelling were a waste of time and only made the language more complicated. Bernard Shaw's idea of a Utopian type alphabet and grammar structure aimed to avoid spelling mistakes, and showed how foolish the present alphabet is. For example, Phygotic = fish.

Maybe you are a fairly good speller and are reasonably proficient in your grammar lessons, and disagree with George Bernard Shaw. But it is as clear as day. The English language needs a facelift. Fifty years from now I hope we can look with amused condescension on the chaotic spelling of the mid-twentieth century, content in the new, more logical, phonetic language of the twenty-first.

PETER ELLIOT, 2nd Form.

FRAGMENT

Wet kissed lips, and clinging hair
Sand-mottled, brown and soft, white-nailed,
She sits, brushes, shakes, and smiles,
Gleaming ivory caressed with crimson.
She lies on the crumpled towel,
Five feet, five miles away.

NEIL WATSON.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

"The city lights, the pretty lights, they can warm the coldest nights", is what the song "Neon Rainbow" says about the city, but is that what the city really is — just lights?

Lights, like a myriad of glow-worms flash across the water, glinting off the ripples which chase each other around the harbour. The city is filled with rivers of neon which flash hypnotically creating a kaleidoscope of colour. People; silent; looking, but of seig, hurry past. They hurry to clubs, dances and theatres. This is the only life they know or care for.

Then you walk. Walk away from the city of light to the dark city, the forgotten city. You see a narrow street lined with gaunt and foreboding warehouses and broken-down terraces. The street is paved in brick and concrete, worn smooth by the wheels and tyres of vehicles of two centuries and is lit by the feeble aura of ailing street lights. From within an old brick terrace come the opening notes of an Italian aria played on an old gramophone.

Footsteps echo along the silent rows of buildings as an old man, clutching a bottle of cheap wine in a gnarled and bony hand stumbles un- surely along the street towards his tiny, one- roomed garret which is on the second floor of a shabby decrepit terrace. From the window of another old house an old woman, silhouetted against the darkness, stares out, unseeingly, at the black velvet cape, sprinkled with diamond flashes of light, which envelopes her world and the world of all the people of the night.

Now you hear the lapping of the almost motionless water against the barnacle-encrusted piles of an old dock. The planks are warped and cracked by years of alternate sun and rain. A figure sits huddled and cold against a packing crate, mumbling to himself as he stares out across the silent waters. He has no home and most of his small pension is spent on drink. The crumpled dollar note which he secretes beneath his battered coat will buy him a room, food and drink for another day of his existence. He is one of the forgotten features of the dark city.

As I walk towards the majestic arc, lit by brilliant lights, a tug moves slowly past and the melancholy wail of a siren wafts across the still, dark waters.

Around the corner, however, the scene abruptly changes. Strong penetrating lights reflect off the dew-coated road and a long, blue car moves regally past. Traffic lights blink rhythmically amongst the cars which move slowly by, their tyres hissing on the wet road.

As the clock atop the tall tower, dotted with coloured lights, booms out three times across an empty city the hiss of tyres is replaced by the hiss of brooms as the big, yellow street sweeper signals the end of night and the nearness of day when the city will again become the city of light. The light will be natural, but what of the people.

C. H. CHAMBERS, 4B.

NAITRE

Hands of light, veined with
lifeblood of the sun.
Held in supplication to the
forces of darkness — don't
dare disclose the source,
the sources of darkness are
too deep: the forces of light
too wide, and the hands
of light too bright. Don't
shut them out.

Voices echo from wall to floor,
the sound of them like floral
wallpaper on the feature wall
of a railway waiting-room.
Teeth of yellow enamel flash
in a dim-witted grin as the
voice rattles in death-hallowed chest.
Windows rattle at the wind's
harsh blows and the roof leaks
onto the head of the grinner.
He still grins, in his head
the water runs around and
he is thirsty.

The lights of the town go
out and the populace closes
its eyes for the night. Tomorrow
they will open up their faces
and start out onto yesterday:
yesterday will remind them of
last year and they can hate it all.
Can they see out, through eons
of dirt on their panes,
beyond the horizons?
How they imagine, can
they see, beyond themselves?

I walk the streets so empty of fullness
and so full of emptiness, and wonder
where humanity has gone. I can see
humanity but they cannot see; their heads
are full of liquid and their gains
remain etched on their faces, the
wallpaper of their daily lives is
peeling from their walls
and their bloodless hands hang
limply by their sides.

Lighten the darkness I beseech you all,
walk in the sun while you
can and bask in the warmth of
what surrounds you. The source is
hidden and as it is so because
of you; lifeless heads are not enough
to mold your thoughts. Look up to
the sun and gain your strength
by the very source from which
you came. Look up and be proud,
the sun waits for you.

R. JOHN.

THE TRIP TO "WE BOMBED IN NEW HAVERN", or "HOW 48 STUDENTS BOMBED OUT"

Recently, in the far distant past, forty-eight
genetic misfits, otherwise known as members of
Boys' High, accompanied by three lax wardens
in the guise of teachers, endured the rigours of
six hours of bus travel to witness Joseph Heller's
play, "We Bombed in New Havern".
The trip to Sydney was singularly unexciting.

with the exception of the numerous and witty
exclamations of greeting with which we burdened
all who came within shouting distance of the
bus. Having arrived in Sydney, we were left to
our own devices, to fend for ourselves, in regards
to a suitable repast. Having sated our hunger,
and drowned our thirsts in the appropriate man-
ner, we proceeded to the Ensemble Theatre, Mil-
son's Point.

"We Bombed in New Havern" like Heller's
famous novel, "Catch 22," had an anti-war theme,
presented in comical manner. This theme of the
futility of war, while by no means original, is
nevertheless brilliantly portrayed, through the
best possible medium, humorous pathos. Heller
has the unique ability to have his audience laugh
at their own faulty concepts, specifically those
concerning war. The actors had close audience
contact, both literally—the stage being only a
matter of yards from the furthest seat—and fig-
uratively. Various actors came forward and intro-
duced themselves as being merely actors, and play-
ing a part; but for that matter we are all actors
playing different scenes on the stage of life.
All the audience were enraptured, and highly
amused at the blatant disregard of normal stage
procedure. More importantly, most people left
feeling incriminated, for they realized that they
too were guilty of the crime of indifference to
reality—war—when that war does not concern us
as individuals.

The trip home was highlighted by some bril-
liant solo singing, and everyone joined in the
spirit of the evening. The spirit of good will
abounded. Exhaustion eventually encumbered all
who were not otherwise encumbered.

D.R.N.

"DROUGHT"

The sun has laid waste to the flat grassland.
It has scorched and pillaged,
Ruined and burnt,
And the skulls in the dirt bear mute witness.

Cattle are dying.
No water at hand.
And the sheep grow thinner daily.
Out in the fields the thirsty wheat and corn
Are shrivelling in the heat.

Meanwhile the farmer is praying,
Praying for vital rain.
But still in the fields his livelihood dies,
And ruin comes ever closer.

RUSSELL PATRICK, 1st Form.

LOST FOREVER

When I was young I thought
what joys would wait for me
in places far beyond, in years to be,
in dreams not yet fulfilled.

I dreamed of love, of joy, and
of that elusive thing called Peace.

Oh fool I was I did not know
that human flesh is far too weak:
Now that I am

Older and sadder,
Maybe wiser,

I realise that
Youth is the joy Idealism brings.

R. JOHN.

A PUBLIC HANGING

The following statements are made by a
radio commentator reporting on the news of the
day:—

"An' it's a bea-utiful day for a hanging! As
I look down upon the multitudes before me I get
a right fine feeling. Yes we're all having a ball
here at the downtown scaffold!

The grandstand's filled to capacity as we wait
for the festivities to begin. Yes, a right fine day,
not a cloud in the sky. Man, I wish you could see
this with me, it's a sight to behold . . . hold it!
Yes, they're bringing him out, they're bringing
him out. The noise is deafening, just listen to
the crowd cheer. What a laugh. On with the
show. . . .

Yes, everyone's in a fun mood, even the pris-
oner. Whoops, sorry, he's not laughing at all, just
having hysterics. I guess the executioner can't
please everyone. My, it's a hot day, the sun is
shining so bright the executioner's wearing sun-
glasses. Well, isn't that nice, some children are
getting his autograph. Man, I wish you could see
this with me. What a laugh, the (ha, ha) pris-
oner's abusing the crowd, a bit of comic relief
there by the prisoner. Wow, look at him go! Now
for a commercial while they catch him!"

"Aye, take Menthoids, for backache, rheumatic
or muscular pain. Menthoids, M-E-N-T-H-
O-I-D-S!"

"Well, they got him! Just listen to the ap-
plause as they put his head in the noose, the
executioner's taking a bow. Whaddya know, the
prisoner's pleading (would you believe it) with our
sanity. Oooh, what a kick! The prisoner's scream-
ing in pain, that must have smarted. The crowd
is in stitches, what a laugh. They're getting him
ready now, the crowd is becoming tense with ex-
citement. They're pulling the lever, yes they've
pulled it . . . is he? Yes, he's dead!"

Well, that's it, folks, he's gone. The crowd's
going home tired but happy. Yes, the birds are
singing and the rope is swinging. Too bad he
died, he wasn't bad for a nigger!"

PETER LEWIS, 5th Form.

CATCHERS IN THE WRV

The day dawned Setter red to unknowingly
instigate a fateful event of unparalleled precedent
in the history of dog-catching. The saga started
when into the quiet air of a suburban street drove
the Council's chic Chevy complete with camou-
flaging brick paintwork. The trailing cage stood
empty, a grim reminder of its stark status. The
truculent truck was driven by a sly dog-shopping
will-o'-the-wisp and his kennel-snatching com-
panion both of whom were dressed in battered
hats and shrunken jumpers. It cruised along with
eyes seeking, radar searching smellers sniffing
in an effort to catch that elusive cunning char-
acter, the common dog.

Throughout the street as if by magic a Paul
Revere style message spread, "the catchers are
coming" and in response a French revolutionary
style mob grew chanting "let them beat cats".
Old grannies who never before were seen to lift
a finger now waved umbrellas valiantly and
handbags violently while verbally threatening to
twist the arms of the bogiemen in hats. House-
wives rallied as if around a maypole with some
even shouting obscenities which ranged from
parts and functions of the horse's mouth to sub-
jects where angels fear to tread. The furore in-
tensified as members of the newly-formed D.L.P.

(Dog Liberation Party) rescued their pets from
the despoiling dog-catcher. One old dog thoroughly
confused but entertained by the frantic antics of
the crowd, on being called, ordered and begged
(in that order) refused and lay on his back as if
poised for a moon shot.

Nevertheless the staunch "public servants" in
an attempt to avenge the truck's deflated tyres
sought out a victim, eventually finding a middle-
aged English terrier. They chased this dog named
Harold all over the heath with such technolo-
gically advanced weapons of capture as a wild
west lasso and a net which was not dissimilar
to boyhood butterfly apparatus.

The hunt was on, off ran Harold and fol-
lowing close in hot pursuit were the net-carrying
lassoo-swinging dog-catchers, whilst a close third
ran the crowd, who in the spirit of the chase
jovially shouted: "Yooo Rinny". Somewhat remin-
iscent of an early English fox-hunt with modern
adaptations the swirling mass led by the battered
hats brigade strove onward closing the gap on
the now labouring Harold. Eventually the men
cornered and captured him and with much jeer-
ing and hustling he was carried to the awaiting
transportation, where after reinflating the tyres
and removing the thrown fruit and vegetables the
truck departed with Harold in the back riding as
if he was the "Sun Herald's" Dog of the Week,
complete with royal staunch and undoubtedly dis-
playing more dignity than his captors as they
drove into the Labrador-black night.

JOHN LEWER.

DEPARTURE

(Written after watching conscripts depart from
Newcastle Railway Station)

The station, crowded.
Small groups isolated
In their false brave happiness;
Connected in their secret sadness.

For all their young men
Will leave. Must leave!
Drawn by the evil magnetism,
That three letter word
Which conjures in the mind
Pictures better not to be there.

The bell rings (the hated sign!).
It signals the departure.
Women till now holding back tears;
Shed them.
Young men assume the air
Of merely going on holidays.
From which they will return refreshed
. . . . reaffirmed of the evil
Perpetrated by man against man.
If they return at all.

JIM FINNIE.

THE SOOTHER

The rain, the rain, the gentle rain.
It's falling drops sooth my mental pain.
The anguish of the day which knew no rest
Continues in the night till I am blest
With a passing shower to cleanse my soul.

Then am I quiet, ready to sleep.
Let the tomorrows my troubles keep.
I drift to a world where contentment's known,
With no foes to fight for I am alone
With darkness and peace as all my whole.

JIM FINNIE.

once to have preferred
light, his own inner visions
to the spring sunshine and rain
in his artificial studio
the man the artist is working hard
with moon-blanced tones
which made them
seem stranger still
fretted figures, thinly ill
elongated by ecstasy
straining still further upward
and the tall virgin rises
upward, to lunar heaven
with windy forms
and fluttering angels
and this heaven stands
alone, acid green, skyless
yet thunderclouds prevail
and weighted bodies
intensity withall, flames
heaven and hell true
there is a savage pity
and over a darkened cosmos
with the collapse of
thought, rationality
bourn out by
the birth of monsters
colossus comes
into existence
painfully
father, son, who knows
what, love, akin apart
strongly feeling, real
nothing at all
for who can see
the porcelain effect
in religious or classical
figures set within
statues seeming solid
move without
but neither work nor sleep
covered by nothing
or cellophane wrapping
lit by natural torches
the crucifixion is near
in the hollow
of their transparent veil
since in dreams
situations collide
with multible images
far above the real
no longer symbolic
deal yet vaguely unreal
means nothing
to the flying angel
just hope and still
life it seems
becomes dearer
to the spectators
in a water colour

G. FLETCHER.

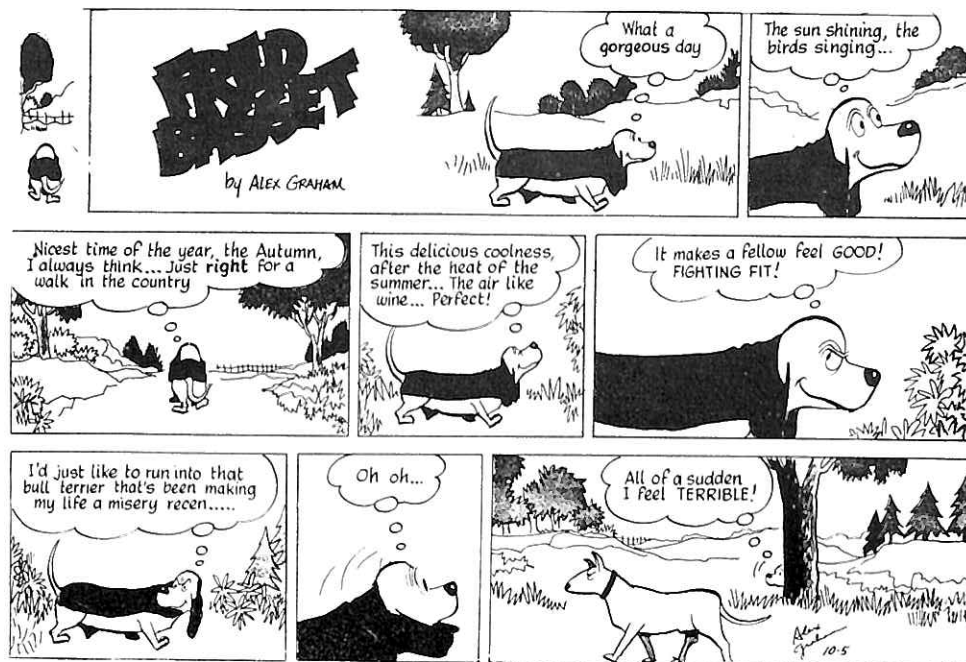


JUST BEFORE

Pretty calm,
Wind is soft, gentle breeze really.
Getting brighter in the east,
Sun 'll be up soon.
Cold though,
Bitterly cold,
Warmer in the water.
Put the beakies out soon,
Bream are off anyway.
Besides,
Won't get anything past the choppers.
Mechanically turning the reel.
Wish Alveys had gears.
Sinker comes dragging up the sand,
Trailing a little wake in the wash.
Sun's up.
Beautiful the way that light comes across the
water.
Really gets me.
Knife flashes in the sun, line parts.
Sinker drops in box, hook gets stored away.
Ties on the swivel.
On go the chained hooks.
Starts threading on the garfish.
First in the tail.
Sticks the hook in his finger.
Swears.
Last one through the eye.
Swish of the rod and thirty yards out
Little round circles.
Still early,
Don't need distance.
Clicks his reel into place,
Takes up the slack,
Settles down to wait.
Damn beautiful that sun.

CHRIS RENDLE, 5D.

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CARTOON APPRECIATION:

FRED BASSET by Alex Graham

In the joke, Fred Basset, who was so confident of himself one second, loses his confidence completely the next second. Most people will recall at some time of their life, a position similar to Fred's: feeling tough and fierce, and will remember that they also ignobly cowered away when the "bull terrior" approached.

Cartoons are so much better in their visual effect. The cartoonist can create the thoughts or emotions on the face. In the first four pictures of the cartoon, we see Fred walking aimlessly but enjoying the air, his nose straight up and his eyes shut. As Fred remembers the bull terrier his expression is one of savage anticipation at showing his enemy a thing or two. He starts gazing around, almost hoping for the bull terrier's solid frame to come into view. Then—he sees him! His eyes are suspended for a second in shock and he miserably realises he is not the hero he was meant to be. The effect of smallness is given by Fred managing to squeeze his long frame behind the tree. He tries to console himself with a "I can't fight him now, I feel terrible".

The cartoon comments on two human characteristics:

Over-confidence and being easily overcome by fear.

Fred Basset is drawn as a dog but the cartoonist makes him act like a human. Notice that Fred never talks but he thinks in human form. If Fred Basset was, say an American boy with a crewcut, he would not be so popular.

This is a very good cartoon which I think would be appreciated by all people of all cultures, although some primitive natives might wonder about the dog: he should be hunting with his master!

T. SMIT, 1st Form.

WHEN

I see eyes which look
but yet don't see,
And the mouths still talk
but mean little to me;
And yet they go on
within themselves,
without looking upon
as if time impells;
the problems about them
no kindness, no peace!
no conscience throughout them,
but when will it cease?
Maybe tomorrow
but never today;
for time itself
is the last to say.

PHIL POLLARD, 6A.

N.B.H. FILM CLUB '70

- FULL-LENGTH FEATURES IN THIRD TERM
- EVENING SCREENINGS IN SCHOOL HALL
- OPEN TO MEMBERS AND GUESTS.

Thursday, 29th October: A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

Thursday, 26th November: WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

Plus . . . At the End of Term:

THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

- WATCH FOR THE DATES!

THIS PAGE DONATED BY THE STORE

OH, THE JOYS OF RALLYING

Why, oh why do people go rallying? More to the point, why do I, as a navigator?

Consider, for a moment, that extraordinary pastime the motor rally: Rallying is not racing (although as the years go by the emphasis is shifting towards speed tests from road sections). Racing I can understand, if without actually going to the length of sympathising with it, because, although every idiot knows that something can go faster than something else, most idiots want to know which. And, of course, there is always the lust for speed.

Rallying is something quite different. Week-end after weekend they emerge, the rallyists, from their nooks and crannies, to try to prove themselves — not as drivers, but as motorists. They face a route which no one in his right mind would ever have chosen for a pleasure trip, which is defined on route-cards in terms calculated to baffle a crossword addict, and which they know they will be forced to cover at set average speeds which are always either too high or monotonously slow.

The driver may get some fun out of a rally, the rapture of pursuing an elusive average speed, the fun of playing dodgers among the markers at the tests. But for every driver there must be at least one navigator, and that is where I come in (reluctantly). The navigator's share of the joys of rallying consists of sitting petrified in the spare (hot) seat, forcing down imaginary brake pedals and, simultaneously, trying to understand the route cards, plot them on the map, follow it on the road, equate it with the clock and then try to get the driver, who instinctively knows better, to speed up, slow down, turn off, or for God's sake stop! And if the navigator has the restraint to withhold the "occasional" scream, the sole reward is the onset, in the driver, of a Jehovah-complex, usually ending in tears on one side or the other.

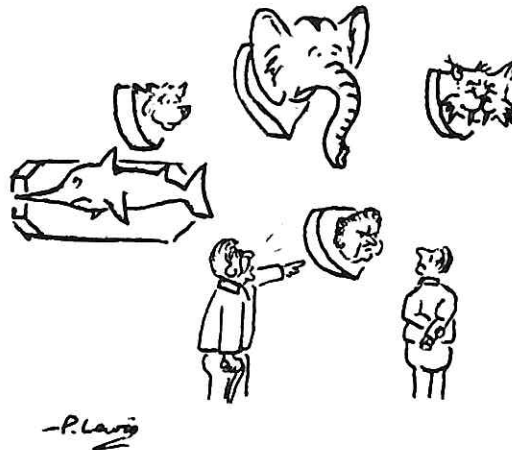
Some people actually claim to enjoy rallies, but, they don't! They just think they do. Challenged afterwards, they can never actually remember a moment when they were not either cold, hungry, harassed, furious, miserable, or sick — especially sick. After enormous discomfort privation and expense one usually (if spared a worse fate) winds up utterly exhausted, at some smart hotel, in quite the wrong clothes, looking like the pale-green aftermath of some heathen orgy. Then you learn that you have set a new all comers record for point-losing.

Sometimes one may get a win or a place, or a share in a team-prize. That, I suppose, is some kind of compensation, and a spur towards competing again next time, but the prize itself is usually insignificant compared to the trouble and cost involved and is invariably claimed by the driver, who has had little or nothing to do except hold the steering-wheel (although to be fair, he usually foots the larger part of the bill). The navigator, who has worked like a - - - over the maps and watches, been abused like a scullion for every tiniest error, and patronized when all went well, and has had to push the car, open and shut gates, and light and quell cigarettes, is seldom thanked.

The stimulus of the occasional win is certainly not the explanation. These are usually the occasions when the driver decides to celebrate, either alcoholically or by making unsavoury advances to someone else's navigator (if of the opposite sex), and one is left to hank about the hotel lobby, eyes closing and hair like the nest of a rather untidy bird. One's friends have been known to take pictures of one, sleeping in ungainly attitudes with the mouth open. On the way home, the driver has relapsed into post-rally exhaustion, and collects either a summons or an accident.

Win or lose, after each and every rally, I have but one song to sing: "Never again" it runs, "Never again. Never. NEVER, NEVER, NEVER; nothing would induce me to go on another. . . ." Then, later, when the horrors have been reduced to laughing fodder and the spinal column has returned to normal, along comes some hairy person and says ". . . what about the - - - rally? Come and be my navigator." And, forgetting that before the route is half-run, I shall be praying for retirement to end my agony, like a lamb to the slaughter I go!

UNSIGNED.



"Bagged the ugly blighter in primary school—my headmistress"

"In every work the beginning is the most important part, especially in dealing with anything young and tender; for that is the time when any impression which one may desire to communicate, is most easily stamped and taken".

SOCRATES.



DICTATORS AT BOYS HIGH

BOYS' REVELRY — STUDENTS BURLESQUE THE DICTATORS HIGH SCHOOL CELEBRATIONS

Yesterday was gala day at the Newcastle Boys' High School, for the fifth year students entered on their last official day at school. To mark the occasion they were given "the freedom of the school;" and they fully availed themselves of it.

All the school was "in the know." It was therefore not surprising that a large crowd had gathered in front of the main building to witness the arrival of an official party. Townspeople of Waratah gathered about, too, eager to witness the celebrations.

At 11.15 the "celebrities" arrived in cars. Escorted by storm troopers, high Nazi officials, and aides-de-camp—not forgetting a robust "Field Marshal Goering" — "Herr Hitler" was the first arrival. He stepped from his car to meet a clamorous greeting of "Heils," and gave the Fascist salute.

Next arrival was "General Yanco," who was likewise welcomed with full Fascist honours. "Mr. Chamberlain," in morning clothes, came next. The other arrivals were "M. Daladier," "Haile Selassie," "Signor Mussolini," "General Chiang Kai-shek," and "M. Stalin." Stalin was a distinctly "proletariat" type in a red shirt. A placard on the front of his car asked the beholder to "Quit Stalin."

A sombre note was introduced by pall-bearers in gowns carrying the "corpse" of the school year.

A feature of the whole demonstration was the excellence of the uniforms, and the types to wear them. Criticism of Europe's most important men was keen, but its evenness all round compensated for that. To offset a "jab" at a Nazi,

some Bolshevik was given an equally uncomplimentary reference.

Uncommon knowledge of world problems was displayed by the boys taking part, and a nice appreciation of comedy was evident. "Mai friends," said Mr. Chamberlain in his speech, "as the saviour of the English race—" M. Daladier was lavish in his distribution of kisses; Herr Hitler gave his salute to all and sundry. M. Stalin was obviously anxious to be friendly, although he found it necessary to comment on his political policy. And the howls of Chiang Kai-shek and Haile Selassie for vengeance were loud and long.

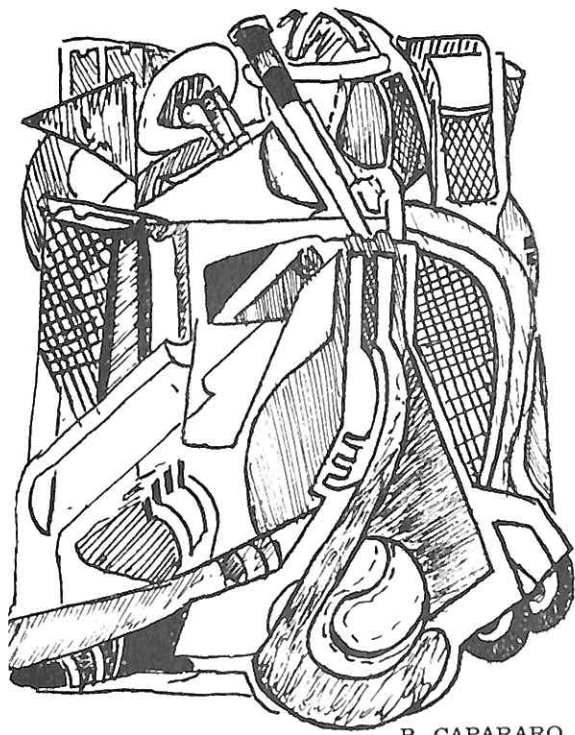
The speeches were broadcast from the position on top of the main entrance. Tumultuous scenes of rejoicing were witnessed, and lavish "heils" rang out again and again. An extra cheer was given for Hitler when he embraced a "girl" who presented him with flowers.

After the demonstration at the school the chief players entered cars again and were driven along the streets. People doing their shopping were greeted with clamorous welcomes, and many of them returned the compliment.

"The best thing I could do was to keep out of it," said the Headmaster (Mr. N. R. Mearns). "I believe in good fun, and think this is the best way the boys can express their feelings. The whole thing is in their hands: even the script is theirs. Without recognising it officially, I might say that I think they did very well. It was in good taste, and nobody was offended."

(This photograph donated by The Newcastle Morning Herald and Miners' Advocate Pty. Ltd. October 22, 1938).

SPORT



P. CAPARARO.

BASKETBALL REPORT SHELL CUP

Team members: Phil Idstein (Capt.), Terry Antcliffe, Bill Cropper, Gary Fletcher, Ross McKim, Stewart McLeod, Geoff Mayo, Wayne Taggart, Neil Watson, David Williams, Stan Wawrzyniak. Coach: Mr. J. Perkins.

Because the team reached the semi-finals in 1969, hopes were high for a successful year. However, they were eliminated in the last 16 by Jannali, the eventual winners. With the exception of their semi-final match, Jannali's subsequent wins were by wider margins than against Boys' High.

The team had a first round bye. In the second round they convincingly defeated Maitland 79-26. A feature was the fine shooting of Taggart, Idstein and McLeod. Against Newcastle Tech. High in their next match, the team came from behind in the first half and midway through the second half to win closely 44 to 41. This match featured very tight defence and scoring was difficult.

The team travelled to Sydney to play Jannali. They led for most of the first half but trailed 30-33 at halftime. The first six minutes of the second half were disastrous as Jannali piled on 16 points without reply. Boys' High fought back strongly to go down narrowly 58-64. Antcliffe and Taggart stood out in this match.

The team is thankful for the coaching of Mr. Perkins and the keenness he has given the team during the season.

HOUSE COMPETITION, 1969
Aggregate Point Score—Fifth Year Shield: Shortland.

Basketball—"Rundle Trophy": Shortland.
Soccer—"McGarry Cup": Shortland.
Rugby League—"George Forden Shield": Hunter.
Cricket—"F. S. Scorer Shield": Shortland.

HOUSE COMPETITION, 1970
Swimming—C. Hocquard Shield: Smith.
Athletics—"Arthur Shield": Hunter.

BLUES, 1969
Cricket: Greg Valentine.
Basketball: Terry Antcliffe.
Rugby League: Peter Humphris-Clark.
Soccer: Greg Valentine, Philip O'Hearne.
C.H.S.—Blue for Cricket: Gary Gilmour.

HIGH SCHOOL COMPETITION

Rugby League:
2nd Grade Premiership.
Australian Rules:
Senior Premiership.
Junior Premiership.
Basketball:
Summer Competition—
Open No. 1 Premiership Pennant.
15 Years Premiership Pennant.
Winter Competition—
Open No. 1 Premiership Pennant.
14 Years Premiership Pennant.
The "Ashton" Trophy for Rugby League: Peter Howlett.
The "Barnett" Trophy for Soccer: W. Luck.
The "W. Lamb" Trophy for Senior Championship Mile: John Gilmour.
Annual Trophy for Senior High Jump: P. Newnan.
Zone B Australian Rules Best and Fairest: Chris Kingsland.
Zone B Golf Championship: David Crook.

SWIMMING CARNIVAL

Champions 1970—
17 years and over: Greg Price.
16 years: Bruce Taggart.
15 years: Greg. Blundell.
14 years: D. Trimble.
13 years: Michael Schubert.
12 years: Stephen Rounsley.

ATHLETICS CARNIVAL "Arthur" Shield

Champions 1970—
17 years and over: Stephen Burgess.
16 years: Stan Wawrzyniak.
15 years: Peter Grivas.
14 years: Dino Consalvo.
13 years: Stuart Adams.
12 years: Bradley Ure.

UNDER 14/2 RUGBY LEAGUE

This team has shown a somewhat remarkable improvement. After defeats of 97-0, 83-0, 55-0 the boys finished with a 22-8 victory over Junior High. Perhaps the singular feature was the dedication by each and every boy. Training sessions were always well attended and the improvement shown was due primarily to this.

MR. B. DELLER.

HOCKEY TEAM — UNDER 16

At the beginning of April, thirteen boys became interested in playing hockey. Arrangements were made to enter the competition, and having done so, Mr. Giddy and Mr. Perkins were approached. They showed keen interest in the idea.

The team was entered and Mr. Giddy arranged to have the team buy sticks through the school. He also supplied shirts. Mr. Perkins approached Mr. Dobinson, who played hockey for University, to coach the team. He agreed.

Throughout the season, the team played twelve games, losing only six. The team's greatest loss was to a very experienced West team, who had two State representatives. They lost thirteen to nil and the result was not sure until the final whistle. The next time the two teams met, the team climbed on top and only went down five to nil with seven men (the rest being absent due to sickness). West played with a full team. The score was only two-nil halfway through the second half but the goalie had to leave at this point.

The best win was when the team delivered a crushing blow to a hapless Marist Brothers' team's ego when they slaughtered them three-nil.

These results were very pleasing considering that the team had never touched a hockey stick before, and next year, the team should go very well because many good players from the other teams will not be able to play Under 16, whereas our team members are all fifteen now. Our team finished fifth in the competition.

The team would especially like to thank Mr. Dobinson for his help in coaching the team and in giving up his time to attend the matches and practices. Also, Mr. Burgess, our most enthusiastic supporter, who came to most of the matches.

Next year, an inter-school Wednesday competition will be organised and the school would like to have representation.

Three of our players were selected in the Newcastle team, which played in the State Championships.

Team members: A. Randell (Capt.), C. Turner, K. Staplee, S. Pryde, P. Paterson, S. Wallace, B. Tobin, J. Rothfield, D. Mulligan, P. Nielson, S. Lambourne, J. Williamson, M. Stanwell.

A. RANDELL, 3A.



WEIGHT LIFTING

LIFESAVING TRAINING AT NEWCASTLE BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL

Over recent years there has been a reawakening of interest in the training in lifesaving which is undertaken for the awards of the Royal Lifesaving Society within this school. If one takes the trouble to look about the school, pennants won by the school for their work in lifesaving training will be found. Most of these date back to a period over a decade ago. I suppose that this dropping level of interest indicated by the steady decrease in the number of awards gained by boys of this school over the last ten years can only be attributed to the rising interest in other more interesting pursuits.

However, over the last three years, interest in awards has quickened and in the last swimming season, 1969-1970, members of this school trained for and gained the following awards:—

Water Safety Certificate	111
Resuscitation Certificate	12
Elementary Certificate	83
Survival Certificate	7
Safe Swimmer Certificate	22
Proficiency Certificate	50
Intermediate Star	82
Bars to Intermediate Star	4
Bronze Medallions	72
Bars to Bronze Medallion	6
Instructors' Certificate	20
Examiners' Certificate (Probationary)	2
(Mr. W. S. Menary, Mr. R. Deering)	
Examiners' Certificate (Permanent)	2
(Mr. B. Deller, Mr. W. S. Menary)	

All of these people are to be congratulated for their fine achievements.

Among those who greatly assisted in this work are the examiners of the Royal Lifesaving Society of Australia from the school staff. They include Mr. R. Brydon, W. Menary, B. Deller, J. Perkins, K. Giddy and W. Burges. The members of school staff who assisted with instruction during this training are also most deserving of thanks for the time and effort they put into their instruction.

Having prepared the ground, it seems very likely that in the forthcoming season, 1970-71, a number of boys who gained their bronze cross awards will proceed further to the Award of Merit. Apart from a very few boys who have done this award with swimming clubs, these will be the first boys to attempt the Award of Merit from this school for a number of years.

W. BURGES.

BOYS' HIGH WEIGHT TRAINING CLASSES

As has been the practice for several years we have conducted and encouraged a weight training class every Wednesday at a gymnasium in Mayfield.

This class has always been well attended and many of the students have made excellent gains in development and strength. In the early part of the year the class are given fundamental exercises designed to develop each part of the body and as the year progresses emphasis is on correct methods of lifting heavy and cumbersome objects. The class this year numbers approximately 30 tudents, most of whom show definite physical improvement.

At the present stage the title of the strongest student is being closely contested by David Jack and Phil Baker, with Frank Distefano and Douglas Myers close on their heels.

ATHLETICS REPORT — 1970

Our School Carnival held in early April, provided N.B.H.S. with a sound athletics team for the Zone and Area Carnivals to be held later. In all, 13 new records were set and with the introduction of the 4 x 400 metres relay, the carnival was a fine success, attributed partly to the large participation by the senior school.

Age champions were:—Senior, S. Burgess; 16 years, S. Wawrzyniak; 15 years, P. Grivas; 14 years, D. Consalvo; 13 years, S. Adams; 12 years, B. Ure.

Among the records, Stephen Burgess lowered the senior 200 metres record to 22.9 seconds, and B. Ure, in the 12 years, claimed four records, namely in the 200 metres, 400 metres, 800 metres and discus.

The Zone Carnival, held later in April, was won quite comfortably by Maitland, with Boys' High second. Maitland always puts in a fine performance and must be congratulated.

At the Area Carnival, held on the 7th and 8th July, we again could only manage second place to our old rivals Maitland, who have won it now for five years in succession. A point in our favour was that we did narrow the margin of defeat, and next year could provide a victory.

There were many fine performances put up, mainly by seniors. Of these, Stan Wawrzyniak gained five places in six field events, a fine feat in itself. Peter Grivas gained three places, Robert Monteath places in 100 metres and 200 metres. Tim Wardle won the shot after narrowly being beaten at the Zone Carnival, and Barry Isherwood gained places in 100 metres and 200 metres events. The highlight of the carnival was the performance by John Gilmour, easily winning the open 3000 metres.

The senior school was far superior to the juniors, as far as points were concerned, and this could probably be explained by the large numbers of juniors absent from their events.

We again must thank Mr. Claude Sharp, Curator of Waratah Oval, for his endless co-operation in preparing the oval for us. Thanks also go to teachers concerned in team management, notably Mr. Goffet and Mr. Best.

UNDER 14 CRICKET TEAM

Had a very good season, finishing second, two points behind the winners, Marist Bros. Derek Murray had a very good bowling season, capturing over 20 wickets. He would have had more if the fielding was up to scratch. John Pitts, a late addition to the team, captured 10 wickets in three games. Tom Wilkinson scored his share of runs, and Ian Haines is a good prospect.

PAUL CRAIN (Captain).



CLAUDE SHARP

One of our most enthusiastic patrons.

WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY NIGHT GRADE BASKETBALL

The school has improved considerably in grade basketball. This year, the Open No. 1 and 15 years No. 1 teams are undefeated in all matches, the Open team scoring 1036 to 419 in 18 matches and the 15 years scoring 1020 to 281 in 16 matches. The 15 years' team (14 years in 1969) are undefeated in two years of basketball. The Opens have had one defeat in the same period.

Besides these teams, the 14 years' No. 1 team was equal leader in the Winter Competition with two matches to play. The last match against Broadmeadow was to decide the winner. At the same time, the 13 years' team was in second place, but involved in a four-way struggle for second position, eight points behind the undefeated leaders, Tech. High. The school had No. 2 teams in all grades, except 13 years, and these teams improved their game during the season and in the second round defeated some teams who had defeated them in the first round.

In Friday night basketball, the under 15 and under 16 years' team won their respective summer competitions. In the winter competition, these same teams finished their competitions as undefeated minor premiers. The semi-finals were played on 14th August.

The under 16 team twice defeated the favoured Stockton team, while the under 15 team on two occasions topped 100 points in matches. The two other teams, under 16 (division 2) and under 14, had good prospects of reaching the semi-finals in their competitions.

Boys' High is likely to field a strong Shell Cup team in 1971, with the 15 years' team of 1970, Paul Beale, Phillip Whetham, Steven Morrall, Stephen Lambourne, Geoff Thomas, Peter Paterson, Stephen Wallace, Peter Paterson, Ian Henderson and Jeff Lewis, being added to the returning members of the 1970 Shell Cup team.

13 YRS. CRICKET TEAM

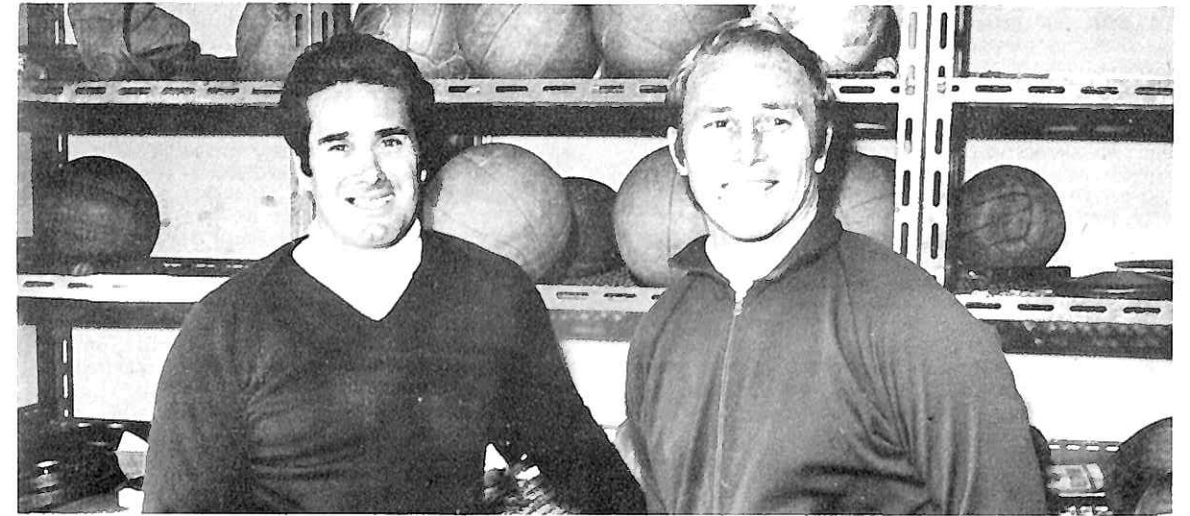
The cricket team made fair progress during the cricket season. Ronald Drewe and Peter Bodenham bowled well during the season, taking a lot of wickets each time they bowled.

Alan Dodds and Con Gounis fielded well during the season, and Peter Wilton and Andrew Walker were good batsmen.

The team won outright on two occasions during the season, once against Junior Boys and Broadmeadow Boys' High.

Many thanks go to Mister Ellenor for coaching and umpiring us during the season.

PETER BODENHAM, Captain.



MR. K. GIDDY, SPORTSMASTER; MR. W. LOCKETT

SWIMMING REPORT

The Annual School Swimming Carnival held at Lambton Pool provided plenty of interest, especially among the relays at the end of the day when the point score was so close. Smith House was successful in winning the aggregate point score, followed closely by Shortland.

Individual age champions were:

12 Yrs., S. Rounsley; 13 yrs., M. Schubert; 14 yrs., D. Trimble; 15 yrs., G. Blundell; 16 yrs., B. Taggart; 17 yrs., G. Price.

Mike Schubert and Bruce Taggart were the individual stars of the carnival, each winning six events.

With the high standard of swimming present in all age divisions the swimming team performed very well in easily winning the Area Carnival from our old rivals, Maitland.

Outstanding performances came from Bruce Taggart in winning five events, besides being a member of the winning 16 yrs. relay team and Open Medley Relay team. Surfing star Greg Price dominated the distance freestyle events at the carnival in the senior division. Greg. has had a very successful season in surfing in winning the State Junior Championship and was unlucky to be runner-up in the Australian Championships.

Michael Schubert and Greg. Blundell were also highly successful in the fancy strokes. Other event winners included Rhys Martin (17 yrs. dive), Cleve Mitchell (butterfly), Tim Lawrie (backstroke), while Stephen Rounsley succeeded in gaining continual high placings throughout the carnival.

John Buxton deserves special mention for his success throughout the season. John won the 15 yrs. diving and the Open Tower Diving at the Area Carnival. He then went on to win the 15 yrs. C.H.S. Diving Championship in Sydney.

The swimming depth of the School Area team was shown by the success in the relay events. The 15, 16 and senior relay teams won their events and the others placed highly.

Our thanks goes to Mr. Giddy and Mr. Best for the organisation of the team and their encouragement during the Area Carnival.

"Those who have devoted themselves to gymnastic exclusively, become ruder than they ought to be; while those who have devoted themselves to music are made softer than is good for them".

PLATO.

STATE REPRESENTATIVES

Greg. Valentine: Double State rep., Greg. was chosen to represent the State C.H.S. in both Soccer and Cricket. He has been Vice-Captain of the State team for the last two years and plays full-back or midfield. He played in all three tests against South Australia which the Southern State won two-one. Greg. captained the School Tasman Cup Team and proved to be an excellent leader as well as an inspired player. Greg. has played with the State Cricket Team on a number of occasions. While representing Newcastle Greg. has scored a century and had a number of innings in the sixties.

Greg. leaves the School at the end of this year and with his leaving the School loses a great all-round sportsman and a boy who has given considerable service to the School. We wish Greg. every success in his future sporting endeavours.

Greg. Price: Greg. represented the State at Surfing. He has had a particularly successful season this year, winning the Branch Senior and Junior Surf Titles and the Senior Belt Title. He was unlucky not to make a clean sweep to add the Junior Belt Title when his line became entangled. He went on to win the State Junior Surf Title and was second in the Belt Title. Greg. was chosen to represent the State at the Australian Titles in the Surf race and R. & R. team. He finished this season by swimming into second place in the Australian Junior Surf Race.

We wish Greg. the best in the coming surf season and feel sure he will add the Australian Junior Title to the Cadet Title he won last year.

Dennis Pitt: Dennis was chosen in the State C.H.S. Open Cricket Team to play against Queensland at Manly Oval. Dennis was first change bowler for the team and had a successful match. He played very impressively against Sydney C.H.S. when he took two wickets and scored 40 not out. Dennis plays First Grade for Stockton in the local senior competition.

Dennis also plays in the School Tasman Cup Team, where he has given most valuable service over the past two seasons. The School wishes Dennis every success in his future in sport.

Jeff Shield: Jeff played for the State G.H.S. Rugby League Team on their tour through Queensland. He played in both Test matches against the Northern State. N.S.W. won both of these matches, the first 11-7 and the second 32-5. The team was undefeated on the tour, with Jeff playing five-eight in the minor games and on the wing in the Test. At the State Trials Jeff's form was excellent and he was one of the first players chosen in the team. Jeff still has another year at school and we are hoping he will continue his great form next year.

Phillip Idstein: Captain of the State C.H.S. Open Basketball Team. State representation is nothing new to Phil, who has represented on a number of occasions as he came up through the age groups. To be chosen as captain in a sport which has such a high standard of play is indeed an achievement. The team played three matches against Victoria (a strong Basketball State) and had three victories. Phillip has played with the School First Team for three years and captained the team the last two years. His captaincy has

been first rate as he has the ability to drive his fellow players. We wish Phil. further success in his endeavours at Basketball in the seasons to come.

Robert Hadley: Cycling is the sport Robert has chosen to follow and in which he has been rewarded with State representation. After a series of test races over forty miles Robert was No. 1 choice for the State Junior Team at the Australian Championships. One and a half miles after the start of the races he had trouble with his gears and was left with only his two highest gears (90 and 100). He still managed to ride into third position behind two Tasmanians who had ridden as a team. The average speed for the forty miles was 27.6 m.p.h. Because of his effort he was presented with the N.S.W. "Cyclist of the Year" Trophy. Since then he has travelled to Sydney each weekend to compete in "open" races and has been placed in every mass start race this season.

He recently won the State Championship from 65 starters held in Centennial Park. Of the field only six managed to finish. Robert has chosen a sport which requires a great deal of training and dedication and we wish him further success in the coming seasons.

John Henderson also was chosen to represent his State at sailing. John sails in the VJ class boats. A team of seven boats was chosen to represent the State in the Commonwealth Titles in Perth. John was placed 20th from the fleet of 40 boats which took part in the sailing championships. Wayne Powell, Robert Monteath, Stephen Allen, Ian Harper.

During the last August vacation four boys from this school represented the U/16 Country Rugby Union Team at the Australian Championships at Ballymore Oval in Brisbane. They were Ian Harper, fullback; Wayne Powell, breakaway; Robert Monteath, second row; and Stephen Allen, Halfback.

The Country Team fared very well, winning convincingly against all teams in its division only to be beaten in the final by City 29-3. In the rounds Country beat South Australia 25-0, then Victoria 25-3 and last of all beating Tasmania 39-6.

All the players from this school play very well with Ian Harper being selected in the Australian side. He combined well with the backline and was always solid in defence.

Stephen Allen played well, feeding the backline with every opportunity and backing up all the time.

Robert Monteath and Wayne Powell who played in the forwards were always there in cover defence and solid in attack.

On the last day of the tour Country play Western Australia for a Cup which is contested between these two teams every year and Country ran out winners by 33-5.

All in all the tour was a great success.

K. GIDDY.

John Buxton: John represented his State in Diving at the Australian Championships. John has been C.H.S. Diving Champion in his age division during 1968, 69 and 70 and won the Junior Title at the Country Championships at Murwillumbah. He was also third in the Senior 3 Metre Title.

John is a dedicated diver and spends a great deal of time perfecting his dives. For this reason he deserves his success and we hope it will continue in the years to come.

Bill McLelland: Bill was chosen in the C.H.S. Nine-stone Team to New Guinea during the August vacation. He was chosen in this squad after an exhaustive series of trials at Narrabeen Fitness Camp. Unfortunately while away Bill suffered some illness and was not a regular member of the Test Team. However, his general play was of the highest standard.

We are hoping Bill can build up his weight over the summer season so that he can take his place in the School First XIII next season.

Phillip Mathews was chosen in the State team of seven to represent at the Australian Sabots Sailing Championships held at Brisbane. His boat "Mariner" sailed into 21st place in a field of 44.

1st GRADE CRICKET

We played only three games. These were against Maitland, who beat us on the first innings; Marist Bros., who also won on the first innings. Tech. were the only victims of our first grade team, mainly due to the hundred hit by Michael Murray and the consistent pace bowling by Dennis Pitt.

In this team we had many competent all-rounders such as Bill Luck with his well flighted spinners and his tenacious batting. Bob Daley also showed form with bat and ball. One of the brightest features in these games was Brian Cook's stylish, hard-hitting innings against Marist Bros. In this innings he hit one tremendous six out onto Waratah Oval No. 2.

Three new members of the cricket team were Chris Graham, Michael Defina and Michael Burns. They showed all the class of well seasoned cricketers.

These are two people who the team owes a lot of thanks: Our hard working coach, Mr. Stevens, and Mr. Claud Sharp, who prepared the test-like wickets at Waratah Oval.

Members of the team: D. Pitt, B. Patrick, M. Burns, G. Cousins, B. Cook, N. Kellner, M. Murray, I. Davis, R. Daley, W. Luck, D. Wright, B. Pickering, C. Graham, M. Defina, D. McKinlay, G. VALENTINE.



1st GRADE CRICKET

Back Row: M. Burns, C. Graham, M. De Fina, R. Daley, N. Kellner, B. Pickering, G. Cousins.
Front Row: I. Davis, M. J. Murray, B. Patrick, G. Valentine (Capt.), D. Pitt, W. Luck, B. Cook.

1st GRADE LEAGUE REPORT

The 1970 season started off with little hopes of any success for our 1st Grade side, but to reach the quarter-finals of the coveted State-wide University Shield competition was a credit to the team and its coach, Mr. Gardner.

In our first Shield game we defeated Wyong 10-4, in which patches of good football were displayed. Erina was our next win with a much more convincing effort of 17-4.

Perhaps our best team effort was against Gosford, played before a large Gosford crowd. The team displayed dogged defence and bright open play to run away with a 23 to nil win.

In the fourth round we started out "underdogs" against a much favoured Tech. High team. The team's torrid defence, a brilliant try by Robert Monteath, three goals by David MacKinlay, and finally a field goal by Chris Parry completely demoralised an over-confident Tech. High, who could only rally up a single try.

We now qualified for the quarter-final against Grafton High at Grafton. Here the team played some bright football and I feel were unlucky to go down 13-10. Full credit must be given to the Grafton side, who came from behind with only ten minutes to go.

In the local Evans Shield the team was hampered by injuries in important matches and finished runners-up.

Stephen Rich proved a valuable asset to the team with his infallible handling and penetrating line kicks which sent many defensive plays into attacking moves.

Robert Monteath, the youngest player of the side, was always a danger to the opposition with his bursting and intelligent runs down the sideline. This was best displayed in our fourth round University Shield match against Tech. High. After receiving the ball on our 25 yard line he split the defence and seeing he was in trouble, intelligently kicked past his opposition to dive on the ball over the line. Robert also gained selection in the N.S.W. Under 16 Rugby Union team.

David MacKinlay, who played on the left wing, displayed some very devastating runs, especially against Wyong when David scored all of our points. He is also a prolific goal kicker.

Brian Cook, who was a late comer to the side, filled the outside centre position. With his copy-book style of tackling and beautifully timed passes Brian quickly settled into the team.

Jeff Shields, I am sure, will go a long way in Rugby League. His tireless displays of dogged defence and penetrating runs earned him N.S.W. C.H.S. Rugby League honours for the second year in succession.

Many of Jeff's runs could not have been started without the perfectly timed passes of Michael Dunn, our five-eighth. "Dunny's" safe defence brought many an opposing player to a sudden stop.

Our half-back, Chris Dawson, used his side-step to the best of his ability, making many fine breaks with his intelligent little kicks and elusive running.

Tim Wardle, our hard running lock forward, worried many opposing teams with his speed and strength. Tim had a very strong "palm of" and used it well. Tim is basically a Rugby Union player, but did not take long for him to settle into a new code. Tim proved a danger to the opposition when he stood out behind the back-

line to receive the ball "on the burst" where most of his crashing runs originated.

Peter Alcock would always be expected to give a good performance. "Al" always ran with tremendous determination and stopped many opposition players with his stiff defence.

Our front-rowers, Rodney Land and Bruce Williamson, did a lot of work around the "rucks". Bruce, our ball distributor, started off many intelligent moves and always tackled tirelessly.

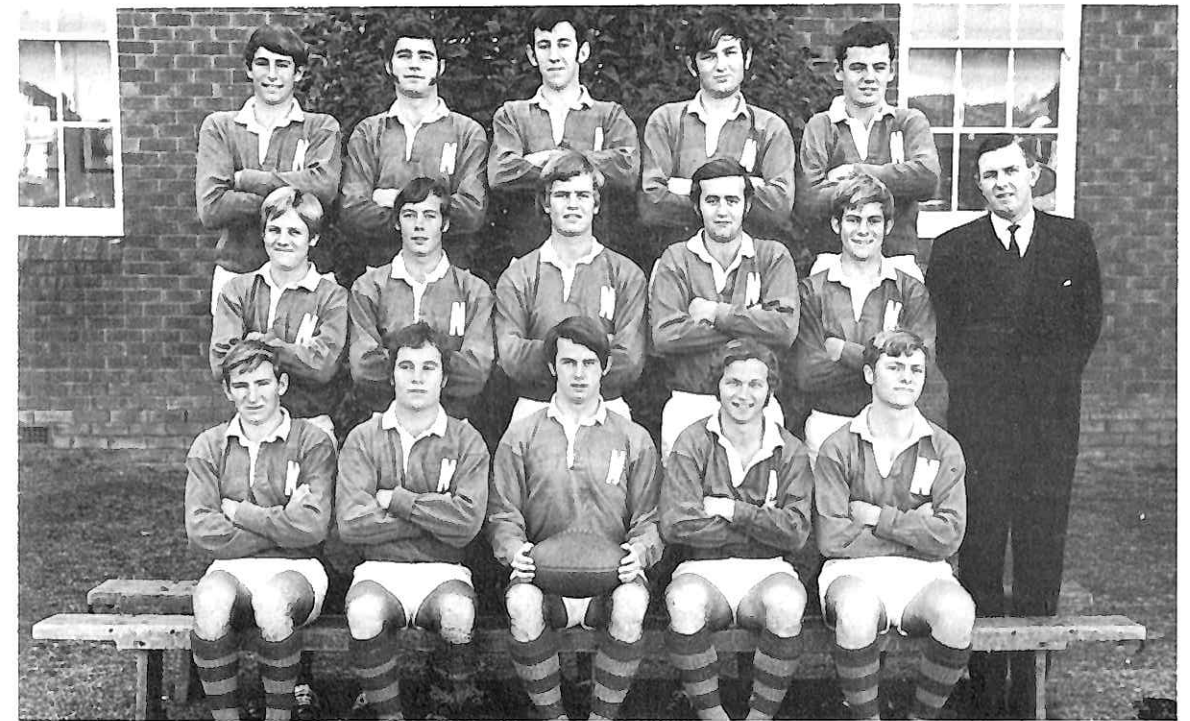
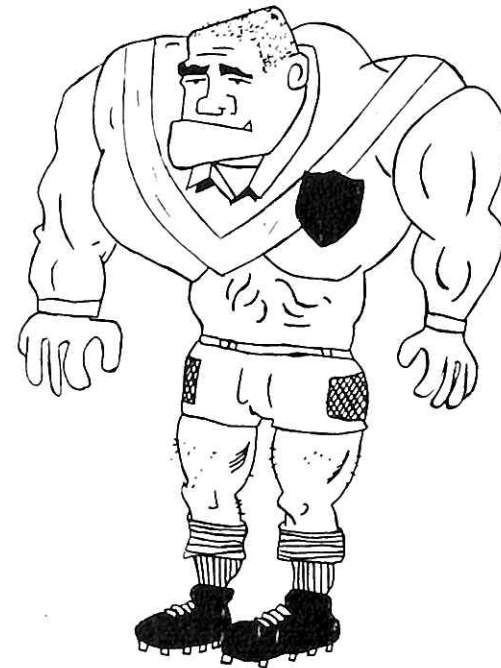
Rodney Land, our other "prop", did a lot of work in the tight play and always backed up. This was best seen against Gosford, where his crashing runs and tenacious tackling spirited the forward attack.

Our hooker, Chris Parry, though lacking in size was never lacking in heart. Chris always tackled low and hard, making valuable ground with his weaving runs. Chris was a considerable factor in our successes. During five University Shield games Chris won 111 scrums and only conceded 61. Truly an outstanding performance.

John Marshal, Graham Kerridge, David Wright, Peter Krempin, Patrick McGorry and Peter Masters also played in 1st Grade matches throughout the season and acquitted themselves well. I would like to thank all who supported the team throughout the year, especially Mr. Richardson and Mr. Keith Giddy for their keen interest in the side.

Finally I would like to give my very sincere thanks to our coach and friend, Mr. Gardner, who devoted a great deal of time and effort to this side. The way in which he moulded the 1st XII into a team is a credit to his coaching ability. The understanding and advice he has given us this year has earned him the respect and friendship of each individual player.

MICHAEL BURNS (Team Captain).



Above: 1st GRADE RUGBY LEAGUE: Back Row (l. to r.): R. Monteath, P. Alcock, J. Marshall, R. Land, S. Rich. Centre Row: C. Dawson, P. Krempin, T. Wardle, B. Williamson, M. Dunn, R. Gardner (Coach). Front Row: B. Cook, C. Parry, M. Burns (Capt.), J. Shield, G. Kerridge.

Below: 16 YEARS RUGBY LEAGUE: Back Row (l. to r.): N. Kellner, I. McDonald, I. McKendry, S. Wawryzniak, I. Shannon, P. Clapham, A. Staines. Middle Row: S. Clarke, S. Johnston, R. Woods, S. Rayfield, P. Brown, S. Allen, Mr. McLelland. Front Row: M. Murray, C. Bensley, G. Marshall, A. Lewis (Capt.), W. McLelland, W. Powell, N. Ford.



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FIRST GRADE SOCCER REPORT 1970

Starting off the season as an unknown quantity the team settled down and played good football surpassing all expectations.

The team finished second in the Tasman Cup and for this received the Western Suburbs Soccer Club Shield. In the local competition again we were runners-up, being defeated in the Grand Final 4-2 by St. Pius.

These two losses in finals were the only time we were defeated.

The local competition this year was much harder than in previous years, probably because of the larger number of teams entered, new teams from Maitland and Marist Bros. as well as old rivals Tech. and Pius made up the competition.

The Tasman Cup Knockout, however, seemed to receive more enthusiasm from the players. Each lunch time on Waratah Oval you could see how much hard work went into making this side very well balanced.

In round one we received a bye and in the second round met North Ryde and won 3-0. The third round game was played at Waratah Oval and after being down twice early in the first half, managed to be on level terms at half time at 3-all. In the second half our better condition showed and we went on to win comfortably 5-3.

Our home ground again was the venue for the fourth round against Jesmond. Again after being behind early in the game the team rallied and ran out winners 2-1. In fact for three years we have played soccer on Waratah Oval and in all games have never scored the first goal.

In the quarter finals we bulldozed Tech. off their home ground with a convincing 5-0 victory. Even if we had not progressed any further I think everyone associated with the team would have been happy after seeing such a football treat provided by our team on this occasion.

In the semi-final we scraped through with a 1-0 victory over Homebush played hard and fast.

The final against Berkeley was also hard and fast, and after being down one goal early by half time we had equalised. Early in the second half we went to a 2-1 lead and at that time look as though we had the "Cup in the bag". In the last fifteen minutes of the game Berkeley netted three goals to draw away and win 4-2.

John Coleman up to the final in the Tasman Cup only conceded four goals. Without many of his diving saves the total would have been much greater, and his spectacular performance in the semi-final against Homebush was a team saving effort.

Bob Daley with his bone crunching tackles stopped many threatening raids down the right side and even linked in with the attack to score a couple of well taken goals. Gary Fletcher, left-back, with his speed and ball control proved a menace to opposing wingers, and he too often joined in attack.

The double stopper position was filled very capably by Dennis Pitt and Bill Luck. Clearing many dangerous raids on our goals with purposeful passes; often attacks started back in the last line of defence.

In mid-field Stephen Jones and Dennis Flaherty were very constructive and proved willing workers in this position.

Brian Gill with his quick turn of speed often cut holes in the opposition and capitalised on his speed with many well-taken goals such as the two he scored against Jesmond.

Geoff Cousins as striker proved a menace to many defences with his skilful running with the ball, opening up chances for the other forwards.

Derek Davelaar, John Hall and Peter Thompson also were valuable members of the team. They kept great pressure on team members vying for selection.

Thanks must go to all supporters of the team. The Student Body and Staff who supported the team throughout the season, and also the Girls' High students.

Three men behind the scene, Mr. "Pop" Ross, Mr. Keith Giddy and Mr. Claude Sharpe, cannot be thanked enough for their assistance throughout the season.

GREG VALENTINE, Captain.

16 YEARS RUGBY LEAGUE

This team finished the season as minor and major premiers, winning all matches except one.

In the first three games we defeated Junior, Broadmeadow and Hamilton Marists No. 2, 14-7, 19-0 and 37-3 respectively. Ian Shannon scored three tries in each of the first two games. The next four games were by far the hardest and best of the season. We defeated Tech. High 5-3 in the first, Maitland in the second 7-5, lost the third to Hamilton Marists No. 1 11-16 after a converted intercepted try by Marists in the last three minutes of play.

We progressed into the semis against Maitland, who were joint minor premiers with us, and after no score until the last 10 minutes. when Maitland's winger slipped through for a try, the game was very even in all aspects. Time seemed to have run out for us, but Wayne Powell followed through his own short kick and scored a try, which he converted himself.

We won the Grand Final 30-0 against Tech., and in this game I. Shannon finished the season as he had started by scoring three tries.

Top point scorers were Wayne Powell with 16 goals and two tries and Ian Shanno with 10 tries.

One of the best and most improved players of the team was Colin Bensley, who proved his versatility during the year by playing many varied positions from front row to fullback.

Michael Murray at fullback, Neal Ford at centre and five-eighth and Bill McLelland at

half and five-eighth all proved to be very good in both defence and attack.

Our flanks were well played by Ian Shannon and Stuart Johnston, and later in the season Stan Waryzyniak proved to be a BIG asset to the team in this position.

Steve Allan has played consistently well throughout the season at half-back and always came out on top of his opposite number. We hear his surfing is improving also.

Wayne Powell, Peter Clapham and Tony Staines were all very solid in defence and capable in attack. Greg Marshall and Ian McKendry were our best attacking forwards, each making many probing, hard runs up the "middle".

Ian McDonald and Phil Brown both played in the backline during the year and each soon proved his worth to the team. Nigel Kellnar and Steve Rayfield both played well in the forwards, both being very good in attack.

All team members will, no doubt, wish to thank Mr. McLelland for the time, effort and enthusiasm which he has contributed to the team since the Under 12's.

ATHOL LEWIS (Captain).

Note: Athol Lewis was too modest to mention his own rugged displays as a centre.—K. McLelland.



1st GRADE SOCCER

Back Row: Mr. Giddy, P. Thompson, G. Fletcher, J. Coleman, R. Daly, J. Hall, Mr. Ross.

Front Row: G. Hull, D. Flaherty, G. Cousins, G. Valentine, S. Jones, W. Luck, B. Gill.

Absent: D. Pitt.



Above: SHELL CUP BASKETBALL. Back Row (left to right): Gary Fletcher, Wayne Taggart, Stan Waszryniak, Stewart McLeod, Geoff Mayo. Front Row (left to right): Neil Watson, Ross McKim, Phil Idstein (Capt.), Terry Antcliffe, David Williams. Absent: Bill Cropper.

Below: 15 YEARS BASKETBALL. Back Row (left to right): Stephen Lambourne, Ian Henderson, Phillip Whetham, Gary Faulds, Robert Freita. Middle Row (left to right): Robert Thompson, Grant Lawson, Steven Morrall, Stephen Bower, Kim Davies, Geoff Thomas. Front Row (left to right): Stephen Wallace, John Buxton, Paul Beale (Capt.), Jeff Lewis, Peter Baglee.



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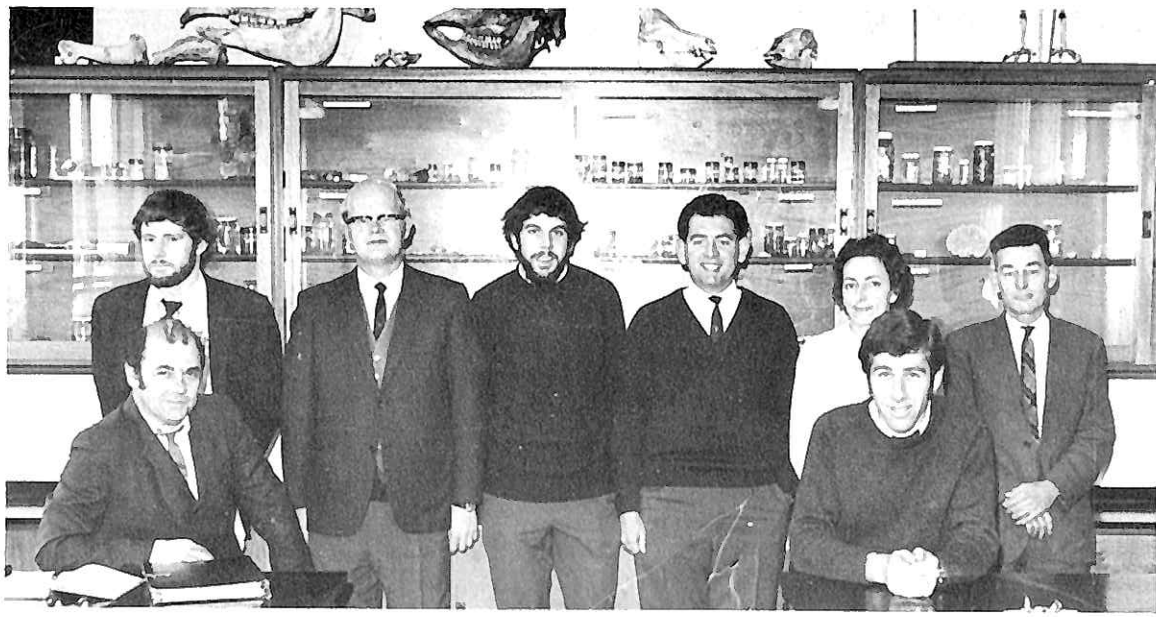
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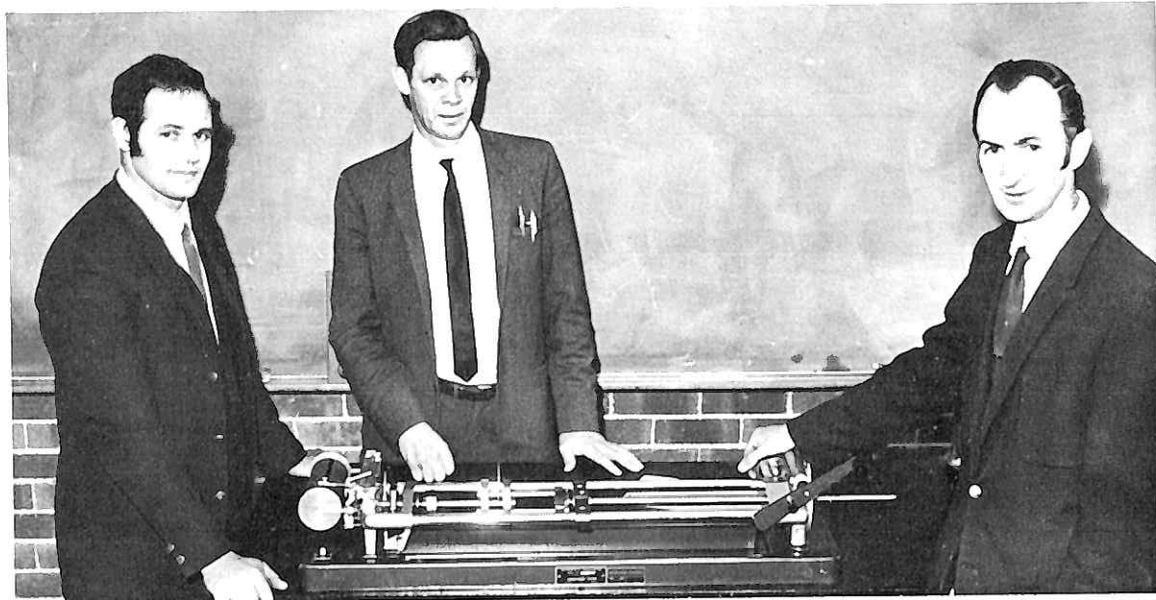


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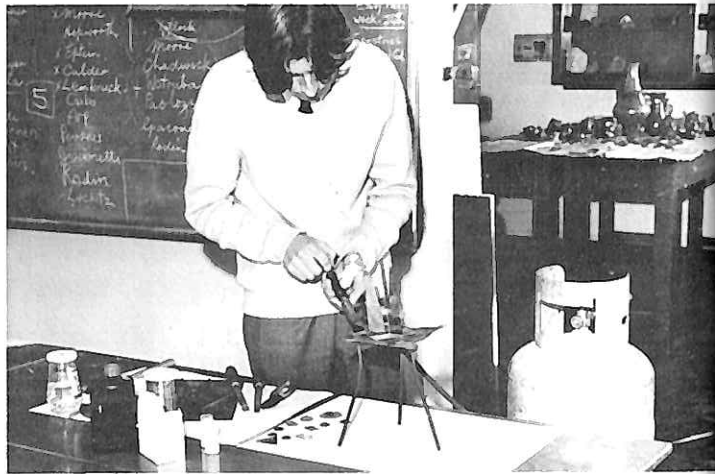
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CHRIS GRAHAM AT WORK



"Through art the creative power is exercised and prepared for the world of realities. So that, having found materials, not impediments, it begins at last to manifest itself in other forms, in the inventiveness of the artisan, the tradesman, the moral reformer, and the thinker".

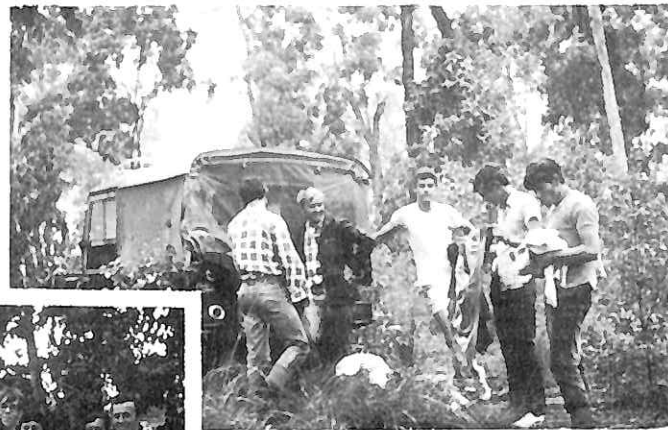
MARGARET McMILLAN.

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WATTAGAN



LUNCH BREAK — SAND DUNE ECOLOGY,
DUDLEY BEACH



LEECH HUNTING — WATTAGAN



FIELD STUDY — LOCAL AREA

"I do not say to be a good geographer", says he, "that a man should visit every mountain, river, promontory, and creek upon the face of the earth, view the buildings and survey the land everywhere as if he were going to make a purchase; but yet every one must allow that he shall know a country better that often makes sallies into it and traverses up and down, than he that like a mill horse goes still round in the same track".

JOHN LOCKE.

THIS PAGE DONATED BY E. H. WHITFORD



... AND FINALLY, THE PEOPLE WHO HAVE DONE ALL THIS DAMAGE, THE EDITORIAL STAFF:
Standing: Jim Bennett, Michael Carr, Anthony Hoysted, Neil Watson, Greg. McIntyre.
Seated: Bill Bruce, Rhys Martin, Alan Hemmingway.

NEWCASTLE 'BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL ACCOUNT

Receipts and Payments for 1969		PAYMENTS	
	\$		\$
		Text Books	8,123.09
		Sport	2,591.55
		Athletics	195.38
		Cricket	359.42
		Football	713.50
		Swimming	24.30
		Tennis and Squash	464.08
		Other Sport	834.87
		School Activities	955.22
		General	2,478.19
		Contra	5,093.79
		Stencils and Paper	2,564.13
		Library	6,055.87
		S.W.A.S.S.C.	—
		Science Fund	50.08
		Biology	196.77
		Prize Account	466.82
		Sundry Assets	1,324.76
		Balance	6,264.82
			<hr/>
	\$36,165.09		\$36,165.09

BANK RECONCILIATION STATEMENT

As at 30th November, 1969

	\$
Credit Balance as per Bank Statement	8,970.24
Less Unpresented Cheques as per schedule	2,705.42
	<hr/>
	\$6,264.82

Signed G. CURRY, Treasurer.

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