

## SOFTBALL REPORT

The Newcastle High School knockout team were defeated in the first round against Raymond Terrace 17-12 at Raymond Terrace High School. They were trained by Mr. Trigg.

Leonie Rochow, Kim Morris, Megan Pryor, Louise Chegwidan and Maree Hartley were selected in the Zone D Softball Team that played at the 'Cinders Track' on February 19th.

Maree Hartley made the Newcastle Area Team which played in the State Championship at Deniliquin.



SCHOOL SOFTBALL TEAM



AREA VOLLEYBALL REP.  
Janien Floyd  
Absent: Lisa Rice

## VOLLEYBALL REPORT

The Volleyball team consisted of Kristen Rutter (capt.) Julie Williams, (Raymond Terrace.) (vice capt.) Libby Wileman, Michelle Ballard, Suzie Bailey, Tonia Romani, Sue Davies, Katherine Evans, Lynnette Garbutt, (Raymond Terrace), Marie Hedley and Renae Crook. We trained on Tuesday afternoon and played on Friday nights at Wickham stadium. We obtained a semi-final position, which we trained hard for and won. We then put up a good show and were unlucky to be defeated by Kotara in the grand final.

Many thanks to Mr. Ringland our coach, and to our assistant coach, Mr. Williams.

Kristen Rutter and Libby Wileman.



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## VOLLEYBALL

Newcastle High School entered a team in the State Knockout Competition. Unfortunately the team lost their first match against West Wallsend which ended their part in the competition. The team also played in the inter-school visit against Erina High.

American Exchange student Lisa Rice and N.H.S. student Janien Floyd were chosen in the area Volleyball team. They played in the statewide competition in Nowra and finished in 9th place.



## A DAY IN MY LIFE

The day starts at 5 o'clock a.m. Sound asleep. Suddenly the alarm goes Oh, no! Time to get up and go swimming. Mum says the same thing every morning, "Are you up yet?". The fire is turned on and my swimmers are getting warmed up. While my swimmers are getting the chill off them I go to the bathroom and clean my teeth, wash my face and comb my hair. Then I come out and put my swimmers and clothes on. While I am doing this mum is busy out in the kitchen packing my breakfast for after training and getting me a little something to eat before training.

When we are ready to leave we open the back door and the great gust of cold air and wind that comes through makes me feel that I want to go back to bed. It takes us about 15 to 20 minutes to get to the pool. When we get there I take about 5 minutes to get my clothes off and get my cap and goggles. By this time almost every one is there. Then the training starts — two hours of it with a bit of playing around included. Swimming up and down all the time gets a bit boring but if you like it as much as I do it doesn't matter. When you are swimming up and down you can hear the voice of the coach yelling at the kids who try to miss laps. Then at 7.30 we get out. It takes us about half an hour to get dressed into our school uniform. Then we go out to the back room and have our breakfast. After we finish our breakfast we go up to the shop and buy some lollies then we have to face a boring day at school.

Tracy Sands 8C1

## THE RACE

I moved across to the blocks. Lane 5 second fastest. Right next to me stood my deepest enemy. She was towering over me like a huge gum tree. I fixed my cap and then stood up on the blocks.

"Take your marks", "Bang", the gun fired and I was off. I had a good start. I felt good in the water and I was ahead by a touch. Only 50 metres to go I thought as I went into my first turn.

My arms were tired. But I assured myself that I could beat her and that all the hard training wouldn't go to waste. Slowly but surely I saw the huge arms of my enemy creep up on me. I tried harder and harder but she was just slightly in front of me.

Ten metres to go and with a final burst I threw my arms out. I looked up on the scoring board and it said. Lane 5. 1st Place.

Vicki Boyd 7A1



# HOCKEY



ANNEXE HOCKEY TEAM



Thanks to team effort, both Miss Marchgraber and Mrs Gary's coaching, and a lot of support from families, friends, and teachers who turned up at the match, we defeated Central once again (score 2-1). A victory celebration was held afterwards.

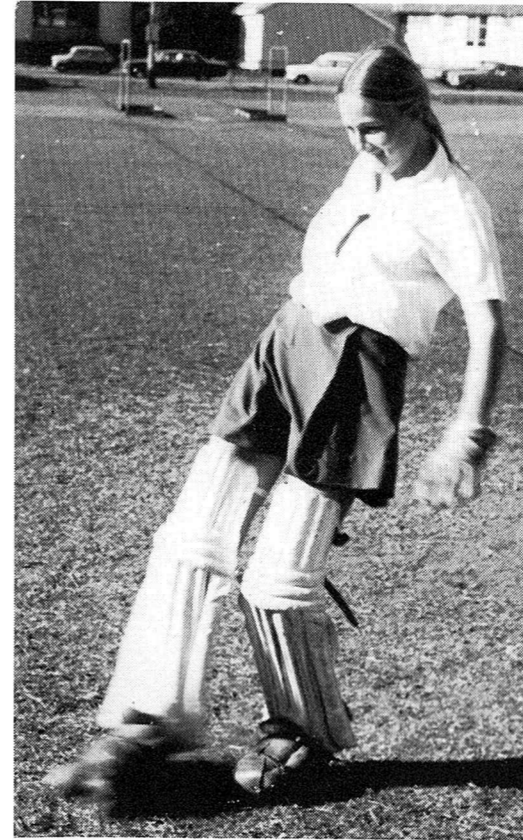
The team who played the Grand Final were as follows:

Goalie —	Samantha Kent
Right Full-back —	Anne Thirlwell
Left Full-Back —	Allison Asher (vice captain)
Centre Half-Back —	Renae Crook
Left Half-Back	Patricia Scott
Right Wing —	Susan Thompson
Right Inner —	Jane Romelinhg
Centre-Forward —	Learne Jackson
Left Inner —	Alexandra McDonald (1st Goal)
Left Wing —	Jackie Cameron
	Beverly Hedley (2nd Goal)

Reserves: Carley Binks, Leone Baggs, Allison Elford, Helen Thompson (The usual centre-forward and captain of the team, Michelle Ballard, was absent for both the finals and semi-finals)

It is not certain whether the 1977 team will still be called Annexe, or whether we will be a Newcastle High School team. In any case, we hope to improve our standard as much in 1977 as we did this year.

Patricia Scott, Anne Thirlwell.



This year seven teams entered the Saturday hockey competition, four playing in the morning competition and three in the afternoon.

Despite the fact that all teams showed great ability and sportsmanship none reached the semi finals. The No. 1 hockey team however should be congratulated on their fine effort of coming fifth in A2 (the 2nd Highest grade).

Although there was a lack of success in the Saturday competition, this was not the case in the State Cup knock out. The team played very well to reach the fourth round, beating Dungog 9-0, Swansea 9-0, Cessnock 3-0 and then losing 2-1 in a very close game to Wauchope.

Our thanks go to Mrs Wilson for her tireless effort in coaching and organising the team.

This year four girls were selected to represent the school in the Newcastle Schoolgirl's side which played in the State tournament at Lismore. They were Lyndall Arms, Barbara Mackie, Sue Henning and Judy Markey.

Hopefully, we will have a greater influx of new players next year.

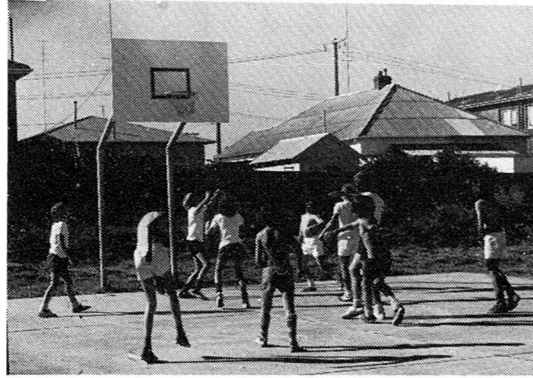
Judy Mrakey



STATE CUP HOCKEY TEAM

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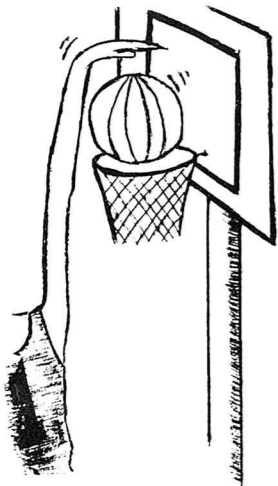
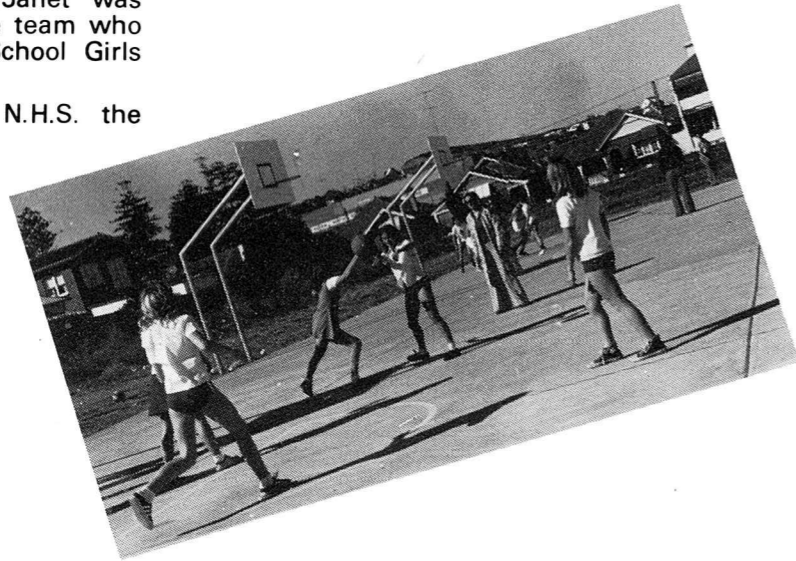
# BASKETBALL



The knockout team of Newcastle High School were beaten in the second round by Kotara High School. They won the first round 50-8 beating Swansea.

However, Janet Slade made the Newcastle Area Team which played in the State Championship in Newcastle. Janet was selected in the number 2 state team who played against an American School Girls Team.

During the Erina visit to N.H.S. the basketball team won 41-32.



A very successful year for our Under 14 Boys Basketball team. The team was undefeated in the first round and narrowly defeated in only one game in the second round.

The team continued their good fortune and won against Lambton in the final by a comfortable margin. The team members were W. Inglis, N. Smith, B. Carroll, G. Graham, M. East, S. Lippiat, M. Blanch, G. Chisholm, D. Gibson, who would like to thank Mr. Kinnard and Mr. Booth for hours spent coaching throughout the competition.

W. Inglis  
M. Smith



NEWCASTLE HIGH SCHOOL KNOCKOUT BASKETBALL TEAM.

## NETBALL REPORT

The netball squad was undefeated to a position in the semi-finals. This was played in Sydney and N.H.S. was defeated 38-20 by Manly Girls' High School.

Representatives from N.H.S. in the Newcastle Area Netball Team included C. Andrew, M. Patterson, K. Windsor and T. Anstess. They played in the State Netball Carnival held in Newcastle and Newcastle won their final. M. Patterson and K. Windsor were then selected in the N.S.W. Under 16 team to play in the Australian carnival in August.

Michelle was also selected in the Open N.S.W. Team.

When Erina visited N.H.S. in May the Netball Team was defeated 49-8.

# ATHLETICS



ANNEXE 1976 ATHLETICS



ATHLETICS TEAM



AREA ATHLETICS REP. TEAM.

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## RAYMOND TERRACE HIGH SCHOOL VISIT

In addition to the Broadmeadow visit another sporting exchange occurred between year 7 students of Newcastle High and Raymond Terrace with resounding victories for our teams on our visit being returned by harder and closer matches throughout their visit to us.

Students played soccer, rugby league, basketball, netball, hockey and tennis with close matches played in hockey, netball and soccer with enthusiasm being evident in all sports even though all were played in torrential rain.



## BROADMEADOW HIGH SCHOOL "SPORTS" VISIT 1976

Old weather man turned on a fine sunny day which made conditions pleasant.

The visit by Broadmeadow Teams was a return visit from last year. This day turned out to be a good one for both schools with Newcastle High School just edging out Broadmeadow in most of the sports. Games were good clean competitions with only a few injuries resulting. Good "Sportsmanship" stood out in all matches played. Pupils who competed would like to thank Sportsmaster Mr Booth and Sports Mistress Mrs Gary for the good organization of the day.

Peter Hogg

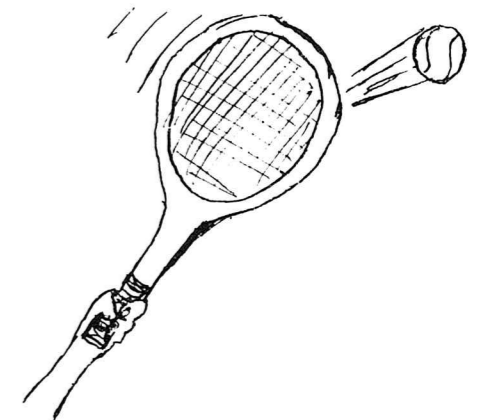


So far this year the school tennis team has played five games in statewide knockout comp; beating Cardiff High 8-0, Belmont High 8-0, Gloucester High 8-0, Oraha High (Coffs Harbour) 7-1, and Cheltenham High (Sydney), 8-0.

All the girls in the team were chosen as zone representatives with Sue Henning, Sue Newey, Di Henning, and Bronwyn Grahame being chosen to represent the Newcastle area in Quirindi. Newcastle came third in the tournament.

From the area team Sue Henning was chosen to represent N.S.W. in the state team, as number one seed. This team played for and won the Pizzy Cup for N.S.W. (2 tests to 1).

Overall the tennis team has been very successful.



Dear Staff and Students of Newcastle High,

Hi! My name is Julie King and I am 17 years old. I am an AFS (American Field Service) foreign exchange student from the U.S.A. I am in Australia for 9 weeks (June 17 to August 23). I am staying in Hamilton South with the Marlow family. This is my summer holidays.

My state, Oregon, is on the West Coast between Washington and California. My city, Portland, has a population of around a quarter of a million. Portland is on the Oregon-Washington border, about 120 miles from the coast. Two rivers, the Columbia and the Willamette, flow through Portland and meet in the northern corner of the city. The Columbia River is the border between Oregon and Washington. The Willamette River divides Portland into two halves — east and west.

There are many things to do in Oregon. My family can drive 60 miles to Mt. Hood (11,250 feet) and go skiing all year round, or we can go the other direction to the coast.

I attend Reynolds High School where I have one more year. My high school is a four-year co-ed high school — 9th grade — 12th grade. There are 1200 students at Reynolds High School.

I come from a family of three — mother, my brother Kevin, 16 years old, and myself.

I have only one week left in Australia. During my stay I have been lucky enough to see all of the Newcastle area, and to visit many of the schools in the area. I have also seen Sydney and will have the chance to spend three days in Canberra.

I have been telling everyone that peanut butter and jelly sandwiches are peanut butter and jam, and really quite tasty. Some of the differences I have found are school uniforms — we don't have uniforms at home. You are also more academic than we are; for example choir, band, and orchestra are subjects, and art is all practical.

I am reaching the end of my stay. I have really enjoyed Newcastle and Australia. It is going to be hard to leave. I will miss Australia, the friends I have made, and the Marlow's a great deal. I would like to thank the staff and students for making me feel so welcome and a part of the school.

Thank you again,  
Much love,  
Julie King.

Please Write:  
1036 N.E. 175,  
Portland, Oregon 97230  
U.S.A.

Goodbye.

### PAPERING THE LOUNGE

*A Congenial Essay of Fathomless Possibilities in Literary Achievement*

"Papering the Lounge" — an intriguing topic for discussion and interpretation.

"The wind whirled violently around the house, challenging the windows and creating an atmosphere of turmoil. Paper, water, paste, ladder, brush ... I am ready for the challenge. My lounge-room waits expectantly as I arm myself with the tools of my labour and begin this odious task ..."

Ha! The words flow and my frustration grows with the prevailing uselessness of this creative effort. Can a lounge-room "wait expectantly"? "odious task?" What an unoriginal approach! In vain, I rack my brains for a refreshing treatment of this delightful topic. The nerve cells tick over ...

"Trembling at gunpoint, I continued my work, trying to appear unconcerned with the brutal assault which was taking place in the corner of the lounge-room. Heaven knows, the life of a professional wall paperer would seem dull, yet this situation immediately caused me to yearn for the good old boring days of paste and paper, dripping brushes and uncomplicated feats of mural artistry.

"Little did I realise, as I gaily tripped up to the door of this typical suburban mansion, the trials and tribulations which I would suffer. A typical butter, maid, manservant, gardener and cook ... but why were they all bearing tommy-guns? Why was their master chained to the piano? Why was the lounge-room bathed in blood?"

Streuth! How can I escape this dreaded essay with a modicum of pride and dignity? "Lounge-room bathed in blood", "brutal assaults" as I paper away, can I not write a decent composition without sinking into the depths of sadism and violence? Shakespeare, where are you?

"Once upon a time ..."  
Definitely not!

"As the primeval sludge enveloped the lounge which I was papering ..."

That's a no-no.

"While papering the lounge one day  
In the merry, merry month of May"

... This essay has been discontinued until further notice.

Comments to the author may be addressed to the Fairy Dairy Funny Farm.

Dirty, greasy, mechanical machine  
Nuts and bolts move up and down  
rhythmically  
A mouse squeaking noise  
Great clouds of smoke disperse everywhere  
Sparks flicker  
One final clung is heard  
This mechanical machine dies away.

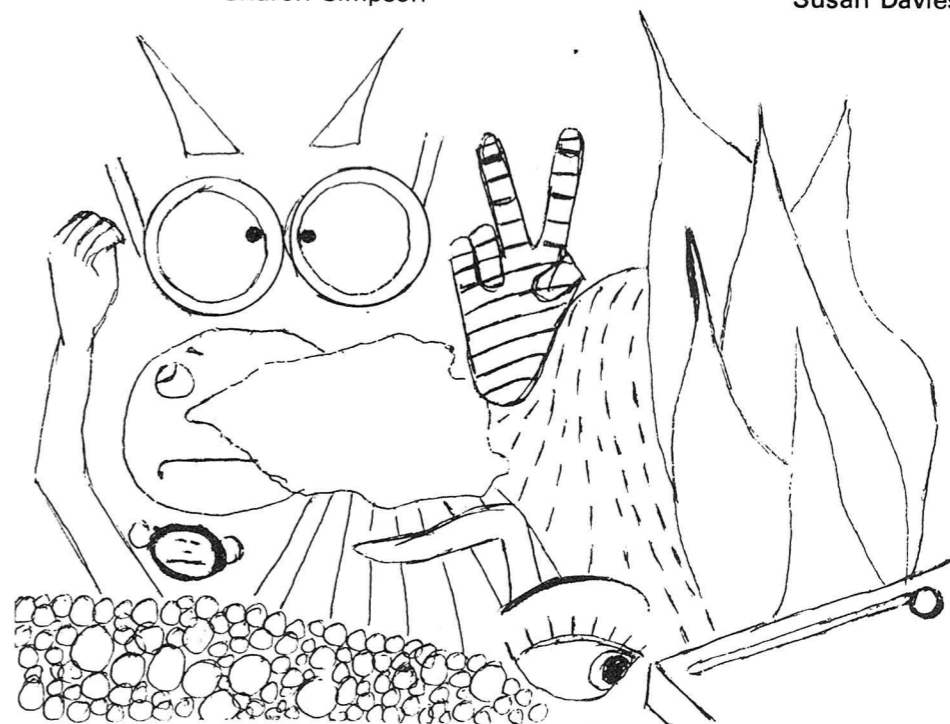
Sharon Simpson

### EERINESS,

a forbidden darkness of evil  
an infinite myriad of mysteries,  
forming into unsolved fears.  
Enclosed in our whimsical minds,  
obscuring our thoughts or intelligence,  
lost in our thoughts lost of our intelligence,  
lost in our fears

Eeriness

Susan Davies 8Bs



### THE TRAITOR

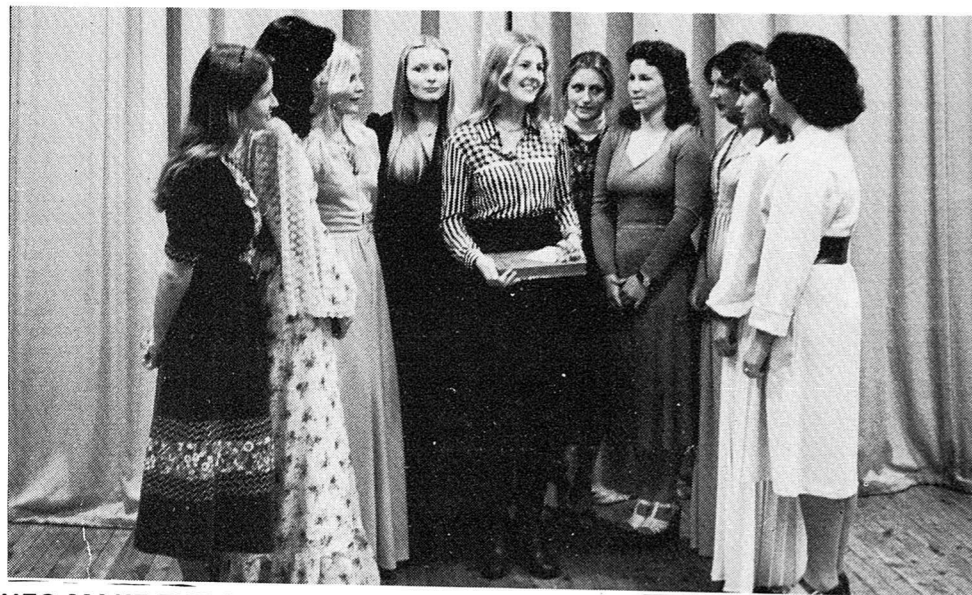
To somebody, anybody, anyone at all  
Will you please answer my endless call?  
I'm trapped in a cage that you can't see  
It's a spinning world of fantasy.  
Things went from bad to worse, now worst  
I've started to think that I must have been  
cursed  
This burning fire, a raging flame  
No-one but me can take the blame  
I writhe in pain from its stinging bite  
Can nothing relieve me from this plight?  
Is there a friend in this universe  
Who will save me from this curse?  
If only someone would understand  
And offer me a helping hand  
Then I'm sure I'd be unlocked  
And never again mercilessly mocked  
....By this traitor, inside me

Marie Hedley 8A1

### TIME

When I was a child, I laughed and wept.  
Time crept  
When I was a youth, I dreamt and talked  
Time walked  
When I became a full-grown man  
Time ran  
When I was older, still I daily grew  
Time flew  
Soon I will find on travelling  
Time gone.

Kim Wooden 8A2



### CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN

Do clothes really make the man? Can our apparel transform our personality, as many retailers would have us believe, or is it merely a vehicle to impress others? Certainly what we wear has some effect on our attitude and on others' reactions to us.

In *Future Shock*, the theory is expounded that people are finding it increasingly difficult to cope with the tremendous upheavals in our society, and consequently, are becoming more insecure than ever before. How many of us like to feel we are up-to-date (and more importantly, to show our associates that we are!), and what better place to start than with our clothing. In this sense, we are attempting to fool ourselves, or others, or perhaps both, into believing that we are quite able to adjust to the modern scene; we are "with-it". Dress to impress.

From our childhood, we have been conditioned to make snap judgements of characters by their clothing. Before we can pretend we are a "grown-up lady", we have to look the part — we parade around in our Mother's discarded dress and feathered hat. Subconsciously, we carry this into adulthood, a psychological game — that plain Jane can at will, like Cinderella, change into the sensuous exotic, into something she's not, by slipping into a low-cut gown. Jane feels inadequate being herself, and so uses this dress as a "front" to at least look like the person she wishes she were. So the pattern goes on; fat women dress to look slimmer, flat women dress to look more buxom. Dress for an illusion, an effect.

Yet what a statement our clothing can make about our real selves — the white-collar robot, turned out by respectable, dependable corporations, who wears his dark suit and white shirt and carries his briefcase with his initial stamped in gold-leaf because he feels, he knows, he must conform to the System, so the system will accept him as one of its own. Dress for success.

It is an accepted fact that our apparel can and will influence our behaviour and attitude. Even a child can distinguish a feeling of being "dressed-up". Strange — that putting on a formal suit makes us feel formal, restricted, so proper, while jeans have the opposite effect.

So we conclude that clothing can influence our attitude, reflect our self-expression, and reveal our degree of conformity. Yet who makes the rules in the fashion world? If clothes are so integral a part of our life-style, why are we subject to the authority of overseas fads which, more often than not, are irrelevant to our needs here? Who can honestly say they have never been persuaded into purchasing on the hollow argument that 'it's the latest thing in Europe!' or 'the hottest item from America!?' Are we the enslaved puppets of designers and retailers who, aware of our need for a sense of belonging, play on our vulnerability? Next time you look at a fashion advertisement, seriously consider this — is it the actual merchandise we like, or is it the total image the model projects? What a shame if we must depend on our apparel to "make the man".

Joanne Lindsay (Year 11)

### EVEN CHILDREN CAN BE PREJUDICED

On a Merry-Go-Round for the first time in my life. Looking around, I see other children like me. Laughing as the horses go up and down, hanging on to the golden, swirling poles that twist as the horses gallop. Every horse has a passenger, and every passenger has a smile — big, white smiles showing teeth covered with fairy floss and toffee apples. Everyone is happy. Except me.

How can I be happy, when I have to share a horse with a black boy? A little, dirty, black boy! I had the horse first, then his dirty, black mother came along and put him on my horse, saying that I wouldn't mind sharing my horse with another little boy. You'd think she owns the Carnival!

But black people are all like that. My mummy said they were. She said that black people can't be trusted and that they steal and kill.

It's not fair! My first horse ride and I can't even enjoy it because of black, untrustworthy boy is on it with me, and he most probably steals, too!

Oh, well, I suppose I could have another ride. Yes, that's it! I'll go and take some more money from that cash register and have another ride!

Derani Smith Year 12

### Free, but Alone

Look around you  
The hills, birds, sky  
And trees are all  
Coming closer and  
Closer  
Like a great suction  
Closing in on you  
And pulling you  
Out. You are out  
And free.  
Yet you're alone  
Alone!  
Everyone is in.  
Why aren't they out.  
You try to get back  
In, but your time  
is up.  
Free, but alone.

Lisa Holcombe (Year 9)

### MY HERO

One beautiful radiant day, I decided to take a walk. By the time I'd reached my destination it was half past twelve, approximately. It was getting very close to lunch time now, and my stomach was quite empty. After a nice nourishing meal at the French Cuisine Restaurant and a very expensive bill, I thought I might take a dip at Wacki-Wacki Beach. The sun was bright and warm, and the weather was just right for a dip. I quickly jogged home, grabbed my beach towel and my fabulous book, "How to Get a Date With Brigitte Bardot, In Ten Easy Lessons."

There was a pretty good crowd for a Saturday and as I inhaled that beautiful salt air, suddenly my eyes caught sight of a drowning helpless young girl! This was a matter of "Life or Death!", mainly mine. I quickly swam like greased lightning out to the vulnerable young person and clutched her trembling hand and safely pulled her to shore.

Momentarily she awoke. She gazed into my eyes and these were her exact words.

"My Hero!" I gave a faint sigh and she kissed me on the cheek. Suddenly, it happened. I fainted!

P. Beal 8B3

### HORSES

A ball of orange flame is fading away behind the mountains

Streaks of pink, orange and blue in the sky.  
Down in the valley the horses are munching away on the delicious, green grass.

And lapping up water by the creek under the old willow tree.

Whilst waiting for their keeper to come.

Sharon Maher 7A3

### POLLUTION

Pollution! Is there a solution?

It's in the air

And in the sea

A black thick dense fog

Is it too bad for remedy?

Pollution! Is there a solution.

Alister Henskens 7A2



### THE TERROR OF THE UNKNOWN

It all started one Sunday afternoon when we were asked to go on an expedition down an uncharted river. We started off the very next day. It was not very long before we hit the first rapids. We just barely kept the canoe afloat. Unfortunately we lost three days supplies of beans. We moved on down the uncharted river and camped on the ever changing sand dunes that gave a sign we were not far from the sea.

Little did we know that the high tide was very dangerous because of the sharks. At first we thought they were Dolphins. But they were not. My best friend fell in and did not return and just after he fell in there was a scream of horror. We had seen the last of him, so after a few prayers we paddled like fury to shore. We tried to find help and had no luck, but we did find an old shack and we were glad to be safe for the while.

Glen Banks 7D1

### WITCHES

A scream in the night  
and a light passes by  
as the witches ride  
wild on their brooms.  
Their piercing laugh  
Gives us a fright  
while cursing and casting  
spells

In a gloomy lit sky  
They meet for a while  
Then  
Swiftly ride off again!

Steven Smith 7B1

It lay there,  
Itself  
With no one else  
Withering  
Slowly  
Dying.

But,  
Who is there to worry about it?  
It lives  
a  
solitary .... life  
Slowly  
Waiting  
Then the gust of wind  
killed it  
...completely

Carolyn Mitchell (Year 9)

### LONELINESS

Loneliness is a feeling, in everybody's heart,  
Loneliness is deep, as deep as the dark,  
Loneliness is a colour, when everything is  
wrong.  
Loneliness is quiet, when you sing your song.  
Loneliness is creeping, as you lie awake,  
Loneliness is weeping, when you have to fake,  
Loneliness is a moment, in everybody's life,  
Loneliness is over, at the end of your dislikes.

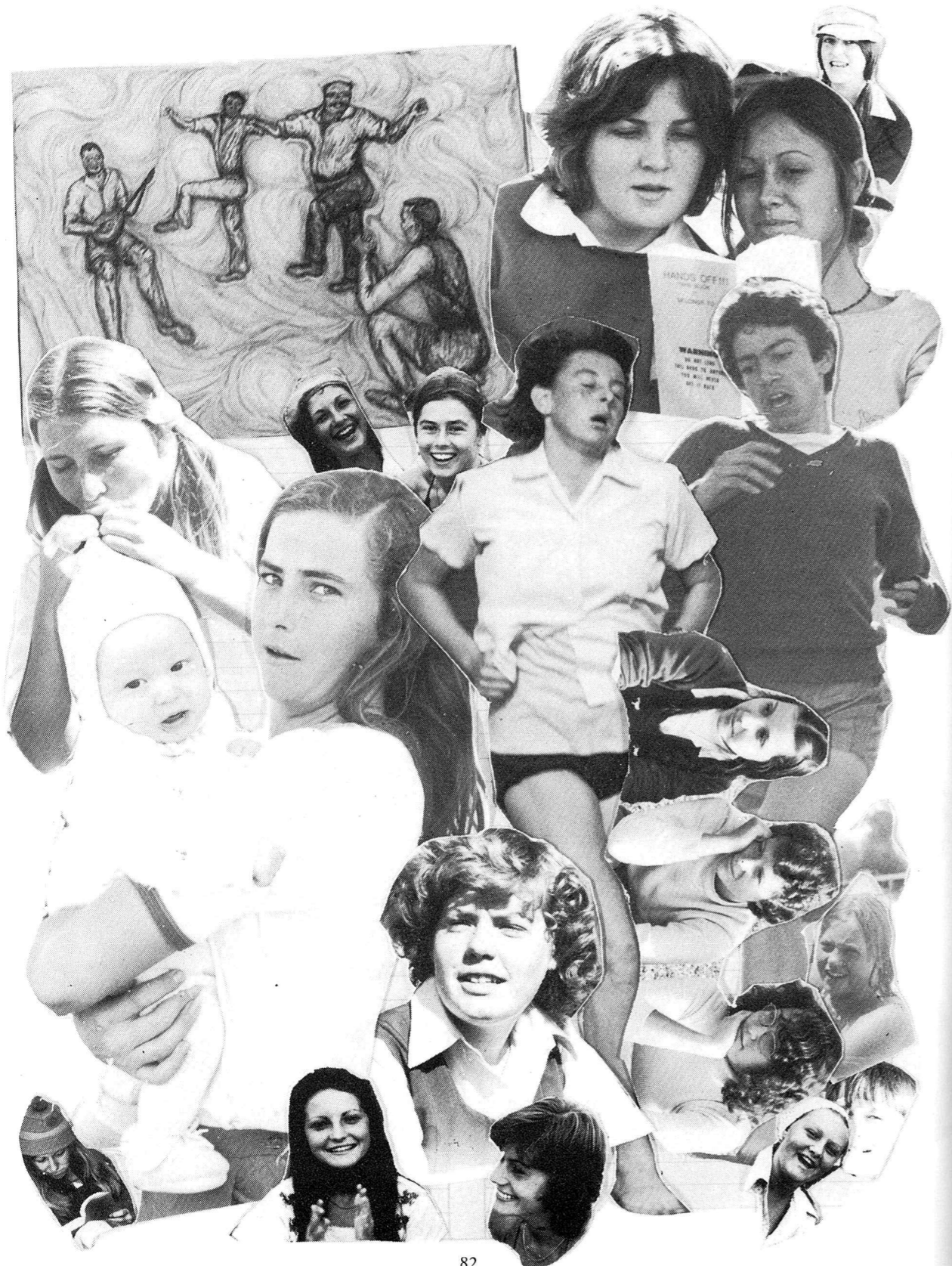
Helen Shannos 8A2

*Hoyo Matsuse, exchange student from Japan, who has been at Newcastle High during 1976.*











**THE MAGAZINE COMMITTEE**