

The Towers

**Magazine
of
Penrith High School
1953**



The Towers

Editorial Committee

*James Anderson, Margaret Allan, Brian Bowles, Judith Brown, Judith Lambert,
Barry Leithhead, Ken Pickering, Beverley Shepherd,
William Webb, Helen Jeffree.*

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*Margaret Allan, Barry Leithhead, Ray Lawson, Margaret Schubach, Jim Laidlaw, Hedley Willis,
Janelle Rumpf, John Gerring, Elaine Blackwell, Peter McKenzie,
Gerlinde Hardegg, Paul Mitchell, Anna Merlolena.*

Business Committee

*Frances Stowe, Margaret Schubach, Elaine Blackwell, Pat Coshall, Barbara Innes,
Joy Reynolds, Ken Pickering, Brian Bowles.*

Editorial

Coronation Year! Everyone, young and old, has been roused to enthusiastic appreciation of our Queen. The festivities are long since over, but our loyalty has been tested and found true. Nearer home we have loyalty to our school and its endeavours, for here we are presenting our second "Towers" magazine since Penrith became recognized as a full High School. As we get older and the senior school becomes more balanced with the lower school, the entries should improve, and we hope that this magazine will be an improvement on our last and will please its many readers.

We feel we are justified in saying "its many readers," for "The Towers," as well as going to the pupils of Penrith High School, is distributed to other schools. All the main school functions are recorded, so that ex-pupils and others may keep in touch with the school.

Finally, our magazine gives every pupil an opportunity to do something for the school, and because of this, we feel that it reflects the spirit of Penrith High.

—James Anderson, 4A.

for the Editorial Committee.



(Block donated by Hall Bros., Penrith.)

THE CAPTAINS

A Farewell Message

We share with other members of Fifth Year a deep regret that this is our final year at Penrith High, yet we know that the many friendships we have made amongst you, the Staff, and pupils from other High Schools in the course of school and inter-school activities, will not be forgotten.

Our thanks go firstly to the Staff for their guidance in shaping our careers and those of our fellow Fifth Year pupils. The cheerful co-operation of the prefects has helped us to carry out our tasks as captains, and your support has made our duties as your elected leaders both pleasant and satisfying to perform.

This magazine shows an impressive array of achievement in sport, scholarship and service for the year. Underlying all this is leadership and responsibility by you yourselves as pupils. We feel that there is a growing school spirit throughout our eleven hundred members. Our hope is that this spirit will become ever stronger, and that it will lead to such achievements and character as will give our school an honoured name. May our motto be our inspiration—"Altiora peto."

—Dennis Harrison and

Margaret Eckford.



Elected Leaders, 1953



(Block donated by Mr. L. Spees.)

PREFECTS

Front Row: B. Shepherd, S. Lambert, J. Harrison, W. Fuller, (Vice-Capt.), D. Harrison (Capt.), Mr. L. M. Brown (Master-in-Charge), M. Eckford (Capt.), N. Griffiths (Vice-Capt.), J. Small, J. Batty.

Second Row: J. Lambert, J. Reynolds, H. Garan, H. Stewart, A. Nicholls, N. Handley, E. Blackwell, M. Schubach, N. Cook, V. Vladickaite.

Back Row: J. Anderson, A. Bills, D. Kerby, W. Webb, P. Spence, D. Carter, A. Rumpf, R. Weatherley, E. Rippon, B. Leithhead, J. Davies.

House Captains

Blaxland: Norman Griffiths and Wendy Fuller. Lennox: Deral Kesby and Judith Lambert.

Lawson: Ferdo Suh and Elaine Blackwell. Wentworth: George Ivanoff and Joyce Batty.

* * *

Social Service and Welfare Council

President: William Webb. Secretary: Margaret Schubach.

Vice-President: Barry Leithhead.

Sports Union

Secretary: Elaine Blackwell. Sub-Committee: Margaret Eckford, Ralph Weatherley, Bill Webb.

Inter-School Christian Fellowship

Leaders: Joy Harrison and Ellis Rippon. Secretary: Albert Mason.



(Block donated by Mr. J. B. Schubach, Newsagent, 497 High St., Penrith.)

THE STAFF

Headmaster:

Mr. H. E. McGregor, M.A.

Deputy-Headmaster:

Mr. W. Eason, B.A.

Department of English:

Mr. L. M. Brown, B.A. (Master); Mr. J. W. Curry, B.A.; Miss P. F. Drake, B.A.; Mr. W. Eason, B.A.; Mr. A. N. Edwards, B.A.; Mr. S. F. Jones, B.A.; Mr. H. I. Lowe, B.A.; Mr. D. Morris, B.A.; Mr. E. R. Stockton, B.A.; Mr. M. G. Torode, B.A.; Mr. V. Treasure, M.A.; Miss G. J. Fardell, B.A. (Librarian).

Department of Mathematics:

Mr. F. Simpson, B.Sc. (Master); Mr. J. Allison, B.A.; Mr. E. V. L. Cameron, B.A.; Mr. J. H. Dooley, B.Ec.; Miss E. E. McEwan, B.A.; Mr. J. Mullane, B.A.; Mr. E. Penman, B.A.; Miss E. G. Southwell, B.A.

Département of Science:

Mr. A. G. Cameron, B.Sc. (Master); Mr. A. D. Duncan, A.S.T.C.; Mr. R. B. Crockart, B.Sc.; Mr. J. P. Lundie, B.Sc.; Miss M. Milthorpe, B.Sc.

Department of Classics:

Mr. S. F. Jones, B.A.; Mr. J. W. Curry, B.A.

Department of Modern Languages:

Miss M. E. Butt, B.A.; Mr. V. Treasure, M.A.

Commercial Department:

Mr. J. R. Harrison, B.Ec. (Master); Miss L. Anderson; Mr. B. Morris, B.Ec.; Mr. M.

Coughlan, B.Ec.; Mr. B. Dalling, B.Ec.; Mr. J. H. Dooley, B.Ec.; Mr. E. Penman, B.A.

Technical Department:

Mr. A. W. Kerr (in charge); Mr. L. B. Eyles; Mr. J. Howman; Mr. D. V. Learmonth, A.S.T.C.; Mr. E. J. Murray; Mr. M. A. Parrish.

Home Science Department:

Miss D. Black (in charge); Mrs. M. Ambrose; Mrs. H. Beckton; Mrs. E. Kornfeld; Mrs. D. Sharpe.

Department of Music:

Mr. N. S. Munns; Mr. P. Sumner.

Department of Art:

Mr. G. Horton.

Class Teachers:

Mrs. E. Cross (2G); Mr. E. J. Doyle (1L); Mr. K. G. Ford (1J); Miss J. E. Worsley (1K); Mr. R. D. H. Phillips (3G); Mr. F. Johnston (2H); Mr. T. Sumsky (2J).

Physical Training Department:

Miss B. Gould, Dip. P.E.; Mr. W. Ewens, Dip. P.E.

Supervisor of Girls:

Miss M. E. Butt, B.A.

School Counsellor:

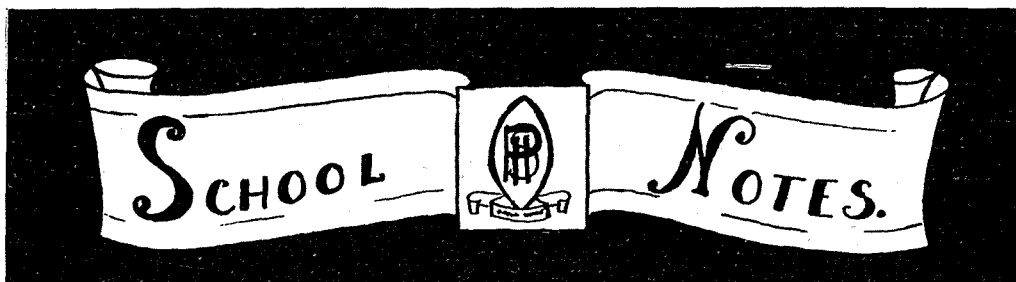
Mrs. D. E. Doig, B.A.

Sportsmaster:

Mr. W. Ewens.

Sportsmistress:

Miss B. Gould.



Staff Changes

Mr. J. R. Harrison came to us as Commercial Master to replace Mr. J. Yates, who was transferred to Parramatta High. On the same staff we lost Mr. D. F. Conway, who went to Homebush High. He was replaced by Mr. B. Morris, from Drummoyne.

Mr. R. J. Lee moved to Dubbo High. In his place we have Mr. R. B. Crockart. Mr. J. Howman joined the Technical Staff as an additional member.

In the Home Science Department, Miss Bohle was transferred to Gosford High, and Miss F. Kenane to Kyogle. In their places we have Miss D. Black (from Corowa), Mrs. H. Beckton and Mrs. E. Kornfeld.

Newcomers as special class-teachers include Mrs. E. Cross, Miss J. E. Worsley and Mr. F. Johnston. Miss W. L. Howard was transferred during the year, and Miss P. Lemon left us to be married.

On the English Staff, Mr. H. I. Lowe came to us from Canberra, to replace Miss N. Harris who was recently transferred to Canowindra. Mr. V. Treasure has joined the Modern Languages Staff, and is assisting as well on the English Staff.

Mr. N. Munns was forced recently, through ill-health, to relinquish his duties as teacher in charge of music. He was farewelled by Staff and pupils, and will be long remembered for his kindly, efficient and self-sacrificing service.

Installation of Prefects

On February 6th the impressive ceremony of the installation of Prefects took place.

Mr. Brown, Master in charge of Prefects, began by explaining the distinction between senior and junior Prefects, the former holding office for the duration of their school careers, the latter for one year only. Following this, Mr. Brown told of the honour and responsibility of being a Prefect, and also of the character

essential to a Prefect. Finally, he spoke of the responsibility resting with all pupils, concluding with the words:

"Put yourselves last, the school and your fellow pupils first, and you will be displaying the first essential quality of leadership."

Mr. McGregor then installed in their offices the Captains and Prefects for 1953.

Presentation of Lamrock Shield

This Shield is the symbol of supremacy in the annual Inter-House Competition. Points are awarded in the fields of scholarship, sport and service.

After an address by the School Captains

—Dennis Harrison and Margaret Eckford —on the significance of the contest, Mr. B. S. Lamrock presented the Shield to the Blaxland House Captains, Norman Griffiths and Margaret Harrison.

Presentation of Fletcher Prizes

Mr. O. W. Fletcher, before presenting the Fletcher prizes for the year, spoke of his recent trip to England and of the old

public schools he saw there. Speaking of the spirit of the traditions of these schools Mr. Fletcher said: "It was that

that I aimed to develop and bring out here."

The aim of these prizes is to encourage and aid pupils to continue their studies to the Leaving Certificate.

The recipients of the prizes were:—

Fifth Year: M. Eckford, A. Bills.

Fourth Year: J. Lambert, J. Anderson.

Third Year: J. Morrison, J. Davies.

Second Year: J. Greenhalgh, T. Mahon.

First Year: R. Knox, J. Carvan.

— KEN PICKERING, 4A.

Empire Day

Empire Day was celebrated at the school on Friday, May 22nd. The School Captain, Dennis Harrison, presided.

Bill Webb, of 4A, addressed the audience on "The First Elizabethan Age and our Foundations of Empire," showing how the reign of Elizabeth I. produced great men and stirring deeds. Bill referred to the gaiety, the daring and the adventure of the period. Finally, he described the enterprise and determination of Gilbert and Raleigh in their attempts at colonization.

Joan Mugridge, of 3B, deeply impressed the large audience with her fine singing of "Land of Hope and Glory," with the school joining in the second chorus.

Brian Bowles, of 4A, then spoke on "The Building of the Empire." Brian gave a comprehensive survey of the growth of the Empire, tracing its beginnings in the 17th Century, its gradual rise in the next two hundred years, and its culmination after World War I. Concluding, Brian explained that we now have a different idea of Empire: "The size of the Empire is not of the same importance as the principle for which it stands."

This theme was developed by Judith Lambert, also of 4A, in her talk on "The

Second Elizabethan Age." Judith stated that Empire Day might better be called "Commonwealth Day," since we now belong to "a free association of independent nations — as free and independent as England was in the days of Elizabeth I." After referring to our Queen's duties and responsibilities, to her happy upbringing and her family life, Judith argued finally that the Commonwealth has the elements of permanency in its organisation. "What better unifying force can we have than the symbol of the British crown, worn by such a gracious young Queen as Elizabeth II?"

Mr. McGregor congratulated the speakers on the very high standard they had attained. He was particularly pleased, he said, to hear how the talks had been linked with the Coronation of Elizabeth II, for Lord Gowrie, in his Empire Day message, also stressed the happy influence the Queen must have on the whole Empire. After Mr. McGregor had read Lord Gowrie's message, the girls' Captain, Margaret Eckford, and the boys' Vice-Captain, Norman Griffiths, thanked the Fourth Year speakers and the soloist, Joan Mugridge.

— JAMES ANDERSON, 4A.

The School Council

The Social Service and Welfare Council makes recommendations for the welfare of pupils of the school, raises money for charitable organizations and arranges social functions.

This year donations have been made to the local hospital, the Ambulance Station and Stewart House Preventorium.

As a result of the Council's recommendation, seats have been provided in the boys' and girls' areas.

Members of the Council are the class captains of Third, Fourth and Fifth Years, and all prefects.

—W. WEBB, 4A.

Social Functions

Mothers and Daughters' Afternoon

This annual function, the third of its kind, was held on Wednesday, 25th March, and was attended by over four hundred mothers and daughters.

After being welcomed by the girls' Captain, Margaret Eckford, the mothers were shown over the school by their daughters, and then all assembled in the Hall. Margaret, as chairman, introduced Miss Butt (Girls' Supervisor), Miss Gould (Sports-mistress), Mrs. Doig (School Counsellor)

and Mrs. Mason (President of the Ladies' Auxiliary), each of whom gave an instructive talk on her particular responsibilities. These talks were interspersed with musical items, delightfully rendered by Kay Gibbons, Helen Jeffree and Faye Kirkness. At the conclusion, Mr. McGregor gave a short address to the mothers, following which afternoon tea was enjoyed by all.

The sick room benefited from the proceeds by the addition of an extra bed.

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School Dances

The first school dance of the year, held on 7th March, was an outstanding success.

The tasteful decorations, together with the excellent music supplied by Max Upton's orchestra, the prizes for the lucky couples and a well-polished floor, made the evening most enjoyable for the two hundred and sixty who attended. The whole dance was organised by the School Council which elected Adrian Rumpf to act as Master of Ceremonies.

The proceeds, which amounted to £26, were divided evenly between the

District Ambulance, the Hospital Fund and the Choir Fund.

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We are indebted to the Ladies' Auxiliary for organising the enjoyable dance of 29th April.

* * *

The two Second Term dances held on May 29th and July 3rd were most successful, both socially and financially. The proceeds from the first of these were donated to the 4C Typewriter Fund, and those of the second to the Ken Falconer Fund. Ken is our Junior Farmer who is now in America.

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Fathers' Evening

Over four hundred boys, girls and fathers attended Father's Evening on Wednesday, 14th October.

The first part of the programme was an inspection of the school. Pupils proudly conducted their fathers to the various departments where boys and girls were actively at work. In the Chemistry laboratory boys performed experiments selected from their normal course. A Commercial and Geography room was specially prepared to display note-books, maps, charts and photographs, while 4C girls demonstrated typing, shorthand and duplicating in the same room. The Technical Department showed various operations in

metalwork, technical drawing and woodwork. Nearby was a special A.T.C. display. Girls in the Home Economics Department were busy making appetizing delicacies.

Following the inspection of these departments, fathers were taken to the Assembly Hall, where they were entertained by pupils with vocal and instrumental items, dancing, gymnastics and a playlet. Interspersed were addresses by various members of the staff. Debating and Public Speaking trophies were presented by Mr. Davies and Mr. Empson, and Athletic Pennants by Mr. McGregor.

The School Choir



This has been a most successful year for our School Choir. Numbers have increased, and the keen interest of members has been sustained.

A new procedure this year has been the formation of separate choirs. Last year we had difficulty in getting the combined choir on the stage, so this year we have formed a mixed choir of basses and tenors from all years, and altos and sopranos from First Year (boys and girls).

Our choir picnics have been most enjoyable, particularly the visit to the Zoo, when we were accompanied by the Sydney Technical High School boys who had assisted us at the concert.

Mr. Munns has asked me to express his thanks to all those who made his work with the choir so enjoyable. In return, may we wish him long life and good health in his well-deserved retirement.

— HELEN JEFFREE, 4A.

* * *

MR. N. S. MUNNS

(Block donated by Mr. E. E. Smith.)

Members of the School Choir, 1953

GIRLS: D. Adams, S. Armstead, J. Austin, N. Barwick, P. Bell, V. Beverly, N. Blacker, J. Boland, S. Briggs, J. Brown, J. Burrows, M. Carter, L. Cashel, L. Castles, B. Chapman, E. Chapman, J. Coles, N. Cook, W. Cooney, K. Davidson, J. Davis, P. Doyle, M. Earp, B. Edwards, J. Ellis, V. Evans, L. Fitzpatrick, M. Fraser, M. Fröderickson, H. Fry, J. Gage, B. Gannon, B. Gardiner, P. Garland, K. Gibbons, J. Gilbert, B. Glendenning, F. Gorman, S. Greene, H. Grierson, B. Hackett, B. Harvey, G. Harvey, W. Hawker, K. Hernesz, L. Hilton, R. Honeman, B. Horner, M. Horstmann, J. Hunter, M. Hunter, L. Hura, R. Jacobs, H. Jeffree, L. Keyes, M. Kingwall, F. Kirkness, J. Klootwyk, N. Knox, O. Koulis, H. Kuprinenko, L. Latty, B. Lonard, C. Lovering, W. Mahoney, L. Martin, M. Mason, S. McCann, M. McCormack, H. Merchant, L. Merchant, L. Mimuli, E. Mitchell, M. Montgomerie, D. Morphet, J. Morrison, P. Morrison, J. Mugridge, J. Neave, V. Nowland, I. Paauwee, E. Palko, J. Payne, P.

Payne, P. Pitt, L. Porter, J. Radstaake, L. Randall, J. Ridding, F. Royal, M. Russell, C. Ryan, J. Ryan, P. Sagar, N. Sales, I. Sansberg, G. Scales, M. Scales, C. Schenscher, M. Schubach, B. Shepherd, R. Small, I. Snapaitis, B. South, M. South, J. Stephenson, A. Stonham, H. Stock, M. Stuart, L. Suneson, P. Sutton, B. Taylor, J. Taylor, J. Thomas, N. Thompson, B. Tide, M. Tyler, G. Van Dam, M. Venning, V. Vladikaite, L. Waters, M. Weir, L. Welychko, M. West, J. White, H. Wright, N. Wrigley, F. Wignall, B. Young.

BOYS: D. Allen, H. Andronicos, A. Ambrose, J. Arnold, C. Baines, A. Boan, F. Brewer, J. Brown, D. Carter, B. Clifton, E. Cook, J. Davies, L. Dengate, R. Dunstan, N. Eve, M. Edwards, D. Fellows, J. Freeburn, J. Fuller, J. Gerring, R. Gorman, N. Gunning, N. Handley, K. Harriott, E. Hicks, E. Horth, B. Holtzman, G. Jamieson, T. King, G. Lance, L. Lavender, C. Laybut, A. Leithhead, B. Leithhead, P. Long, M. Maric, J. McCauley, B. Wilson, J. Muddle,

R. Muddle, C. Nuttall, G. O'Brien, N. Oyston, A. Parker, B. Pfoeffler, I. Phillips, T. Piepers, R. Rankin, B. Read, E. Rippon, W. Rodgers, D. Sales, M. Sergeant, B. Skeen, J. Smith, F. Snell, L.

Snell, N. Spargo, I. Stewart, B. Sutton, K. Scotton, B. Upton, R. Visser, B. Wade, R. Walker, W. Watts, R. Weatherly, W. Webb, E. Webeck, S. Wickham, E. Wilson.

Coronation Concert

A fitting contribution to the District Coronation Celebrations was made by the concert staged at the School Assembly Hall on June 12th. It was presented jointly by the School Choirs and the Nepean District Choral Society, with assistance from the Sydney Technical High School Choir and visiting artists. Among the visiting artists was Mr. Terence Hunt, Supervisor of Music for the Department of Education.

Throughout, the items — choral, vocal and instrumental — were of a particularly high standard. Our School Choir gained spirited applause for such items as "The Nuns' Chorus."

The Nepean District Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. Jeffree, also gave fine performances, Mr. David Ramsden again proving himself a very capable soloist. The Technical High School boys gave a wide variety of excellent items, one of the best of which was an entertaining flute solo by Evan Godfrey.

Unfortunately, it was announced at the conclusion of the concert that Mr. N. S. Munns, our Music Master, who had done such sterling work for the School Choir over the last two years, had tendered his resignation owing to ill-health.

— BRIAN BOWLES, 4A.

Play Night

Our Annual Play Night was held this year on September 18th. It followed a similar pattern to last year's, with a well-balanced and varied programme including dances, gymnastics and musical items as well as one-act plays.

Highlights of the evening's entertainment were the gay irresponsibility of Les Snell as the absent-minded King Cole in "King Cole and the Birthday Cake"; the fine contrast achieved by Paul Mitchell as Sniggers, and Jim Anderson as Toffy in "A Night at an Inn"; the spectacular and clever vaulting of Peter McKenzie and Hedley Willis; and by no means least Barry Leithhead's plausible handling of the difficult role of the Duke of Plaza Toro in "The Gondoliers."

The audience was delighted with the grace of the dances, the precision of the gymnastics, the swing and gaiety of the comic opera, and the broad fun of the burlesque shadow-show "Operation Hollywood."

These pupils participated:

"In the Hall of the Mountain King": Fay Izzard, Lynette Keys, Janice Thomas, Noeline Smalley, Megan Godfrey, Judith Harrison, Wendy Miller, Helen Brookes,

Kay Duncan, Margaret Boardman, Lorraine Lane, Wendy Heap.

"King Cole and the Birthday Cake": Les Snell, Megan Godfrey, Murray Edwards, Lynne Parker, Bruno Holzmman, Ron Blacker, Mary Gibson, Michael Ehlen, Inga Caines, Derek Long, Paul Long, Robert Worley, Roger Lennane, Colin Puckeridge, Norma Cobb, Ernie Waters, Lionel Bernie, Shirley Greene, Gwenda Eldridge.

"Morning": Fay Izzard, Wendy Miller, Lorraine Lane, Fay Kirkness, Helen Brooke, Lynette Keys, Megan Godfrey, Noeline Smalley, Peggy Sagar, Kay Duncan, Judith Harrison, Janice Thomas, Fay Watts, Wendy Heap, Nola Wrigley, Joy Reynolds, Pat Coshall, Diane Ellis, Pam Baker, Margaret Boardman, Elsa Dozzi.

"A Night at an Inn": J. Anderson, G. Lance, P. Mitchell, J. Fuller, R. Green, A. Boan, J. Laidlaw, J. Scotton.

"Anitra's Dance": Kay Davison, Lorraine Fitzpatrick, Rosalie Small, Janette Davis, Robyn Pearce, Inga Caines, Valerie Roberts, Maureen Carter, Lucille Field, Jim Laidlaw, Ken Pickering.

"Operation Hollywood": P. Reid, F. Stowe, J. O'Brien, J. Laidlaw, J. Morley, G. Dalgleish.

Vaulting Display: P. McKenzie, H. Willis, R. Lawson, K. Jackson, G. Goldstein, B. Grey, V. Seni, S. Homan, D. Peters, D. Cuthbert, K. Stein.

"The Gondoliers": R. Lawson, M. Schubach, B. Upton, B. Leithhead, J. Brown, J. Gerring, B. Skeens, J. Lambert, G. Lance, B. Shepherd, W. Webb, H. Fry; also twenty-one girls as Contadine and twenty-four boys as Gondolieri.

On Play Day two additional plays were well-presented which could not be included in the evening programme: "Elizabeth Refuses" and "The Maker of Dreams."

The cast of "Elizabeth Refuses" was Mary Montgomerie, Pamela Bell, Beverley Gates, Paul Stocker and Helen Black.

"The Maker of Dreams" was performed by Judith Lambert, Geoff. Lance and Bill Webb, with accompaniment by Mrs. Honey.

—Brian Bowles, 4A.

Debating

This year has seen a marked improvement in debating throughout the school, an improvement effected very largely by inter-school and inter-class competition.

Our successful participation in the Blue Mountains Debating Competition has been a source of inspiration to the entire school. Dennis Harrison, Bill Webb and Norman Griffiths showed such improvement after their defeat at Katoomba in the first round of the competition that they won their next three debates, including the return contest with Katoomba High. This entitled them to meet Katoomba High in the final on October 7th. Adjudicators deliberated for almost fifteen minutes at the conclusion of the debate before giving the decision to Katoomba by half a point. Congratulations, Katoomba!

Inter-class competition has been keen. Talented speakers have been discovered in

a number of classes. The school is deeply indebted to Mr. Empson and Mr. Davies for presenting two cups for inter-class debating. The winners of the Empson Cup for Junior Debating were Helen Fry, Michael Ehlen and Mary Gibson, of 2B. This team defeated John Brown, Evelyn Foster and Les Bryant, of 1B, after a lively and amusing debate on the subject "That war does more harm than good." The Davies Cup for Senior Debating was won by the 4A team comprising Bill Webb, Frances Stowe and Brian Bowles, who were more experienced than their 3A opponents, John Smith, Jan Gage and John Davies.

Particularly impressive in the finals for their vigour and animation were Helen Fry, Frances Stowe and John Davies, while John Brown showed a remarkably easy and natural style for a junior debater on a big occasion.

23 Flight — A.T.C.

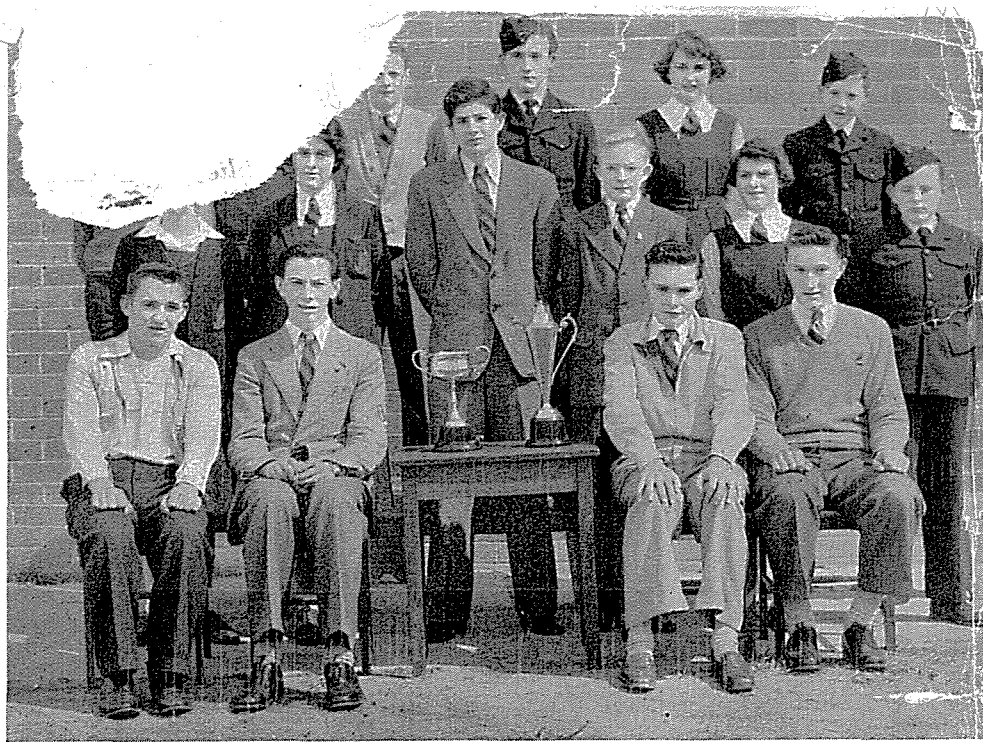
The object of the A.T.C. is to develop in air-minded boys a sense of self-discipline. By attending camps and studying for N.C.O. courses, they are able to observe R.A.A.F. life and routine. The boat trips, the occasional flights, the shoots and other functions of the station are much appreciated.

Camps at R.A.A.F. stations were attended in May, and some of our members completed N.C.O. courses. Sgt. Kesby, Cpl. Rumpf and Cadet Lance did

well to gain credits in the Senior Course. Sgt. Kesby impressed the board with his drill and bearing. Cadets Horth and Leithhead completed the Junior Course.

In early July a competition was held at Bankstown aerodrome in both rifle-drill and foot-drill. Our Flight, consisting of twenty-one boys with Sgt. Kesby in charge, managed to gain third place, just two points behind the winners.

—Barry Leithhead, 4A.



(Block donated by Mr. W. G. Webb—Penrith-Sydney Transport Service.)

PROMINENT DEBATERS—WITH THE DAVIES AND EMPSON CUPS

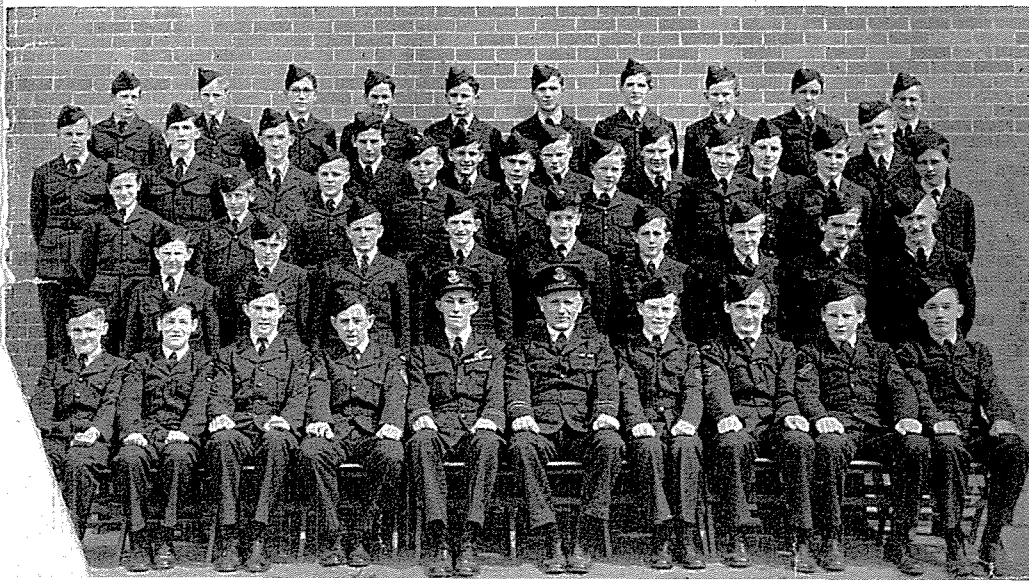
Front Row: The School Team—F. Suh, D. Harrison, N. Griffiths, W. Webb.

Second Row: M. Gibson 2B, H. Fry 2B, B. Bowles 4A, J. Anderson 4A, F. Stowe 4A, M. Ehlen 2B.

Back Row: J. Brown 1B, E. Foster 1B, L. Bryant 1B, J. Smith 3A, J. Gage 3A, J. Davies 3A.

FLIGHT 23 — AIR TRAINING CORPS

(Block donated by Mr. R. W. Handley.)



Memorable Assemblies Day

This year we have been fortunate to have had a number of distinguished and interesting speakers to address Assemblies.

Mr. James Jervis, of the Royal Australian Historical Society, gave our First Years some fascinating sidelights on the history of our district. He explained for example that our river bears the four names — Wollondilly, Warragamba, Nepean and Hawkesbury — because it was discovered independently in four different places, and the discoverer in one place did not know that the river he had found was the same as that discovered by someone else at a different locality. Mr. Jervis mentioned that Penrith was probably named by Governor Macquarie, explaining that there is a Penrith in the North of England with one long street.

The visit of Mr. Syed Waliullah, of the office of the High Commissioner for Pakistan in Sydney, was a highlight of the year. Mr. Waliullah had an easy and entertaining manner, and after referring to the separation of Pakistan from India, to the races, industries and culture of his country, he delighted members of the Senior Assembly with the beautiful examples of Pakistan craftsmanship he displayed on the stage. There were delicately-carved elephants of ivory, exquisite silver ornaments, a magnificent lamp of lacquer-

ed camel-skin, and capping all — a beautiful length of cloth of gold.

Mr. Waliullah generously consented to return to the school later in the year to show a splendid colour-film of his country.

* * *

For the commemoration of Anzac Day the school was honoured by a visit from Colonel N. M. Schaedel, O.C. of the Engineers' Stores Depot near Penrith. Colonel Schaedel gave a graphic account of the Anzac landing by tracing in particular the heroic deeds of one man — "Snowy" Howe, whose courage, loyalty and tenacity in breaking up Turkish patrols from his isolated outpost enabled the Australians to form a cohesive front line.

* * *

Mr. Muni Lal, First Secretary of the India Information Service in Sydney, gave a brief talk to the Senior Assembly on May 15th, and afterwards showed some very well-selected films of his own country. The music of India was shown to be strange to our ears, but yet of definite appeal, while pupils realised that children of India (who are fortunate enough to attend school) have very much the same experiences as themselves. Speaking of the close relationships between India and Australia, Mr. Lal said, "We have a common future and a common destiny."

Library Notes

This year a number of additions have been made to the library. Up till July £169 had been spent on books, 159 of which were fiction and 146 non-fiction. It is particularly pleasing to note that twelve books have been donated by pupils.

A library bulletin is posted in the classrooms regularly to inform pupils of library matters generally.

Miss Fardell wishes to express her appreciation of the unselfish service of the monitors: Pam Clague, Judith Harrison, Suzette Brown, Mary Montgomery, Marguerite Strange, Thelma Chalmers, Nola Knox, Patsy Ainsworth, Maureen Carter, Elizabeth Wood, Geoffrey Woodman, Geoffrey Lawson, Grant Knowles, Paul Stocker and Clive Nuttall.

—Beverley Shepherd, 4B.

The Fete, 1952

The main objective of last year's fete was the completion of the School Oval. The response of parents and public alike was magnificent. Proceeds totalled nearly £700.



PENRITH HIGH SCHOOL OVAL

The oval remains incomplete, but its facilities are already appreciated. Twin objectives of this year's fete are the top-dressing of the oval, and the construction of a Girls' Hockey Field.

Examination Results

The following Leaving and Intermediate Certificates have been awarded as a result of the 1952 examinations.

Leaving Certificate

KEY TO SUBJECTS

- | | |
|------------------------------------|---|
| 1. English | 17. Geography |
| 2. Latin | 18. Economics |
| 3. French | 20. Art |
| 5. Mathematics I. | 21. Needlecraft & Garment Construction |
| 6. Mathematics II. | 35. Descriptive Geometry and Drawing |
| 7. General Mathematics | H(1) signifies first-class Honours; H(2) |
| 9. Modern History | second-class Honours; A a first-class pass; |
| 11. Combined Physics and Chemistry | B a second-class pass. |

CORBY, Janet: 1B 3A 7B 9B 17B 18B.

DAY, John: 1A 5H(1) 6A 9B 11H(1) 35A.

DONALD, Wallace: 1B 3B 5B 6B 9B 11A.

FRASER, Jill: 1B 6B 17B 20A.

GREEN, Denis: 1B 3B 5B 6A 9B 11A.

JONES, Florence: 1A 7B 17A 18B 21B.

KELLY, Ian: 7B 9B 11B 18B.

KIRKNESS, Marcia: 1A 3A 5B 6B 9B 11A.

OWEN, Trevor: 1B 7B 9B 17B 18B 35A.

PEARSON, David: 1B 7B 17B 35B.

RAYMOND, Jane: 1B 3B 7B 9B 17B. STANTON, Lindsay: 1B 5H(2) 6A 9B
 11H(2) 35B.
 ROVERE, Mabel: 1B 2A 3H(2) (o) 7B TURNBULL, Terence: 1B 7A 9B 17A
 9B 11B. 18A 35B.

The school congratulates these students on their successes, and is proud to record the distinguished pass of John Day. John was second in the State in Combined Physics and Chemistry, and was placed in the first thirty of the four thousand boys and girls who sat for the examination.

Intermediate Certificate

Adams, Allan
 Adams, Lesley
 Allan, Margaret
 Anderson, James
 Artis, Geoffrey
 Beazley, Norman
 Bellingham, Cedric
 Blackwell, Elaine
 Blake, Rozanne
 Boan, Reginald
 Boardman, Robert
 Bond, Clive
 Bowles, Brian
 Briggs, Edward
 Bright, John
 Burneikas, Rimantas
 Chappell, James
 Clarke, Sydney
 Cox, John
 Cook, Barry
 Coshall, Patricia
 Dalglish, Graham
 Dann, Gloria
 Dengate, Harold
 Dickinson, Sidney
 Donlan, John
 Donovan, Paul
 Drapalska, Maria
 Dukes, Robin
 Dzelzainis, Ligita
 Elliott, Doreen
 Evans, Nola
 Eyles, Helen
 Fairman, Elaine
 Fancourt, Walter
 Federoff, Xenia
 Field, June
 Fitzpatrick, Barbara
 Flint, Janice
 Gallagher, Patrick

Gasson, Wallace
 Gerring, John
 Grauds, Zaiga
 Greenbank, Coral
 Hardegg, Gerlinde
 Harding, Malcolm
 Harrison, Margaret
 Hawes, Robert
 Hill, Ian
 Hokin, Doreen
 Innes, Barbara
 Jeffree, Helen
 Jenkins, Ronald
 Knox, David
 Kosyk, Krystyna
 Lack, Robert
 Laidlaw, James
 Lambert, Judith
 Lance, Geoffrey
 Land, Clive
 Lawson, Raymond
 Leithhead, Barry
 McCarthy, Beverley
 McCouat, Pamela
 McGlashan, Alfred
 McKenzie, Peter
 Meili, John
 Merlolena, Anna
 Merlolena, Gino
 Mitchell, Paul
 Moores, Richard
 Morley, John
 Morley, Noel
 Morphett, Helen
 Morphett, John
 Nesbit, Kathleen
 Parrott, Pearl
 Paton, Beverley
 Payne, Barbara

Payne, Alan
 Pickering, Kenneth
 Pratt, Nola
 O'Brien, Jeffrey
 Rainbird, Patricia
 Rance, Gwenyth
 Rees, Shirley
 Reid, Patricia
 Reynolds, Joy
 Roberts, David
 Robertson, Julia
 Rumpf, Janelle
 Ryan, Morris
 Saunders, Jean
 Scealy, Robert
 Schubach, Margaret
 Seigel, Marjorie
 Shepherd, Beverley
 Shiels, Eileen
 Shirlaw, John
 Skeen, Lloyd
 Slennett, Barbara
 Sliteris, Henry
 Snell, Arthur
 Solotorenko, Alexander
 Stowe, Frances
 Tischler, Erhard
 Thomlinson, Alan
 Treanor, Paula
 Turner, Albert
 Upton, Bruce
 Upton, Rex
 Vote, William
 Walker, Barbara
 Webb, William
 Wholohan, Trevor
 Willis, Hedley
 Wilson, David
 Wright, John
 Wrigley, Nola

Literary . . .

Selections

from

Class Magazines



THE COURTS OF THE MORNING

The "Courts of the Morning" is a large Scottish home. It nestles half-way up the brae of Cludaigh Bhain, and when looking down the glen, of an evening, to where it narrows into a gorge, the valley is lit up with an orange glow verging into a lurid glory. Behind it up the cairn stretch deer forest and heather moor till the mist-summit is reached.

The house was built over two centuries ago, but has been considerably enlarged and renovated. A winding road leads up to it through forest and parkland till, curving round a sharp bend and passing over a stone bridge, the house sweeps into view. The more the delighted wanderer gazes, the less he wishes to leave. To the left is a rose garden with fountains playing softly before lawns and shrubs; behind this rises the massive building, half mansion, half castle, which is thickly covered with ivy. It is constructed of oiled timber and grey stone which

blend beautifully with the surrounding countryside.

The wanderer eagerly approaches the main entrance which is framed in Corinthian columns and emblazoned with the arms of McDougal. Encountering no one, he steps over the threshold and looks eagerly about. Five heroes in stained glass (diffusing the whole with pale blue light) eye him remotely from the end of an immense hall.

Carved balconies and galleries in rosewood glow crimson in the half light, and rafters of the high Gothic ceiling stretch up into darkness. Gleaming silver knights in armour guard the door and magnificent richly-carpeted walnut staircases lead to the galleries. At the farthest end of the hall is the organ loft, in another corner a grand piano, and there are quite a few statues of musicians whose works will last to eternity. The owner of this home was evidently a man of many parts.

—MARGARET ALLAN, 4A.

NEVER IN THE WILDEST REALMS

OF MY IMAGINATION HAVE I . . .

A tremendous roar shattered the stillness of the misty morn, and from the forest dashed three dinosaurs, which leapt clumsily over the still smoking wall they had destroyed the night before. On they crashed, their grey sides quivering under the lashes of their metallic drivers.

Disturbed by these alarming developments, a bizarre company staggered out of the Tower of London, and gazed,

horror-stricken, at the advancing menace. They had prepared themselves for trouble, but this was war. However, hastily organizing their band, they, the Lunarians, decided on an ignominious flight. After consulting their time-machines, they dashed back into the building and shut the uranium-plated door behind them with a clang. Grasping valued possessions such as wives, crown jewels, pink

diamonds, water-bottles and bed socks, the Lunarians sped up hydraulic escalators to their portable aerodrome. In a whirl of atomic dust they took off for the Isle of Capri, which was generally regarded as a safe place from obnoxious invaders, especially since the expenses for a week's stay had risen to 5,000,000 dollars. Incidentally, for those interested, the year is 1789 B.D.

Here, the Lunarians lived in luxury and security for a month, reclining in private swimming pools and blue grottoes. Once a week they were invited to attend the lavish banquets given by the hydronium magnate, the Nawab of Sarcophagus at the Waldorf Wysteria Hotel. Apart from a routine excursion to Mars and two visits from Louis XVI of France, who discussed intimately the possibility of a revolution, nothing marred the heavenly bliss of the visitors from the moon during their stay on Capri.

After this vacation, the Lunarians felt that they should return to their Tower of London (not to be confused with *The Tower of London*), which the North Poleonic government had lent them because of the acute housing shortage.

As it was still early in the morning when they cautiously returned, none of them was prepared for the rude shock of seeing their dwelling rapidly being converted into a domicile for decrepit dinosaurs by a chain-gang of recruited robots, urged on by a two-headed creature encased in pink garments of an air-tight material which it had blown up to suggest enormous muscles.

By now, most readers of this epistle will be wondering what on earth I am talking about. Well, frankly, I haven't the faintest idea.

— JAMES ANDERSON, 4A.

A PALESTINE GARDEN

Our garden in Palestine was most precious to all of us. On hot and dry summer days, we often used to sit in the cool shade of the huge jacaranda trees, by which the garden was surrounded.

The garden was always filled with the blossoms of the most beautiful roses. The pure white of the snow queen roses could be seen from a far distance, and the dark red or "black roses," as some people called them, were the pride of my sister, who was doing all the gardening. Besides roses, there was a wide variety of other flowers, such as stocks, sweet peas and pansies.

When I'm alone I often feel homesick. I have then a special longing to see once more our garden which was so dear to all of us. When I'm asleep, I often dream of our house and garden, but it is not nearly as nice and colourful as it is in reality. Just to walk through the garden's paths once more and to breathe in those mixed perfumes of all the different flowers, or to climb the huge jacaranda trees, is my greatest wish. On one of those trees we had even built a house.

Without a ladder it was most difficult to reach this little tree house, but when you once reached it, you got your reward. Not only our garden could be seen from there, but also the surroundings. The silent forest of fir trees in the background and the fields and meadows, decorated with wild flowers in the foreground, were delightful to gaze on. Yes, it was a lovely sight.

There was always something pleasant to do in the garden. In summer, it was to lie in the hammock which was suspended on two jacaranda trees. We had always such fun. Even in the long summer evening, it was refreshing to sit on the bench in the garden. We sat there then, until the mosquitoes made it impossible to stay longer. In winter, around Christmas time, the delicious oranges were ripe. They tasted juicy and sweet. I wish I could taste them again. Of course, I can have exactly the same fruits over here, but in our own garden they seemed better and sweeter than any I have tasted since.

— GERLINDE HARDEGG, 4A.

1997

Mr. Murthwaite and I walked up the drive, past the electric fence, and through the main door. Here, one of the teachers met us and offered to show us the interesting spots in the school. We slid along a passage on a moving belt to a lift, which took us upstairs to the senior classrooms, where the pupils were at work. In each room were large lounge chairs in which pupils were curled, assiduously taking notes, while they watched their television sets. Before them on polished tables stood adding machines, while beside their feet were radiators, which could be switched on whenever required. We moved on to the next room which was fitted with electric chairs. On inquiring, we learned it was the detention room. The Men's Staff Room was the only other room in that wing and not wishing to see it, we went downstairs and strolled across to the sports area, where motor car races for house competitions were to be held that afternoon. Glancing to our right, rows and rows of shiny glass portables were seen, each building equipped with its own television aerial.

However, the pupils in the main building shunned the portables, for there were no carpets on the floors, and the chairs were only half-padded.

Our guide then whisked us, by an outside escalator, to the science laboratories, where, seated at plastic tables, the pupils were engaged in making pocket atom bombs. Not wishing to distract their attention, we hastily withdrew and slid along to the hall, where the Headmaster, an old fiery decrepit gentleman, was showing "Three Dimensional" films to a class. He was too busy to speak to us fortunately, so politely thanking our guide, we hastened back to our helicopter, and as we rose above the school, saw the science block vanish in a mushroom of orange smoke. Apparently the boys had finished their experiment. The helicopter soon reached the station and Mr. Murthwaite and I boarded the newly-installed electric train for Sydney.

— From "Are Our Schools Behind The Times?"

— By JAMES ANDERSON, 4A.

THE CASE OF THE MISSING RUBY

It was on the occasion of Lady Windermere's annual ball that the incident occurred. The huge hall in her expensive country mansion was packed with noisy dancers. Consequently the room was unbearably hot. Lady Windermere, a rather plump dowager lady, was in her element at such a gathering. As usual, as at every annual ball, she was wearing her exquisite ruby of immense value. About half-way through the ball she requested her young companion, Lord Saville, to bring her a drink as she felt hot. Her request was quickly satisfied by the young dandy.

Nobody saw her depart from the room a moment later but the young Lord. He waited for five minutes, then followed her to her room. It was the work of seconds to relieve her of her ruby.

Lady Windermere awoke with a scream. Her jewel had gone!

The news of her loss quickly spread among her guests. The police were completely out of the question because of the scandal which might follow. No longer did the orchestra play and the gathering lapsed into uneasy murmuring.

Then Sir Henry, the famed retired detective, detached himself from the shocked guests.

"Let me see the room," he said. Lady Windermere, knowing his skill, readily agreed. He was then allowed to minutely examine the room.

When he returned to the hall, his face was flushed with success. Lord Saville's face became a white mask of horror, knowing he was guilty. Lord Henry then accused Saville of the crime. The young dandy's reply was to throw the ruby on to the table and slink guiltily

out of the hall. Nobody tried to stop him because, in such a high society as this, an arrest was unthinkable. Exposure itself was ample punishment in these ranks.

After the culprit had left, a general uproar started. How did Sir Henry know? The answer was simple. His search had yielded the petal of an orchid, a very fine orchid. Lord Saville was universally known as an orchid connoisseur and was wearing a radiant specimen this night.

This in itself was hardly enough ground for accusation, but when the cunning ex-detective came into the hall, he had a self-satisfied smile.

It was Lord Saville's emotions that gave him away. Later it was revealed that the robbery was a premeditated affair and that the young Lord had drugged the dowager's drink. It was the work of a fanatic who was so engrossed in his hobby that in the end he had to take to stealing for its upkeep.

— PAUL MITCHELL, 4B.

ROME OR CHICAGO DURING PROHIBITION

(Act III, Scene 1, of the popular "Julius Caesar," a doleful tragedy of modern times.)

Caesar: The ides of March has cometh.
Soothsayer: Ay, but not goneth.

Artem: Hy, Caesar, peruse this schedule.

Deci: Trebi does desire to press his suit.

Artem: But my suit touches Caesar personally.

Caesar: I thought my tailor left something out.

Artem: Delay not. Survey it instantly.

Caesar: Dis guy's crackers! Do I look like a dry cleaning service?

Publi: Clear the way! Take your business to some other establishment.

Cassi: What are you looking for? A speakeasy licence on the street? Come to the Liquor Hall.

Popi: I hope your brew will mature to-day.

Cassi: What brew, Popi?

Popi: See you later. (Goes to Caesar.)

Brutus: What sayeth Popi?

Cassi: He wished our brew would mature to-day. I think de fats in de fire.

Brutus: Perceive he goeth to Caesar.

Cassi: Pipe down. We look like being stalled. If dis don't come off, one of us ain't coming back. I will putttest my gat in my mouth and blowest off the top of my head.

Brutus: Cas., keep your head! Popi is not squealing for he smiles and Caesar does not change.

Cassi: Trebi knows his job. He's taking Mark Antony out of the way. (Exeunt Ant. Trebi.)

Deci: Where is Met. Cim.? Let him go and present his suit to Caesar.

Brutus: He is ready. Let us press him close.

Caesar: Are we ready? What must mighty Caesar and the Liquor Commission redress?

Met.: Most high, powerful and mighty Caesar! I throw m'at your seat - - -

Caesar: I must anticipate you. I'm already sitting on it. And not so much of this bending and scraping! This fawning might turn the head of ordinary men and change their minds and laws into the laws of kids. But Caesar is not so dumb! That which melteth fools won't cut ice with me. Your brother was sent up river for selling liquor without a decree signed by me. And if you keep crawling, I'll kick you aside like an empty bottle. Know you Caesar does no wrong nor without cause he won't be satisfied.

Met.: Is there no voice better than my own that will sound more like the sound of a Cadillac in your ear? So that my brother will be returned.

Brutus: I ain't plastering your mitt for flattery, but so dat Publi can have a repeal.

Cassi: I even fall to thy foot to beg enfranchisement for Publi.

Caesar: What does he want to vote for? There are many stars, but only one holds its position truly and constantly. That is the star on a star key bottle. (Glassy stare.) Men are flesh and blood, too. But I know only one who holds his place

and that's me. I am constant keeping Amber banished.

Cinna: O Caesar!

Deci: Great Caesar!

Caesar: Look, even Brutus kneels in vain.

Cassa: Well, Betsy, speak for me.

(Conspirators shoot Caesar with tommy guns, Brutus firing last burst.)

Caesar: Brutus, too, and me without my bullet-proofed vestus — Ah — die — Caesar!

(Anyone wishing to contact author, apply at Berrima Gaol, where he is undergoing a thirty days' holiday for breach of copyright.)

— BRIAN BOWLES, 4A.

TAKES BRAINS

A party of four were sitting at a table playing bridge, when one of them, an elderly gentleman, gave a gasp and fell off his chair. The gentleman, Mr. C. J. Goldwell, was dead before he hit the floor. The others rushed to his side.

The "others" were relations of the very wealthy late Mr. Goldwell. They, however, didn't care for him, but cared a lot for his money. They went through his wallet, where apart from a large amount of money they found the will. To their amazement they read that the late Mr. Goldwell had left his entire possessions to charity, with a signature of Mr. H. C. Foxley, his personal solicitor. As yet nobody knew about the death, the three relations decided on a plan.

They phoned Mr. Foxley, who arrived shortly after. They told him they would make it worthwhile if he would forget about the will, which they burned, and keep secret the death of Mr. Goldwell,

whom they hid in the cupboard. They also wanted Foxley to take the place of Mr. Goldwell at his death-bed, and in the presence of witnesses state that he left his fortune to them. The lawyer agreed.

Next morning, Mr. Foxley in a very clever impersonation of Mr. Goldwell, lay in bed having coffee. Then suddenly he grimaced as if he was in severe pain. When the attack passed, in front of some servants and his ex-relatives, he said: "I, Mr. C. J. Goldwell, am not far from death and therefore before I go, I must leave a will. I leave £1,000 to each of my three relatives, and the rest to my only friend, Mr. H. C. Foxley, who is my lawyer."

Amazed, the relatives were unable to protest, as they would be found out. Foxley, when left alone, put Mr. Goldwell in the bed and went away.

— ALEX SOLOTORENKO, 4B.

THE MARIAN, 7,400

The Marian is a drag-line. It is a huge piece of machinery imported by the Joint Coal Board about four years ago. It gets its name from the firm which made it in America. It was transported by road in sections to Lidsdale in the Lithgow area. It took a year to assemble all the pieces and at that time was in action at Kerosene Vale. However, for the last eighteen months it has been lying idle.

The object of the Marian was to uncover large deposits of coal which Australia badly needed. It dug sixteen tons

of coal in its buckets in one bite, and has a gib of 180 feet.

It is all electrically-controlled and needs only one man to operate it. Its two iron shoes, which enable it to move over the surface of the coal at a rate of one-eighth miles per hour, are thirty feet long by twelve feet wide. Its movements resemble the waddle of a duck.

Recently the Coal Board imported another two such machines, but sold them to George Wimpey and Co., of England, for £500,000. They are now operating at Ben Bullen, another coal mining district.

The cost of purchasing and assembling these three machines would be about £250,000 each, and for dismantling and

re-erecting them on another site, the cost would be approximately £50,000 each.

—BEVERLEY SHEPHERD, 4B.

GEOFFREY, THE GENTLEMAN GHOST

I am here mentally, but not physically, as I am a ghost, and my name is Geoffrey. I am regarded as a "sissy" by all the boy ghosts, and a gentleman by all the ghouls. When my body died, my soul had to promise to haunt a certain Mrs. McGill's house.

Mrs. McGill is a middle-aged, robust woman. She lives on her own — or — well I live with her, too, but she doesn't know that as I try not to scare her.

"Oh! Hallo, Gregory!" Gregory used to live opposite Mrs. McGill, but the house he was haunting was burnt down, so he now lives with me. He enjoys being a ghost, so he scares Mrs. McGill a lot. Whenever she sees him, she runs outside screaming what she has seen, but they always laugh at her.

"What's that, Greg.? Oh! You want me to go with you to Mrs. McGill's room when she is getting ready to go to bed. Oh, no! Wait until she's in bed first, Greg. Greg.! Come back here!" Oh, dear, he is so bold. I'll have to wait till she's in bed before I go and get him.

Oh dear! That sounds like Mrs. McGill screaming! I'll have to go. What's wrong? Oh, my goodness, here she comes now! I'll hide behind this cupboard until she has gone past. It looks as if she is going to tell the McGoos about Gregory.

I'll go and see what he did to make her scream like that.

"Oh Greg.! Get down off that light cord! What were you doing up there? You what? You hanged yourself up on that light cord to scare Mrs. McGill? Oh, Greg., you shouldn't have done that! She's run next door to tell the McGoos about you. You know you shouldn't scare her. Come on now and we'll float over and see what she told the McGoos."

We're too late to hear Mrs. McGill tell what happened, but we'll hear what Mrs. McGoo says.

"Now, now, Mrs. McGill, settle down and we'll go over and see if it is still hanging up in the morning."

"Well, Greg., let's go back home and wait for the morning to come."

"Look, Greg., there go Mrs. McGoo and Mrs. McGill into the bedroom. What did Mrs. McGoo just say? She just found a half empty bottle of whisky — Oh Greg! Did you put it there?

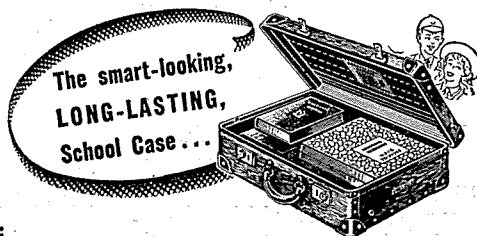
"You did? Oh! Shame on you!

"Listen to that! Mrs. McGoo just called Mrs. McGill a drunkard. Now Mrs. McGill will surely leave and that means we'll have to go as well. Oh, Greg! You shouldn't have put that bottle of whisky there!"

— W. McLEAN, 3C.

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A SHIPWRECK

On the 22nd of March, 1849, the good ship "Esperance" slipped quietly out of the Bristol Harbour. On board, the sailors stowed down the anchor and trimmed the sails for the run down the English Channel. Months later, a ship which was battered and broken by the waves, glided slowly through a maze of coral islets in the South Seas. Her name was "Esperance."

That night, a sudden tropical hurricane sprang up. The ship was blown before the storm until at last, with a tearing and rending of stout wood, it was driven on to a coral reef. That night the storm continued unabated. At noon the next day, however, the violent storm eased. Settling slowly by the stern, the ship was a grotesque sight, as with both masts

gone, she suddenly gave a lurch and slipped from the coral to sink beneath the waves. Instantly all was confusion. Heads were bobbing about in the water as the crew struggled to swim to the reef.

Suddenly a piercing scream broke the air. A sudden swirl of water and a red stain showed that the sharks were upon them. More fins appeared while the number of survivors quickly diminished. Then there were no more at all. The sharks swam complacently away, full with their human meal.

As time passed on, the fate of the "Esperance" was forgotten. In the pages of the Ship Register there was a red line through her name; also the words "No Survivors."

— RICHARD CREEK, 3C.

MURDER IN THE LIBRARY

It was a weird sort of a day, a day in which people do things that they normally wouldn't think of doing. It was on this day that I had a desire to do something extraordinary. It was to kill.

The desire to do this thing overwhelmed me, and before I had gathered my senses together, I was off in search of a victim. I found myself heading for the library. I pushed open the door and walked in. At that same instant I saw him. I had no idea whether he intended to harm me. However, I was taking no chances; I struck first. Picking up the weapon I intended to use, I struck out at him. The room whirled round me, making me feel dizzy. When I had regained control of myself I looked down,

expecting to find a corpse at my feet, but there he was still as lively as ever. In my wild panic I must have missed him.

Slowly I advanced again. My victim never moved. I somehow felt strange admiration for the fellow, but did not swerve from my purpose. I raised my weapon. As if sensing my purpose he started up, and at the same instant, I struck.

I gazed rather stupidly at the scene of destruction. Blood was spattered on the carpet, the blood of a mosquito. After such a battle with this blood-thirsty creature, I felt rather sick, but was soon elated by my success. I had rid the world of another public enemy.

— BETTY LEE, 3C.

CAPTURED

Galloping from the shelter of the trees, we surprised eighteen kangaroos just as they were bedding down for the night. They ranged from old battle-scarred bucks of unknown years to young joeys about fifteen months. For about one and a half miles we weren't able to get a shot, but

as the chase wore on the young ones dropped behind, to be quickly felled by rifle butts because we wanted the joeys alive.

As our dogs turned the mob, we split, three going either side of them. In a few strides we were onto their heels. Hauling

our mounts to a stop, a staccato of shots rang out, and seven 'roos fell. Those which were not killed in that first burst, but only wounded, were finished off with our revolvers.

By the time we had skinned the 'roos, and got the young joeys back to camp, darkness had fallen. We pegged the hides out by candle-light with the aid of the rising moon, which would in less than an hour flood the bushlands with its brilliance. After loosening the ropes which held the young 'roos prisoners, we had our supper and waited for the moon to rise.

Working in the moonlight, we loaded the joeys on the two blitz-waggons we had with us. Earlier in the week before we had left town, we had several crates measuring five feet each way built on the trucks for this purpose. After seeing the 'roos comfortable, as they were for a private zoo, we settled about the fire. As old Jack Murphy took his blackened briar pipe from his mouth, and knocked it on his heel, we all passed a knowing wink around. There weren't many bushmen who hadn't heard of Jack Murphy's stories.

— JAMES FREEBURN, 3C.

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

The stage was set. Soft lilting music rose from the orchestra as slowly and carefully the curtain rose. A soft rosy light flooded the scene as the dancers stood on their points, making them look like pink butterflies. Like a small summer breeze, they pirouetted around. It was her cue. Throwing off her small cape, she came from behind the wings.

She looked like a fairy tale princess, her long slender arms moving in the same regular motion as her white slipper-clad feet. The very music was in her lithe body. Now and then she moved, as though a shadow, across the stage. The music became faster and faster. It was the climax of the story. Her leg muscles were taut and one of her toes was bleed-

ing. But still she went on unable to stop, as though in a trance. Finally the music slowed down, and she fell into a graceful heap as it stopped. The curtain fell and rose again and again. The applause was deafening. Shouts of "Encore! Encore!" were heard. She had been a success.

Painfully she made her way to her dressing room, for her foot was bleeding badly, but she did not notice it. Little Anna Townsend was a star. Her dream had come true and she had been awarded a medal as the best dancer of the night. Surely, this was a night she would never forget. It was a night to remember.

— PAMELA MURRANT, 2A.

THE GYPSY

On the grass she lay, a thin wisp of a girl, her thoughts probably devoted to far-off things. Stretched out on the ground in a natural pose of unconscious beauty, her sun-tanned arms reaching beyond her head, she looked the picture of beauty. Scratches were to be seen on her brown legs, evidence of many a country scramble. Her dress was not one of her attractive features, as it was plain and unfashionable. After turning on her

side, the first thing that one would notice were her flashing teeth and her similarly flashing eyes. These were undoubtedly her main features; nothing surely could be more beautiful; even her smiling lips were not quite so tantalizing. Then with a heavy sigh, she was gone as quickly as she had come, and nothing was left but some beaten down grass that gave evidence of her presence.

— MARY GIBSON, 2B.

AN ESCAPE BY NIGHT

This North Korean prison camp was a small place, littered with junk, filled with rats and oozing with mud and dirty water. Monotonously, the damp days dragged on, the surrounding forests and mountains poured down their water to increase the filth of the yard. Then, on awakening one morning, the prisoners found, much to their relief, the sun sparkling merrily on the dampened leaves, the water trickling out of the enclosure, and mud being caked into dry earth again.

In one of the flea-infested huts, a small group of men sat huddled in a corner, planning a daring escape from this miserable enclosure. Craftily, they put the plan like this. One night a selected man would creep out of the hut and throw a lighted flare into a bundle of loose straw beside another hut, and while he was doing this, if the plan went well, the others would make their escape by jumping from the top of the watch-house where their friend was to join them.

Eventually, zero night came and at ten o'clock, a silent figure was to be seen flitting silently across an open space. Then everything happened at once. There came a loud click from the watch-tower and a blinding light came to rest on a small, squat figure crouched beside a heap of straw. Next came the sudden chattering of a machine-gun which made that little hero cringe with pain. In his dying

moments, that hero managed to set fire to the withered straw beside which he died. Perhaps he would take his place beside the bleak hills of bitter North Korea.

Suddenly the camp became a hornets' nest. Prisoners, guards, officials and all the others, scrambled out of their huts to see the new devil at work and rushed around the fire, adding to the swelling panic. It was at this time that the others chose to make their escape. The watch-tower had been abandoned, so to add to the confusion, the escapees on reaching the watch-tower, put both the machine-gun and the searchlight beyond repair. Having finished this task, they jumped to the ground and made their escape into the blackness of the night.

Behind them, a silent figure was left to guard the old camp, a figure still remaining in the hearts of three dismal, but happy prisoners of war. This was a man, a proper man, who had given up his life for three other men. This man was left to guard old memories, memories of a dearly-beloved land, a land for which he had fought, and beside him and the three moody figures stood the overgrown wreckage of a lonely outpost, an outpost of memories. Beside three men ran a longing spirit, begging, begging for a companion.

— MURRAY EDWARDS, 2B.

CATCHING A ROOSTER

It was a very warm and sultry day, so my mother decided we must have cold chicken for tea. I pleaded for the poor bird's life, but to no avail, so I called my brother Jim. Mum was certain there'd be blood on the block to-day and if we didn't hurry with that rooster, it might be ours.

Bloodthirsty, I call it, depriving a prize rooster of life just because mother wants chicken for tea. Jim was appointed chief executioner, and I, the official chaser — and if successful, catcher, too. The rooster was called Augustus. Now, Augustus was

an enormous brute and I wasn't looking forward to trying to catch him. However, I entered the pen with a surface happiness, but really feeling very timid underneath.

Almost at once I made a lunge at Augustus and at the same time, he jumped to peck my hands. As I dodged I fell backwards and sat down with a thump. That settled it. I left the pen and returned a few moments later armed with an old broom. I immediately made a swat at Augustus, but he was safe, and half hopped, half flew across the pen. Furtively I crept behind him, or at least tried to,

but Augustus was not to be fooled and jumped around to regard me with a look full of hurt feelings.

Now my patience was wearing thin, so I made a terrific lunge at him and Augustus disappeared in a cloud of feathers. I

picked him up, finding he was knocked out and I was worn out. The Lord High Executioner came up then, and bore the poor bird away to the guillotine.

— MARY MONTGOMERIE, 2C.

DRIVING A TRACTOR

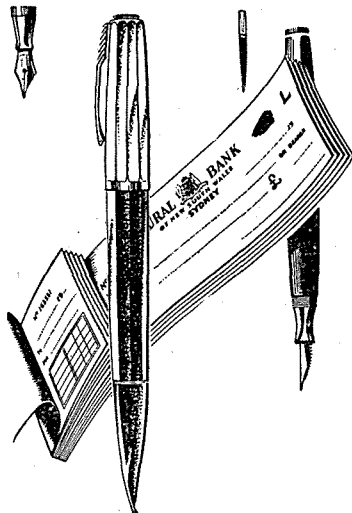
This is the story of an incident that I will never forget. I was on my Uncle Bill's farm having a holiday when he started teaching me how to drive his tractor.

After a number of lessons he told me to go and plough up his four-acre paddock if I had some spare time. Of course I jumped at this chance. Everything was going smoothly when suddenly the ground became heavier and the tractor's engine started fading. Then I remembered that my uncle had said something about changing gear. I forgot that the clutch was there to allow the tractor to

take up its load gradually and tried to change gear without depressing it. Instantly there was a terrible grinding and jangling and the whole tractor shook.

Horrified, I jumped off the tractor and called for my uncle. When he reached me, he took the gear-box cover off and found that I had taken fourteen teeth off second and third gears and broken two splines. I had to go back two acres to get a bulldozer to tow us back. When I got home, I went without pocket money for two weeks. The insurance company paid for the damage to the tractor.

— DENNIS JOHNSON, 2B.



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THE ARABIAN DHOW

In that busy Eastern seaport, where ships were jammed hard and fast between others, vessels coming and going were not noticed. But when a sleek, shining Arabian dhow edged between boats along the channel, all eyes turned upon it in envious admiration. It was long and low, glistening white, which changed into a glossy black upon reaching the waterline. Its large, black sail, emblazoned with a crest of red and gold, billowed out in the strong, cool, refreshing breeze. Its swarthy sailors were her hard-working

crew, who were heaving at the anchor chain, their weird chant just reaching us over the noise and babble of the multitude. Its flag was unrecognisable, but it had an ensign printed on it. The creak of straining hawsers was barely audible. The owner reclined on a couch to the rear of the vessel.

This beautiful, fascinating picture indelibly printed itself on our minds before the dhow glided between the ships and beyond our vision.

— JOHN HUNT, 2A.

THE BALLERINA

She stood in the wings, nervously clasping her hands, a girl of grace, poise and beauty. Her sleek black hair was neatly parted in the middle and on her head she wore the feathered head-dress of the Swan Princess. Her arms were slender and creamy smooth, her legs straight and firm. She moved gracefully and held her head erect and proud. Occasionally she rose on her toes and pirouetted, her long hands and fingers moving expressively and her step light, yet sure.

The ballerina was dressed in a soft, snowy white, classically cut tu-tu. It was fluffy in appearance, not unlike swans-

down. Her legs were whitened and she wore, on her feet, white satin ballet shoes, well resined so that she would not lose balance, or slip on the stage.

A bell rang and the Swan Princess moved quickly towards the stage, where she lost nervousness at once, as her beautiful limbs obeyed her. The fairy lights on her face made me notice her heavy, theatrical make-up, exaggerated eyelashes, scarlet cheeks and lips. Through the entrance curtain she moved, her task being to entertain and enthrall her audience.

— KAY DAVISON, 2A.

WHEN I GROW UP

Growing up will be a funny thing. Suddenly I will be able to say what I like, do what I like and go where I like. My career will go as far as twenty-three, and if successful, it will go on until retiring age. Of course, by that I don't necessarily mean that I will be a slave every minute of the week to work. Oh, no, not me! I shall go to the pictures three nights a week and at least one night to a dance. When at the pictures I shall eat chocolates until I cannot eat any longer. During my career I shall be a dress designer as well as my own secretary.

My house will contain at least twenty rooms, all lavishly furnished to my own taste. The backyard will contain an

enormous swimming pool, a huge sandpit and a giant lemonade fountain. Now, I know no home is complete without pets, so I shall probably keep a pet lion, a kitten and a crocodile.

Naturally I won't get up until ten. My shop opens at ten past, but of course, the shop has fifty attendants, so I need not worry. In the house there will be escalators and a library containing five thousand books. There will be at least half a dozen maids.

Every year I shall go sailing in my luxury yacht.

By the way, I forgot to mention that I intend marrying a millionaire.

— MARY MONTGOMERIE, 2C.

A DAY TO REMEMBER

The greatest day in my life had dawned bright and clear. June, my girlfriend, and I were to set out on our voyage to far and distant Australia. The ship which was to convey us would take many months to reach our destination. Final goodbyes were said and our trunks placed on the roof of our coach. We were off, and as we waved a farewell to our homes we thought of our new life.

The carriage sped towards London and our ship. People were all in a hurry to work, but we were not. Soon we reached our ship and were helped down by an elderly man, who was to help us on our journey. We boarded the ship and were led to our cabins, where our luggage had

already been placed. When we were washed and changed after our long journey, we ventured on deck to see some other passengers. People were everywhere, running here, dashing there, mothers looking for lost children, people saying goodbye, sedate men with coat tails flapping behind, prim ladies with dresses trailing on the deck, all packed into a small space.

When a loud-voiced man called, "All aboard!" people seemed to melt away like magic, leaving the deck empty. A last passenger raced on board as the ship drew out. We were on our way. England was slowly fading away, and in front was Australia, with freedom and hope.

— MARGUERITE STRANGE, 2A.

THE ENGINE FAILED

Last Christmas, my mother decided that she would like me to fly to Victoria for my holidays. The exciting day came when we packed my luggage into the car and set off for the aerodrome. As we took off, the hostess came around with barley sugar. I asked her how long it would take us to reach Melbourne, and she told me that we would be there in about two hours.

The minutes slipped by and we were now over Canberra. Suddenly, with great force, the plane lurched forward. I could hear the engine getting fainter and the

machine was losing altitude. The blood drained from my face and I became limp. Everybody was in a panic. As I looked out of the window, I could see the ground racing up to meet us. Seconds seemed like hours, but suddenly the engine started up again and the plane started to bank upwards. It did so just in time, for we barely missed the rooftops.

Later the plane was landed at Canberra and mechanics were set to work on the engine. When I reached Melbourne, I told my cousin of the perilous adventure.

— TERRY MAHON, 2A.

HAVING A TOOTH OUT

Slowly and nervously my hand crept towards the door handle. With quaking, knocking knees, I walked across the room and perched myself on the edge of a chair. Every time the nurse came to the door I would try to hide myself so that my name would not be called. When the child who had gone in before me started to cry, my fears increased rapidly. To calm my fears I began to think of the picnic which was to take place the following day. In a moment the door opened and admitted

the nurse. Once again I curled up my knees and began to peer long and thoughtfully at the magazine in front of me, trying to hide my face. Soon my fears were justified. My name was called.

Half an hour later I emerged unsteadily from the surgery. I felt worn out and tired, my mouth was numb and my hair untidy, but my fears were calmed. I had not been hurt in the least, and now I could go to the picnic.

— HELEN FRY, 2B.

WARRAGAMBA DAM

The first stage of the Warragamba River development was an emergency scheme to help Sydney's water supply during the drought of 1934-1942. It involved the construction of a 50 foot weir, which would hold back nearly 579,000,000 gallons of water. It was connected by a 72-inch diameter suction main to an underground pumping station, below river level. The pumps were capable of pumping over 40,000,000 gallons of water daily to Prospect Reservoir through a 48-inch pipe. This pipe, which is nearly 16 miles long, has since been replaced by an 84-inch pipe.

It was originally intended to build the dam downstream of the weir, but after intensive geological investigations, a new site was found. This new site was about a mile upstream of the weir.

Preparations are now well advanced for the construction of the wall, which will, with its apron, contain nearly 1,400,000 cubic yards of concrete. This will provide a storage of 460,000 million gallons of water.

The upstream face of the wall will be vertical except as it nears the crest. The downstream side will have a slope of about $49\frac{1}{2}$ degrees. Located at the centre of the 11,000 foot crest will be a 300 foot spillway. Coils of $\frac{3}{4}$ inch cooling pipes in layers 5 feet apart vertically will be left in the concrete. In all, there will be nearly 400 miles of this pipe used. Dur-

ing the pouring of the concrete, and for several months after, chilled water will be circulated through the pipes to extract the heat from the concrete. The cooling will cause the blocks to shrink from one another, leaving a space into which cement grout (cement and water) will be pumped under high pressure.

To carry out the required thermal control of the concrete, two refrigeration plants will be installed at the dam site. One will be to supply chilled water, which has been mentioned above, and the other to provide ice for addition to the concrete materials when mixing.

The ice-making plant will be capable of producing 170 tons of ice daily, plus 10,000 gallons of water cooled to 34 degrees F. The ice tower has six floors, housing the ammonia compressors, the electrical transformers and switch-gear, an aggregate testing laboratory, ice distribution and aggregate sampling rooms, ice machines, ice storage tank and tank water.

The frame of the building consists of pre-stressed beams and columns. The weight of the ice storage tank with a capacity for 90 tons of ice is carried by beams with a 30 foot span. Heights of the columns range from 56 feet to 78 feet, with a cross section of 18 inches. This building is supposed to be the only pre-cast and pre-stressed multi-storeyed building in the world.

— S. MURRAY, 3C.

THE TREASURE HUNT

Searching in the attic of our English home, I happened to come upon an old book. I tell you about this book because it was one that had been thrown aside and forgotten. The book was covered in spider-webs and dust. I opened it up, and upon turning the pages I came upon a small piece of paper. It was torn in places, and taking a closer look I perceived that it was a map. Thinking it was of some value, I raced downstairs to show it to the rest of the family. Dad took one look and gasped, "This is the map

to King Shaw's long-lost treasure." We all spoke at once in the next ten minutes, for we all had the same idea in mind. We were going hunting for this treasure.

The following two weeks were spent in packing provisions and preparing for the adventure. When we had finished our preparations, anyone would have thought we were going camping for six months, for I doubt if any of us could have carried another ounce.

The position of the treasure was on a ledge in a cave in the Green-tree Moun-

tains. Before the treasure could be reached, a cliff-face had to be descended and there were moans from us when we read on the map that the ledge was four thousand feet above the ground, though it was worth climbing for a fortune. The following morning we set out on our journey. The Green-tree Mountains were on an uninhabited island about one hundred and seventy miles from the west coast of England. From home to the island was two hundred and eighty miles, of which we travelled the first one hundred and ten by car, which brought us to a seaport on the coast.

Here we borrowed a launch from an old sea-captain. The launch was a fairly large one, weighing about thirty tons, and looking rather the worse for wear.

About eight hours later we came within sight of our destination. Finding a little sheltered harbour we cut off the motor and cruised into its quiet waters. We dropped anchor and stepped ashore.

According to the map the cliff face was something like the shape of a human face, and the cave appeared as a small black hole. We could not see much from where we were standing, so I picked the highest tree I could find and climbed to its topmost branches. From this lookout I discovered what we were looking for.

When we reached the cliff-face we found a winding staircase cut out of the rock, which must have been used to transport the treasure to the cave. We were exhausted when we reached the top, for after all, four thousand feet of staircase take some climbing.

The rest of the story can be told simply. Yes, we found the treasure chest. Inside it was a small box no bigger than a foot square, and lying at the bottom was a tiny slip of paper bearing the mocking words: "This treasure was found."

— DENNIS WHITELEY, 2B.

NEALES

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NIGHT SONG

*When dusk draws its mantle encircling the sky,
The stars shine out, and the moon stands by;
Flower scent lingers under the trees
And is wafted away by the light phantom breeze.*

*Dusk deepens to night and the shadows are long,
While the tree-tops listen to a nightingale's song;
The stars are mirrored in the seven seas,
And the song is heard by a thousand trees.*

— Helen Weir, 3A.

TWILIGHT

*Fingers of the grey reach out
To clutch the fleeing light,
And chase it swiftly from the sky
Receding into night.
A hazy film of darkness forms,
Obliterating almost all,
And chasing shadows through the dusk
Before the darkness falls.
Slowly, gradually, then it fades
To give place to a lesser light,
That misty greyness floating in
Leaves us with the inky night.*

Jennifer Andrews, 2B.

AUSTRALIA

*Her tall gum trees stand silent
With their blossoms spreading far,
And balls of golden wattle
Each hang as if a star.
Her fragrant scented flowers
And mountains far and near,
That stand like mighty emblems
Which even man will fear.
Her animals so timid,
Her birds that fly on high,
This great bold land of plenty
Shall never, never die!*

— Nola Evans, 4C.

THE SEA

When the thunder breaks and the lightning flashes.

The sea is at its best;

The foam flings high, the seagulls cry,

And it's then that I cannot rest.

The wild sea calls

While the old stone walls

Are battered as breakers crash,

To heave and fall again in answer to lightning flash.

And the fearsome shriek of the sea-wind

Is but mild to the flash of the waves;

As the foam flings high, the seagulls cry

And the sky hangs low on the sea.

— Helen Weir, 3A.

LIGHT AND GLORY

The lilies by the streams

Sway gently to and fro,

They hold a beauty there

That everyone should know.

The daffodils in Springtime

Shine brightly through the fields,

Again, the lazy meadow

The pretty bluebell shields.

Their colours are entrancing,

Their hearts are tipped with gold,

And when the sun is setting

The glows their shrines enfold.

And yet we humans living

In city houses tall,

Know nothing of the beauty

Past the busy suburb wall.

— Faye Kirkness, 2A.

MY LAND

I own much land,

Ten acres of land

Where the woodbirds play and call,

I own much land

Ten acres of land

And a splendid waterfall.

I own much land

Ten acres of land

And a pretty cottage tall,

And the gift of nature doth ally

Happiness till I die,

And here then I, in peace shall lie

Where the woodbirds play and call.

— Faye Kirkness, 2A.

PENRITH'S ROAD

*On the banks of Nepean a city is built,
 With mountains away to the west,
 But within the heart of the township small
 There's a stir of wild unrest.
 The stream of gold diggers, night and day
 Are ready to kill if it comes their way.
 Out to make fortunes are the bold
 And they work with a will the windlass and hold.*

*The fight for gold will try the best,
 But the fight for honesty is the test.
 Many a heart will break in twain
 For their fortunes have not won —
 Blessed is the man who can take the blow
 And try for his luck again.*

*And now the rush is o'er and past,
 And the town once more is resting,
 And the silvery river winds on its way
 Hugging the banks of progress.*

— Helen Fry, 2B.



You can't eat a Moose at a meal...

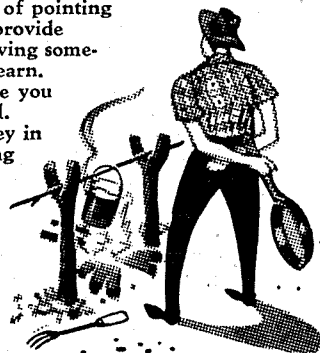
NOBODY would seriously try to eat a whole moose at one meal, for that animal is often 7 feet tall and weighs 1,000 pounds.

Consequently, the wise hunter preserves most of the moose meat so that he will have something to fall back on when other food is scarce.

That is just another way of pointing out the fact that wise people provide for their future well-being by saving something out of all the money they earn.

So if you follow his example you won't try to eat a moose at a meal.

You won't spend all your money in one go. Instead, you'll save something out of every shilling you get; you'll put it away in a Commonwealth Savings Bank account, where it will be safe until you want to buy something really worthwhile.



COMMONWEALTH Savings BANK

THERE IS A BRANCH OR AGENCY IN YOUR DISTRICT

THE HAPPY SWAGMAN

*Across the stony ridges
And through the drenching rain,
The bronze and happy swagman
Goes tramping west again.*

*He sings a little ditty
While plodding through the brush,
And also in the still dark night
When all around is hush.*

*He tells great tales of flooding,
Of droughts and raging fires,
Of yarns told by his road-mates,
And the biggest outback liars.*

*When life's journey's over
And he crosses the "Great Divide,"
With a band of happy swagmen
Forever he'll abide!*

John Metcalfe, 2B.

CURE FOR A TOOTHACHE

*Hour after hour, hour after hour
I lay upon my bed,
My tooth was throbbing all the time
Within my aching head.*

*Hour after hour, hour after hour
Until a thought struck me,
I ran to the cupboard just to get
Some "Vincent's A.P.C."*

*Never again, never again
Will that tooth make me shout!
For with the bottle I got just then
I knocked my tooth right out!*

*Remember now, remember when
Someday your tooth starts aching,
You'll find that my way is the best,
I am sure there's no mistaking.*

— David Parkin, 2C.

JAKE'S JUG

(Apologies to "Drake's Drum" by Newbolt.)

*Jake is in the Rural Bank, a mile or two away
(Brother, you shouldn't be there you know)
Hangin' on the vault lock, tryin' to make it sway
An' lookin' arl the time for a wrench or so.
Yarnder stands his mate, yarnder stands another,
With gun an' mask a-danglin' on his toe,
Now with street-lights flashin' and his mates a-dashin'
He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.*

*Jake, he was a Long Bay man, an' ruled the King's Cross pubs,
(Brother, you shouldn't be there you know)
Rovin' down the gaol-yard, he went wi' heart at ease,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' whiskey-ho!
Take my grog to Long Bay, put it on the floor,
Drink it when your spirits runnin' low,
If they put me in a cell, I'll be there for a spell,
An' march about in uniform whenever whistles blow!*

— John Morley, 4B.

AROUND 4A

*There was a tall fellow called Knox,
Who has been described as an ox;
He excels at History,
Is always a mystery
And stands about eight feet in socks.*

*There was once a fellow called Kenneth,
Who was always considered a mena(th)
He never makes speeches,
Has curly-topped features,
And at English has just reached his zenith.*

*There was once a damsel called Schubach,
Who screamed that she wanted her shoe back;
The cow that had "took" it
She belted and shook it
But it only gave her a moo back.*

*There is a queer girl called Federoff,
Everyone feels they could kill 'er off;
She speaks fluent Prussian,
Is always a-rushin'
And talks till you just have to shut'er off.*

*There was once a fellow called Harry,
He's got all the weight he can carry;
He bandages scratches,
You get in the matches,
And always seems happy as Larry.*

*Hardegg looks quite a curious name,
But when we hear Rumpf, it seems to be tame;
Hard eggs are boiled
Rump steak is broiled,
No wonder those two in the back look the same*

*There was a young fellow called Jim
Whose knowledge of Science was dim,
His hair's white with fright,
He has rather short sight
For writing these verses, they'll get him.*

*Bill Webb is our only class sculler,
A pastime which couldn't be duller,
We get our ears bashed,
As records are smashed,
And green is his favourite colour.*

AROUND 4B

*There was once a class called 4A
Without asking whether or nay,
Just pinched all our fables
So we've turned the tables,
To teach them that crime doesn't pay.*

*There was a debater called Paul
Who kept his face blank as a wall,
'was a good boy at heart,
But he thought he was smart,
For he didn't have no brains at all.*

*There was a young fellow called Hedley,
Whose knowledge of dancing was deadly,
He's been double-crossed
He gambled and lost,
So all he can do is the medley.*

*There was a young lady called Beverley
Who fell on her rear rather heavily,
To make matters worse
She began to curse
For the fellow who caught her was W - - - - y.*

— John Gerring, 4B.

ASKING FOR A DANCE

*The music starts to play, the girls
Look sheepishly about;
They sit up straight, look sedate,
And hope to be not left out.*

*The gentleman first picks out his girl
And throws out his manly chest,
He looks at his shoes, straightens his tie
And hopes he looks at his best.*

*He asks to have the next dance please,
Says he hopes he isn't a bore;
With a silent gloat he takes off her coat
Then they waltz all over the floor.*

— John Gerring, 4B.

3A LIMERICKS

*Dave Annuk has girls, oh so many!
And few sheikhs can beat him — if any!
This cute little elf
Plans to raffle himself,
And the tickets are two for a penny.*

*There once was a boy called Cecil
Whose particular flair was to wrestle,
He got in more trouble
Than the South Sea Bubble,
Our excitable, fightable Cecil.*

*There was a boy called Liston
Whose tongue functioned just like a piston;
He's another great talker,
A real mate for Walker,
Is dear little Jonathan Liston.*

*There once was a girl called Gage
Who flew into a terrible rage;
I'd tell you more
Than I have before
But I've come to the end of the page.*

— John Davies, 3A.

MY GOOD OLD TRUCK

(A parody on "Sea Fever.")

*I must get a good old truck again
With its poor old crankshaft bent,
With the tyres flat and the wheels crook
And the mudguards all a-dent.*

*I'd hop in my good old truck again
And go for a ride outback,
With the steering gone and the doors all off
And the nuts and bolts all slack.*

*I suppose if I went out back again
All through the slime and muck,
My thoughts would always wander back
To the times of my good old truck.*

— Geoff O'Keefe, 2C.

GLENBROOK

*Oh, you may shout your praises
Of the Sydney Harbour Bridge,
Or boast about the opals found
Way out at Lightning Ridge.
You sing about your Gundagai,
Admire the Bathurst Plains,
And talk about the coal that's won
In Northern Pelaw Main.*

*But! Just a moment, if you please,
I've something here to tell;
You may have never heard of it,
Yet it is something "swell"!
The grandest little place there is
In sunny New South Wales,
And Glenbrook is the name of it,
That stands 'midst hills and dales.*

*The rugged mountains round about
Like sentinels do stand,
As if to guard a treasured jewel
Most precious in the land.
Then lending nature's beauty
To this rapturous bushland scene,
The wattle in profusion grows
In yellow, gold and green.*

— Margaret Saunders, 2B

WATER FOR SYDNEY

*From hills out west by Lithgow town,
Through gullies deep and wide,
The Cox's River hurries on
Across the Great Divide.*

*And from the south near Crookwell's slopes
The Wollondilly flows,
Until it joins the Nattai stream
In winter fed by snows.*

*These rivers travel slowly on
Until the Cox is seen,
The name is Warragamba then,
Until it joins Nepean.*

*Across a Warragamba gorge
A mighty wall takes shape,
To hold this precious water back,
That it may not escape.*

*In years to come the Sydney folk,
Will pause in summer's heat,
And bless the men who built the wall
The country's drought to cheat.*

— Geoffrey Woodman, 2B.



THE SPORTS UNION

The Sports Union formed last year has continued to function. Meetings have been held regularly with the object of ensuring that each sport receives an adequate share of facilities and material available.

This year's secretary is Elaine Blackwell, who is also a member of a sub-committee comprising as well Margaret

Eckford, Bill Webb and Ralph Weatherley. The duties of the sub-committee have been to investigate the question of awarding Blues. A report has been made to the Union, but to date no awards have been made.

House and Sport Representatives on the Union are as follows:

HOUSE REPRESENTATIVES

BLAXLAND: Joy Harrison; Norman Griffiths.

LAWSON: Elaine Blackwell; Ferdo Suh.

LENNOX: Judith Lambert; Deral Kesby.

WENTWORTH: Aine Stonham; George Ivanoff.

SPORT REPRESENTATIVES

BOYS

Athletics: Ian Stewart.

Basketball: Juras Kovalskis.

Cricket: Alan Nicholls.

Rugby: Ferdo Suh.

Soccer: Jim Laidlaw.

Softball: John Kay.

Swimming: Deral Kesby.

Tennis: Doug. Carter.

Rowing: Bill Webb.

GIRLS

Tennis: Margaret Schubach.

Swimming: Wendy Miller.

Softball: Gwen Stratton.

Vigoro: Brenda Glendenning.

Athletics: Hazel Stewart.

Hockey: Wendy Fuller.

Basketball: Vida Vladickaite.



FOOTBALL



All of our five football teams had a reasonable amount of success in the last season.

We saw this year the accumulated result of several seasons' training, as we had the best unrestricted team that has ever represented the school. The team contained fine individual players, and after a short period of training developed sound combination. Every opposing team was defeated with the exception of Bathurst High School. The team travelled to Lithgow, with our four other teams, to contest the Blue Mountains Carnival. In its first match it defeated Katoomba High 12-0, a score which included two grand tries by Adrian Rumpf. In the final, Adrian again scored to give us a 3-0 victory over St. Bernard's College. This was the first time Penrith had won the Unrestricted Cup at Lithgow. The team then travelled to Bathurst to play the winner of the Orange Carnival, which was Bathurst High School. In a closely fought final our players lost 18-10.

COACH'S COMMENTS: The First XIII consisted of a heavy, vigorous pack and a fast, penetrative back line. A feature of all its victories was the spirit of its players. The team consisted of:

F. Suh: Captain. Considered by former Test star Dally Messenger, who saw him play at Lithgow, an international in the making. A most courageous, spirited forward with superb defence.

A. Nicholls: Vice-captain and five-eighth. A will-o'-the-wisp, elusive in attack, reliable in defence; altogether a polished footballer.

N. Griffiths: A determined, keen centre who made great progress through the season. A very reliable player who always did well.

Of our teams, the 9-7 was perhaps the least successful, although its performances were creditable. This team was defeated 3-0 at Lithgow by the ultimate winners. St. Bernard's. In a surprising change of form, the boys defeated the same combination the following week, 7-4.

After a mixed season, the 8-7 team struck form at the right time. In its first match it defeated Portland 12-0. In the final, time was running short with the score at 2-0 when D. Hill kicked a field goal from 30 yards out. Because the scores were equal at full time, extra time had to be played, and in that short time S. Chiew scored a try which gave us victory and returned the 8-7 cup to the school. At the Bathurst Carnival this team lost 6-0 to St. Stanislaus' College, Bathurst.

In the 7-7 division a lack of weight and the absence of several players cost the boys a win in the final, although their defeat was by the narrow margin of 2 points only. The earlier game, quite a tough one—resulted in a win for our team 3-0 over De La Salle.

Our midgets, the 6-7 boys, were also impressive all the season, but lost 3-0 in the final at Lithgow. The try came from a very lucky intercept, and a reversal in scores would not have surprised many.

—Barry Leithhead, 4A.

A. Magers: A newcomer to the game. Has strength, determination and courage. One of the successes of the season.

R. Davey: A loose forward with great ball sense. A determined tackler with football ability.

D. Kesby: A much improved forward. Always up with the play and sound in the rucks.

R. Zamirowski: A great-hearted boy. Learnt the half-back position during the season, and always did his best.

A. Rumpf: A big, fast centre, who played some splendid games. His tries at Lithgow were the result of magnificent efforts.

A. Bills: One of the best tacklers in the team. A good trier. Played on the wing.



FERDO SUH—Captain of the First XIII

(Block donated by Mr. E. E. Smith.)

In the **8-7 team** there were no boys of exceptional speed or cleverness. This fact makes their success more praiseworthy. By hard work from all players, low effective tackling, ability to dive on the loose ball and general teamwork, they made up for the absence of individual stars. Their record was that, after losing the first four matches, they notched wins against Katoomba High, Lithgow High, Portland Inter. High, Westmead Junior Tech., and draws with Katoomba and St. Bernard's, finally winning the Lithgow Carnival and narrowly losing 6-0 to St. Stanislaus' College in the Grand Final at Bathurst. **Dave Aylett**, captain, a very experienced player, made up for lack of speed by his clever footwork. **Hedley Willis**, a star in gymnasium work, used his strength plus a natural side-step and dummying to force openings. **D. Hill** was usually a very safe full-back. In the forwards the hardest workers in a good pack were **B. Hill** and **R. Carter**.

R. Burneikis: Another newcomer to Rugby. Big, vigorous and strong. Will be one of next season's stars.

G. Ivanoff: Winger. Showed determination and good ball control through the season. A natural athlete for any ball game.

V. Stein: A dependable team man. Played in various positions through the season.

P. Spence: Hooker. Won a good share of the scrums in many games.

B. Leithhead: Alternative hooker. Greatly improved as a forward. Gave good displays at the Carnival.

* * *

The **9-7 team** was well-balanced, with fast backs and a strong scrum base.

In the forwards the outstanding players were **McKenzie**, **Cummins** and **Raymond**. **M. Lynel** was the star of the backs.

* * *

The **7-7 team** had an excellent record in attack and defence throughout the season. In the last nine games the opposition scored only 5 points to our 41.

Features of our matches were the scoring of wingers **Grace** and **McCalman**, who finished off many moves started by clever centres **Seni** and **Bright**; the vicious tackling and harassing methods of **Schenscher** and **Roach**—a wonderful inspiration to our rugged pack; and the effective use made by our speedy backs of the ball won so consistently by hooker **Merriman**.

The **6-7 team** lost its first game 0-28, then went on to score forty-six points in its remaining games, with only six points scored against it. This speaks well for its ability to profit from early mistakes, and to mould itself into a fine defensive as well as attacking combination.

Congratulations to the team for its co-operation and team-spirit.



(Block donated by Mr. N. Kereotis, Aroney's Cafe.)

SOCCER TEAM

Front Row: A. Solotorenko, A. Suh, G. Groosdeff, T. Brusilowicz, A. Groosdeff.

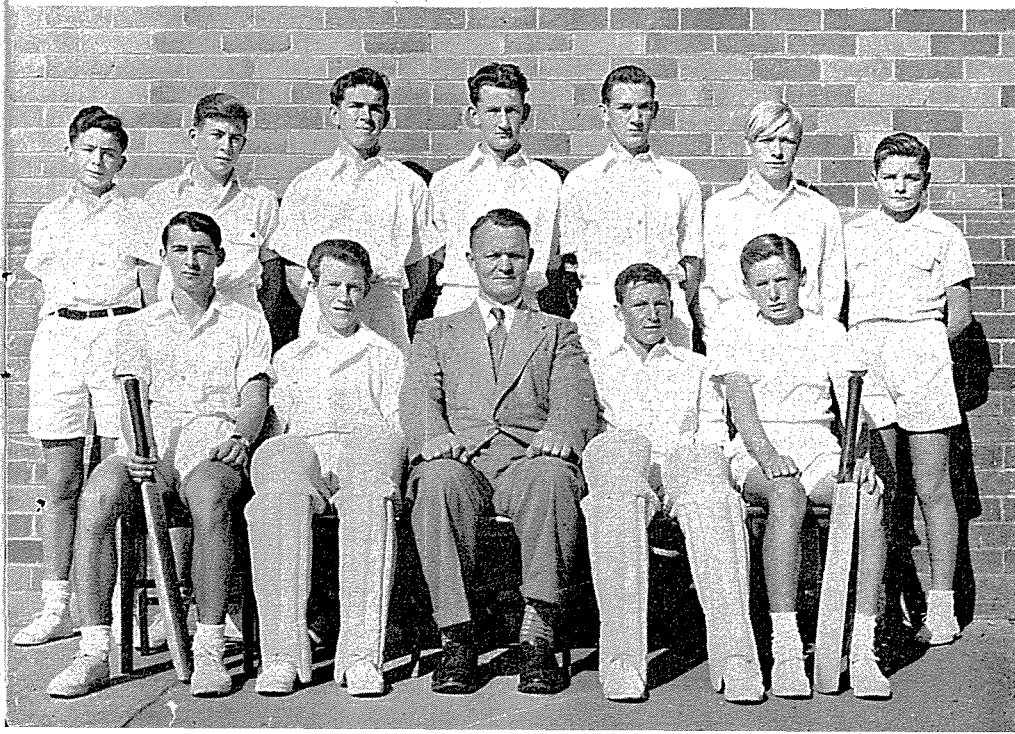
Back Row: J. Guggamus, N. Handley, J. Laidlaw, Mr. D. Learmonth, G. Goldstein, P. Mitchell, R. Zamirowski.

FIRST XI

Front Row: R. Dunstan, A. Nicholls, Mr. N. Edwards (Coach), M. Lynel, R. Honeyman.

Back Row: D. Rowsell, H. Caines, I. Stewart, R. Weatherley, P. Spence, P. Mitchell, D. Greenbank.

(Block donated by Mr. W. A. Nicholls.)



TENNIS



BOYS: In the first two terms we played four inter-school matches — two against Richmond and two against Katoomba. Against Richmond our A and B teams were both suc-

cessful, but Katoomba proved superior.

In the inter-House Competition, Lawson won with 27 points, followed by Wentworth with 21, Blaxland with 10 and Lennox with 2.

—Hedley Willis, 4B.

COACH'S COMMENTS: The year's outstanding player was Doug. Fellows, who last year won the B grade tournament, and who will certainly be prominent in this year's tournament. Juniors have shown marked improvement as a result of House Competitions during Second Term.

GIRLS: Our school teams won brilliantly against Katoomba and Richmond, and were defeated by only one game at Parramatta. This is the more surprising since our teams comprise all young players.

In the inter-House Competition, Lawson won with 10 points, while Lennox finished with 8, Blaxland with 2 and Wentworth with nil.

We join with the boys in sincerely thanking the court owners of the district for the use of their courts every Wednesday afternoon.

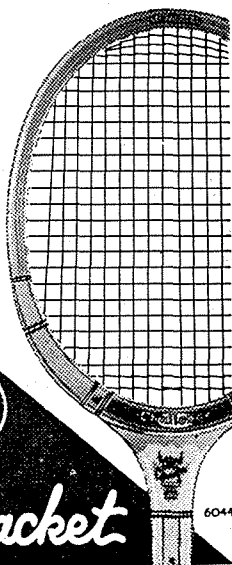
—Janelle Rumpf, 4A.

COACH'S COMMENTS: The team representing the school this year was probably the youngest ever. Players came from First, Second and Third Years, yet met with outstanding success. Against Katoomba for example, they won by 11 sets to 1. The sportsmanship of the team was very commendable.

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- ★ JACK KRAMER
- ★ KEN MCGREGOR

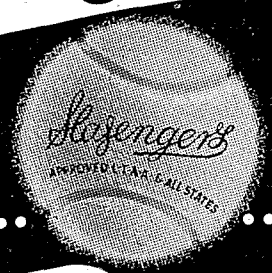
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SCHOOL TENNIS TEAMS

Front Row: C. Tracy, S. Watters, L. Field, R. Locke, K. Gibbons, P. Sutton, M. McCormack, J. Lynel.

Back Row: Miss B. Gould, D. Fellows, D. Carter, C. Baines, R. Weatherley, R. Dunstan, D. Robertson, Mr. M. Torode.

ATHLETICS



Our Annual Athletics Carnival again proved one of the highlights of the year. Inter-House rivalry was keener than ever, reaching an impressive climax when all

four Houses were marshalled for the March Past. The judges—the Mayor and Mayoress (Mr. and Mrs. Chapman), and Mrs. Lamrock—found difficulty in separating the Houses in this event, but after some deliberation, awarded first place to Wentworth.

Pennants for the highest individual point-scores were won by the following:

Champion Athletes — 1953

BOYS

Senior	Norman Griffiths
Intermediate	Ian Stewart
Junior	Barry Nye

* * *

GIRLS

Senior	Diane Bannan
Intermediate	Elaine Blackwell
Junior	Pat Bannerman

House Points

1. BLAXLAND	547
2. WENTWORTH	435
3. LAWSON	428
4. LENNOX	345

Boys' Results

Senior

- 100 Yds.—N. Griffiths, A. Nicholls, A. Rumpf. Time: 11 secs.
 220 Yds.—N. Griffiths, A. Rumpf, A. Nicholls. Time: 26.2 secs.
 440 Yds.—A. Rumpf, A. Nicholls, N. Griffith. Time: 60.2 secs.
 880 Yds.—R. Zamirowski, K. Javernig, D. Kesby. Time: 2 mins. 22.8 secs.
 1 mile—R. Zamirowski, K. Javernig, B. Leithhead. Time: 5 mins. 20.8 secs.
 Broad Jump—A. Rumpf, R. Weatherley, N. Griffiths. 19ft. 2ins.
 High Jump—R. Burneikis, A. Rumpf, N. Griffiths. 4ft. 11ins.
 Shot Put—N. Griffiths, D. Annuk, R. Zamirowski. 28ft. 1in.

Intermediate

- 100 Yds.—I. Stewart, R. Burton, K. Jackson. Time: 11.6 secs.
 220 Yds.—I. Stewart, R. Burton, K. Jackson. Time: 27 secs.
 440 Yds.—R. Burton, I. Stewart, D. Roots. Time: 61.6 secs.
 Broad Jump—I. Stewart, H. Caines, N. Gunning. 17ft. 2ins.
 High Jump—I. Stewart, H. Caines, J. Fuller. 5ft. 1in.

Junior

- 100 Yds.—B. Nye, M. Brennan, A. Wood. Time: 11.6 secs.
 220 Yds.—B. Nye, M. Brennan, G. O'Keefe. Time: 27.2 secs.
 Broad Jump—G. McCalman, W. Rodgers, K. Baker. 17ft. 0ins.
 High Jump—B. Nye, T. Gleeson, A. Wood. 4ft. 6ins.

Girls' Results

Open

- 220 Yds.—P. Bannerman 1, M. McCormack 2, D. Bannan 3. Time: 28.5 secs.

Senior

- 100 Yds.—D. Bannan 1, H. Stewart 2, M. Earp 3. Not timed.
 75 Yds.—D. Bannan and M. Earp 1, N. Wriggley 3. Time: 10.6 secs.
 High Jump—D. Bannan 1, G. Schlyter and W. Fuller 2. 4ft. 3ins.
 Broad Jump—D. Bannan 1, M. Earp 2, J. Harrison 3. 12ft. 10ins.

Intermediate

- 100 Yds.—J. Corby 1, E. Blackwell and B. Harvey 2. Time: 12.6 secs.
 75 Yds.—J. Corby 1, E. Blackwell 2, B. Harvey 3. Time: 9.8 secs.
 High Jump—H. Weir and T. Bunyan 1, M. Curry 3. 4ft. 5ins.
 Broad Jump—M. Curry 1, E. Blackwell 2, L. Porter 3. 14ft. 5ins.

Under 14 Years

- 100 Yds.—P. Bannerman 1, N. Neville 2, J. Coles 3. Not timed.
 75 Yds.—P. Bannerman 1, N. Neville 2, R. Pearce 3. Time: 9.6 secs.

Under 13 Years

- 100 Yds.—H. Willis 1, F. Izzard 2, P. Poulton 3. Time: 12.7 secs.
 75 Yds.—H. Willis 1, F. Izzard 2, P. Poulton 3. Time: 9.4 secs.

* * *

- Junior High Jump—B. Findley 1, E. Thomas 2, M. Edwick 3. 4ft. 5ins.
 Junior Broad Jump—F. Izzard 1, M. Batten 2, R. Barrett 3. 13ft. 10½ins.

Combined Blue Mountains High Schools

Athletics Carnival

Penrith representatives again did well at the Lithgow Carnival. Girls were second in the final point score, only four

points behind the winners. Junior and Intermediate girls won their respective point scores for Penrith, while the Seniors

were placed fourth. In addition, Penrith won the Under 13 Yrs. Relay, and the Intermediate Captain Ball.

Girls who gained placings were: D. Bannan in the Senior High Jump; T. Bunyan and H. Weir in the Intermediate High Jump; B. Fendley in the Junior High Jump; H. Thomas and L. Cameron in the Under 12 Yrs. 75 Yds. Championship; H. Willis in the Under 13 Yrs. 75 Yds. Championship; N. Neville in the Under 14 Yrs. 75 Yds. Championship; P. Bannerman in the Under 14 Yrs. 100 Yds. Championship, and the Open 220 Yds.; J. Corby in the Intermediate 75 Yds. and 100 Yds. Championship; E. Blackwell in the Intermediate 100 Yds. Championship; M. McCormack in the Open 220 Yds. Championship; M. Batten and M. Curry in the Open Broad Jump; R. Pearce in the Junior Skipping, and B. Harvey in the Intermediate Skipping.

Boys, too, performed with distinction. Juniors were second in their point score, Intermediates fourth and Seniors third. In the total point score for boys, Penrith was placed fourth. Place-getters were: N. Griffiths in the Senior 100 Yds. and 220 Yds.; A. Rumpf in the Hop, Step and Jump; I. Stewart in the Intermediate High Jump, Broad Jump, and 220 Yds. Championship; T. Gleeson in the Junior High Jump; D. Elks in the Under 13

Yrs. 100 Yds. Champoinship; G. Frenda in the Under 13 Yrs. 100 Yds. and 220 Yds. Championships; M. Baines in the Under 12 Yrs. 75 Yds. Championship; D. Taylor in the Under 12 Yrs. 100 Yds. Championship; B. Nye, who broke the record in the Junior High Jump by $1\frac{3}{4}$ ins., clearing 4ft. $11\frac{3}{4}$ ins., and gained placings also in the 220 Yds. and 100 Yds. Championships.

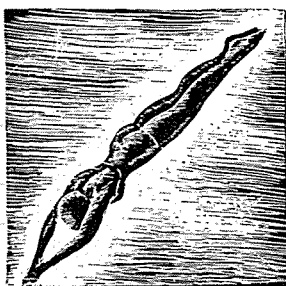
—Elaine Blackwell and
John Gerring.

COACH'S COMMENTS: Norman Griffiths leaves the school with a fine record in athletics. Ian Stewart is probably our best stylist, and a promising all-round athlete. Barry Nye may see more records within his grasp next year. In the Juvenile Division, Ken Scotton is the most promising. His times in the sprints compare favourably with those of other schools.

* * *

Girls most deserving of mention for success at the Lithgow Carnival are: Diane Bannan, whose best effort in the Senior High Jump was only a half-inch below the record; Judith Corby, who won the 75 Yds. and 100 Yds. Intermediate events; and Helen Willis, as the most outstanding Junior.

SWIMMING



On March 4th of this year, the school held its first annual swimming carnival at the Nepean River. We are deeply grateful for the assistance of an army unit under Lt.-Col. Schadell, who made available six pontoons, and had them placed in position to form a "pool."

Champion Swimmers — 1953

BOYS

Senior	Deral Kesby
Intermediate	Ray Lawson
Junior	Alf. Fleury

* * *

GIRLS

Senior	Margaret Eckford
Intermediate	Noelene Ison
Junior	Anne Stonham

House Points

1. LAWSON	198
2. LENNOX	180
3. BLAXLAND	130
4. WENTWORTH	124

Boys' Results

Open

220 Yds. Freestyle—D. Kesby 1, R. Zamirowski 2, P. McKenzie 3. Time: 2 mins. 52.2 secs.

110 Yds.—Freestyle: D. Kesby 1, R. Lawson 2, D. Roots 3. Time: 1 min. 27 secs.

Senior

55 Yds. Freestyle—D. Kesby 1, K. Javernig 2, P. McKenzie 3. Time: 41.8 secs.

55 Yds. Breaststroke—G. Ivanoff 1, G. Magers 2, F. Suh 3. Time: 51.8 secs.

55 Yds. Backstroke—G. Magers 1, F. Suh 2, D. Annuk 3. Time: 53.4 secs.

Intermediate

55 Yds. Freestyle—D. Roots 1, I. Stewart 2, J. Raymond 3. Time: 43 secs.

33 Yds. Breaststroke—R. Lawson 1, D. Annuk 2, I. Stewart 3. Time: 26.8 secs.

33 Yds. Backstroke—D. Annuk, R. Lawson, P. Van Dyke. Time: 26.3 secs.

Junior

Under 14 Yrs. 33 Yds. Freestyle—A. Fleury 1, L. Callaghan 2, J. O'Brien 3. Time: 19.8 secs.

Under 14 Yrs. 33 Yds. Breaststroke: A. Fleury 1, L. Callaghan 2, T. Lancaster 3. Time: 29 secs.

Junior 33 Yds. Backstroke—G. O'Keefe 1, K. Luxford 2, W. Artis 3. Time: 33 secs.

Girls' Results

Open

55 Yds. Freestyle—A. Stonham 1, S. Fretwell 2, W. Miller 3. Time: 53 secs.

Senior

55 Yds. Freestyle—M. Eckford 1, W. Fuller 2, M. Kingwell 3. Time: 53.6 secs.

33 Yds. Backstroke—M. Eckford 1, M. Kingwell 2, W. Fuller 3. Time: 35.3 secs.

33 Yds. Breaststroke—D. Bannan 1, M. Eckford 2, W. Fuller 3. Time: 35.4 secs.

Intermediate

33 Yds. Freestyle—N. Ison 1, J. Lewis 2, E. Blackwell 3. Time: 26 secs.

33 Yds. Backstroke—N. Ison 1, M. Schubach 2, B. Harvey 3. Time: 31.3 secs.

33 Yds. Breaststroke—M. Schubach 1, B. Harvey 2, J. Judd 3. Time: 36 secs.

Junior

Under 14 Yrs. 33 Yds. Freestyle—A. Stonham 1, W. Miller 2, E. Dozzi 3. Time: 22.8 secs.

Junior 33 Yds. Backstroke—W. Miller 1, A. Stonham 2, M. Gibson 3. Time: 28.3 secs.

Under 14 Yrs. Breaststroke—I. Klootwyk 1, D. Allen 2, W. Miller 3. Time: 33.8 secs.

Under 13 Yrs. 33 Yds. Freestyle—S. Fretwell 1, B. Abigail 2, S. Brown 3. Time: 24.8 secs.

Combined Blue Mountains High Schools Swimming Carnival

Boys who competed at the Blackheath Carnival on March 18th did very well considering our inadequate training facilities. In placings they gained six firsts, eight seconds, twelve thirds and six fourths. In the aggregate point score they were placed second. Seniors finished in third place, Intermediates and Juniors each in second place.

Most successful competitors were **D. Kesby**, with placings in the Senior 55 Yds., the Open 110 Yds. and Open 220 Yds. Freestyle events; **Ray Lawson**, with firsts in the Intermediate Backstroke and the Intermediate Breaststroke; and **Alf.**

Fleury, who was first in the Junior 55 Yds. and 33 Yds. events, and created a new record for the latter distance.

Most outstanding competitors amongst the girls were: **Wendy Miller, Ann Stonham, Noelene Ison** and **Sue Fretwell**. Sue was unlucky in not having her record in the Under 13 Yrs. 33 Yds. Freestyle recognized. In the aggregate point score girls filled second place; Seniors were third, Intermediates first and Juniors second.

—Margaret Schubach and
Ray Lawson.

LIFE-SAVING

Life-saving training was limited last attempted examinations at Granville season when the river was declared unsafe Baths, and as a result the following for school swimming. Some pupils awards were made:

Bar to Award of Merit:

Ferdo Suh; George Ivanoff.

Bar to Bronze Cross:

Richard Zamirowski.

Bronze Cross:

John Raymond; Robert Burton; George Groosdeff.

Intermediate Certificate:

Paul Stocker; Piet Van Dyke.

Bar to Bronze Medallion:

John Raymond; Robert Burton.

Bronze Medallion:

Diane Bannan; Betty Blake; Margaret Eckford; Wendy Fuller; Pam McCouat; Wendy Miller; Margaret Schubach; Anne Stonham.

—Jim Laidlaw, 4A.

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HOCKEY



In inter-school competition we met with moderate success during the season. In our first visit to Katoomba we won the A grade and drew the B, only to be soundly defeated at Parramatta a couple of weeks later. Against Richmond the A team again won and the B drew. Honours were divided in our next visit to Katoomba; we lost the A grade and won the B.

Lawson was victorious in the inter-House Competition with 21 points, Lennox was next with 16, followed by

Blaxland and Wentworth with 14 and 10 respectively.

—Margaret Allan, 4A.

* * *

COACH'S COMMENTS: A very pleasing feature has been the improvement in stick-work, positional play and sportsmanship. The school teams have been fortunate in being coached by Mr. Dalling for part of the season.

The half-line, led by Joy Harrison, was the strongest section of the A team, and played well both in defence and attack. Hazel Stewart played consistently well throughout the season in the back position. One of the many girls who show definite promise is Jane Greenhalgh, who should develop into a first-class centre forward. First Years have been particularly keen, and their improvement has been remarkable.

BASKETBALL



Again this year Basketball has proved to be one of the most popular winter sports for girls at our school.

Owing to Miss Gould's coaching, the girls improved

tremendously as the season went on. The keen interest in House Competitions has also resulted in a general improvement in play.

Both Seniors and Juniors participated in the inter-House Competition. Although Lawson won in each of the six grades, the other Houses followed closely behind in points. Every House was represented in the A grade school team.

In the inter-school matches, our A grade team defeated Katoomba on both occasions whilst the B grade lost one game and

won the other against the same school. Although both teams were unlucky in their matches against Parramatta, they scored additional victories against Richmond.

This general improvement in Basketball entitles us to hope for even more success in the coming year.

—Gerlinde Hardegg, 4A.

* * *

COACH'S COMMENTS: This has probably been our most successful season as our A team was the only undefeated team in the Blue Mountains Competition. The B team lost only one match throughout the season. Our success was due mainly to constant practice and good teamwork. It is difficult to name the outstanding players as all members of the teams deserve credit. We will be fortunate next year as practically every member of the teams will be returning to school, so we have great hopes for the coming season.



(Block donated by Mr. Geo. Howell.)

A GRADE HOCKEY TEAM

Front Row: J. Judd, J. Small, J. Harrison, Miss E. Southwell, H. Stewart, W. Fuller, J. Greenhalgh.

Back Row: F. Irvine, P. Bushell, B. Glendenning, D. Bannan, V. Evens, M. Earp.

A GRADE BASKETBALL TEAM

Front Row: P. Decker, V. Vladickaite, Miss B. Gould (Coach), N. Cook, H. Milz.

Back Row: N. Stapleton, E. Blackwell, N. Wrigley, G. Hardegg.

(Block donated by Mr. C. A. Upton.)



SOFTBALL

Our first inter-school softball match for the year was played against Katoomba early in third term. Both A and B teams were narrowly defeated.

Inter-House competitions were keen in both summer and winter. In the winter competition Lennox won the A Grade and Wentworth the B.

Members of the team playing in the Saturday competition for school-girls in

Sydney were successful in reaching the final after defeating the minor premiers. However, they were themselves defeated after a hard game against experienced players.

On the whole the standard of softball is showing a commendable improvement throughout the school.

— Anna Merlolena, 4B.



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