

THE TOWERS

PENRITH HIGH SCHOOL

1954





The Towers



Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II

Editorial

This year has been one that will live long in our memories. Not only has the Queen's tour of Australia focussed world-wide interest in our country, but we pupils of Penrith High School cannot help feeling that Her Majesty's visit has also established a firm bond of loyalty and affection with each of us individually.

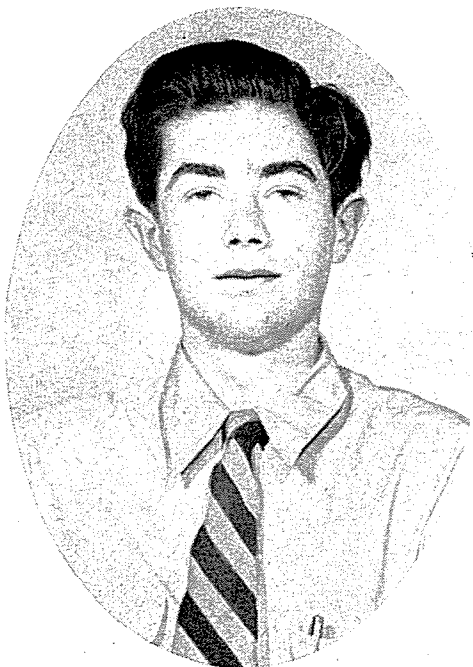
It has served, too, to remind us that we are all related, and this feeling has been strengthened recently in the Empire Games, which have brought us into contact and good fellowship with other members of the large family of nations to which we belong.

As we have unity in our Commonwealth, so we have unity in our school—unity that depends upon loyalty, co-operation, duty and responsibility. As individuals we may not all win awards for sport or scholarship, but we can all realise nevertheless that there is something higher than selfish ambition, and that is the interest of the school to which we belong. If we are going to do as our motto urges us to do, let us work hard and aim high so that our individual accomplishments might add lustre to the name of Penrith High.

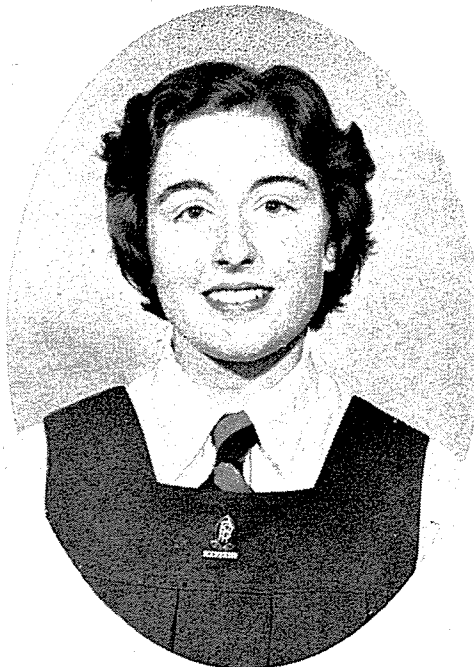
— JANICE CONDIE, 4A.
for the Editorial Committee.

School Captains, 1954

(Blocks donated by Mr. J. B. Schubach, Newsagent, Penrith)



BRIAN BOWLES
Boys' Captain



MARGARET SCHUBACH
Girls' Captain



(Block donated by Mr. Bruce Neale)

PREFECTS

Front Row: J. Lambert, M. Allen, J. Brown (Vice-Captain), B. Bowles (Captain), M. Schubach (Captain), W. Webb (Vice-Captain), B. Shepherd, F. Stowe.
Second Row: P. Reid, V. Vladickaite, A. Stonham, G. Hardegg, J. Morrison, M. South, M. McCormack, Mr. L. M. Brown (Master-in-Charge).
Third Row: H. Willis, P. McKenzie, J. O'Brien, J. Anderson, J. Davies.
Back Row: J. Laidlaw, G. Lawson, K. Pickering, P. Spence, N. Handley, G. Lance.

A Foreword

Looking back over the five years we have been associated with Penrith High School, our first impression is of the school's remarkable progress — not only in size, but in stature. We now see a school which proudly ranks and competes with some of the leading High Schools of the State.

When we commenced our secondary schooling we shared a building with the Primary School, and the facilities for recreation within the school grounds were, to say the least, inadequate. Now we have our own Sports Oval which we used this year for the School Athletic Carnival, and as well our own Hockey Field, both of which are conveniently situated within the school grounds. And what a change

we have seen in our library facilities! We remember the curtained-off row of bookshelves that constituted our library when we were in First Year. When we contrast with this the well-equipped modern library we have in our new building, the transition seems incredible.

Now another Fifth Year leaves the school. We feel sure that we speak for all its members when we say that we leave Penrith High with regret, but we cannot conceal the pride we feel in its achievements. The pages of this magazine will remind us all how far the school has progressed within the space of a few years.

— BRIAN BOWLES and
MARGARET SCHUBACH.



(Block donated by Fletcher's Proprietary Ltd.)

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. N. Graham, B.A.; Mr. M. Grigg, B.A.; Mr. D. Morris, B.A.; Mr. E. R. Stockton, B.A.; Miss G. J. Fardell, B.A. (Librarian).

Department of Mathematics:

Mr. E. V. L. Cameron, B.A. (Acting-Master); Mr. J. Allison, B.A.; Miss E. E. McEwan, B.A.; Mr. H. McLeod, B.Sc.; Mr. J. Mullane, B.A.; Mr. E. Penman, B.A.; Mrs. E. J. Reynolds, B.A.

Department of Science:

Mr. A. G. Cameron, B.Sc. (Master); Mr. B. Baguley, B.Sc.; Miss M. Baldwin, B.Sc.; Mr. R. B. Crockett, B.Sc.; Mr. A. D. Duncan, A.S.T.C.

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. S. F. Jones, B.A.; Mr. D. Morris, B.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. H. Coombes, A.S.T.C.; Mr. L. B. Eyles; Mr. J. Howman, A.S.T.C.; Mr. E. J. Murray; Mr. M. A. Parrish.

Home Science Department:

Mrs. B. B. Sheridan (in charge); Mrs. M. Ambrose; Mrs. H. Beckton; Mrs. E. Kornfeld; Mrs. D. Sharpe.

Department of Music:

Miss J. Dixon, D.S.C.M.

Department of Art:

Mr. G. Horton

Class Teachers:

Mrs. E. Cross (2H); Mr. K. G. Ford (1H); Miss J. E. Worsley (1K); Mr. R. D. H. Phillips (2J); Mr. T. Sheridan (2K); Mr. J. Turnell (1J).

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:

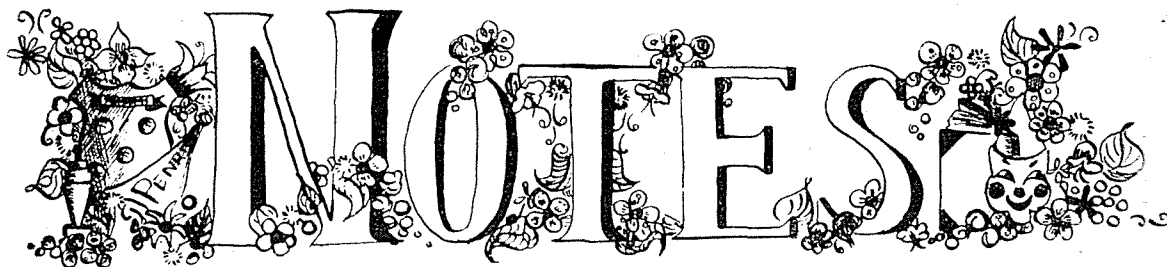
Mrs. D. E. Doig, B.A.

Sportsmaster:

Mr. W. Ewens

Sportsmistress:

Miss B. Gould



STAFF CHANGES

A number of changes are inevitable with such a large staff as ours. On the English Staff we have welcomed Mr. N. Graham and Mr. M. Grigg, replacing Mr. M. Torode, who was promoted to the position of English Master at Narrandera, and Mr. V. Treasure, who was transferred to Homebush High.

The Mathematics Department have two newcomers in Mr. H. McLeod and Mr. L. Linsell. The regrettable illness of Mr. F. Simpson necessitated his transfer to another school; Mr. E. V. L. Cameron has been Acting Master in the meantime.

The Science Department lost two of last year's members: Mr. J. P. Lundie and Miss M. Milthorpe. In their places we have Mr. B. Baguley and Miss M. Baldwin.

Mr. H. Coombes has joined the Technical Department to replace Mr. D. V. Learmonth.

Mrs. B. B. Sheridan has taken charge of the Home Science Department following the transfer of Miss D. Black.

Other newcomers are Miss Whitehead, as a teacher of music, and class-teachers, Mr. J. Turnell and Mr. T. Sheridan.

P. AND C. AND LADIES' AUXILIARY

The Parents and Citizens' Association, with the able support of the Ladies' Auxiliary, has assisted to provide amenities not provided by the Department. It has played a notable part in the provision of such items as the amplifier, tape-recorder, sewing machines, new books for the library, furniture for the sick-room, crockery and a modern electric duplicator, not to mention the magnificent new playing fields.

Each year the Association assists the school with a fete, which is its main source of revenue. It assists too, with social functions whenever called upon.

New members are always welcome, particularly at meetings, but inactive membership is also appreciated, as it is realised

that distance precludes many from attending.

Executive Officers of the P. and C. for this year are: Mr. R. F. Smith (President), Messrs. F. Fletcher and V. Pearson (Vice-Presidents), Mr. V. Bowden (Secretary), and Mr. H. K. Knox (Treasurer).

Mrs. C. Mason is President of the Ladies' Auxiliary, and Mrs. A. G. Cameron, Secretary.

For those who may be interested, the Association meets in the High School at 7.45 p.m. on the third Tuesday of the month, and the Ladies' Auxiliary at 2.30 p.m. on the first Thursday of the month.

— R. F. SMITH,
President, P. and C. Association.

INSTALLATION OF PREFECTS

The ceremony of installation of Prefects was performed in the Assembly Hall on Thursday, February 11th, and was

repeated the following day for the benefit of First Year pupils.

Mr. McGregor congratulated the newly-

elected Captains, Vice-Captains and Prefects as they were presented in turn by the Master-in-charge, Mr. Brown. At the conclusion of the ceremony, the Headmaster explained to the audience that since Prefects had been nominated and elected by pupils themselves, it was natural to expect that those Prefects would receive the support of the remainder of the school in the performance of their duties.

In his address prior to the installation ceremony, Mr. Brown urged pupils to become good citizens of the school by endeavouring to understand the purpose of every instruction received from Prefects. Appreciation of what is for the common good will usually lead to willing co-operation, Mr. Brown pointed out.

JIM SHORT, 4A.

OUR FIRST SPEECH DAY

Penrith High School's first Speech Day was celebrated in the Nepean Theatre on Thursday, April 29th. Apart from its historic significance, the occasion will be remembered for its impressive presentations and addresses, the polished performances of the School Choir, and the splendid solo items. Chairman was Mr. R. F. Smith, President of the P. and C. Association.

In stressing the democratic nature of our education, Mr. McGregor referred in his report to the many attempts made within the school to cater for individual differences of ability. He explained also how a community sense is being developed among pupils as they participate in House, Class and Team activities, and how through their own Social Service and Welfare Council they make contributions to various charities and develop a sense of social awareness.

The School was favoured with the presence of the Director-General of Education, Dr. Wyndham, who in a talk to pupils stressed the importance of having a goal, and the need for constant self-criticism. He instanced the case of Columbus, who set himself a goal others thought impossible, and the dissatisfaction which great writers have with their own

work, leading to frequent revision — if not rejection.

Other distinguished guests on the platform were: Mr. J. Jackson, M.L.A., who presented the Prefects' badges; Lt.-Colonel Schaedel, who presented the Captains' badges; Mr. O. W. Fletcher, who presented the Fletcher Prizes; Mr. B. S. Lamrock, who awarded the A. S. Lamrock Memorial Shield; Mr. J. Carvan, who donated a Sports Honour Board to the School; Alderman Fowler, who deputized for the Mayor and presented Sports Blues; and by no means least, our District Inspector, Mr. C. R. Cash, who was warmly applauded for his appropriate comments on brevity, and who made presentations of Leaving Certificates to successful candidates of last year.

The School was indebted to an ex-student, Miss Barbarie Scharkie, for delightful vocal items; to Robert Cuckson of 1A, for a pianoforte solo; and to its own Choir members for beautifully-rendered songs.

At the conclusion of the programme the School Captains, Margaret Schubach and Brian Bowles, moved votes of thanks to all who had assisted to make the function such a splendid success.

— PENELOPE BOWDEN, 4A.

EMPIRE DAY

This year Empire Day was celebrated in two separate assemblies, Senior and Junior.

A feature of the Senior Assembly was the address by Vida Vladickaite, who explained vividly what it means to live in a country without the basic freedoms we in Australia enjoy.

Mr. McGregor thanked Vida for her spirited remarks, pointing out that so many people in our own country take our way of life for granted.

Other speakers at the Senior Assembly were Judy Morrison, who selected as her topic, "The Meaning of Empire and Commonwealth To-day"; and Jim Short,

who spoke on "The Fundamental Freedoms Enjoyed By Commonwealth Countries."

The programme for the Junior Assembly was left entirely to pupils of 1A, who acquitted themselves magnificently. Chairman was Aina Alnis, who gave an introductory talk on the union of parts of the British Isles. Other

brief talks were given by Margaret Fraser, Robert Cuckson, Peter Carroll and Judith Bingham. After reciting appropriate verses, Judith called on her class-mates to join her in other recitations. The programme was interestingly varied, and 1A deserve full credit for their whole-hearted, co-operative effort.

— JIM SHORT, 4A.

PLAY NIGHTS

Two Play Nights were held this year, on August 19th and 20th. Plays were interspersed with dances, choral items, gymnastics displays, and by no means least — items rendered by the School Dance Orchestra, whose unexpected proficiency impressed the large audience on each night.

The Headmaster's award for the most polished performance went to the cast of "The Doll Shop", all of whom contributed effectively to the theme of the contrasting characters and individuality of dolls.

These pupils participated:

"The Emperor's New Clothes": B. Holzman, M. Edwards, G. Frenda, D. Long, R. Worley, M. Ehlen, N. Godfrey, N. Marks, B. Davis, L. Parker, M. Godfrey, C. Pippen, J. Snell, L. Randall, J. Greenhalgh, E. Bentley, G. Collins, P. Cartledge, P. Chwostow, C. Jones.

"The Doll Shop": K. Parker, C. Baker, J. Griffiths, H. Dengate, J. Sutton, J. Locke, H. Wamsley, M. McLeod, I. Pesle, F. Redupp, M. Masters, J. Anderson, J. Greenbank, W. Bullard, K. Duncan, Wendy Heap.

"The Grand Cham's Diamond": M.

South, M. McCormack, R. McKay, W. McLean, I. Phillips.

Junior Gymnasts: K. Scotton, J. Monaghan, G. Earp, E. Taylor, L. Laverder, N. Cornell, G. Rodger, R. Wyllie, J. Morrison, S. Wickham, S. Rowe, M. Thompson, C. Dicken, D. Campbell, D. Skarratt, R. West.

"Antonio": F. Snell, J. Brown, L. Bryant, L. Fitzpatrick — with the Senior Choir.

"Blood on the Sand": J. Christian, C. Simpson, J. Webster, K. Mazengarb, J. Bingham, M. Wigg, O. Wielgucki, G. Eley, D. Mussillon, D. Denton, D. Jones, J. Flint, B. Barnet, S. Burnage, R. Lenare, E. Waters, L. Carrol, J. Miller.

Nigger Minstrels: A. Alnis, R. Moran, R. Cuckson, D. Unsworth, K. Linfoot — with the Junior Choir.

"Caravan": R. Small, W. Miller, E. Dozzi, K. Davison, M. Carter, H. Stock, F. Izzard, L. Keys, F. Kirkness, J. Turner, H. Brooke, V. Roberts.

"Country Dance": B. Lee, J. Harrison, M. Dengate, C. Hawkins, S. Brown, M. Mason, J. Scotton, B. Wade.

"Birds of a Feather": Mr. D. Morris, P. Cornwall, J. Short, C. Nuttall.

— MARCIA McCORMACK. 4A.

MOCK COUNCIL MEETING

A feature of Education Week in Penrith was the Mock Council Meeting enacted by pupils of this school.

For some weeks prior to the performance representatives of a number of classes had been visiting the Council Chambers on Thursday and Friday afternoons to hear talks by various Council officers and their deputies on their respective duties. Pupils reported what they had learned to

their class-mates on their return. The knowledge thus obtained served as a foundation for the Mock Meeting of Council, in which these pupils participated:

Paul Stocker—Mayor; John Davies—Town Clerk; Margaret Venning—Minute Clerk; Max Oyston—Civil Engineer; Dennis Johnson—Health Inspector; Neil Handley—Electrical Engineer; Brian Hicks—Deputy Town Clerk. Aldermen

were: Colin Campbell, Chris Lauer, Vida Vladickaite, Ann Stonham, Judy Morrison, Bob Wheeler, John Liston, Ian Morgan, Don Tunin, Rex Eisenhuth, Fred Day. Helen Fry and Mary Gibson addressed Council as a deputation from the "Better Swimming Club", and urged construction of public baths in the Municipality.

At the conclusion of the meeting, Penrith Mayor, Alderman W. L. Chapman, was "restored", and spoke highly of the polished performance of the pupils and their knowledge of meeting procedure.

The Town Clerk, Mr. Ross, also added his congratulations, and was warmly thanked by Mr. Brown for his co-operation and assistance.

DEBATING

The Inter-Class Debating Contests for the Davies and Empson Cups have kept debating at a high standard throughout the School. The practice of changing the personnel of teams for all rounds except the last has resulted in wider representation of pupils.

In the finals, Fifth Year proved a little too experienced for their nearest rivals—the strong and vigorous 3B team, which had convincingly defeated 4A. Winners of the Junior Cup were 2B, who were able to stave off a determined challenge from the promising 1B team.

Inter-school debating was again unsatisfactory this year from the point of view of indecisive adjudications. Our teams, however, enjoyed their contests with Parramatta High and Katoomba High, and regret that return contests could not be arranged. Those who represented the School were: Bill Webb, Ann Short, Frances Stowe and Brian Bowles.

Most improved speaker was Brian Bowles, whose sound general knowledge and forceful manner combined in the making of an effective whip. Ann Short's quietly confident style was an appropriate foil.

Congratulations to these inter-class debaters for whole-hearted enthusiasm and outstanding efforts in the contests this year:

Helen Fry, Mary Gibson and Max Oyston, of 3B; Kornelia Verady, John Brown and Lorraine Lane, of 2B; Lee Carroll, Valmai Soady, David Denton and Margaret Wigg, of 1B.

* * *

In the Inter-House contests for the Apex Club Debating Shield, Wentworth team defeated Lennox by nine points. Wentworth team comprised Frances Stowe, Vida Vladickaite and Bill Webb.

The competition is unfinished.

SCHOOL DANCE ORCHESTRA

The Dance Orchestra formed this year has already achieved a remarkable degree of competence. Its members are: Ian Smith (saxophone), Jim Short (piano), Fay Kirkness (violin), and John Davies (drums and effects).

Diligent practice every Tuesday and

Friday afternoon has been largely responsible for the outstanding results. Not only did the orchestra impress the large audiences on our two Play Nights, but it has played for the Second Term School Dance, a Primary School Dance, and various lunch-time dances, and has thereby become a valuable asset to the School.

INTER-SCHOOL CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

I.S.C.F. meetings are held in the Hall at 1 p.m. every Thursday, with an average attendance of forty. The Group conducts its own meetings, but is very grateful for the services of visiting speakers.

Socially, the I.S.C.F. has been a marked success also. A most enjoyable week-end

was spent at a combined I.S.C.F. house-party at Mount Victoria. Penrith joined I.S.C.F. members from Parramatta and Lithgow Highs. The hike to Mt. York and the midnight feasts were memorable events.

— MARGARET MASON and
BRUCE UPTON, Leaders.



(Block donated by Mr. J. Corr, Milk Bar, High St., Penrith)
PROMINENT DEBATERS — 1954

Front Row: L. Carroll, V. Soady, D. Denton, M. Wigg.

Second Row: A. Stonham, J. Morrison, A. Short, B. Bowles, W. Webb, F. Stowe, J. Davies, V. Vladickaite.

Third Row: J. Brown, L. Lane, M. Gibson, H. Fry, M. Oyston, M. Ehlen, K. Verady, J. Willmott.

SCHOOL DANCE ORCHESTRA

Left to Right: Jim Short, Faye Kirkness, John Davies, Ian Smith.

(Block donated by Mr. A. H. Davies)



23 FLIGHT — A.T.C.

The Air Training Corps was continued after the end of World War II with these specific aims:

To encourage the interest of air-minded boys in navigation, radio, engines and aircraft designs; to develop good-citizenship by fostering self-discipline, co-operation, team-work and pride in association with a service with fine traditions; to show the R.A.A.F. at work so that boys who wish to make it their career will be making a well-informed choice.

Membership of the Corps involves no expense. Uniforms, initial medical examination, accommodation in camp and fares to A.T.C. functions are all paid by the R.A.A.F.

There is no obligation in regard to service on leaving school. On the other hand, former A.T.C. cadets receive preference if seeking selection for the R.A.A.F. under the National Service Training Scheme.

Each cadet normally has the opportunity of attending two camps during the year, each of a week's duration. The camps are held at R.A.A.F. Stations where both cadets and officers are temporarily part of the unit and observe normal service routine.

Cadets are eligible for cadet commissions, and as well for Flying Scholarships, which give them pilot-training with a Civil Aero Club at R.A.A.F. expense.

THE DAY THE QUEEN LEFT SYDNEY

Cadets' Experience

Never will my mates or myself forget the day the Queen left Sydney. It was February 18th, 1954, and L.A.C. Ken Smith, L.A.C. Neil Handley and myself had been chosen to represent 23 Flight in a Guard of Honour on the wharf when the "Gothic" sailed.

It was a brilliant day, but our hearts were a little sad. When we arrived in Sydney thousands were already lining the streets ready to pay their last farewell to our radiant Queen.

We were marched to the wharf — sixty-three of us in all — and took up our positions about two feet from where the Queen was to pass. Before she arrived we were entertained by the sailors from the "Gothic", who told us of their experiences and showed us their pin-ups out of the port-holes. We were in full view of the Royal Barge with its polished wood trimmed with blue paint, its glistening brass and its white-kid upholstery — all really fit for a Queen.

At about 4.30 p.m. we began to hear cheering which suddenly increased in volume. Soon we noticed a large black Daimler limousine pulling up at the gates of the wharf, with a standard fluttering in front.

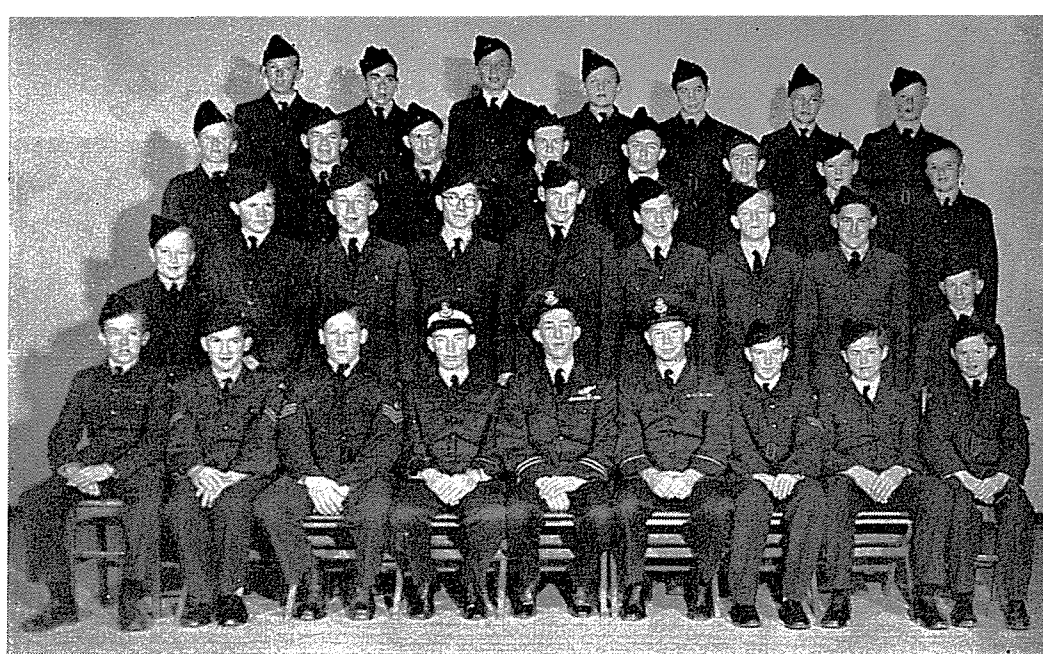
Out stepped Her Royal Highness, Queen Elizabeth II, and her consort, H.R.H. Prince Phillip, Duke of Edinburgh.

The gates opened, we were brought to attention, the officers saluted. The Queen, wearing a yellow cocktail dress and black picture-hat with black accessories, and the Duke wearing morning dress, began to walk along the wharf.

As the Queen advanced towards me I felt very faint, for I really had "butterflies." She and her husband passed within two feet of us. Never have I seen anyone with such dignity, such radiance. Her beautiful skin in particular attracted our attention. It was so exciting to stand close enough to touch the figurehead of our Empire, the Queen all the way from London.

As she reached the steps of the "Gothic" final farewells were said and she boarded the ship to the blast of whistles and the breaking of the Royal Ensign. The "Gothic" sailed down the Harbour and all that remained were the wake of the ship, many sad hearts and an unforgettable memory.

— JOHN DAVIES, 4A.



(Block donated by Mr. J. Empson)

FLIGHT 23 — AIR TRAINING CORPS

A SCENE TO REMEMBER

THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE AT THE CRICKET GROUND

Photo by courtesy of "The Sun", Sydney.

(Block donated by Arcney's Cafe, High St., Penrith)



THE SCHOOL CAMP

The first School Camp held during the week-end of the 8th to the 10th of October was an outstanding success for both pupils and staff. As there was no professional cook the staff attempted the job and proved unexpectedly proficient. Each camper had his own particular task to perform in the interests of all.

We arrived at the camp via the river on Friday afternoon and immediately settled in. When tea was over a dance was held in the recreation hut. After supper we retired to bed early, but not to sleep. Some decided that food tasted much better eaten at midnight by torch or candlelight. Sleep seemed impossible, so certain campers decided it was necessary to walk in the direction of other campers' huts to cure indigestion.

Accompanied by a member of the staff a few ice-bergs went for a 6 o'clock swim. Each morning campers enjoyed the bustle of tidying up huts in readiness for the hut

inspection. Various games were organised for the morning and on Saturday afternoon campers hiked to Lawson Lookout. The scenery was beautiful, and well worth the rather strenuous climb. A swim was enjoyed on returning to camp.

On Saturday night another dance was held. Everyone retired to bed pleasantly tired, some to undo knots that had been tied in pyjamas, others to sleep, and some to decide that the night was too quiet and needed a little noise.

The weather during the week-end was excellent, and campers swam nearly all day Sunday. Several people were so eager to cool off in the water that they did not wait to change into swimming costumes and went in fully clothed.

Sunday dinner was a jolly meal even though it was the last at camp. Light-heartedly, but perhaps a little regretfully too, campers boarded the bus at 4 p.m. to return home.

— MARY SOUTH, 4A.

PUBLIC SPEAKING CONTEST

The first contest for the Apex Club Public Speaking Cup was staged in the Assembly Hall on Thursday, 7th October.

The four contestants were Mary South, Judith Morrison, Vida Vladickaite and John Davies. All four speakers did exceptionally well before the large audience, and the two adjudicators, although agreeing on the four placings, found the results comparatively close.

The winner was Vida Vladickaite, and the runner-up, John Davies. The adjudi-

cation scheme allowed for 60 per cent. for matter and method, and 40 per cent. for manner. Vida gained the winning advantage with soundly-prepared material.

The alternative topics were, "The ideal of International fellowship", and "Service as the first ideal of citizenship."

The winner of each year's contest will have his or her name engraved on the Public Speaking Cup, which will remain in the school, and the winner will receive as well a small replica of the Cup for personal keeping.

SOCIAL FUNCTIONS

MOTHERS' AND DAUGHTERS' AFTERNOON

Again we had a very enjoyable afternoon with over four hundred mothers and daughters in attendance.

On arrival, mothers were shown over the school by their daughters, who were especially proud of their own class-rooms. Later, having assembled in the Hall, the mothers were welcomed by our Girls' Captain, who then introduced Miss Butt (the Supervisor of Girls), Miss Gould (Sports-

mistress), and Mrs. Doig (the District Counsellor), all of whom gave interesting and instructive talks on their various duties. Mrs. Mason, President of the Ladies' Auxiliary, spoke on behalf of the mothers.

The audience was indebted to Faye Kirkness, Helen Fry and Cecily Knowles for musical items.

— JUDITH MORRISON, 4A.



(Block donated by Penrith Tyre Service Pty. Ltd.)

THE WAY TO CASTLEREAGH — THE FIRST SCHOOL CAMP.

FATHERS' EVENING

Despite unfavourable weather, the Assembly Hall was filled to capacity with fathers and their sons and daughters for Fathers' Evening on Monday, 18th October.

Brian Bowles, the Boys' Captain, was Chairman. In an address of welcome, he pointed out that the purpose of Fathers' Evening was to show fathers how the school functions in its many-sided activities, and to give them an opportunity of meeting members of the teaching staff and one another. From such gatherings there should be fostered an increased interest in the School, Brian explained, a willingness to help when appeals for assistance are made, and a fuller understanding of what the School is trying to do for sons and daughters.

Margaret Schubach, the Girls' Captain, briefly supported Brian in his welcome to fathers. Peter McKenzie and Janelle

Rumpf then told of the House System and the Lamrock Shield respectively.

Mr. R. F. Smith, President of the Parents and Citizens' Association, referring to the large School population at present and the need for additional school accommodation within the area, urged fathers to become financial members of the Association to support its claims.

Mr. A. H. Davies and Mr. J. Empson presented the Senior and Junior Inter-Class Debating Cups respectively.

Following the speeches and presentations, the prize-winning film, "Back of Beyond", was shown by courtesy of the Shell Company of Australia, Ltd.

The School Dance Orchestra, comprising Jim Short, John Davies, Faye Kirkness and Lorraine Fitzpatrick, played for over half an hour while fathers assembled in the Hall following their inspection of the School.

WORTHY OF MENTION

Penrith Rotary has continued its generous support of the School, which will always remember the splendid array of pictures and the piano already presented by the Club.

This year, in connection with Education Week, Rotarians have provided

speakers to address selected groups of pupils on careers. Mr. Knox spoke on banking, Matron Baker on nursing, Mr. Taylor on electrical engineering, and Mr. Handley on radio work.

The thanks of the School go to Rotary for their fine gesture.

Penrith High is an ever-changing institution, and this year brought some noteworthy innovations. In sport it has meant our first participation in the Combined High Schools cricket and football competitions, and our first Athletic Carnival on the School Oval. In dramatic work, we have seen two Play Nights instead of one, with the Hall packed on each occasion. We have a School Dance Orchestra of considerable skill. Finally, we have embarked on a School Camp, taking over for a week-end the Teachers' College Camp at Castlereagh.

* * *

Materially too, the School has improved its position immensely in the year. Important additions to school equipment include:

A tape-recorder for £160.

Extension of the inter-phone system for £45.

A treadle sewing-machine—purchased by the P. & C. for £36.

An electric duplicator—purchased by the P. & C. for £184.

Sports material store — built from material in the stage dressing-rooms.

Seating in quadrangle — made and erected by boys of 2J.

Floodlights for the quadrangle and the parking area.

Text-books to the total value of £600.
Sporting equipment for £300.

A new hockey-field for £550.

Library books to the value of £300.

* * *

The School owes its unqualified thanks to Mr. Joseph Post and the Sydney Symphony Orchestra for their performances in our own Assembly Hall on September 23rd. Both morning and afternoon audiences were more than delighted, and the occasion will not easily be forgotten.

* * *

Miss Fardell wishes to thank these library monitors for their untiring and efficient service: Patsy Ainsworth, Peggy Banks, Lindsay Cameron, Noel Eve, Neil Hood, Nola Knox, Grant Knowles, Judith Marks, Josephine Mazengarb, Paul Long, Lorraine Lane, Yvonne Phelan, Mervyn Sergeant, Alan Sewell and Alan Thompson.

* * *

This year the Senior and Junior Choirs performed with distinction on Speech Day and at both our Play Nights. The School is proud of their efforts and hopes to see an equal enthusiasm in the choirs to be formed next year.

FIRST ATHLETICS CARNIVAL ON SCHOOL OVAL.

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





(Block donated by Mr. A. S. Bennett—Nepean Dry Cleaners)

THE SYDNEY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

On the stage of the Assembly Hall, Mr. Joseph Post is shown conducting one of the two orchestral concerts given to pupils of the school in September of this year.

Leaving Certificate Results, 1953

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. | |
| 9. Modern History. | H(2) signifies second-class Honours |
| 11. Combined Physics and Chemistry | A a first-class pass |
| 16. Biology | B a second-class pass. |

- | | |
|---|--|
| BAINES, Clive: 1B, 5B, 6B, 9B, 11A, 35A. | GRIFFITHS, Norman: 1A, 5B, 6B, 9B, 11A, 35A. |
| BATTY, Joyce: 1B, 7B, 9B, 16B, 18A, 21A. | HARRISON, Reginald: 1B, 3B, 7B, 9H(2), 11B, 18A. |
| BILLS, Allan: 1B, 5B, 6B, 9B, 11A, 35B. | LAMBERT, Shirley: 1B, 2B, 3A(o), 7B, 9B, 11B. |
| BROWN, Barrie: 1B, 5B, 6B, 11A, 35B. | MASON, Albert: 1B, 5B, 6B, 9B, 11B, 35B. |
| CARTER, Douglas: 1B, 9B, 17B, 18B. | NICHOLLS, Allan: 1B, 3B, 7B, 9B, 11B. |
| DAVEY, Ronald: 1B, 7B, 18B, 35B. | RIPPON, Ellis: 1A, 3A, 6B, 9B, 11A. |
| DUNSTAN, Ralph: 1B, 3B, 6B, 9B, 11A. | RUMPF, Adrian: 1B, 3B, 7B, 11A. |
| ECKFORD, Margaret: 1A, 2B, 3A(o), 7B, 9H(2), 17B. | STEIN, Vince: 1B, 9B, 17A, 18B. |
| FRASER, Margaret: 1B, 3B, 6B, 9B, 11B. | STEWART, Hazel: 1B, 9B, 17A, 18B, 21B. |
| FULLER, Wendy: 1A, 3A(o), 5B, 9B, 11A. | SUH, Ferdo: 1B, 4A(o), 7B, 9B, 11B, 18B. |
| GARAN, Halina: 1B, 9B, 17B, 20B. | WEATHERLEY, Ralph: 1B, 5A, 6A, 9B, 11A, 35B. |

Intermediate Certificate Results, 1953

Allen, Diane
Annuck, Iowa
Austin, Frank
Bannan, Diane
Batten, Margaret
Berry, Alan
Blacker, Norma
Blaikie, Trevor
Boomer, Elaine
Bowden, Penelope
Brinckley, Grace
Brusilowich, Tadeusz
Bryson, Margaret
Bull, Donald
Burrows, Joan
Bushell, Keith
Burton, Robert
Caines, Henry
Callaghan, Lindsay
Campbell, John
Chapman, Geoffrey
Chesham, Keith
Clayton, Allan
Connell, John
Cook, Judith
Cook, Nancy
Crawford, Stanley
Creek, Richard
Darlington, Barbara
Davies, John
Day, Frederick
Dengate, Laurence
Doherty, Doris
Dorne, George
Dozzi, Enzo
Dunn, John
Earp, Margaret
Fellows, Douglas
Freeburn, James
Fuller, Norman
Gage, Jan
Gardiner, Barbara
Gibbons, Kaye
Gorman, Fay
Gorst, Alfred
Gribble, John
Groosdeff, George
Hall, Shirley
Handley, Neil
Harvey, Brenda

Hawkins, Colin
Henderson, John
Hicks, Brian
Higgins, Arnold
Hilton, Lester
Honeyman, Ronald
Horstman, Margaret
Horth, Ernest
Hura, Luiza
Ireland, Ernest
Irvine, Fay
Javernig, Karel
Judd, Jeanette
Kay, David
Kenny, Ian
Kingwell, Margaret
Koroleff, Eugene
Lancaster, Anthony
Lance, Donald
Latty, Lorraine
Lauer, Christopher
Lauer, Frederick
Lea, Richard
Lee, Elizabeth
Lennox, Phillip
Liston, John
Lock, Rita
Love, Lyall
Luxford, Elizabeth
Luxford, John
Lynell, Maxwell
McCormack, Marcia
McKay, Robert
McQueen, Diane
Marshall, Bruce
Martin, David
Mason, Margaret
Masters, Margaret
Milson, Brian
Morgan, Ian
Morrison, Judith
Mugridge, Joan
Murray, Stewart
Naylor, William
Norton, Marion
O'Brien, Beverley
Okenew, Illarion
Organ, James
Painter, Merle

Payne, Judith
Pfoeffler, Robert
Pickard, John
Piepers, Anthony
Pierce, Beverley
Pitt, Pamela
Purdy, John
Raymond, John
Robertson, David
Roots, Desmond
Sagar, James
Scales, Marcia
Seymour, John
Simpson, Leslie
Simpson, Noel
Smith, Kenneth
South, Mary
Spare, Joan
Stapyleton, Norma
Stewart, Ian
Stock, Heather
Stonham, Ann
Stout, Raymond
Stratton, Gwyneth
Street, Robin
Sullivan, Frank
Suh, Edward
Sunerson, Lenore
Thomme, Leonard
Thornton, Cecil
Tolley, John
Tomlin, Peter
Tunin, Donald
Turner, Joyce
Tuxford, Valerie
Tyler, Mary
Udris, John
Vladickaite, Vida
Walker, Adrian
Waters, Neville
Watts, Eva
Watts, William
Weir, Helen
Welychko, Tamara
White, Pamela
Wilson, Ernest
Woodman, Bruce
Zamirowski, Richard
Zamirowski, Robert

Literary . . .

Selections

from

Class Magazines

Pupils of the present 3B have gained the distinction of winning the Class Magazine Prize for two years in succession. Apart from a variety of literary contributions, "The Tribune" is noteworthy for its tasteful and competent illustrations.



THE LAKE

As the morning mist rose, I saw through the slender pines the sparkling waters of the lake. The surrounding hills were a glistening white, the pure white of untouched snow. Every tree was like a child's Christmas Tree, sprinkled with cotton wool; but this was real, a fairyland of beauty. Crisp and cool, the air seemed to call me to enjoy its freshness.

Soon the quiet would be broken by the happy shouts of gaily-clad holiday-makers; the slopes, covered with their winter coats would be spotted by happy skiers from the Chalet. But now, as I watched a flock of birds, their phalanx turned to the new-born sun, I remembered when this had been uncharted wilds, when the call of the birds and the swish of the trees had fallen on unhearing spaces; when there were no ski-runs, no Chalet, no people.

But the lake! That was what I loved the most. Quiet and serene, it was surrounded by tall, green pines. This picture of beauty was framed by towering mountain peaks which seemed to reach to heaven itself.

It seemed peaceful, nestled there, away from the rowdy world, and I needed peace.

Once my laughter had echoed over the snows; my ski-sticks had conquered the most difficult runs; my life had been a whirl of snow and ice. But now, what was left? A tear fell unheeded from my cheek and I turned from the window and wheeled my chair away. No more would I thrill to skating on the smooth ice or frolic in the falling snow . . . I was a cripple.

— Judith Morrison, 4A.

LIKES AND DISLIKES

I like dirty little children with their grubby little faces which they turn up to me, wondering if I will turn away from their dirt. I like dogs, horses, cats and mice, especially when their little noses twitch with fear. Rain beating on the roof-top when I know I'm warm sitting close to the fire is one of my joys and I like to look into the fire and laugh at the silly stories I tell myself until even my mother thinks I have gone mad.

The fresh smell of the air after rain always delights me and the burning of leaves with its mysterious smell that makes me want to get closer until the smoke almost chokes me. Climbing roofs is a fascination especially when I am told for my own good of course that they will

fall in if I keep doing so, and I must never do it again.

I like to sit and draw. But the thing I like most of all is to chew a large green apple whilst reading a good book.

There are quite a number of things that I dislike, more than I could write down without getting a hand cramp as well as filling a book. Babies for instance, with their little mouths nearly always open telling the world of their existence and always dribbling, make me turn away with a feeling of disgust. Getting ready to go out, when I have to do my hair, change my dress, clean my shoes and endure those dreadful stockings that never fail to ladder when I look at them, are among my worst dislikes.

I dislike tidiness. I hate schools, and schoolwork, writing especially. I don't like helping Mother for I am too lazy.

Boys who are cruel to animals and then think themselves funny are another addition to my dislikes. I dislike boys in general. Rowdy games with children running around me shouting: "Merle, here! Merle, do this! Oh you are a silly thing. Merle, what are you doing now? You chase the ball, don't run away from it. Oh, Merle, you're hopeless" — and so on until I nearly scream. I dislike cutting up liver for the cat. The horrible black threads through it nearly always make my stomach turn over.

Most foods are among my dislikes, especially stews and custards. In fact, Mother says the only foods I do like are the ones that will do me the least good. I can't stand snakes and spiders.

Creeping out of bed in the early morning — not too early when I can help it — and washing myself are things I detest. But worst of all is doing my hair. Pulling that comb through my hair each morning is agony. Does that hair ever look right? Never! It either stands up on end like a fuzzy wuzzy or lies flat. If there's anything I dislike, it certainly is that hair.

— Merle Painter, 4C.

SCHOOL VERSUS STAFF MATCH

"Hooray!" We screamed hysterically as our team trotted self-consciously onto the field. They were arrayed in brown and yellow jerseys and the familiar boots that looked as though they could plough up the whole oval in one attempt. There was rather less cheering as the Staff loped on, for one really doesn't know whether to cheer for them or not, does one? However, we gave them "elite" cheers, which consisted of constricting the throat and giving forth a polite little yelp. Incidentally, the teachers were dressed in uniforms of all colours of the rainbow — from darkest maroon to the most delicate shade of sky blue.

Some kind person then found time enough to blow the whistle and feet started stamping over everything — other feet, oval, the ball and bodies, mainly teachers' bodies. There was a minimum of fair cheating from both sides until finally the ball found itself in somebody's goal area. The attentive audience screeched for more — and ran for safety as the teams formed into two lines. The ball

was tossed up into the air and left to its own devices as the enemies rushed at each other.

After half an hour of this squabbling we became bored and were glad we had brought library books with us to read. Near the end of the match a boy was carried off the field half dead — he's still on crutches — and then the fun started! Up and down the field went the ball, hotly pursued by active large feet, knobbly knees and dishonest tactics, all of which belonged to teachers and pupils alike.

Half of the audience remained to stare critically at the exciting efforts of first one side then the other as they struggled for possession of the ball. Eventually the pupils' team became tired of playing games with the teachers and began to realise that they were the ones who were being beaten. This was proved a few minutes later when the teachers, after finding they had no victims left to batter into unconsciousness or blind with science, retired victoriously (and also conceitedly) as the undisputed victors of the day.

— Elaine Boomer, 4C.

A SCARE

With eyes strained and blood pounding in my ears, I continued to peer through the window which was misted by my own hot, panting breath. I peered so intently that my eyes became blurred with moisture. My heart was beating so loudly that in

my terrified mind I seemed to hear the sound of the beats echoing and closing in on me. Letting the curtain fall from my cold, numb fingers, I allowed my feelingless limbs to relax onto a chair.

I could be mistaken, of course; it was

possible. Oh, if only it were so! If only it were my silly, lonely mind playing tricks on me. I hoped so. Perhaps if I looked once more, my misgivings would be dispelled. Then proving my fears false, I could laugh at myself. So hardly daring to breathe because each sound seemed to be magnified to my attentive ear, I raised myself and once more peered through the window.

Yes, it was still there. A white shape moved gently, sometimes in the shadow and sometimes partly revealed in the waning moonlight. It was eerie, this white

blob, moving in a sea of black. However, something must be done. I could not go to bed and sleep knowing that a mysterious object was floating about the house.

Biting my lip and forcing my almost paralysed limbs to move, I went to the door and threw it open. My knees gave way beneath me, and a shiver ran through me. Dashing to the clothesline which was in the dark, I snatched down that spectre, that white sheet, that Aunt had left to dry overnight.

— *Mary South, 4A.*

INSPECTION OF A MECHANISED MINE

In the days of the English Industrial Revolution, when people were forced from their quiet country homes to the noisy industrial towns, the coal-mine owners employed little boys and girls to pull the trucks out of the mines. After certain acts were passed by the Government forbidding such employment, the mine owners used horses and donkeys to do the work of the children. To-day, however, the most modern and efficient way of extracting and carting the coal is by mechanisation. Although mechanisation has been used in the U.S.A. for some time, it is comparatively new in Australia.

Let us take a peep at a mechanised mine in the western district of N.S.W. Every morning, about eighty of the one hundred and thirty men employed at the Colliery are fitted with their hats, belts, batteries and lights. The hats are made of a light, strong material to withstand any pieces of coal or stone which might fall from the roof. Attached to the hat is a light of sixty candle-power, which in turn is connected to the battery fitted on the miner's belt. Miners descend to the workings which are about one and a half miles from the entrance by means of an electric locomotive. These "locos" pull five skips, each capable of holding five and a half tons of coal, and are operated by batteries, which are charged every night, as also are the batteries on the miner's belts.

When the men reach their destination they set the machinery used in mechanised

mines into operation. The first piece set to work is the Coal Cutter, which has a shoe at the front of it something like a duck's bill. Around the shoe runs a chain. The chain cuts into the seam of coal to a depth of about seven feet six inches. Props are placed at the sides of the cutter so it will not swing in the wrong direction. While the cutting is taking place, water is sprayed over the coal to prevent dust. Men with electric drills bore holes in the face of the coal just cut and insert charges of explosives in them. The wires from the detonators are joined with each other so that multiple firing may take place, and are finally connected to a shot exploder. This is set off and the coal is blown out of the seam.

The Coal Loader, which takes the place of about fifty men, then goes into operation. It also, like the Cutter, has a gib, but instead of one chain running around it, it has two chains. These two chains collect the cut or fallen coal from both sides of it and take it to the middle of the Loader. Here is a single conveyor chain which takes the coal up the back or boom of the Loader and deposits it into the skips waiting behind the Loader.

This is merely a glimpse of the colliery's mechanisation. Other ingenious labour-saving machinery is employed, including even a Coal Washing Plant to allow a coal of uniform ash content to be produced.

— *Beverley Shepherd, 5A.*

THE WORLD OF THE DEAD

We children walked in two orderly rows to the park's entrance. As soon as we entered we scattered to all sides, yelling and shouting. Everybody enjoyed this outing to the ancient park. It was like a forest growing on the outskirts of a busy town. The shrubs and trees, once carefully planted, now grew wild, their thick branches covering nearly all the sky. There were narrow paths and old stone seats. Small streams ran through.

It was the fourth time that we had come here and as it was Sunday we could stay longer. There was soon a game of chasings organised and we were thoroughly enjoying ourselves. Unconsciously we were running deeper and deeper into the park and suddenly we were surprised to find ourselves in a clearing. All shouting and laughter died away. We stood staring, dumbfounded. A stretch of green grass with gravelled paths on either side was leading towards a very unusual building. It was large and round, with an enormous green dome. Numerous wide steps led to the most massive door I had ever seen. There was a strange atmosphere about it. Our gaze fastened on that massive door.

We stood still, not daring to make a move. Our nurses came up a few minutes later and we bombarded them with questions. To our disappointment we learnt little: it was built very long ago; no one had entered for a long time and none of them knew what it was. We were burning with curiosity so we approached it and began examining it. There were many

theories as to what it was but we remained baffled.

We hadn't noticed the old man as he came and talked to the nurses. He turned out to be the keeper and to our delight he said that he would open it for us to see. It hadn't been opened for over fifty years. Puffing, he mounted the stairs, produced the key and unlocked the door. He heaved at the door and it opened reluctantly, making a protesting noise. We entered a small room which was bare except for an ancient organ. Thick dust lay everywhere. Another door was opened, and we found ourselves in a huge circular hall.

In the middle stood a large black coffin with four golden candlesticks on each corner. The ceiling was dome-shaped and painted. Near the ceiling was a railed balcony that stretched all the way around. It was a strange and sinister place. We learnt that it was the burial place of Knights and Lords of mediaeval times. We were led down a decaying staircase into the cellar which was divided into compartments. These were separated by a low railing. In the middle of each compartment lay a coffin adorned with gold and silver. On it were eroded swords and shields. Everything was so strange. There was an atmosphere of secrecy, and we felt intruders. I could almost hear them saying: "How dare you disturb our rest!"

Feeling guilty, we moved quietly out, glad to see the bright sunshine after our glimpse of the days of Knights and chivalry.

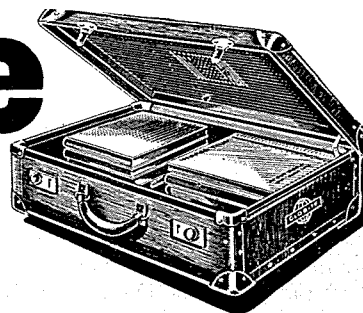
— Vida Vladickaite, 4A.

Globite

SCHOOL CASES

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THE CANOE AND I

All you who have never tried your hand at canoeing cannot know of the Herculean feat necessary to acquire the art. I propose to tell you of my mastering of it.

The odds were against me from the start. I was given the most flimsy canoe imaginable, which capsized at the slightest movement. When I first pushed it into the water, I felt confident of managing it, but just in case it did get a little out of hand, I decided to push it upstream a little. All along the bottom of the river were sharp, slippery stones. I must have slipped over at least ten times on that journey upstream.

When at last I arrived at my destination, wet and shivering, I felt like taking the despicable object straight back to the boatshed. The only thing that stopped me was my family laughing in the distance. They made me increase my efforts to con-

quer the objectionable craft. The next move was to climb aboard. At my first attempt, both the canoe and I were submerged. Then I pulled the canoe to shore and climbed in, trying to push myself off the sand with my paddle. This failing, my brother, practically bursting with merriment, raced along the shore and gave the canoe such a push that it went shooting out into the river so fast that it capsized.

Out of all these humiliations, arose grim determination. I would conquer this THING or eat my hat. At the time I was not sure which I would do. After half an hour, however, I could actually paddle twenty yards without overturning. At the end of a week I capsized only occasionally, and at the end of a fortnight I didn't capsize at all. No one else in our family has tried to master a canoe. I wonder why!

— Megan Godfrey, 3A.

TEWKESBURY ABBEY

Tewkesbury is a small town in Gloucestershire, a country in the west of England. It is renowned for its fourteenth century abbey, now called a cathedral.

Being an old and eerie building, there are many tales of ghosts concerned with it. It is true that there are signs which indicate the presence of a ghost or spectre. Even the Bishop admits that it is slightly different from any other church he has been in.

At one time, about nine o'clock every Friday night, the organ would sometimes start to play. One theory was that rats were responsible, but they would have to be very intelligent to play a tune on a

five-keyboard organ. I have been in the abbey when the organ suddenly started to play a well-known hymn. The organ was locked up and the electricity was turned off.

There is also a ghost which prowls around the abbey tower. Only two men have seen it, but they both fell off the tower, a drop of about three hundred feet. What they saw nobody knows, but the ghost is usually called "The Grey Lady."

Possibly there is some practical solution for these occurrences. All I know is that quite a number of people have tried to explain them but so far have failed.

— Derrick Long, 3A.

THE CHRISTMAS NIGHTMARE

I was walking along a very wide street, in which it seemed I had been walking for hours. I looked as I passed at all the houses, searching for one I knew. I had never been in this neighbourhood before and in fact, I did not know where I was. I just seemed to be there without knowing how I got there.

Suddenly I saw a black cat walking beside me. "If you don't mind, follow me," it said. Wondering what had happened I followed the cat for what seemed many miles. It did not hurry but every now and again stopped to lick its paws. At last, at the very end of the street, it

turned in at an old dilapidated two-storey house.

The whole front of the house was made of glass, and I noticed as we went through the gate that the glass just melted and many heads were poked out to see me. They were the queerest heads I had ever seen. Inside, the place was as bare as could be. There was no sound and when we reached the top storey there was no sign of inhabitants.

"Now," said the cat, "say after me:

'Hoodly-doodly, King of the Koos,

Bring me to safety without a noose'."

Rather startled, I repeated the words, and at once the cat turned into one of the horrible creatures I had seen outside.

"I am King of the Koos," he said. "You

are charged with having eaten the sacred pumpkins of Koosland. Your punishment is that you will have a thousand red-hot needles thrust into you as you walk the highway of Koosland. Now you may go."

I stood quite still. The sentence had given me a great shock. I had never seen the sacred pumpkins of Koosland and what was more important I did not like pumpkin. My escort gave me a push towards the door.

At that moment I awoke to find my sister shaking me. It had all been a nightmare. Christmas pudding, turkey, nuts and sweets had all contributed to give me a Christmas nightmare.

— Robert Rankin, 3B.

AN INLAND SETTLEMENT

Down the main street one noticed the bedraggled and shabby appearance of the few kurrajongs, the way in which the shops were set out as if dropped by a clumsy hand, the worn appearance of the old lean-to which used to be a blacksmith's shop and the battered signs as they rattled and squeaked in their age-old holdings as the gentlest zephyr rounded up the autumn leaves on the cobbled street. It was a stifling afternoon which seemed to suit the old town all the better. Every now and then, a door would complain of rough treatment as some person ventured forth to seemingly shatter the silence as he clattered across the cobblestones and onto the loose planked verandah of a sleeping store. There was a loud raucous call as some unfortunate stumbled from his sleep. White fleecy clouds rolled and floated in the azure sky and a long ribbon of dust made its toilsome way up the encircling mountains.

Slowly at first, then increasing apace, a white mist was scattered over the plain to herald the coming of the silver god who would soon send her first ghostly rays searching on the plains. A few lights blinked uncertainly in the tiny settlement as the small populace roused itself for light and food. There was the sound of labour issuing from beside what was meant to be a water pump, the sound of plates being cleaned and then stacked away and maybe a few cries of some infant before it went into a serene slumber for the night. Then all was silent as before, as the moon crept over the rim of the ranges to master all fears of the night. Somewhere, on a lonely outcrop of rocks, a lonely dingo wailed his sorrows to the silver moon, his vibrating voice sending echoes drifting across the plain until an answer was raised by a dog, angry because he was bereft of his sleep.

— Murray Edwards, 3B.

THE INVESTITURE

One morning, towards the end of the Second World War, I attended my father's investiture at Buckingham Palace, London. It was with great excitement that I boarded the train to London. After our arrival at Victoria Station, we hailed

a taxi which took us along Pall Mall, through the palace gates and into the courtyard. It was then that I could hardly believe that this was happening to me, one of my greatest dreams coming true.

Having previously received our formal invitations, my father at this point left us to join other members of the forces who were to be decorated. We were then ushered into a magnificently appointed state room. Glittering chandeliers and elegant mirrors met our eyes. Chairs and lounges were upholstered in soft gold. In a deeper gold the initials "G.R." were inscribed. One felt immediately that one was in a Royal Household.

The atmosphere seemed fitting for the occasion. After my mother and I had been chatting for a while, we noticed that the room was full of families. A number of children were dressed in their very best. I wondered if they felt as I did, so very thrilled to be in the Royal palace.

We had now been shown to our respective seats, all of us waiting for the climax of the scene. The King emerged from behind a crimson curtain which hung behind the dais. We all stood up as the

National Anthem was heard in the distance.

When the last strains of the anthem had faded, a door opened at the far end of the room. Out of this door, walking very slowly, appeared some two hundred men and women in single file.

The King, dressed in the uniform of Admiral of the Fleet, stood to receive each person. Each in turn bowed to the King and shook hands. The King pinned on the medals and spoke a few words to each person.

I am sure no other child there could have felt prouder than I when my father's turn came. My mother and I could see how nervous he was, but it must have been one of his greatest moments.

This memorable occasion now over, we left our seats, slowly moving out through the palace door into the sunshine. The fact that there was sunshine seemed to be a significant symbol.

— Margaret Venning, 3B.

THE HELPING HAND

In the corner of the playground stood a little boy of about eight years. Dressed in grey shorts, white shirt and brown sandals, he looked a typical, healthy Australian boy. He was of fair complexion, with blue eyes, and it was these eyes which at first held my notice. One could see instantly that he was of a sensitive nature, for his eyes reflected with feeling the tragic little scene before him.

Upon arriving at the school that morning, he had left his satchel in the school hat-room and had proceeded to the playground, where to his intense amusement he had spied a small frilled lizard running up and down the gum trees and having, as the boy later explained to his mother, "a wonderful time." He had stood there entranced by the wonder of life and the movement of nature's creations for quite some ten minutes when the incident occurred.

Wayne was not the only boy to see the lizard. Others of a less sensitive nature soon made a plaything of the little creature, and before long it was subjected to intense torture.

Collecting stones and sticks the boys threw them with force. When you do not know how to defend yourself, being half-drowned in the drinking bubblers and then flying through the air as you are thrown roughly from a boy's hands is not a lizard's idea of enjoying life. Wayne being of a timid nature, could not muster together the element of courage to go and tell the boys of their cruelty.

It was not long before the once living happy creature of God was a little dead, crumpled and broken heap in the dust. The older boys, having had their fun, returned to their game of cricket.

But not so Wayne! He had witnessed what appeared to him to be a cruelty which God would not have smiled kindly on. Walking to where the lizard lay, he broke off a twig of wattle and with it scratched a shallow hole, gently placed the little fellow in his crude grave, and sadly turned away, the tears of a small child's sympathy in his eyes.

— Helen Fry, 3B.

A LETTER

The Asylum, Faulconbridge.
15th June, 1954.

Dear Neighbour,

Unfortunately I must interrupt your holiday with this letter. As I soon found out after you left, you quite sensibly left your seventeen cats at home. Our six dogs of late had been growing restless as if waiting for a chance to meet the cats. This letter is a complaint, as you will soon see. The climax occurred last night, sometime between twelve and one o'clock. We were awakened at first by some piercing shrieks and loud, uncontrolled barks of rage. Greatly alarmed, I rushed out of bed and down the stairs into the bitter cold of the basement.

There a fearful sight met my eyes. My six dogs (which are all Alsations) were savagely battling with the remaining ten of your cats. The noise was stupendous. Bloodstains appeared in an alarming succession on the concrete floor of the basement. My first foolish impulse was to break up the massacre. I plunged straight into the inferno.

For the next five minutes I had not the faintest idea what was happening. When at last I emerged from the conflict, I had scratches and bloodstains all over me, and blood was streaming from my left arm. Turning round to survey the battle, I found that I had only made it worse. Enraged by my failure, I ran for the hose. A forceful stream of water soon burst upon the assailants, and not until they were doing more swimming than fighting did the battle cease. Only four of my dogs and seven of your cats were left.

There is little more to complain about. I found that the cats had mauled two of my prized dogs for which I would not have exchanged a wilderness of cats. As for myself, I feel that I have nearly been murdered, and my basement is flooded. If it were safe to do so, I would swear in this letter, but you shall hear plenty of that when I fight you on your return.

Yours truly,

— Tony Judd, 3B.

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CHRISTMAS IN LATVIA

How crisp and clear is the morning! Why, even the snow looks softer than usual. It is a very early morning but that doesn't make any difference to the people who are up already and beginning their day's work. The family that I am talking about consists of eight people: the farmer and his wife, their three children, a maid and the farmer's parents. Everyone's eating his breakfast very quickly for he knows that there is a lot of work to be done before the day is over. The boys are the first ones to leave the table, because the Christmas Tree is still to be found, carried home and decorated. It takes some time to do it all. The maid and Mary are starting to prepare the cakes and the Christmas dinner. All of them are working very hard because the festival comes only once a year. That means everyone loves it.

What a noise! It sounds like elephants in the zoo, but it is not. It's the boys making the noise with the tree. Now the Christmas tree is standing in the corner of the living room and it is waiting for the people who will decorate it. In come the boys with hands full of candles. It isn't more than a few minutes before all the people have gathered; and after half an hour the tree has been decorated and it is smiling thanks to the people who helped it to look so nice.

My! It looks lovely, just like in a fairy-tale. Now there is no more time for anything else to be done. If they all want to go to the Church about twelve miles from here, they must set off now. Everyone is ready except Jane who has to run in and get her bag. By the time she has come back everyone is seated comfortably and talking happily. The only sound that can be heard is the ringing of the sleigh bells. The night seems to be very peaceful.

As they near the village, they hear the church bells ringing and people talking. Now the Service has finished and as they are nearing the door they see some people whom they know. Soon after they have arrived home the visitors come with presents for all. There is the singing of carols while they are waiting for Santa Claus. While they are in the middle of a carol a big knock is heard on the door, and in comes Santa Claus with a sack full of presents on his back, and a bunch of twigs in his hands. The latter are for the naughty children. I hope there are none, for what a Christmas it would turn out to be! It is already past midnight and still everyone is up for they are having such a lovely time. So quickly Christmas seems to come and go. It won't be long until next Christmas. Only three hundred and sixty-five days!

— *Biruta Tide*, 3D.

GRANDMOTHER

I think my grandmother is the most amazing person I have ever met. Her hair is pepper and salt in colour and is screwed into a severe bun at the back of her wrinkled neck. Large brown eyes look at the world from thick, gold-rimmed spectacles which have rather an annoying habit of slipping right down to the end of her large, beak-like nose. Age has not bowed her shoulders and her back is as stiff as a ramrod.

Grandmother has a very sharp tongue which is somewhat balanced by a sense of humour. If any of my cousins or I did anything that we shouldn't have done (which was quite often) we would be taken to Grandma's and would emerge from the room visibly shaken. Of course

we all vowed we would never do the same thing again, but I am sorry to say that like all children (and some grown-ups) we did. On these occasions, Grandma was very annoyed and would advise our parents to give us "a good hiding and see if that would straighten us up." It usually did.

If ever we were sick Grandma was always the first to be over. She would give us medicine, bathe our faces, feed us (if necessary) and generally fuss over us. It was always a pleasure to be sick at our house. Now Grandma has reached eighty-five and has to stay in bed a good deal of the time, so now we can fuss over her.

— *Beverley Gates*, 3C.

THE FIGHT

A door slammed as the eagerly anticipating fisherman clattered over the pavement and onto the weather-beaten loose-planked wharf. The crisp morning air seemed to make the long cane rod dance more readily in its owner's gloved hand. Taking a few more steps the fisherman stepped into the rowing boat, stowed the necessary gear and pushed off from the wharf which the water caressingly lapped.

The rollicks strained hard as the oars rubbed themselves onto the steel bits. The sucking, gurgling noises which issued from the prow seemed music to the fisherman's ears as he passed low-lying, windswept isles of mangrove swamps, from which issued the early morning complaining calls of the water-birds.

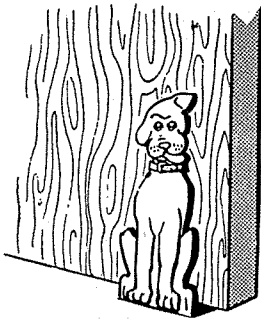
A sullen splash signified that the anchor had been heaved overboard. The fisherman groped for his bait and having found and attached it, put his rod over his shoulder and brought it forward with a sudden swish. He watched the tiny splash as the brilliantly painted float bobbed about uncertainly before righting itself. In a

moment he had noticed his line shivering from the results of a bite. Then came the real strike.

Rattling merrily, the reel ran out the line as the big fish, realising its peril, struck for the bottom of the river. The line grew slack as the fish struck for the surface and hurled himself clear from the water. The sun threw a thousand lights upon the glimmering armour plate landing in the water with a resounding splash. The huge bass once more struck for the depths. At last the fish seemed to tire in its futile efforts and just swam dazedly and tiredly in circles around the boat while the triumphant fisherman reeled in the excess line. Placing his net under the limp, slippery form of the fish, the fisherman could hardly suppress his ecstasy as he lifted the five-pounder from its home, raised the anchor and put the oars into position. He rowed swiftly towards the jetty as the rising sun shot its golden arrows at the ledge under the water, the home of the king of the river.

— Murray Edwards, 3B.

How to make this smart door stop



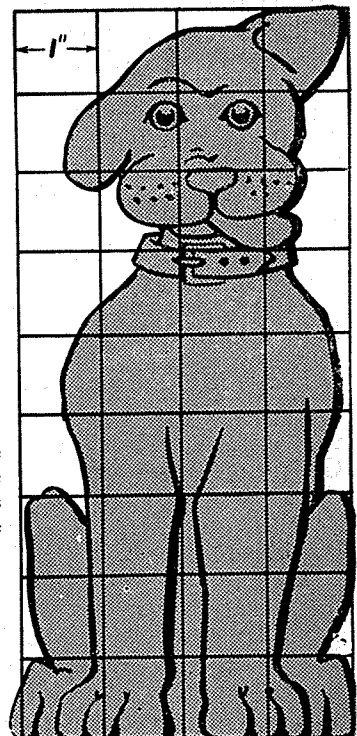
Mark up a piece of paper into 1-inch squares.
Draw the outline of the dog, following the diagram, or any other design you may prefer.
Trace it onto a piece of 3-ply with carbon paper.
Cut it out carefully with a coping saw.
Smooth over the edges with sandpaper.
Fasten the dog to a small wedge of wood with glue and small nails.
Now give your door stop a gay finish with paint.

Ever heard of money working? Well, that's what we are doing at the Rural Bank. Every penny, shilling and pound left with us is made work. It is used to help farmers and business men and to build homes for people. When you leave school, make your money work and at the same time enjoy all the advantages of having a cheque book.



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GALLEONS

The "White Queen" slipped smoothly from the bay, her snowy canvas billowing before a gentle breeze. At the helm stood Captain Lonsdale, a tall, gaunt figure with a grim, unsmiling mouth. Only the gold braid on his uniform told you he was the Captain. Deepening on his features was a frown brought by the thought of his cargo, for his ship carried a rich burden of silk and spices from the Indies due in England within seven months.

"Seven months," he muttered to himself. "Seven months of anxiety, seven months of uncertainty, not knowing whether a pirate ship is lurking in wait for us or not. If we ever reach port I'm going to have a long rest after this voyage . . ."

Things went smoothly for a time, and after two uneventful months the Captain, his mind at ease, sat in his cabin plotting the ship's course. His thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a shout from the lookout. "Sail on the port bow!" came the call, followed by an excited cry, "It's a Spanish pirate. I can see her colours!" By the time the Captain had reached the bridge the crew were already scurrying to their action stations, making the order unnecessary. "She is changing course to intercept!" exclaimed the First Mate. "Looks as though we'll have to fight it out."

"By the look of her she's heavily armed. Put the glasses on her and see if you can distinguish the name!" ordered the Captain.

"I can just make out her name, 'Pesos Maria,' and it looks as though she has sixty-four guns."

"Sixty-four!" exclaimed the Captain, "to our thirty-eight guns. Looks as though we'll be hard-pressed to better her. Get all canvas aloft. We'll run from them for a time and also get the forward guns on the sides for we will be fighting it out broadside with the dogs."

Boom! The first cannon ball flashed harmlessly by the bow. "The customary signal to surrender or fight," scoffed Captain Lonsdale. "Hoist the flag a little higher for our answer, men."

The two ships drew closer and closer

together until finally they were within cannon range. The raider was the first to fire and its broadside shattered wood and canvas all over the deck of the "White Queen." Breathlessly the crew awaited the order to fire. As the Captain barked the order, the smaller ship sent out a volley of death into the Spanish galleon. As the two ships drew away from each other, the Captain shouted further orders. "Hard to starboard! We'll stall for more time yet. Men, shift all movable cannons to the port side and have every cannon ready for use." As the orders were carried out, the ship heeled over to the right bringing her round in the opposite direction of the intruder. Few cannons remained on the starboard side when the "Pesos Maria" again drew alongside. The smaller ship listed fearfully, due to the shifting of the cannons, and just as the Captain hoped, most of his guns were pointed at the enemy's water line. "Fire!" shouted the Captain, and the little ship shuddered all over as the broadside was flung loose. The "Pesos Maria's" sides crumbled all over under the heavy attack below the water and the Spanish crew panicked as their ship began to take water. A freak shot also tore away the major mast of the galleon, enabling the "Pesos" to draw away first. A thunderous explosion rent the air as the galleon's magazine blew up. Fragments of the burning ship illuminated the sky, rising hundreds of feet into the air. As the roar died away the screams of trapped men could be heard above the thunder. The "White Queen" did not escape unscathed, however, for falling debris had set alight the mainsail and the crew worked desperately to control the blaze. Suddenly the sky was again lit up by the explosion of a second magazine, and the "Queen" split under the force of the blast. Flames enveloped the ship and men jumped overboard, only to be destroyed by the waiting sharks. On the horizon could be seen two smouldering ships, once proud vessels of the high seas. Now, Captain Lonsdale is having his well-earned rest, eternally.

—John Metcalfe, 3B.

A CHINESE BOAT RACE

Boat racing exists in many countries. Many parts of my country, China, have a particular boat race which is held on the fifth day of the fifth month annually. It is to commemorate a great man who died on the river a long time ago, and whose body was washed downstream. Then the people used boats to race downstream and tried to pick up his body. Those boats have a peculiar name. They are called "dragon boats." They are so called because they are long canoe-like boats with forty to sixty men to paddle each. On the bow is a dragon's head and on the stern is a dragon's tail.

Nowadays, this commemoration has

become a traditional boat race. Every district has a boat which is to be raced each year. Each district has its own colour. There is a big prize for the winner or place-getter. The prize consists of pennants, a shield, food, wine and money for those who take part.

During the race day, the river is full of decorated small craft and boats with colourful crews. Along both river banks the excited crowd barrack for their own particular district. On one occasion a woman became so excited that she threw her child down into the river before she realised what she was doing.

— *George Chiew, 3D.*

A PYTHON

The python awoke. It slipped its shining coil from the rock and glided silently into the forest undergrowth, a lurking death.

Glancing this way and that, its cruel tiny malicious eyes glowed in the silver moonlight as the graceful serpent coiled around a parasitic jungle giant. Its green, crimson and silver skin was a glistening warning to an unsuspecting animal below.

Stealthily with head erect and eyes bright with fear, a doe trotted along the game path beneath, occasionally stopping to nibble a choice green leaf by the way-

side. It sniffed the cool jungle air under a tree, and elegantly, with all senses alert, sidled cautiously down to the stream where it drank deeply of the cool, crystal-clear water.

It meandered back along the path, reassured now. The python dropped silently. He landed on the deer's dapple-grey hide, knocking her over. Quickly the breathtaking, murderous coils tightened. With a sighing murmur like a tiny breeze, the deer's breath escaped. The python ate well that night.

— *Patsy Ainsworth, 2A.*

TIME

Seven days make one week. At least that's what my arithmetic book says. But do they? Sometimes I wonder if the week will ever end. There are days when the time between getting up and going to bed seems as if Hercules were holding the day back. Yet there are days when you are left with one hundred and one things to do when Mother comes to switch the light off.

Then there are birthdays. These glorious days come once a year, but the rest of the time they seem as if they live on the farthest star. In fact anything you look forward to seems farther away than the things you dread.

That's another thing — the things you don't want. These are much worse. For

instance, there is the dentist. You have a toothache. You also have a dentist's appointment for to-morrow.

It's no use drawing it out for Mercury has got hold of to-morrow by the coat-tails. But the worst part is at the dentist's. Waiting, I mean. You sit in a chair and pick up an out-of-date copy of "Punch" and try to stop the butterflies by reading. But it doesn't work. Every few minutes the dentist will come out for the next patient and the queue will shorten. However, when you've had the tooth out, you may be allowed to have the day off. That's the only bright spot — the rest is agony. I still wonder though — do seven days make one week?

— *Robert Cuckson, 1A.*



VERSE



COO-EE

*The bush to me is always calling
Through wailing winds and grey rain falling,
My mind's eye sees the gum leaves dripping,
Brown wallabies from rock pools slipping,
Or brave magpie to his mate a-calling.*

*Through the city's raucous bawling,
I seem to see the koala slowly crawling;
And once arrived, the gum-tips stripping;
The bush to me is always calling.*

*The kookaburra's strident laugh is falling
In deep gullies, rough with boulders sprawling,
Where snakes lie curled, or, from low branches slipping
Glide to lichen'd rock with moisture dripping;
The bush to me is always calling.*

— Janice Condie, 4A.

DAWN

*To herald in the new-born light of day,
To wake the people of the countryside
From farm and city garden small, comes loud
The early crow of roosters on their perch.
And like an artist with his colours blended,
Light comes to tint each leaf, each tree, until
Frost glistening on the grass and flowers, makes this
A fairyland, the sun a magic wand;
Spun sugar floats about the mountain-tops,
Or is it mist or early morning fog?
From chimneys just been lit, smoke seems to curl
To form a stairway to the fading stars;
And as each star goes out, it seems
Another voice is added to the throng —
Another voice of life, of industry.
The song of birds, the whisper of the wind
All seem to be quite new, quite clear, quite gay.
So like a giant heart the city throbs,
And there begins another busy day.*

Judith Morrison, 4A.

WINTER IS HERE

*The pale gold sun has gone to rest
Beyond the mountain high;
The howling wind out in the west
Ends with a mournful sigh.*

*A silvery moon peeps out from the east
Casting shadows on the rippling streams;
Not a sound is heard from man or beast
As moonlight on the water gleams.*

*The air is cold and clear and sharp
The stars like jewels appear;
The elves of the forest dance to the harp
As old Jack Frost draws near.*

*In his hand he carries a brush and pail,
As he darts first here, then there,
Dabbing the frost on hill and dale —
Tiny diamonds of white everywhere.*

*The birds in trees snuggle deep in their nest
As the cold frosty air penetrates,
The old moon smiles gaily, as though in jest
While the coming dawn he awaits.*

*The morning breaks o'er a cloud of white
The trees loom gaunt and tall,
Climbing the hills to view the sight
Comes the sun, like a golden ball.*

*The bark of a dog, the chirp of a bird
Sleepers awake to the air so clear,
While the murmuring streams in the distance are heard
Proclaiming the news that "Winter is here."*

Betty Lee, 4A.

SEA WINDS

*Blow wind, blow!
While the pillow's in our sail
Go wind, go!
Until the rocky shore we hail,
Far to the west we have yet to row,
Pulling, pulling, while we go, go, go!*

*Shriek wind, shriek
Round the crow's nest on the mast!
Shriek wind, shriek!
As the seas go rolling past.
Far to the west we have yet to row,
Pulling, pulling, while we go, go, go!*

*Die wind, die,
As we near those rocky shores!
Die wind, die,
As we in our labour pause;
A little to the west we have yet to row
But die wind, die
As we homeward go!*

Faye Kirkness, 3A.

THE RISING SUN

*Early each morning the rising sun
Shining and greeting the sleepy one
Looks in the window to see it's done.*

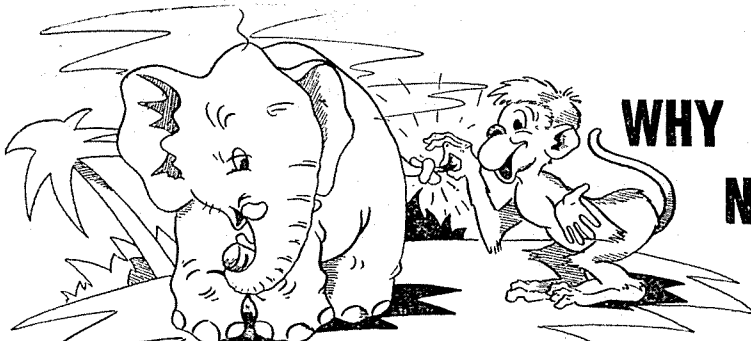
*Early each morning the rising sun
Knocks on the pane for it's time to get up.
Bud as it was, it's becoming a bloom.
Early each morning the rising sun
Shining and greeting the sleepy one.*

Vida Vladickaite, 4A.

TRIOLET

*The mountains are a peaceful scene,
Enough to make the poet's dreams.
They, by words, say all they mean;
The mountains are a peaceful scene.
From here begin the crystal streams,
To make the rivers, so it seems;
The mountains are a peaceful scene,
Enough to make the poet's dreams.*

Colin Hawkins, 4A.



WHY THE ELEPHANT NEVER FORGETS

ONCE upon a time there was a little elephant called Edgar. Every week Edgar's mother gave him some money to bank and, because he was only a little elephant who loved to play, she would tie a knot in his trunk so he wouldn't forget.

One day Edgar met a cunning old monkey who asked him the reason for the knot. When Edgar told him, the cunning monkey said, "I'll undo the knot in your trunk, because it is hard for you to play like that, but to make sure you won't forget I'll tie a knot in your tail instead."

Edgar agreed, but, because he only had a tiny tail and could not see it anyway, he forgot about the bank and the monkey persuaded him to spend the money. Then, when all the money was gone,

the monkey went on his way, and it wasn't until poor Edgar, who was now quite tired, sat down and his tail hurt, that he remembered the money and the bank.

Later, when he told his mother, she said: "There are always people eager to help you waste your money, Edgar. If you listen to them you'll never have anything."

Edgar never forgot again. Now every week he banks his money.

If **you** aren't saving something every week, start to-day. Open an account in the

**COMMONWEALTH
Savings BANK**

TWILIGHT IN A GULLY

*The night was young
 The day was old;
 The daylight was so cold
 As the day was lost on Acheron's Ferry.
 The currawong's song was bright and merry,
 While the trees so slowly and softly swayed
 In precipitous deepening shade.
 The sky was emerald, amber and gold,
 With Venus gleaming turquoise and cold,
 As the crow to his roost did fly
 In a pale and deepening spectral sky;
 While the trees so slowly and softly swayed
 In precipitous deepening shade.*

Don Tunin, 4A.

GIRLS OF TO-DAY

*Sweet sixteen, and never been kissed,
 No girl these days can boast of this.
 Fair and beautiful, soft as mist
 Sweet sixteen and never been kissed.
 Silvery-voiced, and rosy-lipped,
 Slender and youthful, a charming miss.
 Sweet sixteen and never been kissed,
 No girl these days can boast of this!*

Betty Lee, 4A.

THIRD DEGREE

*What did you last night, Joy,
 Is not for our ears.
 Do you like that young Roy?
 You don't have to act coy;
 You're not young for your years.
 What did you last night, Joy?
 What think you of Roy?
 We must have no tears!
 Do you like that young boy?
 Don't you think him a toy
 With those terrible leers?
 What did you last night, Joy?
 You were seen by a convoy,
 You heard the loud jeers.
 Do you like that young boy?
 We don't like you so coy,
 We all do have fears.
 What did you last night, Joy?
 Do you like that young boy?*

— Chris. Lauer, 4A.

ESCAPE

When twilight draws a curtain
 And all around is still,
 There in the gathering mantle of dusk
 I'll turn to yonder hills.
 For the hills they hold a friendship
 For lonely ones as I,
 A peaceful friendship we like to share
 Beneath a cloud-strewn sunset sky.
 And when the sun has dimmed and dipped
 Beneath the rambling hills of green,
 Then comes the starry tide of night,
 Set aside for the happy world to dream.
 But I am lonely, O so lonely,
 And all the long dark robes of night
 Afear my soul and put my dreams to flight.
 So radiant sun when again you rise
 Into the eastern silver skies,
 Lift me with you, to dwell with you
 In that blue void paradise.

— Helen Fry, 3B.

THE MIST GALLEON

The seas were deathly calm,
 As, on the first of May
 A ghostly galleon clothed in mist
 Sailed gently o'er the bay.

 She had no helmsman guiding her
 As she crested the foam-tipped waves;
 And on deck no sailor moved,
 No sea-chanties woke the bay.

 Her masts were tall, her paint was worn,
 Tho' her sails looked almost new . . .
 When suddenly the vision dimmed,
 And she disappeared from view.

Faye Kirkness, 3A.

THE FLYING HAT

Sweeping away in the breeze it flew,
 Beyond the trees and out of view;
 Dipping here and gliding there,
 Through the ever-cooling air;
 Over lakes and flat, green plains,
 Past blue gums and weather vanes,
 Soaring gaily over houses,
 Where, sleeping quietly, summer drowzes,
 Till it rested high on the roof of a flat,
 The feather nodding gaily on that bright red hat.

— Hilda Stowe, 3B.

A BALLAD OF MILGATE STREAM

*By Milgate Stream, there lived a maid
And fair and fine she was;
Her eyes the colour of sparkling jade,
Her name was Maria Vancos.*

*Six years and ten had Maria lived
Beside the Milgate Stream,
When one day came a noble knight
Who thought she was a dream.*

*Indeed, to him she was a dream,
And all the day and night
He thought only of the radiant queen,
A sparkling goddess bright.*

*For three long years he sought her hand,
With hopes and fears arising —
Then he left and joined the legion band
With her at home, — despising.*

*When news came later of his death
She knew that her despising
Had only been the love which had
Within her heart been rising.*

*She slowly walked towards the stream
And taking one last breath,
And sorrowing, with deep remorse,
She plunged towards her death.*

— Faye Kirkness, 3A.

SUNRISE

*Down in the east and I'm climbing
Up over the high hills of blue.
I'm winding my way through the grasses
Aglow with the glittering dew.*

*White fogs rising up from the valleys,
Grand visions of beauty I see,
An artist unseen paints the grasses,
The peaks and the tops of the trees —*

*With gold, crimson, blue and vermilion
With amber, and mauve and pale grey.
It seems like a stairway to Heaven
On the passes at dawning of day.*

— Helen Fry, 3B.

AT THE DENTIST'S

*I walked very slowly up the last stair,
With knocking knees to the dentist's chair.
He had a good look, said, "One out of three!
These extractions make lots of money for me."*

*And while in the chair I trembled and shook,
He took his long needle down from its hook.
I murmured a prayer and uttered a sigh,
For surely I thought, I am going to die.*

*But no, thank goodness, my prayers had been heard.
He put down the needle with never a word;
The silence was awful, I twisted and squirmed,
And out of the chair I wriggled and wormed.*

*I looked at the needle with nought less than hate,
The dentist said, "Goodness, I'm terribly late!
I really must go, I hope you don't mind,"
But to mind at that moment I wasn't inclined.*

— Lynne Parker, 3A.

EXAMS

*We walk along in single file
Not a word, nor a smile,
"A funeral march," no doubt you'll say,
But no, exams are on to-day!*

*Everyone with book in hand,
Oh! we are a sorry band,
"Someone has died," no doubt you'll say,
But no, exams are on to-day.*

— Kay Davison, 3A.

RESENTMENT PLUS

*We are the 4C angels when typing's to be done,
We do it 'cause we have to, although it's not much fun.
We slave and work and type all day
And wish we could receive some pay.*

*People come a-runnin' and the boards are wearin' thin —
"Do this typing for me, hurry and begin!"
We're burning up the paper and the keys are runnin' hot,
What are we gonna do? . . . Get some soda pop!*

*Everybody loves us, they really think we're grand.
They walk into our "office" to the music of the band.
Detention is our hobby, because we're always late,
But how can we help it? We can't get through the gate!*

— 4C Girls.

THE "DIADEM"

*A stout little brig, the "Diadem",
Sailed into a sheltered bay;
For weeks and months she had blundered on
Nosing her way through the spray.*

*And down to the water's edge there came
The fierce head-hunters of Borneo,
To greet the brig with fearful yells
And challenge her as their foe.*

*King Geopadah was there
In his fearful war array,
He waved his men to the war canoes,
And soon they were on their way.*

*The gallant crew of the "Diadem"
Prepared to fight were they,
And at the crack of musketry
The savages turned in dismay.*

*The crew pursued them to the land
And returned with a well-earned store
Of water and all good things to eat,
For the sailors' need was sore.*

*The stout little brig, the "Diadem",
Sailed out of the sheltered bay,
And onto the briny ocean wave
Happily on her way.*

— Robert Rankin, 3B.

RAIN AT NIGHT

*A clap of thunder, a streak of light,
There's sure to be rain on my window to-night.
The wind starts the howl, the trees all shake,
Somehow, I think my windows might break.*

*Silence! . . . and then on the pane,
The constant gentle dripping of the rain.*

Beverley Barefoot, 2A.

THE RED ROSE

*The red rose petals are like a velvet gown
The red rose petals are like a velvet crown.
So royal is the rose, with its high, erect head
It's the Queen of Flowers it has been said.*

— Kathleen Mazengarb, 1A.

RAIN

*Rain comes falling faster and faster
 Saving crops from stark disaster,
 The sad earth once again awakes
 Oh, what a lovely sound it makes!*

*Can't you hear the birds all singing?
 "See, it's raining, raining, raining!"
 Oh, can't you see the flowers fair
 All nodding in the clear, sweet air?*

— Judith Bingham, 1A

THE GUM TREE

*Under her spreading branches,
 Gnarled by the mist of years,
 Rings the memory still
 Loud and shrill
 Of the axes of the pioneers.*

*Gaudy birds sang in her foliage,
 Dingoes barked on the plain;
 And the memory still
 Lies soft on the hill
 Of the pleasant, bushland rain.*

*The wallabies slept 'neath her branches,
 Never disturbed from their dreams;
 And the memory still
 Soft on the rill
 Of the laughing, bubbling stream.*

*Once she was strong and so stately,
 But now she is withered and old;
 But the memory still
 Remains on the rill
 For the diggers have come for gold.*

— Margaret Fraser. 1A.

THE OLD MAN

*Old man, old man, where do you go
 When shadows lengthen down below,
 And Mother Sun at last does rest
 Within her cosy, cloudy nest?*

*"I go, I go," the old man said,
 "Where clouds race up above my head,
 And for my bed the cold, hard ground
 Where nature walks without a sound."*

— Barbara Lyne, 1B.



AWARD OF BLUES

A pupil of the School who has been awarded a Blue has attained the School's highest distinction and honour in the field of sport.

The rules governing the award of Blues state that only players of outstanding ability shall be so recognised, and that such players shall at all times display high ideals of sportsmanship.

The procedure in this School is that each sporting body nominates players for consideration by a special sub-committee

of the Sports Union comprising the Headmaster, Sportsmaster, Sportsmistress, and three other teachers. At a meeting of the Sports Union the sub-committee submits the names of the players considered worthy of Blues, and the Sports Union endorses or rejects the recommendation of the sub-committee by secret ballot.

A pupil so honoured is entitled to wear on the pocket a green laurel wreath surrounding the school badge, below which is inscribed in gold thread the name of the sport and the year of award.

WINNERS OF BLUES — 1953

Ferdo Suh	Football
Allan Nicholls	Cricket
Joy Harrison	Hockey
Marcia McCormack	Tennis

THE SPORTS UNION

This year's House and Sport representatives are as follows:

HOUSE REPRESENTATIVES

BLAXLAND: Beverley Shepherd; Jim Laidlaw.
LAWSON: Janelle Rumpf; Peter McKenzie.
LENNOX: Judith Lambert; Neil Handley.
WENTWORTH: Frances Stowe; Bill Webb.

SPORT REPRESENTATIVES

Athletics: Colin Hawkins; Noelene Neville.	Football: Hedley Willis.
Swimming: Neil Handley; Marcia McCormack.	Hockey: Judy Harrison.
Tennis: David Robertson; Vida Vladickaite.	Cricket: Bill Rogers.
Softball: Ian Smith; Gwen Stratton.	Vigoro: Anne Short.
	Soccer: Noel Marks.
	Basketball: Helga Milz.

FOOTBALL



This was our first season in the Combined High School competition and also our first season of Rugby Union. It was expected that there would be big defeats, and

there were big defeats, especially in the First and Third Grade divisions.

The First Grade did not win a match, but improved considerably towards the end of the season. The closest game the Firsts had was against Manly High School, which they lost 14—3. This match might have been won but for the nervousness of our boys. The biggest defeat of the season was against Sydney High. The score in

this game was 83—0 in Sydney High's favour.

In reality our boys played one of the hardest games of the season, but they were defeated by opponents whose experience and speed were so great that they were able to break through despite our efforts to stop them.

The Thirds also did not win a game. They, however, were very unlucky at Randwick and Manly, where they lost by only a matter of a few points.

The younger teams were more fortunate. The Fourth Grade won two games, and were unlucky in losing two or three others.

The Fifth and Sixth Grades were our most successful teams, each winning two games. The Sixth Grade was certainly our unluckiest team, as it was beaten time and time again by the narrow margin of two points.

— David Annuk, 4A.

COACH'S COMMENTS: In their debut against the strong Sydney teams the First Grade were unfortunate in only having two of last year's successful team, **J. Gerring** and **R. Burneikis**, available this year. The other players with Rugby experience did not pass the ten stone mark in weight. These were **H. Willis**, a little player with a big heart, who as five-eighth was picked for the C.H.S. Selection Trials; **P. McKenzie**, a very game trier as half; **J. O'Brien**, a shrewd opportunist who had little chance against his heavier opponents; and **J. Morley**, our best forward in spite of lack of weight. Of the others, **J. Pearson** and **W. Wheeler** came to us from other schools and their weight was a great help in scrum and rucking work. **L. Okunew** and **P. Mitchell** were Soccer players, and **P. Mitchell**, in particular, proved himself tough and comparatively fast, although inexperienced. **D. Annuk**, another Soccer player, was, until his injury, our best tackler. **C. Hawkins**, the best Senior sprinter, was far too light to have any chances in attack against his experienced opponents. **J. Raymond**, as rake, won his share of scrums. **R. Lawson** was beginning to develop into a vigorous,

bustling forward, while **W. Rodgers**, full-back, only fourteen years of age, gained repeated applause by his cool handling and kicking under pressure. He has very good possibilities as full-back after he leaves school, if he can improve his tackling. To sum up, this team did not win a match, had a nucleus of only six Rugby players, conceded weight, age and experience to their opponents, but kept their enthusiasm to the finish. The need for players to fill the ranks induced many diffident lads to "have a go," a step which did much to strengthen their character and their prestige as Seniors of this High School.

* * *

The **Third Grade team** consisted mainly of boys who had never played Rugby Football before, and yet many of them were promoted to the First Grade team. Under the leadership of **J. Lance**, the Thirds played several very close matches. They were beaten 6—3 by Randwick High School, and played close games against Manly and Parramatta. **S. Konkolics** was at the end of the competition one of the best full-backs in any team.



(Block donated by Nepean Theatre—for Comfort and Entertainment)

FIRST XV

In Front: W. Rodgers, J. Raymond.

Seated: D. Annuk, C. Hawkins, W. Wheeler, H. Willis, J. Gerring, L. Okunew, P. McKenzie.

Standing: P. Mitchell, J. Scotton, D. Pearson, R. Lawson, J. Morley, R. Burneikis, J. O'Brien, Mr. Stockton.

L. Gerdelan played hard football as a forward. In the back line **K. Pickering**, **J. Lance**, **G. Chiew** and **P. Wong** were the strongest players. **L. Love**, who was injured early in the season, came back to the team to play very well as scrum-half. **V. Geyer** played in many positions and did his best wherever he was selected to play.

In all, the Third Grade had a successful season. **J. Laidlaw** scored the most points for the team.

* * *

The **Fourth Grade team** played excellent football in the early games, adapting themselves well to the new code. They were narrowly defeated 6—3 by very strong teams: Manly, Fort Street, Randwick, and North Sydney Tech. Just as the team was reaching its peak the loss of our best players — **O'Keefe**, **Cummins**, **Cox** and **Rowell** — caused a temporary lapse of form.

We had one good win, beating Parramatta 15—0. Our best forwards were

Chalker, **Thorsby** and **Darlington**, while **Chiew** and **Nye** were the pick of the backs.

* * *

The **Fifth Grade team** improved as the year progressed, winning three of the thirteen games played. The strong running and solid tackling of the Captain, **D. Elks**, inspired the rest of the team. More than half the team played outstanding football.

The **Sixth Grade team** had a more successful season than its record indicates. Out of thirteen matches played, it won three and drew two. Three of its defeats were extremely narrow and with a little luck they could have been victories.

The boys must be congratulated on their willingness to learn, their fine team spirit, and their acceptance of defeat in a sporting fashion.

Those who showed most improvement during the season were **Smetanin** and **Weightman** in the forwards and **Ah-Kin** and **Fendley** in the backs.

Next year this team will mould itself into a very strong Fifth Grade.

SOCCER

This year we made a bad start. We lost most of last year's A Grade players to Rugby Union, and to make matters worse we had to play on a new ground.

We had one trip away, as a result of which Richmond suffered two defeats. The A Grade won 1—nil, whilst the B Grade brought the ashes home with a 2—1 victory.

On the whole the inter-House competition was keenly contested. Lawson made an excellent comeback, having scored only $4\frac{1}{2}$ points last year, and building it up to win this year with 27 points. Wentworth was second with 26 points, followed by Lennox, with 23 points. Last was Blaxland with 7 points.

Next year we hope to get more inter-School games. This will give our A and B Grade teams the chance to show just

how good they are.

— R. McKay, 4B.

COACH'S COMMENTS: A feature of this season's play was the keen manner in which all boys helped in the preparation of the field for play each week, although our location was changed from Emu Plains to Kingswood in mid-season.

In our matches against Richmond, both A and B Grade teams won, and the conduct of players, whether travelling or playing, left nothing to be desired.

Good soccer was played by all, especially by Wade (Captain, A Grade), Campbell (Vice-Captain, A Grade), Marks, Holzman, Jones, Biggar (Captain, B Grade), Jackson (Vice-Captain, B Grade), Lynes, Long, Visser, and Belkovskis.

ATHLETICS



On August 17th and 25th our School Athletic Carnival was held. Two very enjoyable days were spent, with events keenly contested by all Houses. So close were the totals

that Blaxland was able to be declared the champion House only after the final event — the Senior 880 Yards.

The carnival was all the more enjoyable, and colourful, because of a number of innovations. The most obvious was the coloured singlet on which was placed the House emblem.

Barry Nye was declared School Champion of the boys, and Marcia McCormack and Robin Pearce tied in points as Girls' Champion.

Although we must have our champions in every carnival, the success of the carnival is due not merely to their efforts, but to everyone who strives to get a point for his House.

Champion Athletes — 1954

BOYS

Senior	Colin Hawkins
Junior	Barry Nye
Juvenile	Max Brennan
	* * *

GIRLS

Senior	Marcia McCormack
Intermediate	Robin Pearce
Junior	Norma Harty and Mary Morphet

House Points

1.	BLAXLAND	918
2.	LENNOX	912
3.	LAWSON	896
4.	WENTWORTH	610

Boys' Results

Senior.

- 100 Yards: C. Hawkins 1, P. Mitchell 2, L. Gerdelan 3. 11.6 secs.
- 220 Yards: C. Hawkins 1, H. Willis 2, R. Burneikis 3. 26.5 secs.
- 440 Yards: J. O'Brien 1, C. Hawkins 2, N. Handley 3. 58.8 secs.
- 880 Yards: H. Willis 1, N. Handley 2, C. Hawkins 3. 2 mins. 21.6 secs.
- Open Mile: N. Handley 1, H. Willis 2, T. Dukes 3. 5 mins. 32 secs.
- Shot Put: E. Sansberg 1, L. Okenew 2, R. Burneikis 3. 33ft. (Record.)
- High Jump: P. McKenzie 1, J. Short 2, N. Handley 3. 4ft. 10ins.
- Broad Jump: C. Hawkins 1, P. McKenzie 2, H. Willis 3. 17ft. 8½ins.
- Hop, Step & Jump: R. Burneikis 1, P. McKenzie 2, P. Spence 3. 34ft. 10ins.

Under 16 (Junior).

- 100 Yards: B. Nye 1, P. Wong 2, L. Bryant 3. 11.5 secs.
- 220 Yards: B. Nye 1, B. Ambrose 2, W. Rodgers 3. 26.3 secs.
- 440 Yards: B. Nye 1, B. Ambrose 2, G. Dalgleish 3.
- 880 Yards: B. Nye 1, B. Ambrose 2, W. Rodgers 3. 2 mins. 26 secs.
- Shot Put: R. Eisenhuth 1, T. Darlington 2, J. Cardy 3. 29ft. 6in. (Record.)
- Hop, Step & Jump: M. Oyston 1, B. Ambrose 2, L. Bryant 3. 34ft. 3ins.
- Broad Jump: B. Ambrose 1, G. Frenda 2, M. Oyston 3. 16ft. 11½ins.
- High Jump: B. Nye 1, T. Gleeson 2, B. Ambrose 3. 5ft. 2½ins.

Under 15 (Junior).

- 100 Yards: R. Dennison 1, S. Chiew 2, N. Yalden 3. 11.4 secs.
- 220 Yards: R. Dennison 1, N. Yalden 2, G. Waygood 3. 28 secs.
- 440 Yards: M. Brennan 1, N. Yalden 2, D. Allen 3. 62.3 secs.

Under 14 (Juvenile).

- 100 Yards: M. Brennan 1, D. Allen 2, R. De Silva 3. 11.5 secs.
- 220 Yards: M. Brennan 1, D. Allen 2, G. McCalman 3. 26 secs.

Broad Jump: G. McCalman 1, M. Brennan 2, R. De Silva 3. 15ft. 5½ins.

High Jump: G. McCalman 1, D. Allen 2, M. Brennan 3. 4ft. 7½ins.

Hop, Step & Jump: M. Brennan 1, A. Payne 2, G. Waygood 3.

Under 13 (Juvenile).

100 Yards: V. Brangwin 1, B. Gent 2, C. Fendley 3. 12.5 secs.

220 Yards: J. Morrison 1, V. Brangwin 2, B. Gent 3. 31.4 secs.

Girls' Results

Open.

220 Yards: M. McCormack 1, H. Willis 2, N. Harty 3. Time 29.9 secs.

Senior.

100 Yards: J. Corby 1, N. Neville 2, M. McCormack 3. Time 12.7 secs.

75 Yards: J. Corby 1, N. Neville 2, M. McCormack 3. Time 9.6 secs.

High Jump: M. McCormack 1, E. Dozzi 2, H. Dunk 3. 4ft. 2ins.

Broad Jump: J. Rumpf and M. Tyler 1, M. McCormack 3. 13ft. 8ins.

Intermediate.

100 Yards: R. Pearce 1, F. Izzard 2, H. Willis 3. Time 12.6 secs.

75 Yards: R. Pearce 1, H. Willis 2, D. Simpson 3. Time 9.6 secs.

High Jump: B. Fendley 1, R. Pearce 2, W. Heap 3. 4ft. 5½ins.

Broad Jump: F. Izzard 1, R. Pearce 2, W. Heap 3. 13ft. 4ins.

Under 14 Years.

100 Yards: M. Morphett 1, P. Poulton 2, L. Cameron 3. Time 13.3 secs.

75 Yards: H. Thomas 1, M. Morphett 2, P. Poulton 3. Time 10.4 secs.

Under 13 Years.

100 Yards: N. Harty 1, C. Schenscher 2, N. Doust and F. Cooper 3. Time 13.1 secs.

75 Yards: N. Harty 1, C. Schenscher 2, M. Martin 3. Time 10.1 secs.

* * *

Junior High Jump: S. Ikauniks 1, M. Morphett 2, M. Shields 3. 4ft. 2½ins.

Junior Broad Jump: W. Bullard 1, S. Fretwell and J. Locke 2. 12ft. 10½ins.

Combined Blue Mountains High Schools Athletics Carnival

This was Penrith's best year at the Blue Mountains Athletic Carnival, held at Richmond on September 22nd. On the combined aggregate, Penrith was placed second to Lithgow.

The girls were first in the final point score with 111 points to Lithgow's 106½ points. The Intermediate runners were the most successful, being first in the point score. The Juniors and Seniors both finished second. In addition, Penrith won the Under 13 Years Relay and the Junior Captain Ball.

Girls who gained placings were: M. McCormack in the Senior High Jump and Open 220 Yards; B. Fendley in the Inter. High Jump; R. Pearce in the Inter. 75 Yards and 100 Yards; N. Harty in the Under 13 Years 75 Yards (Record), and 100 Yards (Record); M. Morphett in the Under 14 Years 75 Yards, and Junior High Jump, and Under 14 Years 100 Yards; H. Willis in the Inter. 75

Yards, Skipping, and Open 220 Yards; J. Corby in the Senior 75 Yards and 100 Yards; N. Neville in the Senior Skipping and Senior 100 Yards; S. Ikauniks in the Junior High Jump; F. Izzard in the Inter. Skipping and 100 Yards; M. Tyler in the Open Broad Jump.

* * *

Of the boys, the Juniors too performed most creditably. In the Under 14 Years division, Max Brennan broke the 100 Yards record. He was first in the 220 Yards event as well. G. McCalman also scored two firsts—in the High Jump and the Broad Jump. Our Junior Relay team won, the Intermediate team was second, and the Senior team fourth.

In the senior division, H. Willis won second place in the 880 Yards, and third place in the Mile.

— Betty Lee and Colin Hawkins, 4A.

* * *

COACH'S COMMENTS: Girls—Penrith entered in the carnival organised by the Girls' Secondary Schools Sports Association and had very little success. Several girls gained places in heats, but were eliminated in the semi-finals.

The most successful of these was **Norma Harty**, who gained 4th place in the semi-final. The 50 yards distance in this event did not suit her, and had the race been longer I feel sure she would have reached the final.

The Blue Mountains Sports Association Carnival was a triumph for Penrith. They were the winners of the Inter-School Point Score Shield for the first time. This result was due to an all-round effort by the whole team, as Penrith was outstanding in all three divisions. Congratulations must go to Norma Harty for her record-breaking wins in the 12 Years 75 and 100 Yards Championships. In the 75 Yards she broke Marjorie Jackson's long-standing record, running the distance in 9.5

secs. In the 100 Yards she broke the record held by N. McGaughey, her time being 12.3 secs.

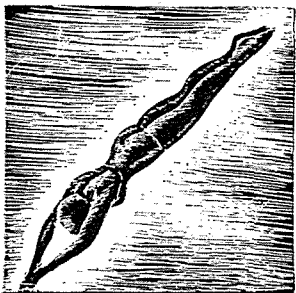
Helen Willis deserves special mention for her wins in the Open 220 Yards, Intermediate 75 Yards, and Skipping Race.

* * *

Boys—Most promising athletes amongst the boys are **Max Brennan**, who in the Combined High Schools Carnival was first in the Under 14 Years 100 Yards (first division), and second in the 220 Yards event; and **D. Allen**, who was placed second in the Under 14 Years 100 Yards Final (second division). Our Seniors were outclassed at the Carnival, but with diligent training our Juniors should be equal with the best from other schools within a few years.

Barry Nye deserves congratulations as the School Champion of our own carnival, a distinction gained by all-round competence.

SWIMMING



Once again the School is deeply indebted to the Army for making available the pontoons that enclosed our temporary swimming pool in the Nepean River, and so made possible our second Annual Swimming Carnival. Competition was generally very keen, and the day was all that could be desired.

Champion Swimmers — 1954

BOYS

Senior	Neil Handley
Intermediate	Geoff. O'Keefe
Junior	Wassel Smetanin

* * *

GIRLS

Senior	Margaret Schubach
Intermediate	Marcia McCormack
Junior	Sue Fretwell

House Points

1.	LAWSON	295
2.	LENNOX	270
3.	BLAXLAND	223
4.	WENTWORTH	212

* * *

Boys' Results

(Times have been cancelled as unreliable)
Senior.

- 55 Yards Freestyle: P. McKenzie 1, N. Handley 2, H. Willis 3.
110 Yards Freestyle: N. Handley 1, G. Lance 2, P. McKenzie 3.
220 Yards Freestyle: N. Handley 1, G. Lance 2, P. McKenzie 3.
55 Yards Breaststroke: R. Burneikis 1, N. Handley 2, P. McKenzie 3.
55 Yards Backstroke: R. Burneikis 1, N. Handley 2, H. Willis 3.

Under 16 Years.

- 55 Yards Freestyle: D. Annuk 1, V. Seni 2, R. Lawson 3.
110 Yards Freestyle: J. Raymond 1, V. Seni 2, D. Annuk 3.
220 Yards Freestyle: J. Raymond 1, R. Lawson 2, J. Short 3.
55 Yards Breaststroke: R. Lawson 1, D. Annuk and J. Short 2.
55 Yards Backstroke: R. Lawson 1, D. Annuk 2, J. Short 3.

Under 15 Years.

- 55 Yards Freestyle: W. Artis 1, G. O'Keefe 2, L. Bryant 3.

- 220 Yards Freestyle: G. O'Keefe 1, W. Artis 2.

- 55 Yards Breaststroke: O. Wielguchi and W. Artis 1, D. Taylor 2.

- 55 Yards Backstroke: G. O'Keefe 1, D. Taylor 2, O. Wielguchi 3.

Under 14 Years.

- 55 Yards Freestyle: R. Dennison 1, F. Knox 2, R. Marlin 3.

- 110 Yards Freestyle: F. Knox 1, P. Long 2, R. Oxley 3.

- 55 Yards Breaststroke: P. Wriggley 1, R. Oxley 2, B. Bond 3.

- 55 Yards Backstroke: B. Bond 1, P. Long 2, E. Webeck 3.

Under 13 Years.

- 55 Yards Freestyle: W. Smetanin 1, D. Taylor 2, A. McGeorge 3.

- 110 Yards Freestyle: D. Regan 1, W. Smetanin 2, K. Scotton 3.

- 55 Yards Breaststroke: D. Denton 1, W. Smetanin 2.

- 55 Yards Backstroke: D. Taylor 1, A. McGeorge 2, W. Smetanin 3.

Under 12 Years.

- 33 Yards Freestyle: R. Keyes 1, R. Spargo 2.

Girls' Results**Open.**

110 Yards Freestyle: S. Fretwell 1, E. Dozzi 2, W. Miller 3. Time 1 min. 22.8 secs.

55 Yards Freestyle: S. Fretwell 1, J. Luskan 2, A. Stonham 3.

Senior.

33 Yards Freestyle: M. Schubach 1, J. Turner 2, M. Masters 3. Time 23.2 secs.

33 Yards Backstroke: M. Schubach 1, B. Shepherd 2, J. Brown 3. Time 26.2 secs.

33 Yards Breaststroke: J. Turner 1, M. Masters 2, B. Shepherd 3. Time 32.3 secs.

Intermediate.

33 Yards Freestyle: M. McCormack 1, A. Stonham 2, W. Miller 3. Time 20.7 secs.

33 Yards Backstroke: M. McCormack 1, E. Dozzi 2, A. Stonham 3. Time 24 secs.

33 Yards Breaststroke: K. Verady 1, D. Allen 2, W. Miller 3. Time 27.6 secs.

Junior.

Under 14 Years 33 Yards Freestyle: S. Fretwell 1, B. Abigail 2, S. Brown 3. Time 19.3 secs.

Junior Backstroke: S. Fretwell 1, J. Luskan 2, B. Abigail 3.

Under 14 Years 33 Yards Breaststroke: S. Fretwell 1, H. Milz 2, S. Brown 3. Time 30 secs.

Under 13 Years 33 Yards Freestyle: R. Abigail 1, C. Baker 2, E. Foster 3. Time 23 secs.

Under 12 Years Freestyle: J. Luskan 1, D. Schubach 2, B. Thompson 3. Time 20.4 secs.

Under 12 Years 33 Yards Breaststroke: J. Luskan 1, D. Schubach 2, K. Parker 3. Time 30.2 secs.

* * *

Blue Mountains High School Swimming Carnival

Swimmers competing at Blackheath this year met with a fair measure of success. In the aggregate point score Penrith was placed second.

Amongst the girls, our two junior swimmers, **Sue Fretwell** and **June Luskan**

were the most successful. Both the Junior and Intermediate relay teams won.

J. Metcalfe was the most successful of the boys, winning both the Junior 55 Yards and 33 Yards Freestyle events. Third placings were won by four boys.

* * *

This year was our first in Combined High Schools Competition. Considering the lack of training facilities, our swimmers did quite well. **Sue Fretwell** was the only girl to reach a semi-final. **Ray**

Lawson was the most successful boy, being placed sixth in the Senior Dive and sixth also in the Under 16 Years 55 Yards Breaststroke.

— **Ann Stonham and Neil Handley,**
4A.

* * *

COACH'S COMMENTS: The 1953-54 season was our most successful one for many years. At the Blackheath Carnival our Juniors again won first place due mainly to the fine efforts of Suzanne Fretwell. As well as winning most of the Junior events, Sue was successful in both the Open 55 and Open 110 Yards Freestyle.

June Luskan, of First Year, broke the Under 12 33 Yards Freestyle record, and should be an asset to the swimming team for a few years.

Penrith entered the C.H.S. Carnival for

the first time and although outclassed, benefited from the experience. Sue Fretwell reached the semi-final of the 110 Yards Freestyle Championship.

Boys most worthy of mention are N. Handley, the Senior Champion, who gained the honour by a fine all-round effort through our School Carnival; R. Burneikis, who excelled in breaststroke and backstroke events; G. O'Keefe, the Junior Champion, who proved himself the best freestyle swimmer in the school; W. Artis, who missed being equal Junior Champion by one point only; and W. Smetanin, the Juvenile Champion.

**SWIMMING
TEAMS**



(Block donated by Mr. R. W. Handley—Handley's Radio and Home Appliances)

On Floor: A. McGeorge, D. Taylor, R. Regan.

Front Row (on chairs): W. Miller, E. Dozzi, S. Fretwell, K. Davison, S. Brown, H. Milz, A. Stonham, M. Masters.

Second Row: Miss Gould, M. McCormack, D. Allen, J. Turner, J. Luskan, B. Abigail, Mr. Ewens.

Third Row: W. Smetanin, F. Knox, P. McKenzie, D. Annuk, J. Short, R. Lawson, N. Handley, J. Raymond.

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CRICKET



This year we commenced our first season of Combined High School cricket, and our players thoroughly enjoyed the experience. We hope to do very much better as we become

more familiar with the turf.

It is unfortunate that we have no turf wicket yet in Penrith. This has meant that we have been obliged to travel to Mona Park, Auburn.

The most successful of our teams has been the Fifth Grade, which at present is leading in the C.H.S. competition.

Congratulations to Bill Rodgers, who is our first player to win selection in a C.H.S. team.

— Bill Watts, 4B.

COACH'S COMMENTS: Marked improvement has been shown in the First XI. Most players are still too slow in the field and are insufficiently experienced in handling turf wickets, but team spirit is good.

Outstanding players are **W. Rodgers**, a sound, forcing bat who gained selection in a C.H.S. XI against Newcastle; **P. Mitchell**, a somewhat unlucky opener; **H. Sheens**, the best bowler of the team; **J. Davies**, a promising batsman; **H. Willis**, a brilliant fieldsman; **D. Rowsell**, a slow bowler.

The Second Grade team maintained a praiseworthy enthusiasm despite its defeats. **G. Dalglish**, the Captain, is a medium-paced bowler of promise; **J. Fuller** has solid defence, and may develop into a very useful batsman; **L. Bryant** has acquitted himself well with the gloves.

The Under 14 Years boys of the Fifth Grade have done very well. At present they head the C.H.S. point score, with four matches still to be played. They have lost only one match and if they continue to play attacking cricket, with sharp

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FIRST XI



(Block donated by F. J. Miller—Men's, Youths' and Boys' requirements)

Front Row: Mr. Eyles, E. Sancbergs, W. Wheeler, B. Rodgers, P. McKenzie, H. Sheens.

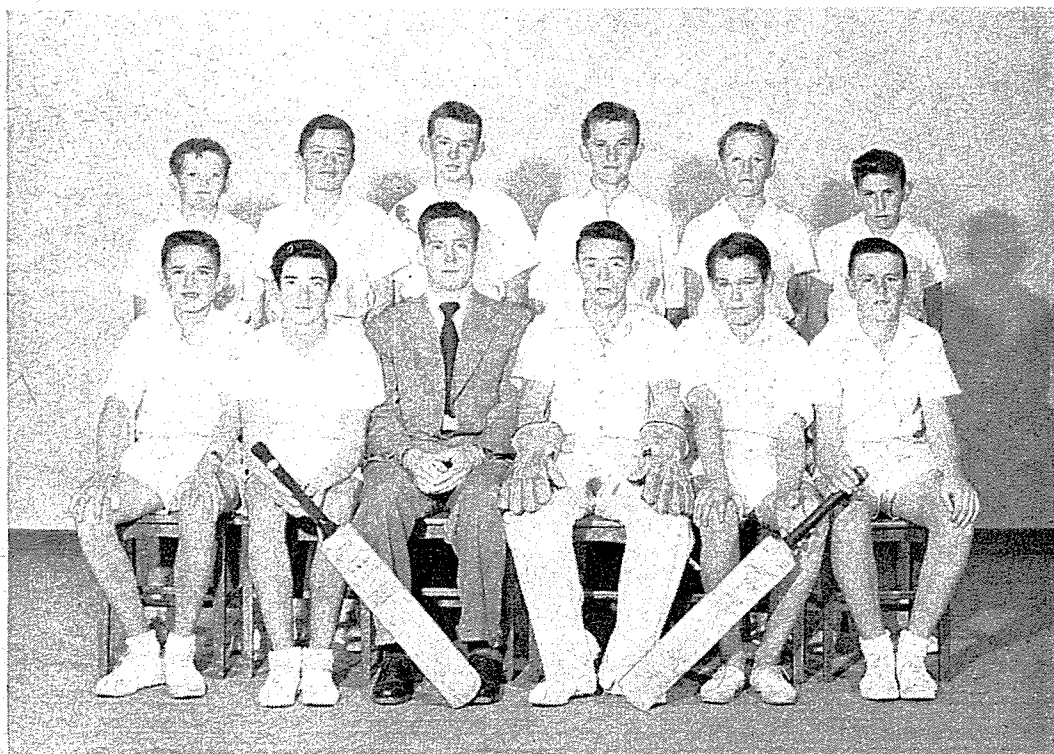
Back Row: L. Love, H. Willis, P. Spence, P. Mitchell, D. Rowsell, J. Davies.

FIFTH GRADE CRICKET TEAM

Front Row: R. Worley, G. McCalman, Mr. Ewens, M. Brennan, R. Morphett, R. Gardiner.

Back Row: J. Sillis, K. Maiden, J. Bendell, D. Sharkie, R. Blacker, L. Sheens.

(Block donated by Mr. Murray, Produce and Builders' Supplies)



running between wickets, they should win the premiership. Their best bowlers are

L. Sheens, G. McCalman and B. Turner, while **R. Gardiner** has scored most runs.

* * *

HOCKEY



During the season the hockey players have at last succeeded in getting a new field. This is on the Oval, which is considered a bit better than the unlevel fields on which we

played last year. Next year we hope to be able to play on the newly-constructed hockey field.

In inter-School competition we met with moderate success during the season. On our first visit to Katoomba, the A Grade was defeated two—nil, and the B Grade won two—one. Against Richmond the A team was defeated one—nil. On Katoomba's next visit, the A drew nil-all, and the B Grade was defeated two-nil. The C Grade drew nil-all. Parramatta proved superior to us in both

* * *

grades. The A team were defeated one—nil, and the B team two—nil.

On the whole the teams are improving their standard of play, under the direction of their coach, Mr. Dalling.

Wentworth was victorious in the Inter-House Competition with 18 points, Lennox was next with 17, followed by Blaxland and Lawson with 12 and 9 respectively.

— Betty Lee, 4A.

* * *

COACH'S COMMENTS: This year the team had to be almost completely reorganised, as very few of last year's First and Second teams were available.

There was plenty of enthusiasm shown, but unfortunately all wanted to play as forwards or halves. The back and goal positions are just as important.

During the year practices were well attended and improvement in stick work, combination and positional play was made. I feel that next year a far higher standard should be reached.

BASKETBALL



Basketball is the most popular winter sport among the girls judging from the large numbers participating in it. The standard of play is improving rapidly, as evidenced from the

results of the inter-School matches.

In our first visit to Katoomba, our A team won and the B team was defeated. Both A and B teams had comfortable wins over Richmond. In the return contest with Katoomba, three of our teams were successful, the B Grade being again defeated.

Against Parramatta we were not so

fortunate, since we lost the A, B and C Grade matches and drew in the D.

— Vida Vladickaite, 4A.

COACH'S COMMENTS: In inter-School matches during 1954 Penrith won the majority of matches played. Many of the First Year players benefited from this competition and towards the end of the season, developed quite a good combination. Our most consistent players were Vida Vladickaite, Gerlinde Hardegg and Helga Milz. Robyn Pearce, from the B team, should show great improvement next year. The A team suffered only one defeat during the season, that one being against Parramatta High, a very experienced team.

Congratulations are due to Lennox for their excellent teamwork and keenness. They won the inter-House competition by a very large margin.

**A GRADE
HOCKEY
TEAM**



(Block donated by Mr. Geo. Howell, Estate Agent)

*Front Row: B. Lee, H. Stock, S. Brown, V. Evens, B. Glendenning, J. Morrison.
Second Row: J. Harrison, J. Shadlow, R. Barrett, C. Cameron, M. Masters, Mr. Dalling.*

*Front Row: V. Vladickaite, M. McCormack, G. Hardegg, H. Miltz, B. Chadburne.
Back Row: F. Stowe, Miss Gould, N. Harty.*

(Block donated by Mr. S. R. Smith, Chemist)

**A GRADE
BASKETBALL
TEAM**





SCHOOL TENNIS TEAMS

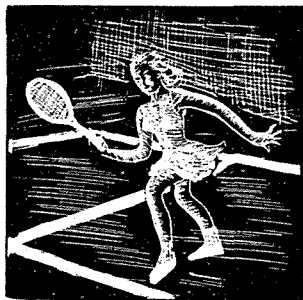
(Block donated by Mr. Harry Neale)

Front Row: R. Jordan, D. Sales, K. Harriott.

Second Row: J. Lynel, D. Finlay, L. Field, M. Edwick, N. Neville, N. Doust, F. Izzard, R. Gibson.

Back Row: Miss Gould, J. Udris, D. Robertson, N. Handley, J. Davies, G. McCalman, Mr. Brown.

TENNIS



BOYS: We played our only inter-school match against Katoomba towards the end of First Term. Three teams were arranged — two grade teams and a First Year team,

Davies, D. Sales, R. Harriott and G. McCalman.

GIRLS: All inter-school matches were won during the season in the Blue Mountains Schools competition. Against Katoomba we won by a margin of three sets on each occasion, and against Richmond by a margin of four sets.

In the Inter-House competition, Lawson won the A Grade, Blaxland the B and Lennox the C.

The School remains indebted to those who have generously loaned their courts for our use on Wednesday afternoons.

— Ann Stonham, 4A.

and we won clearly in each.

In the inter-House competition Lennox is leading at present with 24 points, followed by Wentworth with 22, Blaxland with 16 and Lawson with 6.

— David Robertson, 4B.

COACH'S COMMENTS: Outstanding among the boys this year is D. Robertson, whose stroke-making is consistently good. Others of distinct promise are N. Handley and J. Udris, both keen and versatile: J.

COACH'S COMMENTS: Although undefeated in inter-School matches, our teams have not had strong enough opposition to improve their standard to any degree. Once again many juniors filled places in the teams, and these girls show considerable promise.

