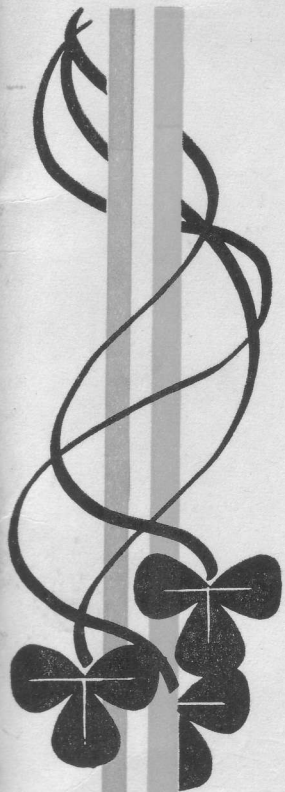


Deborah Gershow

**HARVEY
AGRICULTURAL
HIGH SCHOOL
1971**



The

STIRLING

HARVEY AGRICULTURAL HIGH SCHOOL



STAFF 1971

Principal

Mr F. E. Marsh

Deputy Principal

Mr B. Wells

Acting Principal Mistress

Miss J. Jeffery

MR. D. ADAMS, Senior Master, Ag. Wing	MR. C. HAWKES
MR. G. MARDON, Senior Master, Manual Arts	MR. R. HEPTINSTALL
MR. F. RANDO, Senior Master, Social Studies	MR. K. HINDMARSH
MR. P. SPARBIER, Senior Master, Math/Science	MISS B. HOOD
MR. R. BICKERS	MR. A. JAMES, Farm Supervisor
MISS S. BENNETT	MR. J. MORLEY
MR. A. BROWNING	MISS L. NIIKKULA
MISS F. CALABRESE	MR. R. SAVAGE
MR. R. FARMER	MISS E. SCOTT
MR. J. GODFREY, Asst. Farm Super	MR. J. SOBON
	MRS. W. SOBON
	MR. G. STEVENS
	MRS. F. WELLER
	MR. R. WILMOTT



HARVEY AGRICULTURAL HIGH SCHOOL STAFF, 1971

Back Row (left to right): Mr. K. Hindmarsh, Mr. R. Wilmott, Mr. J. Sobon, Mr. R. Heptinstall, Mr. D. Adams, Mr. R. Farmer, Mr. R. Bickers, Mr. R. Savage.

Second Row (left to right): Mr. F. Rando, Mr. P. Sparbier, Mr. C. Hawkes, Mr. J. Browning, Mr. J. Morley, Mr. G. Stevens, Mr. G. Mardon.

Front Row (left to right): Miss F. Calabrese, Miss L. Niikkula, Miss B. Hood, Miss J. Jeffery, Mr. F. Marsh, Mr. B. Wells, Miss E. Scott, Miss S. Bennett, Mrs. W. Sobon.

STUDENT OFFICIALS 1971

TOWN WING PREFECTS

D. McMILLAN, Captain	L. JENKINSON, Senior Girl
K. HINDMARSH	L. COOLING
B. KAZAZI	F. FULLER
S. LOWE	S. JURGENSON
R. PRYCE	K. LEWIS
G. TONKIN	D. MITCHELL

AG. WING PREFECTS

J. MARTIN, Captain
 D. ALLEN, Vice-captain
 S. GIBLETT
 R. GREEN
 G. NORTHOVER

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

J. BLACKBURN	M. HOCART	J. MINES
C. CHAMBERS	W. KNIGHT	D. MITTING
W. De RIDDER	V. McMILLAN	S. RIEGERT
D. GERSCHOW	J. MARSH	P. ROBINSON
M. GRIEVES		J. YEOMAN



TOWN WING PREFECTS, 1971

Back Row (left to right): R. Pryce, F. Fuller, G. Tonkin, L. Cooling, K. Hindmarsh, S. Jurgenson.

Front Row (left to right): K. Lewis, B. Kazazi, L. Jenkinson (Senior Girl), Mr. F. Marsh, D. McMillan (School Captain), D. Mitchell, S. Lowe.

Editorial

Getting out a journal is no picnic,
 If we print jokes people say we are
 silly,
 If we don't they say we are too
 serious,
 If we clip things from other maga-
 zines,
 We are too lazy to write them our-
 selves,
 If we don't we are stuck on our own
 stuff,
 If we don't print every word of all
 contributions we don't appreciate
 genius,
 If we do print them the columns are
 filled with junk.
 If we make a change in the other
 fellows' articles we are too critical.
 If we don't we are blamed for poor
 editing,
 Now like as not someone will say
 we swiped this from another
 source.
 We did!

The school's motto is "Seek Truth". We decided to stop looking for a while to write our editorial for the 1971 Stirling Magazine. This year we've had quite a few new faces in our teaching staff: Mr Adams, Miss Bennett, Miss Calabrese, Mr Farmer, Mr Heptinstall, Mr Mardon, Miss Niikkula, Miss Scott Mr Sparbier and Mr Stevens (Back again!!). But, our teachers decided to have a holiday and so, invited 14 student teachers to visit the school. They came for 2 weeks before the August holidays.

This year the House Competition was conducted again. Points from the Athletic and Swimming Carnivals were added to the points obtained from academic results, sport and conduct.

The better sportsmen and women have also attended sporting functions at Pinjarra and Waroona as well as competing at the South West Carnival held at Bunbury.

A Student Council with a representative from each form class has been introduced this year along with our prefects to help express the student views on how the school should function.

This magazine could not have been published without the help of Miss Jeffery and Mrs Shields' "Stirling" effort in doing the typing. We offer our thanks to all who have contributed articles to the 1971 edition of our magazine.

The Committee.

PREFECTS' NOTES

1971 is rapidly drawing to a close, and the term of office of the twelve prefects will soon be completed.

Although being a prefect is a demanding position, we have found that there are compensations, such as organising the school socials. This was our most enjoyable task and we should have been happy to have spent this year's studies in such a practical field as decorating halls and making tickets. All three, this year, have been an outstanding success, particularly the Second Term social, called "Wild Thing", where the majority of the school attended. We hope that the students enjoyed them as much as we did.

The co-operation of the students assisted us greatly with the yard duty, and although none of us liked doing it, it kept the school free of rubbish and litter (most of the time), so that visitors have been impressed by our pleasant surroundings.

The faint whispers of sound which were supposed to represent the singing of the National Anthem have been replaced by a Flag Raising Ceremony at the beginning of Assembly. (An essential qualification for in-coming boy prefects will be the ability to raise a flag smoothly).

This year a Student Council was formed, and our duties were extended to helping run the meetings of the Council. We should like to thank class representatives for their enthusiastic support and contributions which have made the meetings so worthwhile.

We hope that next year's Prefects will find the same rewards (and punishments) as we have done, and we wish them the very best of luck. Our sincere thanks to all the staff for the many ways in which they have helped us.

The Prefects.

STUDENT COUNCIL NOTES

This year saw the formation of a Student Council in this school. The aim of this student body is to present the students' opinions on matters concerning them to the staff. Another aim of the Council is to have the members suggest ways in which money may be raised for charity appeals.

The Student Council consists of the 12 school prefects and one representative from each form.

- 1.1 Robyn Eckersley
- 1.2 Ross Hogan
- 1.3 Rick Newby
- 1.4 Bev Smith
- 2.1 Judy Blackburn
- 2.2 Marianne Grieves
- 2.3 Des Mitting
- 2.4 Jenny Yeoman
- 3.1 Rhonda Byrd
- 3.2 Sue Jameson
- 3.3 Judy Jones
- 3.4 Dorothy Van Kuyl

Meetings are held regularly every two weeks on a Wednesday during the lunch hour.

In the early meetings of the Council it was resolved that the School Captain, David McMillan and Senior Girl, Linda Jenkinson be President and Secretary respectively. An election for Vice Presidents resulted in Stuart Lowe and Lyn Cooling filling these positions.

The Student Council has been most successful in all its charity appeals. A money chain was conducted and \$126.54 was raised. We also had a "Blue Jean Day" where the students were allowed to wear anything they chose, but paid 20c for the privilege. The money was sent to the "Aust Care Freedom From Hunger Campaign".

The first year of the Student Council has been most successful and we are sure that it will continue in the same way next year.

The Committee.

PARENTS & CITIZENS' ASSOCIATION

The Art Gallery Committee this year staged an exhibition of nearly 300 original works entered for the Harvey Art Prize 1971 and also put on show the 18 works either purchased or donated in the previous three years.

Each year the mechanics of organising and setting up the exhibition become easier with the experience gained but still a lot of hard work is involved. However, it appears to be worthwhile as it does provide the School with publicity and something, it is hoped, that gives enjoyment to all who work there and to visitors.

The Committee acquired four of the exhibits from the 1971 entries.

After the official opening the exhibition was moved to the town for a fortnight and was seen by hundreds of people.

The Committee would like to feel that students are getting something that they want, and with so many things imposed on them from outside it may well be that the time has come for the Committee to ask students to make their views known.

We extend an invitation to next year's third year students and to the Agricultural Wing's second year students to consider electing representatives to the Committee at their first meeting of their Student Councils in 1972.

The Art Gallery Committee was this year impressed by and grateful for the entries in the catalogue cover competition, and again offers its congratulations to Miss Kaye Lewis for her prize winning entry.

Our gratitude must go to the many donors of prizes — without their generosity there could be no exhibition.

The next Harvey Art Prize will be held in April 1972 and we hope it will be even more successful.

T. Staniford (President)

Speak well of your friends, and
of your enemy nothing.

LIBRARY REPORT

With the introduction of the Achievement Certificate in all three years, greater use has been made of the library. Not only during school breaks, but during class lessons as well. Every English and Social Studies class has been allotted at least one period each week in the library, to be used for research. Overnight reserves have again operated to allow a greater number of students access to books in demand. The library has also been opened for one afternoon after school.

Although 850 new books to August have been added to the existing collection, limited funds make additional purchases impossible. Many more books are still required to support the achievement learning plan and further enrich the existing collection and replace worn-out and out-dated books.

Non-book material is being introduced into the library in the form of records, charts, tapes. It is hoped that these will increase together with the aides necessary to use them, so that students themselves will be able to use them in the library.

Our thanks are due to the devoted students for their help in carrying out library duties.

THE DEBATING CLUB

The Debating Club completed a successful year of debating in 1970, with the 4 Dimension comprising Barry Kazazi (Capt), Steven Offer, Chris Robinson and John Riegert, emerging as the winning team of the annual school competition. Towards the end of 1970, the club was invited to spend the weekend in Perth by the Tuart Hill Debating Club. Debates were organised during the visit and a number of excursions were also arranged. One of these included a trip to Rottnest which proved to be most enjoyable. As a return gesture, the Harvey Debating Club invited a group of the Tuart Hill debators to Harvey. Excursions to the Peter's Creameries in Brunswick, and barbecues were arranged by the club.

During the 2nd term of 1971, a



DEBATING TEAM

Back Row (left to right): B. Kazazi, J. Mines, L. Cooling, S. Lowe.
 Front Row (left to right): K. Upton, Miss B. Hood, A. Prokopyszyn.

team of Harvey debators travelled to Perth to compete in "The Third Year Speech Awards" competition. This team consisted of Karen Upton, Barry Kazazi, Stuart Lowe and Lyn Cooling. Although Harvey qualified for the finals against other country teams, we were eliminated by our better adversaries. Stuart Lowe, representing Harvey competed in the annual Jaycees Speech Award and won Chapter finals at Bunbury and Albany, but was eliminated at the State finals.

During the 3rd term of 1971, A and B grade debating teams from Harvey travelled to Collie and competed against other debating teams from other schools. These debates were most successful for Harvey, as the A grade teams won both their debates and our B grade team won one of theirs. Recently, "The South-West Speaker of the Year" competition began and our representatives, Karen Upton and Stuart Lowe, won both their sections.

Our annual school competition is

in full swing with a record number of debaters participating. The First Years have shown great enthusiasm in the present competition and an extremely high standard of debating has been achieved. We have the club organiser, Miss Hood to thank for this.

Finally, as president of the club, I'd like to thank the club committee and all members of the club for a most successful year of debating.

Barry Kazazi.

TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

I have a little pet lamb, rather small but rare. It is rare in that it was born with a cross on his back.

Can you tell me why this is so?

Yours
Worried.

Dear Worried,

Yes, your problem is rather unusual. I can answer this by saying that his mother must have been a cross bred sheep.

The Editor.
Frank Lombardo,
Steven Winduss.

Dear Sir,

I have a pet dog who always seems to be jealous of my wife. What shall I do?

Yours,
C. Dimwit.

Dear Dimwit,

The only way to solve this problem is to shoot your wife!

The Editor.
Ritchie Green,
Murray Lowe.

Dear Sir,

What shall I do with my pet fish which has four paws, two ears and a cat's tail?

Yours,
Fishy.

Dear Fishy,

I suggest you stop worrying. You are simply the owner of a 'cat fish'.

Yours,
The Editor.
Neil Smith,
Chris Robinson.

Dear Sir,

I have a pet sheep that is always hopping about. Can you tell me why this is so?

Yours,
N. Rudd.

Dear Mr Rudd,

Your sheep must be very rare, it is a cross between a sheep and a kangaroo, and therefore, it is a 'jumper'.

The Editor.
Robert Davis.

Dear Sir,

I have rather a serious problem. I have a horse with one horn. What can I do?

Yours,
Puzzled.

Dear Puzzled,

Indeed, you have a very rare animal and there is nothing you can do. I have studied your problem and would say you are the owner of a UNIHORN.

The Editor,
Barbara Britza.

STEWED-ANTS!

This year we were fortunate (??) to have 14 stewed-ant teachers visiting with us (well — even if they weren't stewed when they came, they sure were when they left). We enjoyed the "ants" immensely, especially, needless to say, their lessons. We all put on our little angel faces while they were in the room, but behind their backs the normal little rotter faces appeared.

The Home Economic teachers were VERY interesting. While they tried to teach us a recipe which they said was very confusing — we were trying to work out who was the most confused — us or them (we still don't know).

Most of the ants fell for our angel acts. They patted us on our backs for doing good work while our normal teachers mumbled in their boots (some mumbled in their beards) about our work being below the usual standard.

But the stewed-ants didn't please in all aspects. We found that the ants' habit of giving us a "little" (??) homework that would only take 2 hours very, VERY tiring. Give us back our normal teachers. Each only gives us 1½ hours of homework. So don't worry teachers, we love you more than ever now!

PS. We really enjoyed the fashion parades those two weeks.

Two 2nd year sufferers from 2.2

LITERATURE PRIZE WINNERS

The Magazine Committee has pleasure in announcing the following prize winners for poetry and prose in each of first, second and third year.

Miss Calabrese and Mr Wells selected the first year winners and Mr Savage, Mr Farmer and Miss Jeffery made the choice in second and third year.

1st Year Prose: Bradley Harnett 1.2.
1st Year Poetry: Robyn Eckersley 1.1.

2nd Year Prose: Jennifer Yeoman 2.4.

2nd Year Poetry: Pamela Robinson 2.4.

3rd Year Prose: Barry Kazazi 3.3.

3rd Year Poetry: Christine Chidlow 3.1.

THE STRANGER

He was ragged, dirty and untidy. His jagged beard hung matted and torn over his chin. Rotten teeth hung like rocks from his gums. He had a mean look in his glaring eyes; they seemed to stare right through you. His nose was battered and wide, as if he had been in many a fight. His hair was much the same as his beard and it looked as if a comb had never run through it. His face was chubby and scarred. I hope I never see him again.

Bradley Harnett 1.2

COWS

The cows lazily tear
At the lush clover,
Occasionally swishing their tails
And sometimes pausing
To chew their cud;
Contented cows,
Grazing peacefully,
With only the sound of munching
To be heard.

Robyn Eckersley 1.1

PEACE

What is your idea of peace? Do you think of it as somewhere where everything is deadly quiet? Or maybe you like a place with the many sounds of nature around?

Imagine a gently sloping hillside studded with tall shady trees. Your feet sink into the cool, lush green grass and you have to stoop to push a sweet smelling peppermint tree aside. In the valley below, runs a small meandering creek. In the peaceful stillness you can hear it bubbling and gurgling as it weaves its way merrily westward. Tall, droopy willow trees bend low to meet the clear fresh water. Many smooth round pebbles make ideal stepping stones, with the refreshing cool water trickling between your toes. Somewhere downstream, a lazy bullfrog croaks contentedly while overhead, cicadas tune in on a higher note. A colourful bird adds the last note by giving a final burst of song. I imagine laying in the soft, perfumed grass, with the radiant sun beating down from a cloudless blue sky. To me, this is peace.

Jenny Yeoman 2.4

THE PASSING OF THE YEARS

As the Aboriginal looks towards the fiery sunset,
His emotions Europeans have not fathomed yet,
He thinks of his gin-gin, family and friends
And of the life he's once thought had no end.
Of the mias on the Nullarbor Plain
Where the thing most sacredly needed was rain.
The picaninnies playing among the grass
Though to himself he knew this couldn't last.

He had seen the "singing wires",
 the whites, the guns
 The buildings, the cities, the fear
 for their sons.
 He watched the young men leaving
 the tribe
 With a sorrow he felt compelled to
 hide.
 The young women too, tho' loath to
 flee
 From their customs, beliefs and
 society,
 The animals were leaving—frighten-
 ed away
 He remembers all this—all passed
 away.

Pam Robinson 2.4

SHADOWS

The child is in bed, awake, fright-
 ened by the howling wind and the
 shadows dancing on his walls. His
 toy animals seem enormous as they
 are magnified on the ceiling. His
 clothes, laid carelessly on a chair,
 throw off peculiar shadows. He
 sees witches and goblins, dragons
 and giants. The child is afraid of
 what he sees. I would not be
 afraid.

The young woman hurries along,
 alone in the dark. The only light is
 a dim street lamp. The buildings
 all around her seem huge and hor-
 rible, their shadows fill her with
 fear. She imagines terrible things
 and begins to run. The only sound
 is the noise of her heels tapping on
 the sidewalk. She is afraid of what
 she sees and of what she doesn't see.
 I would not be afraid.

The soldier waits anxiously at the
 door. Through the windows shades
 he can see the figures of two peo-
 ple, with their heads bent close as if
 they were whispering. He prays
 that his girlfriend has not found
 someone new in his long absence.
 He hesitates before ringing the bell.
 He fears what he sees. I would not
 be afraid.

I would not fear shadows on the
 wall or be terrified by the shadows
 of tall buildings. They protect me
 and would be friendly shadows. I
 would not fear seeing the shadows

of two people through a window.
 They are my friends waiting for me.
 They would be happy shadows.

I would not fear shadows. I pray
 for them instead. I would love to see
 a shadow, any shadow, big or small,
 just for a moment. I am blind.

Barry Kazazi 3.3

POND REVERIE

The boy sat on the pond side,
 Happy and contented.

And looked at the surface

That was dented

By small stones that he threw,

Into the water so blue.

The ripples glided out,

Over the drowsy fish

And sleepy trout.

Then, like a flash of fired magne-
 sium

They were awake and gone

And tranquility disappeared like
 dew in the sun.

At the shattering report of a gun.

That pierced the peace of the

pond with its echo.

And the boy saw the back

of a fleeing gecko.

Christine Chidlow 3.1.

A SHORT COURSE IN HUMAN RELATIONS

The six most important words: I
 admit I made a mistake.

The five most important words:
 You did a good job.

The four most important words:
 What is your opinion?

The three most important words: If
 you please.

The two most important words:
 Thank you.

The least important word: I.

Think, Man of Flesh, and be not
 proud

That you can fly so fast:

The little Worm can creep, creep,
 creep,

And catch you up at last—

Catch up with you at last.

W. H. Davies

★ *Class Notes* ★

FIRST YEAR

1.1

Mr Science: "Join the line".
 Mr English: Is always on time.
 Mr Maths: A wise joke.
 Miss Spoken English: "How now brown cow".
 Miss French: "The fire you need to stoke".
 Mr Art: "Draw a leafy bow".
 Miss Cooking: "Burnt my cakes".
 Mr Social Studies: "The Irish Lakes".
 Miss Sport: "Knees up Mother Brown".
 Mr Sport: "Run around the town".
 Mrs Sewing: "You need an elastic band".
 Deputy Principal: "Please hold out your hand".

Now for a few of the kids in 1.1. Lydia Ferraro has just begun to make a hit with all the boys.

And Robyn Eckersley is 1st in class of course.

The prefects both have been through two terms of hard work for our class.

And Lois Chadd when doing sport is always very fast.

There are of course a whole lot more. But time is short and my hand is sore. So I'll end this rhyme once and for all.

1.2

Unlike all other classes in the school, the numbers of our class are in order — Yes! 1.2. To show how much we love order, we arranged our subject teachers alphabetically so that you, our readers, will see clearly how much attention we pay to what our teachers say.

Mr Art: "Hands out of pockets (Difficult to do — they're stuck there with sweets).

Mr English: "Get to work" (Wot's work?)

Miss French: Le professeur (Il fait froid).

Mrs Library: "Put the books away in alphabetical order" (We, of course, just adore doing this — it's so neat and tidy, typical of 1.2).

Mr Maths: $A + B + C = C + B + A$. Right!! (Naturally).

Miss Phys Ed: "To the Weir Road and back." (1.2, 1.2 — Oh my shoe).

Mr Science: "Watch the bunsen burner" (We are — you should see what we've just put on it!)

Miss Home Economics: (You think we've made a mistake — You're wrong! We've included this subject here because the question so often asked is practically the same as we hear in Science). "What's burning?"

Miss Spoken English: "Speak up!" (Our natural quiet manner makes this hard to do).

You may wonder why we have this passion for order, but the answer is quite easily calculated for our form teacher, Miss Niikkula, is of a mathematical turn of mind. Before we turn her mind in any other direction, we'll say farewell.

1.3

Class 1.3 consists of the brainiest Einsteins and the biggest kooks in history. Our form teacher is really groovy; he uses hair fertiliser on his arms and legs but, as you can plainly see, he forgot about his head. We really have some real groovy boys in our class. They all have freckles, wear glasses and ankle bar socks. All the girls have freckles, wear pigtails and wear their beloved school uniform.

All the teachers love us dearly except for the male and female teachers (we sure are popular). We are great at science (as yet we have only blown up one classroom). We are really quiet in English. Do you

know why? We are too busy eating lollies. We are really gas at maths — we even made up our own number code (this is used for notes which we send in class to our mates).

Social Studies is our favourite topic; it is so easy, especially when you just have to copy off the kid sitting next to you. Well, kids, we must leave you now as otherwise we will be late in planting the bomb in the main office.

'Bye !

1.3

1.4

Hi, this is 1.4 calling from room 8; We'd like to tell you about our State. First of all about Miss Hood, For her we try to be good, But then for Science we do sorely, When we have the well known Mr Morley.

Then we all do grand-oh,
When we're off to Mr Rando,
Whenever we "muck around",
Mr Sobon tears us down;
Here comes our Mr Sparbier
If he tried he couldn't be hard(i)er,
T & T are fine today,
But sometimes Miss H wishes they'd stay away.
Sharon and Bev at sport get an "A",
But of Simpson what will we say?
Our marks are so stark
Our teachers do pray
That we'll give up 'larks'
And work every day.

SECOND YEAR

2.1

2.1 is made up of charming, well behaved students. Our beloved (?) form teacher is Mr Savage and in Friday's form period he has lived up to his name.

We feel that the best way for you to get to know our class is to spend a day with us.

After our hectic weekend we begin Monday with Maths. The cheery words with which we are greeted are: "Take out your homework." You've guessed it — Mr Sparbier. After a gruelling forty-three minute period the siren finally blares — a few minutes late, as usual. We crawl out of the classroom laden down with plenty of books and piles of homework. Now it's into English with Mr Farmer (who is trying hard but not succeeding, to teach us the basics of the English language). He says a cheery good morning and the greeting is returned with a few grunts. After English it's into Science with Mr Heptinstall. This is Margaret's favourite period and she sits with a dazed expression upon her face for the whole 40 minutes.

All of us (give or take a few) have worked hard at all the subjects this year and most of us have managed to get an average mark of about 50%. This is a great improvement on last year. Congratulations 2.1!

On the sporting side of 2.1 we have many outstanding marks (Not black marks). For example the school football team is supported by Ritchie Green, netball Judy Blackburn, softball Margaret Brandis and Judy, hockey Barbara Britza and Margaret and Debra Corbett and Kathy Booth are our best 12 minute runners. (We also have many excellent cheerers).

Finally we would like to wish our third years the best of luck (and we mean luck) in their Achievement Certificate results. We all look forward to next year (?) when it will be our turn.

2.2

The siren rings — 2.2 is in line
We'll all be in by the hour of nine
The stragglers come in one by one
But here's Mr Sparbier and the fun
Next period is Science and we're all
in
But Mr Morley stops the din
In spoken English we speak so well
Never a tale on other we tell
Drama and acting we all adore
But poetry's drab and quite a bore

Our favourite period is humorously
Spent with Mr "R" in the library
Although he pulls his hair and
cracks a wet joke
We in 2.2 think he's quite a good
bloke
Irene, Lisa, Lynda are always going
steady
But when it's time for homework
they're never ready.
Mr Sparbier's pet, Ray (Ha Ha)
Hansi, the dunce, only awake for HR
While Raylene and others star at
sport
Harry stays back to try and be
taught.
Deborah and William the brains of
the class
Fly with honours while others don't
pass
Julie and Frank the smallest of all
Can never be seen behind the tall
(Marianne)
Elizabeth, Frances or Helen? what
is your name
I'll get it right before I go insane
Ross 2 + Michelle equals a mad
2
teacher
While our music teacher is really a
preacher
For brains 2.2 cannot be denied
And our reputation is known far
and wide
But although most of us fail to
reach a pass
2.2 is usually a hard working class

2.3

We tried to write our class notes
for 2.3 and in analysing our class
we found we were a mixture of

Super Slows
Spectacular sportstars
Sneaky Stirrers
Smart Scholars
Shy and sleepest

That's us. And so you see Mr
Morley our Super Student Sitter
(form teacher that is) has to cope
with a run of "S's".

In our class, the Super Slows pre-
fer to remain anonymous because
of various circumstances which they
don't want to be printed in our Spec-
tacular School Magazine.

However, we have many dominat-
ing Spectacular Sportstars. These in-
clude Debra P, Judy M, Lindy O,
Penny M, Stephanie K, David O,
Graham M, Neville M and Trevor P.

But like it or not, our class seems
to have the greatest majority of
Sneaky Stirrers. The "S's" in this
group include Frank M, Joe P, Ron
M and Stephen P. Although their
names may not be numerous, their
stirring is. And Aileen L, Lindy O
and Stephanie K must not be exclud-
ed.

Our Strikingly Smart Scholars
(egad, for Mr Sparbier's sake) in-
clude Janine M, Judy M, Rosemarie
P and Vanessa M. The boys include
Baden P and Murray L.

In our last "S" group we have the
Shy and Sleepy. Those include Bar-
bara P, Christine O, Janet M, Mary
M, Naomi P, Rosie M and Wendy P.

Now this is the end of our "Stu-
pid Saga" but we would like to have
one last word and say that so far
we have found this year satisfying
and you may know by now that we
are stuck on the letter "S".

Our sincere thanks must go to our
sentimental, superstitious teachers
and to the third years our best
wishes for serious study to secure
sound results for the Achievement
Certificate.

2.4

Here we are again, your friends
and mine, 2.4. Our Gestapo head-
quarters this year is the library.
Everyone pities our form teacher,
who is Mr Farmer, Lord help him.

The brains for 2nd term were
Jenny Yeoman and Chris Robinson.
The idiot of the class was ?
(We're too Anne Smart to be dumb,
but we have a comedian in Michael
Vlietman).

The sportsboys of the class were
Wayne Sabourne (football and
cricket) Reg Ugle (cricket and only
some football due to an injury) and
Neil Smith (swimming). The sports-
girls were Wendy Rake (almost
everything) and Judith Smith (ath-
letics). During the year we had
several injuries, Neil Smith with a

broken arm and Reg Ugle with a broken leg.

This year we have lost two of our class members, Shirley Wilson and Eddy Sturrock. After this happened we had a wild party, but it was broken up by a hard hearted teacher.

In our class we have a Big Family; Big nose, Big head, Big ears, Big eyes, Big John and Big bulldog.

That's all, till next year, when you'll hear more of our history.

THIRD YEAR

A DAY WITH 3.1

The school stands silently at attention. 3.1 chatter and giggle, completely oblivious to the ceremonial proceedings of Assembly. After a wasteful but delightfully convenient period of time we wander off to begin the day with maths, where Mr Sparbier grumbles at the delay and Miss Niikkula feverishly watches the clock.

With much relief we leave maths, only to find we now have Social Studies. Half of the students sprint to Mr Rando's class and find him pacing up and down and the rest of the class waiting for us. Meanwhile Mr Wells' students meander to the class to see him arrive panting apologetically. The remainder of the class go to the little green man.

After a refreshing break involving a fight for pieces of toast, 3.1 move to English to either Miss Jeffery (frantically shooing flies) or Mr Farmer, threatening "I will break your arm" and informing us "I kid you not".

Following this interesting interlude we trek to Room 8 where we are taught to speak English as she is spoke or "Get to the Home Work Room".

At lunch time we push to the front of the queue and devour toasted cheese sandwiches before reporting to Home Work Room, Debating Club, Sports practice or Christian Fellowship to play our part in disrupting the proceedings.

Finally the siren goes, sounding the end to another long, arduous day and we sadly drift to our bus lines, killing two small first year students in our leisurely haste.

So we come to the end of a day as we are fast coming to the end of the year and sadly we say "We like going to H.A.H.S. and annoying our teachers. You won't forget us when we are gone — will you?"

3.2

Hi, there, this is 3.2, a happy bunch of vacuous hooligans, brain-waves and placid individuals, reporting from their hide-out in Room 10. We have persisted with agonising pain to meet the demands of the Achievement Certificate, but our good times are remembered best when we recall the boom in the cotton industry when about 300 yds of cotton were mysteriously wrapped around the desks and drawers of the sewing room; and the day when the room was flooded with the sweet fragrance of incense.

Reluctantly we line up outside the music room. Unfortunately we are not musically inclined and prefer to go to the library.

Next the girls are greeted with "If you are not out by ten, you go out as you are".

Mr Stevens informs most of the boys that they need hair cuts. Physical torture commences again.

The siren goes. We race to our lockers and scramble to our option classes. Here, our class is diluted with an odd mixture from the rest of third year.

Briefly here are our thoughts on option subjects:

Art: "Paint or painted?"

Typing: Don't look at your keys. Don't fiddle with your machine.

Cooking: Take your paws out of that food and don't lick your fingers.

Dressmaking: Excuse me, girls, I have a name, please use it.

Metalwork: If you don't quieten down you will sit on the bench until the siren goes.

Woodwork: Good work, son.

Teachers cringe as they see us approaching and great sighs of relief can be detected as we leave the room. Our class is loaded with musical talent and although some think our efforts rival foghorns and chaff-cutters, we try our hardest.

Although our academic levels are sometimes not to standard we have a few stars in Beeley, Jane and Vera. Our sporting talents include Carol, Nigel and Brian in swimming, Jacko, Hindy, Dog, Frosty, Bernard, Rick in football; soccer, Andrew and Kiwi; tennis, Denise and Nigel and Hodey; Fiona and Pigeon. For all of us, and for Miss Scott, we can sincerely say — 1971 was a year to remember!

3.3

This is the remarkable, improved 3.3 with added Kazazi, McMillan, Lowe. Tests have shown 3.3 out-marks, out-thinks, out-laughs other products presently being marketed. Its nett content is 23.

Jasper, Jones 1, Lewis, Jones 2, make this product a highly potent, highly-active commodity which does more to the hour than its powerful predecessor 2.3. It has, unfortunately, no effect on French or Geometry. It is the PAGANINI and MIT-CHELL element (which is so important in cooking) and tends to neutralize this product's effect on French and Geometry. It is this same element that cannot recognise verbs or tenses.

The five scientifically blended composites

Kirk, Mazza, Logrande, Marino, Mott, Messom have been added so that a half a cup of 3.3 when poured on an unsightly piece of wood turns it into a glossy ruler or an attractive cupboard or an elegant toy.

Just one spoonful of 3.3 makes you more tuneful (a nightingale has been added).

As this is a highly potent product, Lawson, Kau, Kelly, Jones 3, Jurgen-son have been added to stop 3.3 from attacking innocent consumers.

This product is 100% guaranteed.

As we need a better 3.3 next year applications are now called for from all second year classes. Those with IQ's less than 160 need NOT apply.

Remember, 3.3 needs YOU!

3.4

This is 3.4 (late 1.4 and 2.4), the Charlie Brown lovers with our mascot on the loudspeaker. We hide away in room 16 (ex art room) under the guidance of Mr Sobon. This class consists of 25 students, 11 girls and 14 boys.

In the female range we have:

Boo Boo — our ravishing beauty
Dotty — a dot fanatic, also a girl of high standards
Tuck Tuck — the turkey in this form
Running Bear — our famous speed-star
Beagle — 712706, one of the bad hounds
Horse — the horse riding fan
Froggy — is quite a croaker
Chub — has all the blubber
Chook — she's always ducking
Puppy — the quiet romancer
Pie — the treasure in our form

Included in the so-called male range we have:

Carrot — quite an athlete
Chaddy — a devoted follower of Derick Chadwick.
Pin Head — for what he thinks you can put on the head of a pin
Woodpecker — a natural genius with the nose of a woody woodpecker
Willy Willy — the storm lover
Snake — thinks like a tiger snake
Chips — our prize salesman
Protozoa — is the "muscles" of our class
Taddy — the loudmouth
Chang — the regular school attender
Obby — our fantastic footy player
Spud — the mashed potato
Elvis — the big footed swinger

Finally we would like to thank Mr Sobon and all other teachers who have helped us throughout the year.

★ Sport ★

HOUSE CAPTAINS

Forrest:

Peter Jackson, Carol Ferstat

Hayward:

Ray Pryce, Debra Mitchell

Mitchell:

Trevor Hogan, Linda Jenkinson

Wellington:

Gary Tonkin, Helen Tylor

Agricultural Wing

School Captain: John Martin.

Stirling House Captain: Steven Giblett.

Logue House Captain: David Allen.

SPORTS PREFECTS

Neville McNerney, Des Mitting, Ray Taylor, Steven Lodge, Ross Archibald, Wendy Rake, Margaret Tylor.

SPORTING EDITORIAL

This year has seen the 'House System' in its second year of operation. Students have shown great interest and competition for points has been keen. Good performances in the inter-house competition have helped to maintain a good competitive standard for inter-school sporting events.

To the school oval has been added a set of combination goal posts for soccer, Rugby and Gaelic football. In dry weather the surface is generally good except for the rabbits who persistently like to dig.

A turf wicket is soon to be established.

The hockey field is still not in use and it will be a few years yet before it can be put to good use, as a substantial amount of work has yet to be done.

It is hoped within time to have the school self-sufficient in its facilities so as to avoid the expense and time wasting of bus travel.

For the Girls: Unfortunately it took the whole of first term to find a Sportsmistress who could bear to stay and work with Mr Stevens for more than a few weeks.

However, they now have one in Miss Bennett who has been a great help to them and they have settled down particularly well and have achieved some sound sporting results.

QUOTATION:

"If Fatty is your Name
Then Fitness should be
your game."

INTER-HOUSE COMPETITION

The keenness of the inter-house competition this year is reflected in the fact that very few points separate the leading house from the house on the lower end of the ladder.

With the inter-house athletics yet to come it will be some time yet before any one house may gain a clear lead.

This year's inter-house swimming carnival was won by Mitchell with 313 points followed by Wellington with 287 points, Forrest with 210 points and Hayward 200 points.

Many new swimming records were set this year indicating the benefit of Harvey's recently formed swimming club.

With the help of interested staff members the boys have been able to participate in many varying sports. Besides the normal games the boys have done a substantial amount of work on Gaelic football and soccer.

For these innovations particular thanks must go to Mr Hawkes and Mr Savage who have helped tremendously. Thanks also to the rest of the staff who take an active part in the organisation of both boys' and girls' inter-house sport.



SWIMMING CHAMPIONS

Back Row (left to right): N. Smith, W. Knight, N. Grant, M. Ucich, S. Denney.

Front Row (left to right): Y. Bill, M. Grieves, C. Ferstat, J. May, B. Smith, S. Wallam.

SWIMMING CHAMPIONS 1971

Boys' U/13 yr.: Mark Ucich, Simon Denney.

Boys' U/14 yr.: Neil Smith, William Knight.

Boys' U/15 yr.: Nigel Grant, Brian Hovey.

Boys' Open: Michael Payne, David Allen.

Girls' U/13 yr.: Sharon Wallam, Beverley Smith.

Girls' U/14 yr.: Marianne Grieves, Yvonne Bill.

Girls' Open: Carol Ferstat, Jackie May.

SPORT AWARDS

This year, besides the presentation of sport pockets to students who have shown outstanding individual achievement in different sports, there is also a sportsman of the year award for both boys and girls.

This system is worked on a points basis of 3, 2, 1 and the best players from all school teams and individual champions from inter-house

competitions are eligible to gain points.

At a time close to the end of third term point gained by individuals will be tallied and the selections made.

POCKET AWARDS

Boys

Football: T. Hogan, Kim Hindmarsh, I. Jones.

Hockey: D. Buist, V. Stanford, D. McMillan.

Soccer: N. Grant, A. Goodman.

Swimming: M. Ucich, N. Smith, N. Grant, M. Payne.

Athletics: G. Tonkin, L. Hart.

Girls

Netball: H. Taylor, J. May, K. Rattray.

Volleyball: I. Eastcott, J. Blackburn, L. James.

Hockey: F. Fuller, R. Kelly, C. Coomer.

Swimming: S. Wallam, M. Grieves, Y. Bill, C. Ferstat.

Athletics: H. Tylor, W. Rake, M. Tylor.

SWIMMING CARNIVAL

With ten schools in the S.W. Assoc. and only eight lanes at the swimming pool Harvey was not able to compete in this year's carnival. It may be hard for the school to regain its position in this carnival. However, one step has been taken in the right direction in that Harvey now has a swimming club. This can do nothing but help to improve the standard of swimming in the district. The next vital step to ensure further success is for Harvey to have its own swimming pool of adequate standard. Let us hope this will eventuate within the near future.

NETBALL (with apologies)

Wendy Tuckey (Bertie Bar-racker): Assisted team greatly with enthusiastic support.

Jacki May (Myrtle Munster): Reliable troublemaker for the opposi-tion.

Kerry (Budolph) Rattray: The person seen removing goal posts from Hay Park report to the Deputy now.

Shirley Kelly (Hearty Harriett): Gave the opposition some head-aches.

Debra Mitchell (Lethal Leggo): Attacked the opposition with gay abandon.

Helen Tylor (Virginia Vulture): Quick to pick up the crumbs.

Jenny Davis (Garlic Gert): Deter-red the opposition in more ways than one.

Fay Pimlott (Robust Roberta): Team's personality.

Judy Jones (Juggling Jemimah): Gave her best at all times.

Rayma Taylor (Agatha Aspro): Always there when needed.

Dorothy Van Kuyl (Sleaky Sebas-tian): Reliable, cool, efficient de-fence.



NETBALL TEAM

Back Row (left to right): J. Jones, F. Fuller, S. Kelly, J. Davis, R. Taylor, F. Pimlott, D. Van Kuyl.

Front Row (left to right): K. Lewis, D. Mitchell, V. Lawson, H. Tylor, J. May, W. Tuckey, K. Rattray.



MEN'S RULES BASKETBALL TEAM (TOWN WING)

**Back Row (left to right): F. Figliomeni, M. Kealy, G. Tonkin, R. Green.
Front Row (left to right): P. Sgambelluri, T. Hogan, G. Manning.**

Today my heart beat 103,389 times, my blood travelled 168,000,000 miles. I breathed 23,040 times, I inhaled 438 cubic feet of air, I spoke 4000 words, moved 750 major muscles and I exercised 7,000,000 brain cells. I'm tired.

Bob Hope.

A man weighing 140 lb contains enough fat for 7 cakes of soap, carbon for 9000 pencils, phosphorus to make 2200 match heads, magnesium for one dose of salts, iron to make one medium sized nail, sufficient lime to whitewash a chicken coop, enough sulphur to rid one dog of fleas and water to fill a 10 gallon barrel.

INTER-SCHOOL SPORT

HARVEY-MURRAY ASSOCIATION

With the first two teams already gone the school teams can look back upon some very good performances against Waroona and Pinjarra.

During first term teams gained the following results:

BASKETBALL

Boys: Harvey 28, Pinjarra 19; Harvey 50, Waroona 8.

CRICKET

Harvey all out for 21, Pinjarra all out for 56, Waroona 9 for 63.

TENNIS

Harvey 74 games, Waroona 50 games.

SOFTBALL

Against Pinjarra: No 1 team won 25 to 8, No 2 team defeated 9 to 15.

Against Waroona: No 1 team won 22 to 2, No 2 team won 35 to 2.

In second term the interschool sporting fixtures were adapted to allow a home and away series. This proved successful and due to its success it is hoped to continue this type of fixture.

The only misfortune suffered by the school has been its list of injuries.

Peter Jackson dislocated his elbow and Reg Ugle broke the small bones of his ankle.

Although not during school sport, Graham Manning and Neil Smith have both broken their right arms. These two boys were members of the football team.



TENNIS TEAM

Back Row (left to right): F. Lombardo, M. Vlietman, N. Grant, B. Kazazi.
Front Row (left to right): D. Fenn, J. Taylor, K. Lewis, J. Mines, D. Taylor.

Second term results were:

FOOTBALL

Harvey 14.7, Waroona 3.3 (home);
 Harvey 22.17, Waroona 2.1 (away);
 Harvey 4.6, Pinjarra 5.4 (home);
 Harvey 9.4, Pinjarra 10.8 (away).

SOCCER

Harvey 7, Waroona 0; Harvey 4,
 Pinjarra 0.

HOCKEY

Boys: Harvey 32, Waroona 0;
 Harvey 3, Pinjarra 0.

NETBALL

Home games: No 1 Harvey 45,
 Waroona 22; No 2 Harvey 37, Wa-
 roona 12; No 1 Harvey 34, Pinjarra
 39; No 2 Harvey 26, Pinjarra 12.

Away games: No 1 Harvey 32,
 Waroona 19; No 2 Harvey 37, Wa-
 roona 10; No 1 Harvey 36, Pinjarra
 12; No 2 Harvey 67, Pinjarra 1.

HOCKEY

Girls: Harvey 8, Waroona 0; Har-
 vey 5, Pinjarra 4.

VOLLEYBALL

No 1 Harvey 2, Waroona 0; No 2
 Harvey 2, Waroona 0; No 1 Harvey
 2, Pinjarra 0; No 2 Harvey 2, Pin-
 jarra 1.

At times some of our victories
 were hollow and team members
 were a little disappointed due to the
 lack of spirited opposition.

WORD SQUARES

In these two word squares, with
 8 four-letter words and 16 letters,
 the object is to make the letters fit
 to make the words.

The first word square has 8 E's,
 4 S's, 2 L's, 1 H and 1 K while the
 second has 4 E's, 3 D's, 3 S's 2 A's
 2 Y's, 1 H and 1 R.

For solution invert page:

S	L	E	D	
L	H	S	A	
E	S	R	E	
D	A	E	D	No 2
K	E	E	L	
E	S	S	E	
E	S	S	E	
L	E	E	H	No 1



SOFTBALL TEAM

Back Row (left to right): Y. Bill, B. Smith, S. Wallam, L. Johnson, C.
 Kelly, C. Coomer, I. Eastcott, H. Tylor.

Front Row (left to right): W. Rake, P. Mitchell, D. Mitchell, J. Blackburn,
 R. Taylor, P. Lo Grande, R. Gardiner, C. Ugle.



CRICKET TEAM

Back Row (left to right): J. Britza, W. Sabourne, I. Jones, G. Jones, A. Goodman, S. Forster.

Front Row (left to right): R. Crabtree, A. Angi, I. Keally, L. Britza, D. Mitting.

HOW TO WATER SKI

Now that you have learned to put on your skis and have practised on land, you now can try it on water. You will wade into waist deep water and get into your skis. After snigging your fee into the bindings, sit back and let your life belt float you to position. Point your toes towards the sky and let your knees float to your chest. The towline must be between your skis. Use your hands and arms to keep yourself on an even keel while you get set. Once in position have your driver idle the boat until there is no slack in your line. When you yell, "Hit it" and

the boat moves out, don't try to jump straight up; instead maintain your crouched position. Roll your body towards the boat shifting your weight slightly to the ball of your feet. Be careful not to lean too far forward or you will end up in the "drink". Good luck!

R. Crabtree 3.1

There was a young fellow named
 Weir
 Who hadn't an atom of fear;
 He indulged a desire
 To touch a live wire —
 Most any last line will do here.



HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row (left to right): B. Britza, D. Palmer, W. Rake, S. Wallam, I. Eastcott, P. Ugle.

Front Row (left to right): R. Kelly, L. Chadd, C. Galgaret, P. Bropho, F. Fuller, C. Coomer, C. Kelly.

GIRLS HOCKEY

Pauline Bropho (L.I.): Team captain, a good job well done.

Raylene Kelly (C.F.): Talented player, team's highest goal scorer.

Lois Chadd (R.I.): Speedy, assisted by Raelene type haircut.

Sharon Wallam: Good player, but attention tended to wander.

Cathy Coomer (L.F.): As a first year player Cathy made a valuable contribution to the team.

Carol Kelly (R.H.): Influential team member.

Fiona Fuller (C.H.): Rescued from the clutches of the netball team, a tremendous force in her team.

Wendy Rake (R.F.): Steady, reliable player, gave her best.

Lorraine Johnson: Played well and to position.

Caroline Calgaret: Played two very good games in Bunbury.

Irene Eastcott: Gave a good performance (pity the wind was cold).

Debra Palmer: Staunch supporter and reserve. Thanks, Debra.

Christine Ugle: The team's pad cladded tornado.

Barbara Britza: Reads comics, is a good sportsman.

FOOTBALL

Geoff Jones: Team captain, a gentle giant.

Robert Crabtree: Has made some good captains, football and otherwise.

Trevor Parfitt: "Nuggety", has been injured, yet to give his best.

Wayne Sabourne: A good footballer, unfortunate to be injured.

Sebastian Van Nierop: "Basha" — why? We don't know.

Trevor Hogan: Vice-captain, shows a lot of courage and determination.

Brian Hovey: "Hunter" — has ability, lacks discipline.

Ben Ivey: Knows his football but is lost without his glasses.

Shane Forster: A purposeful player, should have a sound future.

David Oregioni: Always willing to try, needs to develop more speed.

Ritchie Green: Has great ability, lacks co-operation.

Andrew Goodman: A lanky left-footer, requires more pace.

Nigel Grant: Tall, dark and handsome, also a good sportsman.

Graeme Newman: A first year, has great potential.

Rick Donovan: A racehorse, lacking speed but has determination.

Kim Hindmarsh: Capable of great things but has interests in another game.

Ian Jones: Could become another Bradley Smith.

Peter Jackson: Lacks vocal discipline, has sound ability.

Peter Sgambelluri: Is a good mark, always prepared to try.

Kevin Ugle: From a family of good sporting ability.

Michael Kealy: Inclined to be an individual, has great courage.

Ray Taylor: Has shown signs of being a good sportsman.

Michael Vlietman: Always tries hard to do well, sometimes a dreamer.

Glenn Ketteridge: A rover with sound ability, a great talker.

"How would you like to lose 10 lb of ugly fat?"
Cut off your head!



TOWN WING FOOTBALL TEAM

Back Row (left to right): N. Grant, R. Crabtree, R. Green, I. Jones, K. Hindmarsh, P. Jackson, R. Donovan, M. Kealy, A. Goodman, S. Forster, M. Chiera.

Centre Row (left to right): Mr. G. Stevens (Coach), T. Parfitt, R. Ugle, R. Hodgson, N. Smith, C. Van Nierop, B. Ivey, T. Hogan, G. Manning, K. Mott, P. Sgambelluri.

Front Row (left to right): L. Hart, D. Oregione, K. Ugle, G. Ketteridge, G. Jones, W. Sabourne, M. Vlietman, R. Taylor, G. Newman, G. Denham.



VOLLEYBALL

Back Row (left to right): M. Tylor, W. Rake, J. Yeoman, A. Smart, J. Mines, J. Blackburn, I. Eastcott, P. Mitchell, C. O'Brien.

Front Row (left to right): E. Williamson, S. Kennedy, L. Olsen, L. James, V. McMillan, J. Marsh.

BUNBURY WINTER CARNIVAL

This carnival was held over 3 days during the last week of second term. Harvey had a netball, girls and boys hockey team in the A division, and a football team in the B division.

Results were as follows:

Girls Hockey — 1 win, 3 losses, 0 draws.

Boys Hockey — 1 win, 2 losses, 1 draw.

Netball — 2 wins, 2 losses, 0 draws.

Football — 1 win, 3 losses, 0 draws.

Briefly looking back over the last five years, in 1967 the school won all four pennants, in 1968, 3 pennants and after that declined to the present state.

However, to win is not everything, but to have played the game well is far more important. How many of us can say truthfully that we re-

presented our school with determination and desire to "play the game!"

If we are to analyse our performances then what reasons can we give for our decline? Is it that the pride once attached to representing your school has become a thing of the past and is playing for your school just another task?

Has this school a team spirit? If so what evidence do we have of it? Unfortunately it is felt by many that this school has lost its once great school spirit. Do you agree? If so, what can you do about it?

Do you feel that team spirit is important?

I feel it is drastically important and it is up to all of us, team members, spectators and staff alike, to regain our school spirit if we are to regain our effectiveness as a competitive school.

HOCKEY

Murray Lowe: Trains horses and plays good hockey.

William Knight: Quiet and unobtrusive, skilled player.

Garry Tonkin: A good sportsman, lacks desire.

Neville McNeerney: Everybody's work horse.

David McMillan: "Squire" — a girl's dream, can play hockey.

Doug Buist: Backbone of the team, never worried.

Len Britza: A real fighter, plenty of determination.

Jim Britza: Lacks his brother's determination, could be a good sportsman.

Ray Pryce: Always a trier, has great skill and courage.

Des Mitting: Skilled, a very fair player.

Vernon Stanford: A prolific scorer, lacks vocal discipline.

Ray Kershaw: Very skilled, inclined to be unfair.

Phillip Staniford: When allowed by others is a good player.

Robert Davis: A good player, a little temperamental.

Bruce Wansborough: A good sportsman, a sound future ahead.

**HARVEY-MURRAY SPORTS
ASSOCIATION
ATHLETICS CARNIVAL
WAROONA**

The 21st of October must be recorded as the day of outstanding achievement for the students of the school.

Never before have the students given such an outstanding display of school spirit and sportsmanship. It was tremendous to see the Waroona grandstand rock to the roar of the school's massive student cheer squad. To staff members Mr Hepinstall and Mr Browning it must have reminded them again of Wembley Stadium.



TOWN WING HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row (left to right): N. McNeerney, D. Mitting, L. Britza, B. Kazazi, G. Tonkin, D. Buist, B. Wansborough, J. Britza, M. Lowe.

Front Row (left to right): R. Davis, P. Staniford, V. Stanford, R. Pryce, R. Kershaw, W. Knight, D. McMillan.



SOCCKER TEAM

Back Row (left to right): G. Tonkin, M. Chiera, B. Kazazi, J. Britza, A. Roughead, C. Winnard, A. Goodman, M. Ferguson.

Front Row (left to right): S. Forster, S. Taylor, D. Messom, N. Grant, R. Crabtree, B. Mott, T. Marino.

In the centre of the oval were gathered the school's elite team of athletes who responded to the cheer squad's tremendous enthusiasm and encouragement, giving their very best in every event.

To start the day we saw 'will-of-the-wisp' Wendy run a devastating 800m setting an inaugural record time of 2 min 29.5 sec. Leaping Lisa and Irene gave us a first and second in the open broad jump. Talking of jumping, Leaping Lennie set a new record to the junior boys H.S. and Jump, and Nigel won the Open High Jump. To the Smiths, Tylors, Tonkins, Jones, and all other competitors including the reserves, the staff, especially the sport staff, congratulate you on a day of immaculate performance.

Don't let it stop here; continue to show this terrific interest and an excellent sporting career is before you.

The day's results were as follows:

HANDICAP SHIELD

Waroona	413
Harvey	320
Pinjarra	186

The Handicaps being:

Pinjarra	Scratch
Waroona	256 points
Harvey	126 points

POINTS TROPHY

Harvey	196
Pinjarra	186
Waroona	157

INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONS

Girls' Junior Champion: W. Rake.
Girls' Open Champion: H. Tylor.

A car, owned by a hippie and painted all over with flowers, pulled up at a service station.

He said: "Fill her up."

And the attendant said: "What with? Standard or Superfertiliser."

E. George, 3.2

HOUSE NOTES

MITCHELL

As usual, Mitchell led the way at the swimming carnival held early in first term and won by a margin of 32 points from Wellington.

The competitors did their utmost at this carnival held at the Little Weir and we would like to express our thanks for the great enthusiasm.

We pulled through with five places out of fourteen:

William Knight, boys under 14 runner-up with 9 points.

Sharon Wallam, girls under 13 champion with 16 points.

Bev Smith, girls under 13 runner-up with 8 points.

Yvonne Bill, girls under 14 draw first with 8 points.

Jackie May, open girls runner-up with 24 points.

Thank you, Mitchell swimmers and supporters.

On the sixth of October we will once again show our enthusiasm and support as the competitors strive to maintain the second position earned last year, or to better this by repeating what we did in 1969 — win. All the sports-minded students are practising strenuously for the imminent carnival clash; the cheer squad's voices are becoming hoarse; the "Mitchellite", portrayed by a Mr Milner in second year has come down from Mars to aid the cheering squad at the carnival; and the teachers, Mr Sparbier, Mr Farmer, Mr Browning, Miss Scott and Miss Hood, are helping us greatly in every way possible.

Although we are going very well in sport, we're afraid that Mitchell has to pull up a few pairs of socks, for our behaviour is very poor. Come on, Mitchell. We're earning quite a few points by the academic side, but we could do much better. How about it?

Trevor Hogan
Linda Jenkinson

FORREST

Dearest Forresties,

This year has been very disappointing considering 1970's effort when we claimed the shield. We presume that most of you are aware of our position on the House ladder so let's not brag about it in the mag.

Although our overall results at the Annual Swimming Carnival, held earlier in the year, were not so good, we would like to congratulate Carol Ferstat and Neil Smith (champions) and also Brian Hovey and Simon Denney (runners-up).

Forrest has been well represented in interschool sporting carnivals.

By the time the mag comes out we should have gained a few more points at the athletic carnival to help try to raise our notorious position.

In the recent money-chain competition to raise funds for Austcare, Forrest raised \$43.01, out of the total of \$126.54, to win.

Let's see if we can improve our position on the ladder next year by behaving ourselves (yourselves — we won't be here!) and working hard academically.

Your Captains

WELLINGTON

Wellington has achieved a considerable success this year and so far has gained second place behind Mitchell, but we will have to train extra hard for the approaching athletic carnival to stay in second place or to reach first place.

Wellington tried valiantly in the 1971 swimming carnival to finish in second place and gained credit for the most enthusiastic cheering.

A number of boys and girls from Wellington represented the school in various teams when competing against Waroona and Pinjarra and proved to be worthy of the honour.

We are proud to have them in our faction.

Most of the enthusiasm in Wellington is shown by the 1st and 2nd years, but most of the work is done by the 3rd years.

We would like to thank Mrs Weller, Mr Rando and Mr Mardon for helping us throughout the year.

Helen Tylor
Garry Tonkin

HAYWARD

The Hayward hellfighters with their flying haloes began the house season with a photo-finishing fourth, with their gold mud caps, in the swimming carnival. We received our share of the champions and congratulations go to the students.

Although Hayward is not renowned for its individual stars, we showed outstanding team co-ordination and understanding which dazzled the opposition into defeat (one way or the other!) in the team games throughout the summer.

At the end of first term Hayward had made its presence felt and its position was well consolidated in the four, thanks to the angelic and academic qualities of the House members which enabled them to come out victorious in conduct (by a mile) and academic (by an A).

Into second term and the cold had set in. Maybe this slowed us down a bit but we were always out there trying hard (not to get wet). We didn't fare too well this term but we were always praised for the best sportsmanship. Again we were saved by conduct and brains.

According to legend, gold is supposed to be a sign of great riches. This proved a good omen, for our House raised a large sum of one cent pieces for contribution to Aust-care for refugees in India. Thanks to those who contributed.

PS. It seems as though, from the money line mentioned previously, all of you had plenty of cash in reserve, so we hope it was used to buy ribbons and enthusiasm for the athletics carnival in the latter part of the term.

Debra Mitchell
Ray Pryce

FIGURE IT OUT

If one man had ten apples and if one man had thirty apples and if one man had fifty apples and they sold them for the same price and kept their own money, how could they end up with the same money?

Answer

In the first village they sold them for 7 a cent. The first man sold 10 for 7 a cent. The first man sold 10 and had 3 apples left, the second man sold 30 and had 2 apples left, the third man sold 50 and had 1 apple left. In the second village they sold the rest of their apples for 3c an apple. The first man sold 3 apples and gained 9c plus 1c he earned before and altogether had 10c. The second man sold his two apples and gained 6c plus 4c he earned before and altogether had 10c. The third man sold his 1 apple and gained 3c plus 7c he earned before and altogether had 10c.

Craig Winnard, 1.4

If in the future, man gets married on the moon will he have a "honey-earth"?

OF GIN AND MEN

The horse and mule live 30 years
And nothing know of wines and beers

The goat and sheep at 20 die
And never taste of Scotch or Rye

The cow drinks water by the ton
And at 18 is mostly done

The dog at 15 cashes in
Without the aid of rum and gin

The cat in milk and water soaks
And then in 12 short years it croaks.

The modest sober, bone-dry hen
Lays eggs for nogs, then dies at 10.

All animals are strictly dry
They sinless live and swiftly die

But sinful, rum-soaked men
Survive for three score years and ten

And some of them, a very few,
Stay pickled till they're 92.

M. Brennan, 1.1

AGRICULTURAL WING NOTES



AGRICULTURAL WING PREFECTS, 1971

Back Row: G. Northover, S. Giblett, R. Green.

Front Row: J. Martin (School Capt.), Mr. F. Marsh (Principal), Mr. D. Adams (Senior Master), D. Allen (Vice Capt.).

THE CANOE TRIP

Early one brisk morning on a Saturday in June, the Stirling House of the Harvey Agricultural School set out on the back of a truck in a cattle crate towards the Murray River where we were to commence our canoe trip scheduled to last two days.

It took us approximately an hour and a half to reach the starting point of the trip. As we were only lightly clothed and there was a frost in the valley, we were pretty cold as the truck went along. When we arrived at the starting point, everyone took rations to last the day as well as a canoe.

We started downstream but at the end of the day we were all short of the scheduled camping site, so we dumped our canoes on the bank and climbed aboard the truck which took us to the camping area. We had tea around a fire and after everyone had changed into dry clothes we pitched a tent each and bedded down for the night. In the morning we had breakfast and packed up all the tents and started off from where we left our canoes.

The canoes that were ahead waited for everyone to catch up so as we could go as a group. About noon we saw the truck on the side of the river waiting for us with lunch. We ended the trip there as the canoes had to be returned to Perth by 5 o'clock.

Terry Smith.

PROJECTS

During the second and third term at the Ag wing, the students were allowed to run their own projects. The projects consisted of pigs, meat Teagles (chickens), vegetable garden and ducks.

There are two pens of 10 pigs each of which was fed on pellets. The pigs are being raised to baconer weight before they are sold to Spearwood. The Teagles were bought as day-old chicks and raised to 5 lb dressed weight birds. They were raised over a 13 week period and were sold to students and members

of the teaching staff. The vegetable garden was planted with rhubarb, coldslaws, onions, cabbage, cauliflower, parsnips and tomatoes. The ducks were started in third term and at this early date ducks look like being a very profitable enterprise.

Michael Payne, 2nd year

A DAY'S LIFE FOR AN AG. BOY (during a Farm week)

5.30 am: Three boys rise and proceed to the dairy half asleep and are greeted by an instructor in worse condition than themselves.

7 am: Rise and shine for the rest, make your bed, have a shower and tidy your cubicle.

7.30 am: Breakfast. What we are about to receive the pigs have just refused.

7.50 am: Rise from table and proceed to farm to arrive at 8 or the anxious instructors get excited.

8.10: Two boys go off and do pigs and poultry, one to do the dirty work around the shed and the rest with Mr Craigie to have a slack.

11.150: Drop everything you're doing and head back to school for dinner. For every cup and plateful may we be truly grateful. Amen.

12.30 pm: Today's announcements.

12.35: Rise from table and head back towards the farm.

1: Arrive at farm.

3.45: Dairy boys milk cows and pig and poultry boys feed pigs and poultry.

4.45: General boys knock off and clean up shed.

5: Finish off day to make our way back to school for a refreshing hot shower.

5.45: Tea is served (what we are about to receive may the Lord make us truly thankful).

7: Prep.

8.30: End of prep and what a relief after twiddling your thumbs for 1½ hours.

9.15: Warning siren to get ready for bed.

9.30: Lights out (good night and sweet dreams).

R. Wisby, 2nd year

**CRICKET 1971**

Back Row: M. Roberts, J. Martin, S. Giblett, R. Johnson, S. Lodge, R. Longwood.

Front Row: D. Hodgson, D. Allen, B. Marsh, R. Scott, J. Wells.

AGRICULTURAL WING SPORT NOTES

Sport is played by every boy in the school who is physically able. It involves an hour and a half after school four days a week. This is mostly divided into two nights' football and hockey training, a cross-country on every Monday, and a game of any sport on Wednesday.

The cross-country courses are on average a distance of four miles and are rarely run over the same course. Keen cross-country runners are Stan Maughan, David Allen, Graham Downs, Ross Johnson and John Martin who will supply a challenge at the annual sports carnival.

Students at the school wish to thank the sports master Mr Stevens for his coaching throughout the year. We appreciate all he has done for us even if at times he may think there are some heart victims among us.

STAFF-STUDENT MATCHES

CRICKET (played in first term)

This was the first victory of the season with a win to the students. The staff lined up with eleven strong players; unfortunately for them the students provided superior strength.

The students batted first to score 116 runs in one and a half hours. There was a ten minute break before the staff took the wicket to face fast bowlers Giblett and Wells. The staff were all out within thirty minutes. The students decided to put the staff in again but still they failed to equal the students' score.

The game finished with the staff and students having a free can of "cool drink" at the Ag. Wing Canteen.

BASKETBALL (first term)

This was a narrow victory to the students, with both teams playing in what was a very fast and entertaining match.

Both Mr. Wells and Mr. Stevens played well for the staff. Mr. Briggs was a very sturdy player and when he had the ball it was bananas for the students.

HOCKEY

Played at the primary school early in second term. It was umpired by two charming teachers from the high school, Miss Bennett and Mrs. Newby (retired).

Eyes opened when the Principal, Mr. Marsh, lined up at centre half back. He broke up the students' attack many times during the match and played a valuable game for the staff.

Mr. Morley the student hockey coach was also a damaging player and constantly penetrated the student half back line.

The students finished up winning comfortably with a two-nil win.

Reg Green and Charlie Brockman impressed local news reporters at the match.

GAELIC FOOTBALL

The staff team was a mixture of trainee teachers, high school and Ag. wing staff. The match got under way quickly with a goal lead to the staff off the boot of Mr Savage, a former world champion.



BASKETBALL 1971

Back Row: D. Allen, M. Roberts, J. Wells, S. Lodge, I. Kerr.
Front Row: B. Marsh, J. Martin, B. Muir, S. Giblett.

At half time the staff still held the lead. However, things changed after the first ten minutes of play in the second half and the inexperienced students were on top. They ran out easy winners scoring eight goals two points to three goals one point.

Good players among the staff were Mr. Bickers and Mr. Heptinstall, former captain coach of rugby in Yorkshire, England, before coming to teach in Harvey.

J. Martin, School Captain

AG WING FOOTBALL TEAM

The football team has had a moderate season with only four wins but the team performed well and on occasions were unlucky not to have had other wins. Unfortunately we had to forfeit games owing to school holidays.

Although the team often lost we never gave up until the final siren and often we gave stronger teams something to worry about.

The most consistent players were captain David Allen, vice-captain Steven Giblett, rover John Martin and ruck-rover David Hodgson.

Three players from our team were chosen to represent Bunbury in Perth. These players were Ross Archibald, Steven Giblett and David Allen. All three players were again in the Bunbury team which won the final of the Bunbury Lightning Carnival.

The team would like to convey their sincere thanks to coach, Mr Stevens, for a mighty effort in trying to get us into the finals.

To end on a bright note: For the second year in succession David Allen has won the under 18 years fairest and best award in the Bunbury and Districts Junior Football Association.

A truly outstanding achievement when it is considered that David was forced to miss at least four matches in school holidays.

Congratulations David.

COACH.

AG WING HOCKEY TEAM

The hockey team have done very well this season and is now positioned second in the final four.

Much of our success is due to the team's all-round brilliance. No passengers are carried and all players have acquitted themselves very well. Many of the players are only in their first year of hockey.

Our main scorers are Scotty and "The Reverend" Morrison; these two are well supported by John, Gee-Gee Northover and Greeny (the other forwards) and Killer Payne who, although he is a consistent undercutter of the ball, often finds the net on the short and long corners.

Recently we successfully moved Spighty to centre-half where he has proved his worth in stabilising the half back line. He is well supported by Brocky and Adrian Sibbes.

Full backs Payne and Manolas are a perfect combination and have made many brilliant saves. They in turn are well backed up by our brilliant goalie, Sammy Maughan, who was a new find at the beginning of the season.

During the last round of the season we were fortunate in gaining the services of Plugger Allen who has strengthened the forward line. He has scored some good goals in close games. Mini Manolas and Dave Hodgson have also helped us out during leave weekends and holidays.

The team made a good showing in the South-West Carnival by defeating the grade premiers in a close game, but we were unfortunate in missing out on the final.

Stock duties, injury and sickness have upset the team at times but we have been able to overcome this and Mr Briggs and Mr Stevens have helped out at times — this is greatly appreciated by all the players.

We wish to thank Mr Morley, our coach, for the time he has spent with us and the good job he has done in preparing the team. Our thanks, too, to Mr. Stevens for keeping us in a good state of fitness, and to our trainer, Ian Dadson, for his assistance.

REG GREEN, Captain



FOOTBALL 1971

Back Row: G. Jefferies, M. Roberts, R. Archibald, J. Wells, B. Muir, W. Spalding, T. Fitzpatrick, F. Anderson, R. Hitchcock.

Centre Row: S. Lodge, J. Martin, I. Kerr, L. Doust, B. Eastcott, N. Jones, P. Gale, D. Griffiths, R. Peters, R. Wisbey, D. Hodgson.

Front Row: T. Devereux, P. Manolas, S. Giblett, D. Allen (Captain), G. Downs, B. Marsh, T. Smith, J. Davey.

LOGUE HOUSE NOTES

Being the superior dorm in all faculties we would like to express our sympathy towards Stirling for being the underdogs during 1971, and we wish them all the best for next year.

The swimming carnival was the first of our many great feats in which both factions in Logue recorded first and second places. Champion swimmers Michael Payne and David Allen were both from Logue.

Basketball was next in line and Logue's reserve of talent shone through once again, leading us to victory by some unbelievable figure.

Towards the end of summer we had a friendly cricket match against Stirling in which Logue's first eleven proved too good on the day.

Our fourth successive victory of the year came with a devastating win over Stirling in a good hard

fighting Aussie Rules match. After six weeks of rough and ready rucker training the two houses were eager to clash once again. Need we tell you who were the victors?

The last match to be added to our memorable list of victories was a most controversial hockey match, in which Logue found it hard to cooperate as a team during the first half but our skill shone through in a turbulent win over Stirling.

Now for some dorm mishaps.

We must admit defeat in the event of the enteritis epidemic which struck our Stirling counterparts much more than it did us. As winners of most sports are determined by the team who gains the most points, then Stirling must take the cake by having more boys hanging over the ends of their beds during the first two days than Logue did during the whole two weeks that the epidemic was with us.

The last item to mention is the cross-country running which is conducted throughout the year. Neither dorm has taken a great lead as yet but I am sure that with a little effort Logue will be able to add yet another victory to its outstanding list.

DAVID ALLEN, House Captain

STIRLING HOUSE NOTES

This year Stirling has not been very dominant in the major sports like footy, rugby and hockey. However, we have done quite well in cross-country and basketball.

In the inter-house football match the result was a lucky win to Logue by a few points only. The match was highlighted by a few disagreements both with umpires and players.

The rugby match was a tough game and Logue earned its victory. Had it not been for Sibbes, Martin and yours truly the margin would have been greater.

The hockey match sadly saw another victory go to Logue. Stirling played very well considering we started as the underdogs. Green and Brockman were our dominant players.

The cross countries have been a one-sided affair and Stirling runners have done a magnificent job, especially Maughan, Martin, Roberts and Eastcott.

At the beginning of the year we saw Stirling thrash Logue at basketball. Lodge and Kerr were putting netters in from fifteen yards. "No brag, just fact."

STEVEN GIBLETT, House Captain



HOCKEY 1971

Back Row: M. Manolas, R. Maddison, M. Errington, D. Hodgson, D. Allen, P. Manolas.

Centre Row: I. Dadson, G. Lemmey, H. Greenhill, A. Sibbes, P. Spight, C. Brockman, R. Johnson.

Front Row: R. Scott, G. Northover, R. Green, Mr. J. Morley, S. Morrison, P. Ferguson, S. Maughan.

FIRST YEAR LITERATURE

A SMASH HIT

Consciousness crept slowly back to Andy Clark. His eyes began to focus and although visibility was poor, he could make out four white walls and a white ceiling. Andy tried to speak but his words were drowned out by a deep pain somewhere in his body. He tried to move but it seemed as though he was paralysed. As he lay there motionless, his memory began to flood back.

It had all started at the party — when Don Mathews arrived with his new shiny blue sedan. Don had received the car for his eighteenth birthday and naturally he was very proud of it, and eager to show it off. As everyone gathered round to admire the shining new machine, one girl asked, "How fast will it go?"

"I'm not sure, but the salesman told me it will do one hundred and twenty m.p.h. easily," answered Don with pretended modesty.

There were gasps of wonder from the crowd, but then Jan Miles put forward the question on the tip of many tongues.

"I bet it could easily beat Andy Clark's!" she remarked in a spiteful tone.

"Not likely," replied Andy defiantly.

A general discussion followed as to whose was the more powerful — Andy's open sports car or Don's new machine.

Before they knew it they had been talked into a moonlight drive around the three-mile circuit about the salt lake and back to Don's place where the party was being held.

Both boys knew there would be no traffic. Billy Stewart volunteered to be Andy's passenger and George Lamb, Don's. Tyres squealed and

engines roared as Dick Jones gave the order to commence.

For at least two miles neither could gain advantage of the other, but slowly Andy edged his way forward and slammed his foot hard down on the accelerator.

Andy grinned as Don's headlights disappeared from his rear vision mirror.

"Andy, ease up!" gasped Billy as Andy's foot thrust harder on the pedal.

"I'm going to show those kids whose car is best!" answered Andy, "especially Miss Smarty Miles.

"Andy, don't wreck your car just for . . . Look out!"

Billy's warning came too late. A big red fox had appeared on the road and as the powerful headlights dazzled the animal it remained paralysed on the road, but the speed at which they were travelling was too great. The car ploughed madly into a tree.

Apart from that there had been nothing but blackness for Andy. Andy noticed a familiar face approach him — it was his father.

"How are you feeling, Andy?" he inquired.

"All right. How's Billy?"

"Apart from a few nasty wounds he appears to be okay," replied his father.

"I'm sorry about the car you bought me and about Billy," said Andy.

"Billy told us about the accident being largely due to the fox," replied his father.

"No. It was my fault entirely. I was going too fast anyway, regardless of the fox. If ever I race or speed again it will be on a race track — but it will be a long time before I ever want to do so."

Elaine Hill, 1.2

SUNSET

Across the gleaming waters,
That glitter through the night;
The bright, red, ruby sun,
Has begun to dim its light.
The sun now has disappeared,
The flaming colours all gay and
bright;
Begin to hide their faint reflections,
To end another night.

Janet Keynes 1.2

ONE WINDY NIGHT

One windy night
I came across a light
In the middle of the forest
And I knew I was lost
Everything round was so dreary
That it seemed so blue
That little light
On that windy night
It came closer
And I became lonelier
Because of that little light
On that windy night
It was a dream
I began to scream
Because of that little light
On that windy night.
Then I felt something close
It was no ghost
It was my mother
Fixing my bed cover.

Shayne Brophy 1.1

WHO HEARD?

The night was dark and stormy
The scene was a haunted house,
Everything was motionless
Except for a little mouse.
At 10 o'clock that night
A visitor broke the silence.
A lady crept into the room,
A lady — fled from violence.
She stumbled around the room
Feeling for a lamp,
For she was scared, a sense of doom
Upon her seemed to clasp.
As she began to climb a staircase,
A bang rang through the house,
Then a scream — unheard —
Except by that little mouse.

Andrew Thomas, 1.4

**NAPOLEAN VERSUS
WELLINGTON**

For days it rained. For days we
sloshed through the mud. Our cheer-
ful leader, Napoleon, was cheerful
no more. With this rain we could
travel only three miles a day.

The French and English forces
were doomed to meet.

At about midday the battle start-
ed. Cannons were firing, daring the
enemy's cannons also to open fire.
They did. You had to kill or be
killed.

A cannonball blasted a hole six
feet in front of me. Three steps a
minute ago would have been all it
would have needed for me to have
been laid out flat where that hole
was.

Blindly I fired through the smoke.
To my horror, my dear brother, out-
lawed by Napoleon, fell, blood-
spattered from head to toe. A dark
shape thundered towards me. I
raised my gun to fire, only to find
a lance miss by an inch — an inch
that could mean life or death to me.

Another cannon blasted, my com-
rade fell. Another cannon blast
brought me to the ground. I sat up
— my arm in pain. I looked again.
Heaven help me! I didn't have an
arm. I closed my eyes; this was the
end I thought.

I heard a cry from our noble
leader. "We have them".

His mouth opened but no sound
came to me. His eyes were fixed
on a position on the opposite hill.
He gasped in horror at what he
saw. The Austrians and the Prus-
sians marched over the hill with
only one thought in their minds —
kill.

We were truly beaten. Never be-
fore was Napoleon so worried. The
new rivals began to fire. Our men
died bravely, determined never to
give in.

Wellington's general rode up and
spoke triumphantly. His words
drilled hatred deep into my heart.

"Surrender or die!"

Douglas Smith, 1.4

THE ONCOMING SQUALL

The sandhills gleam like burning
gold,
The sky is a vivid red;
The sun shines down, the sea is
calm,
Upon the oyster bed.
The gulls are searching for food for
their young,
The fish are swimming in schools;
A storm is approaching; rain pelts
down with force,
While waves beat like a drum.
The wind has risen to a threatening
call,
The seagulls scatter from the on-
coming squall;
Parents are running to protect their
young,
The wrath of a nightmare has just
begun.

Janet Keynes, 1.2

ENGLISH WINTER

Cold and dull,
Dull and dreary,
Very dreary,
Winter.
Frost and icy,
Icy and windy,
Very windy,
Winter.

Ricky Newby, 1.3

THE HOPES OF CHILDREN

The bombs come down,
But they marched on.
With fear and starvation,
They did not stop to think,
Of their foe.
Bravely they marched,
Towards home.
Where there was peace,
Love for every broken home.
They looked towards the stars above
Seeking hope and love,
But soon this love began to cease
Because of the broken peace.
After months the children weakened,
The end had nearly come.
They still hoped,
But their hopes faded and their
Strong will wavered.
For there was no sign of people,
They were forgotten;
They were no more.

Heather Tonkin, 1.4

THE FOOTBALL GAME

I sat with my friend under an um-
brella, enveloped in a blanket. I
could hear shouts and cheers as the
football players jogged onto the
oval. Black clouds raced across the
sky. I knew we were in for some
bad weather.

The whistle blew and the ball
went up. Strong muscular youths
jumped and knocked the ball. The
game had started.

The ball went whizzing from
player to player. Shouts of en-
couragement came roaring from the
spectators. A long kick, followed by
a sound of applause. The first goal
had been kicked. I could hear a
middle-aged man shout abuse from
behind me. I huddled closer to my
friend.

And then it came. The heavens
opened up and water gushed down.

The game went on. Cheers, jeers,
shouts of encouragement came
thundering from the crowd. The
p l a y e r s kicked and
handballed, ran, sprinted and jump-
ed, marked and tackled furiously.

Half time had gone and rain was
still constantly pouring down. Pud-
dles littered the ground and the
players were streaked with mud.
They were feeling tired now, but
that did not deter them. There was
half a minute to go and a gallant se-
quence of football was experienced
by the crowd. Then the siren sound-
ed.

One team wading in victory, the
other suffering defeat.

The crowd vanished, the teams
had gone. The oval was strewn with
streamers and puddles. The rain had
ceased. The grounds were silent —
waiting for the next Saturday —
waiting for the excitement of ano-
ther game.

Robyn Eckersley, 1.1

THE BEACH

The beach is a place to swim and
play,
And laze around in the sun all day,
The seagulls squeal and swoop and
fly,
As the tide comes in ever so high.

Russell Upton, 1.4



CANE WEAVING

Weaving of waste paper baskets is both relaxing and good for therapeutic exercise.

ANGRY TEACHER

Down with a crash the ruler comes,
 And everyone gets a fright
 Teacher starts yelling because of
 the sums,
 No-one seems to get right.
 His face is all red as he stamps
 about,
 The children just sit and listen,
 One after another they receive a
 clout,
 Then eyes begin to glisten.
 The problem sums are written on
 the board.
 With a hand still shaking with rage,
 The children still smarting, watch
 awed,
 Then, with sums, fill page after
 page.

Catherine Good 1.1

TERROR IN THE HOUSE

It was a rainy night and I was
 stranded near an old house. Not
 knowing what to do or where to
 go, and not having any choice, I
 carefully entered the creepy house.
 The door was hard to open but I
 managed to do it. When I walked
 into what I thought was the dining
 room, I heard a weird noise.

Quickly I huddled in the nearest
 corner and listened. I didn't hear
 any more sounds, but I stayed in
 the corner quite frightened. Gradu-
 ally I became tired and dozed off
 to sleep.

I awoke the next morning with
 the feeling of a furry thing rubbing
 against my arm. After waking up
 properly I noticed that a black and
 white cat was lying down beside me,

quite contented. Now, realising that I had fallen asleep, I decided to try to make my way back home.

Taking for granted that the cat was a stray I decided to take it with me. As I hurried outside the front door I ran through the bush for a while until I reached the main road where I started to hitch-hike and was soon picked up by an elderly man. I told him the number and street of my house and he agreed to take me home.

Now, relaxing in the car, I started to wonder if mum and dad would be angry. This I could not tell, because you don't know my parents. One thing of which I was sure was that I was safe at last.

Dixie Lancaster, 1.2

MY FIRST CATCH

It was a hot day when I decided to fish
I went to the dam with my gear
and a dish,
It was six o'clock when I got my
first bite,
I hooked a fish and it gave a great
fight,
When at last I landed him I gave
a mighty shout,
For I had caught my first rainbow
trout.

David Pryce, 1.3

There was a young man of St Paul,
Who went to a fancy dress ball,
He thought he would risk it
And came as a biscuit.
But a dog ate him up in the hall.



LEATHER WORK

Simple watch bands, belts and purses or difficult and ornate articles can be made.

THE WAR OF POLAND

As I slowly struggled on the endless track, I suddenly realised that only a quarter loaf of brown bread was left for our group to live on. Greg, my partner, sighted a little creek with fresh water and we were very grateful for it. With this little amount of food we were able to live for two days.

On the third day we ate nothing. We also came upon a little town that was very quiet and empty. Still in our little group, we searched a small wrecked shack for any signs of food. Unfortunately nothing could be found.

We left the shack and walked to another building not far from it. Inside there were only cobwebs and cannons to be seen. We could not do much with them so we travelled to another building close by.

In this building we found hard, mouldy bread and a few old tin cups. We were so starved that we shared some of the bread amongst us. It didn't taste very good but it was better than nothing.

The next building we entered was full of rifles, pistols, bullets and cannon balls. We didn't stay long in there because we were looking for food, not weapons. So, on we marched, until we came to the last building in the place.

There we found beds that were covered with cobwebs and dust. The first glance at this room scared us so we slammed the half eaten door and walked off. Standing on the verandah, or what was left of it, we decided to travel on the track that we had been following.

When we had gathered our little group together, we started on our way again. As we travelled on and on we found no shelter nor any food, only war. The more peace we searched for the more war we found.

L. Ferrara, 1.1

DOGS

Dogs are friendly animals, almost human. There are all sorts, sizes and shapes of dogs. When bought as a puppy they should have a friendly and warm home. They

should be taught to go to the toilet outside after meals. Dogs should be bathed every two weeks but if it is a dirty dog, weekly. You can even teach your dog some tricks. Make sure he gets a name and don't change his name after a year or two. Take him or her for daily walks. Don't let your dog jump up on visitors, it is very bad. Dogs should be kept away from roads as they may get run over. Keep your dog on a leash when going out. And last of all, **love** your dog.

I have a small wire-haired terrier. She is not very tall. Her name is Lindy. The other day her leg was broken by a car and is now in plaster. She is a good dog and a lot of fun.

Bronwyn Gerschow, 1.1

TODAY

Today is a fine day for some
The birds singing, the sun shining
Little boys playing wars
While our mother's inside cleaning
up the mess we left for her
Our dad's at work
Our big brothers with their girl-
friends
While we sit at school working
Doing maths A — Z
Science, What is friction?
Social Studies, Who was Richard
the 1st.
English, What's a verb?
That's what we did today.

Barry Mott, 1.3

FRENCH HOMEWORK FORMULA

Take two ounces of verbs combine
with three cups of accents;
Beat together until creamy and
Add 16 oz of pronouns.
Bake in a moderate oven until
Golden brown and sprinkle with
acutes.
If this recipe is followed you
Will be able to do your homework
With the greatest of ease.
French (of course) verbs, accents
pronouns and
Acutes, are all of these.

Cathy Gerschow, 1.1

THE FOX

When the night is dark and still,
 It is time for the fox to make a kill
 He knows just where to cunningly
 strike,
 And snatch a plump fowl to his de-
 light.
 He stalks on paws which silently
 creep
 And prepares himself to make a
 leap.
 He strikes with lightning speed.
 And kills his victim which soon
 shall bleed.
 With his meal he runs to eat,
 To dig his fangs into the fresh meat.
 But he hears a noise from which he
 runs,
 Beware fox, it is man with his guns.
 The fox was frightened and so he
 fled,
 Only to be shot to the ground—dead.
 Thus the fox has ceased his life-
 span,
 Because he's killed a possession of
 man.

A. Shields, 1.4

THE DILAPIDATED ROCKING CHAIR

"Eek, what's that," I screamed
 as I opened the door of an old,
 neglected cottage house. "Nothing,
 you scaredy cat. It's only a fright-
 ened cat that ran for refuge when
 it saw the light coming from the
 door.

"John, let's go," I said, my voice
 trembling with fear.

"No!" answered John sternly,
 "you know that we had a bet with
 Joe and Bill, and I don't want to
 be called a chicken. Come on."

Following John up the dirty and
 dusty stairs, I paused for a moment
 as I heard a squeak coming from
 the room which was just a few steps
 in front of us. Feeling terribly scar-
 ed I raced down the stairs, but to
 my surprise saw a rocking chair
 (which badly needed fixing) rocking
 back and forth in a room with a
 large brick fireplace with cobwebs
 strung from side to side in the fore-
 ground.

"John!" I screamed, as I ran for
 my life out of the house.

"Now what's wrong?" John asked,
 looking extremely mad with me.

With a shrug of the shoulder I
 awoke from my dream, and with a
 sigh of relief I knew where I was
 . . . I had dozed off while watching
 television.

"Anyone going for a ride up to
 the tip with me? I have to dump
 off some rubbish," asked Dad.

"I'm coming," I said, making sure
 I wouldn't miss out.

Arriving at the tip in forty-five
 minutes I nearly died of shock when
 over near a broken car I saw a dila-
 pidated rocking chair rocking back
 and forth, just as in my dream. I
 told Dad about my dream and see-
 ing the chair at the dump, but to
 my amazement he just laughed,
 while, deep inside, I was really scar-
 ed.

Janet Keynes, 1.2

CRIME

It is night time,
 Alas, a time for crime.
 A siren sounds,
 A startled burglar bounds.
 Innocent bystanders call up the
 police,
 Hoping the bleeding of the victim
 will cease.
 Bang, a murderer hits the ground
 with a thud,
 From his forehead comes a trickle
 of blood,
 Mixing with the worthless dirt and
 mud.
 Out of the night there comes a
 scream,
 Waking men up, telling them that
 this is reality, not dream.
 Another night is over and here
 comes day,
 Will man ever learn that crime
 doesn't pay?

Gary Dowse, 1.1

An eight-year-old taken to hospi-
 tal to see a new baby was asked
 what she thought of him. Disap-
 pointed but polite, she stammered:
 "He's — he's just my favourite
 shade of red."

SECOND YEAR LITERATURE

SWITZERLAND

I have never been to any faraway places but I hope one day to be able to travel as far and as often as I wish. One of the countries I would like to visit is Switzerland. I have heard so much about it from people who have been there and have been so impressed by the pictures I would like very much to go there.

Switzerland is situated in the centre of Europe, completely mountainous and with no coastline. It is crossed by steep-sided, flat-bottomed valleys where the towns are built. It has many lakes and some of the larger towns are built around them. The highest mountains, over 10,000 feet, are covered by snow all the year round. In the summer, glaciers flow down the sides of the mountains until they melt, after ending in waterfalls. The glaciers have miniature peaks of ice and hard snow and it is difficult to believe that they are continually moving. In the summer the sun shines on the snow with a dazzling brightness and at sunrise and sunset the snow reflects all the colours of the sun, pinks, reds, purples, in endless variety.

Below the snow line there is a zone of grassland where sheep and cattle graze and in the spring the most beautiful wildflowers grow in all different colours. It is quite often possible to walk along a shelf between rocky peaks above and forests below and obtain wonderful views of mountains, valleys and clouds. It is particularly fascinating to see clouds floating below and watch the sunshine change their colours and sometimes even make them disappear. Villages nestle on the flat valley floors and the pastures are owned by the inhabitants. Higher up the mountains are huts which are only used in the summer. All the cows

wear bells around their necks so that they can be found when in the higher pastures.

There are very good roads and railways all over Switzerland because so many tourists visit the country. Cable cars take tourists to the tops of high mountains which would otherwise be seen only by trained climbers. It must be a thrilling experience to swing from one peak to another in a cable car, looking down on the tree tops, tiny toy houses in the valley, snow glistening in the sunshine and precipitous rocks. It is an experience to which I am looking forward when I go to Switzerland.

Michael Hocart, 2.2

THAT ONE LONG DAY

Oh the British came to play a lordly game.

The object was to take the ashes
And leave Australia with many gashes.

This they did in one long day
With many hours of tiresome play.
The day began with a fierce attack,
But the bowlers gradually died back.
Unbroken was the partnership
The batsman plodded on
The bowlers wilted one by one
Beneath the blazing sun.
Up-down the bowlers went
A-wearing out the green.
A path they trod from end to end
Of sweat and dust and dream.
Crack went the bat, a six was scored.

A hundred runs on the board,
But on the next delivery.
The stumps went flying high.
The evening shadows lengthen,
No crowd is there to see.
The heavy roller smooth away
All traces of the play today.

M. Hocart, W. Knight, J. Riegert, D. Mitting

DEATH

Suddenly a sharp, stabbing pain,
Slithering through me like a bolt of
lightning.
It was as if my life had all been a
dream.
The world seemed to shatter before
me.
Buildings crashing, and people dash-
ing away from the midst of it.
Everything was spinning,
Then down, down I went, my body
trembling to the ground.
The red soil seemed like a swirling
river before my dazed eyes,
My memory was blank and my
heart sank.
Then nothing.

Neville McNerney, 2.4

CINDERELLA (Modern)

While working in the kitchen I
heard that there was a go-go dance
going to be held at Harvey.

I later found that I was unable to
go because I had to baby sit.

While baby sitting a fashion
manageress dropped by. I told her
of my problem and she offered to
baby sit for me. I then explained to
her I had not bought anything to
wear. She said she would lend me a
dress of her own and a wig.

I was ready in a jiffy and soon was
driving her sports car to the dance.

I was dancing to the song "Daddy
Cool", when I suddenly remember-
ed the mother of the children was
going to ring the house at 12 o'clock
to make sure the children were all-
right.

I quickly ran to the car but in my
hurry my wig came off.

I drove home just in time to ans-
wer the phone.

The mother came home and I
went back to my place.

Next morning there was an adver-
tisement in the paper for the girl
who had been at the dance last night
and had lost her wig. If she answer-
ed the advertisement, she would be
hired as a go-go girl at the "Get
Set" night club.

Aileen Lydon, 2

THE FACE IN THE MIRROR

That face in the mirror, you see,
Is not of me, but of he.
With wrinkles here and wrinkles
there,
And long, black curly hair.
His chain hangs down to his breast.
And his nose is not the best.
All bent and wrinkled like a witch,
He belongs in a ditch.
His eyes are like balls of fire
And his eyelids of wire,
His ears are like a pointed pen,
As though stretched again and
again.
Suddenly the face started to fade
I wondered why it had not stayed
And then I saw my face again
A face quite clean and plain.

R. Kershaw

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

I was walking through the bush
when all of a sudden a flash of
lightning streaked across the sky. It
started to rain so I started running.
Something behind began to run. I
ran faster, without destination. It
was still raining and I began to feel
lost. When I stopped running I look-
ed up to see an old mansion.

It was tall and there weren't any
windows to let in the light. I didn't
know whether to go in or not, but
the rain drove me on inside the
house. I opened the door and out
flew a swarm of bats. I jumped be-
cause they scared me. Gradually I
forced myself to go inside, the door
slammed shut and boy, I was scar-
ed. I tried to look around but it was
too dark. Just then the door opened,
so I turned and ran hoping I
wouldn't run into anything.

At the same time a figure ran
across the floor. Then I screamed
and screamed. All was black, but I
could hear something coming
across the room so I tried to run
but I was against a wall. The thing
grabbed me by the neck and it was
shaking me. I kept screaming and
all of a sudden I woke up with dad
shaking me by the neck. He said: "It
was time to get up for breakfast."

Ricky Ray, 2.3



CONSTRUCTIONS

Free, unhibited and creative work from the use of many different materials.

FIGHTING THE NIGHT

Weird and eerie noises
 During the desperate night
 Shadows peering forward
 Frightened of no-one,
 Only waiting to fright.
 Billowing, blowing wind,
 Thunder and lightning,
 Tearing the roots of trees
 Glittering, moving and frightening
 In the middle of the night.
 Constant persistent noises
 Like summer in pain
 Beating weather-board houses
 But disturbed by the rain
 Then ending pitifully.
 But only to start again
 Roaring louder, crying
 Voices of fear
 Pitiful, sorrowful, Sounds of dying.

Rosemarie Pellicano, 2.3

ESCAPADE AT MIDNIGHT

It's 12 at night,
 There are no lights.
 No-one can see,
 Try hard as one might.
 The bars are broken
 Then he looks around
 There's nobody about
 So he scrambles out.
 He hears footsteps
 Who could it be?
 Oh drat! It's the guards
 One, two, three.
 He dashes to the bushes.
 Oh what tough luck,
 There's a guard at his heels
 With handcuffs unstuck.
 The guard is on him.
 They fall to the ground
 They throw their fists —
 An end to the escapade — the cap-
 tive bound.

Barbara Britza, 2.2

THE LEGEND OF STONEGATE INN

Do you know the legend of old Stonegate Inn?

It all began in 1900. The Blacklock family was living there then. They had two young boys who loved exploring (and this house especially as there was believed to be hidden treasure in the house somewhere). Their father, who was in Australia, said if they found this known treasure, they could move to Australia. So looking forward to something, they ventured further.

One morning (ambitious) they awakened to find it was raining heavily and mother had gone to town with Mrs Hatacks, the housekeeper. It was said that the master of the house before the Blacklock's last words were "hidden . . . in . . . a . . . world".

John and Rachel decided to look in the library first. After lunch mother and Mrs Hatacks came back and told John and Rachel it was no use — they wouldn't find the world of jewels.

Then, scratching his head, John ran upstairs and brought back with him a globe, opened it, and there, sparkling in flame, were the jewels of old Stonegate Inn.

Joanna Emberton, 2.2

NUCLEAR EXPLOSION

Slowly, the boy opened his eyes. Everything was blurred but gradually his senses began to come back to him. He made a move as if to get up, but the pain in his head was so overwhelming that he just flopped down again onto his back.

After waiting a few moments, he decided to attempt, once more, to get to his feet. It took several minutes but finally he was swaying uncertainly on his heels.

He began to look around and almost choked as the tears welled up inside him. A few yards away lay his younger brother, his head smothered in blood and his small body crumpled and still. Unable to bear the horrible sight, he turned, only to find others in similar condition behind him.

"Oh no! Mum! Dad!" he thought, terror and desperation striking at his heart.

He moved forward in the direction of his home, but stumbled and fell to the ground in agony. Again he climbed to his feet and staggered painfully, on along the path leading to where his home had stood.

Rounding the last bend he stopped dead in his tracks. His mouth dropped and his eyes bulged in disbelief.

Slowly, step by step, he moved forward to where his home, now completely disintegrated, had once stood, proud and beautiful against the surrounding environment.

He stumbled, but this time he didn't climb to his feet as before. He lay there, like all the others he had seen; still; crumpled; dead!

S. Riegert, 2.4

HOLLAND

The windmills so high,
The land so low
In summer it's warm
In winter snow.
The dykes that kept
The rough sea out;
Just stand like guards
So tall and stout.
The fields so green,
The cows that graze.
Are like pictures I've seen
As I sit and gaze.
The clouds, like cottonwool
Cover the sky;
Filled with birds,
Who sing as they fly.
But machines and concrete,
Are covering the lands;
They call this progress,
For industry demands.
Where are the fields?
Where I used to play?
Now taken up by concrete
Metal and clay.
Where is that Holland
The land full of snow.
Man has destroyed it
But why? I don't know.

Wendy de Ridder, 2.1

THE LONELY LAST

Struggling alone in the cold and thick snow, a lonely boy trying desperately to run so that he could become warm. His clothes were torn from head to foot and he had bare, red and almost frozen feet. He didn't know where to go because there was nowhere to go. His parents were shot by soldiers and his house burnt to cinders. They only did this because his father wouldn't give them any corn that he had stored, as they only had just enough for themselves. The boy was to keep watch out for the soldiers from a high rock. When he saw the soldiers coming, he ran and slipped with his foot caught in between a rock and couldn't get it out.

By the time he got it free and arrived at home he saw his parents lying on the ground with blood oozing out of their bodies. He knelt down and wept beside them as the house burnt. He heard voices coming up the road so he fled as fast as he could till the snow started falling and as it became deeper the boy couldn't run any more because it was too thick.

Ragged and tired he came to a cave so he went and had a rest in it. When he woke up he saw some soldiers coming so he fled, like a fox being hunted. All of a sudden, bang, they shot the boy down. Don't feel pity or pain. He wasn't alone anymore — he went with his parents and he wasn't alone again.

Carol Hooper, 2.2

HUNGRY BEASTS

As they walk through the jungle
Slow, heads low, all animals watch
For they may strike at any time
All the hungry beasts of the jungle
Deer, antelope, all animals beware
For there's one near you now
The hungry beasts of the jungle
Now run, run, run, run
For here they come
All the hungry beasts of the jungle.

Chris Robinson, 2.4

DRUG ADDICT

Lying in a gutter,
Feeling terrible, ghastly.
Stumbles to his feet,
Everything spinning.
Walking dirty back streets,
Outcast from society.
Sleeping in alleys,
Dependent on drugs.
An injection of heroin
With a filthy syringe.
The drug takes effect.
And he's on a trip to freedom.
To another world.
Away from tension and worry.
But the feeling wears off,
The worries come back,
The tensions and fears.
He steals a car,
To escape reality.
Blinded by lights,
He loses control.
— Now the junky is dead,
So what!

THE DRUG ADDICT

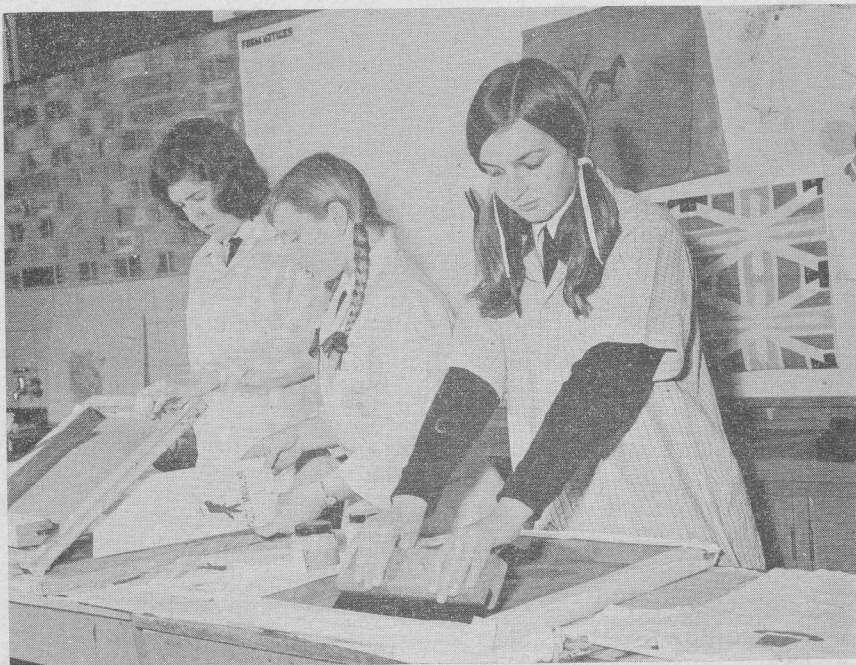
She sat on the floor, alone, lost to the world.

She saw herself in a beautiful dress surrounded by beautiful things. Suddenly she let out a scream and plaster fell from the old roof. She heard footsteps, so she ran, her legs moved but she seemed to be getting nowhere. The door slid open, a sudden rush of cold air entered the room. The figure in the door was not real, he couldn't be. He seemed to be dressed in white, or was it black? The figure rushed towards her, she fell.

When she awoke her surroundings were clean and white, her clothes lay on the chair next to her bed. She looked up, only to see faces looking down on her; she shook and her eyes closed, leaving behind her the world of faces. She was dead.

Her last "trip" had not been successful, her last look at life was not pleasant; perhaps where she is now she will find peace of mind, the peace that many of her kind seek so hopelessly in life.

Anne Smart, 2.4



SILK SCREENING

Protective clothing is a must for this creative activity. From covers, to shirts the use of silk screening is unlimited.

SEASONS

Golden are the sun's rays,
Warm and bright the days,
No rain and no snow,
For it is summer now.
Leaves are falling,
Birds aren't calling
And the sun is long in coming,
For it is Autumn now.
Another day has come,
It is dreary and dumb,
No sunshine or sweet birds,
For it is winter now.
Birds are singing,
Animals are running,
The day is warm and bright,
For here is Spring again.

Terri Robins, 2.4

There once was an old man of Lyme
Who married three wives at a time;
When asked, "Why a third?"
He replied, "One's absurd!"
And bigamy, sir, is a crime.

William Cosmo Monthouse.

FEAR

Fear is the dread of something
around you,
Being afraid of a spitting snake,
A hissing cat,
A shadow in the night,
A gloomy voice calling you,
The feel of fur on your neck,
Or creeping footsteps behind you,
This is what fear is.

L. Olsen, 2.3

"AIRPORT"

The airport is a place of tears
Tears of sadness and tears of joy
Tears that belong to both girls and
boys
Tears of joy for those who have
come
And tears of sadness for those who
have gone
The aeroplanes bring people to stay
Then more reload and fly away.

Averil Buist, 2.1

THIRD YEAR LITERATURE

THE SUBSTITUTE

"Oh, 'ee didn't!" Dave gasped, incredulously.

"Yeah, and 'ee apologised!"

"And you were running, and it was your fault!"

"Yeah, he must be just out of Training College?"

"How would you know?"

"Oh go fly . . ."

"Who's goin' ta footy trainin' tonight?"

"Na, gonna stay home, 'n' watch T.V."

"So that's why you're fat, Darrel . . .??"

"Mind yer own biz!"

"'Ere 'ee comes," cried the look-out at the door.

"Oo cares??"

Although the warning was given, not too many were worried, and the noise did not subside.

"Where's the Substitution?"

"Institute!"

"SUB as in Submarine, dumby!"

I looked up and saw, not to my astonishment, a small, emaciated-looking man, who had a pair of aluminium-rimmed spectacles, balancing dangerously on his pointed beak. He was indeed, our seventh substitute teacher that term.

"Now, shut up," he shouted. Jonesie was telling a "whopping" tale about a campfire, and we were all straining our ears in his direction.

"If you don't shut up, I'll . . ."

We all sat up quickly, waiting for the remainder of his threat. He turned as red as a ripe tomato, a truly brilliant red, and if a pin was dropped, even I, at the back of the classroom, and as deaf as a door nail, would have heard its faint tinkle on the tiles.

Ken, the clown of the class, swayed dangerously to and fro on his chair. Back and forth, back and forth, like a pendulum in an old

Grandfather Clock of long ago. He sat forward, his folded arms on the desk supported the weight of his body.

"Are you going to try to teach us?" He gave the class a quick accomplished grin, and sniggered. A murmur went through the class like iodine mixing with water, and a few of the bolder boys even laughed.

The "Sub" glared at Ken through a pair of piercing, wrinkled eyes, which made him laugh even louder.

"Yes I am," he shouted, in answer to Ken's question. "You'd better shut up!"

More of us began to laugh, until we were all roaring; the noise was almost as deafening as a nearby passing train.

He then began to fumble in a huge, serious-looking briefcase, and, upon finding for what he was searching, brought out a thick, black, voluminous, leather-covered ancient book.

"Cor, the Bible!" came a voice from the other side of the room.

"Read any good books lately, Mike?"

"Na been too busy."

"Leave me ruler alone!"

"Tell us a fairy story!"

"Shut up!" he cried desperately. He hurriedly flicked through a few pages, and finally came to the page.

"A long time ago . . ." he began.

"Tell us about the old, old story."

"What's your name. . . you. . . I'll come on, what's your name?"

The mimicker of the class, Rod, in an exaggerated accent, not unlike the teacher's voice, gave some outrageous remark, and the "Sub" threatened to take him to the Head. Rod answered him back, and the "Sub" told us that we would be kept in.

Everyone was most indignant over this remark.

"I'll get Dad up 'ere!"

"Gotta visit Smithy."
 "Singin' lesson."
 "Paper round."

"Better not, against the law."

In the end we were not kept in after school, but, to finish the day on a bright note, the lights went out and all the chairs were mysteriously pushed over.

One and all were groping their way through the black darkness, screaming, howling and yelling at the maximum.

The "Sub" cried out, and fled. We had succeeded.

Linda Jenkinson, 3.2

THE CLOCK

Tick tock, tick tock, signifying endless time. Time which never ceases to amaze yet disappoint us. Amazing because of the different duties and privileges we have in certain age groups. Disappointing because when we reach the golden age of which we have always dreamed it isn't as golden as what we imagined it would be. After all age is time.

Times rushes by us at times — times of leisure, times of happiness and contentment. But for some, time drags by. This is when life is just one big ball of misery. Whatever happens the clock continues to signify time — tick tock, tick tock.

Karen Upton 3.4

TIME TRAVELLER

Clouds of purple mist swirled gracefully around the machine as it travelled swiftly through a soundless stretch of time. Like fingers, the silent mist uncurled around the mechanical marvel. Before the eyes of the mystified traveller, the earth unfolded in glorious splendour and before him lay a boiling terrain.

The time traveller had finally finished his time machine and was now witnessing a spectacle never before seen by man. He stepped cautiously from his seat into a forest of giant ferns, stifling heat and deathly silence. Breaking the silence was a spine piercing roar, turning him icy cold. Taking cover behind unusually large ferns, he saw a large form force its way through the jungle and onwards towards an answering one.

Continuing his investigation he suddenly came upon the edge of a clearing, where, stretched as far as the eye could see there was a prehistoric era unthought of by man. A vast plain populated by prehistoric animals of every size and shape lay before the time traveller. Many scavenged for food and fought for survival. The noise became deafening as flocks of giant birds flew overhead, swooping down on tiny animals that screamed pitifully as huge fangs darkened their world.

In the distance, volcanoes bubbled with life and the sky was crimson behind them. A swirling mass of flaming lava spilled onto the plain engulfing everything in its path. The time traveller was brought back to the present, or past, wherever it was with a large vibration shaking the ground. Behind him, towering hundreds of feet above, was a monstrous dinosaur heading straight towards him.

Turning desperately, the traveller of time headed towards his machine, hoping the prehistoric monster had not sighted him. Beneath his feet the ground began to tremble and animals started stampeding across the plain. The earth was opening in wide cracks, swallowing the gigantic monsters like flies. The lava was swollen with flaming rocks and carcasses and after taking one last look at nature's own destruction at work, he seated himself in his machine and swung dizzily into another vast time lapse.

The purple fingers again clasped the magnificent creation and swung it onwards. Quietness enveloped the traveller as he recovered from his last experience. He did not know where he would arrive at his next stop; past present or future. Maybe never again to see his own home in his own time, forever onwards in the whirling mists.

S. Jurgenson, 3.2

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS

I shoot a hippopotamus
 With bullets made of platinum
 Because if I use leaden ones
 His hide is sure to flatten'em.

Len Britza, 3.1

THE DEPRESSING STREET

What a disgustingly, dirty and dusty street! The rough uneven surface bites fiercely into the rubber tyres which move continually over it. The dowdy vehicles are lethargic snails sluggishly creeping.

Big black buildings, loom on either side, simply staring awesomely at each other. They are mortal enemies. Their gloomy exteriors are broken intermittently by identical panes of glass. The walls are hard and unfriendly, like ice, its odour is a hangman's noose choking until it's unbearable. Gnarled iron and steel, apologies for clocks and redundant signs turn out above the street making one-side of this two-sided horizon incongruent with the other.

Here is an ocean of work, a sea of capitalism and jungle of crass commercialism. No-one can smile in this remorseful street!

Anonymous.

THE SHOWDOWN

On a windy day, on a Tuesday afternoon,
The Chickasow kid walked in front of the saloon,
With trembling hands, he checked his gun,
Deciding whether to stay or run.
Then, out of the saloon came a big tall man,
He hid his gun and packing he ran.
He got on his horse and rode away.
They never saw more of him after that day.

Joe Curulli, 3.1



CERAMICS

From basic "pinch" pots or wheel thrown bowls, ceramics is a demanding subject.

FAMILY PICNIC

Lying in bed in eager anticipation of the day ahead, I was warmed by the rays of sunshine that stream in through my bedroom window. I leapt out of bed and put on a pair of jeans and an old sweater. As I entered the kitchen, I was caught up in the party-like atmosphere, and heartily joined in the preparations for the annual family picnic. I was amazed by Dad's indifference as he sat unconcernedly amidst the clutter, calmly reading his newspaper. After recruiting Dad's help, we managed to pile everything into the family car and were ready for departure. Suddenly, Junior remembered his fishing rod! Although Mum explained to him that we weren't going anywhere where he could go fishing, he still insisted and finally with a defeated sigh, Mum agreed. Dad strummed his fingers impatiently on the dashboard as Junior returned with his rod and a tin of worms. We roared down the road in a cloud of dust.

We had only been driving for a half hour or so, Mum admiring the scenery and Dad keeping an eye peeled for signposts, when there was a violent hissing sound and Dad screeched on the brakes. The car careered to a halt, half an inch from the fence on the side of the road, and Dad said something under his breath. Davis bounded out of the car, and, after a few moments, triumphantly announced that we had a flat tyre. There followed a few moments of suspense as Dad rummaged through the gear, "packed carefully", in the boot. Careful examination, however, revealed that the tool box was not in the boot and further searching and cursing on Dad's part proved fruitless. (The disappearance of the tool box is still a mystery). Much to Mum's relief and Dad's humiliation, a passing motorist came to our assistance. With his help, we were back on the road within half an hour.

Hungry, hot and disgruntled, we arrived at the picnic ground. We had never been here before and wondered why everybody avoided such an ideal spot. The dry river bed was

of a white, fine sand, and the trees swayed gracefully in the breeze. An odd bough hung over the river bed and this looked ideal for sitting on. Dad decided to take us on a bush-walk while Mum boiled the billy and unpacked the lunch. We readily agreed and set off at a brisk pace, Dad leading the way. We soon lagged behind though, and had to sit and rest. As we sat, I noticed a particularly pretty bush and decided to go over and examine it. I thought how much Mum would appreciate just a small bunch and proceeded to pick some, before going back to the picnic spot to have lunch. I gave Mum the flowers and she admired them as we began eating some of the delicious sandwiches. This peaceful scene was suddenly interrupted, though, by Junior, who sprang into the air, his arms and legs covered in ants. The flies almost carried away the food and the mosquitoes just loved people sitting in shady places.

After lunch, everyone went exploring and I set off down the dry river bed. I don't know what I expected to find, but I certainly got a surprise when, after rounding a bend in the river, I walked smack-bang into a fairly recent rubbish tip. As I turned for "home", I noticed that my hands were covered in red spots and I suddenly realised that I was very "itchy". By the time I got back to the picnic ground, everybody, except Junior, was there, and I showed Mum my hands and arms. She examined them closely and diagnosed a rash caused by some type of poison plant. (I later discovered that the shrub that I had previously admired as being exquisite, was in fact, a type of poison ivy). Dad pointed into the distance and I could just make out the dim shape of Junior, trudging along under some great weight. As he neared us, we could make out the shape of a huge horse's skull on his shoulders. Mum groaned and Dad laughed as he panted up to us and pleaded with Mum to allow him to take it to school. I suddenly got a whiff, and within seconds, the stench was unbearable. He wasn't permitted to take it home.

When the smell had died down sufficiently to make it safe, we gin-

gerly returned to collect the picnic things. Suddenly, we heard a rumbling sound and a huge torrent of water rushed past us, carrying with it all the picnic things and Junior's skull. We instinctively jumped onto the overhanging bough and carefully made our way to the bank. A sudden thought struck me; I knew now why this ideal spot was avoided by most picnickers. There was one consolation, however, Junior now had some water in which to use his fishing rod!

LAST LESSON

Drowsily the students sit at their desks
Hearing the monotone of their teacher
Bodies curved around the desk
Looking sleepily out the window.
Each one asleep, drifted around the world
With shutting eyes and heavy heads
Caught in a blanket of air,
Slowly put his head on the desk
And dreamed of sleeping on the clouds.
And then, all of a sudden
The teacher shouted
Everyone stirred, looked around
Found they were in a classroom
And looked alive,
The lovely peace and quiet was gone.
The teacher talked, watching his students
No one dared dream
For fear of severe punishment.

J. Nightingale, 3.3

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

From the outside, this space ship of ours, commonly called the Earth, must look a peculiar sight. Oxygen, which is necessary for all forms of life is being used up at an alarming rate. The Mediterranean, once a paradise in the eyes of millionaires, is turning grey — covered by a thin viscous oil; rich farming lands are being turned into desolate wastes; the CO₂ content in the atmosphere has risen 14 per cent since 1860; the dust content in the

atmosphere has risen, in some areas, 100 per cent; Cuyahoga River, which passes through Cleveland, U.S.A., and empties into Lake Erie, has been classed as "the only body of water in the world that has a fire risk"; man has no more than a 50-50 chance of surviving until the middle of the 1990's. Within the next century we will have exhausted all our fuel reserves. In a single day in London 1966, a person could have died within five hours having breathed its polluted air; pollution is drastically affecting the weather by stopping air circulation. During the London Smog of 1952, over 4000 people died because of its effects.

In 70 years of an American's life time, that citizen uses 26,000,000 gallons of water and 21,000 gallons of petrol; because of the rise in CO₂, our ice caps could melt, flooding our major cities; water supplies are becoming a great problem, as it takes 18 pints of H₂O to make one pint of beer, 100 tons of H₂O to make one ton of steel and 15 tons of H₂O for every ½ lb of beef steak eaten. The U.S.A. has 6 per cent of the earth's population but consumes, among other things 75 per cent of the world's softwood and uses 33 per cent of the world's energy. Detergents used to clean up oil pollution on beaches cause more damage than the oil. It took several million years for the earth to reach a population of 3500 million but it will take a mere 30 years for this to double. By creating industries, which cause pollution to manufacture goods for other countries without these goods and those people we are feeding and curing of disease, we are in fact swamping the world with people who are creating new industries; we are upsetting the natural battle of the survival of the fittest by stopping disease and starvation and hence populating the world.

We are the contributing factors!

D. McMillan, 3.3

They who only seek for faults find nothing else.



BOOK BINDING

Careful cutting, sewing and binding are essential when making autograph books, folios or photo albums.

Swimming in a sea of monotony,
 the drone of the teacher's voice
 drifts through the room,
 Sleepy heads rock gently to and fro,
 In an atmosphere of gloom.
 Droopy eyes gaze dreamily,
 Minds in a land far away,
 The drowsy, drowning air,
 Like a damp fog does day.
 Bang! like the fire of a pistol in
 the room,
 Startled faces spring to life,
 And heads fall in a shocked way,
 To look for the cause of the sudden
 strife.
 A timid student pulled his chair
 from off the floor,
 And rubbed his dirty knees,
 Not knowing from this foolish feat,
 Many students did he please.
 The atmosphere is somewhat chang-
 ed,
 Blank faces now alight.
 No one would ever guess the change,
 from some poor student's plight.

Jane Eckersley, 3.1

NEVER STILL

The ocean is a large place
 with waves always splashing
 against the sandy beach,
 And seaweed rolling round
 in clear, blue water, waiting
 to be washed ashore.
 The large brown rocks stand
 upright against the silhouetted sky.
 The gulls are squawking
 at the waves as they roll
 and tumble to and fro
 along the sand
 The great gusts of wind
 carry the loose sand away
 and make all kinds of different
 patterns
 along the beach
 The fish are also excited
 as they would like to see
 the other world
 out there above the waters
 of the quiet and serene surround-
 ings.

Dorothy Van Kuyl, 3.4

ANTI-BRUNSWICK

Sleepless nights, as the easterly wind rushes around your house like an overgrown whirly-bird; night-mares turning to the pounding of rain being blown against the window panes; hair raising thoughts as the whole house sways with the monotonous wind; but these are not the only disadvantages of my town.

Sticky, hot, tar, as the heat pounds down day after day during the hot summer months. The relief from this being the unpleasant, polluted, natural, swimming pool. The weather man forecasts a drought. The local farmers are worried and money becomes tight within the community.

Social life is one big bore: drive-ins don't exist, television becomes stale, the occasional dance does not stimulate much interest, and sport does not include everybody. Although practical, shopping in this region is limited by the total of two shops.

One single word which could summarise this passage is Brunswick.

Kaye Lewis 3-3

The dog's howling was pitiful and my heart bled for him. It was as if he was being choked to death by some evil force. In terror, the animal fled towards me. In its eyes I could see such fright that it made me tremble at the thought of meeting the cruel master of this poor creature.

Shaggy and dirty, its tattered grey fur hung, like wet straw from the limp, bony body of this starving animal. I bent to stroke him but with a cowardly yelp, the canine started to shy away.

As he followed me home, his flea bitten tail tucked between his legs and his head down, he seemed to be telling me he was sorry for and ashamed of the mistrust he had shown me.

I watched as, day by day, with plenty of food and affection, his puppy like nature came back. I had found a friend for life because of the little bit of kindness I had shown him.

Pam Cadwell 3.1

TOURIST AD (with a difference)

Rugged hills, with several pools of muddy, smelling, stagnant water (the so called town water supply) lying in their valleys, stand guarding the small, uneventful country town of Harvey.

The three major swimming spots that so many of the naive townspeople enjoy every summer are; the dirty and dangerous Gibb's Pool, which also acts as a drinking trough for cattle and sheep as well as a main irrigation source, Myalup Beach, which is terribly rough, has few public facilities and each summer is infested with sticky disease carrying flies, and Binningup Beach often polluted by Laporte.

Harvey also has its sporting grounds; one muddy, flooded recreation ground, two sets of potholed gravelly basketball courts, an overgrown bowling green, a most rugged and soggy golf course and a tennis club whose club rooms consist of a broken down asbestos shanty.

Driving only a short distance from the townsite, on one of the many bush tracks, one can guess by the unpleasant odour and appearance that Harvey's main industry is dairying.

Extremes of temperature ranging from long, cold, wet, drizzling winters, to short, sizzling summers add to the fact that Harvey is the most disappointing, unpleasant town which one could possibly visit.

TEACHERS' TERMS

MATHS: "Hands on heads. Sit in alphabetical order. Don't forget your plasticine."

ENGLISH: "What are you characters up to?"

SOCIAL STUDIES: "Good effort, good effort."

PHYS ED: "Do a couple of laps. Why aren't you doing sport son? Get a haircut."

TYPING: "Don't fiddle with the machines while I am talking."

METALWORK: "Stop work. Where are your glasses?"

WOODWORK: "How did you manage to do that?"

Frank Dagostino 3.1