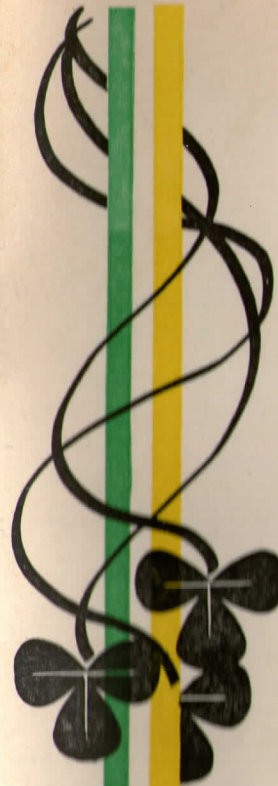


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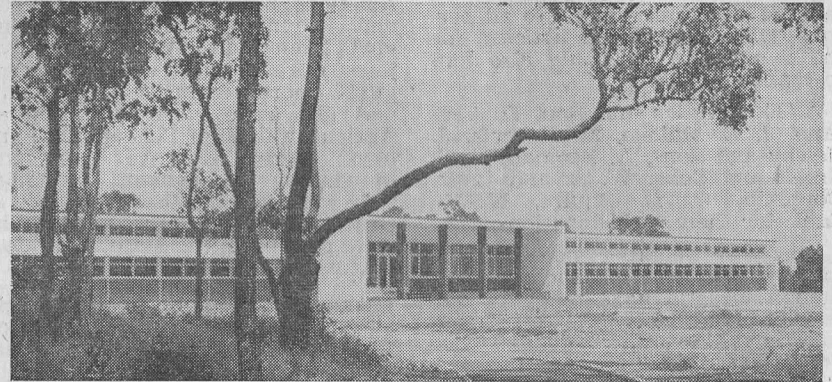
HARVEY
AGRICULTURAL
HIGH SCHOOL
1966



The

STIRLING

HARVEY AGRICULTURAL HIGH SCHOOL



STAFF

Principal:

MR. A. R. HITCHENS

Deputy Principal:

MR. B. GELL

Principal Mistress:

MISS P. SMITH

MRS. R. DAVIS
MISS V. McLEOD
MISS B. RANCE
MISS M. THOMAS
MISS B. WOLFE
MISS N. YEOMAN
MR. F. RANDO
MR. T. MACGILL
MR. T. STANFORD
MR. G. PIGGOTT
MR. R. DALBY, Sen. Master

MR. M. GEORGE, Sen. Master (Ag. Wing)
MR. G. BROWN
MR. A. BROWNING
MR. G. CRACKNELL
MR. A. FOSS
MR. J. HARRIS
MR. K. HINDMARSH
MR. A. JAMES, Farm Supervisor
MR. H. OTTAWAY

Town Wing Prefects:

E. CLEGG, Senior Girl
F. FELTON
A. GARDINER
V. OFFER
J. WILLIAMS

G. BROWN, Captain
G. CROTTY
G. JENKINSON
D. MARSHALL
J. SERAFINO

Agricultural Wing Prefects:

G. WICKHAM, Captain
I. BILLINGHURST
D. BROWN
B. HARRISON

T. PEARCE
G. READING
G. TOWNSEND

ranging them and we were happy to assist them. The eyecatching decorations have been designed and made by our Art Teacher, with the aid of the girl prefects. Thank you Mr. Foss.

We would like to conclude by wishing the 1967 prefects every success and hope they enjoy the authority and responsibility bestowed on them.

QUEEN MOTHER'S VISIT

It was one o'clock on the 30th March and all the schools from as far as Collie were assembled on the Harvey Oval awaiting the arrival of the Queen Mother. At ten past one there was still no sign of her, then about five minutes later a loud cheering announced her arrival. As she entered the gaily decorated main entrance many students and adults rose to sing the National Anthem.

After driving around the rows of students, she mounted the dais and spoke of her joy to be in Harvey. She then watched a gym display which had been organised for her. The High School girls presented a display of trampoline work and the

boys exercised on the parallel bars, while the Primary school presented mat work.

Before the Queen Mother left she was presented with a bouquet of flowers by the head girl of the Primary School. Although her visit was a short one it was one which will be remembered by all who saw her.

I.S.C.F. NOTES

This year for the first time, an Interschool Church Fellowship Club was formed at the school. Meetings were held each Thursday lunch time. Miss Thomas, Miss Yeoman and Mr. Stafford were the keen leaders of this group, their aim being to encourage students to consider and accept Christian beliefs. Unfortunately only about a dozen students attended the lunch time meetings. However the social evenings which were held on Saturday nights at various homes, proved very successful, with attendances of up to 30 or more.

The members hope that students will support this worthwhile club at future meetings.



LANDSCAPE

by C. Ballingall, 2M.

RED CROSS NOTES

Red Cross this year started very late in first term, but with quite a lot of members. We have not been very active this year, but managed, in a school appeal in first term to raise funds and, also in first term, to hold a tuckshop. The money raised by this was used to buy plastic material to make into toilet bags for aboriginal children in missions in more northern parts of this State. At the start of our Red Cross Year, president, vice-president and secretary were elected: D. Kennedy, O. Ostalska and R. Blackburn respectively. To conclude, we would like to add our thanks and congratulations to Miss Yeoman, who has organised our club throughout the year.

President, 2F

ARBOR DAY

Arbor Day at our school is important to everyone as it makes us conscious of the need to plant trees, and

allows parents to visit and inspect the school.

This year many trees were planted at the ceremony which took place in the afternoon. The students were seated around the square facing the alcove which held the parents and officials. A few songs, sung by the first year choir, supervised by Miss Yeoman, was the first item. This was followed by Susan Moore and Janine Rake reading their compositions, on the topic, "Why we plant trees in south-west schools". Following this was a colourful folk dance organised by Miss Thomas. The girls wore Harvey High School gymnastic tunics and carried bright streamers. This was immediately followed by a physical education display from first and second year boys. The first trees were planted in the square by some officials and parents were permitted to plant trees. Later, when the ceremony ended, afternoon tea was served to the visitors.



TOWN WING PREFECTS

Back Row: G. Crotty, V. Offer, J. Serafino, F. Felton, G. Jenkinson, A. Gardiner.

Front Row: J. Williams, G. Brown (School Capt.), Mr. A. R. Hitchens (Principal), E. Clegg (Senior Girl), D. Marshall.

ART NOTES

During the year hidden talents have come to life amongst the art students of the school. Spurred on by our conscientious teacher, we have produced master pieces. On various occasions throughout the year the school and visitors have had the privilege of viewing some of this very fine work.

In first term we were visited by Mr. Templeman from the Perth Art Gallery, who offered some very valuable advice.

Certain students of the school have excelled themselves in their artistic ability. In first year they are

Paul Jones, Clive Lyndon and John Lancaster, and in second year Heather Loder, Robyn Blackburn and Coral Ballingall. Jackie Williams and Marilyn Eastcott have also proved to be keen students.

Art is a lesson enjoyed by all, especially third years, who have had various privileges throughout the year. One of these was a visit to the Agricultural Wing where we enjoyed viewing an art programme on television. We all benefitted greatly from this very educational trip and are grateful for the teachers who made it possible.

We are thankful to Mr. Foss for



CHINESE SCREEN DESIGN

by H. Loder, 2F.

his work during the year and hope that he has enjoyed teaching us as much as we have enjoyed being taught.

The art courses for students, have this year, been designed to encourage the individual in a creative and imaginative approach to work, which has offered a challenge to their developing intellects.

In first and second year the art has dealt with varied activities such as paper sculpture, montage, mosaics and imaginative pictorial composition and design, all of these art

areas realizing some pleasing results.

The third year students, have for the most part, worked happily and industriously in compiling the necessary number of art pieces for Junior Folio presentation. The normal programme for External Junior Examinations was followed with treatment of common objects, plant form, design, pictorial composition and lettering. These art areas, where ever possible, were integrated as a whole, involving the entire structure of the arts within society.

★ Class Notes ★

3F

We are the greatest,
In thoughts and ideas, the latest;
Modestly brilliant by fame,
3F, our unchallenged name.
J-Day before us does lie,
To us an effort of do or die;
No other form is quite the same,
In appearance, brawn and brain.

The above mentioned has, by sheer brain-work, attained the honourable title of the "intelligent-sia" of the school. Due to our exalted position we had the privilege of going to Perth to see Dick the second. We also visited the Perth Uni. which left mixed feelings in our minds. Then we came home on the bus!!!

Apart from enjoyable excursions, we **have** worked hard. Our marks included high passes and low fails. But we hope for the rest of the Junior.

During the first week of the second term a group of strangers from alien classes invaded our closely knit group. However, they were welcomed and soon brought down to our standards.

A welcome break at the beginning of the 2nd Term Exams was a trip to Bunbury High School. After thoroughly exploring the ins and outs of the school, we were herded into a lecture room and given an in-

teresting lecture and demonstration about space travel.

To further our study of the internal organs of a mammal, a rabbit was placed safely (we thought) in cold storage, to keep until D-Day (Dissection Day). Unknown to our scientific beak the fridge went on strike. On Monday our beak, and his beaklets, were greeted by a rather powerful rabbit.

In spite of scientific mishaps, we have gained some degree of distinction in the sporting field. Our class was represented in Perth in the hockey team, and in Bunbury in several teams. In the Bunbury Carnival the Football team was weakened (?) by the absence of their centre man.

It is a rather notable fact that none of the girls have dropped Art for their Junior. WE WONDER WHY.

To round off this report we wish to thank all the teachers who have taught us throughout the year and here's hoping we will do them justice by passing the Junior.

3M

3M is our class and there is much we can tell you about it.

We are divided into two groups,

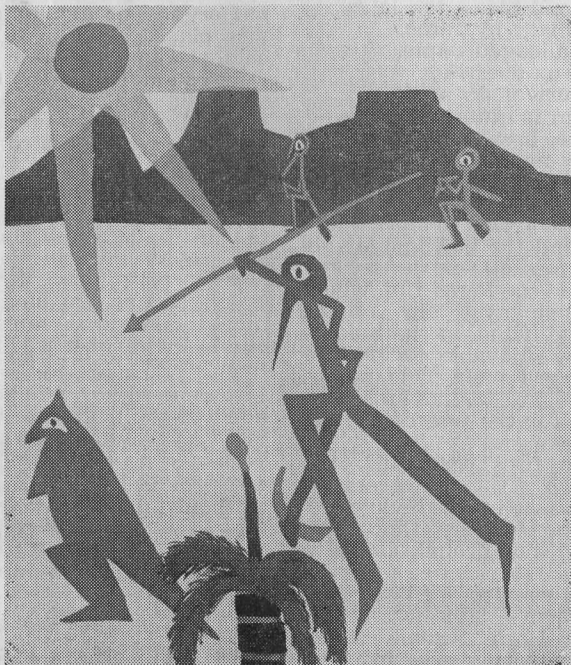
3B girls and 3M boys and are only combined for English, Maths, Social Studies, Science and Bookkeeping.

Mr. Cracknell is our form master, and we always do our best to please him. The class prefects were Marilyn Eastcott and Gary Smith but they have been changed this term and our new prefects are Vera Atanasievic and John Lees.

The outstanding sporting members of 3M are Graeme Cole and Colin Newby who both gained selection in the State Schoolboys' Hockey Team, while Margaret Ugle is the school's top goal scorer for the girls' hockey.

Kevin Rigg and Jeff Eastcott proved their powers on the athletic oval by tying for senior champion in the faction sports carnival.

Even though some of us failed a few subjects, we all did our best, and at the moment we are studying hard for the Junior, and we would like to wish all third years the best of luck for their examinations.



ABSTRACT ABORIGINAL HUNTING SCENE
by R. Blackburn, 2F

3C

Hi there, this is 3C. We are a small class consisting of 6 boys and 9 girls. Our form teacher is Mr. Rando, who usually comes straight to the point.

We are situated at the top end of the school in amongst the paints and brushes. We try to dress correctly in our uniforms.

Our prefects for 3rd Term are Erica and Peter and we have a school prefect, Jacky.

3C is quite an athletic class with our hockey players and swimmers, and George, our famous long distance runner.

We all enjoy our maths periods, because we generally get a laugh out of our teacher, Mr. MacGill.

On Wednesday the 21st September at the Athletic Carnival, Jacky was runner up for Senior Girl. Owing to the fine weather our Carnival was a great success.

3C wishes you all luck in the final examinations.

2F

The siren rings, 2F is in line. We'll be in for Maths by the hour of nine.

The stragglers come in one by one But here's Miss Thomas and the fun. Next period is science, and we're all in

But Mr. Cracknell stops the din. The earth he says, has a wobble, With this the girls decide to squabble.

In Social studies, both "A" and "B", Colin is blasted by Mr. "D". The map he says is what we need, So don't forget it next time you "weed".

English for us is a variety, With written expression in the Library,

Drama and acting we adore, But poetry's drab and quite a bore. For French Miss Rance says parlez-vous?

We say mais oui but pouvez-vous? It's time for a small dictat-ion, So rule four pages and hurry on. Our favourite period is humorously Spent with Mr. "S" in the library Although he pulls his hair and cracks a wet joke

We in 2F think he's quite a good bloke.

For brains, 2F cannot be denied, And our reputation is known both far and wide,

But although most of us fail to reach a pass

2F is usually a hard-working class.

ARMSTRONG — Yellow Submarine

BAKER — I'm A Nut

BILL — I Love Onions

BUTLER — Sunshine Superman

CUSMANO — Fortune Teller

HAY — Tar and Cement

HOLMES — Secret Agent Man

LUCEV — What a Mouth

MANNING — Eve of Destruction

McKAY — Road Runner

NEWBY — They're Coming to

Take Me Away Ha Ha

NICOLI — The Biggest and Best in Africa

OLSEN — Long Tall Texan

ROGERS — I Who Have Nothing

SMITH — Only You Can Do It

UGLE — I'll Make You Happy

BLACKBURN — It Ain't Necessarily So

KENNEDY — I'm Too Much

LODER — Over The Rainbow
MOORE — Absence Makes The Heart Grow Fonder
NEWMAN — The Shapes of Things
OSTALSKA — Keep On Running
RAEBEL — She's a Rebel
RAKE — Security
ROBINSON — Skinny Mini
TREVENEN — Little Red Riding Hood
WALLIS — Fool, Fool, Fool
WILKINSON — Love and Affection
WRIGHT — She's So Fine
MISS THOMAS — I'm at the Breaking Point
SUMMARY OF 2F — Didn't like you much when I first met you, But somehow I couldn't quite forget you.

2M

This studious little class can be located in the science room, under the tender care of Mr. Ottaway, our form teacher, who tries valiantly, but in vain, to teach us the basic principles of science. Although our teachers don't believe it, we are a hard working bunch, yet Marianne is the only one who takes the honours in the academic field. The sporting field however presents a different picture. Many of our members have enjoyed success this year, and we are proud to say that every sporting team contains at least one 2M-ite. Congratulations go to all of these who are too numerous to mention.

With this year almost over, our eyes are turned (rather unwillingly) towards the 1967 Junior Examinations. The final exams this term should indicate which of our members are likely candidates (according to the teachers there are very few, but we hope to surprise them).

Finally we would like to thank all our teachers for their help and to wish all third years every success in their examinations.

2C

Ten girls and 11 boys make up the 21 charming (?) students known to others as 2C. Mr. MacGill is now our form teacher. He has the easy task of improving our already brilliant maths ability.

During the year the class has had six prefects who very capably handled the various problems which faced us. They were:

First Term — Gary Germain and Mary LaBianca; Second Term — Neville Thornton and Susan Treasure; Third Term — Gary Fenn and Mary Italiano.

Three of our more controversial students who always manage to give us a few laughs are — Joe Galati, Charlie Adornetta and Bill (Yes Sir) Napoli.

Not only are we outstanding in the academic fields however. Contrary to common belief we do have some sportsmen as well, amongst them Neville Thornton (Swimming and tennis) Jim Baggetta (football and cricket) Gary Germain (Swimming and cricket) Mavis Lyndon (Hockey) and Dale Cockie (athletics).

We should like to thank all our teachers for their help, and to say "Good Luck" to all the third year students.

1A

The pupils of our class are rather bright, So when you see us don't get a fright. All praise must be given Miss Yeoman of course, For she is the one that drives us with force. With some of the students it's just natural to learn. But for others it's just as natural to spurn. Results like Keith Offer's none of us gain, But Margaret Eastcott has some of the brains. Johnny Biernet is trying to pass, But still remains the clown of the class. Riegert's the sportsman of the year, With Dianne Evans not far in the rear. There are many more we would like to say But just for now we will let it stay. I'm sorry I can't mention all the rest But I assure you we're the best in the west. **G. Driscoll 1A**

If you walked through the door of Room 1, (1A's Form Room), a stunning sight would meet your eyes, an upturned desk proudly sat upon by our class clown, strange noises being produced by another comedian and in fact the only one working is our class genius, George, whose head is buried in a book. A few bursts of laughter come from the deepest corner of the room where several girls are seated.

Besides the many geniuses, we have a few athletic people, such as Charlie, Keith and John Lancaster.

We also have a few water-logged swimmers. These include Paul, the two Charlies, John Lancaster, Dianne Evans and Janice Hales.

Our miraculous hurdler, Johnny Biernet, excelled himself at the sports, leaping through one hurdle and knocking down the rest, he still finished fourth.

We are very proud of our newly painted lockers for they touch off the beauty of 1A. Our class prefects for the past two terms, Andrew and Janice, have been replaced by (we

hope) more efficient ones, namely Larelle and Keith.

Our form teacher, Miss Yeoman, who takes us for music, attempts valiantly to make us good singers, but the students from 1A are just not musically minded.

We finish with a thought, as usual, for the Third Year Students, bearing in mind that it will be our turn in two years' time.

1B

From the tallest to the shortest, from the roundest to the thinnest, you name 'em, we've got 'em. We would be without doubt the best and most varied class in first year. With Ivan, six feet tall, and Clive four feet, who could easily be the tallest and the shortest in the whole first year, and with Frank and Peter Ferguson (Frank wouldn't tell us his measurements) anyone would think we are a wierd mob with dreamboats, clowns and musketeers.

Last term we were entertained by the talented "Mario the Musician"



CROSS COUNTRY RUNNERS

Back Row: C. Birmingham, J. Lyster, I. Billinghamurst, Mr. T. MacGill, T. Sheehan, K. Mueller, G. Milne, T. Watt.
Front Row: W. Manning, L. Gardiner, J. Lancaster, K. Lawson, K. Offer, D. Wotherspoon, M. Smith.



TENNIS

Back Row: G. Crotty, J. Eastcott, W. Campbell, G. Cole, N. Thornton.
Front Row: L. Shalders, E. Clegg, J. Smith, J. Harnett.

FARM IMPROVEMENTS

The first improvement to the Ag. Wing was a new drainage system for the piggery. The drainage system has always been a problem but now it works properly. Gravel was put in the low patches on the roads and one road was completely re-covered. The boys carted the gravel with the help of Mr. Clements.

The fruit trees were pruned and budded by the boys under the supervision of Mr. James. One of the paddocks has been ploughed and sown down with oats and vetch for hay. A new bridge was built across the channel this year by the Shire, but the boys levelled the road and filled in any holes. Also a new "carry-all" has been purchased. Most of the improvements were done by the boys but it couldn't have been done without the assistance of Mr. James, Mr. Clements and Mr. Patroni.

P. Graham, E. Pech

A DAY AT THE FARM

For all the boys except the dairy boys a farm day starts at 8 a.m. and finishes at 5 p.m. The dairy boys start at 6 a.m. and finish at 5 p.m. During this time they have from 12 p.m. to 2 p.m. off.

Two sections of the farm are pigs and poultry. The boys are tied up most of the day helping each other cut grass, collect, clean and grade eggs. One boy feeds his pigs at 8 a.m. to 9 a.m. and 4.14 p.m. to 4.30 p.m. and gets a hand to clean out the piggery by the poultry boy who has finished cleaning eggs.

The next section is the dairy which entails a long day. The cows are milked all year round, twice a day. They are fed a very high protein concentrate in the bails and in the evening are fed with hay which keeps them happy for the night. They are brought up at 6 o'clock in the morning and milking starts promptly at a quarter past.

flourish to brighten the area.

The new dorms are quite a change from the huts, and some of us were not sure whether we would like them. However we all moved in at the end of First Term and since then we have all settled in quite well.

S. Ridley and D. Ward

THE MR. X PROJECT

"Long John", "Streak" and "Brains", three of the first year Ag. boys, after having done a lot of study for the exams, decided to take a stroll down by the Harvey River to ease their studious minds.

As they were gazing into the beautiful crystal clear waters flowing gaily over the rocks, one of them ("Streak") happened to glance along the riverbank, and, noticing a small, black movable object, pointed it out to his companions, who immediately reached a decision — capture it!

"Brains" set off to cut the object off and chase it back towards the other two. The little animal scurried across the ground towards "Streak" and "Long John" who both retreated bravely out of its path.

A brief discussion ensued. The three boys decided to try again and after stooping to pick up weapons for self defence, they all headed the little strong fellow into a fence where it could be man-handled. The animal could not have been born dumb as it charged along the fence until confronted by the river and then plunged boldly into the icy cold waters. On coming to the surface it struck out for the opposite bank which it successfully negotiated about 50 yards down stream. Seeing that it was nearly exhausted the students swam the river on each side of the animal until it was trapped except on the river side. "Long John" made a running rugby tackle at the animal's hind legs and managed to hold it while the other boys came to lend a hand. They carried it back across the bridge and after receiving permission, built a small pen in the project area. By this time they had realised that the animal was a young pig and a few days after the chase the animal became very tame and popular to all the Ag. boys.

The next three sections are concerned with general repairs and construction. The general farm boys control general maintenance and repairs to the farm side. The project boy is concerned with maintenance and repairs of gardens and lawns of the school side. The maintenance boy loans out tools to all chain gangs and projects. He is responsible for the repair of all broken articles in the huts and dormitories.

The final section is concerned with the employment of a boy each week to an outside farm. The farm belongs to Mr. Byrd, who also has a citrus orchard.

R. MacDonald and P. Hardey

AG. SCHOOL TRIP TO NARROGIN

The merry mob left for Narrogin in high spirits. These were left at a billabong near Quindanning, because of the dust that caked over faces, and the entire back of the truck.

Shearing was the highlight of the visit. After a short briefing, click went the shears. With an equal loss of wool and skin, the sheep passed through. However, due to some advice given by our patient instructor, more wool than sheep was shorn off.

After a brief visit to Narrogin Town School and pictures, plus TV or School Films we completed an educational week.

A. Iddon, C. Birmingham

"DORMS"

The new Ag. wing "Dorms", whose occupants are divided into four factions, blue, green, gold and red, hold 20 first years and four second year prefects.

Each faction is housed in six cubicles, and is allotted areas for each week which must be cleaned and tidied by 7.50 each morning.

The whole dormitory is made up of four wings; the south wing contains the cubicles, the north wing having outside paths, east wing, laundry and cloakroom, and west wing, linen room and sick bay.

Mr. Quartermaine has the job of making garden beds and paths about the Dorms, and soon flowers should



HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: N. Newby, E. Clegg, M. Lyndon, V. Offer, B. Khan, M. Henderson, F. Felton, D. Cookie.
Front Row: C. Hinge, G. Raebel, M. Ugle, J. Williams (Capt.), E. Reilly, A. Gardiner, C. Ballingall.

★ Sport ★

SWIMMING CARNIVAL, 1966

Good weather, together with enthusiastic spectators and determined swimmers made our 1966 swimming carnival a great success. Records were broken and inaugural ones made. Outstanding swimmers were singled out.

At the end of the day, exhausted but content, the students lined up in their factions for the presentation of trophies to those who had earned them.

Red came out on top with 121 points, followed closely by Green with 112 points, then Blue with 107 and last, but still with fighting spirit, came Gold with 83 points.

Senior boy was Ag. boy Peter Keeson, an outstanding swimmer who earned his trophy.

Senior champion Girl was Frances Coghlan.

In the juniors Marie Higgins and Paul Jones were the trophy winners.

Thanks go to all teachers, especially Miss Thomas and Mr. Leeder, without whose efforts the day could not have been so successful.

COUNTRY HIGH SCHOOL SPORTS CARNIVAL

During the last week in second term, sports teams from Harvey travelled to Bunbury to compete in the first Country High School Sports Carnival. As well as Harvey, other

schools competed and they were: Margaret River, Newton Moore, Bunbury High, Busselton, Bridgetown, Collie and Manjimup. The carnival lasted for two days. There were two divisions A and B. Harvey was in B Division. The sports played were boys' and girls' hockey, girls' basketball and football. Spectators were taken on the second day.

In the girls' hockey, Harvey only managed to win one game against Collie High School in which the score was 7-0. They unfortunately finished last.

The schools which played against us in basketball were slightly better than us. Though our girls did their best they weren't quite strong enough and we didn't get a place.

We were more fortunate in the boys' football. Though we had many hard encounters, we managed to win through into the grand final, but lost by 14 points. It was a hard match and our boys didn't give up

fighting until the last second. The boys deserve full credit for the sportsmanship which they displayed during that game.

The hockey boys showed the other schools how hockey should be played by winning every game. They entered the grand final in which they played the team from Margaret River. The teams were so evenly matched that no goals were scored during the game and so the game had to be judged on short corners. The final deciding short corner was scored during the last exciting 40 seconds.

Final scores, 4-3 (corners) to Harvey.

The carnival ended with a general assembly during which trophies were presented. Harvey received a pennant for the boys' hockey of which we are very proud. All in all it was quite a successful and rewarding trip for Harvey.



ATHLETIC CHAMPIONS

Back Row: K. Rigg, J. Eastcott, G. Cole, C. Riegert.

Front Row: C. Hawkins, J. Williams, J. Rake.

(Absent: G. Wickham, K. Mueller, C. Scott, R. Manning D. Evans).



BASKETBALL SQUAD

Back Row: J. Doubikin, E. Clegg, W. Campbell, H. Briggs, G. Connor,
C. Hawkins, J. Rake, L. Pollock.

Front Row: L. Shalders, J. Smith, P. Kealy, C. Hinge, A. Gardiner.

ATHLETIC CARNIVAL

It was a perfect day for the Athletic Carnival. The sun shone brightly, the sky was clear of clouds, the air felt warm and the ground was in almost perfect condition with the lines for every event marked clearly on it. The excitement mounted as the nervous competitors and cheerful spectators stood about the grandstand chattering. Coloured ribbons flowed from the youngsters' cardigans, while dolls and other mascots, dressed in their respective colours, were carried in the students' arms. Coloured hats also added to the gaiety and atmosphere of the day. Everybody hoped their faction would win, but who could tell until the day was over.

At last, organised in their bays, the competitors waited patiently for the event for which they had trained for so many weeks. The spectators sat around the Recreation Ground waiting for the first event, ready to cheer whenever encouragement was needed. Finally the carnival was under way. Spectators cheered, while competitors put in all their efforts to try and gain points for their faction. Due to the fine weather, many records were broken in all fields of athletics. The carnival ran off smoothly and to conclude the day Mr. Hitchens gave a speech while Mr. Cracknell presented trophies to the successful individuals and a shield to the winning faction, Green.

The day was over. An empty Recreation Ground, except for occasional coloured streamers and programmes which lay strewn about the equipment, was all that was left of a most successful Athletic Carnival. This success was due to the organisation of Miss Thomas and Mr. MacGill.

RESULTS OF ANNUAL SPORTS, 1966

CHAMPION FACTION

GREEN: 266 points.

GOLD: 155 points.

RED: 130 points.

BLUE: 116 points.

CHAMPION ATHLETES

BOYS: Open, Graham Wickham (19 points); Klaus Mueller (17 points).

Under 15: Jeffrey Eastcott, Kevin Rigg (tie, 17 points).

Under 14: Graham Cole (29 points); Christopher Scott (12 points).

Under 13: Charles Riegert (18 points); Richard Manning (12 points).

GIRLS: Senior, Colleen Hawkins (15 points); Jacqueline Williams (13 points).

Junior: Janine Rake (23 points); Dianne Evans (14 points).

Records: Inaugural 17. Broken 8.

HARVEY HIGH SCHOOL HOCKEY TEAM

During this year the hockey team has enjoyed a prosperous season, mainly in Bunbury, where we had been top of "B" grade all year. In the recent Grand Final against Harvey Ag. School we finally ran out winners 3-2, after a very hard fought and close game, much to the delight of our coach, Mr. Cracknell.

Earlier on in the year, we managed to win a pennant which proclaimed us Junior Champions of the South West. This was played on a Sunday, and we, not having the services of Yelle Mulder, had to play extremely good hockey to win some 11 games including the Grand Final.

A game that provided a lot of interest was the game between the State Team and the Harvey High School team (Graeme Cole and Colin Newby playing for High School in the first game), in which they defeated us 3-1.

Continuing their list of successes, the High School team recently won another pennant in Bunbury just before the start of the August holidays at the Country High Schools Sports Carnival.

As a point of interest we travelled to Perth to play Tuart Hill High School sometime during July, once again without Yelle Mulder and also Peter Woods, in which we were defeated, 6-4. It was interesting to note that they finished up Premiers of the Perth Third Year Government High Schools. Very recently we play-

ed in the Country Week Carnival in Perth and won all of our games comfortably, only to be beaten 1-0 by Geraldton in the Grand Final. This was more than an upset, because we had beaten Geraldton 5-0 that same day. We actually played far better hockey, but we were unable to convert any of the numerous shots we had. All in all it was a big disappointment, especially to Mr. Cracknell who had spent so much time pushing and coaching us, telling us to have early nights (take note for next year boys) and so on. To sum it all up we can say we had a terrific season of hockey, especially in Bunbury, where it is the first time and may be the only time, that a Harvey High School team has been entered. Once again, for this our sincere thanks must go to Mr. Cracknell.

JUNIOR GIRLS' HOCKEY ASSOCIATION

Towards the end of first term, a Junior Girls' Hockey Association was started by the enthusiasm of

four staff members. Enough girls, some of whom had played hockey before but most of whom had never picked up a hockey stick, were found to form four teams with the names of Merseys, Buccaneers, Cherokees and Hitchhikers. Each team was coached by one of the women teachers who had quite a hard task of teaching the girls the skills and rules of the game. Eventually, after some weeks of hard training (?) the girls started to play hockey on Wednesday afternoons at 4 o'clock sharp! !! Despite the hard training, the girls were exhausted and confused by half time, but as time went on they improved and were playing quite good hockey by the end of their season which ended on September 28 with Merseys and Buccaneers playing off in the grand final. This was a great tussle between the two teams with the score at the end of time one all. This meant another ten minutes had to be played to decide the winners. A fabulous goal by Merseys put them ahead. They maintained this lead to win the grand final 2-1. The other



AG. WING HOCKEY TEAM — HARVEY 3

Back Row: Mr. G. Cracknell (Coach), T. Allington, A. Iddon, G. Manning, I. Billingham, G. Reading, G. Wickham, R. Henderson.
Front Row: T. Sheehan, M. Scott, I. Trigwell, J. Ecclestone, C. Birmingham.

two teams, Cherokees and Hitchhikers, who were to play off for the booby prize, were unable to do this as Hitchhikers unfortunately had to forfeit, which meant that Cherokees were the winners.

The following Saturday, the boys and girls hockey association combined to put on a most successful social. Here trophies were presented to hockey players who excelled in the games they played during the season.

The over-all Fairest and Best Trophy went to Cheryl Hinge, while the Highest Goal scorer trophy was awarded to Coral Ballingall. Aileen Gardiner, Bev Green, Frances Felton, and Marion Henderson were the winners of trophies for fairest and best in their respective teams.

This first season of Junior Girls Hockey has been most enjoyable, and it is hoped that it will be continued next year with new and old recruits joining the association.

STATE HOCKEY

A week and a half before the commencement of the August holidays, Graeme Cole and Colin Newby

travelled to Perth for the Australian Junior Hockey Championships. Preparation for this involved detailed physical fitness exercises, timetables and match practice every afternoon against five year high school teams from such schools as Kent Street, Trinity and so on. Even before this, on a less detailed basis, they had travelled to various places for match practice, and about the most enjoyable day, according to the boys, was in Harvey.

Finally the big day came, and W.A. was to play Victoria at King's Park. Exactly one minute after play had commenced W.A. just missed a goal, but they soon made up for that and didn't miss the second time. Unfortunately, Victoria ran out winners 3-1, and that was the pattern for most of the games, except against Queensland and Tasmania with whom W.A. drew and defeated respectively. They played all of these games at the W.A.C.A.

During the Championships the boys were the guests at several Civic Receptions, socials and bus tours around Perth and Fremantle. They also attended several delicious buf-



AG. WING HOCKEY TEAM — HARVEY 4

Back Row: J. Rose, A. Grant, P. Keeson, P. Hardey, R. Henderson, B. Harrison.

Front Row: P. Leroy, K. Mueller, D. Ward, D. Brown, T. Reeve.

fet teas, much to their stomachs' delight. Several of the boys swapped shirts and socks with boys of other States for Souvenirs.

All in all it was a terrific experience. Graeme and Colin have Mr. Cracknell to thank for this as he included their names in a list for the Elimination Trials. Undoubtedly Geoff Worth should be mentioned as he was unlucky not to be selected in the State side. Bad luck Geoff, and here's hoping that next year the State team can be formed with some more Harvey boys included; watch Gordon Whitwell.

"THE GREAT DAY"

At last the great day arrived and all was ready for grand final of the Brunswick Basketball Association. Parents, friends and admirers lined the court eager to see their team win. The two teams, "Southerners", in green and black and "Zombies" in blue and white, strode on to the field, both determined to defeat their opposition.

At last the whistle sounded and the match began. Southerners' supporters, on one side of the court, shouted and cheered as the first goal was scored. In a matter of seconds, however, Zombies had even-

ed the score but before long Southerners had obtained a lead of several goals. Mothers shouted from the side lines and became even more exhausted than the players. In their excitement they tried to direct play much to the disgust of the umpire who fought desperately to retain order.

Zombies, determined not to be easily defeated played hard but Southerners fought back even more strongly to eventually win twenty-one goals to fifteen (21-15).

F. Felton, 3F

AG. WING HOCKEY NOTES

Firstly we would like to thank our coach, Mr. Cracknell, for his enthusiasm in coaching us this season. We would also like to thank all other staff members for their help.

When Saturday afternoon arrives the boys of the Ag. Wing Hockey teams board the faithful truck for the lightning trip to Bunbury.

The whistle blows and "Cookie Davis" bullies the ball and sends a flying pass to Crackles who roars down the field and sinks the first goal for the Ag. School contingent.

The opposition gains possession of



TOWN WING HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: C. Marino, B. Brandis, R. Lilburne, J. Buist, N. Blackburn, J. Vicary, P. Woods, G. Smith, G. Whitwell, G. Byers.

Front Row: D. Mc Nerney, G. Worth, G. Cole, C. Newby (Capt), R. Romeo, R. Trigwell, Y. Mulder.

80 BOYS AND 2 GIRLS

It was Thursday and the boys were assembling for their cross-country run, while the girls were preparing for their sport activities. Owing to the slowness of several girls while changing, this threat was made.

Quote: The last two girls out of change rooms will go on the cross-country run with the boys: Unquote.

Who would have thought this would come true?

When at last two girls rushed out of the change rooms clutching sand shoes and cords, a surprise awaited them. They were last! They were destined for the cross-country run of five miles with the boys. They finished dressing and proceeded to where the boys were receiving their instructions for the run which was along Weir road to the "Big Weir", across the wall, a quarter of a mile

deeper into the pines where a ticket was given to them, back along the bottom, on to Weir road and back to school.

The girls started out bravely keeping pace with the boys. After the first mile the girls were then keeping pace with the stragglers. As they jogged along slowly they received several startled glances from people passing (perhaps they were wondering if the rest of the girls were very far in front or very far behind). They battled on down the hill and looked longingly at the Weir, they trudged on to the "Big Weir" and crossed the Weir Wall (the half way mark) where they found an obstacle barring their way to victory (?)—Mr. MacGill and his car.

As they passed the many tired, unsuccessful hitch-hikers, they gave a wave of encouragement. The girls still received their victory even if it was in a car.

The Two Girls



SOFTBALL TEAM

Back Row: V. Atanasievic, A. Fryer, C. Hawkins, H. Briggs, J. Williams.
Front Row: D. Ueich, P. Kealy, M. Ugle (Capt.), G. Connor, M. Eastcott.

CONFUSION AT THE STATION

The busy station, when I had at length buffeted my way through the crowds around the entrance, confused me. As I made my way to the platform with the crowds streaming in, other were hurrying out. I couldn't tell the direction of the train because it was difficult to see far up the line. There was no official to ask, and while I was gazing with wonder at the illuminated notice board to find the station of my destination, without warning, the electric train whizzed in and screeched to a stop. Doors opened along the cars and more crowds squeezed out onto the platform, while those around me pressed forward through the open doors which were soon shut again. Almost immediately the train took off again, leaving me more confused, until I realised that I had missed the train that I had set out to catch. I decided that Wynyard Station in Central Sydney was not an easy place for a young girl to find her way about.

N. Newby, 3F

GLARING LIGHTS

It had been a lovely week on the beach, swimming, fishing, frolicking in the sand, picnic lunches and it was now time to go home. The packing did not take long and we were on the road bound for home in no time.

The trip home would take about four hours, so I settled in for a long drive. Looking at my watch I found that it was about half past four, which meant we would be home at approximately nine o'clock.

We had been on the road no more than an hour when I found my two sisters had fallen into a deep sleep beside me. My younger sister had her head tucked under Susan's arm. They looked like two furry kittens cuddled up after playing hard all day.

Mum and Dad were still wide awake, but I was about to drop off, when I heard an angry exclamation from Dad: "Fool!" I looked up to see what had happened. Two headlights on full beam were coming straight at us. My heart pounded heavily and

my adam's apple stuck in my throat as the glaring headlights came closer and closer. There was a squeal as Dad applied the brakes and our car swerved, missing the other vehicle by inches. After ploughing through some thick scrub, we came to an abrupt stop at a large tree stump. Luckily no one was injured.

J. Lancaster, 1A

EDUCATION TODAY AND TOMORROW

The story of Australian education needs constant retelling. It is a story that few of us know well enough. Yet education directly involves more than one half of all Australians and indirectly affects the lives, welfare, security and freedom of everyone. We cannot afford to ignore it.

Fortunately most Australians have faith in education and believe that educated young people are better equipped to "get ahead" in the world than uneducated ones.

How difficult it must have been for those who were part of early Australia to acquire an education. Imagine the toil and many inconveniences of those days.

Today although it is available to all, it is still a privilege to become educated. Our facilities are constantly being improved, our teachers are better educated to cope with the vast number of problems created by our modern society, and opportunities are greater than ever before.

Education today then becomes a prime concern for the students of today who will be the thinking adults of tomorrow.

P. Kealy, 3F

Hear Ye—

THE TEN BY-LAWS

1. Thou shalt obey the word of the High Priest.
2. Thou shalt look upon third years as the intelligentsia of the school.
3. Thou shalt not let thy knees dangle thy hem.
4. Thou shalt obey those who wear the dog badge.
5. Thou shalt try and believe what thy masters teach thee.

"THE DYING TOWN"

Hidden in an isolated valley far back into the hills, lie the remains of a once flourishing township, Mornington Mills, so called because of its beauty as the sun rises over the hill in the early morning hours, once the home of over a thousand people. The large timber mill, supplying work for many, is now closed and with it has closed the town itself.

Meandering through the valley is a small creek bordered on either side by green hills scattered with old timber houses with red rusting roofs and brown boards. These, once the homes of laughing children, chattering women and busy men, now lie deserted, left to decay under the heat of the sun. The gardens, once green and well kept are now grown over with weeds and creepers.

The old school, with four rooms, is a sad reminder of the rapidly dying town. It was once filled with over a hundred happy children. The Church bells have not pealed for many months and the sound of singing will never again drift over the valley. A weathered floor is the only reminder of the gay Saturday night dances/once held in the town. People had come to these from far and near, enthusiastic for a night's enjoyment. The green paddock on the hill top can scarcely be recognised as the sportsfield that was used by so many long ago.

The mill lies motionless and still. No more can the monotonous drone of the saw or the loud chugging of the steam train be heard. They have gone with the town. The railway tracks are rusted and covered over from lack of use. The town, once a scene of happiness and prosperity is now lonely and deserted. It has disappeared from the map and lives only in the hearts of those who made it their home.

F. Felton, 3F.

"THE TREASURE OF MALPELO ISLAND"

With a smother of foam and bubbles the green water closed over me. When I was not too far down I signalled the crew above to stop. Since they were new at this salvage

business I wanted to see if they could answer satisfactorily. When they did so promptly, I adjusted the air pressure in my diving suit and resumed my slow descent.

As I went down I thought of the treasure supposedly lying in the wreck below. I thought, too, of the dangers lurking there and of the seven divers who had gone down to this wreck and never returned. Had I known the terror that awaited me, I might have stopped there and then.

I continued my descent until the hulk of the old Spanish craft appeared directly below me, and when down approximately one hundred feet, I landed on a ledge that jutted out from the main rock ridge. There were no sharks, or large fish of the kind, so I landed on the slimy deck of the old schooner which was white and ghostly, with the high black walls of rock around, much like some huge coffin lowered into a tomb.

I made my way aft along the port side of the hulk, where two small life-boats still hung, like weird pendulums, from their davits. Striding forward carefully I climbed down sand-covered steps that confronted me, to a chamber with a half-door open.

Inside there was a space about fifteen feet wide, partly filled with crates. One box had the top prised off, it revealed silver bars. Here was the treasure.

I planned a sling to be lowered to collect the boxes and as I did so I noticed a large statue in the corner of the room. From behind it large eyes were appearing and from the body came large arms. An octopus!

The octopus slowly moved towards me and flung a huge arm towards me, which upon hitting the ground flew up a sheet of dust. The octopus was blocking the doorway making it impossible to pass. I released my shark knife and sliced through its long slimy tentacles as they were thrust towards me.

Getting nearer to the octopus I drove the blade at the only vulnerable spot in an octopus—the jugular vein. The octopus was dying at last.

Meanwhile two native divers had

HARVEY HIGH SCHOOL

The gigantic pond presented a scene of peace. Nestled in the middle of this pond, lay a large growth of wood, plant matter, which was the fishes' public meeting place. It rose from the pond bed, ominously, and stood quietly and desolately. Around it were some small weed and scum. There were some water beetles nestled comfortably in the side of the "council". A few fish sang gaily and the music floated through the water. Others worked laboriously at intricate devices. The pond's bank consisted of a tall barrier of trees, protecting it from the gale-like winds. Purple tinted hills flowed in the distance occasionally dotted by a television antenna. On the other side, it consisted of a gently inclining turf bank, covered with soft buff, tinged with green grass.

begun searching and found me lying exhausted with three great arms around me. They unwrapped the arms and managed to get me back on deck in time, for the air pressure valves had been pierced.

And so, the old Spanish schooner still holds its treasure, but the terrifying guardian is dead.

Peta Venables, 1A.

A SCENE FROM THE HOME SCIENCE CENTRE

Steam rose in billowing clouds smudging the windows as the girls cooked their various dishes. Strands of straggling hair were pushed back frantically from flushed perspiring faces, and rescued at the last moment from meeting their sticky fate in cake mixtures. Small (?) feminine feet scurried industriously over the floor as the girls collected ingredients, checked their cooking or carried washing-up water to tables. Gasps of disappointment signified the opening of an oven, and wrinkled noses said that the vegetables had boiled dry.

H. Briggs, 3F.

K. Offer, 1A.



AG. WING A BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row: R. Henderson, I. Billinghamurst.
Front Row: B. Harrison, T. Makinson, T. Pearce.

APPLIED QUOTATIONS

- "Lord Man You're Dead" — J. hasn't done his homework.
 "Last Lesson of the Afternoon" — Sc. A p.8 Friday.
 "My pack of unruly hounds"—3F.
 "The Night Ride"—trip home from "Dick 2".
 "When shall we three meet again? In thunder, lightning or in rain"—probably back in third year 1967.
 "In pious rage, the two delinquents torn"—office scene.
 "Contending against obedience, as they would make war with mankind"—Students' dream.
 "And shall a million dull tomorrow's roll"—waiting for Junior.
 "Stealing thro' those far woods"—cross country runs.
 "His golden locks"—G.C.

3F Boys.

LATE

I woke up one morning at the sound of the alarm clock. I glanced at it and saw to my horror that it was a quarter past eight. I scrambled out of bed and stepped on the cat. Quickly I dressed, gulped down some breakfast and dashed out to my bike. Suddenly I remembered my sports clothes! Having found them all crumpled up in a heap on the chair I headed for the door. As I reached it however, I remembered my homework books. Into the lounge room and out again, this time with everything. As I pedalled madly against the strong head wind, my chain came off my bike, half-way up the hill.

Covered in grease I started off again to reach the highway in time to be nearly skittled by a car. Puffing, I proceeded up the school driveway. It suddenly occurred to me that there were no other bicycles in the racks. I jumped off my bike and took out my diary. I looked at the date and found it was a public holiday!

R. Ranger, 1A.

ADELAIDE

At last, the day of anticipation had arrived! After weeks of preparation we were finally on our way — destination Adelaide.

The journey by car to Kalgoorlie, although pleasant, seemed endless, as we travelled by night, and each town seemed much the same. Slowly we made progress until eleven hours later the city of Kalgoorlie stood out before us in the headlights of the car, the time then being 5.30 a.m. At 8.30 a.m. we boarded "The Overlander" which would be our transport for the next two days. After a few hours of travel, trees began to thin out, and all that could be seen for miles around was red dust. While rounding a bend, we looked out the window and noticed that the train was a half to three quarters of a mile long.

On board the train, friends were soon made, and the rest of the journey was spent in many different forms of relaxation. During the entire journey the meals were delicious, and the service was excellent.

Eventually we entered the Adelaide station. After much sorting of baggage and general confusion, we hailed a taxi, and were given a brief view of Adelaide as we proceeded to our Motel. My first impression was of neatness and cleanliness. The buildings were mostly quite old, but exceptionally well kept. The homes and gardens were generally in perfect order.

Several days later, we were taken on a tour of Adelaide's National Park. This is situated high in the hills and overlooks the city, a breath-taking sight. The park has acres and acres of fenced-off bushland, where many different species of Australian animals roam at will.

The purpose of our visit was to see the Royal Show, to which we went the following day. This proved to be much the same as any Show, except for the ring events which were most spectacular. One which fascinated me most was the brother and sister act, the Human Cannonballs. They had come from America at the cost of \$15,000 paid by the society. With a deafening roar the cannon exploded, and the couple were shot high into the air and landed in a net about thirty feet away. The remainder of our time in Adelaide was spent in looking at

things of interest, such as the Museum.

It was now time to make the return journey. I was sorry to leave, as I had been thrilled by this new experience, yet I was glad to return, for there is no place like Western Australia.

D. Marshall, 3F.

MY FORM ROOM

I viewed the scene with feelings of dismay, terror and horror as a teacher was nearby. The scene, one of disorder, with books scattered on the paper-littered floor, desks and chairs in a tangle and ink splattered on walls and desks, showed the disobedience and lack of discipline of the unmanageable children. As I walked through the door, my heart in my throat, I tried to raise my voice above the screaming and yelling of excited children to warn them of the teacher nearby, but in vain, for unruly, negligent children, in a form room without a teacher, are apt to make a din, unaware of the noise they create.

N. Newby, 3F.

"WISHFUL THINKING"

Awakening from my long night's sleep I reached out and turned my electric blanket off and slowly, half-asleep, I walked across to my tenth storey flat window and peered down. Already I could see big, super-powered cars roaring along the noisy four-lane street. I listened for a moment, and then saw three jets whispering their way across the top of the sky scrapers.

I walked across to my computer and switched it on. Immediately my breakfast appeared. After having eaten it I made my way down the escalator to the underground train terminal. In a few seconds I was at my office where there were men all over the place pressing buttons and pulling levers and having everything done automatically. The calendar read the sixteenth of September, 2066.

A. Blackburn, 1A.

"THE CREEK"

The sun was a blazing red hot ball moving across the sky as I sat watching the water trickling over my toes. I dug my toes into the soft sand, the movement causing the water to turn a sickly grey colour. Drooping trees lined both banks of the trickling creek giving a welcome shade from the heat. A slight breeze rustled the leaves, giving the water beneath a dappled effect. In the middle of the creek, a few yards from where I lazily drowsed, a marron crawled energetically onto a smooth water worn rock.

N. James, 1A.

"MY LONG WALK"

Cautiously I hurried down the long drive-way towards the house. The sky was dark and overcast and the moon was not shining. To me, every tree and shadow seemed like a monster waiting ready to trap me if I should pass. The wind, blowing through the trees sounded like the whining of angry dogs and the gate, a huge dark mass, looked like a ferocious monster. I stood motionless as a shrill, sharp screech, like the scream of a woman being murdered, met my ears. My heart beat rapidly and I was paralysed with fear. Trying desperately to convince myself it was only the howling of a stray tom cat, I moved quickly on along the drive. The clouds overhead cast eerie shadows over the ground and a rustle in the grass made me jump with fright. How relieved I was when I at last reached the security of the house.

F. Felton, 3F.

"A VOLCANIC ERUPTION"

It presented a picture of serene peacefulness in the slanting arrows of the sun. It had in fact been dormant for many years. The farmers had gradually picked up the remaining threads from the last eruption and once more the hillslope was a scene of prosperity. Towards noon however, rumblings were heard from deep within the towering giant and the villagers became

battery conditions, pressure switches and so-on. With five minutes to go we strapped ourselves into our con-tour chairs and prepared ourselves for the first shock of the blast off. The chronometer's (type of clock) second hand swept around to zero and we began our return trip back to earth. I glanced through my rearward looking television set to see the moon sinking slowly behind.

C. Hocart, 1A.

"THE SWELTERING PLAIN"

The sun beat down like an un-merciful monster on the hot dry and sandy plain. It was bare except for its dry grasses and the oc-casional withered trees breaking the monotony of the sky line. Impos-sible though it may seem, a tribe of native people managed to survive in these conditions, for hidden amongst rocks was a hole filled with clear water. This was the only place away from the blazing sun on that sweltering plain. The children had found it and they splashed and dived in the cool water. It glistened and sparkled as the golden sun shone down upon it, every spray appearing as colourful as a rainbow.

The children's bodies, brown and bare, resembled the shining black coats of seals. For hours they en-joyed playing in the cool water of the pool and it was not until long after the sun had fallen below the horizon that they rose to return to their homes. For these native children this water hole provided their only source of life, and with-out it they would surely perish.

F. Felton, 3F.

"CHAOS AT THE BUS STOP"

The bus stop presented a scene of chaos. Screeching and squealing, the children erupted from the school and stampeded down the hill. Hurtling their cases into an untidy heap the children became a seething, squirming mass of humanity. Above the tumult rose the occasional scream of protest. The prefects desperately strove to maintain law and order. As the bus idled slowly to a stop the children scurried for their cases and scrambled on board in an endeavour to obtain the best seats. The bus-driver hastily checked the quarrelling occupants to as-certain whether he had his full com-

plement. The bus slowly moved on-to the highway on its homeward route and the bus stop was tran-quil and serene once more.

J. Ottrey, 1A.

"SEARCH IN THE ANTARCTIC"

It was icy cold. Snow had fallen during the night and now a bitterly cold wind began to blow. Four men lay huddled in their bunks in a small hut in the Antarctic. They had been sent there a couple of days before to look for a party of men who were believed to be lost. So far they had had no success in find-ing the men or any trace of them. The men had left their hut and disappeared during the day while exploring.

When the men awoke, the morn-ing was dreary and grey. Hurried-ly they ate a hot breakfast and struggled into warm clothes. They would search around a glacier that was near-by and return after midday.

They expected this day to be the same as the last few, but they were wrong. While they trudged up the gently sloping glacier, they kept a careful look out for any clues or traces of the men. Suddenly they came across a sledge. It was bash-ed and broken but it was definitely the sign they needed. A little farther on they came to a mould of earth. The sledge dogs became excited and began digging furiously. Under all the snow they found a roof of some kind. There was a door with a handle on it, so they tried it.

After a few hard tugs it came open. Inside was a marvellous sight. Sitting huddled by a heap of boxes were the men.

They helped them out from the hut and took them to their warm hut. Here they fed them and radio-ed the ship at sea. Twelve hours later they were headed for home.

M. Eastcott, 1A.

"BELLS"

With a last warning toot of its whistle the train started to pull out of the station. Suddenly a car skidded to a halt outside the fence.

A husky young man with blond hair leapt out, followed by a small dark haired girl. They ran through the barrier and managed to scramble aboard. David and Pam Ryder found themselves in an empty com-partment. Thankfully they flopped onto the seats. When she had re-gained her breath, Pam pulled one of the cases towards her and tore off a huge label which had scrawled on it in large letters "Just Married".

Eventually, the train chugged into the tiny seaside village of Tyn-mare. David and Pam alighted and strolled down to the ocean front, after leaving their luggage at their small rental cottage. Some-where not far off, some bells started ringing. David felt Pam's hand tighten for a moment in his. He looked up and saw that she had a dazed far away look in her eyes. Then she turned and started walk-ing deliberately towards the cliff edge. Hundreds of feet below waves dashed viciously on jagged rocks. The bells stopped ringing. Alarmed David caught Pam's sleeve. She turned, and looking quite normal, asked what he was so anxious about. Seeing that she was alright David muttered something and sug-gested that they make their way home.

Several days passed and the young couple soaked up the sun and the sea air. They discovered that Tynmare had been built twice. The first town had been on the cliff edge and had disappeared when part of the cliff collapsed. It had been a wild, stormy night and the fishing fleet had not returned. Those living on the edges of the cliff had been evacuated to a safer area; every-one, except a young girl of about nineteen. Her father and her lover were out in the storm and she had been ringing the church bells to guide them home. Her body had never been found. On stormy nights the village people believed that she still rang the bells to guide home the fishing fleet.

One night when a tempest was raging outside, David awoke and heard bells ringing faintly. He had a sudden feeling of alarm and grop-ed around in the dark for Pam.



AG. WING JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM
Back Row: T. Allington, G. Reading, P. Graham.
Front Row: E. Pech, G. Townsend, C. Birmingham.

His hands encountered an empty bed. Fighting down his fear, he felt his way to the light switch. Light flooded the room. It was empty. The bells tolled mournfully in the distance.

Remembering what had happened when Pam first heard the bells, a sudden impulse made him dash outside. Heedless of the wind and rain he fought his way towards the cliff. A flash of lightning illuminated a small figure a few yards from the brink. It was Pam. Hoarsely David called her name but it was whipped away by the gale almost before he had uttered it. Another flash of lightning showed her standing on the very edge. There, amidst the rumble of thunder, a huge wave came up as if to receive her. She disappeared before his eyes. David dropped to the ground heart broken and exhausted.

E. Clegg, 3F.

"DRAGNET"

This evening we bring you the true story of Brown-head and the Three Bears. Only underwear and hair colours have been changed to protect the innocent. I'm Willy Friday. I'm a fuz (cop). I work on homicide. My beat Harvey. At 10.00 a.m. Monday, July 4, 1959, I hit the scene in Uduc road and was told by Sergeant Murphy that there was a report on my desk. I read it.

It was a complaint from the Bears. Someone had entered their home while they were on their morning walk. The intruder ate Billy Bears' rice crinkles, half of Mrs. Bears' rice bubbles and all of Mr. Bears' weet-bix. The intruder also broke Billy's chair, removed the feathers from Mrs. Bear's prize cushion and used Mr. Bear's golf sticks to crack nuts. Their three beds had been slept in and the wall was marked where the intruder had escaped through a window. I knew then that if this criminal was caught he was sure to get at least fifty days at Green's Abattoirs—a terrible fate.

I went down town to the Bears' house, I was let into the house by a butler and I met Mr. Bear who gave

me the facts.

The family had gone on their usual morning walk around 7.30 a.m. They returned at 9.0 a.m. to hear the intruder leave by an upstairs window. The servants had not heard anything as most of the time they were changing shifts. There were no clues about except a brown hair on a pillow, finger prints everywhere and size six footprints in a garden below the escape window.

I sent the finger prints to the office but the owner wasn't in our files. The hair was seven inches long so I suspected that the culprit was either a female or an abominable snowman. I started a door to door search for clues. Mrs. Quack, the doctor's wife, was of no use, neither was Mrs. Green-Pea, the green grocer's wife, but I had luck at the next house.

A Mr. Cramp, who was confined to a wheel chair for rheumatism, had been looking around with his binoculars at 9.00 a.m. and had seen a young brunette climb from the Bears' window and run into the woods.

I turned my wrist radio on and called for reinforcements to form a search party. I formed the men into groups and we started to search the woods. At 4.45 p.m. some of the men stumbled upon a small cottage in a clearing. Round about there were size six foot prints so the men advanced. However they were repulsed by gings and pea shooters. Then I decided to become drastic. I would gas them out with bad eggs. In no time at all we had evicted the entire family, who were trying to save the girl and they were taken to headquarters to be charged.

The mother got two weeks hard labour at Harvey's Darning Camp, the father five weeks at Green's Abattoirs, the second girl three weeks at the gymnasium and the two boys one year at the Harvey Ag. School, while the Brunette got 2 years at the Washing up Factory for her resistance of arrest, carrying an unlicensed pea shooter and breaking and entertaing.

J. Doubikin, 3F.