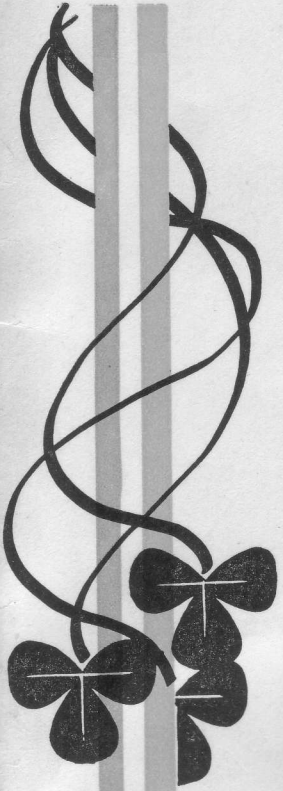


Deborah Gershow.

**HARVEY
AGRICULTURAL
HIGH SCHOOL
1970**



The

STIRLING

HARVEY AGRICULTURAL HIGH SCHOOL



STAFF — 1970

Principal

MR. F. E. MARSH

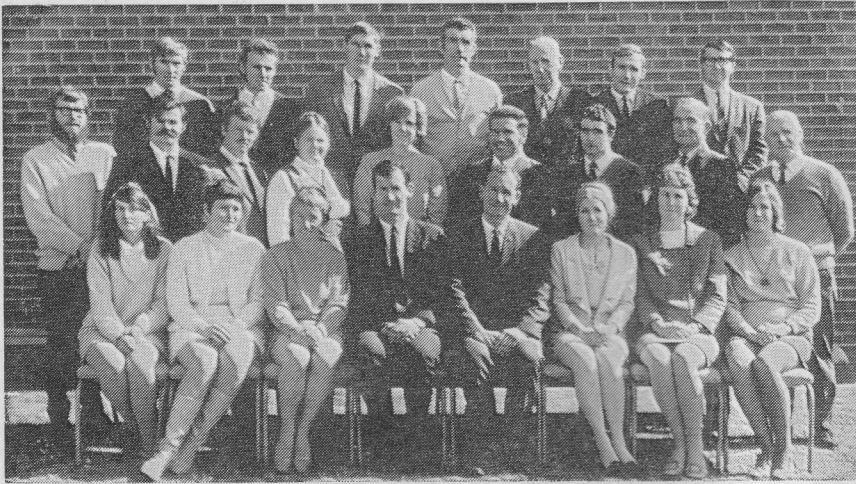
Deputy Principal

MR. B. WELLS

Acting Principal Mistress

MISS J. JEFFERY

MR. R. BICKERS	MR. I. LAURANCE, Senior Master, Ag. Wing
MR. G. BROWN, Senior Master M/A	
MR. A. BROWNING	MR. J. MORLEY
MISS R. CLIFTON	MRS. R. NEWBY
MR. P. DONNELLY	MR. G. PARKIN
MISS C. GILLIES	MR. G. PIGGOTT
MR. J. GODFREY, Asst. Farm Super.	MR. F. RANDO
MR. R. HANCOCK	MRS. B. RIGG
MR. C. HAWKES	MRS. S. SCAMBLER
MR. R. HENDERSON	MR. J. SOBON
MR. K. HINDMARSH	MRS. W. SOBON
MISS B. HOOD	MR. K. STEWART
MR. A. JAMES, Farm Supervisor	MRS. F. WELLER



HARVEY AGRICULTURAL HIGH SCHOOL STAFF, 1970

Front Row (left to right): Mrs. W. Sobon, Miss B. Hood, Mrs. R. Newby, Mr. B. Wells, Mr. F. Marsh, Miss J. Jeffery, Mrs. B. Rigg, Mrs. F. Weller.

Second Row (left to right): Mr. J. Sobon, Mr. K. Stewart, Mr. J. Morley, Mrs. S. Scambler, Miss C. Gillies, Mr. F. Rando, Mr. C. Hawkes, Mr. J. Godfrey, Mr. A. Browning.

Back Row (left to right): Mr. P. Donnelly, Mr. R. Hancock, Mr. R. Bickers, Mr. G. Brown, Mr. A. James, Mr. G. Parkin, Mr. I. Laurance.

Absent: Mr. K. Hindmarsh, Mr. G. Piggott.

STUDENT OFFICIALS

TOWN WING PREFECTS

R. WOTHERSPOON, CAPTAIN
G. GREEN
P. JONES
D. STANFORD
T. THOMAS
G. WILLS
J. MARSHALL, SENIOR GIRL
J. CLEGG
M. LYNDON
K. NEWMAN
L. OTTREY
J. WANSBROUGH

AG. WING PREFECTS

S. SCOTT, CAPTAIN
K. WARBURTON, VICE-CAPTAIN
P. BUTCHER
B. NIEUWENHYZE
A. OTTREY
J. SMITH

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE, 1970

L. JENKINSON
S. JURGENSON
L. COOLING
S. PAGANINI
J. RAEBEL
R. PRYCE
G. WOODS
S. LOWE
D. McMILLAN
B. KAZAZI



**HARVEY AGRICULTURAL HIGH SCHOOL TOWN WING
PREFECTS, 1970**

Front Row (left to right): D. Stanford, J. Wansborough, R. Wotherspoon (school captain), Mr. F. Marsh, J. Marshall (senior girl), G. Wills, J. Clegg.

Back Row (left to right): M. Lyndon, G. Green, L. Ottrey, P. Jones, K. Newman, T. Thomas.

EDITORIAL

We proudly present the eighth edition of the "Stirling Magazine". Our sincere thanks go to all who have contributed to the compiling and publishing of our school magazine.

At the beginning of this year there were many changes in the school staff; including a new Principal, Mr Marsh, and a new Deputy Principal, Mr Wells.

We sadly saw the departure of Miss Shine, our Principal Mistress, at the end of first term and Miss Jeffery was appointed Acting Principal Mistress. A welcome addition to the staff was Mrs Sobon, our Librarian. Further changes in staff occurred at the end of second term when Mr Henderson left. Mrs Scambler, a full time staff member this year also left and Miss Gillies, who returned to Harvey this year, left to be married. We wish her every happiness. New members of staff who arrived were Mr Parkin and Mr Ware.

The school building itself has also a new addition with the completion of the Technical Drawing Centre and girls are now taking Technical Drawing as well as boys.

During the August holidays some of our students travelled to the Eastern States on a TAA Educational Tour, escorted by Miss Hood and Mr Briggs.

Harvey has done extremely well in Interschool Sports this year and a summary of sporting activities will be found in the sports section.

We wish to thank all students who entered our literature competition and also the judges who had such a difficult job to choose the winning entries from the many pieces of work contributed.

Our very best wishes go to all Junior candidates this year.

In conclusion we wish to thank Miss Jeffery for her work in producing the magazine, and Mrs Shields, who was responsible for the typing. We hope you enjoy reading this as much as we have enjoyed compiling it.

The Committee



AGRICULTURAL WING PREFECTS

Front Row (left to right): S. Scott (captain), Mr. F. Marsh, Mr. I. Laurance, K. Warburton (vice-captain).

Back Row (left to right): B. Nieuwenhuyze, P. Butcher, J. Smith, A. Ottrey.

PREFECTS' NOTES

As our term of office comes to a close, we, the prefects of 1970, would like to warn the incoming prefects of what lies in store.

During first term, one may have wondered about the army of garbage trucks which were frequently coming up our school driveway. This was, of course, owing to the mountains of litter through which one had to wade. However, some bright people got together to think of a system of yard-duty, and because it was successful, we now have one of the most sparklingly clean schools in the west.

Another new system adopted by the school is the manner in which the weekly school assemblies are conducted. Each Monday, class prefects are lined up, and then, at a word, the students are drawn to

their respective class prefect like moths to a beacon of light. The new school flag is unfurled on the new school flag-pole, and in this way, a new school week begins. Two important branches of the assembly are the safety talk, which is given by a student, and which provides us with invaluable information as to the correct way of driving our cars (?), etc, and the Bible reading, given by a girl prefect.

Towards the end of each term, the happy, smiling faces of the prefects suddenly disappear from the school grounds and your first thoughts might be that we are studying. This is true, as we are studying Westbrook Hall to decide what type of decorations we will have for the school social. This has proved worthwhile, as all the socials have been successful.

Many other events during the

year have commanded the prefects' attention, but they would take up the rest of this magazine, so here we will stop.

Just as a final word, we would like to thank both staff and students for making this year so pleasant and satisfying for us.

The Prefects

LIBRARY REPORT

"I have read everything!" "There aren't any good books in here!" How often these hollow words ring out. Yet every student benefits from going into the library, even if it is only to browse through a magazine. An intelligent student who assimilated the contents of some or all of the books in the library, could achieve a liberal education, in the fullest sense of the term, without any other instruction. (Take note all you intelligent "school-haters").

Up to the end of July this year, over 340 new volumes have been added to our already handsome collection. New magazines have appeared and also the "local rag". Potted plants have again taken up their old positions to grace the library.

Students and teachers are encouraged to make suggestions for future additions to the library and suggestion cards have been made available for this purpose.

Our thanks are due to the first and second year students for their help in carrying out library duties.

Because students are acquiring a taste for good books and displaying a pleasing interest in the books in our increasing library, may it be suggested that students and parents support a movement to have a branch of the State Library Board in Harvey. This free service already operates in Waroona. It would mean a library with a considerable collection of books and these replenished and renewed constantly. This should inspire and encourage our young people to continue the good reading habits which they have formed through having access to our school library.

W. Sobon

THE HARVEY ART EXHIBITION

The third time around always leaves any person with the feeling of uneasiness. However, the third Annual Harvey Art Exhibition proved this old adage false. It surpassed the last two years in its array and number of entries. A record number of entries were received in the numerous and diverse categories that challenged local artists.

Once again the Parents and Citizens Association donated a record amount for the purchasing of paintings. From the three hundred on display, the Association purchased six paintings. These varied from water colours to oils; and further added to the impressive collection of original stock already held in the school.

A special mention must go to Joyce Jacob who was successful in gaining first prize in the Open Schools competition. Lyn Cooling must also be congratulated for her colourful catalogue cover.

For such a vast undertaking to be successful, it requires the full support of every parent, citizen and artist in our community. The work of the Parents and Citizen sub-committee together with the work of the Harvey Art Society, was welcomed by the Harvey Agricultural High School, which benefits from such a project.

T.A.A. TOUR

A party of thirty-four students and two teachers travelled by plane to the Eastern States during the August holidays. The tour included staying in Sydney and Melbourne with visits to the Snowy Mountains and to Canberra. On the return trip a one-day stop in Adelaide included a tour of the Barossa Valley.

The ten-day tour was most successful.

The less people think, the more they talk.



DEBATING TEAM

Front Row (left to right): S. Palmer, Miss B. Hood, W. Lydon.

Back Row (left to right): S. Lowe, J. Marino, L. Cooling, D. Armstrong.

THE DEBATING CLUB

The Debating Club, which was founded in 1968 by Mr. Candeloro, has continued this year with the help and organisation of Miss Hood and the executive. The executives are Barry Kazazi (President), Karen Upton (Vice-President) and Stuart Lowe (Secretary).

This year the first and second year students have shown an enthusiastic response. Debates at lunch-time have been conducted and this year a record number (75) attended one of these. Our lunch-time debates and public speaking competitions have been further complemented by evening debates thanks to the organisation of Miss Hood and the parents who have attended.

Recently, the Jaycees of Bunbury, held a public speaking competition for 2nd and 3rd year students. Stuart Lowe travelled to Bunbury to compete against three other

schools' second year divisional winners. Miss Samone for Bunbury won and will travel to Perth to compete in a further competition.

During first term, the club invited ten debaters from Tuart Hill school down to Harvey for a weekend. During their stay, debates which were conducted at the school, proved very successful. During their tour of the Harvey agricultural district, they visited the Masters' Factory and several dairy farms. As a token of appreciation, they presented the club with a gavel.

Recently the P & C Association donated a very expensive stop-watch and \$20 towards our funds, enabling the club to buy cups and saucers for supper at evening debates.

Our thanks go to Miss Hood for her help in organising the activities of the Harvey High School Debating Club.

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. In the case of first and third years, selections were made by Mrs. Rigg and Miss Jeffery was responsible for the choice in second year.

- 1st Year Prose, Ann Prokopyszyn, 1.4.
 1st Year Poetry, Michael Hocart, 1.2
 2nd Year Prose, Barry Kazazi 2.2.
 2nd Year Poetry, Ray Pryce, 2.3.
 3rd Year Prose, Jane Roesner, 3.1.
 3rd Year Poetry, Jill Marshall, 3.1.

A CASTLE OF THE PAST

The mist fell upon the sleeping valley and only the glimmering lights from far away houses could be seen through the waves which covered the valley like a bed sheet. Amongst the great mass of white a distant light could be seen. Towards the light I walked, approaching with great caution.

I could not believe my eyes for before me I could see a great castle with towers that extended to heights of infinity, and the battlements, which took me back to the days of old. The moat which surrounded the castle was something of a treat, for it told the story of how the castle bravely and courageously withstood an attack from the enemy. Bats inhabited the dark, gloomy rooms where nobody had dared to venture. The dungeons and torture chambers told many a sad story of pain and misery.

Could it be a figment of my imagination? But there it stood in the corridor — a suit of armour which may have been worn by one of the "Knights of the Round Table" in

one of their great battles. As the wind whispered through the beams I could not help but think I was back in the days of the knights and their glamorous deeds.

Ann Prokopyszyn, 1.4

COWS

Crunch in the gravel,
 Squelch in the mud,
 Under the hooves of the herd.
 The pulsing whirr of the milking machine
 The occasional clang of can and bucket
 Fills the shed.
 The swish of water across the floor,
 The scrape of the shovel and burr of the brush,
 As the shed is prepared for the next influx.

Michael Hocart 1.2

WAR UNDER THE SEA

John lay in bed reading. It was quite late and the rest of the family had all gone to bed. He was usually fast asleep at that time of the night, but he was reading an interesting science fiction story and he was determined to finish the book that night. He glanced down at his watch. It was ten o'clock, and he still had three chapters to go. His eyelids were growing heavy, very heavy, and soon he was fast asleep.

Like monstrous crabs with glaring eyes, the submarine tanks crawled over the sea bed into battle against an opposing force. With blasts of bubbles, compressed air turret guns fired their missiles armed with explosive heads. The aqua shells exploded with a dull roar, sending shoals of more curious fish darting away in fright as the shock waves cannoned through the water. Not

even the deadly shark dared poke his ugly snout in this dangerous domain. For this was a war of the deep, a silent, savage war between humans. The year 2068 and a new species of man—homo-sapien aquaticus—sea humans were fighting over a disputed region of the seabed. And behind the spearhead of sub-tanks came the infantry, riding into combat on water scooters and armed with compressed air rifles which fired razor-sharp darts. Darts zipped through the green depths. Dead, dying and injured men sank to the ocean floor.

In the higher regions of the sea, slim, single-seater submarine fighters were engaged in a whirling aquatic dogfight. One was hit by an explosive missile, ripped open like a tin can, and spiralled to the sea-bed in silent agony. Meanwhile, thousands of miles away, peace reigned in the underwater world. Other sea humans were busy at work. Some were driving special tractors, farming the ocean floor, others were drilling for oil, and others were herding fish into vast corrals.

The "cowboys" were riding highly trained dolphins rounding up a shoal of big, fat fish, specially bred to make tasty, nutritious food. The human riders controlled their dolphin mounts by radio contact. The dolphin had been taught to understand the human language. In the distance the towering buildings of a great city could be seen, a busy metropolis, where thousands of people lived and worked, a self-contained city under the sea.

Suddenly John awoke. It was morning and he felt the warm sunshine on his face as he lay in bed. It was a beautiful morning, but John did not move. He was deep in thought. Would this incredible vision of the future ever come true? Would man ever be able to live and make war under the sea with the same amount of ease, and freedom of movement that he enjoys in his natural element on land? Or was it just a dream, too fantastic to ever become reality?

Barry Kazazi 2.2

THE SEA

The sea is a hungry animal,
big and grey.
He tumbles on the beach all day,
With his crashing teeth and shaggy
jaw,
Hour after hour he gnaws
The tumbling, rumbling shells.
The giant sea animal moans,
Licking his greasy jaws.

And when the night wind howls
And the moon moves through the
cloud,
He jumps to his feet and sniffs,
Shaking his wet body over the cliffs
And roars long and loud.

But on a silent day in June,
When even the grasses on the dune
Play no more their tune.
With his head between his feet,
He lies on the sandy shore,
So silent, he barely snores.

Ray Pryce 2.3

TIME AND TIDE WAIT FOR NO MAN

It was so hopeless. He could not move. If only he had taken his mother's advice and not come fishing. The wind blew hauntingly and the sea seemed to be laughing at him with evil humour. The seagulls flew screaming out over him, and mocked him.

The situation was growing more desperate every minute. His legs were pinioned fast and the blackness of the cave behind him made his loneliness more complete. If only he had stayed on the bank. If only he had not wanted to explore this hated cave, and if only, by some miracle, the sea's tides would stop advancing. He knew he would be drowned when the sun set.

He yelled so hard he expected his throat to burst. It was no use, there would be no-one to answer his calls and save him from his fate. He scratched with his hands at the sand at the side of him and tried to move his now stinging legs, but it was no use. His hands were raw and sore from the hard rocks which covered his legs from when the cave's roof had fallen on him.

The water was now covering all

his body except for his head. He only wished he could die suddenly instead of drowning. Then, with a last burst of hope he screamed at the top of his voice.

There was no-one on the beach to hear his last desperate calls, and there was no-one to witness the calm waters lapping over his head. It is so true that "time and tide wait for no man".

Jane Roesner 3.1.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Falling like drops of ice on a hot stove;

Swirling and

Falling again.

The music rolls in a tide of sweet notes through my body.

Crash of cymbals;

Faster, faster moves the tide,

Swishing and swirling in a

Frenzy.

And suddenly drops again.

The tide has gone.

A nightingale sings,

Sweetly, with gentle voice.

Caressing each pure note

Softer

Slower.

As I move out of the music hall,

A nightingale sings behind me.

Jill Marshall 3.1

PROBLEMS

"A monkey is suspended on a rope over a pulley and is balanced by a weight twice the weight of the rope (which weighs 2 oz per ft). The weight of the monkey in lb is equal to the age in years of the monkey's mother, who is twice the age the monkey was when the monkey was one-third the age the monkey's mother will be when the monkey's mother is twice the age the monkey is now. Their combined age is 28 years. What is the length of the rope?"

1. Q. Re-arrange the following letters to spell just one word—not a proper noun, nor anything foreign or unusual
T E D R N S U O O W J
2. Q. If a hole the size of $5\frac{1}{2}$ ft by $6\frac{3}{4}$ in by $14\frac{1}{4}$ ft deep is measured how much soil does it contain.

3. Q. HOW MANY EYES.

In a pack of ordinary playing cards, two Jacks are one eyed. The other two Jacks have two eyes. What is the total number of eyes on the four Jacks.

ANSWERS ON PAGE 33

HOW TO BE PERFECTLY MISERABLE

- 1 Think about yourself.
- 2 Talk about yourself.
- 3 Use "I" as often as possible.
- 4 Mirror yourself continually in the opinion of others.
- 5 Listen greedily to what people say about you.
- 6 Expect to be appreciated.
- 7 Be suspicious.
- 8 Be jealous and envious.
- 9 Be sensitive to slights.
- 10 Never forgive a criticism.
- 11 Trust nobody but yourself.
- 12 Insist on consideration and respect.
- 13 Demand agreement with your own views on everything.
- 14 Sulk if people are not grateful to you for favours shown.
- 15 Never forget a service you may have rendered.
- 16 Be on the lookout for a good time for yourself.
- 17 Shirk your duties if you can.
- 18 Do as little as possible for others.
- 19 Love yourself supremely.
- 20 Be selfish.

The recipe is guaranteed to be infallible.

A Frenchman, eager to be able to speak English well, decided to live in London for six months and speak no French. After five months, he had made very little progress and he felt very depressed. One evening, as he wandered sadly past a theatre, he noticed the word "Cavalcade" advertised on a poster and guessed it must be the name of a play to be seen at the theatre. He stopped and examined one of the posters. It read "Cavalcade pronounced success!" Filled with despair he went home and shot himself!

Lorraine Johnson 1.2

★ Class Notes ★

FIRST YEAR

1.1

Beware!!! Mrs. Newby is our form teacher (Poor old sole).

OUR TEACHERS

Mr. Science: "Who's the Comedian? You'll do son."

Mr Phys Ed: "Don't get smart son" and he is also a lover of Charlie Brown.

Mrs Phys Ed: "You are not in science all the time so be quiet".

Miss Social Studies: "Don't look out the window".

Mrs English: "I am very angry".

Miss French: "The school's best runner".

Mr Social Studies: "Sing up".

Mr Art: "Hands out of pockets".

Mr Principal: "You bad children".

Mr Deputy Principal: "Put out your hand".

Mrs Library: "Outside and line up".

Mr Maths: "Don't just sit there". "I wonder when it's tea break".

Mrs Cooking: "Come on girls it is getting late".

Miss Spoken English: "The rain in Spain".

US

Judy Blackburn: "Professor I know.

Margaret Brandis: "Teacher lover".

Wendy de Ridder: "I-am-very-slow-at-maths".

John Anderson: "I nominate me as prefect".

Laurie Alesandrino: "Oh go to bed".

Our sporting people amongst the girls are Margaret Brandis, Pauline Bropho and Judy Blackburn and the boys are Geoff Coole and Frank Figliomeni while Graeme Gardiner is our famous cross country runner (puff-pant).

Greg Evans and John Anderson are the clowns of the class. Peter Garwood is not very far behind them.

First term prefects were Judy Blackburn and Geoff Coole and second term prefects are John Anderson and Katherine Booth.

1.1's final comment — pity the teachers.

1.2

1.2 Buckle my shoe,

here we all are,

to entertain you,

We'll do it in verse,

We'll do it in rhyme.

We'll keep you laughing

from line, to line.

Art fanatic Joyce,

Wins our first choice,

By hook or by crook

Lisa's name's in this book,

Book worm Pam,

Reads when she can,

Ink spotted Irene loves to play sport,

And flies like a bird, on the tennis

court.

Linda Germs is always shy,

And always asks questions,

How? What? and Why?

Marianne Grieves the tallest of all,

Would surely squash anyone on

whom she did fall,

Queen Lorraine is the beauty of the

class

And always breaks the poor boys'

hearts.

Raelene, last of our list.

Top player at hockey, on all sports

she's mad keen!

Now come the boys

Of them there're eleven,

When the girls see them coming,

They think they're in heaven.

B is for Bill and Baden,

When told off you see them fading,

Next comes Hansi, making every-

one laugh,

Everyone that is, except the staff.

Of double names we've quite a haul

Ross, Ross, Mike, Mike, Paul, Paul,

R is for Ritchie, sportsman of the class,
 When it comes to French he's always last,
 T is for talent, code name for 1.2
 Uh what a pity it isn't true!
 Victory in sport is one of our hopes,
 The boys excel, but the girls are dopes.
 We are the best, the kids of one-two.
 So far this year we have two-new.
 XYZ now ends our games
 We hope by now you know our names.

1.3

Hello, this is 1.3 class of 1970 although it seems as though it's prehistoric times when all the apes and monkeys existed for all our class comes into the room like a herd of animals; swinging on chairs, talking, laughing and chewing. What a noisy mob we are with no consideration for the screaming teacher out the front. One thing to say though, most of our class spends more time standing outside the room than in.

We are all eager to put our best foot forward (usually to kick the person in front). Thanks must be extended to all the teachers for trying to drum some education into our heads.

Mr. Hancock, our guardian dear, makes it quite clear that manners are essential.

While Mr. Donnelly is still trying to convince us that $ab + ab = 2 ab$ or was it ab^2 ?

Miss Hood, in Spoken English, is the only one who tells us to speak up while other teachers tell us to —!

Mrs. Sobon, the librarian, has difficulty in teaching us to put the books in alphabetical order when most of us don't know our alphabet.

Mrs. Scambler, is perhaps the only one who has convinced us it is better to do your work when you get it, than twice when you forget.

And in the "Science Department", Mr. Morley lets us do the experiments for safety's sake (for him that is).

While Mr. Hancock does the experiments for his class, which often end in a bang, he always concludes

by saying, "A good scientist never gives up".

All the Manual Arts and Home Economics teachers will hastily agree that you can't teach things like that to 1.3.

But on the whole, we have enjoyed our first year of high school and most of our teachers, and we think that we will be remembered for the rest of the years our class is here.

We all wish good luck to the Junior Candidates.

1.4

Of course, as you would probably know, the most famous person in 1.4 is Michael V. He is not only a comedian and a dunce, he is also an expert yoyo-artist. The Alphabet Kid is next, and her name is Ann P.

Chris R. is one of the best mathematicians ever, he is the only one in 1.4 who can add $1 + 1$ and get 3. There is also a geologist, Jenny Y. who has a fascinating collection of hard mud.

Our ravishing beauty, Elaine S. has the voice of a nightingale (a sick one).

Every class must have one like our intellectual Raye T. He is interested in all of the subjects we study, and always manages to be last there but first out.

We also have one who is fascinated with archaeology, one Graham W. Wendy R. is the class sports fanatic. Vernon S. during school, a meek docile chap, once out of bounds turns into the complete opposite.

Of course every class has at least one person who is mad about pop-singers, Susie R. takes the prize. If you are listening to a certain Russell Morris on the radio you can hardly hear for the sighs etc.

Now we come to the class prefects. Basher! Well they had to shorten Sebastian somehow.

Last and also least is Ella W. That sweet accent would win anyone's heart. The girl behind it I'm not so sure, but the accent . . . !

If you don't know the class 1.4, this is not all of them, but they sure make up for it.

SECOND YEAR

2.1

It's us again! That gang that hides out in the library. Yes, class 2.1. You may not believe some of the events which take place during our so called lessons, but believe it or not, they really do happen. Early Monday morning, we stagger into science, having not yet recovered from our hectic weekend. We are confronted by Mr. Morley, who is complaining about his piece of fine machinery which didn't quite make it this morning. Trevor remarks on the fine weather, and, for some unknown reason, a test tube comes flying his way. Meanwhile next-door, Mr. Henderson is complaining that he doesn't have a single jumper to wear and he can't possibly afford any razor blades.

From science we move on to Maths where we are taught (?) that " $a + (-b) = a - b$ " or is it $a + b \dots$?

At recess, we regain our strength ready for English. If you are lucky enough to be assigned to the typing room, you are entertained by the workmen opposite the lawn (building the new tech. drawing room).

Later, Christine, Jenny, Kathleen, Alice, Denis, Jim, Len and Marion, all enjoy 40 minutes of phys-ed. The remainder of us eagerly (?) await social studies and all tear over to Ampol to purchase road maps.

The prefects who were selected from our midst last term were Kathleen and Trevor. The task this term became somewhat more difficult though, when we gained a number of new class members. We finally reached the decision though, to have Pam and Denis.

We sincerely hope that our teachers enjoy entertaining us, because we really do have fun.

We wish all the third years the best of luck in the forthcoming examinations (especially as they are the last to undergo this traditional torture — we are doing the Achievement Certificate).

2.2

Hi there,, this is 2.2 reporting to you from room 1 in the beautiful down-town Harvey High School. Once again it's time for an annual report on the fabulous 2.2 and we certainly have some staggering news, this year, for all our admirers.

Before you read on, we, the kind and considerate members of 2.2, suggest you lie down and relax, with a cold glass of liquid nearby, should you faint while reading this spell-binding news.

2.2 is even more outstanding than before!

Yes, we know it comes as a severe shock, but we did warn you. Who could believe that we are more outstanding than we were last term! Impossible as it may seem, it is perfectly true, and now we proudly rank ourselves top class of all second year classes(3).

It is due to a recent changeover in classes, and we are happy to announce that 2.2 received all the superior beings from 2.1 and 2.3.

Here are our sporting marvels — Hindy, Jacko, Murtle, Lewie, Fi (as in Fee).

However, we do not believe in all work and no pleasure, and we often have a break during the period to relax our straining minds (whenever the teacher leaves the room).

Some of these pastimes include — competition in the field of aerodynamics (paper planes);

Exercising our strategic attacking and defence manoeuvres (paper pellets, target practice);

Mortal combat (challenging thy neighbour with thy ruler), and above all, keeping vital communication links between friends (love notes).

However, do not be concerned with our daily activities. The majority of the class (two) show an enthusiastic response to the all-important homework (However, this is where the minority (thirty) rules) (or is that majority?).

Our form teacher doesn't take us for very many subjects (and we don't blame her).

We would like to thank the teachers who attempted to teach us (even if they haven't succeeded).

2.3

This is 2.3 reporting from the science room where Mr. Henderson is trying to keep us under control. This term, 2.4 joined us while we lost our old friends to different forms. This caused a great shuffle and valuable marks were lost while we were becoming used to the do's and don'ts of our new teachers. None of us like it, but, that's life.

Our prefects are Dorothy Van Kuyf and David McMillan. Last term's prefects were Peter Jackson, who is in 2.2 now, and Jean Nightingale. As there was a 2.4 then, there are two more prefects, Raymond Taylor and Gary Tonkin. Top of the class in first term was B. Kazazi (now 2.2), followed by D. McMillan and J. Nightingale. Top of 2.4 was G. Woods followed by R. Pryce and J. Raebel. 2.3's sportsmen and women include G. Tonkin, R. Taylor and J. Raebel.

In first term, 2.3 had the honour of having K. Upton and G. Woods debate with other members of the school debating club, against Tuart Hill High School. We lost, however, but, we are proud that some of our class were in the team.

In second term the students of H.A.H.S. returned here to find thirty to fifty locks missing. The students were dismayed (of course) but 2.3 made a handsome profit selling them.

We wish the third years the best of luck in their exams and are thankful we are doing the Achievement Certificate.

2.3 signing off.

THIRD YEAR

3.1

The siren screeches — breaking our last ties with home and dreams. Another day on the rock pile begins. Baggy-eyed from doing homework to all hours of the night (6.30 p.m.) we drag our lifeless bodies into the first room, bearing on our backs a burden of heavy books. The expression of $20 \sin^2 d + 500 \sin^2 + 250 =$

0" glares us in the face. Yes, we are tackling maths (and we mean tackling!). Mr Donnelly watches us carefully with a stock whip in one hand and a piece of chalk in the other.

Jane Roesner peers around the room at Marion, Marion stares at Denise, Denise looks at Lyn, Lyn looks at Jane Lofthouse. They are stumped! How on earth does one do that problem? Lorraine, Kerry, Jill and Graeme do not stir. They are deep in the problem. Every one of us overworked children stares at our watches. There goes our life saver, the ear piercing bell. We troop out of Maths with 2 pages of homework and go to Science A with slave driver Mr. Morley.

Logue, our chief wise-cracker, breaks the serious barrier during Science. I suppose we must introduce our humble selves. Firstly there is Jill, our book of knowledge, and "dancer", then Lorraine, her accomplice; she is gentle, scholarly and PLACID!!!, then Kerry, a true cupid and French genius, and we mustn't forget Janine, a QUIET, scholarly child. These girls are our supreme rulers. Their boy helpers are David Stanford a sporty child with a dash of cheekiness, then Peter also sporty and dreamy eyed, Ron, our athletic star, who give the subjects a bit of spice. Greg is a quiet scholarly boy with a sporty streak in him and we mustn't forget Graeme, a true scholar. The girls who are mostly all the time on cloud No 9 are Vicki Fig, a dark haired beauty, Sue, who blushes at the sight of handsome boys, Christine, our fashion fanatic, and Jane Roesner a REAL girl and chuckler.

The comedians of the class are Gordon, a mischief maker, Henry, who adds a bit of variety to boring lessons, and the unique Glynn Logue. We mustn't forget Kathy, who has a beaming smile from ear to ear, Marion or "Ma", a true cook, Jane Lofthouse, born athlete, Dawn, our book worm, Lyn, delicate, curly headed Miss who is a good sport, Denise, a blusher who just loves hearing her mother's voice over the P.A. system, Vicki T, our money bags girl and Linda (Lindy Loo), a

real treasure (eh, goose?). That ends the list of our beautiful feminine members of the class. Now the rest of the males are Brian, cheeky lad, Eric our meditator, Keith our silent lad who only laughs, Robert also a quiet lad with a sense of humour, Billy, another sportsman, Alex Pop, our referee to LITTLE class squabbles, Ken, Henry's accomplice to crime, yet another sporty lad. Last but not least, our newcomer, Edwin.

At Home science, Mrs Weller breaks the news gently to the girls that they are FLOPS! and that goes for their efforts too. Have you ever seen people go crazy? Well watch 3.1 closely at the next exam. You will see a bunch of nail-biting, hair-pulled, baggy-eyed creeps who have given up hope (and that goes for their teachers too). Mr Sobon actually hides when he sees us approaching.

We want to thank the teachers for all their work through the year. The dreaded Junior is drawing closer and our nail-biting is becoming serious. We wish all the other third year classes all the very best for the Junior.

3.2

We would like to welcome all willing readers.

One can always locate our den, the art room, by the amount of noise issuing from within its walls. When entering one must beware of flying rulers, rubbers and other miscellaneous missiles.

When 3.2 enters their den, Mr Sobon makes a hasty retreat into the store-room.

We would like to inform Mr. Henderson (Maths and Science) that fungi grows on dead matter.

We realise Miss Gillies' horror of having to face 3.2 at each English and Social Studies lesson. But her efforts at achieving the impossible. (TEACHING US THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE?) are very much appreciated.

Other teachers such as Miss Hood, Mr. Sobon, Mrs. Rigg, Mr. Brown and Mr. Browning have the unfortunate burden of trying to teach us. Now for the class Horrors!!

At the beginning of the year there were sixteen beauties and twenty-one beasts. Unfortunately Carol Germain and Dianne Jones left. Barry Whitbread has also left.

Also found in this strange assortment of human beings? are Charlie, Glenn D., Terry and that charming young idiot Reginald. Ron, Graham, Frank, Glenn L. W., and Alex also frequent the den. Tom and Tock represent the tall and short of our class. Tony can't be called exactly tall, either. Tom R., Phillip, Ken, Fred, Lyall, Leon and Robert complete the boys list except for Ray, who isn't as dumb as he looks.

Janice, Josephine and Christine are our artists. Dorne, Robyn Bo., Robyn Br., Pam, Judy, Wendy, Sue, Theresa, Lorene, Yvonne and Marilyn complete the list of the Charming Young Ladies.

To complete our report we would like to wish all Junior Candidates the very best of luck — they'll need it!

3.3

Hi there! Our class, 3.3, consisting of 25 HARD working students, have made it back into the magazine for their final year. Our form teacher is Mrs. Rigg. Introducing our class we start with the girls as this is easier on the brain. (What brain?).

Firstly, there's Elizabeth, the newcomer this term, whom we hope has a quietening influence on us. Kathy and Kerry are always happy (as long as there are boys around). Pat, Ann, Julie all gang together to form our resistance workers, against much homework, while Catie and Marrie are never heard and Lorraine has us laughing, but still (we hope) succeeds in getting some work done. Joy is always reading horse books about safe landings. Gloria was top of the class last term with Cathy not far behind. Sincorsa is another brain and is never caught eating lollies (What? Never!) Ange is far from being a smarty (what's that), and last of all is Judy, who is in the hockey team, trying to make the ball go for a spinner (right through the goals).

Here are the boys:-

Gary and Chris are the best

sportsmen (football and cricket), Tony and Ian are really quite absurd. Phillip and Ken are always looking with awe (at their test results), while Peter and Robert never bother to look at theirs (what's the use?). Wayne is quite funny and Rex (another newcomer this term) is said to be a good singer, but we haven't heard him yet. Last term's prefects were Gary and Sincorsa. Our school prefect is Marrie.

We wish all 3rd year students doing the Junior the best of luck, especially 3.3 who need it. Finally we would like to thank all the staff who have tried very hard to help us through our final year.

3.4

Although we have the Utility Room as our form room most of our time is spent in Room 4.

Our class consists of seven girls and eleven boys.

Form 3.4 has been well represented in our school and inter-school sports. Our class 3.4 has a very understanding form teacher, Mr. Rando. We try to be a fairly busy class, and our work is generally more practical, and this makes it easier for us. We are small in number and are a happy and friendly group.

Here are some special remarks about each one of our members:

Anne: is a keen hockey player.

Allan: is very interested in "drags" what sort we are not sure.

Brenda: is also a good hockey player, who thrives on a diet of chops.

Chris: is a good footballer and swimmer.

Francis: has a flair for poetry. As well as football.

Gillian: is a good worker, when she's not occupied in stirring up heated discussions.

Greg: reckons he's a good hunter, but he hasn't caught anything ("one") yet.

Henry: is the quiet sportsman of the class.

John: is keen to take anybody on to prove a bet.

Kere: is a cheerful but quiet member of the class.

Lynton: is often accused of being a "chicken" — some chicken!

Lyn: happens to be our "horse-woman".

Maureen: is another quiet member of 3.4.

Ray: is a good swimmer and footballer who has represented the school in three sports (what's the other one???)

Robert: is regarded as a wood-work expert — he's the foreman!

Rodney: is a keen "baddy" player, who also likes football.

Ruth: hails from Roelands and comes on the "Coopers Lucky Espresso??".

Steven: is a very hard worker and a real pig hunter.

Form 3.4 wishes everyone a Merry Xmas and a very happy holiday.

THE CRAZY CHART

"Come on Baby Light My Fire"—school cleaners.

"Cowboy Convention"—Mr. Morley arriving at school.

"Simon Says"—school assembly.

"Sounds of Goodbye"—end of school year.

"Angels are Coming"—1971 1st years.

"Conversation"—9.00-3.30.

"Knock Knock"—students at office.

"Silence is Golden"—principal mistress's office.

"Oh Happy Days"—weekends.

"Happy Little Tear Drops"—Junior Results.

"Walk Tall, Walk Straight"—Ag boys in public.

"Easy Come, Easy Go"—exam results.

"I've Stayed Long Enough"—3 years.

"Step Inside"—Principal's office.

"Have Mercy, Mercy"—homework.

"Communication Breakdown"—teachers and student.

"Daddy Please Don't Cry"—father examining report.

"Let it Be"—short uniforms.

"Something Strange"—the teachers.

"Gone With The Wind"—Glenn.

"Carnival is Over"—third years leaving.

"Hayride"—the fashion in which we will leave.

Wendy, Sue, Lorene

★ Sport ★

HOUSE CAPTAINS AND VICE-CAPTAINS

FORREST:

Boys

R. WOTHERSPOON, CAPTAIN
K. UPTON, VICE-CAPTAIN

HAYWARD

A. POPJALCOVS, CAPTAIN
P. JONES, VICE-CAPTAIN

MITCHELL

G. ARMSTRONG, CAPTAIN
D. STANFORD, VICE-CAPTAIN

WELLINGTON

T. THOMAS, CAPTAIN
F. KHAN, VICE-CAPTAIN

Girls

J. WANSBROUGH, CAPTAIN
M. LYNDON, VICE-CAPTAIN

L. OTTREY, CAPTAIN
L. ROGERS, VICE-CAPTAIN

J. CLEGG, CAPTAIN
D. JONES, VICE-CAPTAIN

M. TYLOR, CAPTAIN
A. GIBLETT, VICE-CAPTAIN

HARVEY AGRICULTURAL SCHOOL

SCHOOL CAPTAIN—STEVEN SCOTT
SCHOOL VICE-CAPTAIN—KEVIN WARBURTON

STIRLING HOUSE
HOUSE CAPTAIN—
PETER BUTCHER

LOGUE HOUSE
HOUSE CAPTAIN—
JAMES SMITH

SPORTING EDITORIAL

This year has seen a change from the "Faction System" to a "House System". One facet of this has been the changing of each faction's name from a colour to the name of a man connected with the development of the Harvey district. Gold became Hayward; Green, Mitchell; Red, Wellington; and Blue, Forrest. Each week house points can be earned by winning games and by academic achievement; points can be lost by bad behaviour.

GAMES: In summer the boys have a choice of cricket or basketball and the girls play softball. In winter, boys play either soccer or football and girls play basketball. Because of the small numbers, two houses join together and the winning houses receive equal points.

Gone, happily, is last year's experimental system of sport period allocation and we have reverted to our double sports period.

We have reaped the benefit of this as can be seen by our glorious

performance against Pinjarra in which we won all games and against Waroona where we lost only in tennis.

IMPROVEMENTS: During this year the grass on the oval has become rooted more firmly and this area is now used for most physical education periods.

A welcome addition to the school's sporting areas is the hockey ground on the highway side of the school. It is hoped that it will be in use next year.

Another improvement has been the resurfacing of the basketball courts which should be ready for use shortly.

SWIMMING: In February the annual swimming carnival was held with great success — especially for Hayward who, with their win, scored heavily in the house competition.

The best swimmers from the Carnival represented our school at the annual Interschool Carnival at Collie but as we only came seventh we have been excluded from next



SWIMMING TEAM

Front Row (left to right): M. Grieves, S. Palmer, L. Rogers, C. Ferstat, W. Tuckey, L. Johnson.
Back Row (left to right): G. Armstrong, G. Jones, N. Grant, D. Morris, G. Green, R. Pollock, R. Jones.

year's carnival to allow other towns to compete.

This year's sporting activities have been keenly followed by all and thanks are due to the efforts of our new sportsmaster, Mr. Hancock, and to our ever enthusiastic sports-mistress, Mrs. Newby.

STUART LOWE

SWIMMING CHAMPIONS 1970

Open Girls: L. Rogers, S. Palmer.

14 years and under: C. Ferstat, W. Tuckey.

13 years and under: L. Johnson, M. Grieves.

Open boy: P. Brown, K. Warburton.

15 years: G. Armstrong, R. Pollock, R. Wisey.

14 years: G. Green, R. Jones, R. Woods, D. Morris.

13 years: N. Grant, G. Jones.

SPORT AWARDS

Cricket: T. Thomas, R. Wotherpoon, G. Armstrong.

Basketball: A. Popjalkous, D. Stanford.

Football: C. Coomer, L. Fimmano.

Soccer: C. Alessandrino, J. Emberton.

Swimming: G. Armstrong, P. Brown.

Softball: J. Marshall, P. Ugle, L. Ottrey.

Tennis: K. Newman, R. Taylor, K. Lewis.

Basketball: J. Wansbrough, J. Lofthouse, Y. Smith, T. Tylor.

Hockey: B. Punch, M. Kelly, P. Ugle, K. Hart.

Swimming: C. Ferstat, W. Tuckey, L. Johnson, M. Grieves.

GIRLS' SPORT

1970 has brought about a number of changes in girls' sport. Except for First Years, no longer are there staggered sport periods, where two classes at a time gather for a double period of games. First years, however, due to the inclusion of new games, have staggered sports periods to enable skills to be learnt and practised.

Most classes have a single period of physical education as well as a double sports period, but a lot of these have had to be used in games skills, due to insufficient equipment. Unfortunately this system does not result in such a high standard of play, nor a thorough learning of

rules which comes only from being able to apply skills in a game.

Tuesday afternoons have been very popular with some third year girls, with the introduction of golf. Twenty-four keen golfers armed with all sorts of clubs, irons and large numbers of balls, have been fortunate to participate in golf lessons, given by experienced golfers. The Harvey Golf Club members have been most co-operative in that they have organized their members to take coaching sessions on Tuesday afternoons.

With finer weather ahead, it is hoped that girls will have more opportunities for gymnastics and dance again, both of which are limited in the winter months.



BASKETBALL TEAM

Front Row (left to right): K. Newman, J. Lofthouse, J. Wansborough, J. Marshall, L. Perks, L. Ottrey.

Second Row (left to right): K. Lewis, J. Dempster, J. Marino, J. Clegg, C. Coomer.

Back Row (left to right): R. Taylor, H. Tylor, D. Armstrong, M. Tylor, Y. Smith.



BASKETBALL TEAM

Front Row (left to right): G. Wills, D. Stanford, G. Coole, H. Van Nierop.
 Back Row (left to right): A. Popjalkovs, K. Upton, R. Pollock, D. Coole.

HARVEY HIGH SCHOOL BOYS' INTERSCHOOL SPORT

The boys representing the school in interschool sport have had resounding victories in all matches played, due to brilliant team efforts.

The basketball team soundly defeated both Waroona and Pinjarra, winning 64-2 points and 60-30 points respectively. Best players were D. Stanford, A. Popjalkovs and G. Tonkin. The team comprised mainly second year boys and thus augurs well for Harvey's chances next year.

The cricket team tied with Waroona and easily defeated Pinjarra. The strength lay in the hands of T.

Thomas, R. Wotherspoon, who against Waroona took a hat trick, and G. Armstrong.

C. Coomer and L. Fimmano led a brilliant football team to easy victories against the other schools. It was interesting to note that two first year players acquitted themselves extremely well against much older boys.

The only soccer match played was against Pinjarra. Harvey won this game, six goals to five. The issue was never in doubt and best players were C. Alessandrino, F. Logrande and K. Shaw.

The boys have given the school a sporting reputation of which we can all be proud.

HAYWARD HOUSE

We have now become used to the new system of Houses instead of Factions. Gold gained the title of "Hayward House".

Hayward got away to a flying start this year by winning the swimming carnival, at which there were some outstanding performances. Congratulations to Lorene Rogers, Susan Palmer and David Morris.

The girls didn't do so well in softball, although a number of us were members in the school team.

At the end of first term, Hayward was running third in the House competition, with the most points gained in conduct. (This isn't sur-

prising as Hayward contains the angels of the school!)

Winter sporting activities have once again proved unsuccessful for Hayward, but we're trying hard! A few of our members have been in school teams, which have performed well against Waroona and Pinjarra.

At the beginning of second term, Hayward gained the most points as a result of raising the most money for the "Save The Children Fund". We also formed the longest line of money. Thanks to those who contributed.

Hayward are well known for coming last, so how about doing something gang—TRY HARDER!

Lorraine Ottrey



TOWN WING FOOTBALL TEAM

Front Row (left to right): G. Armstrong, D. Stanford, T. Thomas, R. Wotherspoon, P. Jackson, K. Upton.

Second Row (left to right): C. Campbell, R. Ugle, A. Popjalkovs, R. Pollock, F. Khan, T. Hogan, P. Hart.

Back Row (left to right): P. Maddison, D. Morris, D. Coole, K. Hindmarsh, G. Jones, W. Jones, C. Coomer, H. Van Nierop, L. Fimmano.



SOCCKER TEAM

Front Row (left to right): G. Wills, T. Richardson, C. Alessandrino, R. Jones, F. Lo Grande, B. Barnes.

Back Row (left to right): B. Kazazi, T. Bombardeire, G. Esmond, K. Shaw, N. Grant, E. Fenn.

FORREST HOUSE

"Hi!" Forrestites. Keep up the good work and stay ahead (by the time the mag comes out we must still be in front!)

The Annual Swimming Carnival was quite good—considering the fact the Hayward has nearly all the school's champs—as we came a well-earned second.

Our softball girls kept up our good reputation by not losing a game during the season.

Girls' basketball is coming on fine and we're improving.

In our recent money-chain competition to raise money for the Save The Children Fund, our House raised \$3.00 to come second to Hayward (again!).

Don't let's become notorious for our behaviour, but noted for it, so

Forrestites be on your best all the time, and don't forget to work hard to get points for the Academic section.

On rainy days, Room 1 has offered its services and is our lunch room for those who dislike sitting out in the cold and rain.

The boys' 2nd and 3rd year football team has not lost a game as yet, and are, with the girls, helping Forrest keep ahead.

We're looking forward to bigger and better things in the Athletics' Carnival in the latter part of the term, so don't let yourselves down and let 1970 be a year that the H.A.H.S. staff and students will remember Forrest House.

Your House Captains,

Janine Wansbrough,

Ron Wotherspoon



FIRST YEAR HOCKEY TEAM

Front Row (left to right): I. Eastcott, R. Kelly, D. Palmer, M. Brandis, K. Barrett.

Second Row (left to right): A. Buist, J. Yeoman, J. Smith, P. Bropho, P. Punch, M. Tylor.

WELLINGTON NOTES

At the start of the year the four faction teams were allocated new names: Red was changed to Wellington.

The first annual event was the swimming carnival in which Wellington was fourth. From then on points were given for conduct, class position and points for winning football and other sporting activities. The most prominent swimmer is Rodney Jones and the most prominent footballer is Leo Fimmano, who is also a member of the school football and cricket team.

So far, in regards to conduct, the boys of Wellington are causing the most upsets but considering we were second for conduct at the end of first term there are no complaints.

The girls did not do very well in Basketball but Helen Tylor, Jane Lofthouse, Rayma Taylor and Marilyn Tylor were all chosen as members of the school basketball team. Jane and Helen are Wellington's outstanding basketball players.

P.S. The girls' conduct is not very far behind the boys', but we're all working hard to bring Wellington to the top of the board.

Tom Thomas, Marilyn Tylor

FIRST YEAR HOCKEY TEAM

This year has seen the formation of another school team — a hockey team of first-year girls. They are all very enthusiastic and were rewarded for their efforts by a win against a strong Primary School Team at the end of second term.

MITCHELL NOTES

Mitchell started the year off at a good rate, coming second to Hayward in the Annual Swimming Carnival held at the Little Weir.

I thank all competitors for their determination to do their utmost in these events. Mitchell held the lead position for most of the carnival.

In cricket, basketball and softball Mitchell did exceedingly well. In other games we were a dead loss, but still showed our ability in true sportsmanship to endeavour to win.

On the academic side we possess a strong flow of consistent workers

who helped give us a stream of points.

In the list of people sent up to the office, Mitchell should be ashamed of themselves because we had the most people sent up to the office during first term. Let's show an improvement Mitchell!

In second term we changed to winter sports. Although we aren't doing exceedingly well we still try. At the end of first term Mitchell were on top with most points. Let's see if we can still be here at the end of the year.

Gary Armstrong



TENNIS TEAM

Front Row (left to right): K. Lewis, K. Newman, J. Clegg, R. Taylor.

Back Row (left to right): R. Fenn, P. Jones, W. Knight.



SOFTBALL TEAM

Front Row (left to right): J. Marshall, L. Ottrey, J. Wansborough, M. Lyndon, K. Hart, B. Punch.

Second Row (left to right): J. Marino, D. Fenn, R. Kelly, M. Kelly, P. Punch, J. Dempster.

Back Row (left to right): I. Eastcott, J. Blackburn, H. Tylor, K. Baker, C. Coomer, J. Pinner.

INTERSCHOOL SPORTS RESULTS

FIRST TERM — GIRLS

Harvey v Waroona — Softball: Harvey 1 d Waroona 1, 28-7; Harvey 2 d Waroona 2, 32-3. Tennis: Harvey drew with Waroona.

Harvey v Pinjarra — Softball: Harvey 1 d Pinjarra 1, 25-17; Harvey 2 d Pinjarra 2, 22-14. Tennis: Pinjarra defeated Harvey.

SECOND TERM — GIRLS

Waroona v Harvey — Basketball: Waroona 1 d Harvey 1, 28-26; Waroona 2 lost to Harvey 2, 15-31. Hoc-

key: Waroona lost to Harvey, 0-13.
Pinjarra v Harvey — Hockey: Pinjarra lost to Harvey 0-5.

FIRST TERM — BOYS

Harvey v Waroona — Cricket: Harvey 9/60, Waroona 10/60. Basketball: Harvey d Waroona, 62-6.

Harvey v Pinjarra — Cricket: Harvey 7/51, Pinjarra 10/25. Basketball: Harvey 60, Pinjarra 30.

SECOND TERM — BOYS

Waroona v Harvey — Football: 1.1 - 13.10.

Pinjarra v Harvey — Football: Pinjarra 1.7 lost to Harvey 4.3. Soccer: Pinjarra lost to Harvey, 5-6.

INTER-HOUSE SPORTS

The inter-house sports took place on the only fine day in a week of wet weather. The competition was close throughout the day and only towards the close of the afternoon did the closely fought battle between Forrest and Wellington become resolved. The final results gave victory to Forrest with 498 points, followed by Wellington 443, Mitchell 351 and Hayward 218.

CHAMPIONS

GIRLS

13 years I. Eastcott
 14 years H. Tylor
 Open M. Lyndon

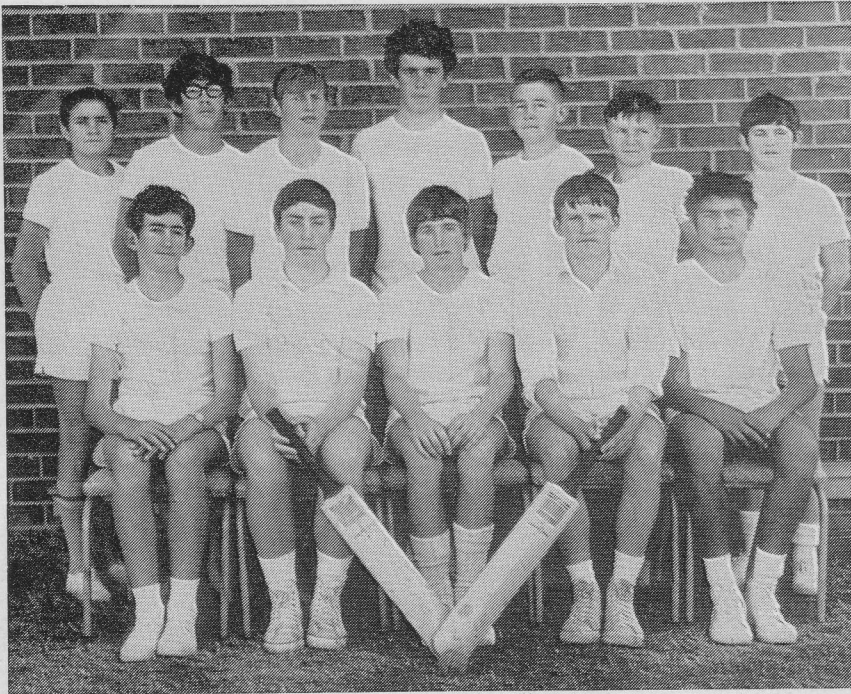
BOYS

13 years G. Jones
 14 years G. Tonkin
 15 years K. Upton
 Open P. Browne

INTERSCHOOL SPORTS

This year the interschool sports held at Harvey proved very exciting for all, but especially for our school who won convincingly both the Meritorious and Athletic Shields from Pinjarra and Waroona, in that order. The competition was hard but this made our victory more worthwhile.

Science has been taking great strides forward. Now it's only 50 years behind the comic books.



CRICKET TEAM

Front Row (left to right): V. Stanford, G. Green, R. Wotherspoon, G. Armstrong, C. Coomer.

Back Row (left to right): S. Forster, E. Bunn, G. Esmond, L. Fimmano, R. Pryce, H. Reale, T. Thomas.



HOCKEY TEAM

Front Row (left to right): J. Raebel, J. Pinner, B. Punch, F. Fuller, M. Lyndon.

Second Row (left to right): R. Kelly, J. Dempster, M. Kelly P. Punch.

Back Row (left to right): A. Abdullah, P. Bropho, A. Chadd, K. Hart.

JUNIOR COUNTRY WEEK SPORTS CARNIVAL

The Carnival was held over three days in the last week of second term at Hay Park in Bunbury. Ten schools, five in each grade, competed in hockey, basketball and football.

Harvey entered a football team, a boys' and girls' hockey team and a girls' basketball team.

In the football competition the boys were defeated but were unlucky in that they were playing against schools which have the advantage of being able to choose from larger numbers.

The boys' hockey team, young and full of spirit, played extremely well and although they were beaten, showed that they will be a serious

contender for the pennant next year.

Harvey was most unlucky to lose the pennant in the girls' A Grade Basketball Competition, in which they were Runners-up. Owing to three injuries in the game before the final, the girls lost by one goal. Throughout the three days' matches all players were a credit to the school. However, the girls' hockey team, playing in high standard games, won the pennant for the A Grade Competition. Their closest game was one in which the score was 1-0, while the one in which they had the highest score was that with the result of 10-0.

All girls played so well that the pennant was truly deserved. Congratulation, girls!



TOWN WING HOCKEY TEAM

Front Row (left to right): M. Lowe, R. Pollock, D. Stanford, F. Lo Grande, P. Jones.

Second Row (left to right): A. Popjalkovs, G. Wills, G. Green, G. Brandis.

Back Row (left to right): R. Kershaw, V. Stanford, R. Green, G. Manning, D. Buist.

AGRICULTURAL WING NOTES

1970 AG. WING TOUR

On the 28th June, the Ag. Wing students left for their annual tour.

Our first stay of three nights, was at Point Peron National Fitness Camp. Our mornings at the camp began with a run along the beach before breakfast, and in the evenings we had meals in Rockingham and Perth. The third evening was spent at the camp.

On the morning of the first day we visited a mechanised broiler farm of 120,000 birds and after lunch, we saw a fully automated laying shed with 14,000 birds. From here we went to Chamberlain's tractor assembly works (temporarily closed because of a slump in tractor sales).

The following day saw us in the Kwinana area where we visited the Australian Iron and Steel Works, and the Nickel Refinery. Construction work at the Alcoa Aluminium Refinery prevented us from going in. We visited C.S.B.P. fertiliser works in the afternoon.

Leaving Point Peron for Cunderdin, we went through Spearwood and visited Dalgety's wool store which has seven acres of storage under one roof. In Fremantle we went to the wool auctions and then to Parliament House, before setting out for Cunderdin Agricultural School.

In the morning we looked over the Manual Training Centres and the farm. After an unsuccessful (for us) football match against Cunderdin we set out for Narrogin Agricultural School. The next day we toured their farm and played a football match against them in which, once more, we were defeated.

We arrived back in Harvey very pleased with our 1970 tour.

G. NORTHOVER
J. P. SMITH

THE AG. SCHOOL FARM

The Ag. School Farm includes both flat land and hill country, totaling 300 acres. On this partially and almost fully developed land, dairy cattle, beef cattle, sheep, pigs, poultry and calves are raised.

The dairy herd totals 25 head of mainly Friesian and AIS breeds but conversion from AIS to Friesian is gradually taking place.

The beef herd includes 20 Aberdeen Angus cows, mated to an Angus bull. These are raised mainly on the hill country.

The farm has about 200 ewes which are mated each season to a Dorset Horn ram, loaned to the school by a local farmer.

Our pigs which are raised intensively total about 50. They are Large Whites and are grown to baconer stage then sold. Plans have been made for improvements and extensions to the piggery and work will commence next year.

The poultry section consists of 500 laying birds which are bought as day-old chicks raised intensively to laying age, then transferred to the laying shed, where they produce eggs for 12 months. They are then sold and replaced.

The latest addition to the farm is an intensive calf rearing shed. This enables the farm to buy up to 25 young calves and raise them to 10 or 12 weeks before selling them for slaughter.

THE NEW DINING HALL

The new dining hall is a very modern and attractive building, built at great expense.

It is very large and can also be used as a dance hall.

It has been designed on the lines of a Spanish or Mexican Ranch Homestead, with archways and fancy ceiling work, while a polished

wooden floor adds to its attractiveness. All the chairs and tables are new as well as the eating utensils. The bright orange chairs and creamy coloured tables make the hall bright and the porch overlooks the river and the farms.

The dining hall has a library as well as a canteen and very shortly there will be a collection of new books to add to the library.

The kitchen is extremely modern and has ovens and hot plates made in Italy. There is now a deep freeze unit and an electric dish washer.

It's hard to believe that any other dining room could ever have existed.

Ross Johnson

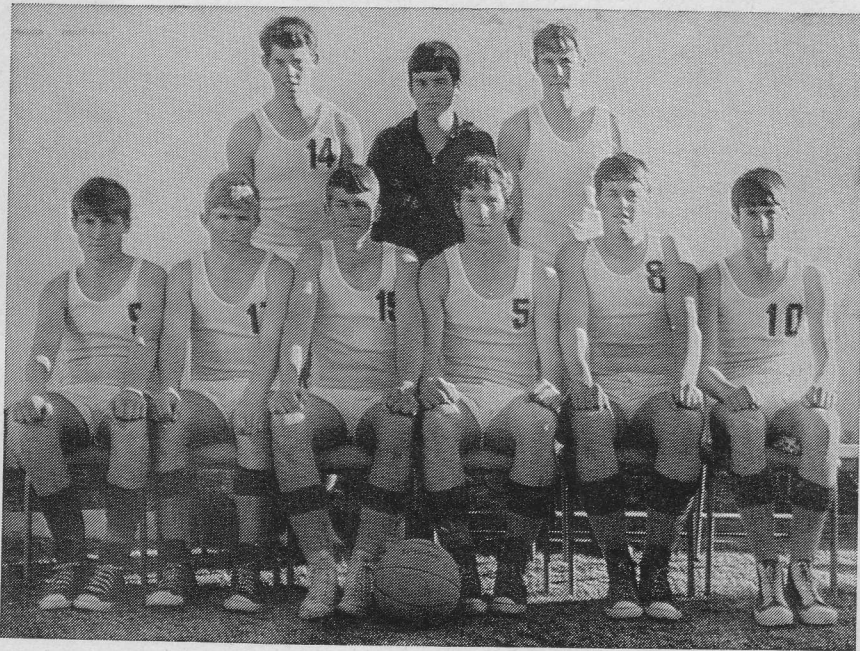
**AG. WING BASKETBALL
COMPETITION**

During first term a basketball competition was conducted at night for the Agriculture Wing boys. The two houses were divided into three

teams, with a housemaster to each team. Two rounds, consisting of three games each, were played. Logue House were the eventual winners with a combined score of ten wins against Stirling's eight.

The competition was both keen and fiercely fought. Nearly every game was full of life, and incidents, created in the heat of the moment, were due to an intense and fierce desire to win. Outstanding players were Alan Ottrey (the leading points scorer), Peter Butcher, Paul Browne and Bruce Nieuwenhuyze. The basketball season was highlighted by a staff versus student team. This game was of a high standard. The staff played admirably but wilted under pressure to lose the game — and some prestige.

All in all the season was greatly enjoyed, both by spectators and players.



BASKETBALL

Front Row (left to right): S. Giblett, H. McMahon, S. Scott, P. Butcher, K. Warburton, A. Ottrey.

Back Row (left to right): A. Sibbes, D. Allen, J. Martin.

WOKALUP RESEARCH STATION

On our visit to the Wokalup Research Station we were first shown their dairy (a tandem raised platform). 100 cows are milked at each milking and the milk quota is 75 gallons but they get more than this because their calves are fed on milk raised at the Station.

In 1969 there were 118 cows which calved in the dairy herd. The milking herd is bred artificially to Jersey and Friesian proven sires and the results have been satisfactory.

Beef cattle, too, are bred at Wokalup. Last season, 178 cows, approximately half of them Angus and the other half Poll Herefords, were mated to bulls of the same breeds which resulted in more pure bred cattle which is what is wanted. The present mating season commenced in May and 238 cows and heifers are being mated. The main beef breed here is Angus and more of this type than any other is being bred since the breeding line can be more controlled.

P. Ferguson

VISIT TO THE ABATTOIRS

E. G. Green and Sons' abattoirs are about two miles from the Harvey township. We began our visit at the holding yards where cows wait to be slaughtered. Here they are washed down to remove the dirt from their hides and are then checked by a veterinary surgeon for disease. From here they enter a race where they are shot so as to stun them and are then hung up to have their throats cut. This latter operation is done in a special way so that all the blood drains from the body. The next process is that of skinning and gutting, all done on a chain system. On completion of this, carcasses are again checked to ensure freedom from disease, sawn in two, washed, stamped and placed in the freezers. The meat remains here for two days before being carved into different cuts and placed in boxes for export.

None of the body is wasted. The blood and bone is made into fertilisers (there is a separate building for this) and the intestines are made into meatmeal. The tallow is used for soap and the horns are crushed

and sent to Japan to make imitation ivory. The skins are salted and sent to Perth for tanning, while the hoofs are sent to various parts of our coast for crayfish bait.

In the near future bulk refrigeration is to be installed. The carcasses will be frozen in bins ready for export, instead of being sent in boxes.

The average daily slaughter is 175 beasts—130 cattle, 30 sheep and 15 pigs.

HISTORY OF HARVEY TOUR

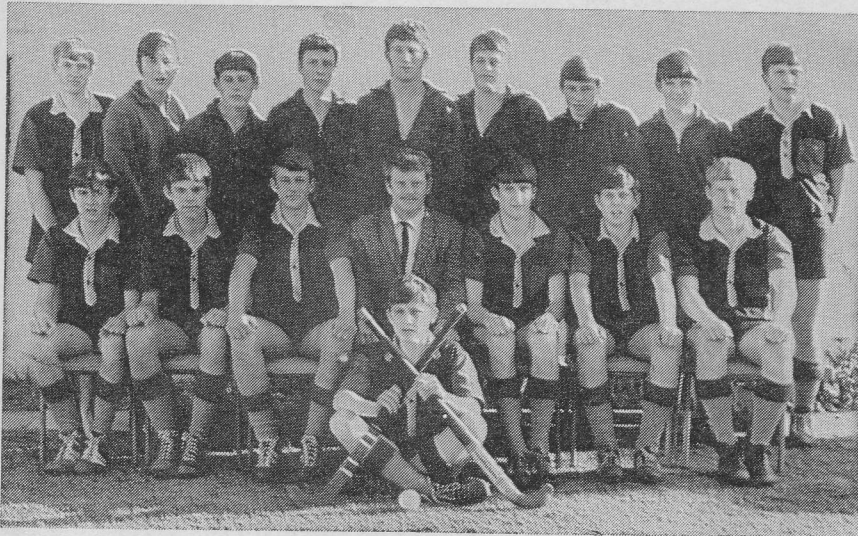
The Harvey Shire extends from Yarloop to Roelands. The first settlers went to Australind in the 1840's, but not until the 1890's did the railway come through. This was the big gold rush year in W.A. and unsuccessful prospectors went farming, moving to the South-West along the rail track to Waroona, Yarloop, Harvey and Brunswick.

Timber and cattle grazing industries developed in the South-West and Harvey became the largest citrus-growing town in Australia but lost this position because of lack of water. Indeed, by 1920, most citrus fruit had gone, giving way to cattle and sheep grazing and pig production. The latter two industries disappeared and the Harvey district became the important dairying area it is today; the main dairying area in W.A.

Small industries, such as Marshall Super Spreaders, bulk tank manufacturers, the production of Strawberry and Yarloop clover and lucerne developed.

The population is 6,600; there are 1,938 dwellings and 2,491 vehicles. Most people live in a small strip running down the middle of the shire near the railway line. 37% of the shire is farmland, 50% forestry and 21% pasture (128,122 acres of pasture). There are 196 dairy farms with 20 cows and over 47% of all farms are dairy. 11½ million gallons of milk was produced in 1969 — 8% more than in 1968. Harvey area produces one-seventh of the State's milk. Beef and dairy cattle numbers have increased while sheep numbers have fallen.

The greatest amount of rain falls between April and October and presents a drainage problem, while



HOCKEY

Front: K. McKenzie.

Front Row (left to right): O. Eastcott, A. Munro, S. Scott (captain), Mr J. Morley (coach), A. Ottrey (vice-captain), P. Holmwood, P. Brown.

Back Row (left to right): D. Browning, M. Payne, R. Green, C. Brockman, P. Butcher, K. Warburton, R. Wisbey, S. Morrison, B. Nieuwenhuyze.

little rain between October and April makes irrigation necessary to keep the pasture green all year. At present only one out of three acres in the shire can be irrigated. Dams are found at Harvey, Logue's Brook, Waroona and Dandalup.

Ian Dodson

**AGRICULTURAL WING
HOCKEY**

The hockey team has, so far, done reasonably well and are in fourth position on the ladder. We are also the second highest goal scorers in the Association.

Much of our success is due to our borrowing (when we can) two of the football players. Butch and Warby are both sound players and together with our team stars, make a strong, attacking side.

Our main scorer is centre forward Ottrey, who is quite an expert at making lone runs down the field to score. Leathy has come up lately to take the hit-ins. If he makes con-

tact with the ball it really moves into the net (or somewhere around it), but too often gives "sticks".

With our star goalie's departure, we've been trying various replacements and have now found Sam Morrison, who should fill this position very well as he gains more experience.

"Killer" Payne's head-height hits take a toll of our side, but he's still a handy player to have in the back-line.

Too old for the football side, Jock and Fox are now our wingers and are constantly improving. We've moved Greenie to a forward position where he's proved his worth by scoring a couple of good goals lately.

Winning one of our matches by a forfeit proved disappointing to Mr Briggs who had offered his services for that day, and now that he's become keen on golf, we're not likely to have this offer again.

We wish to thank Mr Morley for the time he has spent with us.

The Captain

C.S.B.P.

The fertiliser plant at Bunbury is situated on the South-West Highway. The factory employs 140 men of whom over 50% are employed in maintenance. There are about twelve different trades represented in the industry.

The necessary items for superphosphate manufacture are:

1. PHOSPHATE ROCK: from Christmas Island, Nauru and Ocean Islands.
2. SULPHUR: from America, Mexico.
3. AMMONIA: from Eastern States.
4. JUTE BAG: from India.

PROCESS:

Super manufacture is the conversion of insoluble phosphate rock into a water soluble compound called "superphosphate". This is achieved by mixing crushed rock with sulphuric acid, the latter being made in CSBP's acid plant.

ACID PLANT:

The acid plant produces sulphuric acid from sulphur, ammonia, air and water. All of which are in their raw state. The sulphur rock is very pure and only gives off a small amount of slag. Over four hundred tons of sulphuric acid is used per week in the manufacture of super.

SUPER MANUFACTURE:

The first step is the mixing of crushed phosphate rock and sulphuric acid. Two hours later the mixture has cooled and set and is automatically sent to the conditioning plant. From here the new mixture is taken to the storage sheds where the moisture content is dropped from 9% to 7%.

This takes about 2-3 months in the storage shed. The super plant is operated by three men on eight-hour shifts and turns out 4,000 tons of super per week.

STORAGE:

Big storage sheds capable of holding 70,000 tons of super and 5,000 tons of mixed concentrates are used for this purpose. All trace elements, such as copper, zinc, etc., are stored here.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION AT THE AG. WING

Physical education sessions at the Agricultural Wing are held each Monday to Thursday between 3.45 and 5.00 pm. There is a set timetable for sports. Every Monday is a cross country run, consisting of approximately forty minutes of running over all types of terrain. Tuesdays and Thursdays are set aside for football and hockey training. Hockey is under the guidance of Mr Morley and football, under Mr Hancock. These sessions are torrid and varied to prepare the boys for their weekend games. Wednesday's sport session is also varied and it is here that most of the other sports are played. Soccer, rugby, cricket, volleyball, basketball, baseball, speedball, circuit work and gymnastics are a few of Wednesday's activities. Which are played depends on the weather.

Sport is very strenuous, and tiring but very satisfying. Many of the housemasters join in the sports which makes for fierce competition, especially in the body contact sports. Many a housemaster has wished afterwards that he had done his work instead of playing.

The boys enjoy playing (and playing hard) physical contact sports. They complain about the strenuous sessions but always finish them full of spirit, ready for the next encounter.

School spirit is strong and all sport is encouragingly supported by a bunch of good lads.

A farmer who sent for a book on how to grow tomatoes wrote the publisher: "The man who writ the ad shoulda writ the book."

A sobering thought for every youth to ponder is that some day he will know as little as his father knows now.



FOOTBALL

Front Row (left to right): B. Marsh, J. Peters, K. Warburton (captain), Mr. R. Hancock (coach), P. Butcher (vice-captain), P. Binks, D. Milligan, R. Johnson.

Second Row (left to right): D. Rowley (trainer), N. Jones, D. Hodgson, M. Payne, J. Kitchen, S. Giblett, J. Martin, D. Allen, S. Lodge, H. McMahon, H. Greenhill.

Back Row (left to right): J. Kerr, G. Northover, A. Sibbes, R. Davies, J. Smith, J. Wells, R. Gregory, W. Johnson, B. Muir, S. Maughan.

AGRICULTURAL WING FOOTBALL NOTES

The Agricultural High School Football team has met with mixed fortunes this year. Although possessing five or six brilliant footballers, the team has had a very unimpressive season. However, it must be said that the lads have shown no lack of interest and continually train and play with zest. The boys are extremely fit but as injuries and farm commitments often keep different ones out, the team has lapsed in form. Consistent players include the captain, Kevin Warburton, vice captain, Peter Butcher and centre-man, David Allen.

Five boys were chosen from the team to represent the South West in Perth. These players were Kevin Warburton, Peter Butcher, David Allen, Russell Gregory and Peter

Binks. All acquitted themselves well and were worthy ambassadors for the school.

With the season nearly over the team is looking for a few wins to set the stage for next season.

ANSWERS TO PROBLEMS

ANSWER: The monkey is 12. The monkey's mother is 16 (therefore the rope weighs 8 lb). The length of the rope is 64 ft.

1. A. "Just one word". You were asked to spell just one word.
2. A. No soil, it is a hole.
3. A. 12, each Jack has two heads.

They tell us that insanity in humans is decreasing. Could it be that so many things that used to be considered crazy are now quite common?

FIRST YEAR LITERATURE

LONELY HOUSE

Thunder clouds formed above, lightning flashed and the little animals of the wood scurried to conceal themselves from the coming storm. Running, for fear of becoming wet, I stumbled upon an old, rather weathered cottage. I shuddered at the sight of the deserted structure and nearly turned and ran, but something made me move a little closer. The wall surrounding the cottage was rather shattered and falling apart, thus leaving a place for me to enter. Undergrowth about four foot high rose around the house, but finally, after much hesitation, I reached the ancient doorstep.

A great mass of green, slimy, straggling ivy crept up the gloomy walls of the cottage. Infested with white ants, the house looked quite dismal in its old age. Surprising to me the great, amazingly designed door fell with a bang, at my feet! Jumping back with a start, I suddenly realized it was raining. Cautiously I stepped inside and was confronted with large, tangly cobwebs. I moved towards the stairs, brushing them aside, then as I groped my way up the very old, battered staircase I stumbled but regained my balance. Although the walls of the house were covered in dust and grime there was still a faint trace of a gaily designed wall paper. In spite of the fact that the cottage had been deserted for many years, a few pieces of antique furniture remained. There was one chair which caught my attention. Standing at the top of the staircase, it was surrounded by several ornaments. The cushion seat of the chair was a rather dull red, and the legs were partly damaged, but the backing was carved in a most unusual pattern. The house itself was very big and empty and I shivered at every eerie sound. Realising that it was rather late, I reluctantly turned and proceeded down the staircase.

Moving towards the doorway, I slowly stepped out into the quickly dispersing sunshine. Walking a little way I turned and had one last look at the lonely, forbidding house. I continued on my way, deep in thought, wondering about all the weird tales it could tell, if only walls could speak.

Judy Mines 1.3

THE AUSTRALIAN SUNSET

Through the sky, the flaming sun
Sinks behind the hills to rest,
The vivid colour of gold and pink:
Another day is done.

The sun that sinks behind the hills
Has still some light left showing
The pink more glamorous than
before

The golden rays in store.

Who made the sun, who made the
sky

In beauty rich and pure?
A hand not human created this
My God, omnipotent!

Helen Felton 1.3

ORPHAN CHILD

In this great big world,
he's all alone,
With no-one to love,
nothing to own.
His parents were killed
when the country went wild,
He's all alone,
this little orphan child.

He runs alone
in the dirt and rubble,
His face is dirty,
but his limbs are supple.
He thieves what he eats,
from soldiers maybe,
For him,
the world's one great lonely sea.

He is as thin as a rake,
maybe he's thinner,
A crust of bread and some water,
that's his dinner.
At night he sleeps
without a bed,
With nothing but stars
to watch overhead.

Jenny Yoeman 1.4

BUSHFIRE

In the middle of a scorching summer's day, the fire department was sending out warnings continuously. It was then that an old tramp decided to have a "cuppa". He went to a nearby stream and filled his battered billy with fresh, cold water. After doing this, he put the billy on a fire. When the brew was boiling he put the contents into a tin mug and drank. Scarcely had the tramp finished, when he heard footsteps on the hard earth. Not wanting to be caught poaching, he grabbed his possessions and fled.

After fleeing from the footsteps, the tramp forgot about the fire, which was now blazing merrily. Twigs, dry grass and leaves became the fire's victim, as it greedily devoured them, now leaping and bounding over trees and shrubs, leaving a burnt and blackened trail. Sleepy animals fled from their holes in fright. Birds flew above the flickering flames, screeching.

High up in the look-out tower the forest guard noticed columns of smoke rising. The alarm was sent out, the men aboard jeeps rode towards the fire. Alas, a strong wind had blown in causing the fire to burn towards the sleepy town of Karridale. One of the men in the jeeps rode back to the control-tower to tell of these events.

Over the radio, the warning went to all the people of Karridale, to evacuate. Panic was in the air. The men must stop the fire before it reached Karridale, but how could they? The fire had a one mile front and was five miles from the town.

Meanwhile the fire brigade was trying to destroy the flames. Many men were replaced as they had collapsed from heat exhaustion, but still other men fought on bravely, to save the town. The fire was only one mile from the town and the people could hear the crackling of the flames. At last the men had extinguished the fire. Few houses had been burnt but the trail left by the fire was more piteous for all nature had been destroyed by the dreaded "Bushfire".

Janine Marsh 1.3

THE STORM

It was winter. The thunder roared with anger. The lightning flashed across the sky, and the bitter cold wind blew, and the rain pelted down.

The rusted gutters overflowed with the continuous rain, and the old, rotted trees broke in half. The young tree looked black and swayed furiously in the wind.

Luckily for me I was snuggled down in bed. As the night went on it became worse.

By morning water and debris lay everywhere. It was a miserable day. The rain continued till afternoon, then ceased, and the sun peeped through the grey clouds, giving everything and everyone a warm feeling.

Irene Eastcott 1.2

HAUNTED HOUSE

My footsteps could not be heard as I walked up the spiral staircase to a haunted house. As I opened the squeaky door, covered in long branches of all sorts of creepers, I saw a flickering light on the mantelpiece.

Looking into the house I saw it was dingy, and very dirty. Walking further into the house, I tripped over some jagged boards which had been pulled up from the floor. The wooden barred windows were very small. The house consisted of three rooms; one was the kitchen and the other two were bedrooms. Suddenly from nowhere, a swirling mass of white seemed to pounce upon me. I nearly screamed, then I hesitated, in case anyone should hear me. I could feel my heart pounding and decided not to go further because I might have another frightening experience.

Quickly running out of the house, making much more noise than when I entered it, I ran back to my own house. I had been wondering about this place for a few years. A lot of people told stories that there were once American spies living in this house, and a ghost came and locked it up. These spies died of starvation and suffocation. Although I don't believe this story I will never enter that haunted house again. I can think of less frightening things to do.

Rosemarie Pellicano 1.3

THE DAY I SHRANK

Suddenly that day I felt dizzy, but I soon came to. For I was in a jungle and then I met hundreds of dangers. For a centipede attacked me but soon I ran for cover in an ant hole. It was dark and spooky for the ant hole was deserted. I struggled out of the hole and kept wandering around. Unfortunately I ran into an extraordinary creature that had an unusual squawk. It looked like an enormous spider. It was black and it had hair all over its huge body. It had two large snips or claws at its mouth. It attempted to snatch at me but failed. Then it made a fierce snarl, showing its huge black sharp teeth. I looked in his eyes with a terrified stare, then ran anxiously towards a ghostly-looking house. And there it was! The formula to bring me back to my normal size. Quickly I drank it, and there I was—in bed at home. Thank goodness! It was just a dream.

Michael Kealy 1.2

A NIGHTMARE

"A h h h h h"

It was a shrill and ugly sound
Which disturbed the air that night.
I crept low along the ground
Expecting a horrible sight.

And as I crawled along the ground
I also looked for clues
Which might lead me to the victim
And to the murderer too.

The first clue which I found
Was blood in drops of four;
These I followed closely,
They led me to a door.

This door was old and cracked
And the window panes were too
And then I saw a man and knife—
Oh Lord what will I do?

The outline of this man
Was a ghastly sight to see;
The knife was raised above his head
And then another scream.

I rushed in through the door
And arrived there at the scene
And there I saw upon the floor
The ugliest thing that I could dream.

It was then that I awoke
To find my mother there
And to me she softly spoke.
It was only a "Nightmare".

Vanessa McMillan 1.3

**LAND AHEAD; AUSTRALIA
SIGHTED**

Following orders, Cook now turned south after leaving Tahiti to search for the rich continent many believed to lie there. By September, 1769, he was flailing through high seas slightly further south than the Lords of the Admiralty had prescribed as his limit, and clearly getting nowhere.

Not having had the least sight of land and contending with very high seas and tempestuous weather which slashed through the rigging, he changed course for New Zealand. The Petrels and Albatrosses wheeling above the ship followed. After finding New Zealand he again set course for New Holland.

In the next four months as he cautiously edged up the uncharted coast of Australia, Cook's expedition was twice confronted by disaster. In each crisis the "Endeavour" was within seconds and yards of destruction and saved only by Cook's sangfroid, courageous seamanship and navigational sixth sense. Cook had discovered New Holland. (It was not given the name Australia until 1817 when the word was officially adopted by Mathew Flinders).

So we look back, 200 years later, and sense there was a time in our history, before the days of levelling and conformist flood of civilisation, when there was a giant in our land: a man who had dreams of the future in the South Seas, a man worthy of those other great dreamers Magellan, Quiros and Tasman.

Desmond Mitting 1.3

**THE OCEAN AND THE
SEAGULLS**

The sun glistens on the ocean
Making such a pretty picture
As the waves come flapping in.
The seagulls squeal and squawk
As they fossick for their food.
They fly across the water
Diving in now and then.
Then spreading their wings to dry
Oh what a glorious sight
The white of the seagulls
Against the blue of the sky
Glistening so bright.

Marion Schlam 1.4



LINO CUTTING — cutting and printing a lino block.



CERAMICS — concentration and skill is needed in the art of pottery.

HOUSE FOR RENT

The suburb was convenient to the city and the street close to a good shopping centre. There were twelve houses in the street and one of them had a notice out front which read "This house for rent".

It was not the most attractive house in the street, and in contrast to its neighbours, with their tidy brick work and neat gardens, it looked more than a little old fashioned.

The house had an air of loneliness about it, for it was empty, and one could tell immediately that it was a house that was used to being lived in. It stood there, third house in the street, in quiet dignity. Certainly it was an old house, and shabby, and had no telephone or central heating, but it was solid and warm with open fire-places and a large attic, and it looked comfortable. It looked like a home.

Sue Bacich 1.1

THE TERRIBLE WAR

After the terrible war there was a bomb site, where the Nazis and Polish had a gun fight. Where many soldiers were left dead, and many children and adults fled.

Many children had a terrible hunger, hoping one day to come across a fish monger.

Children praying for the war to cease, so that one day they would find a land with peace.

Walking, walking only at night, trying to relieve their plight. From one bomb site to another, searching for their lost mothers.

Margret Brandis 1.1

The cold spring falls from the air. I pass and hear The leaves, singing in one strange word The tall willow stands by the creek I pick a limb. And, it reminds of a past life, Again renewed by spring.

Pauline Bropho 1.1

THE ORPHAN

Ragged, lonely and hungry,
What is there in this world for me
War! bitter war, what a tragedy
Go! go away, from this trouble
and flee.

No mother, no father, no sister
have I,

Dead in misery in the mass of hate
Dark clouds, rumbling guns,
no blue sky

I am a little orphan
wanting to escape.

Oh tell me God, is there peace
For unhappy orphans just like me?
What will become of us when war
has ceased?

Dianne Armstrong 1.1

VIETNAM

To Vietnam our boys must go,
Into a country they don't know.
To fight a battle that cannot be won,
For peace and goodwill
they must use a gun.

They leave their families,
Lovers and wives,
And go off to war,
Where some lose their lives.

So every night,
Beside your bed,
Please say a prayer
for the boys who are dead.

They died a fighting,
For what they thought right.
Now God must watch o'er them
each day and night.

G. Haddon 1.2

SIMPSON AND HIS DONKEY

Ships coming in and out of shore
Cannons, guns and screams of pain
While men were running every-
where

Looking for help which never came.

Wending his way o'er narrow paths
Linking the front lines with the
beach

He helped the men on Duffie's back
And carried them from the enemy's
reach.

When moving past a river bed
A sniper fired from up above
Onto the ground poor Simpson fell
And died there with the one he
loved.

Vanessa McMillan 1.3

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING

I awoke one morning at the sound of my alarm clock. Sleepily, I looked up at it and to my horror it was a quarter past eight. Quickly I scrambled out of bed and in my haste I trod on the cat who let out a loud meow. Hastily I dressed, and gulped down some breakfast. All ready for school, I suddenly remembered my sports clothes. Then, glancing in the dining room, I noticed some books. Rushing over, I found they were my English books. I ran to my bike, and, to my annoyance, the tyres needed pumping up. Hastily I pumped them up, and started off. I was quite near school when suddenly my chain fell off. Covered in grease, I started off once more. Reaching school at a quarter to nine, I noticed there were no other bikes in the bike-rack. In all my haste and confusion I had forgotten it was a public holiday.

Helen Felton 1.2

NIGHT IN THE BUSH

Have you ever been in the bush at night,
When the crickets chirp then stop with fright?
Now all is quiet and I wonder why,
And a big old fox goes trotting by.
The night is dark so I can't see,
How far away he is from me,
The crickets are chirping for they always know,
What goes on above, below.
I love the bush,
But only by day,
So I can see
What comes my way.

Marie Coghlan 1.1

VOLCANO

Flying rocks, flowing lava.
Destruction everywhere.
People rushing, sparks flying.
High up in the air.
Fear! Excitement! Danger!
Hangs in the atmosphere,
Ash floating, smoke choking,
As the mountain shows up clear.
Now all is over.
The rumbling stops,
Survivors lift their heads,
And watch the flowing mountain tops.

Janine Marsh 1.3

AN AUSTRALIAN SUNSET

Bloody red,
Glowing gold,
Glittering orange.
Magnificent colours combined,
Casting shadows on the hills,
All part of twilight time.

When day for man is closing,
And homeward bound he goes,
Animals are now on watch,
Owls seek their prey,
Kangaroos feed their young.
These acts are all reminders,
Of "An Australian Sunset".

Rosemarie Pellicano 1.3

MIDNIGHT IN THE BUSH

I could see the dark silhouettes of trees,
The shapes of kangaroos on the ridge.
I could hear the loud croaking of frogs,
The howl of dingoes after their prey.
I looked up to see the silver rays of the moon
Making the clouds look like shining crystal.
I could hear the leaves rustling
As a gentle breeze blew across the sky.
Far away was the sound of a stream,
Tripping quietly along its path.
A little bird whistled out its goodnight
And I fell asleep in the bush.

Judy Blackburn 1.1

BLACK BEARD

Burly Black Beard with a patch on his eye
And the other eye that gleamed in the light
Was a frightening sight. Oh my!
As he prowled the seas at night.
You could almost hear the stars
Warning, hear comes Black Beard
The wind groaned in the spars
And ropes creaked and sounded so weird.
Black Beard was the terror of the sea
With his sword so shining bright
And his pirates singing with glee
As they prowled the seas at night.

Marion Schlam 1.4

SECOND YEAR LITERATURE

HARRY AND THE DRAGON

The day has dawned bright and early and the sun's radiance has filled every corner of Lady Vere de Vere's bedroom. The day is so glorious, in fact, that she decides to take a ride into the forest. But first, she must dine with her guests at the castle, Sir Handsome Harry, and all his courtiers.

It is almost midday, though, before Lady Vere de Vere is able to leave her castle. She gallops across the drawbridge and along the dusty road for a short distance, until she comes to the forest. It is a beautiful forest. The birds are singing merrily and the squirrels dart in and out of the trees. She hesitates for a few minutes, wondering which direction to take. She finally decides on the path branching off to the left. She has never been this way before. She gallops through the thick undergrowth for some time and stops to rest in a small clearing. Suddenly, out of the depths of the earth, it seems, there comes terrible blood-curdling roars. The horse, stricken with fear, whinnies in terror and rears into the air, throwing Lady Vere de Vere to the ground. The horse immediately gallops back in the direction from which they had come and she listens helplessly as the last echoes of the pounding hoofs die away. She looks up and notices the dark clouds gathering in the sky above, and realises that she must find shelter from the imminent storm and her gaze comes to rest on the entrance of a cave. She enters and sinks thankfully to the floor of the cave.

Meanwhile, back at the castle, Sir Handsome Harry, his worries already growing, expects the worst, after Lady Vere de Vere's horse returns, panting and trembling, with no rider. He dons his shining armour and mounts his horse. He bids his courtiers farewell, slams down

his visor and gallops gallantly off in the direction from which Lady Vere de Vere's horse had retreated, only minutes before. The trail of a galloping horse is not difficult to follow, so it is not long before Sir Handsome Harry enters the clearing where Lady Vere de Vere has, presumably, met her fate. His spirits rise though, when he hears a faint but distinct scream. It seems to be coming from the cave. He dismounts and hurries in. To his surprise, he sees Lady Vere de Vere crouching in the corner of the cavern, trembling with fear. He suddenly sees why. An immense, hideous, dragon-like reptile emerges from what is probably a larger cavern and lumbers towards them—its fiery eyes staring at them with rage. The dragon has a crested head and its abominable mouth opens to an enormous size as it gives another blood-curdling roar. It breathes smoke and flames and looks very formidable. But this does not hinder Sir Handsome Harry. He draws his sword and lunges at the dragon's stomach, thrusting his trusty blade well into the serpent's atrocious body. It groans and stumbles and, after a few vain efforts to claw them, collapses at Sir Handsome Harry's feet, dead.

This just goes to show, that you must always strike while the iron (sword) is hot.

Lyn Cooling 2.1

HARVEY HIGH

We love our Harvey High School,
A place of squishy lawns,
Of rugged steps for climbing,
Of daily smoking fires.
We love its moody teachers,
We love its tiny rooms,
It's a beauty and a terror—
Our Harvey High School.

Sue Jurgenson 2.2

"Etc" is a sign used to make believe you know more than you do.



DRAWING — the drawing of still life objects is the hardest discipline in the art room.

THE KITTEN AND THE RAT

The rat was big, as big as a lion,
 Thought the kitten as he sat
 thinkin' and spyin'.
 He took a step and then jumped
 back,
 He was still a youngin' and hadn't
 the knack.
 He looked around and saw his dad,
 Not so good, actually very bad.
 If he couldn't hunt now he never
 would,
 He'd try and try until he could.
 He slowly walked back to the door,
 Then sprung off from all four paw.
 The rat looked up with surprise,
 Saw the cat's gleam in its eyes.
 He made a dash for his hole,
 But never did reach his home and
 goal.
 The funeral was that morning,
 Just as the sun thought of dawning.
 And it was a sorry group that pass-
 ed that grave.
 But spirit and courage, that kitten
 it gave.

D. McMillan 2:3

MY DOG

There he lies
 in his cuddly rugs.
 He looks at me
 With his big sad eyes
 He crawls out
 Tired from his restless sleep
 His long floppy ears almost touching
 the ground as he walks.
 Mischievous in his ways
 Yet looking so old
 Big feet turning outwards as a
 turtle's
 Living in a human's world yet
 sharing it as a dog.

Shahn Paganini 2:3

TOMORROW

Tomorrow I have typing.
 I always have typing on Wednes-
 days.
 In the morning our fingers
 Start bouncing around.
 And our feet, straight on the ground
 The teacher yells, "Don't look at the
 keys"
 Still the class peeps once and again.

Frank Dagostino 2:1

LASSIE

I opened my eyes and saw the sun beaming in through the window. Inside me I felt an excited nervousness in my stomach. What could it be? Then I remembered. It was my birthday and I was to go to a dog's home and choose any dog that I liked. I jumped out of bed, got dressed and ran down the stairs. My mother was preparing breakfast and my father was reading the morning newspaper. I ate my breakfast as fast as I could and my mother, father and I drove down to the kennels in the car.

When I went into the kennels, dogs were barking, some were scratching at the wire doors, and some were just lying on the kennel-floors, looking sad. Then I saw him. He was brown and white with pointy ears and a long bushy tail. He was lying on the floor of his kennel watching a fly hover over his nose. That was the dog for me. So I got him and I took him home in the car with me. I would call him Lassie.

All that afternoon I played with him and took him for walks. He was a very friendly big dog and we got on well together. I was so anxious to play with him that I could hardly eat my dinner. When I had finished I took him down to my friend's house. After spending some time there I came back home again. It was quite late and already getting dark.

Suddenly Lassie began to bark. I looked around and saw two men climbing up the wall of a factory. Lassie started to run towards them. I ran in the opposite direction to get help. Luckily a policeman was on duty in the street. He phoned for help. The two men were caught, thanks to Lassie. They had been going to break into the factory and rob the safe.

After this incident Lassie was classed as a hero. Three months later Lassie took ill. We took him to the vet's, paid specialists to examine him and find out what was wrong with him, but it was no good. There was no hope for Lassie. For days he fought for his life, but on the eighth day we received word that Lassie was dead. I was very

sad and lonely after this. I could not eat anything and night after night I had terrible nightmares about Lassie. I could see the two of us playing together and I could hear him barking. What was once a happy time was now a terrible memory.

Ann Eccles 2.1

THE MINER

In dark damp mine,
The miner stands stooped and old
But still he digs for the rich metal,
gold.

Eats and thinks of when the day
he'll hit the lode
The precious metal to bring him
much fame

Sitting outside his old broken down
cabin

Thinking, growing old.

G. Tonkin 2.3

THE OLD WOMAN

She stands there with her wrinkled
face

and her warm smile that lights up
her old grey eyes.

Her hands are worn from years of
toil

and her back is slightly bent.

She places her head onto one side
and recalls past memories
from her life time.

A tear trickles down that soft worn
face

I stand there with a warm sensation
flooding through me.

Jane Eckersley 2.1

OLD MAN

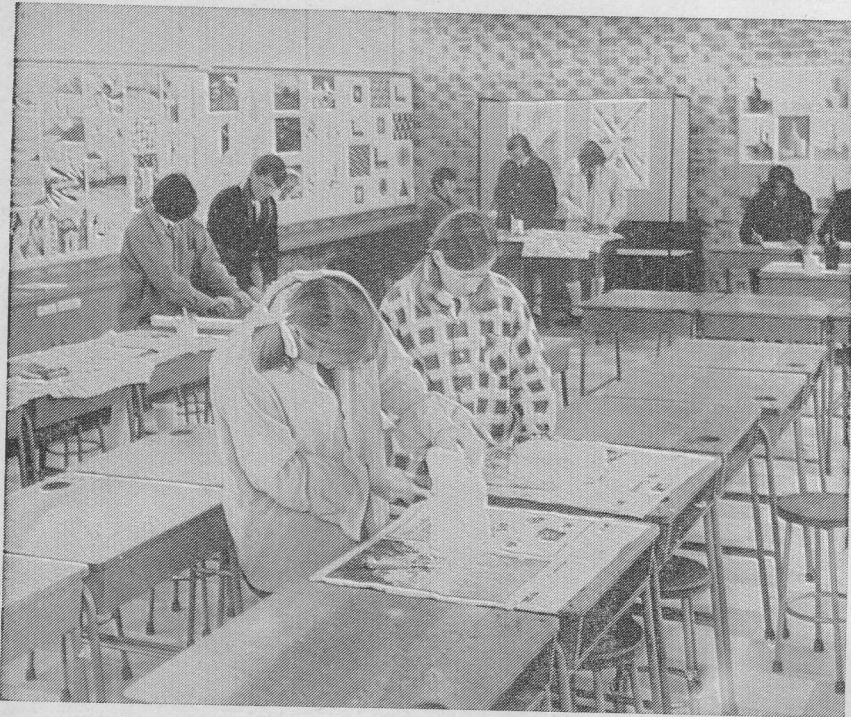
The rich old man in the chair,
His grey beard and hair,
He hasn't a care,
He knows death is near.

He does as he pleases,
Drinks of the flagon,
Eats rich cheeses,
His life is dragging.

The end must come,
Later for others, than some,
Life rests, but on a thread,
He is now confined to his bed.

An empty house,
Not even a mouse,
In the graveyard, a new tombstone,
Another old man has gone home.

Timothy Colback 2.1



SCULPTURE — carving statuette figures from mixed sand and plaster.

SHE'S GONE

The diary entry of a ninety-year-old man nearing the end of his life.
Dear Diary,

Today is the day I've been waiting for, today I go to see Anne. I had bought the present yesterday and today, when I get to the church, I will give it to her.

When I arrived there I had to wait for her but finally she arrived. I wished her a happy birthday and gave her the present. We started to talk, we talked and we talked, about the day we were married, sixty years, seven months, three weeks and five days ago. We talked about the child we had taken from us, the houses we owned and lived in. Finally the sun went down and I had to go. She said goodbye and left, I called out to her, for she had left her present behind, but in vain. I took it home, put it away, and called it a day.

Steven Offer 2.3

PAT

Pat is a tall, slim girl. Her classic features are enhanced by her long auburn hair. She has inherited her mother's beautiful green eyes and long fingers (often on show when she is giving piano recitals). She is a most vivacious person and very popular with all the town's people.

She has an interesting job as a Senior Airline Hostess in A.P.P. Airlines. She wears a blue and white mini-skirted uniform in which she looks very attractive. She has her hair done every day, either in a bun or pony tail, or she wears her short blonde wig. She dresses very well, fashionably but not "trendy". Her grooming is immaculate.

She is a very outgoing person, popular with all age groups. She is a leader in the church youth club, plays badminton, basketball, and in summer goes swimming at her motel swimming pool. Pat is a very nice girl.

Sue Jefferies 2.2

GRAMMAR

I would like to tell you about a wonderful day I's had today. I wakes up early in the mornin I's haves me breakfast. After I have breakfast I's goes to the basin to clean mys teef wiv Kolgate toof-paste. I then gets ready for skool. When I gets to skool I's gets my books ready sience and maths. The bell goes and us all line up for sience. Us gives Mr Henderson our mornins greetins, ugg! Next period wes have Mr Stewart. He's a good teacher, when he's not throwing Atomic Bombs around the room. At lunch time we's all have a quick bite for lunch and off for library with Mrs Sobon. The books are always used even if they get hurled around the classroom a bit. The Next Period is English wiv Miss Hood. She's a good teacher as you can see bys me spellin and grammar. We then have afternoon recess. Next period we have maths again wiv Mr Stewart. The last period of the day is Social Studies wiv Miss Gillies. We all like Miss Gillies when she dushn't give we's homework. Ding, Ding ding, the bells gone (I's don't know where) and another day wiv it.

Jim Britza 2.1

MY CANDLES

Candles bright,
In the night
Showing off their flame.
My mother says I must not touch,
But I like them just the same.
They nod their heads towards me,
Just like a willow tree.
Their melting wax is falling, falling
Onto my bedroom key.
I must blow it out now
Because time is flying by
But I will light it again
Tomorrow night, after my apple-pie.

Christine Chidlow 2.1

FLIGHT F111

There was a young boy called Kevin,
Who owned an F111.
He went to roll it,
But couldn't control it.
And now he's up there in heaven.

Stephen Nutley 2.3

SNAIL

A snail on a rail
Is an interesting sight,
But one which no gardener
Views with delight.
A snail in a pail
Is more to his taste
When he thinks of his plants
With their leaves laid to waste.

He stares not, nor cares
For a spiralling shell
Or turnabout "horns",
For sight or for smell.
The gardener's hard
On the snails he may find,
And no study or tale
Makes him alter his mind.

His point you can see,
He's not really to blame;
But the snail is an interesting
Beast just the same!

John Whibley 2.3

THE BUNYIP

Big green eyes
In an inky black night
A loathsome hairy body,
Horny, calloused hands.
That will squash you to a pulp.
A piercing scream.
A bounding run.
A nose sensitive to the human smell
There in the deep water-hole hides
The Bunyip.

Glenn Woods 2.3

DEBATE

Mr. Chairman, Members of the
Opposition, Ladies and Gentlemen.

My team and I are here to prove to you that "the best things in life are free". Take this statement and ask yourself, "What are the best things in life?" Is not the best thing in life growing up to be an adult, or if you are adult, looking back to those happy years when you were growing through your childhood? Do you remember the time when you felt proud, fitting into mum's shoes?

Surely growing up is free. Money does not help you grow through your childhood to adulthood. Nature is the cause of our growing up, not money. So our team concludes: "the best things in life are free".

Thank you!

Kaye Lewis 2.2

THE DREAM

One cold, windy night, I was sitting in the lounge room by a blazing, hot, open fire watching television. My parents had gone to a party with a few friends to celebrate the New Year. I, too, was determined to stay up to see the dawning of January the first and to make my resolutions. It was about ten-thirty and the Saturday movie had just finished. The picture was not very interesting so it gave me a chance to catch up on my long neglected knitting. I was in the process of trying to knit myself a dress. I was casting on the one hundred and three stitches for the front. This was very tedious work, for I did not want to make any mistakes and was going slowly. I felt tired, so I decided to put my knitting down and watch television for a while.

I switched the dial to Channel Nine, and "tuned" in to a "western", starring Audie Murphy and Robert Mitchum. I kept dozing off into a light sleep, but I could still hear the "baddies" shooting at the "goodies".

Suddenly I was wide awake, but I was not in the comfortable armchair at home, but on a horse, galloping across the rocky terrains of the Andes, with eleven Apaches chasing me. Arrows were flying everywhere, but this did not bother me. All I could see was a narrow pass leading between two cliff faces, about one thousand yards ahead. I clung on for dear life, and, fortunately, the horse ran towards it. As I neared it, the opening seemed to become smaller. I was only one hundred yards from it, but all I could see now was a hard, rocky cliff face, with no opening whatsoever.

I turned and cried with amazement when I saw the Indians' faces. They were identical — all had the face of my old maths' teacher.

"What do you want?" I cried, feeling very afraid, yet curious.

"We have come to punish you!" exclaimed one of the "blood-thirsty injuns", whom I presumed to be the chief.

"But what did I do?"

"You flunked your algebra paper. You have to be punished!"

"No! No!" I cried, as he advanced

towards me. He carefully aimed his bow and arrow. The only way to avoid being hit was to jump off my horse.

In doing this, I landed with a thud on the ground. I sat up and rubbed my eyes. Was this all happening?

"Happy New Year!" I heard somebody shout.

I looked up to the clock above the mantelpiece and found that it was now Monday morning, the first of January.

Linda Jenkinson 2.2

THE COWS

While man sleeps in warmth,
The cows stand cold and wet,
Waiting! waiting for dawn to come,
The rain drizzles down,
And the chilly east winds blow hard,
Yet man still sleeps,
At last it is six o'clock,
And the cows are led into the
warmth of a shed.
The cows are milked,
And then put out in the cold, and
wet rain.

Kevin Kirk 2.2

THE CROCODILE

The slimy green crocodile lies
silently in the murky waters.
Waiting, watching for its prey to
come along.
When the little deer comes to drink
from the water
The green crocodile is there
Poised, ready to kill
Closer he swims, closer.
Suddenly the deer springs away
The crocodile is too late.
He slowly sinks away into the dark
murky waters
He will have to wait, wait again.

Phillip Wotherspoon 2.3

THE HERON

The heron is a queer bird,
And he looks so very grave,
I've often wondered at the way,
He and his family behave.
Their legs are very thin and long,
Resembling a stork,
The heron is a cautious bird,
When he decides to walk!

Sue Jameson 2.2

BAD BOOKS

There she sat, the people's pride, the villain's most dreaded enemy, the beautiful Queen Roseanna. Her flowing gowns draped across the rich, scarlet carpet around her feet. Her long, golden hair hung combed carefully by her Lady-in-Waiting and her courtiers stood erect, waiting for her calm, clear voice to ring out across the room and echo against the huge stone walls and reach the beautifully hand-painted ceiling, which she, the most beautiful queen of all, so greatly admired. Although she was a good queen, she lacked one thing, the courage to defy her cousin, the duke.

"This month, all my troops will be given special training," and so the arrangements went on.

Suddenly, the great oak doors to the throne room were opened as the deep voice of a messenger rang out.

"Your Majesty," he said, bowing low on one knee, "his highness, the duke has arrived."

In he strode, tall, dark-haired and exceedingly handsome. He, amongst all her friends was the only person who could cheat her and get away with it, but, this time would change both their lives.

"I wish to see you alone, Anne," ordered the handsome duke, not bowing his head nor bending his knee.

"I am afraid you don't order me around any longer. I'm sick of my dearest cousin, the duke," she raged as she ordered her guard to bring the "Black Book". He returned, carrying a small book. In this she wrote his name.

"I shall remember you forever!" she cried. "Out! Get out of my court; never return; I shall not forget the way you ordered me, sent my army to war and cheated me!"

In two days, the word had gone around the kingdom that the beautiful queen had finally defied her cousin and noted his name in the "Black Book". As the word went around it was changed to her "bad books". From this we get the saying that "somebody is in someone's bad books".

Pam Cadwell 2.1

**THE LONELY CRIPPLED
BEGGAR**

To work I am unable
To beg—ashamed
Please help me.
Don't look at me
Hideous do I be
Just help me.
Often hungry
Always sad
Please help me.
Always jeered
Often scorned
A little smile
Would help me.
My clothes
Tattered and torn
Don't treat
Me with scorn
Just help me.

Jean Nightingale 2.3

NOBEL PRIZE

Happy and contented, he stood before the crowds. The crowds gaped, but they cheered when he was awarded his Nobel Prize. White eyed and radiant, he bowed to the roaring masses. Then his thoughts drifted to the days of hard, diligent work.

Chemistry, Co., electrons all the words from his profundity of knowledge resounded in his head. Tumultuously, the thoughts came and went and then they culminated with his prize. Exulting inwardly he thought of the remuneration obtainable. His desire, however, had been consummated now that he had become a paragon of Science.

S. Lowe

AN OLD PERSON'S LIFE

He has a real name but does not like it, so we call him Barney. Barney is getting old and admits it himself. He is eighty in December, or so he says. Short, wrinkly and of very slim build except for his stomach; these are Barney's main characteristics. His hair is snowy white and his eyes are as blue as the summer sky.

Living all alone on top of a slight hill, he likes to work in his garden around the house. He will always talk about his pills. How many he takes in the morning, then at lunch time and tea time. Then he will

talk about the odd pill he has when he has a cup of tea and when he goes to bed. If we manage to talk about his pills before it is time to go home he will then tell you about cricket or football.

Old age has made him lonely. He will not go visiting. People visit him now and then and stay for a long while because he likes company. He really is a dear old thing.

Fay Pimlott 2.3

THE EARTHQUAKE

Today I had the most terrifying experience.

It all started this morning when my daughter, Rose, crept out and went to town without telling me. Later she told me she thought if she had, I would have taken some of the pills that I had already eaten for today. (My memory isn't as good as it used to be) anyway, I thought this was a feeble excuse.

It was about lunch time and Rose hadn't arrived home yet. It was raining "cats and dogs" out side and the thunder was roaring and the lightning flashing. I was very frightened and I would have been even more frightened if I had known Rose wasn't home. I was lying in bed when suddenly the house rocked and swayed on its old foundations. I didn't know what to do, I thought the house was going to collapse. (It's wood and very old).

I called out to Rose, there was no reply. I shrieked, I yelled, I screamed but still no reply. In sheer desperation I sobbed. Great round clear drops fell down my cheeks.

I heard the door open. I didn't know whether to be terrified or relieved. Someone came in and I could hear their footsteps moving swiftly up the passage and then I saw her; it was my grand-daughter. She moved quickly over to the bed, threw her arms around me and comforted me. When I had calmed down considerably Del told me that Rose had gone to town and there had been an earthquake.

When Rose came home I gave her a thorough scolding and told her she should look after her own mother better than that.

Karen Upton 2.3

CAPTAIN BARK

His long, black, bushy beard was the first thing I noticed about Captain Bark, the hardy old captain of the pearling lugger, "Bessy". Bark is a short man, with a jolly, round face and kind eyes. His nose is extremely round and covered with scars that he received in his early pearling days. Bark appears as a rather weak man, but in actual fact he is as "strong as an ox".

Captain Bark "lives" in an old, blue cap which I guarantee has not been removed from his head since he started pearling. He wears a navy blue polo necked jumper and a pair of loose, ill-fitting jeans with blue sneakers.

Captain Bark is a kind old man with a pleasant personality. His crew is very fond of him and would do anything not to lose him. On many a summer's day, Old Man Bark and his crew have been known to come sailing through the clear water, singing in rich loud voices.

Jane Eckersley 2.1

THE ANTIQUES

In my possession, I have a French clock given to my mother by her grandmother during her visit to France.

This splendid clock was in the possession of Napoleon III before the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. It has been carved from French elm in the shape of a fleur-de-lis. On it is carved the French coat-of-arms surrounded by cherubims and fleur-de-lis. It bears the maker's name, Jacque de Brun, the year 1867 and the number 678. On the back of the clock is painted a small portrait of Napoleon III.

My mother owns, as well, a small French 10 centime coin. On one side it has the head of Louis Phillipe. Surrounding the head are the words, "Louis Phillipe 1845". On the reverse side it has the French coat-of-arms and cherubim surrounding it.

Kim Hawkins 2.2

There was a fat man of Bombay,
Who was smoking on a sunny day,
When a bird called Snipe,
Flew away with his pipe
Which vexed the fat man of Bombay.

Frank Lo Grande 2.2

THIRD YEAR LITERATURE

MY FINAL FAREWELL

The rain was pouring down; a strange phenomenon for the end of November. From the window of our car, I sat looking at the High School I had attended for three years, soon to be only a past memory. I was leaving this school; never to again return as a student.

Contrasted against the grey sky and hovering landscape, my, now old, school stood as a stark object undisturbed by the weather. Rows of long white buildings running parallel to each other, joined by paths I was never more to walk. Green lawns, covered with puddles of water, complemented the buildings. Trouble was the result of these lawns for many students, who were unlucky enough to be caught walking on them. I had seen this school in many weathers — in grey drizzle, when it lay grey and menacing and in brilliant sunlight when the red tiled roofs seemed to rise higher and shimmer in the sunlight — would I see it in many weathers again?

Cascading from the roof down along the windows, the water seemed to be making firm imprints on the classrooms' walls. Classrooms where hard work had been done, for most. Work, sometimes turned into fun when many jokes and mischief had been the result of a teacher turning their back and where students sat puzzled or did not even bother to listen to the monotonous voices and gesticulations of the teachers.

The oval and sports areas were gradually becoming covered with sheets of water from the depressing rain. On these areas, many enjoyable hours were spent at sport. A time when the miseries of the classrooms — the teachers and homework were forgotten, as girls played the game if they felt like it, or else stood in small groups talking about their new clothes or their "latest",

while the sportsmistress would in vain, try to remind them they were still in school.

All these were past happy memories. It was a haunting feeling to think that I would soon be forgotten by the teachers and students of this school. As I was driven away, a part of my life closed behind me, around the corner was another part; soon to be opened.

Kerry Newman 3.1

EXISTENCE

Never-ending, ever-lasting.
If one departs,
it is filled by a second,
Full of crosses,
blessings and uncertainty.

This never-ending sorrow,
This never-ending pain,
This never-ending turmoil
within one's brain.

That ever-lasting love,
That ever-lasting truth,
becomes lies replenished.
That ever-lasting peacefulness
within the body;
no tension within the flesh.

Accept what is given,
Be thankful and never regret.
Life is for living;
Life without living, a life to forget.

Josephine Marino 3.2

THE INAUGURAL TRAIN

The Great Day, 26th February 1970, an historical occasion. The magnificent train, "The Indian Pacific", crossed the continent from one coast to the other. The coasts that are littered with skeletal remains of rotting Dutch ships wrecked along its treacherous reefs.

For the first time, from coast to coast, a train crossed the eerie, hauntingly, scarred, beautiful land of Australia.

Marion Manning, 3-1



SILK SCREENING — the process of silk screening with some examples behind.

BILL

He sat, pondering by the fire, with sad, drooping eyes. This was the first time I had ever seen Bill without a smile upon his lips, and this was certainly the first time I had seen the corners of his mouth turned down.

Hanging his head down as though he were ashamed of something, he hunched his shoulders as if to lessen the weight of the burden that had been thrust on him. Slowly he twisted his hands into a seemingly endless knot. His feet were set wide apart and his beautifully toned muscles were as tense as a scared rabbit's.

Not even the firelight dancing on his bald scalp could lighten my heart tonight — nothing that was concerned with this lonely, desolate man anyway.

Joy Reading 3.3

SAVED FROM DEATH

I first found him with
 A ragged and dirty mane,
 A dull, white coat
 and straggly tail.
 His once neat hoofs
 were shoeless and sore.
 His heart was broken and dejected.
 The muddy pool of water was
 Surrounded by his lonely prints.
 A dead tree was his only comfort
 In that sandy desolate waste
 Where he was cast out,
 To Die.

Now a gleaming, silky body
 Full of life and love,
 With a newly brushed coat
 And freshly combed mane and tail,
 Thunders across the green,
 lush pasture,
 To Me!

Dawn Milner 3.1

MARK AND I

Today is like any other day, and my only child, a boy, will wake at six o'clock in the morning to get me out of bed. My boy, Mark, is only two, but I can see the resemblance to his mother. His mother, a kind, sweet and gentle woman, is respected in my son's eyes. He resembles me in many ways but his mother shows out in him more.

At seven o'clock I am ready for breakfast. Mark brings me the paper and fills my pipe. As we sit at the breakfast table my wife, Julia, throws me a loving smile as my son says grace. I don't really say grace, but my son insists that Jesus and God are listening to him. They may be too! After I have finished my coffee, Mark brings my briefcase and flings his arms around me and says, "Good-bye Daddy, will you play baseball with me tonight?" I smile and promise. I kiss Julia lightly and go. As I step into the car Julia and Mark stand at the step, waving good-bye.

At lunchtime, I am greeted by Mark and Julia. Mark can be very talkative at lunchtimes, especially when the whole morning has been spent with the little girl next door. He asked me a peculiar question that afternoon. "Daddy can Melody (that's the girl next door) and I get married one day?" Sometimes I wonder if they will. They seem to be made for each other.

"Have you asked her?" is my answer.

When I arrive home in the evening I am again welcomed by Mark. He is wearing his favourite jeans, all scruffy, and dirty shoes, caked with mud. His hair is wind-swept and untidy, his dirty face set off by his brilliant white teeth. I drop my briefcase and pick him up, holding him above my head. Julia enters the passage and I put my son down. We enter the kitchen and Mark reminds me of my promise to play baseball.

As we go out to the baseball field Mark says "You're the best daddy in the world"; and I am sure I am the luckiest father in the world too.

Judy Hall, 3-2

PREVENTION IS BETTER THAN CURE

The sky is still red from the fire that raged all last night and today
It is dusk now, and as I sit and ponder by the river,
Everything is so quiet.
Everybody who sees a fire,
just thinks of trees being burnt,
and nothing else.
Few people know what fire really means to the animals.
Some people may have seen a snake sizzled,
And a bird burnt to a crisp,
And a joey that's been made motherless by a fire.
And there are some people who have seen this,
And have not given it another thought.

But what a scream there is when a house has been burnt.
Funds are raised, sympathy is given,
and a lot of fuss is made.
Creatures of the bush deserve this,
but they don't want it,
What they do want is prevention,
so please—
TAKE CARE, for their sakes.

Joy Reading 3.3

BITTERNESS

Quickly and relentlessly, the wind is advancing, migrating, drowning, choking, strangling, burying all vegetation in its path. It rushes over the once bush clad hills and out across the tableland. The river like a giant artery snakes its way fiercely over the wind swept land.

Suddenly it stops!
The sheep stand and continue their way towards the bitter land.

Marion Manning, 3-1

POLLUTION

Horizon to horizon
It spreads its deadly gas.
Mixture of the Sulphides.
Mixture of the Oxides.
Like a blanket it covers.
Absorbs the world around.
Horizon to Horizon
It spreads its deadly gas.

B. Barnes 3.1

THE OLD LADY NEXT DOOR

Beside our house, is an old weatherboard mansion of a house. Its windows are shattered and the roof has gone rusty, with holes in it. The side of the verandah is eaten away by termites and other insects. Possums and cats haunt the house, sometimes even bats fly around the cob-webbed verandah.

While all of these ghostly things are going on, there is a little white-haired, wrinkled faced old lady who is sitting near a fireplace, smoking a home made pipe which her husband had made her before he died some ten years ago. The people call her old "Mother Roberts". When you visit her she is sometimes depressed and temperamental, and the other days she is on top of the world.

Silently she sits and looks at the smouldering ashes. Astonishingly enough, she believes that, her four black cats, the colour of soot, talk to her. Most days if you visit her and you walk slowly up the creaking passage-way, you can hear her trying to talk to them.

The ungrateful old devil is always independent, she never lets anyone help her, not even to chop some wood. "The day I need help, is the day I die," she tells everyone.

Realising that I had not gone to see her for some time, I felt guilty and set off. Slowly, silently I walked up the creaking steps and there before me, were the ugly, skinny, meowing cats staring at me. Suddenly my blood ran cold. I was sure something was wrong. Quickly I ran into the house, up the dark, dull passage. When I reached the kitchen door, I stopped, trembling with fear. Gradually I opened the door and there was the old devil, out cold on the floor with three empty whisky bottles beside her. Alarmed, I got a cup of water and threw it over her face.

I went to get help. Some hours later the doctor came around to see if he could sober her up. After two days of sleep she came to her senses. When I went to visit her she told me that she had never felt better, the temperamental old devil!

Judy Pinner, 3-3

TORTURING NIGHT

The neat ticktock
of the clock,
Lent stiffness into the weary
atmosphere.

It seemed to convey
a sturdy mock,
And with its piercing notes
did jeer.

The girl sat alone
in her eerie room,
And did her homework
in the musky gloom.
The strong taste of black coffee
was on her lips,
As she took the stimulant
in gentle sips.

The clock struck one
and she realised at last,
That these torturing nights
would soon be in her past.
And she knew next month
when her Junior came,
That all these sad efforts
could not have been in vain.

Then the biro slipped
out of her hand,
And her head fell
to the desk.

And the world knew
that she must rest,
But the clock ticked on
with eternal zest.

Jane Roesner 3.1

**ILLUMINATED WATERS
(AT NIGHT)**

The dark waters of the pool
reflect the light from the lamps.
Illuminated figures chase one
another along the pool's edge,
While silver bodies glide
through the silky ripples.

The diving board quivers!
A ghostly figure leaps from it
into the deep, dark water
Full of silver images.

The bridge looms o'er
the reflected swimmers,
with faint outlines of figures
leaning precariously
over its edge.

Dawn Milner 3.1

Boy, handing report card to his parents: "Look this over and see if I can sue for defamation of character."

A JOURNEY INTO THE UNKNOWN

It was a bright Sunday morning in September and we were relieved that the rain which had been very monotonous, had decided to stop. The other members of the party were Allan, our next door neighbour, Jim, my younger brother and my father. We saddled up our mounts. Sunny, Blue, Bella and Binbo. The two pack horses were laden with our sleeping and cooking utensils. My father's horse was very strong so he carried the drum of water as well as my father's weight. We all mounted with a clanging and clipping and set off on our journey.

Our destination was the unknown world beyond "Blag Flag" station, where we lived, and finding out about this land was that in which my scientist father was interested. For a long time it had been my father's dream to venture into this land but he could never find anyone to volunteer to be his assistant. After I had finished my schooling I suggested to him that I could go with him.

My father was sitting very quietly on his horse. I supposed he was thinking, as he always does. My father felt that in this world two things would have to exist, food, and some means of water. Already I had thought if water did exist then would it be so barren? My father must have had the same thought because he said aloud "Barren as the palm of my hand."

Nobody said anything after this statement and we continued in silence.

After a short while we stopped to rest the horses and have some of the water. Allan estimated we had travelled over twenty miles, and it certainly felt like it! The further we continued the hotter it became. Bella started to feel the heat and put her head down and lagged behind the pack horses. My father was still thinking. I know, because there were six or more flies on his face and he didn't even attempt to chase them away. Suddenly he sat upright, not saying anything and we all knew what this meant. We had reached the unknown.

It certainly was barren, there was an occasional stumpy tree or shrub. You could see for miles and it was all the same, just a trackless and vast plain. My father dismounted, squatted down on the ground and scooped some of the red dirt up and smelt it. Allan dismounted and came over to me and said "It is as barren as it is beautiful."

"It certainly has a big attraction and I love it for being so," I finished. We then started to prepare camp as it was getting dark. The journey had been very rough but we had enjoyed our journey into this unknown world.

Julie Davis 3-3

SCHOOL

School is necessary,
But it is unwanted.
School is rules,
But they're made to be broken.
Nothing quite compares,
With the 8th period siren.
And nothing relieves the mind,
Like the thoughts of the freedom
there-on.

School is teachers,
But remember they're humans.
School is homework,
Which is never done.
And although I see my parents'
view,
It is my right to live my life,
And think my thoughts,
and choose my friends,
And dream of the day
when school will end.

Jane Roesner 3.1

THE OUTBACK

Keen stockmen leave for a week's boundary riding. They ride each day, sweating in the blazing sun and roasting in an oven by night. Battling loneliness they cross the barren land.

Drought has hit as they see fly-infested sheep lying crippled under the sun. Disintegration and decay have already begun. Wide cracks in the ground separate the bare bones. Vultures are lurking.

Suddenly the sky blackens. Rain falls and more rain falls. Days of continuous rain. The drought has broken but floods have come.

Marion Manning 3.1



LEAF PRINTING — the use of nature to create unusual patterns.

MUSIC FESTIVAL

As people slowly and noisily filled the seats in the hall, the young pianists behind the stage nervously chatted among themselves or peeped out through a crack in the side door to count the number of people in the hall.

One small girl of about thirteen years stood shyly in a corner of the small back-stage dressing room, watching with fascination, as older music students walked confidently about the room, and she wondered how they could not feel just a little nervous. She turned away and once again played silently her music on the top of a small table which dominated her corner.

Other pianists chatted gaily while they fixed their hair in the large mirror. One boy said loudly to his friend that he hoped it would not take too long, as he wanted to hurry

back home to his model aeroplanes. A group of girls giggled at his statement, and received a glare from the boy.

In the hall, the seats were almost filled. Many of the people in the audience were mothers, fathers and friends of the pianists, and were almost as nervous. An air of anticipation filled the room, and was felt by all as they talked to each other in hushed tones.

Then a silence descended on the audience when the adjudicator tinkled his small bell, indicating that he was ready, and all faces turned to the stage. The first pianist walked out onto the stage and bowed to the audience. Her worried, nervous face turned to one of delight as she realised that the thunderous applause was really for her.

Jill Marshall 3.1

TIMOTHY

Rosy red cheeks and a nest of curly black hair. Eyes pitch black as night can be, with lashes short and watery. A mouth so determined and set proper on his joyous little face, which was forever beaming with laughter.

Timothy, his first and probably only child was his highlight and had been of his now deceased wife, and he adored him. Lying there, eyes closed and looking so tranquil it seemed hard to believe that he was in another world.

Everyone liked him, even the milkman who barely knew him and never forgot to bring him his sweets, in the early mornings. The exact image of his mother, with very little to show of the features on his father's side of the family.

He was spoilt, because he was so adorable and loving. Everyone always pleased him with whatever he wanted. Kissed and cuddled by innumerable numbers of hands he'd grown to become a two year old, always blessed with what he wished.

Taking a second glance at the still body of childhood he wondered what it would be like if Timothy was alive again. To be able to see his son grow into a man and in the meantime realise that he, himself would be fading in the past.

The little "rabbit" teeth that were constantly chewing on something; hands so chubby but able to reach where he pleased; feet so small and delicate, and a body with a promise to become a mature man.

The dark hand, looking so ancient and hostile settled on top of the lid. Its owner's voice came dreamingly to his ears, beckoning him to leave. As he turned, and was about to descend the flight of stairs the lid slowly closed, upon the once energetic, but now lifeless body.

Lingering on, he caught a last glimpse of his son's profile as the lid closed down, embedding it in his now twice carved heart for life.

The promise was broken.

Josephine Marino, 3-2

Discretion is the art of raising the eyebrows instead of the voice.

MYRA THE OLD ABORIGINAL WOMAN

On entering the reservation, I saw many young, scraggy and barely-dressed children playing. Taking another fleeting glance over the small cluster of untidy tin shacks I had my attention captured by an old woman sitting alone near one of the shacks.

Wearing an old faded dress, the old woman tried to appear interested in what was happening about her, but her eyes told me that she was day-dreaming. Her eyes, which once had been young and sparkling, were now old and dull. Her hair was as white as snow, and tumbled down and over her shoulders. Her sad face reminded me of the sun, sinking after a wet, dreary day. Her waxen, faded skin hung like shrouds from a dead body. She was very thin and looked very brittle.

This was Myra — she who had told me so often of the history of her son's tribe which had come originally from South Australia. It was, doubtless, these memories which now crowded her mind and clouded her eyes.

Gloria Mitting 3.3

WAKE UP AND LIVE

On a sunny autumn day,
As the leaves silently, daintily,
Touched the ground.
I lay silent.
My mind a blank.
I watched the clouds,
Silently, swiftly and so soft,
Pass above me.
The World was silent.
Except for nature's beings
Welcoming Spring.
How wonderful the World is.
All pleasures made to be admired.
Nature does not take the World for
granted.
But we are blind, we waken
To a new sun, for the sound of
Wind or rain, life or death.
How does she see us?
Blind to beauty.
Is our life too short?
Or do we hurry it along.
Oh World, you're too beautiful
For anyone to realise you.

Judy Hall 3.2

