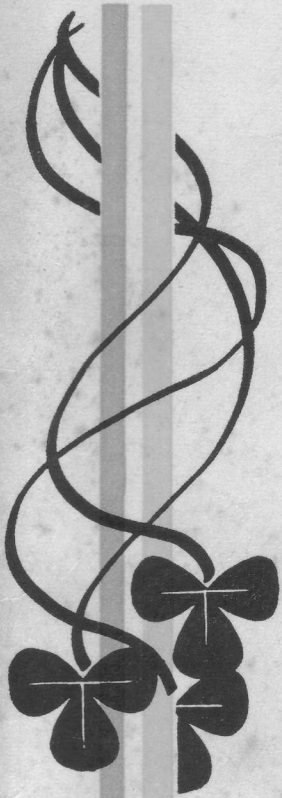


Ellis Gelder

**HARVEY
AGRICULTURAL
HIGH SCHOOL
1972**



The

STIRLING

Harvey Agricultural High School



STAFF 1972

Principal

Mr F. E. Marsh, AWASM, MACE

Deputy Principal

Mr N. McNess, BA

Principal Mistress

Miss J. Jeffery, BA, DipEd

MR D. ADAMS, AIT (APP, SCI)
B Ed. Senior Master Ag Wing

MR G. MARDON, Dip Elron (PTC)
Senior Master Manual Arts

MR F. RANDO, AIT (SOC SC),
MACE

Senior Master Social Studies/Eng

MR A. SHARP, B Sc, B Ed
Senior Master Maths/Science

MR C. HAWKES
MR A. HEW, BA Hons (MALA)
MR R. HEPTINSTALL
MR K. HINDMARSH
MR A. JAMES, Farm Supervisor
MISS A. MEWS, Dip HSc
MRS F. MARSH
MR D. MORGAN
MR R. BICKERS, Dip Ag Sci
MR P. BROWN
MR A. BROWNING
MISS F. CALABRESE, Dip Bus Ed

MISS L. ELLIOTT
MR R. FARMER
MISS V. GENONI
MR J. GODFREY, Ass Farm Super
MR J. MORLEY
MRS K. NETTLETON
MISS L. NIKKULA, BA
MR C. REINCASTLE
MR J. SOBON
MRS W. SOBON
MR G. STEVENS



HARVEY AGRICULTURAL HIGH SCHOOL STAFF, 1972

BACK ROW (left to right): Mr. D. Morgan, Mr. C. Hawkes, Mr. R. Farmer, Mr. J. Sobon, Mr. C. Reincastle, Mr. J. Morley, Mr. J. Browning, Mr. A. Hew, Mr. R. Heptinstall, Mr. K. Hindmarsh, Mr. G. Stevens.

FRONT ROW (left to right): Miss L. Elliott, Miss V. Genoni, Miss A. Mews, Miss F. Calabrese, Mr. F. Rando, Mr. N. McNess, Mr. F. Marsh, Miss J. Jeffery, Mr. A. Sharp, Mrs. W. Sobon, Miss L. Niikkula, Mrs. S. Nettleton.

STUDENT OFFICIALS 1972

TOWN WING PREFECTS

W. KNIGHT, Captain
R. GREEN
M. HOCART
D. MITTING
N. SMITH
R. UGLE

J. YEOMAN, Senior Girl
J. BLACKBURN
D. GERSCHOW
V. McMILLAN
J. MARSH
J. MINES

AG WING PREFECTS

M. ROBERTS, Captain
L. DOUST
D. GRIFFITHS
R. HITCHCOCK
G. JEFFERIES
M. MANOLAS

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

R. ECKERSLEY
C. GOOD

J. KEYNES
C. NUTLEY

R. BRENNAN
G. DOWSE

R. NEWBY
A. ROUGHEAD



SCHOOL PREFECTS

BACK ROW (left to right): R. Green, M. Hocart, D. Gerschow, D. Mitting, R. Ugle.

FRONT ROW (left to right): J. Mines, J. Blackburn, W. Knight, Mr. F. Marsh, J. Yeoman, V. McMillan, J. Marsh. Absent: Neil Smith.

EDITORIAL

Since we have been chosen for the editorial committee, it seems fitting that we should write an editorial.

There have been several alterations in the staff. Mr Hew, Mr Sharp, Miss Genoni, Miss Mews, Miss Elliott and Mr McNess are all newcomers to our happy band of teachers. However, Mr and Mrs Phillips came and went. Mr Mardon is on long service leave and is replaced by Mr Reincastle.

Cupid has been working overtime this year as four members of our staff have been married, engaged or otherwise.

We have done well in our sporting activities around the South West. In the swimming carnival in Collie, we came third out of eight schools.

During the year we had a visit from Moora High School against whom we played hockey, football and netball.

In the Bunbury winter carnival the boys hockey won the A division

pennant and the girls came runner-up in the A division netball.

There was a TAA Eastern States tour during the August holidays and thirty-four students, including five boys from the Agricultural Wing, accompanied by Miss Niikkula and Mr Sharp, fled the cares of routine life for ten days.

There is a wider choice in our optional subjects this year. Boys are allowed to cook (or to try) while girls are joining women's lib and invading the woodwork and motor mechanics fields.

The athletics carnival was a flying success with 24 records broken. The weather was fine and sunny and the competition quite keen.

Overall, 1972 has been a very successful year. We would like to give our sincere thanks to the staff, students and especially to Mrs Shields, for all their hard work in helping us compile this magazine.

THE COMMITTEE

PREFECTS' NOTES

The year has rushed by and all too soon, we, the 1972 prefects will complete our term of office.

Although holding the position of prefect has many responsibilities, we have enjoyed the numerous privileges. The most enjoyable task is the social held at the end of every term. After spending many painstaking hours cutting and rolling streamers, and finally decorating the hall, we are rewarded by having a gay and pleasant evening. The second social of the year was an outstanding success with everyone dancing and thoroughly enjoying themselves. This was due mainly to the band, the "Prologues", who kept the social swinging. To raise funds for the band we organised a "Blue Jean" day, where everyone forfeited 20c for the privilege to wear what they chose. This raised the amazing sum of \$55.

As part of our role as Prefects we were automatically elected to the Student Representatives' Council. This body was again a success in presenting the students' views to the staff. We would like to thank all form representatives for their support and co-operation in the running of these meetings.

Each lunch hour, a prefect and a first or second year student were assigned to a particular area of the school. This was yard duty and the prefect had to ensure that all rubbish was moved (or else!!). Most students were very co-operative and this made the task quicker and easier for both. Towards the end of the year we were relieved of supervising this duty and the teachers were put in charge. We hope they manage to keep the school as tidy as we did.

We would sincerely like to thank both staff and students for making our final year so pleasant and satisfying, and wish the 1973 prefects the best of luck, and hope that they will find it just as rewarding as we have done.

The Prefects

THE EASTERN STATES TOUR

After assembling at Perth Airport and having our photos taken, we departed at one o'clock Thursday morning on the 31st of August on a TAA flight direct to Sydney. The group consisted of 32 students, including five boys from the Agricultural Wing. Miss Niikkula and Mr Sharp were our supervisors.

We arrived at Sydney airport at 7 o'clock in the morning where we had breakfast then left for a coach tour of Sydney. The sights included Sydney Harbour Bridge, Botany Bay, the Treacherous Gap, the Opera House and the historical Vaucluse House. We also went to the top of Australia Square and were rewarded with a bird's-eye-view of Sydney. That night we went on a tour and saw all the brilliant and colourful lights of Sydney and King's Cross, where we stayed the night.

We awoke early the following morning and left the Sydney suburbs by bus and explored the South Coast. The weather was fine and sunny and we were impressed with the beaches. We visited Port Kembla Steelworks where we were shown steel in the making. From Port Kembla we wound our way back to Sydney.

The next morning we went on a ferry ride on the picturesque Hawkesbury River. In the afternoon we went to Sydney's famous Taronga Park Zoo. The bird aviary was very colourful and the seals most entertaining.

Later on in the afternoon we went to Luna Park, Sydney's permanent fair ground, where we received our "thrills" from the giant roller coaster. After tea, Mr Sharp and Miss Niikkula took us Ten Pin Bowling.

In the morning we flew from Sydney to Canberra, a very short and interesting flight because it was daylight and we could see the farms below.

After arriving in Canberra's small but modern airport, we had a coach tour around Canberra. Firstly we went to Duntroon Military College and then to the American-Aus-

tralian War Memorial. From the War Museum we looked down the famous "pinkish" Anzac Parade across Lake Burly Griffin, to the steps of Parliament House. In the afternoon we were taken on a guided tour of Parliament House and saw the House of Representatives and the Senate. We also visited the Institute of Anatomy, the National Library and the famous fountains. A ferry ride on Lake Burly Griffin was a pleasant touch.

We were all very impressed with Canberra as it is very well planned. There was no rubbish and all the buildings were designed so as to blend in with the surroundings. There was an abundance of trees, lawns, gardens and fountains. We spent two days in Canberra before heading for Cooma, the base of the Snowy Mountains. We arrived in Cooma late in the evening, travel weary. In the morning we set off for the snow, arriving in Thredbo late in the afternoon after a morning of "popping" ears. We spent our time in the snow, tobogganing and taking photographs. We spent the night at Cooma and set off for Melbourne the following day. On the way we had an overnight stay in Lakes Entrance, it being necessary to break the long journey of hundreds of miles.

Our first morning in Melbourne was spent at the Kraft Cheese factory which was very hygienic and interesting, but everyone vowed they would never eat cheese again.

In the afternoon we went shopping in Melbourne and again went ten pin bowling in the evening.

We attended a Victorian League Football match where we saw Richmond meet Collingwood. Unfortunately we had to leave at half time and go to Melbourne's brand new, modern Tullamarine Airport, to take the flight back to Perth, farewelled by our friendly bus driver, Jeff, who had been with us from Canberra.

The sincere thanks of all students are offered to Miss Niikkula and to Mr Sharp for everything they did to make our trip a memorable one.

Robyn Eckersley

LIBRARY REPORT

Lack of rooms in the school makes it necessary at times for the library to be used as an ordinary classroom. When one views the magnificent Commonwealth libraries now included in many schools, one realises the smallness of our library in comparison. But smallness does not necessarily detract from its value. This year new shelving modules have been added to accommodate new books as they arrive.

A great range of audio-visual and non-book material has arrived: records, tapes, film strips, musical scores, pictorial charts, pamphlets, students have had many enjoyable lessons using them. Equipment for individual use is available, but owing to lack of space, orientation of the students has been limited. It is hoped that this will improve next year.

New material is being continually added to the existing stock and older, worn or outdated material is removed. Limited finance does necessarily curb desired spending although lack of initiative and consideration by the students in their use of the library, reduces the value of the library.

Again thanks are due to the library prefects for their time and energies spent helping in the library.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

This year, students, guided by our new Spoken English teacher, Miss Genoni, have done exceptionally well in prepared talks and debates.

Between Shayne Brophy and Rick Newby, in prepared talks, the students of the South West had little chance against Shayne's precise expression and Rick's witty sarcasm.

The HAHS students also showed their skill in the debates held over a period of three weeks in Collie. This debating competition was held for all schools in the South West.

Our upper secondary "B" debaters were Judy Mines, Anne Prokopyszyn and Jenny Yeoman. Unfortunately, they met some tough opposition and lost their debates.

Our secondary lower "A" team

consists of: Janine Marsh, Rodney Brennan and Pam Robinson. This team narrowly missed out on their first debate, but won the second and third.

Our secondary lower "B" team consisted of: Jenny Upton, Shayne Brophy and Allan Shields. This team won their first two debates and lost their third by a "hair's breadth", in fact, $\frac{1}{2}$ a point.

All members feel that a successful year has been enjoyed and we wish to thank Miss Genoni for her hard work in helping us to attain such a good competitive standard.

Rodney Brennan

EXCUSES TO GET OUT OF SPORT

1. My guinea pig had a miscarriage (1st Prize).
2. The alarm didn't go off.
3. The bus broke down (shows no initiative).
4. There's a 24-hour virus going around.
5. I'm getting a cold (only effective with appropriate sound effects).
6. I sprained the second toe on my left foot; the doctor said I mustn't do anything strenuous (that includes Maths tests).



DEBATING TEAM

BACK ROW (left to right): J. Upton, R. Newby, R. Brennan, A. Shields, S. Brophy.

FRONT ROW (left to right): J. Marsh, J. Yeoman, S. Riegert, Miss V. Genoni, P. Robinson, A. Prokopyszyn, J. Mines.

SCHOOL IS . . .

Trying to look feminine in lace-up shoes.

Turning off all the heaters in case the fees go up again.

Security.

Trying to make a skirt ten inches above the knee look two inches above the knee.

A child's paradise.

My escape from home.

QUIPS

GIRLS: When a male student looks at you straight in the face you had better do something about your figure.

BOYS: Sometimes the law of gravity doesn't apply. For instance, it's easier to pick up a girl than it is to drop her. Even the woodpecker owes his success to the fact that he uses his head.

★ Literature Prize Winners ★

THE BATTLE

Buzz was working on the project with her apron strings tied around her and her bristles frizzed up in the fashionable way. She was sure she was alone and glad, too, for this juicy exhibit was a real bonanza. However, another mosquito soon arrived.

"Hi, Buzz," said Lizz.

"Hi, Lizz," groaned Buzz.

"Watcha doin' 'ere, Buzz?"

"Prospecting," replied Buzz.

"Any success?" queried Lizz.

"Nope," prevaricated Buzz, trying to get her to leave.

"I did, one the other side," boasted Lizz.

"Hey," exclaimed Buzz, "this is my claim."

"Don't see no flags," observed Lizz.

"Ya better get outa 'ere," warned Buzz. "I think I had better tell you that I have the fastest proboscis in the west."

"Well then, I challenge you to a fight. Winner takes all," taunted Lizz.

"You're on!" returned Buzz.

There was a pause.

"Who's going to be referee?" asked Lizz.

"Bert will," supplied Buzz.

"Orright."

Buzz whistled and a large bee came and looked at Buzz.

"Oh no, not again, Buzz," he moaned, "this is the fourth time this week."

"Sorry, Bert, it won't happen again," replied Buzz apologetically.

"Okay," said Bert, "you mosquitoes know the rules. The mosquito of Swampsbury rules, four paces back, count of three, then draw, and may the best mosquito win."

The cracking of probosces filled the air and the prize beneath their feet quivered with either excitement or wakefulness. The two mosquitoes were so involved in the battle that they did not notice that the giant was moving. Bert saw a giant hand upraised and hovered

away in the distance when . . .

"Bang!"

A dead heat?

Pamela Robinson, 3.1

LIFE AND DEATH

As I sit and stare into the fire,
I feel its warm glow wrapping its
arms around me.

I hear the comforting crackle of
sparks,

This, its speech, communicating,
I listen, absorbed in its myths;

Flickering flames stretch upwards,
Quivering, alive, dancing;

They each tell their own stories

Of faraway mystic lands;

Of unfulfilled wistful dreams;

Of hopes and yet of sorrows.

But life grows smaller, smaller,
And with it dreams fade; fears

loom;

The hearth is dark, the fire dead;

The wood, once glowing with youth

Now mournfully black with death.

A final flame fights hopelessly,

A last desperate, pitiful plea for

life:

Bringing a moment of warmth, of

comfort;

But now the silence returns.

Smothering me in its cold icy

fingers.

Jenny Yeoman, 3.1

THE OLD FISHERMAN

The first thing I noticed on his brown wrinkled face was his nose with its deep sunken pores. His blue eyes were deep set, and were shaded by his bushy grey eyebrows. His lips were dry and parched, and between them balanced a cigarette. From the nape of his neck to his ears his grey hair was shaven, and resting on his head was a beeny. He wore a wornout jersey and a of faded trousers and on his feet was a pair of old sandals. I watched him stand on the edge of the pier, with his hands in his pockets. His restless blue eyes were on the sea. He looked sad, even pathetic. I left him to his thoughts.

Robyn Eckersley, 2.1

OLD AGE

Her twisted face, yellow and deeply lined,
 Her parchment skin bears the scars of old age
 She stares aimlessly into space, she is blind.
 In a dreary room she sits, as though in a cage,
 With nothing but memories to fill her thoughts,
 Such are the indignities of old age.
 She ponders back over the joy filled years,
 Back through the paths of her childhood.
 She dreams in silence, her cheeks drenched with tears,
 She has had a good life, yes very good.
 But now her spirit reaches out of her cage,
 She is dead — free of old age.

Rodney Brennan, 2.1

A THUNDER STORM

Soiled clouds band;
 A clap of thunder booms afar.
 The air is wholly still;
 Not a breath of wind
 And
 We are restless.
 A tree stands
 The monarch of the field
 Moving not a leaf.
 Suddenly
 The electricity of the sky
 Flashes on
 The counterpane of earth
 Clouds gather in a conference.
 And then the welcome rain
 Comes pattering.

Leanne Northey, 1.2

THE FOREST

Leaves like half cut emeralds clinging precariously to skeleton-like twigs; hazy, lumbering trunks with gnarled bark glued to their sides reach up to the filthy, inklike clouds; young saplings growing like children at their mothers' feet; dead limbs hang like grandfathers and grandmothers who have had their days.
 Chopping block stumps look up to the high and almighty trees which are in a lot better condition.
 A dead sapling stands like a blown

light bulb in amongst the emerald leaves.

A bird lands on a tall abrupt tree and calls as if it has lost its mother.

Shadows sleep soundly on the floor below the tall monster figures.

Gnarled dead branches straggle out like an octopus just shot by a spear gun.

The forest; what a wonderful place.

Rodney Chambers, 1.1

26 HIT COMMENTS

"King of a Drag" — school.
 "Tears in the Morning" — teachers by end of period.
 "I hear you Knocking" — students at office.
 "Sounds of Silence" — Principal Mistress's office.
 "Black and Blue" — effects of a visit to the office.
 "Eye of Destruction" — teacher by 3.30.
 "Peace Will Come" — at 3.30.
 "Take it Easy" — advice for hard working teachers.
 "Let's Spend the Night Together" — students and their homework.
 "Sweet and Innocent" — third year students.
 "These Boots are Made for Walking" — Mr Heptinstall.
 "Daddy Cool" — Mr Hew.
 "Burn up on my Bike" — Mr Morley.
 "Mr America" — Mr McNess.
 "Long Haired Lover from Harvey" — Mr Farmer.
 "Made in England" — Mr Heptinstall.
 "Boss's Daughter" — Janine
 "Double Barrel" — exhaust on Mr Morley's car.
 "Friday on my Mind" — teacher's dreams.
 "Song of Joy" — weekends.
 "It's Crying Time Again" — students reading report.
 "Don't Cry Daddy" — father examining report
 "I'll be Gone" — on 1st December
 "Up Around the Bend" — teachers by the end of 1972.
 "I Thank You" — for trying to teach us.

**Three Third Year Students
 (MCA)**

★ Class Notes ★

FORM NOTES 1.1

Girls in General:

Wendy Giblett is the class clown and opposite to Wendy is the mouse of the house, Lorraine Macaulay. Horse rider of the year goes to Apple Coope, blushes, but that is nothing as the rest of the kids in 1.1 are quite normal, but sometimes the kids tend to go off their rockers.

Boys in General:

This year the 1.1 class had only 11 boys in it. Overall they are a rather bright group of fellows.

Terry Kenny and Bill Auburn are two boys who hate the subject of insects. Ian Campbell is a "vampire" with a very good imagination. Ellis Fielder and Russell McMillan are keen on all subjects, especially French. Dean Maughan absolutely adores Social Studies and his favourite sport is riding horses. Rodney Chambers' best subject is French and has extremely high marks.

Pets:

Aren't these a common nuisance in the class today? In our class we have five main pets and the rest of us all have our moments. In Science these always seem to be Eiffel Tower, Moustache and Julie Gee.

Hooknose always just manages to stay on the right side of most teachers. Insecticide loves Social Studies.

Sport: The common athletes in form 1.1.

Sexy Legs, best at long jump.

Bomber, at his hockey 1, hockey 2, hockey 3.

Macuss, the 100 yard sprinter.

Water Wings, skimming the water doing her butterfly.

A tragic accident caused the dismissal of 1 Peg Leg Riegert.

Brains:

In all classes there are always the fortunate. These are the brains. We in 1.1 have four brain waves.

Burns, the real brain wave and the so distinguished Robley and the

fabulous hooknose Ottrey along with the famous Angie.

That's about all of us.

1.2 CLASS NOTES

I am going to tell you a bit of news about the loveable 1.2 class of 1972. There has never been a 1.2 class who has been so popular as we are and we hope that next year's 1.2 will keep up our high standard.

These are the people who go towards making us the mighty class we are:

Graham MacNish, dux of the class — usually known as "Fireball"

Rex Carlsson, fantastic at football — well done "Nutley".

Colin Brandis, all that practice paid off — finally made the hockey team, "Lundy".

Stewart Jones, football hero, "Stewy".

Debbie Fry, hockey rep. Hurrah! for "Smiley".

Leone Denham — "Lonesome".

Leanne Northey — "Northal-berry".

Dianne Smith — "Horse".

Kerrie Taylor — "Fish"

Judy Grieves — "Small Fry".

Debbie Jeffery — "Pebbles"

Steve Richards — "Bucky".

Ron de Riddler — "Daffy Duck".

Cosi Santostephano — "Skippy".

Ian Kenny — "Shortstuff"

Brenton Wood — "Woody Wood-pecker" with an eye on Jenny.

1.3—1972 FORM NOTES

"Wiggie" Wilson — soup anytime.

"Sharkey" Hodgson — loves sport.

"Butch" Taylor — our football hero.

"Charlie" Doble — another footballer.

"Bub" Harrison — fab fudge fanatic.

"Figo" Figliomeni — Gabby Barrel.

"Cherry" Sabourne — fighting champion.

"Witchy" West — boy mad.
 Debbie Cormack — ditto.
 "Boathead" Miller — the quiet one.
 Kerron Hart — sport but never school work.
 "Golly" Holisano — moptop.
 "Pete" Britza — conchy.
 Domenic Di Muchi — four eyes
 "Sherry" Ridley — the alcoholic.
 "Bucks" Harrison — the mechanic.
 "Percy" Ugle — another Barry Cable.
 "Carrot" Calgaret — sporty type.
 "Big Ears" Lancaster — car fiend.
 Kevin Brennan — the road runner.
 "Hardiflex" Hard — loves wagging school.
 "Andy Pandy" Anderson — our hurdling champ.
 "Foghorn" Forgiarini — the fool.
 Louie Lewis — the worker.
 We had our share of sports stars — too many to mention. We have so much sporting and intellectual talent that if we started telling you about it there wouldn't be any room for the rest of the school's form notes. So this is 1.3 signing off for another year.

1.4 FORM

We are a cheerful form and we get along well together. We are an energetic class and show good sportsmanship in our games. We help one another with our work when others can't do it.

Rodney Flemming — Is a great guy if you get to know him. He makes everyone laugh.

Stephen Germs — Knows plenty about cars and helps friends learn about parts of engines.

Graham Hough — Likes sport, friends and motorbikes. He is good at running.

Colin Green — Likes mixing with other people, likes sport and likes work.

Jack Kelly — Loves football, fellow students and boxing. Great guy.

Cosi Dagostino — Likes friends, work and especially sport (running).

Bruce Harrison — Likes swimming, work and mechanics as well

as helping other people.

Graham Hill — Likes motorbikes and mechanics.

Allan Callaway — Likes friends, cars and motorbikes.

Danny Forster — Likes athletics, especially tumbling.

Roy Messom — Likes friends, swimming, shooting and table tennis.

Sylvia West — Likes friends and basketball.

Pauline Parfitt — Likes other people.

Denise Forster — Likes swimming, basketball and softball.

Ada Smith — Likes high jump and basketball and other girls sports.

Daphne Meads — Likes basketball and softball and girls hockey.

Elly Van Zonneveld — Likes to read and likes other people.

Danny Talbot — Likes friends, motorbikes and skin diving.

Rodney Barrett — Likes sport and motor mechanics.

Mal Calabro — Likes football, hunting and fishing.

Hughan McVee — Likes friends, camping, motorbikes and trots.

Ray Chadd — Likes sports such as running, football and cricket.

2.1 FORM NOTES

This year 2.1 has emphasised women's lib. This was proven when two from the female range were both "ducks" of the class in first and second terms; and two out of the three girl sports prefects are students of 2.1. We also have a member of the debating team in Jenny U.

Our spectacular athletics have been recognised throughout the school. They include Valerie W, Robyn E and Rodney B (swimming); Bev S, Candy N, Robyn E and Dixie L (netball); Alan R (soccer) and Garry D (athletics). We must not, however, forget our sports prefects, Russel U, Allan S and David C, who have, indeed, done a great job.

With our three "Cathy's", teachers became highly confused, although Miss Hall is usually easily distinguished. 2.1 is extremely proud

to have many famous musicians. They include Shelly J, Maxine L, Jenny U and C. Good (notice the over-population of boys).

The stirrers of our form include Cathy G (alias "German"), Allan R, Garry D, Kevin M, Barbara M and Doug S. Our quiet natured students include David C, Evelyn S, Jill G, Heather T and Laurene Wood, while our boisterous boy-chasers are Elaine H, Jenny W, Kathy H and Barbara M.

Included in our form we have two promising poets, who together, have compiled a prominent poem about our prospering 2.1. It proceeds as below:

1.2 buckle my shoe
this is 2.1 saying hello to you.
3.4 close the door
of us there are 33 minus 4.
5.6 pick up sticks
we stir the teachers to get our kicks
7.8 close the gate
for English most of us are late.
9.10 you big fat hen
we listen to "Newby" rattle on again.
10.9 we're never on time
this is because of "Einstein".
8.7 of boys there's 1 from 11
but none of these will get to heaven
6.5 we do strive
while Polly around the bend we drive
4.3 you can always see
a boyd in a class — David Lees.
2.1 we're not so dumb
we've completed this so it's done.
Finally we would like to sincerely thank our form teacher "Polly", and all teachers concerned, in helping us to "flunk" our exams.
Better luck next year 2.1.

2.2 FORM NOTES

Hi. This is 2.2 contacting you. Relax while we "yack" you with the latest news coming direct from Lab 2, 2.2, opposite hut 7 on the left of hut 3 and on the right of Central Headquarters.

We're the top dogs in the school. Speaking of dogs, I guess you would like to get to know us, so here are a few of our nicknames in a poem.

It was a Copper Head (M. Zappia)
With a Cherry (Sabourne) beak
like a chook (Ferraro)
It has a cheezy (Winnard) smile
With paws like a dog (Hogan)
And legs like a spider (Thomas)
But the remains of a fish (Harnett)
And weighed as much as a flea (J. Zappia).

We have been well represented by our Student Council representative Fran Figliomeni and also our class prefects Francis, Bronwyn, Andrew, Vicki, Geoff and Margaret.

All in all we're a rowdy mob, but we would like to thank Mr Heptinstall for putting up with us for the whole year.

2-3 CLASS NOTES

Our form is 2.3 with new class prefects each term. Virginia and Michael — first term. Julie and Allan — second term. Sue and Charlie — third term and our brains for terms one and two were Lynda Penny and Ian Kealy in that order.

2.3's outstanding sports kids are: Football — Trevor, Robert, Graeme Ian. Soccer — Angelo. Hockey — Caroline. Softball — Peta, Pina, Caroline and Rosalind.

For swimming Joanne represented us at the Collie Swimming Carnival.

Debating: We consider ourselves excellent speakers so why bother debating.

The library, which is home base, hasn't any desks so we're lucky in that manner.

Our form teacher, Mr Sobon, has been good to us, although we don't always show our appreciation, there's no time like the present.

Thank you Mr Sobon, for a year of laughs.

OUR TEACHER'S CHORE IS TO TEACH 2.4

Good old James is still the same,
Although his mo'
It grows so slow.
Pol's going grey, he's in a bad way
English is his game
Snoopy is the Baron's prey,
but when it comes to 2.4 sport
he has a very bad day.
And Mrs Bennett, sweet is her name

Although her ring has changed her name.

(We would have used Nettleton but it's too long.)

So sharp and never blunt,

That's our Mr Sharp.

McNess is his name,

and he calms all students with his cane

And here we are:

Aldo is a truthful boy,

Who brings his books with joy,

Burgess would forget any book,

He's no teacher's pet,

The mile has been run in four minutes,

The foot has been done in four hours by

Brian Harnett,

Christine Ugle you would think by the

name she'd play the bugle,

Faye doesn't work all day,

If she could she would stay away,

Graham is in the office with a footy, "I swore, sir"

Geoff is deaf at his desk,

When he heard the command to work,

Lenny can fly like an eagle,

And can jump like a roo,

Larry is our bottle-o who collects them and wrecks them.

Mario did what he could for Mitchell (green).

Malcolm Cooke couldn't cook a chook if he tried.

Peter Treasure has a pass because he

is the top of the class.

Peter is an astronomer because he looks up yonder.

Michael rowed the form ashore.

Ronnie seems to get along fine

But sometimes he gets left behind.

Rosie doesn't get top of the class but at least

she tries to get a pass.

We have an anonymous spud in our class who's name is Tricia.

AUTHORS

We the authors

Who start at B with Bessy the ghost who scares us the most,

Then comes Mario who swims like a fish in a dish.

Also comes Sharon who swims like a marron

Last of all comes Tim; at least he can swim.

3.1 CLASS NOTES

Our 'hang-out' is Room 10 and our gang leader, Miss Elliott. Formerly it was Mrs Phillips, but we became too much of a strain on her nerves, so she left us to go as far away as possible — namely to England. When this sad event was over we were told to collect our goods and chattels from Room 9 and trundle off to Room 10 with Miss Elliott.

As the year closes, 3.1 has settled into a set routine, which goes something like this:

Monday: Drag ourselves to school with tired, worn faces; spend eight periods snoring (the late nights out with the gang have forced us to sleep by day) with one ear ready for homework, specially when we have Miss Jeffery who staggers in late under her burden of unmarked homework to give us a few months' supply, to be supplemented by Mr Rando's three months' supply.

Tuesday: Ditto.

Wednesday: Likewise.

Thursday: C'est tres monotone (special effort for Miss Jeffery).

Friday: At last, a difference! Miss Helliott, formerly of the Hell's Angels, squeals onto the scene in her hot-rod carrying a large supply of cottonwool (for her ears). Friday is form room day. The boys are first in and first out, even though they are outnumbered 2-1. She stamps into the hang-out and with a deafening roar yells, "Hands off the machines!" The sewing machines are easy targets for vandalism and they also attract the attention of our more domesticated boys. The siren sounds, but everyone remains as still as angels (too still!). The sprinter of the herd is Ritchie (Oh modest one!) who is always first out the door. Basha and Reg take the easy way out through the windows, avoiding Miss Elliott. Michael, the gentleman (?) waits at the door for the girls (we don't know why) while Des is still wandering around in a dream (Helen?). Big John has to get down on his knees to go through the door. On his way towards it, Cliff loses his glasses in the mad rush and collides with several foreign objects. The last of the boys is William, who is

picked up off the floor by Miss Elliott after the stampede.

After the boys' departure the girls begin to leave two-by-two; Marianne and Lisa (Women's Liberationists); Wendy and Helen (always good friends); Deborah and Jenny (experienced in sign language); Judy M and Pam (debaters); and the rest trundle along behind. These include Yvonne, the newspaper celebrity; our bookworm, Suzanne; the rare Albino Gollywog (Judy B); Janine and Vanessa, the brains behind the gang; and in no particular order, Barbara, Averil, Susie, Rosemary and Anne Proko. Last, but not least, is Miss Elliott. She disgustedly surveys the room which is littered with chalk, notes and various missiles, then sweeps out the door. She usually hasn't enough courage to arrive back before Wednesday, which gives her four days recuperating time.

A final mention must go to staff members, especially Hippy-Heppy, Mr Sharp, Miss Jeffery and our form teachers who have tried to teach us something this year. 3.1 extends thanks and much sympathy to all, but full marks for trying! We also wish everyone the best of luck in final results and for trying! We also wish everyone the best of luck in final results and for 1973. We hope that next year's 3.1 will be as much loved as we have been and that they do not spoil our image.

3.2 CLASS NOTES

This is class 3.2 singing loud and clear from room 9. Most of our class is musically (??) minded including Daddy Hew, our form teacher who started a swinging year by tuning us in with a Malaysian song. The following song has been composed especially for our class and is to be sung to the tune of "Long-haired Lover from Liverpool".

"I'll be your long nosed Neil from class 3.2, and I'll be anything you ask,
I'll be a Pixie or a mozzy or an octopus,
If you'll be the swinging monkey in our class."

"I'll be your whale or your duck or your bandicoot,
if you'll crawl like a spider over me,

I'll be your confidential Colgate Pacer in the class,
If you'll be my pot-holed weasel in the blues."

"I'll be your Pig or your Moon or your Furry Neck,

There's a Citizen, a Beauty Queen, a Go-odi and there's a goodarm in our class.

There's a windbag, a carrot and a lambrutus and this is all that's in our class.

3.2 would sincerely like to thank all the teachers, especially our form teacher Mr Hew, and a special thank you to Mrs 'Net'. We have really enjoyed our three years at high school and apologise to all the teachers whom we have mentally disturbed by our stirring, laughing, crying, loving, fighting, teasing ways. But we would like you to know that we did learn a few things from your lessons — such as quick farewells at the end of the day, the term, and now the year.

MEMBERS OF THE SONG

- Long-nosed Neil Neil Smith
- Pixie Wendy Piggott
- Mozzy Michael Vlietman
- Octopus Margaret Tylor
- Swinging Monkey Ella Williamson
- Whale Debra Corbett
- Duck Stephanie Kennedy
- Bandicoot Wendy Rake
- Spider Vicki Forster
- Confidential Colgate Pina Cannella
- Pacer Vernon Stanford
- Pot-hole Baden Pitts
- Weasel Chris Robinson
- Blues Murray Lowe
- Pig Judy Smith
- Moon Penny Mitchell
- Furry Neck Murray Lowe
- Vulture Vivienne Bowden
- Citizen Kevin Sorgiovanni
- Beauty Queen Rosie Mazza
- Go-ode Debra Corbett
- Goodarm Robert Davis
- Lambrutus Frank Lombardo
- Carrot Murray Lowe
- Windbag Steven Windus

FORM NOTES 3.3

Here we are, the almighty 3.3 students for the last time (SAD). Our class, as usual, starts with a racket and ends with a racket.

The prefects, or should we say, our slaves, were:

1st term — Lynda Germs and Raye Taylor.

2nd term — Anne Westerside and Wayne Sabourne.

3rd term — Joy Jacob and Carlo Baggetta.

Now to say something about our form and subject teachers.

Poor Miss Calabrese, she had a rough time trying to cope with 30 beggars at the beginning of the year. But now we are only 27 terrors. We lost Anne Westerside, Yvonne Waddingham and Carlo Baggetta during the term. With only a few weeks to go it's a toss-up as to which will go first, Miss Calabrese's brain, or her voice. Nevertheless, she still has to put up with us.

Mr Morley never fails. Every experiment goes off with a bang.

Even boiling water!!!

Mr Hew; he's a terrific teacher and we hope he likes it here in Australia. Lindy Olsen knows it's very cold outside his classroom in winter and the threat of a "sock in the jaw" makes us get our work done.

And now, what you have all been waiting for, the names of our almighty class members:

WAYNE, the frog, always hopping around.

RAYE, the german, always shooting his mouth off.

FRANK, our Rendell's Bakery representative.

RON, the swinger.

MICHAEL, the red monkey.

GLEN, the blue boy.

PAUL, our horse.

BRIAN, our athlete.

GRAHAM, the crowbar.

PETER, the groover.

RICKY, the Ray.

ROSS, our Queenie.

GREG, our scone.

LORRAINE, the camel.

LINDY, the boy girl.

IRENE, the Hassa Mann.

AILEEN, our squizzy.

JOY, our woman

DEBBIE, our wiggy.

LYNDA, our lump.

DEBBIE, our bunny.

CHRISTINE, the hand brake.

BARBARA, the worker.

MARY, our chook.

CHRISTINE, the tractor.

NAOMI, our sportswoman.

We regret having to leave you, but we scholars must go.

CLASS NOTES OF 3.4

Our class consists of four girls and fourteen boys.

Our form teacher is Miss Mews (poor old soul).

There are two fools in our class, we all know who they are; there is a disaster wherever they are.

Then there is Franky and Johnny, they lived their life together, they both fished together and then they drowned. There is also shark, puppet, locks, but Ross, Doug, Mark, John and Lee are the quiet ones of the class. There are Sunglasses and Bones who are the stirrers of the class.

The girls of the class are Carol, Katherine, Pauline and Mouse.

TWO WORDS

Life and love,

a mere two words,

yet in them everything,

for life is love and love is life,

no meaning when alone.

Life without love,

Songs with no sound,

A smile that has no joy,

All symbolise sheer emptiness

loneliness, a void

A life with love

is harmony,

Subtle tones of peace,

Crashing, coloured cadences,

Sensuous, swirling, souring sounds

—
Life and Love

two tiny words

And these man's greatest needs.

The trouble with sports cars is that, as a rule, the day you finally have enough money to buy one, you can no longer fit into it.

★ *Sport* ★

GENERAL:

Again, this year the school has been able to improve its sporting facilities either by new additions or by steady improvement of existing areas.

Two netball courts have been established and before the end of term a further two men's basketball courts should be available. The turf wicket established last year is progressing nicely and we should be able to play matches on it before this term ends. In the area of cricket it is also hoped that before the end of term we will have established two cement practice wickets near the school oval.

Between the top oval and the tennis courts, work has commenced in establishing permanent athletics broad jump and high jump pit areas.

Further top dressing and levelling of the new hockey field is to continue this term and, providing all goes well, it is possible that it will be available for use next year.

Thanks must go to the staff who have helped in the sporting field this year. Their assistance is very necessary and has been much appreciated by the Physical Education staff. Thanks are due, as well, to the respective house captains for their valuable work through the year, and lastly but by no means least, thanks to the sports prefects: Vicki Pinner, Dixie Lancaster, Candy Nutley, Allan Shields, Russell Upton, David Cooling and David Pryce for a job well done.

INTER-HOUSE SWIMMING CARNIVAL

Results of this carnival were as follows:

Champion House: First, Mitchell 212 points; second, Forrest 171 points; third, Wellington 161 points; fourth, Hayward 103 points.

Individual Champions:

Boys 12 yr: M. Robley, G. Mott, G. Lancaster, first, 5 points; E. Fiel-

der, second, 4 points.

Boys 13 yr: M. Ueich, first, 12 points; R. Brennan, second, 11 points.

Boys 14 yr: N. Smith, first, 20 points; W. Knight, second, 20 points.

Boys open: G. Gilbert, first, 12 points; M. Manolas, second, 12 points.

Girls 12 yr: L. Davies, first, 18 points; J. Denney, second, 10 points.

Girls 13 yr: V. Watson, first, 12 points; R. Eckersley, B. Smith, second, 5 points.

Girls open: L. Johnson, first, 26 points; Y. Bill, second, 10 points.

During this carnival fourteen new records were established.

BUNBURY WINTER CARNIVAL

Once again the school competed in the four sports of this carnival. Results as far as the school was concerned are as follows:

Football: B division, Harvey, 4th with 4 points.

Boys' Hockey: A division, Harvey, 1st with 16 points.

Girls' Hockey: A division, Harvey, 5th with 0 points.

Netball: A division, Harvey, 2nd with 10 points.

All students who competed in the carnival did so in a very sportsman-like manner and special mention must go to the boys' hockey team and the girls' netball team who both played some very fine games.

SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR

Once again the top boy and girl sportsman will be selected for the sportsman of the year trophy. Last year's winners, as you may remember, were Nigel Grant and Helen Tylor.

Selection is made on a points basis which covers all carnivals and school teams.

Who will it be for 1972?

Girls' Sportsman for 1972

Boys Sportsman for 1972



SWIMMING CHAMPIONS

BACK ROW (left to right): G. Lancaster, M. Robley, R. Brennan, W. Knight, M. Ucich, E. Fielder.
 FRONT ROW (left to right): L. Davies, R. Eckersley, B. Smith, Y. Bill, L. Johnson, V. Watson.

INTER-HOUSE ATHLETICS CARNIVAL

This carnival was held on Wednesday, October 11, in very fine conditions (for a change) and after a keen day's competition, the scoreboard showed the following results:

Champion House

First, Mitchell, 270 points; second Hayward, 259 points; third, Wellington, 238 points; fourth, Forrest, 194 points.

Individual Champions

13 yr girls: First, B. Tylor, 22 points; second, D. Cormack, B. Smith, 14 points.

Open girls: First, M. Tylor, 27 points; second, I. Eastcott, P. Fleming, 15 points.

13 yr boys: First, R. Hodgson, 28 points; second, K. Brennan, 17 points.

14 yr boys: First, P. Wade, 25 points; second, L. Hart, 15 points.

15 yr boys: First, L. Wright, 35 points; second, R. Green, 21 points.

Open boys: First, M. Roberts, 31

points; second, R. Archibald, 15 points.

During this carnival an outstanding total of twenty-three new records was established.

Next year's athletics carnival will see a few timely changes.

Firstly, all girls' 70 metre events will be omitted, so will all the passball and leaderball events.

Four inaugural events will be included. They are:

Girls 13 yrs: 400 m.

Girls 13 yrs: 800 m.

Boys 13 yr: 80 hurdles

Boys 13 yr: Discus

PINJARRA INTER-SCHOOL ATHLETICS CARNIVAL

This carnival was held at Pinjarra on Thursday, October 19.

Handicaps for each school were: Pinjarra (scratch) 0 points, Harvey 50 points, Waroona 100 points.

Pinjarra won both the open competition shield and the handicap pennant.

Harvey's athletic team of cham-



ATHLETICS CHAMPIONS

BACK ROW (left to right): K. Brennan, P. Wade, R. Hodgson, R. Green, L. Hart.
 FRONT ROW (left to right): D. Cormack, I. Eastcott, R. Eckersley, M. Tylor, W. Rake, B. Smith, P. Flemming, B. Tylor.

pions did an outstanding job. Individually recognition must go to: Wendy Rake, girls Open champion; Robert Hodgson, boys' junior champion; Lee Wright, equal runner-up to boys' open champion.

Many of this school's competitors had impressive wins in their events and set new records. Of these I think the most outstanding were:

- (1) W. Rake — Open Girls 800 m — New record.
- (2) Boys Open Relay Team — New record.
- (3) Junior Boys Mile — Kevin Brennan.
- (4) Open Boys Mile — Vernon Stanford — New record.

Next year the inter-school carnival is to be held at Harvey.

HOCKEY AT HARVEY

We started training this year with about twenty boys and over the first few days of training, Mr McNess selected a side.

Training was mainly games where the forwards tried to score against

the back line with concentrated sessions on short corners and long corners.

After a few weeks' training we went down to Bunbury to play Bunbury High School on a warm spring day. We defeated Bunbury three goals to one in an easy game. Two weeks later we played Newton Moore and were defeated three goals to one. Our play was "scrambly" and we found it very hard to score our only goal.

The team played the Ag School side about a week and a half later. The day was windy, cold and the ground was muddy. After an even first half the Ag wing scored on the short corner, but we quickly replied with a goal to draw the game.

Our next big event was the South-West Carnival held in Bunbury at Hay Park. On the first day, a Tuesday, we didn't have any games to play so we watched the opposition. Wednesday came and we had to play two games. The first, against Boyup Brook, was a relaxed game



BOYS' HOCKEY

BACK ROW (left to right): R. Davis, M. Hocart, M. Lowe, G. Manning, C. Brandis, I. Charchallis, S. Windus.
 FRONT ROW (left to right): G. Lancaster, W. Knight, V. Stanford, Mr. N. McNess, D. Mitting, F. Figliomeni, D. Buist.

for us but we had to be on our toes to hold off the attacks of our opponents. We defeated them four to nil.

The second game, Harvey versus Newton-Moore, was a hard clash and a real thriller. Although we were the underdogs we kept attacking strongly. At half-time neither side had scored and both coaches were on hand to advise their teams, but the players wanted to get back and start playing. In the first few minutes of the second half, Harvey launched an attack but were pushed back by its defence. We held them until with about fifteen minutes to go, William Knight crashed a good hard hit right into Newton Moore's goals. About eight minutes later Doug Buist scored from a short corner and it was all over. It was a great effort from all the players and our training had paid off.

On Thursday we played Bunbury High School in what was a good hard match. Fifteen minutes into the first half, an opposition player

broke through our defence and ran towards the goals. R. Davies attempted to defend and the player went down, but Robert went straight over the top of him and into the goal post. The first aid assistants took care of his broken collar bone and we went on to win three to nil.

In the afternoon Harvey played Collie in a hard and sometimes dangerous game, but determination and good play brought back the "A" Division Hockey Pennant with a perfect games score.

Douglas Buist, Graham Manning

STATE SQUAD SELECTIONS

In football the following boys attended state trials: R. Green, G. Manning, M. Kealy, R. Taylor, G. Ketteridge, W. Sabourne. Of these, as you all well know, Ritchie Green made the state team which travelled to the Eastern States for the carnival. Unlike last year, however, they were unable to win the competition.



BOYS' FOOTBALL

BACK ROW (left to right): R. Carlsson, A. Thomas, L. Hart, B. Van Nierop, M. Vlietman, D. Oregioni, A. Shields, T. Parfitt, P. Ugle.
 SECOND ROW (left to right): R. Taylor, T. Jones, I. Kealy, R. Green, G. Perks, M. Ucich, L. Upton, P. Wade, M. Martelli, G. Ketteridge.
 FRONT ROW (left to right): G. Newman, G. Dowse, I. Kealy, G. Sabourne, W. Sabourne, Mr. G. Stevens, R. Ugle, S. Jones, G. Campbell, R. Hodgson, R. Upton. Absent: N. Smith.

In netball the following girls attended state trials: W. Rake, J. Hawkins, B. Smith. Of these both Wendy Rake and Janine Hawkins were unfortunate in just missing out on State team selection.

FORREST HOUSE NOTES

As usual, Forrest was on top of the ladder for conduct, but gradually slipped to the bottom when the Athletics Carnival concluded.

We would like to congratulate Margaret Tylor on winning Open Girl and Peter Flemming and Irene Eastcott on being runners-up. Congratulations also to Robyn Eckersley as equal runner-up in the 14 and under Girls' Championship. We were delighted with the enthusiasm shown by the Forrest students during the swimming carnival in which our competitors did very well and to

whom the Forrest supporters gave great encouragement. Neil Smith was Senior Champion Boy at this Carnival.

We would like to thank Miss Niikula and Mr Heptinstall for helping us throughout the year and give our best wishes to Forrest House for next year.

Lisa James, Neil Smith

MITCHELL

1972 will be remembered as the year of the Mitchellite. We "pulled off" the big double, the Swimming Carnival held early in first term and the annual Athletics Carnival held in third term. In the Athletics Carnival we were fortunate enough to have many champions.

Leigh Wright, 15 year old boys' champion, Ritchie Green, 15 year old boys' runner-up, Wendy Rake, 14



GIRLS' HOCKEY

BACK ROW (left to right): E. Williamson, B. Tylor, D. Palmer, M. Brandis, V. Pinner, I. Eastcott, C. Nutley.

FRONT ROW (left to right): R. Eckersley, C. Calgaret, P. Bropho, Mrs. Nettleton, S. Wallam, D. Fry, K. McKay.

year old girls' champion, Beverley Smith, 14 year old girls' equal runner-up, Robert Hodgson, 13 year old boys' champion.

Many records were broken and the majority by Mitchell competitors. Well done all competitors.

A number of boys and girls from Mitchell represented the school in various sporting teams against Waroona, Moora and schools at the Bunbury Carnival and well justified their selection.

Last year Mitchell won the shield for the best house but this year we have been let down in the "Brains Department". If we wish to win this year we will have to improve greatly. Our conduct has improved this year and let's hope we can keep it up.

Finally we would like to wish next year's house captains the best of luck (you'll need it).

Ritchie Green, Wendy Rake

HAYWARD HOUSE NOTES

The Hayward competitors, again with their flying haloes, began the house competition by finishing near the rear in the swimming carnival earlier this year. Thanks must go to all competitors for their determination to do their utmost in these events and for the enthusiastic cheering.

At the end of first term Hayward had made its presence felt and its position was consolidated in the four, thanks to the angelic and academic qualities of the House members which enabled them to become victorious in these fields.

A number of boys and girls from Hayward were selected to represent the school in inter-school competitions and showed themselves in a good light for both school and house.

Our real presence was felt in our recent Athletics Carnival where the Hayward competitors seemed to

**BOYS'
BASKETBALL**

BACK ROW (left to right): K. Sorgiovanni, F. Figliomeni.

FRONT ROW (left to right): I. Kealy, G. Lancaster, G. Newman.



have found their long lost running shoes and finished a fabulous second, losing by 11 points to Mitchell. Next year is going to be tough for the other teams, for Hayward is planning a long awaited first. That is something to think about, isn't it, members? So how about it?

**Graham Newman
Vanessa McMillan**

A librarian who wanted to grow a few herbs planted seeds in a window box. Asked how she would know which was which in such a small space, she replied: "I planted them alphabetically."

WELLINGTON

This year has not been a successful one for Wellington. We finished third in the Sports and Swimming Carnivals. The number of sport-minded teachers has declined but our thanks go to Mr Rando for giving up his time to help us with our events after school. Although we didn't win anything we did threaten our rivals quite seriously and from Wellington we had two champions and three runners-up in the Sports Carnival.

Margaret and I have had a great deal of pleasure in captaining Wellington and hope that next year will be a Red Year.

Reg Ugle, Margaret Tylor



GIRLS' NETBALL

BACK ROW (left to right): V. McMillan, J. Mines, M. Tylor, Y. Bill, M. Grieves, P. Flemming, B. Smith.

FRONT ROW (left to right): D. Gerschow, W. Rake, J. Hawkins, D. Lancaster, J. Blackburn, J. Marsh.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

BACK ROW (left to right): W. Rake, J. Hawkins, M. Grieves.

FRONT ROW (left to right): C. Nutley, S. Wallam, D. Lancaster, V. Pinner.

GIRLS' SOFTBALL

BACK ROW (left to right): P. Flemming, M. Tylor, C. Nutley, R. Eckersley, B. Smith, J. Blackburn, Y. Bill.

FRONT ROW (left to right): S. Cormack, E. Hill, I. Eastcott, L. Ferraro, C. Ugle, R. Gardiner, C. Calgaret, H. Felton, E. Williamson.

SOCCER

BACK ROW (left to right): M. Cooke, M. Ucich, M. Martelli, F. Figliomeni, A. Shields, T. Wilson.

FRONT ROW (left to right): A. Catalano, R. Hogan, A. Thomas, C. Winnard, A. Roughead, J. Mines.

**TENNIS TEAM**

BACK ROW (left to right): A. Roughead, A. Shields, A. Thomas.

FRONT ROW (left to right): J. Mines, J. Taylor, D. Cormack, V. Watson.

CRICKET

BACK ROW (left to right): M. Kealy, V. Stanford, B. Van Nierop, R. Green, G. Manning.

FRONT ROW (left to right): W. Sabourne, G. Ketteridge, W. Knight, R. Ugle, R. Taylor, D. Mitting.



Agricultural Wing Notes



AGRICULTURAL WING PREFECTS

BACK ROW (left to right): L. Doust, G. Jefferies, R. Hitchcock, M. Manolas.

FRONT ROW (left to right): M. Roberts (Captain), Mr. F. Marsh (Principal), Mr. D. Adams (Senior Master), D. Griffiths.

"ODE TO THE BUS"

Up in the garage there lies a bus,
 And for sure its life is doomed.
 For soon it will fade away,
 Replaced by a Jap "Coaster", brand
 new.
 Its life has been sheer misery,
 For itself and its riders,
 For it rattles and shakes,
 And has no brakes.
 And a hole in the side where

"Asian Fate",
 Struck it hard upon a showground
 gate.
 But now its motor has stopped for
 good
 Cause now its use is spares,
 In a workshop or a wreckers.
 Or . . . "God Knows Where".

T. Birmingham.

SWIMMING AND ATHLETIC CHAMPIONS

BACK ROW (left to right): **Athletics**, R. Archibald (second in Open), M. Roberts (Open Champion), L. Wright (15 yrs Champion).

FRONT ROW (left to right): **Swimming**, M. Manolas (second in Open), P. Manolas (third in Open).



STIRLING HOUSE NOTES

Stirling dorm is made up of two factions, Hayward and Forrest.

We started competition off with a terrific win over Logue in the cricket match. This was an outright win in a couple of hours. Not bad...

Logue narrowly won the inter-dorm football match. "Morgue" scraped a goal or two through from five yards out. "Hitchy" held "firm" at centre half back. Firm, yes that's what I said.

The hockey match was a one all draw. Smith scored in the first half for Stirling but Logue managed to score a goal in the last half.

Basketball was also a draw.

Smith, Stuart and Clarke were some of the best players for Stirling. Logue — "Arsenal" as they were called bagged a few lucky goals from near the centre.

Stirling has dominated the cross country events throughout the year. Best were Davey, Eastcott, Longwood and Roberts. "Grundy" managed to run a place when the conditions suited him, eg — catching a lift on the highway.

Logue won convincingly, as usual, in the sticky competition. Well done Logue! 10 points.

Stirling looks like getting a good overall win at the athletics carnival. Details in next edition.

Snow



CRICKET 1972

BACK ROW (left to right): L. Wright, B. Eastcott, L. Doust, D. Clarke, B. Nairn, M. Roberts, R. Hitchcock.
 FRONT ROW (left to right): I. Clapp, T. Smith, G. Lemmey, J. Davey, D. Griffiths.

LOGUE HOUSE NOTES

Logue is composed of the two house factions, Mitchell and Wellington. These two houses being the best, naturally proves Logue's superiority over Stirling. That is, except in bed making and other maternal duties, which we leave to the women of Stirling and their dormitory master.

Now, moving on to the fields of sporting capability, we found Logue opening up its account with a brilliant win in the Swimming Carnival (Logue produced the Open Champion Boy — Graham Gilbert who, we regret to say, found the chains of slavery too much of a burden, and left us). Our second great win was in football in which Logue outclassed its counterparts in a high class game, (East Perth wouldn't stand a chance) even if the umpiring was a bit shoddy. Players rating a mention are Leigh Wright, Graham Gilbert (brilliant lad) and Robert Hitchcock.

Badminton was also played midway through the year, Logue again

running out victors, giving Stirling a lesson in how to play the game. But, being the good sportsmen that we are, Logue conceded a few defeats to Stirling to stop their scoreboard looking like the Sahara Desert! namely in cricket and cross countries. A thriller was played between the two houses in hockey, play being scambly with mistakes made on both sides and resulting in a one all draw. Not much competitive basketball has been played to date but we are sure Logue will take the cake in this field too.

Academically, Logue is head and shoulders above Stirling with four out of five of the top placings going to Logue. Finally, as I have already said, being the good sportsmen that we are, we would like to wish "Snowy" and all the rest of the blind school in the other dorm, the best of luck for next year (they'll need it!).

Dorm Prefects

Robert Hitchcock
 David Griffiths
 Michael Manolas



HOCKEY No. 1 — 1972

BACK ROW (left to right): R. Archibald, M. Roberts, B. Eastcott, I. Clapp, G. Lemmey, B. Stuart.
 FRONT ROW (left to right): T. Smith, P. Manolas, M. Manolas, D. Griffiths, R. Hitchcock.

AG. SCHOOL HOCKEY No. 1 TEAM

The Bunbury Hockey Association this year saw the Ag. School number 1 team being narrowly beaten in the first semi-final. Many of the players this year were in their first season but adapted themselves very well; notably "Morgo" Archibald who put in a brilliant season in the goals, kicking many a shot over the centre line.

Full backs "Frank" Lemmey and "Mini" Manolas, formed a tight defence, combining well, even though inclined to argue at times. "Snowy" Roberts, Dave Griffiths and "Clappy" were this year's half-backs and were to be seen dashing into and out of the forward line on many occasions.

The forward line was the most unstable during the season, especially the right wing which was shared by "Hitchy" and "Brat" Stuart. Both players did their job well and deserved more play than they had.

The other forwards, "Bony" Eastcott, "Hank" Smith, "Smiley" Longwood and myself, scored fairly well throughout the season but were unable to get enough system into our play.

The team was plagued by such things as torn cartilages and ligaments, holes in legs, general bruises (many embarrassing) and sore shins. Apart from this we were unlucky to lose the services of star players, Peter Spight and Graham Gilbert, part-way through the season.

On behalf of the team I would like to thank Mr Morley for giving up his valuable time to come down and coach us and Mr McNess for his direction in positional play.

Finally I would like to mention that Peter Manolas wound up runner-up to fairest and best for the Association.

Michael Manolas, Captain



HOCKEY No. 2 — 1972

BACK ROW (left to right): G. Jefferies, L. Wright, D. Clarke, R. Maddison, B. Slayter.

CENTRE ROW (left to right): L. Doust, P. Stacey, T. Fitzpatrick, R. Gibbings, J. Scolari.

FRONT ROW (left to right): R. Peters, T. Birmingham, G. Downes, J. Davey, L. Wright, B. Nairn.

STAFF v STUDENTS HOCKEY MATCH

Well, the annual hockey match was run again in the usual flare of tempers and "I'll see you in the morning, son" atmosphere.

As you probably know, it concluded in a rather fluky win to the staff.

The game was played in adverse conditions where one was liable to find the ball disappearing down a somewhat craftily dug hole in the ground or in someone's pocket.

The first half started in great shambles, both teams finally settling down to a combination of ball work and shin whacking.

Players to stand out in this half were "Big Boy Bickers" (Mr Bickers) and "Little Boy Blue" (Mr Stevens) with an occasional "Possibly" thrown in for good measure. "Nifty Nettleton" (Mrs Nettleton) proved

she's got it over any of the blokes.

Play was livened by "Sniffy Smith" (Terry Smith) having a nip at unsuspecting ankles and "Mighty Mik" (Michael Manolas) having a do or die effort to break "Friar Tuck's" (Mr Morley) skull before half time. ?? Scenes of half time as Mr Farmer dives for his car and the smokes inside.

Students sit for a talk as staff are dragged from various points of the field.

Tension mounts as the second half begins.

"Loch McNess Monster" (Mr McNess) scores a terrific goal and she's on for young and old. The score now being one goal each.

"Big Al" (Mr Sharp) comes into the picture having almighty tippy-taps at the ball, occasionally skipping up to find it has evaded him.

"R-o-o-ger the D-o-o-ger" (Mr Hep-

tinstall), showing us what st-o-o-f he's made of, starts bellowing almighty curses.

"Banana's" (Mr Briggs) picks up his pace and scores two good goals, including one brilliantly shot from outside the "D".

At this time Mr Marsh started nosing around for the ball and giving some beautiful saves. Mr Adams, after a valiant effort to cut the crudities around the ground finally let out with one himself after receiving an almighty belt in the shins (Rumour has it the offender got two whacks and a possible gating.)

"Polly Farmer" (Mr Farmer), fit as he is, was seen to collapse after an almighty dash across the goal line (from inside them) to give a brilliant save.

"Nifty Nettleton" again brought out the Bennett brilliance to play another superb half.

Well, it was finally over, teachers dispersing for home and students for the office.

It'll be on again next year and we hope, as it did this year, the game will bring further understanding and comradeship between the ever-growing ranks of the teachers and the ever dwindling ranks of the students.

P.S. I apologise if I missed some people and who should be in here, but I was too busy chopping at Mr Brigg's toe to notice them.

Congratulations Staff!

Peter Manolas

OUR MOST INTERESTING TOUR

The first years of the Ag. School have been on several tours of local farms and industries in the last two terms as part of their school work. The most interesting tour was to Roses' Myalup farm which has an area of 1,500 acres. On the property they have a Border Leicester, Suffolk and Dorset Horn sheep stud plus 1,100 merino ewes crossed with the stud rams for fat lamb production. They also run 600 yearlings for beef, some of these being calves from the dairy in one of their other two properties, and the rest are brought in and reared until two years old for steer beef.

The most interesting part in the running of the farm was where they clear the virgin land, cultivate it and then plant a crop of potatoes which usually averages a yield of 12 tons to the acre. A second crop is put in later in the year which averages 15 tons per acre. The next crop to go in is oats and then lucerne. The lucerne is first cut for hay (which is all sent to Perth for turning into chicken pellets) and then allowed to ripen to produce seed which is harvested for the local and export trade. When the lucerne has been growing for three years it is ploughed up to kill all the weeds and grasses which have grown in amongst it and then a new crop is planted to replace it. This extensive cropping is made possible by the large supplies of water present in the limestone rock beneath the farm. Wells are sunk and water is pumped through miles of spray irrigation pipes by the seven pumps situated on different parts of the farm.

Robert Gibbings

WOKALUP RESEARCH STATION

One of the particularly interesting tours the first years did this year was to Wokalup Research Station. The station covers 2,200 acres, 400 of which is uncleared while 130 acres are under irrigation.

At the station they milk an average of one hundred cows to obtain their quota of 81 gallons. The price of quota milk is 42-45 cents gallon while the surplus whole milk is 20-24 cents/gallon.

The bulk vat there is made of stainless steel, as are most parts of the milking machine. The vat is kept at a constant 38 deg to 39 deg while milk is in it.

An interesting feature of the dairy is the spray that produces a fine mist of water around the outside, to keep out flies and to keep it cool in summer.

Until five years ago, the Station was the centre for Artificial breeding. However, owing to complications of freezing the semen, the Breeding chutes were closed down and frozen semen is now imported from the Eastern States. **Ian Clapp**

★ *First Year Literature* ★

THE SCAR

Five children wearily trudge through a bombed and ransacked street in Poland. All have lost their parents, home and families. They're hungry, tired and dirty all because of the war. They tearfully dread the Nazi soldiers and all try desperately to hide from them.

The street is two miles out of the centre of Warsaw and many soldiers are near. The children's main aim is to get some place where they will be safe and cared for by someone.

They walk down the end of the street and George, the eldest boy, tells them that it is time for a rest but the littlest one replies:

"But, I'm hungry. When can we get something to eat?" she cries.

"Just sit down and rest and then you won't feel so hungry," he says. "We are all hungry and also wish for something to eat but we all sit here and do not complain."

"All right," she says, "I will be good," and then repeats, "I'm so hungry."

After their rest they stamp off through the rubble and rubbish. Then as they go around a corner they bump into a German soldier. They are terrified and quickly run off but as George passes him the soldier pushes a loaf of bread, a jar and some paper into his bag. Under his voice, George says, "Thank you very much."

He then runs with the children across the road and into the train station meant for soldiers. He opens his bag and finds he has five tickets as well as bread and sugar.

Ten minutes later the troops' train rushes into the station; it is heading for the country to take back the wounded soldiers and men. They board the train and quietly find a seat. The train hurries to the country.

Although these children are some of the luckiest in Poland the war still has left a scar on the lives of these children.

Jenny Catalano, 1.1

THE SEA

The sun with its gleaming face,
Shines endlessly on the deep blue sea,

As a small boat thrashes through
the waves
Sending spray hurtling through the air.

The ground rumbles as a huge wave,
Crashes on the golden sand.

As though forced back,
The water retreats to its home, the sea.

Stranded seaweed reminds,
That the sea is not always gentle,
But howling winds and torrential rain.

Her fury, the fury of the sea.

Ian Campbell, 1.1

THE SECOND SEMI-FINAL

The siren sounded at Subiaco Oval and East Perth came running out behind Captain-Coach Malcolm Brown. Claremont followed Captain Bruce Duperouzel and the crowd cheered them on. The umpire inspected their boots and fingernails and held the ball up.

The siren blasted and Mal Brown took the ball from the bounce and knocked to his rovers. Away went the ball over the line for a throw-in. As it came back into play Peter Hines wins it for Claremont but the ball is blocked by East Perth and they score a goal.

The crowd really cheered them on and the men from the A.B.C. followed the play closely from the cameras situated around the boundary lines. The small canteen on the ground was overflowing with people cheering.

The half ended with East Perth leading ten fifteen to five goals one and both teams had a well-earned rest in the change rooms.

In the second half East Perth got goal after goal while Claremont's backline struggled to stop them. Duperouzel had his men tighten up their backline but it is too late; East Perth held on to a three-goal lead which was enough to hold the Second Semi-final.

Albert Bropho 1.4

"THE RICKSHAW MAN"

Japan Japan
Is where we find The Rickshaw Man
He walks all day,
And is always gay.
He never stops to talk,
He's always on the walk.
He's up with tricks,
And back at six.
He's always home in time for fish.
He never misses out on this dish.
He goes to bed at nine,
And is always up in time,
For another day with his Rickshaw.
Japan Japan.

J. Grieves, 1.2

WAR

Every time
I think of war
I hate it
Hate it
More and more.
People getting shot
People getting hot
People dying high
Right up in the sky
And then . . .
The family cries
Because —
Their daddy dies.

PEACE

Peace is nice because there is life
That's what it's all about
And nobody has to run or shout
Planes are flying high
While buildings reach the sky,
Nobody is crying
And a few people are dying
Peace is good because you
Do what you should,
And live as you should and
You do what you would.

Leone Denham, 1.2

THE SHARK'S END

As we loaded the scuba gear into the boat, we heard some fishermen talking about a thirteen foot shark they had caught but had escaped.

Mark and I are two keen skindivers and we had decided that today we would go spearfishing on the Swain reefs. The shark we heard the fishermen talking about was said to be in that area.

We put all the gear into the boat and Mark started the engine with a splutter and a roar. I cast off and we were soon skimming over the crystal clear water and through the misty morning. We had sixty miles to go.

At about 11 o'clock we reached our destination. While hovering over the reef we saw a long, brown creature shoot under the boat. We thought it was a dolphin but eager to investigate we wasted no time in getting on our diving gear.

Mark went over first and I followed. As I glided through the warm clear water, I saw Mark's air bubbles — but no Mark. Suddenly he shot up about ten feet in front of me. We both surfaced.

"Where did you go?" I asked.

He answered, "I chased a schnapper into a cave and saw a shark. It must have been ten feet long!"

"Don't exaggerate," I replied. "Let's get the 'smokies' and guns out of the boat."

We climbed aboard, Mark shaking with excitement. We took five 'smoky' shells and loaded them with sixteen gauge shotgun cartridges. As well as these we attached 'scuba-coms'. (These are devices which allow you to talk with each other under water.)

We swam down to the colourful reef through hundreds of small fish.

When we reached the bottom we had no trouble in finding the shark. It rose up out of the cavern and made for Mark who quickly swam out of the way of its powerful jaws. The animal was at least ten feet long with about two feet of fishing line hanging from its mouth and a gaff wound in its coarse skin.

I yelled through the scuba-com.

"This is the one those fishermen were talking about."

It turned for me and I struck it with the smokey, but I had hit him in the fleshy part of his body and it had no effect.

Mark struck at it and missed and the shark came at me again, taking some flesh from my wrist. The water turned bloody red, but my smokey had struck home. A silver streak through the blood and Mark's smokey hit the back of its head.

We swam up to the boat, tied the shark to the side of it, and set off for home. I had lost a fair bit of blood, but the shark had lost its life.

Danny Talbot, 1.4

MY LIFE IN A CAGE

How would you like to live in a cage,
When they tease you and laugh at you,
If I was let free I would kill,
Or run to a farm or mill,
For you.
I was captured by man,
When I killed a harmless slave,
I started to run and I ran, ran, ran,
But the men were too fast,
And got me with just one cast.
But as I lay down to rest,
I see the cage door unlocked,
And I know what is best,
So I sprang the door open with just one knock,
And now I was free,
Just because one little key,
They forgot to attach the lock.
I was free as a bird,
And I soon joined the herd,
Sitting under some trees,
But when they heard that I was free,
We started to play,
It was just those hunters who put me in a cage.

Chris Sabourne, 1.3

There was a young man from our school,
Who was always a bit of a fool
He took some cocaine
To hop up his brain
In the morgue now, he's lying real cool.

Ellis Fielder, 1.1

SOUNDS THAT WIN BATTLES

Sounds have often won battles or played a big part in the winning of battles.

A long time before Jesus was born, sound won a battle. In this case Jericho's walls were knocked down by the sound of people marching around the wall and Joshua and some priests blowing trumpets. Thus Joshua won the battle with sound.

Another battle was between the English and the Scottish. England was overpowering Scotland and victory seemed assured when a huge crowd of non-participants in the war came to see how the battle was going. They made so much noise that the English, thinking the Scottish had organised a huge new army, retreated. Unintentionally they had won the battle with sound. This battle was called "The Battle of Bannockburn (1314)".

In modern times new advanced weapons have been made which also have sound as their main factor. For instance, acoustic weapons, which are devices that are controlled by sound. They are usually part of naval warfare, such as homing torpedoes and explosive mines.

The active weapons send out sounds to locate the target. The passive ones locate the destination or are set off by sounds made by the target itself.

In many ways sound can win or play a big part in victory over the enemy.

Martin Robley, 1.1

LONELINESS

Here all alone,
In a world of darkness,
Sits a blind man,
A blind man in perplexed solitude,
Unaware of the vast wilderness,
Only to imagine,
The blue of the sky, the green of the grass,
To feel the hand of his friend,
Firmly pressing his shoulder,
To be comforted
The loneliness is forgotten,
He knows he is blind,
But he does not care.

Karen Wilson, 1.2

MESTENOS (MUSTANGS)

Deep in the prairies where the
 coyotes roam,
 Is where we find the mustang's wild
 home.
 They live in peace and freedom
 Where man has no rules and king-
 dom.
 The King of these wild bands
 Is "Midnight Flame", a ghost of the
 lands
 With fire in his tail and mane.
 He rules over his domain.
 His haunt is the grassy valley of
 Minnewa
 Once visited by the fearless Chip-
 pewa.
 As sunset appeared to flower the
 evening
 Danger came prowling around
 Danger and mischief was a lean
 female puma,
 "Tioga" by name and "Tioga" by
 nature
 Her sought prey, a newly born filly,
 Whose sweet face had beauty that
 was pure.
 "Midnight Flame's" ancestor was
 the beautiful breed the "Jennet"
 He was named for beauty and for
 speed.
 From there sprung a name "Viento"
 a good steed
 He was caught by a man whose
 name was Bennet.
 Tioga creeps around the beautiful
 fiery bunch,
 Creeping, creeping with a hunch.
 Up rears "Midnight Flame" with a
 fearless snort
 With rippling muscles ready and
 taut.
 The giant cat springs,
 With hard steeled legs borne on
 wings
 The fearless mustang leaps left and
 right
 With a mocking challenge loud and
 defiant.
 He paws that cat with two lightning
 strokes
 And gallops away with his herd in
 the dusty smoke.

Dianne Smith, 1.2

LAST WORDS

There he marched,
 Bold, brave, courageous,
 A spotlessly clean gun gripped in
 hands,
 A pack of belongings strapped to
 his back.
 Living with danger, with every step,
 Landmines, bullets, worst of all
 grenades,
 All this whizzing through his head,
 Will one of them finish him off?
 Tenseness arouses the men as the
 rendezvous nears,
 All too weary to fight alertly,
 The sarge slashes orders at the men,
 Guns cocked ready to fire at the
 dreaded enemy.
 This game's straight to the point,
 Shoot to kill and don't stop moving,
 Enemy, enemy.
 The yell is heard.
 Bullets exchange for murder,
 Grenades explode with annoying
 shrapnels,
 Guns speak.
 Bullets being deadly words.
 Silence has come,
 Battle has ended,
 And there "He" lay weak,
 A bullet in the guts.
 Doctors operate with ruthless deter-
 mination
 But there he lay on the white blood
 stained sheet dying
 And his last words were
 "God help me".

Rodney Chambers, 1.1

BOMB SITE

The world was silent and all was
 still
 Not a single soul stirred.
 Then a rag-clad woman covered in
 blood
 A whimpering voice she heard.
 She frantically stumbled towards
 the voice
 And she found a butchered child,
 And as she fell, she grabbed her son
 And they died side by side.
 The city lay quiet in rubble,
 Which death covered with its black
 shroud,
 And the continuous drone of planes
 above
 Reaches out of the great black
 cloud.

R. Riegert, 1.1

IS HE A MAN OR A MOUSE?

Women say men should be kept in
a pen
They borrow money
Just to spend
On a beer in a pub
With some sheila they love
While the old girl's at home
Doing her chores
Without a moan
The old man out at some fancy
place
Like the Diamond Ale
Men, Men, Men
Who'd have them in the house
Most girls would say
They prefer a mouse.

Nina Lewis, 1.3

LIFE OF A STEER

Out in the yards we wait to die,
100 steers and we know not why
But the humans will kill us, kill us
quick,
To make some money, just to be
rich.
I can hear the bellow, a painstricken
voice,
Our lives will be taken, we have no
choice,
And as I stand on the table of death,
I feel a pain, is this my last breath?
The lives of us all the humans will
take,
Our lives have been nothing but
wire and gate,
We did them no harm, we do not
fight —
Do these humans have the right?

R. McMillan, 1.1

CRUSADER

The Crusaders attacked with all
their might,
As the Turks slept through the tran-
quil night,
And their spears shone like stars
up high,
And as they ran forward they let
out a cry
That would stir the souls of both
dead and alive.
Before the sentries could raise the
alarms
For the armies of Turks to gather
their arms,
He was silenced by an arrow
through the heart,
And as he lay dying in the dark
He could hear he would not leave
the earth alone.

A hard battle was fought and much
blood was spilt,
And before the swords were return-
ed to their hilts,
Hundreds of bodies lay dead on the
ground,
And the Christian looking around
him found
Bloodshed was not the answer to
anything,
But only brought more death.

Robert Riegart, 1.1

"AT LAST . . . !"

Every living thing, in the once
lovely green fertile valley now
watched and waited for the sight
and sound of rain to quench the
thirst of the parched land.

The branches of trees drooped for
want of water. The birds congregated
round the cattle troughs. Gardens
were dying for the want of
water. The crops and stock were
desperately trying to survive.

Eyes strained to the west hoping
and praying for the sight of storm
clouds. Days turned into weeks and
still no sight nor sound of rain. Hot
winds blew continuously, drying
even more the parched land.

When, suddenly birds wheeled in
the sky. Eyes again strained to the
west. Darkness brought dampness
into the air.

The trains, normally a very dis-
tant sound, suddenly sounded very
close and the whistle distinct. As
night wore on, the wind changed
direction. Then that glorious sound
of rain, drenching the earth. Run-
ning down drainpipes and steadily
but surely reviving the earth. A
truly wonderful sound.

Julie Rose, 1.1

THE HILL CART

After long preparation
And selecting many a part
We built a conglomeration
Which we called a hill cart.
We towed it to the hilltop
Ready for the downhill run
And as we gathered speed
We knew this would be fun
But the corner came too quickly
And our design was not the best
And after losing one front wheel
In a ditch we came to rest.

Alan Jefferies, 1.3

SEASONS

As the icicles hang on the wall,
 And the heavy snow falls
 The animals run as if for fun
 In the season called Winter.
 Spring is when the birds do sing,
 And flap their tiny wings.
 And children play on many swings,
 In the season called Spring.
 Summer is when the children swim,
 And adults do sing hymns.
 And Christmas is coming closer,
 In the season called Summer.
 Autumn is a season where leaves
 do fall and trees grow ever so tall.
 To the park the people come
 In the season called Autumn.

Cheryl Anderson, 1.3

THE LION

The Lion is an angry one
 Who roams the countryside.
 The lion is a gentle one,
 Who makes his pack a pride.
 The Lion is the King of Beasts,
 With a lioness at his side,
 But when the king's a little old,
 He get thrown aside.
 And as he staggers from his fall
 He turns his head, face and all
 And says, "I'll be back to get you
 yet,
 I'll be back all soaked and wet."

Ricky Raper, 1.3

There was a fellow called Sydney,
 Who drank till he ruined his kidney,
 As he sat there and drank,
 It shrivelled and shrank,
 But he had a good time, didn't he?

Martin Robley, 1.1

THE TRAMP

Shuffling slowly down the street,
 Worn out clothes beyond repair;
 Seeking shelter for the night,
 On benches, in barns, no matter
 where.
 Picks up things from off the streets;
 Goes down bins to find some meat;
 With weary soul and tired feet,
 Lies down stiffly and goes to sleep.

Heather Burns, 1.1

NO MOVE

No move
 No move in the air
 No move in the sea
 A slight breeze stirs
 And ripples the waves
 A sound is heard
 As a dolphin dives
 Then again there is
 No move in the air
 No move in the sea.

S. Ridley, 1.3

★ *Second Year Literature* ★

LIGHT HOUSES

Still night
 The light shows, then fades
 In the distance ships can be seen
 The sea washes against the rocks
 Fishes in the deep blue sea
 Stop and listen to the marvellous
 water
 The light's out
 Oh what's wrong?
 That ship
 It's going to hit the rock
 Hurry light, hurry
 Save all the people
 Light, quick steer left
 Oh, you're okay, you lucky ship
 Cause a ship's best friend
 Is his lighthouse.

Lynda Penny 2.3

BLACK-OUT

Zap! — the house was dark.
 The room in which we stood was
 black as night.
 Suddenly — from the midst, there
 came a spark,
 The lighting of a match — then
 candlelight.
 The flickering of the candle in the
 dimly lit room,
 Projecting monstrous dark shadows
 on the wall.
 Then the lights come on, like a new
 moon.
 It was only a black-out — that's all.

Francis Figliomeni, 2.2

HOW TO GAIN AND LOSE AT THE SAME TIME

A seventeen-year-old girl weighing five stone and four feet tall has been straining to catch her bloke. Phil Hardy has been on Sonia's mind for at least five years and yet she has not even had a wink from him.

By far he knows she's been tracking him down for so long, but, he doesn't see much in her except bones. Sonia couldn't bear the strain any longer, so she set off to ask Phil why he didn't approve of her looks and her other accessories.

She found out all right. He told her straight and, fortunately, the truth. He plainly explained she was too slim for her age and short but nothing was wrong or right with her looks.

This didn't change Sonia's mind about liking Phil; instead it made her feel more relaxed because she knew what Phil was looking for in a woman. Straight away she started thinking of how to fatten up. There was no way of becoming taller so Sonia concentrated on fattening up.

She read books on how to gain weight but not much information helped, so she asked many people if they knew or had any suggestions. One said, "Eat chocolates, cakes, sweets, ice-cream and pounds of butter."

Sonia did just that. She thought it was easy, neat and quick. After weeks of eating these carbohydrates she sure did gain weight and did have some figure. At this stage, would you believe, she actually got a date from Phil. Did she flip!

Unfortunately this cream could not last, no, Sonia didn't lose weight, instead she couldn't stop gaining it. After two weeks on dating Phil, Sonia gained seven stone plus a wheel chair. This situation led Phil one way and Sonia on her wheel chair the other way.

Lydia Ferraro, 2.2

'A SUDDEN FREEZE'

The human brain is a wonderful thing.

It starts working the moment you are born, and never stops until you stand up to speak in public.

WHO ARE THE DELINQUENTS?

We read in the papers
We hear on the air
Of killings and stealing,
And crime everywhere.
We sigh and we say
As we notice the trend
This young generation;
Where will it all end?
But can we be sure
That it's their fault alone?
That maybe a part of it
Isn't our own.
Too much money to spend;
Too much idle time;
Too many movies
Of passion and crime;
Too many books
Not fit to be read;
Too much evil
In what they hear said.
Too many children
Encouraged to roam,
By too many parents
Who won't stay at home.
But we don't make the movies;
Or write the books
That paint a gay picture
Of gangsters and crooks.
We don't make the liquor,
We don't run the bars;
We don't make the laws,
And we don't buy the cars.
We don't make the drugs
That addle the brain;
It's all done by older folks
Greedy for gain.
And in how many cases
We find it's true
That the label "delinquent"
Fits older folks too.

Shirley Papalia 2.2

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON

Adam Lindsey Gordon
One fine and sunny day
Lined up his horse "Red Lancer"
"To jump the fence," they say
Red Lancer carried him through the air
And over the small white rails
"There's no doubt about it," said the Mayor
Red Lancer never fails
A monument to him is found
Beside the lake of world renown
Where tourists flock from far and near
To see the sights of which they hear

Janet McNamee 3.2

DANGERS OF THE OCEAN

Some people do not know just what lies beneath the mystic waters of the ocean. The rest don't care. Everyone has the impression that the sea is a swimming pool with no dangers and they have nothing to worry about. This is a wrong attitude to take towards the ocean, for it has many wonders and a great many more dangers. There are at least 50 deaths a year from drowning, shark attack, sea wasps, Portuguese man-o-war, rockfish, blue ringed octopus and many more; this is because people do not keep a wary eye on everything around them. A lifeguard cannot see everything at once.

Do not take the attitude that "It can't happen to me; those things just happen to other people." Well, you're wrong, it can happen to you or anybody else in this place. So just think next time you go swimming in the ocean, think of the possibilities of your meeting your death because of the "Harmless" ocean. If you think you can swim in complete rest and comfort in the ocean, you should think again.

Shark Attack is brutal and fast, but you die in a horrible way, with 1-2 dozen teeth sinking into your ribs.

Rock Fish: This is a self-inflicted wound, because if you do not watch where you are going you will tread on him. It does not attack. His spikes are lethal and without fast medical attention you may die.

Portuguese Man-o-War — another mistake of the careless swimmer. If you do not steer clear of them, you will find yourself entangled in 6-8 ft of lethal, stinging tentacles, and if stung enough you may also die.

Blue-Ringed Octopus: Last year a young mission Aborigine boy came screaming from the water, raced halfway up the beach and fell dead to the sand.

Late last year a young soldier on leave was swimming among some rocks when a Blue Ringed Octopus swam in front of him. He tried to push him out of the way but it was too late and he also died! The Government is acting on this. It is placing cabinets containing expensive antidotes along Australian beaches.

This may save a lot of lives in the future.

These few lines I have written will, I hope, have an effect on those who read them. Others, will learn by sheer carelessness, when it is too late to realise that "The sea is no place for careless swimmers."

Ralph Walling, 2.2

BEAUTY

There are so many beautiful things in this world

Nature like mountain and tree
But the most beautiful thing in the world

Is I feel

Another worm — like me.

SUICIDE

She stares into the inky night
Then to the ants' nest far below
Crawling insects, thousands of them
The lights dazzle her puffy eyes
She shuts them out

A cold clammy hand seems to grip
her throat —

She feels no self pity

Only apathy

She reflects for a moment

Death — what does it mean to her?

Is it ugly and haunting?

Or, is it peace?

She prefers the latter —

All the blood seems to drain from
her head

There is no feeling anymore

Her senses are momentarily numb-
ed

She takes her last step

Robyn Eckersley 2.1

LAST LESSON

Lazily the children sit at their
desks

Hearing the noise from the teacher
Bodies resting on the desks

Children looking sleepily out of the
windows

With shutting eyes and heavy heads
And then all of a sudden the teacher
shouts

And every child looks alive

The lovely peace and quiet was
gone

The teacher talked watching the
student

While no one dared dream again

At the last of the lesson for the day

Faye Rogers 2.4

"THE WATERFALL"

As I stood above the hidden waterfall, I noticed a few bits of debris floating in the roaring foam beneath the falls. Then suddenly a bloodcurdling scream pierced the still air. A man floated to the top of the water struggling frantically. As I went to dive in I remembered a story at the Tourist Bureau about the Pirhana filled rivers in Africa. They were fish barely half an inch long, yet they attack in thousands and are able to strip a pig clean in three seconds.

This changed my mind quickly and I knew it was hopeless. Minutes later I saw the churned, bloody water of the roaring falls turn to a red mass of liquid. Then a thought struck my mind, "How did he come to be in the river, anyway?" He was fully dressed so he didn't take a swim. I reported the incident to the police immediately.

Within four hours a full scale investigation was being carried out. The remains of the man's body were fished from the river.

"He couldn't have fallen because of the fence around the falls," exclaimed Inspector Burton of the African Branch of Detectives. "He must have been pushed." Four days passed and nothing had been found to add to the story.

The Chief of Police okayed the go-ahead of my own investigation. I again came to the scene of the death. The waterfall was now calmer and I was able to notice a large cave behind the falls. I climbed down to it and plunged through the roaring water to the cave. I met the gaze of two men. Face to face, we stared at one another, then we all made for our guns. Simultaneously we fired, but the two thugs, shaking nervously, missed. My gun slipped and fell.

Then it was arm to arm combat. I dived into the first man's legs and he lost balance and plunged into the river. His eyes widened in terror as the deadly fish accomplished their fatal task and the limp remains of the dead man's body sunk to the bottom of the river.

The second man rushed at me, I stepped aside and thrust my foot

out; the gangster fell face forward and rolled over unconscious. Three days later he was sentenced to death for murder.

He was placed in the chair, raving like a lunatic. He was strapped in and the officials walked from the room. Five seconds later five thousand volts were pumped through the man and the black scorched body was taken from the room for burial. The secrets of these doomed men now lie hidden in the mystery of "The Waterfall".

Ralph Walling, 2.2

FAMILY RECIPE

I, Feroscus Ferraro, need to complete a cake within five hours, as it needs to be sent overseas via the Lindyan Olcean.

The directions for this family cake are as follows:

Put 15 oz of crushed nutleys, 8 whole packets of Brunswickian cherries, 7½ pounds of golden rough, 22 lb of Lancaster sugar, 10 pinches of peppinstall, 17 drops of Macmillan, 21 lb of rice checks, 16 pints of sour Hogan and 12 lb Taylor. Place these all into a glass basin and Rake the ingredients together. Boil 2 pints of water in a Rusty Kettle and then mix it in with the dry ingredients. Fry the mixture in a pan for 15 mins then Cooke in hot fireplace for 1½ hours.

After I got the cake out of the open fire 1½ hours later, I waited for it to Coolin the air. Then I Bashed Rich Green icing around my Mt Newman. What a big McMess it turned out to be, but the cake had to be sent.

Before I could send it off to the king, I needed to show Queen Pat II who lived in the city of Yarloop. I grabbed the, what you may call cake, and took off in my Ferrari. Wasting no time at all, I finally turned the corner in the main street of Yarloop. I dodged so many trucks, cars and buses that I thought I would never live to reach the Queen's Palace, but with Sears' luck I managed to drive right on her front door steps.

She was quite surprised to see me so close, but nevertheless, she calm-

ed down. Without wasting a second, she shakily took a chunk of the family cake to test before the king. She said nothing, nor did she open her mouth after she tasted my cake, but I could see by the expression on her face that it was some Payne in the stomach.

I had no time to waste so I snatched the cake and took it to Yarloop Airport. The friendly staff packed my cake carefully and sent it by air.

It flew over the Lindian Olcean, then whizzed via Europe and it got to King Michael III of Vietnam 20 minutes behind time. Still the trip was worthwhile because King Michael III didn't throw the cake out when it arrived. Instead, he sat down to taste the Family cake sent down from Queen Pat II for his birthday.

He took a bite and nearly choked on the fish bones. He sneezed the icing sugar off, caused by the peppinstall. Without further ado he picked up the cake and threw it so hard and far out of the window that it landed in the telephone Booth in Brunswick. **Lydia Farraro, 2.2**

DRUG ADDICT

He thrusts the hypodermic into his arm and is cast into a world of his own

The trees and buildings are like streamers blowing about in the wind — quivering and waving
As if he were a child on a merry-go-round his head spins around faster and faster

The sights before him blend together like ingredients in a mixing bowl forming crazy psychedelic patterns

Then he is dazed, confused by the monotonous blare of the ambulance siren

Like a voodoo doll tubes are stuck into him and the pressure of air fills his lungs

Bottles hang around him and their contents are pumped into him
Reminding him of the pusher joint that was so familiar to him

His mind whirls around like a clockwork toy — "grass", "pep pills", "acid"

All is black — **Allan Roughead, 2.1**

THE SIGN OF DEATH

There's a fiery hell
Glowing bright in the room
As bright as Satan
Alive in his tomb
The red hot serpents
Leaping high in the coals
The devils dancing
On fiery holes

David Cooling, 2.1

ME!

I am wonderful, marvellous and fantastic
I'm intellectual and studious too
I'm wonderful at any sport you name
Yet my musical talents are marvellous
I've rather a large appetite, but just the same
It doesn't spoil my beautiful figure
I'm gorgeous, groovy and great
In fact —
I think I'm about the best peacock I've ever known

M. Le Cras 2.1

WHAT IS A COW?

A cow is a completely automatic milk manufacturing machine. It is encased in untanned leather and mounted on four vertical supports, one at each corner.

The front end contains the cutting and grinding mechanism, as well as headlights, air inlet and exhaust, a bumper bar and a foghorn.

At the rear is the dispensing apparatus and an automatic fly swatter.

The control portion houses a hydrochemical conversion plant. This consists of 4 fermentations and storage plants connected in series by an intricate network of flexible plumbing. This section also contains the heating plants complete with automatic temperature controls, plumbing station and main ventilation system.

In brief, the external vision features: Two lookers, two hookers, four stand uppers, four hang downers and a swishy wishy.

There is a similar machine known as a bull which should not be confused with a cow. It produces no milk, but has other interesting uses.

Tim Wilson 2.4

DROUGHT

I stand squinting my eyes against
the sun
Shielding my aching eyes from the
glare
Cracked earth as hard as parchment
Supporting no life
Rotting carcasses lay bloated
In the sweltering heat
Crows circle the clear blue sky
Roosting on bare trees
Cattle lay
Dying at the exhausted
Waterhole
(But)
In the distance a thick
White cloud rises from the horizon
Brings a soft whispering breeze
And the smell of rain

Kath Hall 2.1

POLLUTION

Is there a solution to pollution?
The waste from the factory
Clutters up the air and the country
The smog chokes and burns the birds
They fall to the ground with burn-
ed out eyes
The fish float to the top
Will the pollution ever stop?
Soon all life will be gone from this
dirty little planet
And I say good, damn it!
The animals will live again
They won't pollute the river or land
They won't wipe each other out
It will be a better place
For a more intelligent race
To cultivate to live in peace

Kevin Murphy, 2.1

HORSES' FOE

See them all gather together
Like a herd of wild beasts in the
frightful weather
Trembling at the scene of danger
Shaking at the sight of the burning
manger
Sweating from the heat of the fire
They all gather and paw the ground
around the sire
Snorting from the smell of the
smoke
Coughing and spluttering as it
reaches their throats
Then, from the sire comes a shrill-
ing neigh
And the terrified horses gallop
away

Bev Smith 2.1

SCHOOL

What's so great about school, I say
All it is is a waste of my day
They yell at me now
Oh boy and how
Yeah, what's so great about school?
Well, he would say
It's not a waste of your day
School gives you an education
And a reputation
Yeah, that's what's so great about
school
Well man, you can stay
And you'll waste your day
But going to earn my pay
And I'm not going to regret this
day
That's where you're wrong
Your job will fade like a song
And you'll end up cleaning the
street
That's one job I'm sure I'll beat
Well, maybe you're right about
school
I suppose I was acting like a fool
Yes, schools are all right
I think I'll stick around and fight

Brian Hartnett 2.4

ANIMAL LIFE IN ANTARCTICA

Animal life is fun to watch
Especially in the Antarctic
Penguins quaint
Some small, some great
Waddle and chatter
And make such a clatter
The Elephant Seal
Snorts and squeals
And will meet any fate
To win over his mate
The big blue whale
Largest mammal on earth
Seeks warmer waters
When it's time to give birth
Numerous birds
May fly overhead
Sit on the rocks
Feathers fluffed against the wind
Yes, it's fun to watch the animal
life
Especially in the Antarctic

Jo Knight 2.3

WATER

Slushing
Slashing
Sloshing around
Sliding
Slowly to the ground

H. Tonkin 2.1

My name is Harry.

One night I went to a party two blocks away from home.

When I arrived I found that everyone I knew was there.

After an hour I had drunk a fair bit and I was drunk. Jack, who was sitting beside me, told me to quieten down because I was laughing, yelling and making a lot of noise. They told me that I had better go home.

"Go home!" I said. "If you don't want me to stay, I will go."

I hopped into my car, but I was so drunk I had forgotten where I lived. I was going faster and faster; all the time I was thinking I was the best driver on the road. I missed a drain at the side of the road, but hit a mile post. I was cutting corners and leaving big black marks on the road. Faster and faster I went drifting round corners. I didn't see the semi-trailer.

When I woke up in hospital I had a broken leg and two broken arms. I saw a newspaper picture of my car, it was folded up like a pancake. The doctor said I was lucky to be alive. I believed him.

Ronny Angi, 2.4

HAPPINESS

We can see children laughing
Laughing joyfully at jokes
Merrily and in peace and freedom
The children play on swings
The love sticks to their faces
As the children run like wild, calm,
rowdy kids
The pleasantness is everlasting
As small girls giggle behind their
soft hands
With happiness

Bev Smith 2.1

THE CHAMPION

He was as shiny as a mink coat,
Standing as proud as a champion,
In fact he was — he had just won
the Melbourne Cup.
Ears pricked — head held high —
to get praise from the crowd at-
tending
With the bouquet around his neck—
the owners with the cup in their
hand.
They were the proud owners of a
champion.

Francis Figliomeni, 2.2

BIRD'S EYE VIEW

Circling, circling, circling
High in the blue heavens
A breeze fills my feathers
The cool soft air makes me
Lift, lift, lift higher and higher
Then I spot my prey
I dive with the speed of an arrow
He runs with fear in his trembling
body
I bury my deadly talons in his suc-
culent body
I rise upward with a flap of my
wings
I drop him, making sure his body
is lifeless
Then I head to the far horizon
Circling, circling, circling

Kath Hall 2.1

THE ABORIGINE

His watchful eyes dart through the
bush
His long brown hands clench the
spear
His muscles are tense
And his body is ready to spring
Now comes his chance
A bird unaware of danger, pecks
Questioningly at the ground
Then he springs
The spear hits the mark
And once again the aborigine
Is the conqueror

Catherine Good 2.1

Once I was normal
But that didn't last
I was stretched, stretched painfully
slowly
I was dug into with fingernails
Stretched again until I broke
Mutilated, unnaturally long and
skinny
Why must humans be so cruel
Why must they break me in halves
Why are humans so prejudiced —
Against licorice sticks

M. LeCras, 2.1

The Vatican library has a bible
two feet thick and another an inch
square. Guides tell gullible visitors
"the big bible contains everything
Eve said to Adam; the little one has
everything Adam said to Eve".

★ *Third Year Literature* ★

A NICE QUIET NAP

T'was a warm slumbrous day
 And in school we sat,
 Trying to listen
 But tempted so often to a nice quiet
 nap.
 Head nodding, eyes drooping,
 Thoughts wandering,
 To concentrate hard was beyond me
 For my mind drifted to thoughts of
 the sea.
 But, monotonous and dull,
 The voice droned on,
 Like the buzz of a bee
 Round a nectar filled tree.
 Listen I must,
 But the effort's too great.
 For my mind's wafting off
 Once more to the shore
 Where the sea greets the sand,
 With a gentle wet hand.
 Beyond the horizon to lands far
 away,
 But nay, I must stay,
 For that penetrating voice
 Brings me back from my dreams,
 To a scene all set
 A classroom and map
 And a geography lesson,
 When I quietly napped.

William Knight, 3.1

APATHETIC TEACHER

The monotone voice of the teacher
 continuously droned on;
 Trying to communicate with the
 sprawling mass of molecules in
 front of her.
 On, on bored the continuous chant.
 Aimed at blank stares.
 I, one of those unfortunate victims
 Of this continuous stream of words,
 I, a student sick of this drawling
 noise
 I, with wandering mind
 In a daze, far away from school,
 From the present, from this unend-
 ing, intolerable talk.
 Not listening to this excess current
 of syllables,
 I was absent from that lesson.
 Years away in a world of beauty,
 love and tolerance
 Was I;

In a lovely illusion, staring blankly
 through the window,
 Not seeing what was there, but be-
 yond
 To something, someone, far away,
 very far away.
 Enveloped in a dream;
 Beyond recalling, far away from
 this skeleton,
 Unmoving, sprawling in front of
 cluttered collections of wood.
 In a peaceful, distant, reverie.
 Then, with a start! something came,
 Solid, strong and human, some-
 thing!
 What was it penetrated my dreams?
 What was it, dared to enter, spoil
 my sanctuary?
 Deborah! Deborah; again sharper
 "Answer me at once!"
 About what, who, where or when?
 I did not know.
 Momentarily, back to my dream,
 Trying to catch a last glimpse,
 But it was gone,
 Now part of the past.
 "Answer me this instant, Deborah!"
 Who was it, coming into my dreams,
 Into my sacred grounds?
 The teacher, only the teacher,
 And what was she asking of me?
 I did not know, and never will,
 Her dull overflowing sentences
 Had not disturbed my dream.

Deborah Gerschow, 3.1

THE MAN AND HIS DOG

Large brown, weatherbeaten
 hands, resembling a gnarled tree-
 trunk, gripped tightly around their
 companion and friend, so tightly in
 fact that the dog whimpered softly.
 The wiry old man, lifting up his
 football shaped head, saw nothing
 but a dark, bleak void, for he was
 blind.
 Although deprived of sight he was
 by no means senile; his hearing
 was perfect. In fact all his senses
 functioned to perfection except the
 one that was obliterated.
 Floppy skinned ears, embossed
 with wrinkles, strained as they
 listened to the cracking of a twig,
 the heavy striding of feet and the

brushing aside of branches as they came into contact with the people.

Yes! they were coming, he thought, coming to take away Beppo, who had been accused of sheep killing, although he knew his dog would not do such a thing.

Every feature embedded in his wrinkled-saturated skin, rugged in texture from his prominent broad nose to his small unobtrusive eyes, reflected balefulness.

His lower, protruding lip trembled visibly as more penetrating wrinkles appeared in his furrowed brow.

Coarse, white, chaff-like hair, like savana grass blown in the wind, formed the circumference around his head, branching off into a moustache that was thick and weedy.

His pale blue eyes, flecked with brown, like freckles splattered on fair skin, bordered by bushy eyebrows, stared unseeingly but yet apprehensively in the direction of those approaching.

Ensnoring his faithful dog next to his tweed coat, the rustic man could hear them coming closer. And with every step, his calloused hands gripped tighter around the dog's neck, protecting him, until with a last, final whimper the dog fell dead onto the old man's lap.

Janine Marsh, 3.1

"GOOD MORNING" 25th CENTURY

Zanian was awakened by the gentle motion of his sleeping pad moving to an upright position, which was the angle he had set the timer to wake him in the morning. Stepping into the shower recess, he pressed the button marked "Warm Suds" and fine warm jets of deodorising soapy water sprayed him gently from head to feet. After a moment he pressed another button to "dry" and the spray of water stopped and was replaced by jets of warm air.

His ablutions finished, Zanian stepped out and moved to the dispenser in the centre of his one-roomed home. He looked first at the map of the city which was shown on a small corner of the large screen. The map showed the weather conditions for the part of

the city in which he worked, to be fine and sunny for the day, so he used the speaking tube attached to order himself suitable clothing; at the same time he ordered his breakfast.

Zanian's clothing, when it arrived through the dispenser, was the usual grey colour, in the usual heavy texture paper, the suit cut on practical lines and the shoes soft, grey, plastic slip-on ones. Breakfast was, again, a small bowl of something which resembled old fashioned porridge, but tasted slightly like fish. Zanian sighed as he ate it and wished for the hundredth time that "Universals Kitchen Dispensary" could either show a little imagination or else that he could afford to have a deluxe dispenser which would provide him with coffee twice a week; he had tasted coffee once when he was a child and he had never forgotten that crisp taste and wonderful aroma; but such luxuries were not for the working class and he would have to have a lot more credits in his work-bank before he could afford to sit at home dreaming.

The large screen sprang to life with a pretty girl simpering at him. "Zanian, zero twelve, you must leave in exactly three minutes."

Zanian gulped the last of his meal and hurried to the door panel which opened to his approach, once outside he spoke and the panel closed at the sound of his voice. It would not open until he spoke on his return.

Zanian, zero twelve, took a deep breath and hurried off to his job.

Suzanne Bacich, 3.1

JOURNEY INTO TIME

Only the final test remained. The machine was complete in all its parts, but the time destination dial had to be set and the starting lever moved. If our present time were doubled we would be in the year 3944 AD — and this was to be our time destination. At 1972 years into the future, we would expect the world to have progressed as much again as we have up to our present year. The controls were deftly and silently adjusted . . .

The next moment I felt the slight

jolt which signified that we had landed. After an endless silence the professor finally spoke.

"We must face them some time. Now is as good a time as any." Obediently I arose and followed him dumbly to the door, which opened automatically as we stepped on to the mat before it. We were, neither of us, prepared for what our eyes saw and what our minds could not comprehend.

There before us was a busy, entirely agricultural scene. There were acres of wheat, some grazing lands, some recently ploughed paddocks, forests of trees. Men and women were industriously working in the fields. All their tools were roughly fashioned from wood. As we stared amazedly at this unbelievable signs, a group of people timidly approached our craft. They were dressed simply in plainly woven fabrics. We spoke to them and they seemed to understand, and they began to look less terrified. We tried to explain our journey, told them our names and asked to see their leader. They introduced us to a small man of about 40 years, whose name was Jann Bolyn, and we again explained our presence. From Jann we learnt of a 'legend' which told of the beginnings of this primitive community.

It appeared that over 1500 years before there had been a highly industrialised, mechanised society living upon the earth. (We realised that Jann was speaking of our own time.) It was an unhappy, peaceless society which had eventually destroyed itself through wars and pollution. A small pocket of human beings had somehow been unharmed by the bombs which had killed the rest of the earth's inhabitants, and these people, numbering in the beginning only one hundred and five, had set out to develop a society which could be self-sufficient, happy, peaceful, equal to all, and which would always steer from the evils of the 'Old World'. This small band had slowly restored their surroundings to their natural state and they had set the foundations for a simple society based on natural living. These beliefs and ideals had remain-

ed unchanged for many centuries and Jann's world was made up of the descendants of the original few. We were told that we could not stay because we might cause changes in the society. We realised this, and knew that we could never belong anyway. We left immediately.

Back in our own time we were faced with an awful decision. On one hand we could tell the world of the future so that the people would be prepared for what was to come, and thus we could possibly change the future. Our other alternative, the one which we decided we must take, was to destroy everything connected with our journey. The machine was destroyed — five years of dedicated, hard work, then all records, diaries, sketches and plans. It was done silently and soberly. As we looked upon the charred remains of our work and adventure, we came to our last duty. All traces of the journey had to be removed — including ourselves.

J. Blackburn, 3.1

WAITING FOR THE RAIN

The land blistered in the heat. For days the sun had perpetually beaten down on the fallow land causing it to dry and crack; sinuating cracks, like a network of wrinkles on an ageing person, needing torrents of rain to act as a face-lift. Rain was wanted badly to replenish the small quantity of water that remained in the dams. The waterless dams resembled clay-pans and had perplexed the sheep when they had come sleepily up to have a drink. The domestic water resources were becoming scarce at an alarming rate and the sunken well on the McAllay's property was on its last leg of being drained. Occasionally creaking in a slight, hot, easterly, the windmill stood as a constant reminder of the badly needed rains, rains that would send its sails spinning furiously in the air. A grey blanket of dust hovered over the eroded fields containing dusty, feckless sheep and few trees, stark and stringy barked.

The north western portion of the sky was beginning to appear black with heavy masses of darker cloud,

looking like a good omen. However, hopes were not too optimistic as farmers were not deceived by appearances for pluvial clouds had gathered before but no subsequent rain had followed. John McAllay had been industriously checking the hygrometer for any signs of increase in humidity.

There had been a gradual increase for the last 48 hours but now as he checked it, the reading remained constant as it had for six hours.

As he stood up, erect again, his eyes hopefully scanned the distant horizon. The sooty-black clouds were thickening and partially moving eastwards. A paroxysm of anxiety flitted across his brow.

The one great downfall in farming was the unreliability of the weather conditions. Farmers now had at their finger tips modern technology used in perfecting improved farming implements, new formula being produced in the forms of fertilisers and pest control and new strains of wheat, barley and oats, but as yet no invention had been made so weather conditions could be manipulated for the convenience of the farmer. Would rain come in time for this year?

That was the question that teased all the farmers' minds.

Drought was the constant word that was dreaded but had to be accepted and if the worst came to the worst, inevitable bankruptcy.

If rains did not come soon farmers would have to decide whether to plant their crops and hope rain followed or else wait until rain did come and then plant their crops out of season.

But rain was also important for domestic purposes. Becoming scarce, water was sought for in other sources besides tanks and wells but soon all these would be exhausted. The sheep were barely surviving as they managed to nibble little fodder from the tops of the paddocks. Occasionally feeds of hay were given to the spiritless animals but this fodder cost money — important money.

John, having finished taking the humidity tests, strolled slowly with his head down and eyes shielded

from the fierce sun, to the jeep that had just pulled up in a cloud of red dust. He pushed his hat further back from his eyes and smiled a welcome to Tom Rahilly, an old pioneer farmer of the district.

"Well Tom, what's to be?" he asked Rahilly, as they leaned against the jeep watching the sky.

"I reckon you'll have no worry. Rain'll be comin' any day now and can start seeding and the jumbuks will be looking up a bit."

"I hope so, by God, I hope so!" replied John, looking dimly at the parched earth.

"If it doesn't come in a day or so my eldest kid won't be able to be sent to Wesley and it's been in the family, you know, his grandfather and I all going to Wesley. This year will have to be profitable or I won't be able to meet the expenses and then there's the other two to pay education expenses for as well. Poor Minnie, too, the water's getting pretty scarce now. How's it at your place?"

"I'll be all right," assured Tom, his face radiating with beads of perspiration and the glow from his old, well worn lighter battered at the corners, looking as if it had suffered many a fall.

Drawing on his pipe for a while before he answered again, he then replied. "Until the rain comes at least. I'm blown if it's not going to now."

He sprang up suddenly and pointed to the darkening sky where the clouds were being blown along at a startling velocity. The two farmers watched as the first rain could be seen sweeping across the paddocks; one grateful, the other assured.

Janine Marsh, 3.1

CLASSROOM CONVERSATION

It was three o'clock and the class was noisy because there was only 30 minutes till hometime. As half past three came closer, the class became louder. The teacher was writing hard on Blacky the Blackboard and he also belted Percy Pinup Board on the head a couple of times to restore order in the class.

Then the siren rang and there was

a great clatter and bang to put up the chairs in a hurry; a great shuffle of feet and everyone left the room. Blacky and Percy were just ready to speak when the teacher let out the last roar of the day before leaving the room.

"Well," said Percy, "that ends another day's bashing."

Just as he said that the cleaners arrived and pricked drawing pins into him. Soon they left and Blacky and Percy were in peace.

Blacky was scratching himself because of the chalk all over him.

"I noticed that you had a very hard problem on you this afternoon," said Percy. "And I had pins stuck into my side all day long," he continued, "but now I feel quite cold without the gaily coloured pictures on me."

"I had just dozed off to sleep when that bell rang above my head," said Blacky.

"What about the teacher who belted me over the head when he got wild?" complained Percy.

"Well, let's get some sleep while we can before they arrive in the morning," concluded Blacky. "There are four periods of maths, two of English and two of Social Studies, so we'll need every square inch of endurance."

Margaret Brandis 3.2

THE BATTLE OF THE ELEMENTS

The ground was brown, barren and bare. For weeks it had been like this, with no hope of rain which was so urgently needed. Now at last the horizon in the west was becoming dark, but would this bring rain? Three or four times rain had been very near, but the clouds had passed overhead. The farmers were now beginning to worry. Their sheep were getting thinner, and the ewes in lamb were dying through weakness. It was pitiful to see young lambs dying before they even had their first drink of milk. The scarcity of food and water was being felt, as the paddocks were bare and the dams nearly empty. Banks that had held small running streams were now hard-baked pieces of mud.

There were doubts that the planted seeds would still be all right, for the sun, which had for so long given intense heat, might well have burnt and ruined them. Everywhere life seemed to be dying, because of this drought, which, though it didn't seem possible, could yet worsen if rain did not come soon.

Barry Roberts, a young, hard-working farmer, was becoming very agitated and worried. Never before had it been like this. Unless rain came soon he would be ruined. Everything had been going so well . . . he'd bought some sheep, he'd cleared the paddocks, ploughed them and put the seeds in. All he had to do was wait for the rain. He'd felt like Ozymandias, the King of Kings, standing proudly in front of his works, feeling that nothing could go wrong. He had planned that the profit he made this year would send the eldest of his three children, John, to school in the city. But what was he to do now? Rain had not come, and no rain meant no money, and no money meant no school for John. He felt like packing up and leaving, just as the Aborigines did. Maybe he could make money elsewhere. Yes . . . maybe it would be better if they did go.

A prod on the arm brought him suddenly back to reality. His old friend, Bruce Taylor, was studying him closely. "I'm sorry, Bruce," he said. "I didn't hear what you were saying."

"No, I gathered that. You were daydreaming. I said that the clouds are getting nearer."

Barry looked up unbelievably, and sure enough the heavy mass of dark clouds was sweeping up upon them. In another five minutes they had burst into a downpour of cold rain.

"Quick Bruce, come inside!" shouted Barry.

His former worries suddenly returned to his mind. No, he would not pack up and leave, and be driven from the land. He would stay and fight on his land which he had come to love. It would be hard, but he would battle and conquer the elements, and not let them conquer him.

Vanessa McMillan, 3.1

SILENCE IN A FACTORY

For three hours already the machinery had worked,
Wheels whirring and whining, pistons pulsating and clacking,
Polluting the air with its monotonous noise,
The long, low room lit by harsh shadowless light from fluorescent tubes,
Useless window panes obscured by dirt and dust, filtered in the grey light of day.
All was grey; grey overalled figures working, like gnomes in a mine from which all colour was outlawed.
In a single file the workers stood, the endless belt passing
Repeating automatically their appointed tasks, mindlessly, monotonously
As though struggling against the current, drowning in a sea of drone.
Clatter! Whir!
The engines stop
Silence! Silence!
A shocked hush,
Holds all still,
How peaceful for a minute and then
Clatter, hurrying footsteps, break the golden spell,
Banging of hammers, voices call,
Soon the machinery starts again,
Who remembers the cold homely sound of silence,
Like a drop of water in a thirsty land?

M. Hocart, 3.1

DEDICATION TO A MATHEMATICIAN

He was teaching her arithmetic
He said it was his mission.
He kissed her once, he kissed her twice —
He said that was addition.
Her father came upon the scene
And snorted with derision —
He kicked that lad three meadows off
And said "My dear! That's long division."

Helen Felton, 3.1

LOVE

What is love?
Is it something in our mind,
Maybe in our heart.
How do we know?
Does love bring us joy?
Or instead bring us heartache,
Does love bring us happiness?
Or does it bring us sorrow.
Do we really know?
Is it something we feel,
Or does it fill us like a meal,
With heartache, joy, happiness and sorrow.

Aileen Lydon, 3.3

SPEEDWAY — COLLIE

All the cars pull into the pits.
Juniors "Rods", "Stockies", super stock, modified production cars, "Super Mods", speed cars, motor bikes and TQ's all wait in the pits for their races.

While they wait their mechanics are under the bonnet, tuning up the engines and checking the cars over.

The first race is the Junior "Rods" and that is a race to see! They race in three events, between some of the fifteen motor cycle events. Both the motor cycles and the Junior "Rods" race from a standing start, and the "Rods" events are exciting, even though they only get up to forty miles per hour.

The events following these are the "Stockies", with an average speed of fifty to sixty miles an hour. Super "Stocks" are rebuilt and highly modified stock cars and while their speed is great the modified production cars are the ones that really move. The average speed of these cars is between eighty and ninety miles an hour down the short straight; they have a stock body and unlimited power.

The speedway is well worth seeing.

Frank Figliomeni, 3.4

WINTER

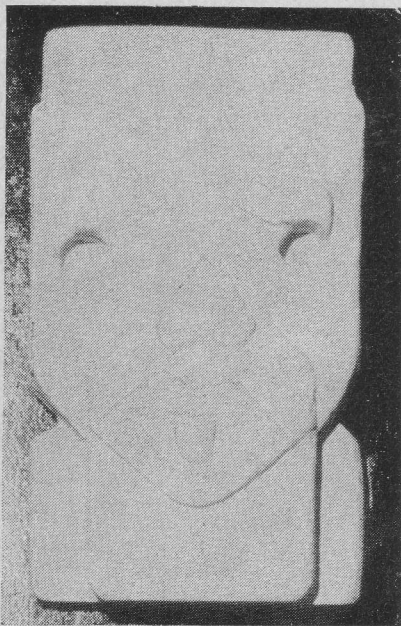
I hate winter!
Because you can't do anything.
Just sit inside looking out of the windows,
Which are fogged and depressing.
Which are fogged and depressing.
When the days get warmer.
Things become brighter.
No more rain, no more rain.
Just sunshine to make my day 'righter'.

Christine Ferguson, 3.3

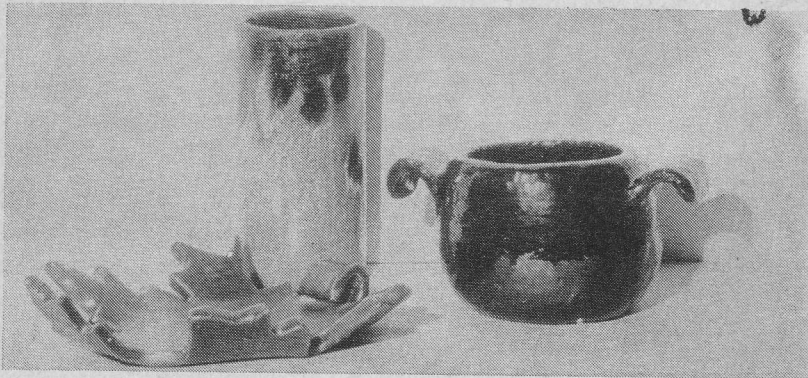
*Arts
and
Crafts*



ABOVE: GRAPHIC ART — printing and reproduction techniques.



LEFT: SCULPTURE—stone carving of totem figures.



CERAMICS: Hand built pots, vases and ornaments.