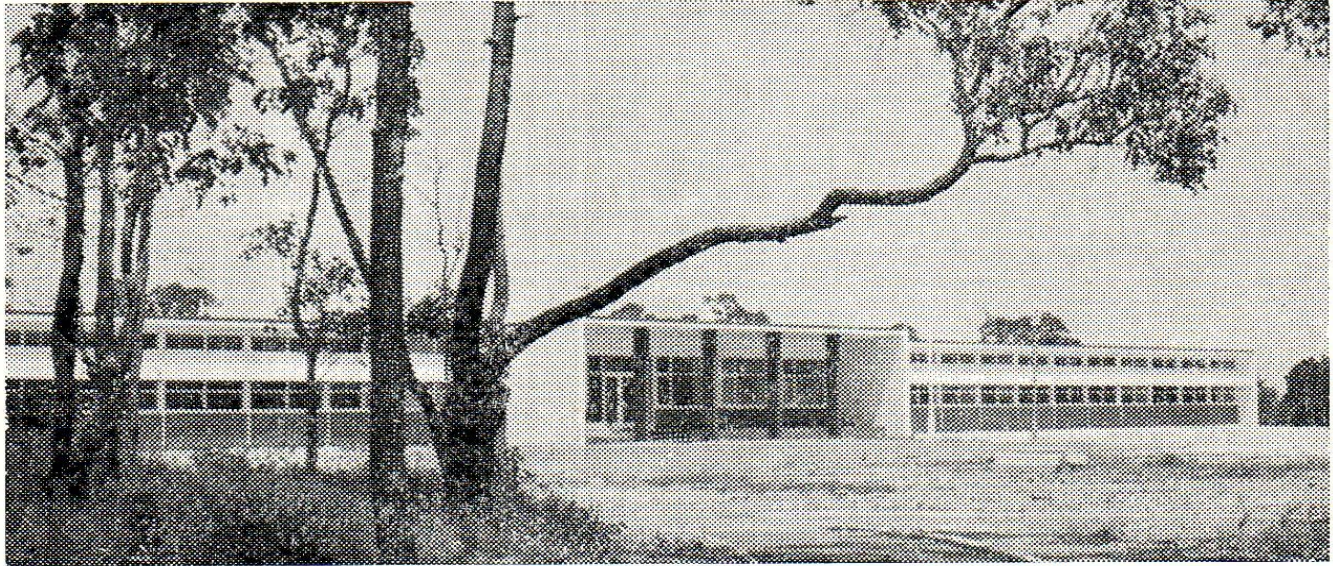


**HARVEY
AGRICULTURAL
HIGH SCHOOL
1968**

**THE
STIRLING**

HARVEY AGRICULTURAL HIGH SCHOOL



STAFF — 1968

Principal:

MR. P. LATHAM.

Deputy Principal:

MR. T. BYERS.

Principal Mistress:

MISS M. SHINE.

MR. R. BICKERS
MR. G. BROWN
MR. A. BROWNING
MR. D. CANDELORO
MR. W. COLLINS
MISS R. COOK
MISS V. CURTIC
MISS M. GARDNER
MR. J. HARRIS
MR. K. HINDMARSH
MISS V. HOFFMAN

MR. G. JAMES, Farm Supervisor
MISS J. JEFFERY
MR. I. LAURENCE
Senior Master Ag. Wing
MR. M. OTTAWAY, Senior Master
MR. G. PIGGOTT
MR. F. RANDO
MRS. B. RIGG
MR. G. STEVENS
MRS. F. WELLER
MR. D. WALSH

STUDENT OFFICIALS

TOWN WING PREFECTS

P. JONES (Captain)
K. BANCROFT
J. LANCASTER
K. OFFER
C. REIGERT

M. EASTCOTT (Head Girl)
M. MAY
M. OKULEWICZ
D. STAPLES
D. TONKIN

AGRICULTURAL WING PREFECTS

R. EVANS (Head Boy)
R. BIRMINGHAM
D. ROLLE

J. SHEEHAN
R. SHRIMPTON



HARVEY AGRICULTURAL HIGH SCHOOL PREFECTS 1968

Back Row (left to right): John Sheehan, David Rolle, Richard Evans (Head Boy Agricultural Wing), Roy Shrimpton, Ron Birmingham, Charles Riegert.
Front Row (left to right): Diane Staples, Mary Okulewicz, Margaret Eastcott (Head Girl), Mr. A. P. Latham (Principal), Paul Jones (Head Boy Town Wing), Maxine May, Deborah Tonkin.

EDITORIAL ✓

The magazine committee proudly present the 1968 and 6th edition of "The Stirling".

This year has seen many changes and much progress within the school. To the staff members of 1967 who returned this year were added Miss Shine, Mr. Ottaway, Miss Curtic, Miss Jeffery, Mr. Candeloro, Mr. Walsh, Mr. Collins, Mrs. Weller and Miss Cooke.

Staff numbers were augmented during second term when fifteen students, from the Secondary Teachers' College at Nedlands, visited the school for a fortnight. While here, the visiting teachers undertook a teaching programme which was a valuable experience, for instructors and students alike. Another important visitor during the year was Doctor Mossenson, the newly appointed Director of Secondary Education. At a meeting attended by all Staff members, Doctor Mossenson outlined proposed alterations to the present educational system, some of which are to come into effect in 1969.

Not only have there been staff changes. Two new classrooms are being built at the school. This means that in 1969, an increased number of manual training classes will be held at the town wing.

1968 has been an especially successful year in the sporting sphere. Successes in the competition against Waroona and Pinjarra were capped in the Carnival held in Bunbury, where Harvey won three of the four pennants awarded.

Improvements to the school grounds are being continuously made. The entrance to the school is now enhanced by an area devoted to wild flowers, while Arbor Day saw the planting of trees in a specially built-up area near the canteen.

The library stock has been increased this year. Emphasis has been placed on variety and, increasingly, the library is becoming a focal point of the school.

In many ways 1968 has been a

most satisfying year, and we confidently look forward to even greater achievements in the year ahead.

In conclusion we would like to thank Miss Shine and Miss Whitfield for their efforts in the production of this magazine. We would also like to acknowledge the assistance of Miss T. Devlin who did much of the typing.

The Committee

N. CATALANO
G. SMITH
W. ELLIS
J. KAZAZI
M. ELLIOTT
J. HAWKINS

PREFECT NOTES ✓

Unfortunately 1968 is drawing rapidly to an end and the duties and responsibilities of the prefects will soon have expired.

The socials were most certainly the highlights of the prefects' year. These were organised by Miss Shine and the prefects. There is a great deal of work to go into these and our sincere thanks must go to Miss Gardner for her contribution towards decorating the hall and the boys from the Agricultural Wing for providing a refreshment stall.

Another feature of the year was the visit by eight of the prefects to the Waroona social, in first term. We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and the prefects of Waroona were asked to our second term social.

We had a visit from Dr. Mossenson, the Director of Secondary Education and while the teachers were meeting him the prefects very skilfully took over classes. This proved to be a test of patience for some, for others, good practice.

All our prefects have represented the school in sports, played between Pinjarra, Waroona and Harvey. Six of the ten prefects are captains or vice-captains of the factions.

Finally, we would like to wish the prefects of 1969 a very happy and successful year.

AROUND THE SCHOOL

LIBRARY REPORT ✓

During the year, due to generous support by the Harvey High School Parents and Citizens Association, the high school library has expanded considerably. Two hundred and sixty new books have been added. As well as these additions, ninety books for the new reading section of the library were purchased and many magazines introduced. The most popular sections of the library at present are the careers section, being used extensively by second and third years, and the reference section. Under the guidance of their teachers, who have set them many projects requiring reference work, the first year students have made good use of the reference section. This group is also benefiting by being able to use the new reading section, which will be of far more importance next year, when the new style programming is introduced. Already, a marked increase in interest as far as reading is concerned has been noted in this group.

It is to be hoped that the library will continue to expand at an increased rate next year and in the following years.

ART COMPETITION ✓

On the 29th and 30th of March this year the school held an Art Competition. It was opened by the Minister for Health, Mr. MacKinnon, before a representative group of parents and citizens of Harvey.

Afternoon tea was served by the Red Cross girls and a sum of almost twenty dollars was raised.

First prize in the under twelve division went to Janet Heynes. Commended in this division was a painting by Christine Chidlow. First prize in under sixteen was won by

Robyn Blackburn. Holly Staniford and J. H. Patroni shared first prizes in the drawing section.

THE DEBATING CLUB ✓

Introducing a debating club to H.A.H.S. has proved most successful. The founder, Mr. Candeloro has done a splendid job for the club by arranging debates for every Wednesday lunchtime. The two teams, no matter on what topic they were debating, argued well till the end.

On the 17th July, two teams from the town wing met the agricultural boys' teams. The first team was "The Townies", represented by Sheryl Upton, Margaret Hocart and David Byers. The "Melons" were Peter Condera, Gramme Brickwood and Robert Bryant, the latter losing by a narrow margin.

The second team, one against one, was Margaret Eastcott against Ron Birmingham. This resulted in a draw.

Both debates caused laughter and continuous arguments.

Again, on the 26th July, two teams went to Kewdale to debate and spent an educational and enjoyable weekend. The first year team consisted of Kathy Merritt, Alan Rice and Tony Irachi. The second and third year team consisted of Sheryl Upton, Margaret Eastcott and Percy Vlietman.

Although both teams lost it was only by a small margin. The adjudicator highly praised both teams for their fine efforts against a more experienced team.

The two teams which went to Kewdale wish to thank the two gentlemen, who accompanied them all weekend, for a most enjoyable time.

The president and secretary (Paul

RED CROSS NOTES

This year, the activities of the Red Cross have been under the direction of Miss Gardner and the sum of \$31.69 was raised. A large amount of this was made by the selling of afternoon teas at the Art Exhibition held by the P. and C.

2A made an outstanding effort by holding various competitions. These included a fashion parade, featuring Bonnie and Clyde, an auction and a cross-country run.

posite centre at the top wing of the school into a metal work centre. Near this is being built a new wood-work centre which will enable more boys to stay at the town wing for manual training lessons instead of going to the Agricultural Wing as at present.

Although no definite plan has been made, hopes are high for a new technical drawing room to be built at the High School. At the present time all the Tech. Drawing students have to travel to the Agricultural Wing for classes.



HARVEY AGRICULTURAL HIGH SCHOOL STAFF — 1968

Back Row (left to right): Mr. R. Bickers, Mr. F. Rando, Mr. G. Piggott, Mr. G. Brown, Mr. K. Hindmarsh, Mr. J. Harris, Mr. D. Walsh, Mr. W. Collins, Mrs. B. Rigg, Mr. A. Browning.
Centre Row: Miss V. Hoffman, Miss L. Whitfield, Miss R. Cook, Mr. D. Candeloro, Miss J. Jeffery, Miss M. Gardiner, Miss V. Curtic.
Front Row: Mr. G. Stevens, Mr. G. James, Mr. T. Byers, Mr. P. Latham, Miss M. Shine, Mr. I. Laurence, Mr. M. Ottaway.
Absent: Mrs. F. Weller.

POETRY AND PROSE PRIZE WINNERS

3rd year: Prose. Janice Hales 3A.

Poetry. Paul Jones 3A.

2nd year: Prose. Nola Catalano 2A.

Poetry. Leah Jackson 2A.

1st year: Prose. Robyn Brown 1A.

Poetry. Linda Treasure 1A

THE PROBLEM OF COLOUR

Long, long ago, in the dreamtime, when everything was young and beautiful, the Cockatoo lived side by side with the Dingo. The Dingo went hunting by night and sleepily watched the Cockatoo by day. Dingo lived a very happy life, but not so Cockatoo because the Cockatoo was the only ugly thing in the whole, wide world. He was drab grey all over. How he longed to be as bright as the sun, as noticeable as the moon when she showed her full face and could twinkle like a star. And every time he saw the gay kookaburra, the red kangaroo or his friend, the yellow dingo, he would go quietly away by himself and tell his troubles to the wind, who was always blowing so loudly he never heard the poor Cockatoo.

One day, however, the wind was only blowing gently. It heard the Cockatoo and carried the message to Kurrawallabing, who was wiser than the owl, older than the earth and happier than the kookaburra. He came to the little cockatoo and said: "I am here to change you to any colour what-so-ever you wish."

Cockatoo was very happy at this and immediately cried: "Red. Please make me the colour of the sun, O Kurrawallabing."

"Very well, my little one," replied the old man.

Immediately, Cockatoo vanished. Dingo was very worried over this because Cockatoo did not reappear. "Where is he? Where is my friend, the Cockatoo?" he cried.

"I'm here. Can't you see me?" cried a little voice. Dingo looked down and saw the red dust move.

"I can see you. But only when you move because you blend with the soil."

"This won't do," said Cockatoo. "Make me black, O Kurrawallabing. Then my friends will see me."

The old man made Cockatoo black but the dark night came and again Dingo complained he could not see Cockatoo.

"Make me the colour of the crocodile, please, O Kurrawallabing," pleaded Cockatoo.

"Gladly," replied the old man, "but wait until the sun parches the earth again."

In the morning, Kurrawallabing made Cockatoo the colour of the crocodile. Cockatoo flew over the Fitzroy River to show off his new colours and when the crocodile saw Cockatoo's colours he was so angry and jealous that he tried to eat Cockatoo.

Cockatoo decided to leave. To prevent further jealousy he decided to change his colour again. "Please make me yellow like Dingo, O Kurrawallabing," he said.

"Certainly," said Kurrawallabing. Cockatoo was admiring his yellow colour when he noticed that Dingo was regarding him jealously.

"Before you changed your colour I was the only living thing that was yellow, excepting the yellow serpent. Now people won't regard me as having extraordinary colour any more," wailed Dingo.

"Well, don't get excited now, calm down, I'll change my colour again." And Cockatoo sat down to think. "Make me-er-could you possibly change me to white, ple-e-ase? Please say you will, O Kurrawalla-bing."

"This will be the last colour-change. I think you are taking advantage of me," said Kurrawalla-bing gravely.

"Me? Take advantage of you? Never!" replied Cockatoo stoutly.

"Very well then. You shall be white for ever more." And with these words, Kurrawalla-bing disappeared.

"My, my! Now just look at me just look!" cried Cockatoo. He flew away over the tree tops to show off his new colour.

He shone as brightly as the sun; he was as noticeable as the moon when she showed her full face; he twinkled like a star and most of all he was happy. Dingo was happy too, because no longer did Cockatoo blend and fade into the earth and no more did he blend and fade into the night. No more did crocodile attempt to eat him and no more did Dingo worry over his loss of interest.

Once again everything was happy and beautiful on the earth because the Cockatoo was white.

Robyn Brown 1A

IN MEMORY OF SENATOR ROBERT KENNEDY

Where can we lay the man who'll
lead no more?

Here, in crowded America's central
roar.

Let the sound of those he spoke for,
Echo around his bones for ever
more.

Let the long, long procession go,
And let the sorrowing crowd about
it, grow;

And let the mournful, martial mu-
sic blow

Because a great American is low.

Linda Treasure 1A

RUSTY

With a gulping sigh which caught as a sob in her throat, the child carried the limp form of her cat in her arms. Rusty had been her constant companion for three years and during that time, the one eyed, battle scarred feline and made a sizeable dent in the child's young, impressionable heart. Now Rusty was dead. Gone to heaven, so her mother said, but Kathy wondered at this explanation. If there were so many cats around, surely God wouldn't have wanted hers.

Kathy reached the bottom of the garden. Near a rose bush, earlier in the afternoon, she had tearfully dug a hole. She knelt and lovingly placed the cold stiff body in it. Rusty would be all-right, she thought, fighting to control her tears. She stroked the cat's shabby coat. God must know that he was no ordinary cat. He was a very special feline; he was hers.

She quickly scooped the soil over the body and then stared at the little mound. Darkness had come, enveloping the garden; the only light struggling from the kitchen doorway reminded her that tea would be waiting. Fighting to retain her self control, the girl rose to her feet and turned towards the house. She knew what they would say. Her family, after one quick look at her face, would offer sympathy and suggest where she could get a replacement. They didn't understand. She moved painfully across the garden; her world seemed darkened and shattered. That was the trouble — there was no replacement for Rusty.

Nola Catalano 2A

A PRESENT FROM THE EAST

"Oh Samantha, It's beautiful!" breathed Mary as I lifted the delicate bracelet from its tissue paper.

"There's a note with it," I said. "Listen. 'Dear Sam, I bought this charm bracelet at a bazaar in Raj-buri in Egypt during my last visit. I thought you might like to have it. There was some superstitious tale cast about it by the merchant, but I

believe it was pure nonsense conjured up to induce me to buy it. Give my regards to your parents. Love Uncle John."

I lifted the bracelet to admire it again. A small, delicate band of gold held six charms. A tiny, intricate pyramid glistened next to a miniature replica of an ancient throne, in the centre of which a small crown was delved out of the metal. Next on the band was a simple triangle, slightly raised in the centre with a rice plant meticulously engraved on it. A small sailing boat with billowing sails and laden with cargo, was followed by a figurehead of an Egyptian with stiff, straight hair, stern, cold eyes and high arched eyebrows. Last of all, the most beautiful, was a delicate tear-drop shaped crystal twinkling and winking in the stream of warm sunshine flooding in from the window.

Mary, unusually quiet, gazed intently at the crystal.

"It's gorgeous," I murmured.

I glanced at Mary and was struck by the calm, quiet look in her face. Her eyes seemed glazed, as if in a trance. I clicked my fingers at her. She jumped. I was startled by the wide-eyed terror in her face.

"Wha-what's the matter?" I questioned.

"Oh Sam, it was terrible. It was like a nightmare. I dreamt that we were in a plane high above the ocean. Then we saw a tropical island in the distance. We watched as it drew even closer. Then, suddenly, the engine spluttered, and a voice came over the intercom. It said: 'This is the captain speaking. Our right engines have ignited and are out of control. We are going to attempt a crash-landing on the island. The authorities have been notified of our predicament. Please remain calm and fasten your safety belts.'"

"What happened then?" I asked. I glanced at her face. Her freckles contrasted sharply with her extreme pallor.

"Do you believe it?" I asked, not altogether disbelieving the credibility of the hypnotic dream.

"Do you?" asked Mary.

"Sort of. But come on, we are supposed to be studying."

Three months later, Mary and I were lucky enough to gain scholarships to study in the United States of America for 12 months.

As we flew over the scattered Pacific islands, Mary whispered to me: "Sam, do you remember my dream? Do you think it had anything to do with this?"

"No, I don't think so."

Our trip to America was unevenful and we arrived safely. The following months we spent trying to learn as much as we could. Before we knew it, we were packing to come home.

Leaving many new friends behind, we boarded the plane reluctantly and promising ourselves to return in the future, we sadly waved goodbye.

My thoughts of the previous year were interrupted when Mary said: "Sam, look. There's an island. Isn't it beautiful. I seem to remember it somehow."

I glanced at my bracelet. "Mary—," I started.

A voice on the intercom interrupted me. "This is the captain speaking. Our right engines have ignited and are out of control. We are going to attempt a crash landing on the island. The authorities have been notified of our predicament.

"Please remain calm and fasten your safety belts."

Janice Hales 3A

FEAR

Fear is a terrible feeling.

A sensation as if someone digs at my stomach with boney fingers.

I feel heavy.

I look glum.

Everyone seems to be looking at me.

There is silence.

I try to stand up straight.

I bend forward as if doubling up with pain.

Bang!

The next moment I am gliding through the air.

Suddenly, I enter a cold, icy veil, Which surrounds me like a slimy skin.

I break the surface—

The terrible feeling has vanished.

Paul Jones 3A

THE SNAKE

He seemed to know the trap.
 So leisurely he moved.
 His tongue,
 Like a piece of wire
 Three cornered.
 And with a fork edge.
 Stirred not a blade
 As it twisted
 With its tail trailing behind.
 His body was tubular
 And slimy
 And green-black
 And as he passed the opening

He turned
 And snapped at a loose fly
 That was daring and harmless
 And I saw a flash of a long tongue
 And a double row of scales.
 And eyes of metallic grey,
 Hard and narrow and unblinking.
 Then out of the trap
 With that swinging tail
 Parting, without touching, the grass
 Lethely,
 Leisurely,
 He slithered
 That strange reptile.

Leah Jackson 2A



Class Notes



1A

1A consists of 21 girls and 15 boys, who all look like real McCoys.

Tall and thin or short and fat, that's what we're like, so that's that.

Now to introduce you to the class.

Our form teacher is Miss Cook, who has a pretty look.

Our comedians are Gordon B. and Ron, who call to each other from beyond.

Dianne, Carol and Vicki F are always talking to boys, but put them in front of the class and there's no noise.

Denise and Keith are our artists, while Kerry and Jill are the smartest.

Julie and Lorraine wear braces, when Alex, Terry and David are pulling faces.

When it comes to English it's Janine, Jane and Lyn; but in Health Education they should be in the bin.

Gloria and Dianne C. are our shrimps.

Marion and Robyn get good marks.

Robert and David H. are a good pair, and also very rare.

Gordon, David and Henry get along.

Vicki and Joy are grand.

Graeme, who doesn't live far away, never has a say.

Pina and Christine slouch in their chairs, because they have no cares.

Roslyn, who always pays attention, never gets a mention.

The first out of the classroom are Ken and Greg, if they don't watch it they'll have a sore leg.

Linda and Dawn are two of us who have brown eyes, for they are good little girls and never tell lies.

By Marion Manning.

1B

Miss Gardner is the luckiest teacher in the school having 1B as her form class — "the best behaved class in the school".

We also have some good talkers known as the Five Little Saints: Wendy, Susan, Lorraine, Lorene and not forgetting Lynette, who never says a word out of place.

Shorty looking up at the teachers



FIRST YEAR

Marrie Lyndon's picture of a clown was done during a lesson taken by visiting teacher Miss Chester. Marrie is among the top art students in First Year.

(and everyone Tock) looking sent the long a our class.

Finally, as teachers always seem to have the last word, we would like to review some of their FIRST words upon entering our classroom:

Social Studies: "Armstrong! Sit down!"

French: "Shhhhhhh!"

English: "Don't scrape chairs!"

Library: "Pull your socks up!"

M.T.: "Good morning, lads!"

Art: "You five separate."

Home Science: "Urk! Burnt again!"

Phys. Ed.: (Boys) "Logue! Richardson! Stop fighting!"; (girls) "No cutting corners, and four laps!"

Maths: "5mngk + 7tma . . . But why?"

Health Ed.: "How revolting!"

1C

One C is made up of 39 terrors who inhabit, claim or otherwise have access to room 2 for form room.

After two terms as high school intelligentsia, we are beginning to have reasons to believe that we may not be the swiftest minds on earth. However, our title of "fastest tongues in the west" is undisputed — ask any teacher!

We are very well known amongst staff circles. The mere mention of our name is enough to strike terror in the hearts of many and cause numerous pairs of eyes to turn and

may explain a lot of the points mentioned.

We have had very capable prefects in the persons of Peter Madison and Julie Fisher in the first term, Kathleen Merritt and Peter Jones in second term, and Sincorsa Napoli and John Hovey in third term.

We wish to thank these prefects and Mr. Caneloro for their kind assistance. We now look confidently forward to achieving better things and moving upwards (the only way we can possibly go) in second year.

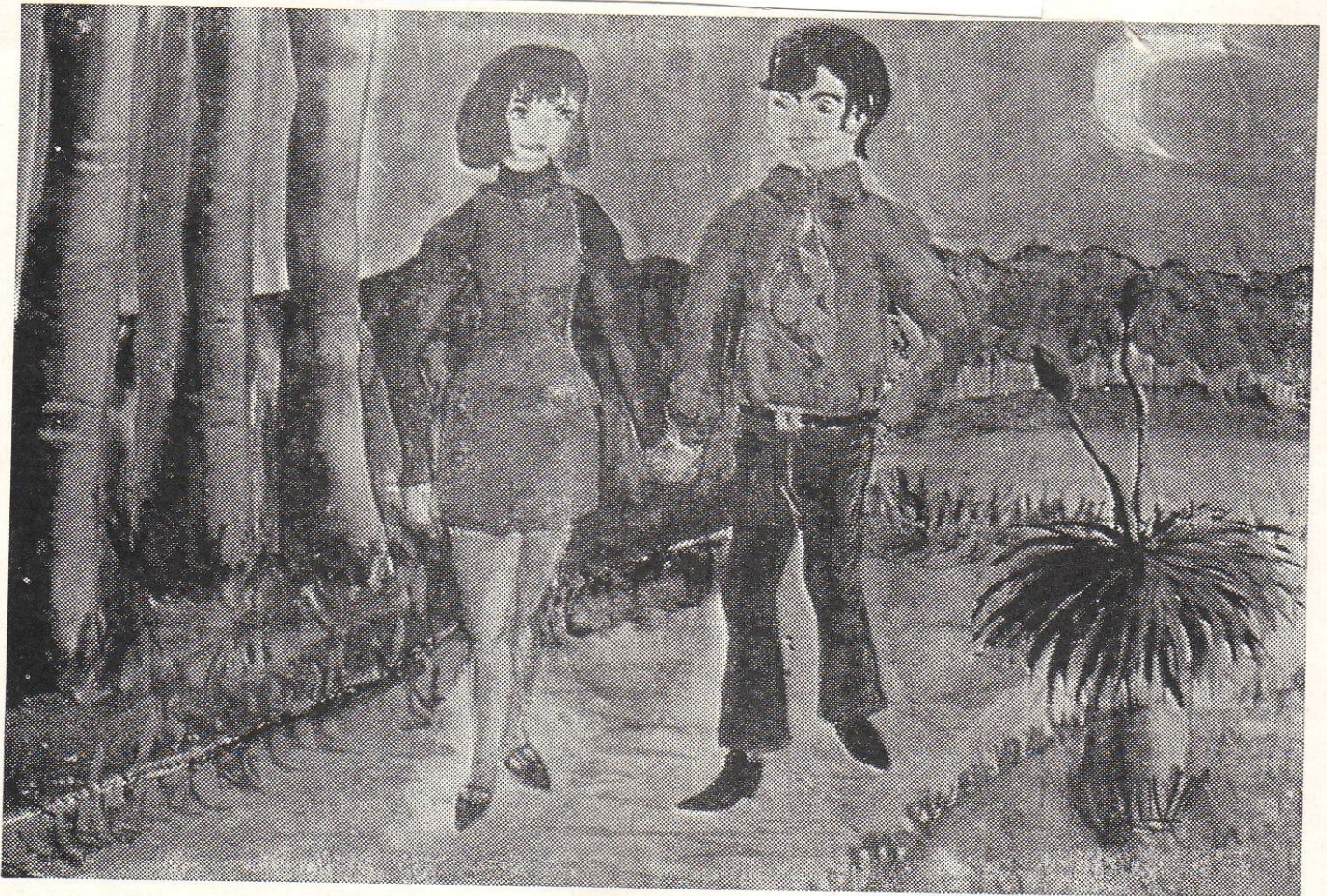
1D

Throughout the year 1D has been a very prominent class. Apart from being the favourite of all the teachers, 1D has achieved the following:

Sporting honours: Representing Harvey at Bunbury and Pinjarra in girls' hockey, Cynthina Coomer, Kerry Kelly, Jenny Knapp, Brenda Punch, Karen Ugle; boys' hockey, Tony Rechichi; boys' football, Buddy Kelly.

Academic honours: 1st term, Alan Lofthouse, John Hovey, Chris Coomer, all of whom were promoted to 1C; 2nd term, Rodney Jones, Graham Kirk, Chris Campbell. Who will it be 3rd term?

Generosity honours: 1D also demonstrated their generosity, the beneficiaries of which were the Red Cross Appeal, the Rice Bowl Appeal, Mr. Walsh (many bugs and other creepy-crawlies and mushrooms).



SECOND YEAR

This painting, by Joyce Wilkinson, of 2A, was entered in the Art Exhibition and Competition earlier this year. Joyce's art work is always of a high standard.

2A

Allthogh knot spektackular, 2A has established themselves as vary well nown bye that teechers off H.A.H.S., in fack we're famed four riots. A scholar of 2A doos not knead a tim-table two find his room; he knows wear IT is ass soon as he cumes into range of hereing (on clear days, up two harf a mile).

It seams in owr class sum students have had sum truble in making that partikular subjec up two the likeness and flavor expecked bye owr teechers, sew if u have a bit of truble trie this vary munch tryed and tested recipe four the same.

Ingredients:

1 sentense of Shakespear.
 1 paragraf of Greanmantle.
 1 adverbial claws of Dickends.
 A werd or to of Frencht.
 1 teaspoonful of tence, passt, present or furture. All preduce equelly good results, previded they ar knot mixed.

1 ounce of carefullnes. This kan bee omitted if desired allthogh know garantee is offered if this is dun.

1 row of Ulysses and 1 consonent of Shylock.

Methed:

Beet Shakespear and Greanmantle two a cream, ad Dickends an mix well. Flavor with Frencht. Nex sift Carefullnes evenally thrgh tha

drive, cair beeing taken knot two place moore in wun portion than in another.

After seasoning with Ulysses and Shylock put in uneven heeps on ruled page an wate untill drie or set.

Wee rarther pride ourselves on beeing rarther renowned, even if it's onely four tha niose wee raise. Quiet offton, a teecher, wif a peace of chalk in his hand an a blak-lookin frown on his brow, stalks in wif a:

"I say! Wat's all this niose about? Wee kan here yew at tha othar end off tha skool."

Butt, of coarse, we are only dooing owr werk allowed an thear-four consider it unfare two bee destrubed.

Apart from and occasional outburst of vioces, ow clarss is vary still. No mischief is even herd of in 2A. Yeassir — were juss a mob of Aimable, Angelic, Able and Active sturdents.

Finally, wee wish the Junior kandidates tha bess of luc four tha cuming xaminations. Nex yere wee will bee confronting tha Junior owselves an hoppe two past wif due onours, esspecially in Frencht.

P.S. Wun of ow bad subjects is spelling.

2B

A is for Alex with a voice so sweet.

B is for Bruno with hair combed so neat.

C is for Clive and Caddy as well.

D is for David who sits and waits for the bell.

E is for English which isn't so great.

F is for Franky who is always late.

G is for Graeme our policeman to be.

H is for Headley whom you've got to see.

I is for Ignorance found in 2B.

J is for Josie, old man of the class.

K is a letter we'll have to pass.

L is for Larry our teachers caress.

M is for Mark who leaves his desk in a mess.

N is another we'll have to leave.

O is for Olly, our basketball freeze.

P is for Phillip, we have three of these.

Q is for queries, that's us in 2B.

R is for Rosey, our squatter to be.

S is for Stevy who is very bright.

T is for Terry who never looks right.

U is for Ute-Room, our palace of prey.

V is for Vincent, who's never away.

W is for Willy, so small in our class.

X is for Exams which we'll never pass.

Y is for "yeller", which most of us are.

Z is for Zombies, that's us so far.

Phillip Morgan

2C

Sport

2C girls are not great sports-women, but we have made some fantastic efforts in school carnivals:

Softball: We were represented by Susan McDougall, Diane Khan, Sandra Shalders.

Basketball: Susan McDougall, Lesley Taylor, Sandra Shalders.

Tennis: Lesley Taylor.

Hockey: Diane Khan.

Swimming: Lesley Taylor, Vickie Lewis, Sandra Shalders, Lyn Coule, Marilyn Hogan, Christine McNerney.

General

Typewriters click noisily, bells ring as the end of the line draws near, then the carriages thump as they are pushed back. This is the daily scene in Typing, where 2C are busily working.

We combine with the other second year classes when we do Commerce, Social Studies B and Science B. Most of our class (99%) does Commerce and the other 1% does Social Studies A.

In Maths and Science we all go "on the town" and rarely can we do

a sum without Mr. Ottaway explaining it twice.

In English 2C authors are writing and producing four "fantastic" novels. Copies of each will be kept in the library, so that everyone can read our masterpieces. Our actors are producing, with the help of Miss Whitfield, a play from Shakespeare. In Written Expression we rack our brains but few of us even succeed in getting over 7 for a mark.

Social Studies is one of our quieter periods. With the help of Mr. Byers we produce some very good answers to questions. Ask Mr. Byers.

In Home Science classes, we split into two groups. Most of us at the moment are doing sewing, while the other three are combined with the convent girls for cooking. We have a reputation for being the quietest class in the school.

In first term our class did a project for Commerce. Marilyn Hogan, Sue McDougall and Pam Crosse had theirs taken by Miss Waddingham, to be shown to other schools.

2D

There are now 18 members in our class, although at the beginning of term in February there were only 15. The three new students are Jimmie Cockie from 2B, Diane Khan from 2C and Faye Giblett from Kojonup.

Class prefects for the terms have been Lorraine Hart and Alan Johnson for first term, Judith Wilson and Peter Woods for second term and for third term we have Faye Giblett and Max Fryer.

New subjects for the girls this year are typing and office proce-

dures, while the boys are learning motor mechanics and technical drawing.

At the end of first term achievement certificate tests the top of the class was Lorraine Hart, followed by Judith Wilson and Allen Stidworthy. Second term saw John Harnett in first position with Lorraine Hart and Lynette Ugle holding the next two places. We're all trying hard now to see which one of us will have the honour of being top at the end of our second year.

Our class has been well represented in school teams. Loretta Garlett, Lynette Ugle, Lorraine Hart and Diane Khan (even though she hadn't yet joined us) were members of the girls' hockey team which played against Pinjarra, and which had such success during the three-day carnival at Bunbury during the last week of second term. In the football team, Jimmy Cockie and Max Fryer were our representatives.

Lynette Ugle received a school pocket for hockey, while honours from the other side of school life were shared by Peter Woods and Diane Khan when their work was exhibited in the Harvey Art Show.

Unusual happenings (which we don't encourage others to try) include David Wilson's trip through the door of the Utility Room which resulted in five stitches in one leg and one stitch in his hand. Lorraine Hart cut her foot badly at the swimming carnival and couldn't participate, while Lynette Burgess fainted during a Maths lesson after receiving a TB test injection.

Taken altogether we've had a happy year and are proud of our class, 2D.



THIRD YEAR

Paul Jones' "City Street" is an excellent piece of work done in second term which helped him to become top art student for that term.

3A

Here we are again, formerly of 1A and 2A fame, to present to you the notorious deeds of this class performed during 1968.

3A was honoured when several members of the male population of our class, namely, Paul, Keith, John, "Banga" and Charlie, and one lonely feminine member, Dianne, were chosen as School Prefects for 1968. Class Prefects of 3A perfection have been: 1st term, Andy and Lu-Lu; 2nd term, Robert and Gillian; 3rd term, Chang and Jill.

Derek and Pete, tired of 3A company, have since departed to lead a more carefree(?) life in other circles.

Lu-lu and Robert marched forth into the wilderness to plant the 3A tree on Arbor Day. The tree was planted but, with such a founding, the big question is — will it survive?

Over the three years 3A has compiled a remarkable record regarding our former Form Mistresses. Miss Yeoman (1A, 1966) gained the title of "Mrs. Johnson" in May, 1967, Miss Thomas (2A, 1967) ascended to the title of "Mrs. Michell" in May, 1968, Miss Jeffery (3A, 1968? in May, 1969.

Saturated members, noted for their swimming achievements, excelled themselves at the South-West High Schools' Swimming Carnival held at Collie this year and at the interfaction swimming carnival during 1st term. The recent sports carnival at Bunbury proved to be an almost complete victory for Harvey, the boys' teams being well represented by members of our class.

Those endowed with the useful gift of plenty of "grey matter" showed their talent in the recent mock Junior attempt. Mario out-starred all of us, Paul and Keith were not far behind, but as for the rest of us . . . ? The mock Junior served its purpose, however, in encouraging us to work. Paul also proved his artistic ability by becoming Top Third Year Art Student, 1968.

As October 5th draws nearer, 3A

s prepare nervously for the French Alliance Francaise Examinations. Third year classes including 3A, are awaiting with bated breath for results of the Commonwealth Scholarship Examination which was held in July.

First term, 3A and other illustrious 3rd year classes piled into a bus and trundled off to Pinjarra to see two plays, "The Pen of My Aunt" and "Birds of a Feather".

These plays were light and entertaining and well worth the trip to Pinjarra to see them. In 2nd term we were visited by Mr. Clements, a professional poetry reader, who read a large selection of poems to a group of second and third year students.

3A's fund-raising activities for Red Cross included a weight-guessing competition and a soft-drink bottle drive. For some time bottles were bursting out of many 3A lockers.

Finally, our thanks must be directed to the wonderful teachers who have helped us throughout the year. Their efforts will be rewarded, we hope, in November and January.

3B

This is the last time you will have the privilege of entering the class with a difference—3B. All 26 males (give or take a few) have worked feverishly for the last 8 High School terms. Only time can tell what will become of us. Who knows? Maybe we have the makings of lawyers, doctors, teachers, clergymen or even drain-diggers among us, but this is highly unlikely. We prefer less colourful occupations.

However, we do have an ear for music. "J.B.", Johnny Biernet, leads an exciting band of musicians — "Johnny and the Warthogs", who were highly appreciated at a previous school social. I think you will be pleased to know that they are striking again.

On the sporting side of 3B we have many outstanding figures. For example, the school football team is ably supported by Carl Lange and

Stephen Trigwell, while Neil Halden, Peter Brandis, Kim Dempster, Alan Ottrey and Alec Denham keep the hockey team in top trim. Carl Lange and Neil Halden are also part of the school basketball team. Mr. Collins, our form teacher, has had a swinging time since taking charge at the commencement of 1968. Most of the credit must go to John Biernet for Mr. Collins' extreme fitness.

The brains of 3B (what brains?) who keep the class running like clockwork are Jim Maiolo, David Richardson, Alan White, Edward Cawdell and Slavik Prokopyszyn (who?).

Robert Wotherspoon, a former part-time employee of Sherrys of Brunswick, had ingeniously worked out an easy way of letting down the doors. He would take the weights off the back and hence make the doors come down a little faster. Unfortunately he did not know the consequences and the door came thundering down on top of him. He was extremely lucky though, the door hit him on the head and didn't hurt him at all.

Finally, we would like to congratulate Mr. Collins on his recent engagement to Miss Gardner and wish him luck in his efforts to control us until the end of the year.

Wack! Oow!

S. Prokopyszyn

3C

3C Consists of a collection of Courageous, Charming, Curvy, Constructive, Careful, Captivating, Cautious, Champion girls, and are Controlled by Miss Whitfield, who is a Capable, Conscientious Coach.

Four of the five girl prefects, Officer Okulewica, Deputy Deborah (Tonkin), Marshall May and Masterful Margaret (East), are represented in this Charming Class, providing it with much variety. We also thank our reliable class prefects, who were Deborah Tonkin and Larelle ("Dotty") Dodemaide. Occasionally they have to say, "I've forgotten the diary", but, apart from a few minor lapses, they performed their jobs Competently. We have a couple of mischief makers,

(Jacqui and Pat), two or three with a sensible head on their shoulders (who they are we're not certain), a few more who are never quite with us, (Shayne and Maxine) and some who never keep their lockers shut, (Pat).

Except for a few upsets we are proud to say that our class is the happiest in the school. Mr. Collins impressed all of us with his "big" explosion. Here, the 3C girls displayed their great Courage by rushing, S-C-R-E-A-M-I-N-G, from the room. (Can you blame us?) Suzanne remembers this incident well.

During cooking many unusual things happen. Plain flour mysteriously appears in the S.R. flour tin. The result — "flopped" sponges for another class. The Culprits, Bev, Shayne and Norma, were very red-faced.

In one lesson, Larelle could find no room for her Cooking in the oven. This Conundrum was easily solved by Larelle's simply "shoving" Judy's butterfly cakes to the back of the oven, putting hers in and closing the door. Some twenty minutes later, hard, burnt and distorted, they were rescued by an apologetic Larelle.

This year we had a "delightful" trip to Pinjarra for Drama and our class was well represented in inter-school sport. Lastly, our sincere thanks must go to all our teachers for patiently "putting up" with us throughout the year. Although 3C are not absolute genii, we certainly hope to pass our Junior with flying colours.

3D

3D has the distinction of being the smallest class in the school. We therefore regard ourselves as an elite class, for all the teachers enjoy having such a small, happy group.

Although our numbers are small we have many sporting stars in our midst: these include Doug, Lyn, Susan and Barry.

The girls have excelled in home science while the boys have started a new subject in welding.

For 3D this has been a very happy year.



AGRICULTURAL WING HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row (left to right): B. Mercer, S. Kerr, C. Dyer, C. West, C. Patterson, B. Vickery, P. Campbell.

Front Row (left to right): D. Rolle, G. Brickwood, P. Conedera (vice-capt.), Mr. Briggs, R. Birmingham (capt.), M. Job, G. Pitt.

AG WING NOTES TOUR OF METRO AREA AND WHEATBELT

On Monday, 8th July, all the second years and 10 selected first years set out on a tour of the Metropolitan area. We left Harvey at 9 a.m. and arrived at Kwinana at 11.30 a.m. The first tour was over the B.H.P. steel rolling mill. We arrived there just as the workers had gone off for lunch and therefore we were able to walk through the plant and have a good look through the rolling mill.

After the B.H.P. tour we went to the C.S.B.P. and Farmers' super works. There we were lectured on how the phosphate rock was treated with sulphuric acid to make superphosphate. After the lecture we were taken around the plant looking at points of interest.

After the super works tour, we went to the Fremantle Wool stores and saw the wool as displayed at a wool sale. This was interesting as

all the wool was sorted out into their respective quality and colour lines.

When we had finished at the wool store we went to Rockingham and had tea at the Waikiki Hotel, after which we went to Point Peron Youth Camp to spend the night.

On Tuesday morning we made our own breakfast. We had some trouble with the bus that morning and it was quite a while before we started out on the next tour, which was to be Jandakot wool scours. We were shown through the whole plant and the store rooms where all the scoured wool was stored. The bus troubled us again on the way back to Point Peron. While it was being fixed up, we went to the Waikiki Hotel to have tea again.

On Wednesday morning our first tour was around the Kwinana BP Refinery. We were taken to a lecture room and were told from where the crude oil came and how it was being processed. We were then shown around the plant. After a

late lunch we headed for Cunderdin and arrived there after some bus trouble at 10 p.m.

On Thursday morning, after breakfast at the Cunderdin Agricultural School, we were shown over their farm and workshop. Later we played a game of football against the Cunderdin Ag. team and beat them.

After lunch and a speech by the Cunderdin headmaster, we departed for Narrogin at about 3.30 p.m. We travelled through Brookton and Pingelly. We arrived in Narrogin at 7 p.m. and had tea at a restaurant and then spent till 8.30 p.m. looking over the town and then headed for the Narrogin Agricultural School which is about 5 miles out

of Narrogin. At 9.30 p.m. we went to bed.

On Friday morning we were shown over their farm and workshops and then played a game of football against them but were dismally defeated.

After a buffet lunch and more bus trouble we left Narrogin in their bus and came, via Williams and Quindanning, back to Harvey.

I'm sure we all learnt a lot from watching different firms in action and also gained more ideas on the Agricultural side of other schools. In addition, after this tour not only should our knowledge of football be greater, but we should also know what the fuel system of our bus looks like.

B. Hagedoorn, C. Patterson, L. Smith



AGRICULTURAL WING BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row (left to right): R. Shrimpton, C. Humble (capt.), R. Evans, C. Patterson, T. Dryden.

Front Row (left to right): J. Sheehan, D. Ugle, Mr. Laurence, R. McNab, D. Rolle.

AG WING SPORT

In the opening weeks of the year, the sporting efforts of our side of the school were largely directed to swimming. In the carnival, held at the weir, we had to "borrow" some "townies" because our team, although rich in ability, lacked sadly in numbers. We were able to return this gesture, however, at the Inter-school Swimming Carnival held at Collie, for the school's representatives included Ray Shrimston, Terry Dryden, Richard Evans and Robert Bryant.

The Basketball team, although unsuccessful in reaching the finals, had an enjoyable season.

Following the basketball was the cross country, a dreaded season for some. The twice weekly runs daunted all but the hardiest, but those who have been selected in the cross country championships are training hard and the school hopes to have success this year.

The football team has had considerable success, finishing fourth on the premiership table. Much of the credit for the enthusiasm of the team must go to Mr. Stevens whose ability in imparting his knowledge of the skills of the game has been much appreciated.

Basketball, cricket and tennis are also played at the school. We also have PT sessions in which the skills of the various sports are demonstrated and drilled.

Our thanks go to Mr. Stevens for directing our sport this year.

P. Campbell, J. Sheehan, R. Bryant.

A LUCKY LAD

This incident, about to be related, occurred on the Ag. School property on about 23rd July.

On this extremely wet Tuesday morning, Jim, who was on dairy duty, went with Stan, Cliff, Alan and an instructor, to do some fencing in the hill paddocks because there was nothing for him to do



GIRLS' SOFTBALL TEAM

Back Row (left to right): M. May, D. Gardiner, L. Jackson, L. Agostino, B. Kealy, T. Maddison, J. Clegg, P. Marino.

Front Row (left to right): G. Smith, D. Khan, J. Whyte, J. Kerr, S. McDougall, M. Eastcott, M. Oculwicz.

about the dairy.

When the crew arrived at the new fence, conditions proved impossible, so after about half an hour of steady down pouring rain; the instructor decided to return to the sheds and keep out of the wet.

This group had a tractor and trailer with them and so they set off for home with Stan, Cliff and Alan on the trailer and Jim on the draw-bar of the tractor. To him there was nothing unusual about this method of travelling on a tractor, as he had done it almost all of his life.

When the tractor arrived at two gates, Jim hopped off the machine and opened and closed the gates. Then he remounted the draw-bar and they commenced the journey home.

From the gates the ground sloped quickly away towards the bottom of the paddock and the instructor who was driving had only gone about 30 yards when the left back wheel of the tractor dropped into a hole. Jim was thrown side-ways and the tyre lugs caught his trousers and pulled him over the top of the wheel with the result that he finished up with one leg down between the back wheel and the mud-guard and his body resting on his right hand on the ground between the back and front wheels of the tractor.

The instructor braked when he saw Jim fall, but the grass was so slippery that the tractor slid for about 20 yards down the hill with Jim pushing himself along on one hand to keep ahead of the wheels.

When the tractor stopped, the instructor bent the mudguard back while the others lifted Jim off the ground. After some pushing and pulling, he managed to get his foot out. He finished up with a torn muscle and severe bruising of the leg. He had two weeks off school to recover and he still carries the signs of the accident.

Jim was an extremely lucky person because he cheated death by a hair's breadth.

One slight hesitation on the driver's part could have caused Jim's death. If his leg hadn't jammed where it did, he would have died.

This has been written so that other boys, young men or even old men who ride on draw-bars will learn from the experience and so prevent another accident of the same kind.

Jim has certainly learned his lesson.

J. EASTCOTT.

PROJECTS

There are 6 types of projects in progress at the school. They are bees, pigs, calves, sheep, laying fowls and meat birds. At the start of the year all second year students were allocated to a project. They have to run the project by themselves, keeping records of births, deaths, feed used, produce sold and so on.

There are 11 bee hives on the farm; the two boys on the project are responsible for the maintenance of hives, robbing the honey, feeding the bees and marketing the honey.

A new farrowing pen system was set up at the project area to house 2 sows. The pens cost about \$550 to make and were built by the boys. Two sows have farrowed giving birth to a total of 22 piglets which are fed and cared for by the 4 boys on the project.

A new project to the school is vealer calves. 12 were bought by the 3 boys and reared on powdered milk and some crushed oats. The shearing shed was used to house some of the calves during the year.

The 6 boys on sheep project care for 35 ewes which were mated in December last year and a total of 24 conceived. The 11 dry sheep were sold to the local butcher. There were 28 lambs born and 26 survived. The sheep are grazed in small paddocks around the farm and near the river.

Last year a new laying shed was built by the boys at a cost of \$800.

It incorporates 16 single bird cages and two pens containing 50 birds in each. There are 4 boys on this project and the eggs are collected twice daily and either sold locally or to the egg board.

Next to the layer shed is a broiler meat bird shed. The 3 boys on this project have bought 800 day old chickens. They feed them till they are 10 weeks old then kill and dress them and sell them locally.

Neil Giblett.

TOURS AND EXCURSIONS

Our first tour this year took place in Perth. We visited the Poultry Research Station at Wembley and two chicken farms, one being the Diamond Chicken Farm. Here they have massive sheds 200 ft. long and 40 ft. wide. In these sheds, the environment is completely controlled to keep the 20,000 chickens healthy. At the age of ten weeks, all of the birds are taken out and killed for the local market.

At the Wokalup Research Station field day in April, we saw the new method of controlling flies by vapour sprays. At the entrance to the shed we saw the various types of branding and identification marks on cattle. Some cows had chains around their necks, others had brands on their rump or rings on their tails. We also saw the various stocking rates of Angus Beef Cattle and the growth rates of these.

In the second term we watched the Herringbone Dairy Milking System in operation on the property of Mr. Partridge of Benger. He milks 150 cows.

On Mr. Knight's farm, which is only a few miles from the school, we were shown the correct method for lamb marking. After this we all had a turn and finished 329 lambs by the end of the day.

This term we also saw a muelsing operation at a Field Day on the property of Mr. Rose of Myalup. The demonstrator, Mr. Dwyer, from the Dept. of Agriculture, also showed us the new Tally Hi shearing method and the correct ways of throwing, skirting and rolling a fleece.

PROGRESS AT THE AG WING

Much progress has been shown at the Ag Wing in the last 12 months.

A new feed shed is under construction on the school farm to facilitate the mixing of stock foods. This is done entirely by the boys under the guidance of the farm staff. Originally the feed mixing was done in part of the machinery shed; this proved unsatisfactory because of dusty working conditions and the difficulty of keeping the premises clean.

Due to a shortage of hay on the school farm in the previous year, approximately five acres of hilly country has been graded for hay production.

General farm improvements carried out during the year include the construction of a new boundary fence using treated pine posts, one of the latest concepts developed in fencing in the South West.

Students have been tested on the use of various farm vehicles and licences have been issued to those who completed the course without a mishap. One of the latest steps taken in all West Australian Ag schools is to allow students to go about various jobs without the supervisors being present. A Holden Torana was presented to the school for student driving instruction which is carried out by Mr. Collins and Mr. Briggs who have obtained certificates from the "National Safety Council of WA". Ray Shrimpton recently obtained his licence after completing the course in the Torana.

A separate project area has been developed at considerable cost, so that students can raise livestock and keep complete records of feed costs and various other essential details that should prove beneficial to the student at a later date. The stock is completely managed by a group of boys as this gives experience in farm management and allows various experiments to be carried out, which would not otherwise be profitable in a private en-

change over will be a gradual one over about three years and already the farm has purchased one stud friesian heifer calf. Five angus heifers are expected from Narrogin soon and these will be a great boost to the beef herd being established.

Future improvements will include a new dining and recreation room which is part of a large scale plan to rebuild the entire Ag Wing of the school.

record club was introduced and all reading material, records etc. are placed in the common room where all students are able to make full use of them. The new Ag. wing library, also arranged by the students, together with the common room, are two valuable assets which the Ag. wing has gained by student efforts.

B. McLay, M. Lhair.



AGRICULTURAL WING CROSS COUNTRY TEAM

**Back Row (left to right): R. Wilkinson, C. Humble, R. Shrimpton.
Front Row (left to right): D. Ugle, Mr. Stevens, R. Birmingham.
First Year.**

POCKET AWARDS, 1968

Pocket awards for outstanding contributions to sport in the Harvey Agricultural High School, 1968 were made to the following students.

Swimming: Girls, S. Lancaster, L. Rogers, G. Smith; Boys, P. Jones, C. Lange, S. Palmer.

Softball: J. Milne, J. Kerr, J. Madison.

Cricket: R. Esmond, P. Jones, D. McNerney.

Basketball: S. Lancaster, S. McDougall, S. Shalders.

Tennis: E. Nicoli, M. Watson, J. Lancaster.

Basketball: C. Riegert, M. Olsen.
Hockey: K. Ugle, L. Ugle, M. Lyndon.

Football: P. Jones, C. Riegart, C. Lange.

Hockey: N. Halden, D. McNerney, P. Brandis.

INTERSCHOOL COMPETITION

During first and second terms, competitions in football, basketball, hockey and softball between Harvey, Waroona and Pinjarra High Schools were held.

Competition against Waroona in



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row (left to right): B. Kealy, P. Marino, D. Gardiner, S. McDougall, Okulewicz, M. Eastcott.

Front Row (left to right): Miss R. Cook, M. May, J. Kerr, S. Lancaster, S. Shalders, L. Dodemaide, Miss L. Whitfield.

both terms resulted in convincing wins for Harvey.

Similar success resulted from the visit to Pinjarra while in the lightning carnival, also held at Pinjarra, Harvey's teams again acquitted themselves very well.

During the year, Harvey has had some very successful and enjoyable trips and has shown a high standard of play, together with good sportsmanship.

TERM SWIMMING CARNIVAL

On the 29th February the annual Swimming Carnival was held, resulting in a clear victory for Blue, which scored 237 points. Next was Red, with 183 points, followed by Green, with 102 points and Gold,

with 101 points.

Several new records were set. The Boys' Open Backstroke record was reduced from 36 seconds (held by P. Keesen) to 32.9 seconds by Paul Jones of Blue faction. In the Girls' Junior Breaststroke L. Rodgers set a new record of 50 seconds, beating the previous record by 1 second.

The Open Champions were (girls) Sue Lancaster of Red faction and (boys) Paul Jones of Blue faction.

The 15 yrs. champion was again Paul Jones of Blue.

The 14 yrs. champion was Carl Lange of Gold faction.

The 13 yrs. champions were Lorene Rogers of Green faction and Stephen Palmer of Blue.



TOWN WING BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row (left to right): C. Lange, N. Halden, M. Olsen, L. Jones.

Front Row (left to right): C. Headley, C. Riegart (capt.), D. Byers.

COUNTRYHIGH SCHOOL SPORTS CARNIVAL

A highlight of second term sport was Harvey's participation in the annual Country High School Sports Carnival, held in Bunbury, and organised by Newton Moore High School.

Of the four pennants awarded, Harvey had the distinction of winning three. The girls' basketball and hockey teams were undefeated throughout the carnival while the boys' hockey team, although losing one match, was still successful in bringing back a pennant.

Harvey High School is very proud of this achievement and looks forward to similar success in 1969.

GOLD FACTION

Second and third year boys in Gold faction are second on the points table. The footballers were defeated only once, best players being Carl Lange and Jimmy Cockie. An undefeated hockey team sports McNerney and Green as its best players.

Gold tried valiantly in the 1968 swimming carnival to finish in fourth place. Carl Lange gave an outstanding performance. Gold was not very successful in the faction sports, although it finished in fourth place. A number of girls from Gold represented the school when competing against Pinjarra and Waroona. These included J. Kerr, J. Maddison and E. Nicoli. In the approaching athletic



TOWN WING HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row (left to right): D. McNerney, P. Brandis, E. Osinski, A. Ottrey, N. Halden, B. Garwood, C. Brennan, G. Dickman.

Front Row (left to right): J. Hawkins, T. Rechichi, A. Green (capt.), S. Palmer, B. Mitting.

carnival Gold will be strongly represented in all sections. If enthusiasm is any indication, there is no doubt that Gold will be the winner, so "Come on, Gold." We extend our thanks to Mrs. Rigg and Mr. Stevens for their encouragement during the year.

Neil Halden, Judy Kerr

RED FACTION

Red faction has achieved a considerable success this year and so far has gained second place behind Blue. The enthusiasm of the Red faction captains, Mary Okulewicz and Kevin Bancroft, is the reason for the faction's miraculous comeback, as they have spent many hours preparing their team for the interschool sports. Due to the magnificent efforts of the Red basketball team, it gained many points after an unfavourable season of softball.

Red successfully came second in the swimming carnival in first term. Susan Lancaster's outstanding per-

formance gave her the honour of best senior girl in Red. We look forward to continuing success in the remainder of the year.

The first year members of Red faction have also done very well and have contributed to Red's position as the top team in football.

BLUE FACTION

After having a run of bad luck for the past two years, Blue has suddenly swum, basketballed and footballed itself into the picture again. Leading the other three factions by some points just proves how hard we have tried and eventually we have succeeded in reaching the top.

Our champs are now many and we are immensely proud of them.

Swimming our way to a head start over the other factions proves that our champs are training hard. Our brilliant swimmer award must certainly go to Paul Jones. For the past three years Paul has swum for Blue and collected trophy points by



AGRICULTURAL WING FOOTBALL TEAM

Back Row (left to right): T. Dryden, D. Rolle, B. Haredoorn, R. Shrimpton, K. White, T. Dennis, P. Ferguson, N. Gibblett, R. Wilkinson, M. Lindsay, J. Eastcott, R. McNab.

Centre Row (left to right): W. Stewart, C. Humble, J. Sheehan (capt.), Mr. Stevens, R. Evans (vice-capt.), R. Pearce, K. Costello.

Front Row (left to right): R. Marsh, D. Ugle, I. Padman, B. McLay, W. Harley, C. Patterson, R. Bryant.

the dozen. Apart from our individual champions we could not have reached the top without the help of those wonderful Blue supporters. Blue faction's girls and boys have shown tremendous team spirit and support throughout the entire year.

The girls now have proved themselves very competitive in the basketball field. This is another of Blue's hidden talents which was discovered and brought to life this year.

Our work for the year has, however, not as yet finished. As the athletic carnival has not yet been run the Blue athletes have not had a chance to prove their hidden ability.

We sincerely hope that Blue's great and sudden success will continue for future years and wish future Blue supporters best wishes and hope their luck will continue.

Margaret Eastcott

GREEN FACTION

Although Green has not excelled itself as much as in previous years we have had some success this year. In the Swimming Carnival we came third. Lyn Hinge and Lorene Rogers were both very successful in the carnival.

Throughout the year there has been a faction competition. The second and third year basketball team came second with 127 points, while the first year team came third with 42 points. Green also did quite well in softball. The third year football team made no headlines as they did not win a match and the first years were the same. At least the first year hockey team did very well. The stars of the hockey team were D. Stanford, G. Green and R. Pollock.

We are hoping for better results in the Athletic Carnival. We would like to prove to Red that we are not "has beens" as they think we are. So come on, Green, set a high standard as we have done in previous years.

K. Offer, J. Whyte



TOWN WING FOOTBALL TEAM

Back Row (left to right): K. Lawson, P. Morgan, D. Wallam, C. Riegart, D. Smedley, C. Lange, G. Armstrong, C. Headley, J. Cookie, B. Kelly, J. Lancaster.

Centre Row (left to right): S. Trigwell, K. Cancrott, N. Pinner, P. Jones (capt.), Mr. Stevens, K. Lloyd-Woods, L. Jones, D. Byers.

Front Row (left to right): D. Stanford, T. Thomas, A. Kirke, C. Coomer.

THE HARVEY HIGH SCHOOL

The High School at Harvey is super,
It stands at the entrance to town,
You have to push hard to get there,
But you can relax coming down.
The scholars are fairly intelligent,
They give of the best they have got,
1A contains all the geniuses,
They are the best of the lot.
The teachers are all kind and helpful.

And do all within their power,
But when it comes to homework,
They lay it on by the hour.
The prefects are worthy of mention,
They're good at both work and play,
And when they take charge at assembly,
Their orders we all must obey.
The surroundings are tidy and pleasant,
A pleasure, I'm sure, to be seen,
It's because both gardeners and cleaners,
Are always so willing and keen.
The kids in this district are lucky,
And anyone but a fool,
Would admit that it's a privilege,
To attend the Harvey Agricultural High School.

Lorraine Ottrey 1A

A WET NIGHT

As I lay in bed I heard a booming sound. I jumped out of bed and moved to the window. As I opened it, rain swept onto my face.

Outside, trees were swaying to and fro and the wind howled.

I closed the window and returned to my bed.

Streaks of lightning flashed across the window, rain began to fall then thunder to rumble across the sky. Hailstones pelted on the roof. I shivered for it seemed a gloomy world. Then, as suddenly as it came, the rain died away then sprinkled quietly on the roof. What a wet night! Maureen Wallam 1D

THE PIG

Filthy fat,
Sloppy, awkward,
Slowly, slantilly, sloppily
Trotted towards me
And rolled in the mud
And just lay there.

Wayne Jenkinson 1C

HOW THE CROCODILE GOT HIS SCALES

In the beginning, when the world was young and all the animals could talk like humans, there lived a crocodile called Wallemoki. He loved rolling in the mud by the side of the river and his smooth skin had to be washed often, as the mud made it very sticky.

Now, at that time, the sun and the moon were having a quarrel over who should rule the day-time and who should rule the night. One day, the sun became so angry that it struck the moon and the moon began to weep moon-tears, which are something like scales. The tears tumbled down and down through the sky, right on to Wallemoki's sticky, muddy body. When he saw them, he went to the river to wash them off, but no matter how hard he scrubbed, he could not get them off. So, he just had to get used to them and to this day all crocodiles hardly take any notice of their scales at all.

Jill Marshall 1A

A CLEAN MONKEY

Behind the curtain
A monkey
Having a shower
Sitting on the plug.

Ken Sabourne 1B

the rich colours of the land combine to reveal such breathtaking views as Ayer's Rock.

Another beauty common to Australia is its wildlife. In the spring-time the bush is aflame with colour and alive with the sound of nature's own little musicians. This is Australia's beauty.

Japan and the Orient has a completely different type of beauty. It is the people of Japan who do much to create its beauty. Their women are made up by the hands of cosmeticians, who have been in that trade for hundreds of years.

There is the beauty of their festivals, their gaiety and laughter, the enchantment of their music, hollow and shrill, yet full of life and meaning. The beauty of their country is breathtaking. The great mountains are snowcapped the year round and the cherry blooms so typical of Japan, are found each year.

Spain is a country of fire and rich colour and full of sadness and poverty—a land full of gypsies. The beautiful women of Spain and the fiery tempo of their flamencos are world famous. The click of their castanets, the drumming of their heels always to the rhythm of the music, has fascinated countless tourists.

Canada is so far away and has yet another beauty. The crisp clean air of the cold polar nights and the soft blanket of snow covering the landscape, disguises the ugly artificial beauty of man's progress. The thin lonely wailing of the coyotes carries far on the cold night air. The aurora in its colourful splendour exploding and dancing across the sky, makes man feel very humble as he watches nature's power.

No matter where you go in this world there is beauty.

Kerry Newman 1A

If only I hadn't murdered
That's all I want.

Tom Richardson 1B

THE LEGEND OF KUKKABURRA

As I wandered towards the oak tree there was an old aboriginal just starting to tell a story.

"Once, a long time ago, in the dream time, there was a boy called Kukka. He was an Aboriginal boy who would laugh at anyone and anything. He had the queerest laugh and it could be heard all over the countryside.

There was a meeting of the elders of the tribe and everyone was forbidden to go anywhere near the meeting. After dark, when the meeting was at its height and all the faces were serious, there was a loud outburst of laughter from the bushes.

"Stop! Stop that laughing at once and leave this campsite and never return again," said the witch doctor, standing up and shouting a threatening cry. The boy, at this stage, had lost all the humour in him and wandered out of sight.

Today his laugh can still be heard sounding through the countryside. But the source of the sound will not come from a boy, but from a Kukkaburra.

Jane Roesner 1A

THE HIPPO

Tough skinned,
Huge, horned,
Walks quite slowly,
Runs quite fast.
Approaching,
He charges me
With a run.
A bit of judo
I killed him some.

Kathy Merritt 1C

DEATH

Like a lifeless tree,
 A tree in a daze,
 A dark and blinded world,
 Not a voice or sound,
 Just standing there, staring.
 At least it's peaceful
 When you die.

Judy Hall 1A

**FIRST SIGHT OF THE
HOMESTEAD**

After about one and a half weeks' of driving and adventure, our journey was nearing an end. On the red, shimmering horizon, we could see the homestead and surrounding buildings. As we neared the large, old house, the redness of the earth and the creak of the windmill and everything else connected with the North-West came upon me in a rush and I shivered with excitement.

Dell stopped the car near a small building which I supposed was a bunk-house and we got out and stretched our legs. To our left was the homestead, a squat, rambling house with a wide verandah and silver galvanised iron roof. Through a window on the side of the house, someone's voice drifted out into the still, dry air. In the yard, hens clucked and scratched noisily and from far away came the bellowing of cattle.

A happy, excited sensation surged through me; a sensation I felt sure we both shared. I knew that this was going to be one working holiday I would remember and treasure forever.

Jill Marshall 1A

A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by.—W. Wordsworth. (Students between periods.)

MY HORSE

Arab dainty
 Grey black mane and tail
 My horse walks by
 Shifting one leg after another.
 When I approach her
 She comes up to me
 And circles me.
 Then I catch her
 And ride off home.

Allan Rice 1C

BAD FRIENDS

Bad friends
 Make you sour,
 Fight you,
 Punch you,
 I get sick of them,
 They only give you black eyes,
 Bad friends.

Reg Bluett 1C

FRENCH

A subject I can never do is French.
 A language I would like to do —
 But not French.
 That teacher of ours
 Thinks we can study for hours.
 But we're only people.
 I'll give it a try
 But heaven knows why,
 For I know I can't succeed
 In French.

Jane Lofthouse 1B

LIMERICK

There was a young fellow called
 Max.
 Who filled his hip pocket with tacks.
 He thought he was clever,
 But that he was never.
 Because he couldn't sit down and
 relax.

Cynthia Coomer 1D

THE DEATH OF KING ARTHUR

"Throw back the sword"
 King Arthur said,
 But the knight disobeyed his lord,
 His lord who was dying on his bed.
 "Throw back the sword"
 The King did plead
 But once more the knight,
 His lord he did not heed.
 For the last time
 The King did plead
 And at last the knight
 His lord he did heed.
 When the knight did return
 His lord did die
 Knowing that the sword
 Where it was, would lie.
 Until another great king
 Would need the help,
 Of that wonderful thing,
 The Sword of the Lake.

Dawn Milner 1A

THE LOST TAPE

A few weeks ago, when building operations had just commenced at the school, a sudden announcement came over the PA that a builder's measuring tape was missing. A request was made that this should be returned immediately.

As this request failed to produce the tape, everyone was summoned to an assembly at which the principal had quite a few words to say, regarding the matter. He didn't expect a situation such as this to arise in the Harvey School. After this, lockers and cases were searched, but to no avail.

Now one of the brains of 3B made the suggestion that the missing tape may have been in one of the foundation holes which had been dug by the builders.

Guess what?

Lorraine Ottrey 1A



GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: K. Kelly, J. Clegg, C. Taylor, L. Hart, B. Punch, L. Garlett, D. Khan, C. Coomer.
Front Row: M. Lyndon, M. Watson, J. Knapp, Miss Cook, K. Ugle, L. Hinge, L. Ugle.

THE FLOODS

We were driving along the South West Highway. We stopped at the Collie River bridge, which is just past Roelands, to watch the water swirling around the piles of the railway bridge. The workmen were running here and there testing the bridge to make sure it was safe.

The swift flowing river had made two tributaries at right angles, one to the left and one to the right. Standing on the roadside, we watched orange, yellow and green things bobbing up and down, as the river carried them downstream.

"I wonder what they are?" asked Elaine.

"I wouldn't have a clue," replied Mum.

"They're oranges, pumpkins and grapefruit from the Roelands Mission Farm," said a woman standing next to us.

Some people were down the banks collecting the edible fruit.

We were standing on the bridge, when suddenly we heard a terrific crack and a groan, which sounded like a wounded animal in agony. Spinning around, we watched the steel girders on the railway bridge snap under the strain of the rushing waters. The bridge collapsed. The water gushed from underneath it.

The road bridge was cleared for fear that the raging waters would carry the girder down underneath it. The suspense was intolerable as everyone stood waiting for the girder to be carried down to the bridge.

The girder began moving.

"This is it!" yelled someone.

"Clear the ends of the bridge," shouted another workman.

But the girder didn't move any more, it just sank lower into the

water. By rights, the bridge should have collapsed completely, but fate must have decided that it was not to be.

Leonie Sells, 2A

MY ENEMY

I sneeze and form tears.
For me, Spring doesn't bring love
Only my hidden enemy.
Hay is cut but no one fears,
Only we few who feel its effect
And experience its miseries.
Stay clear of the animal breeds,
For on these my enemy feeds.
Pick a flower, smell its perfume.
But pollen is my enemy's friend
And so he strikes again.
The itching, the pain,
He's at it again,
It drives me insane.

Vicki Lewis, 2C

LIFE

Life is a thing that turns like a wheel.
If life was a thing that money could buy,
The rich would live,
The poor would die.

Frank Licastro, 2B

THE RE-BIRTH OF ATLANTIS

As I stood on the outermost rocks of the deserted beach, I witnessed a strange scene. The calm waters suddenly became rebellious. The waves grew to monstrous heights; gigantic whirlpools formed, renting the air with gurgling sounds. The sky blackened and all this time, I stood amidst this hellfire cauldron, unable to move, transfixed with terror, and wondering if the world had seen its last hour.

Slowly, however, the sky cleared, and the spectacle that met my eyes filled me with awe. Out of the devastation a city had been reborn. Its architecture was beautiful, although little of it was standing. Many majes-

dered beneath the great archways. I
seemed to drift up the marble stair-
case into the actual city itself.

Here I gazed at the pottery, cen-
turies old, huge chests of gold coins
and jewels all of which had neither
been seen nor touched since that
last terrible eruption which had
sealed the tomb of Atlantis.

Just then, as I was becoming real-
ly engrossed in my surroundings, a
great tension seemed to build up in
the atmosphere. Some instinct warn-
ed me, I hurried back to the rocks.

Again the sea rebelled. When the
sky had cleared again, however, the
great city had sunk once more to its
lost world beneath the waves.

Dale Gardiner, 2A

THOUGHTS OF LEAVING

Tis hard to leave the place I've
known
The home where from a boy I've
grown
To say farewell to the pals I
knew
As boys together we played and
grew
We've made our lives as best we
could
Helped by a school, giving all for
our good
But we've to look forward, to
what is best
For a full and busy life of
interest
Twill always be a pleasant
thought
As, far afield, with me I've
brought
Thoughts of friendship of the
past
And know that they will always
last
For after school days, and in
years ahead
We're sure to meet as men
instead.

By Bradley Day, 2B

[Bradley left this school at the
end of first term].

He stands erect and still and faces
the light.

In the sand, he leaves no prints
His eyes motionless, crude and
instinct

A face of white,

Hair of scales

A sickly sight

A body amidst the blowing height.

Desert people say,

"He's the mummy of "Sah Hah
Pay."

An ancient King of Egypt,

Whose tomb in the crypt

Lay three thousand years without
a touch

Until a quake

Moved the scab

And shook him awake.

On full moons, he walks to kill
the intruder who woke him.

A few have seen, a few have died
in the path of the King.

He is like a leaf, they say

But to find him, all are afraid.

No-one, on full moons, walk to be
killed

By an intruder who is a ghost!

Leah Jackson, 2A

MITTA, THE ABORIGINAL GIRL

There were two of us, an aborigi-
nal girl named Mitta and myself. On
a very fine day Mitta and I were
walking along the thick, leafy earth
at the river's edge, when, just ahead
of us, a small black snake began to
come out of the water.

Then we had three more unexpect-
ed visitors; my three dogs Algy,
Kiko and Master Ben. On seeing the
snake, they crept towards the dead-
ly reptile which lay ahead. I called
the three dogs to me, but Master
Ben, bent on being naughty, took no
notice, and rushed ahead of us
straight at the snake.

These snakes are great swimmers
and dangerous enough in the water,

but much faster and more deadly out of it. In drought times, when the river gets choked with water weeds, you often find black snakes drowning in thick patches of weed, out of which they cannot swim, or, you turn them up on the blade of an oar. They have slate-black backs, and the male snakes are a brilliant red underneath, while the females have bellies of lighter slate blue than their backs.

I had one hand each on Kiko and Algy and called despairingly to Ben to come to heel, but Mitta did not wait for Ben. Like a little black eel she flung herself at the snake's tail just as it was coming out of the water, snatched it away from Ben's nose, and cracked it, as a man would crack his stockwhip, breaking its neck, which is the way the Aborigines always kill snakes.

Then Mitta knotted it around her neck in what she no doubt thought was a graceful neckpiece, and we went on our way.

L. Agostino, 2A

RUSSIA

Home of great ballets,
High boots,
Fluffy hats.
Locked in,
But a warm home,
For communists.

Joyce Wilkinson, 2A

THE BATTLE

The shells scream over
As we, the men of the seventh,
march on.
Men lie here and are crumpled there
like flies, wounded,
As we pass by going to "Clon".
Medics are busy tending the men,
Lifting them on stretchers.
Some are moaning,
As the company's artist sketches.

D. Wallam, 2B

THE EXAM

The concentrated silence,
the clock ticking.
Footsteps are heard as they walk
Up and down the room.
Students scratch their heads,
as the minutes tick by.

Lucy Agostino, 2A

ONE LEG

The only way I can be moved,
Is to be carried by someone,
Or to hobble along on crutches or
some other support.
The crutches cut into your arms
painfully,
And the bars your hands rest on,
cut through your flesh.
Leaving behind them memories,
And proof through your badly scar-
red hands.
You see all your friends walking and
running
Playing sport and being able to just
stand
With no need of support or help,
If only I were them even for a short
time.

Cheryl Tredrea, 2C

GREENACRES

Greenacres is a popular holiday resort fifteen miles south of Busselton. It consists of a large number of cottages and a caravan park. A shell museum attracts many tourists. The children on holidays find plenty of amusement on the swings and playing on the large playground. A small shop provides all the necessities while holidaying.

Approximately 75 yards from the cottages is the water. In summer, swimmers can enjoy this safe, calm water for swimming. Boating is very popular all year round.

The cottages vary in size. There are two, three, four and six roomed cottages. Inside these, there are the beds required, crockery, cutlery, pots and pans, glassware, a fridge and a table and chairs.

All the cottages are shaded by

large hanging trees which have so dense a mass of green leaves, that the sun is not visible.

Similar shading is experienced at the caravan park.

Keen fishermen from Greenacres often travel about 14 miles to Inginup or Wyadup to catch the plentiful herring available.

Cleaning benches are provided a little away from the cottage to clean these fish.

Everyone who holidays at Greenacres always returns to his home town with many stories of a happy holiday.

Ann Pryce, 2A

PEOPLE

How I would love to get out and play sport.

Hit the ball and catch it.

Run like my friends

And some other games too.

But I can only sit like an old man and watch.

Clap my hands when my team gets a score.

People give you pity all the time.

Just as if you are incapable of doing anything for yourself.

Rhonda Fowler, 2C

WINDY DAYS

I love windy days.

I like to feel the wind

Pulling and tugging at me

As if it wants

To show me something.

I love windy days.

I like to see the trees

Swaying and whispering

As if they want

To tell me something.

C. UPTON, 2A

PRICE OF FOLLY

On a wet and stormy winter's night

When cars sped to and fro,
At seventy miles an hour foretold,

A youthful trio decreed to go.

The young girl in the back seat

No more 'n sixteen she'd be.

Sat rigid as her fears arose

And prayed tomorrow she would see.

As down the straight they reached their limit

N'ere a car e'er crossed their way,
But ahead not known to those who speed

Was the cow that o'er their path would stray.

Then in the headlights' dancing glow

They saw her make her way,
The driver, though he valiantly tried,

Could not prevent their ominous sway.

They slipped and slid from side to side

But when at the verge they rolled,
The young girl knew the end was near

And she was no more'n sixteen years old.

As they laid her 'neath the darkened sod,

Her heart they knew was of pure gold

The youngest of the Campbell Clan

And she was no more'n sixteen years old.

Nola Catalano, 2A

TEACHERS

What are they?

Are they weapons?

Or are they giants,

With mighty minds

Ordering and destroying

The little courage and spirit

A student has?

Vicki Smith, 2A

BUSH FIRE

The fire is red,

The crops are burnt,

But the river is deep,

and I'm alive.

Neil Pinner, 2A

~~Drenched to the skin they fought~~
like mad tigers
And died like asphyxiated flies.

Ken Doble, 2A

Soon afterwards we were led back
to our cars and after thanking our
hosts began our long trip home.

P. Morgan, 2B

THE TAP

Our tap drips all day,
Like an old fashioned clock,
Drip, drip, drop,
The drips pound upon the sink,
Like miniature bongo drums.

Margaret Hocart, 2A

FEAR

Fear is the dread
Of something around you.
Being afraid of a growling dog,
Or a charging bull.
A shadow in the dark.
A voice in the night.
A sudden hand on your shoulder.
Footsteps behind you.

Christine Lucas, 2C

A VISIT WE WON'T FORGET

On the 5th of July, 2B and 3D boys were taken to Perth on behalf of the Harvey Rotary Club to visit Carlisle Technical School and Chamberlain Industries. We left Harvey High School at approximately 8.45 and arrived at Carlisle Technical School at 11 a.m.

We were welcomed by the principal of the school and by various teachers and were shown over the huge building. We inspected the motor mechanics department, the electrical department and the welding and spray painting workshops. At 11.45 we were given lunch in a well equipped canteen in the school.

After lunch we thanked the principal for showing us over his school and then made our way over the Perth railway line to Chamberlain's Industries. We waited for about half an hour before receiving our instructions on what to do. We were fitted with safety glasses and then were taken into the huge workshop, where we were shown over the assembly line where the Chamberlain tractors are assembled. Then we were taken near the huge furnaces where the metal is melted and made into tractor parts. After this we were taken to the test track

BACK STREET

Slowly, he walked down the street
A dirty slovenly place.
With rearing houses
And greasy people
Hanging grey washing
On flimsy lines.

Robert Knight, 2A

Experience — What causes a person to make new mistakes instead of the same old ones.

Adolescence — The period in a child's life when his parents become more difficult.

"A full three score of several insults of blotted pages and slovenly scrawl that they have offered me."
—D. H. Laurence. (Teacher marking homework.)

"Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth . . . and done a hundred things you have not dreamed of." —I. MacGee. (2D when the teacher is out of the room.)

THE SURFER

The snow white surf,
 The clear blue sky,
 The golden sand,
 The surfer and I.
 His sparkling white Board,
 Eager to go,
 And ride the surf,
 to and fro.
 He wanders around,
 from place to place,
 to try the surf,
 And to show his face.
 Because of the surf,
 And his longing to go,
 we will always welcome him,
 Surfer Joe.

Lyn Hinge, 3D

LAST DAYS OF HARVEY DAM

Panic prevailed when news of the torrential rain in the Darling Ranges reached Harvey. For weeks on end, rain had fallen continuously. Emergency squads had been organised to combat flooding of farms. Now, the dam was expected to burst. Devastating pressure had been applied at the dam for a long time. The time we had been waiting for had now come.

We could see the surging waters flowing across the uppermost sides of the walls. After cascading for a long way, the turbulent waters crashed with a thunderous boom against overhanging rocks. Several people scaled the opposite bank to safety and watched the dam striving to hold the dynamic force. For several seconds the wall looked like cracking, but with a tremendous swaying of concrete, the water flowed backwards. After a long fight, it appeared as though the danger was over. When all was supposed safe, the great mass of water surged forward.

An ear-splitting crack followed, and the wall met its doom. Onlookers gasped in amazement as the fantastic torrent of water crashed its way along the valley, smashing everything in its wake. Monstrous slabs of concrete shattered bridges and crossings. The whole of the valley was a surging erupting mass of liquid. All signs of the dam were dissolved.

Once rich grasslands were now leached and eroded—worthless rectangles of mud, surrounded by pools of water. The stench of lifeless sheep was already in the air. Dead cattle lay everywhere.

Following the disaster, people returned to what once were their homes. Muddy houses, with pools of water and debris in them were found in untidy rows. Upturned cars and garages were scattered about. Nothing had withstood this crushing onslaught.

Stephen Trigwell, 3B

BASKETBALL

The whistle blew
 The ball was up.
 Down streaks five white
 A layup,
 Two points five white.
 The defence is taken.
 The ball is grabbed from the opponents,
 Well played five white.
 Down he charges
 A layup,
 Two points, five white.
 The defenders bring the ball up slowly.
 Out streaks five white,
 "Back" yells a team mate;
 Overguarding,
 Foul, five white.

D. Wills, 3A

THE FUTURE

An icy blast howls over this land
 so old,
 Across equator and poles, all is cold.
 Not a man, or woman, or child in
 sight,
 In this deep, dark foreboding night.
 The shifting sands, devoid of life,
 whip to the sky,
 The seas are empty, so barren and
 so dry,
 Dust-bowls and craters cover the
 leper-like earth,
 Years ago bombarded with ex-
 plosives for mirth,
 By some mean and evil voracious
 mind
 Who sought to rule all mankind,
 And so eventually caused its de-
 struction,
 Left not a single thing to begin re-
 construction,
 Not even the simplest creature,
 Not even a distinguishing feature,
 Where cities, nations, continents
 did lie,
 Just the wind and sand remain and
 cry.
 Here could be heard the singing of
 the thrush,
 Now, no sound penetrates this ethe-
 real hush.
 Nothing is left of this world to see,
 Nothing is left of factory or lea.
 Nothing is left of man or me,
 This is the punishment for man's
 iniquity.

J. Ottrey, 3A

MOMENTS BEFORE THE STORM

With a thunderous roar the night
 closed in,
 Closed in I say, with a terrible din.
 First came the eerie sinister quiet.
 The pause before the awesome sight.
 As I stood there shivering on the
 brink,
 Unable to move, unable to think,
 The whole world seemed to hold its
 breath,
 It was quiet, as quiet as death.
 Then that mighty roar split the sky
 asunder,
 A vicious, terrible roar like the thun-
 der.
 Then night closed in.

Patricia Stidworthy, 3C

A DAY TO REMEMBER

The men in the trenches are raw
 recruits, seeing for the first time
 the war front. As for myself, I am a
 war correspondent covering events
 of the Korean War. The day is Mon-
 day, the year nineteen fifty two. The
 lookout men are constantly watch-
 ing the surrounding terrain for any
 enemy hiding in the bushes. At ap-
 proximately four o'clock, some
 enemy movements are spotted on the
 side of hill 348. They are worming
 their way down towards the
 trenches. The commanders wait un-
 til the enemy are nearly upon us be-
 fore they give the signal to open
 fire. The enemy open fire with a
 heavy barrage of mortars, machine
 guns, hand grenades, and small
 arms. This keeps up until dark
 when the enemy are spotted re-
 treating up the hill.

During the night, a radio message
 is sent out to the air force request-
 ing air support. In the morning the
 enemy is back again. They open
 fire with even heavier attacks than
 previously. The air attack arrives
 about eight o'clock. It is a thank-
 ful sight to see them. As they are
 leaving, an aircraft comes streaking
 across the sky at about a thousand
 feet with its body work on fire. As
 it flies over, four men bail out. They
 arrive in Allied territory safely. The
 fifth man bails out just a little late.
 He lands between the two armies.
 He can not get back as he is badly
 wounded. A trooper, without saying
 a word, jumps out of his trench and
 with machine gun blazing, dashes
 across to the wounded airman.

"Don't be a fool, come back here,"
 yells the sergeant, but the trooper
 does not hear him. Humping the
 airman on his back, the trooper
 races towards the trench. Eager
 hands haul both men into it. Both
 men are badly wounded. They are
 loaded into the field ambulance and
 dashed back to base hospital.

For his heroic act, the trooper was
 posthumously awarded the Victoria
 Cross for saving the airman while
 under heavy artillery barrage.

Neil James, 3B

THIS SONG IS DEDICATED TO MELON LOVERS

Chorus: Which girl owns that Aggy
in the Ag School?
The one with the comfortable
knee.

Which girl owns that
Aggy in the Ag School?

I do hope she'll leave him
for me.

Verse: I first saw that Aggy at
an Ag Prance,
He pranced with my girl-
friend all night.
I next saw that Aggy at
an Ag Dance.
Oh boy! what an inspir-
ing sight!

Chorus: Which girl owns that Aggy
in the Ag School?
The one with the lovely
fair hair.

Which girl owns that
Aggy in the Ag School?

I do hope that he is to
spare

Verse: When Harvey was squash-
ed by the Indians
I ne'er saw a piece of the
game—

Cos "fair hair" was stand-
ing just behind me
He called me a so and so
dame!

Chorus: Which girl owns that Aggy
in the Ag School?
The one with the wagging
tongue.

Which girl owns that Aggy
in the Ag School?

I do hope she'll hear this
song sung.

Verse: One day I was standing
at the corner,
When a big orange bus
trundled past.
He thrust his rude face
right out the window,
And yelled that this time
was the last.

Chorus: Which girl owns that Aggy
in the Ag School?

The one with the unsmil-
ing face,

I do hope that she won't
be ungrateful

'Cos she'll soon be wearing
white lace.

By Three-Third-Years

(Temporarily in residence
at Claremont Hostel for
the Mentally Deranged)

To be sung to: "HOW MUCH IS
THAT DOGGY IN THE WIN-
DOW?")

DRAMA VISIT

During first term the third years
travelled to Pinjarra to see two
plays from their junior drama an-
thology performed. The plays were
"The Pen of My Aunt" and "Birds
of a Feather" presented by the
Perth Drama Company.

Despite minor mishaps such as a
"boiling" bus on the return jour-
ney, the trip was well worth while.

NIGHT

A dark, drab, dreary world.
Of death and ghosts and fear.

The howl of the distant dog;
Call of the lone owl.

Depressing, slowly, ever so slowly
getting you down:

Then dawn breaks, relieving you
Taking away the fears of the hours
gone by.

David Wills, 3A

THE HUNT

The dust bin sits in its place,
A grey, drab, cylindrical object;
Papers ranging from big to small
are scattered about the yard;

An emu hunt is in progress and as
the boys pass by,

They deposit their load in the dust
bin as the hunt goes on, nearby.

Charles Hocart, 3A

THE EX-BUS DRIVER

(Dedicated to all our bus drivers)

An ironworker was calmly walk-
ing the beams high above the city
street on a tall building while the
pneumatic hammers split the air
with a nerve-jangling racket and
the compressor below shook the
steel structure. When he came
down, a man who had been watch-
ing him, tapped him on the shoul-
der.

"I was amazed at your calmness
up there. How did you happen to
go to work on a job like this?" he
said.

"Well," said the other, "I used to
drive a school bus, but my nerves
gave out."

