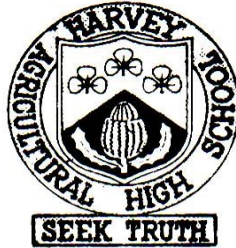




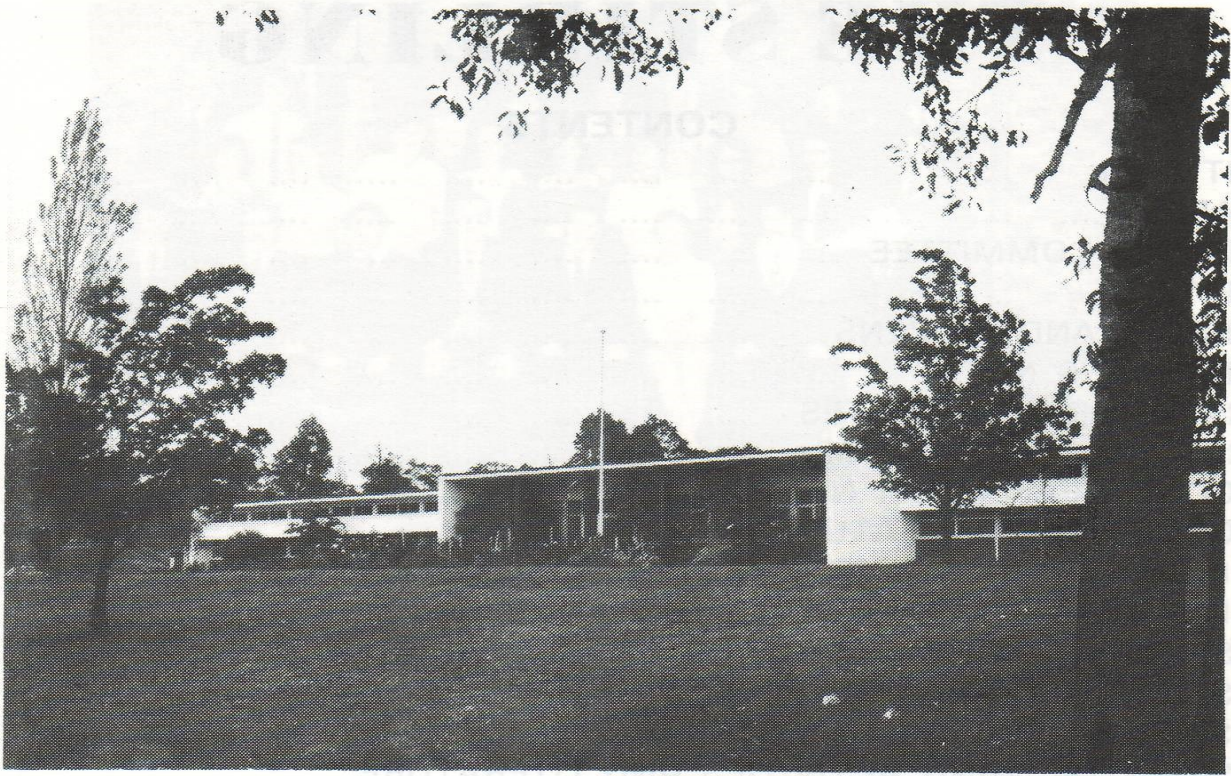
THE STIRLING

1974

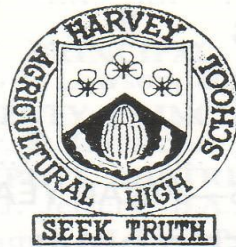


SCHOOL PRAYER

Lord, Help us to perform our daily tasks well;
To help those talents we possess,
To be obedient and so fulfil our duties,
To be orderly and discipline our lives,
And so conduct ourselves righteously in Thy presence.
Encourage us to be unselfish;
To understand the less fortunate,
Help us to develop integrity;
To be honest and pure,
Enable us to be patient;
To scorn cruelty and injustice,
To be loyal to those who help us;
Our parents and teachers,
And so, each day, contribute to the betterment of our school
and district. Amen.



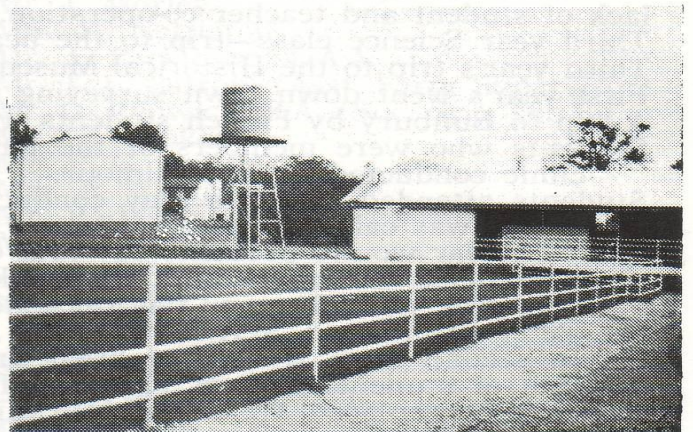
TOWN WING



**HARVEY AGRICULTURAL
HIGH SCHOOL
LIBRARY**



RESIDENTIAL WING



FARM SECTION

THE STIRLING

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL	2
STAFF	3
STIRLING COMMITTEE	3
PREFECTS	4
PARENTS AND CITIZENS	4
PRINCIPAL'S NOTES	4
FIRST YEAR FORM NOTES	5
FIRST YEAR LITERATURE	7
SECOND YEAR FORM NOTES	11
SECOND YEAR LITERATURE	14
THIRD YEAR FORM NOTES	17
THIRD YEAR LITERATURE	20
RESIDENTIAL WING STAFF AND STUDENTS	26
RESIDENTIAL WING PREFECTS	27
RESIDENTIAL WING STUDENTS	27
RESIDENTIAL WING ACTIVITIES AND LITERATURE	28
EASTERN STATES TOUR	30
RESIDENTIAL WING SPORT	31
HOUSE NOTES	34
TOWN WING SPORT	35
BASTILLE DAY CELEBRATIONS	40
LITERARY AWARDS	Back Cover
SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR	Back Cover
THIRD YEAR STUDENTS, 1974	Back Cover
RESIDENTIAL WING STUDENTS—FINAL YEAR	Back Cover

EDITORIAL

Although paper costs have caused us to reduce the size of the Stirling, the standard of work is still of a high quality.

There have been many events during 1974 which have been beneficial to our school.

The Student Council through pressure from the students has obtained a P.A. system in the changerooms and a variety of food in the canteen.

Socials have been an outstanding success due to the bands and the organisation of the hall by the Prefects.

Unfortunately some excursions this year were non-existent mainly through the lack of student and teacher co-operation. Those that were taken include:

Third year Science class—trip to the beach—topic Ecology.

Third year's trip to the Historical Museum.

First year's went down town surveying and studying the town.

A trip to Bunbury by French students was taken.

Students who were members of the tennis club were invited to attend a tennis clinic conducted by Bill Gilmour.

Students attended a drama play conducted by the Bunbury Repertory Club. The drama was called "Pygmalion".

Next year we are proud to say that our school will be a Senior High. Another change will be the exclusion of the Book Hire system.

This year we had a new flag presented to us by Mrs. June Craig, M.L.A., and Mr. Peter Drummond, M.H.R.

In second term we had a break from the normal school routine with the addition of student teachers to the staff. We also have new staff members, Mr. Benson who replaced Mr. Miles, also Miss DeHaan, Mr. Parkingson and Mr. Renwick.

Our thanks are expressed to the typists and to the students who contributed to the magazine.

We wish the Third Years every success as they go their respective ways.



BACK ROW: Mr. J. Parkinson, Mr. R. Bickers, Mr. G. Stevens, Mr. L. Smoker, Mr. R. Hallam, Mr. J. Krieg, Mr. R. Willmott, Mr. G. Renwick, Mr. J. Browning.
3rd ROW: Mr. M. Benson, Mr. C. Hawkes, Mr. J. Morley, Mrs. K. Nettleton, Mr. R. Heptinstall, Mrs. A. Waters, Miss A. De Haan, Mrs. E. Brennan, Mrs. B. Grieves.
2nd ROW: Miss J. Down, Mrs. L. Withers, Miss L. Elliott, Miss D. Fergusson, Miss L. Marshall, Mrs. R. Lawson, Mrs. N. Fryer, Mrs. K. Puzey, Mr. L. Patroni.
FRONT ROW: Mr. A. Sharp, Mr. F. Rando, Mrs. G. Mardon, Mr. B. Garstone, Mr. R. Lawson, Miss J. Jeffery, Mr. D. Adams, Mr. J. Godfrey.

STAFF — 1974



PRINCIPAL:

Mr. R. J. Lawson, B.A., M.A.C.E.

DEPUTY PRINCIPAL:

Mr. B. Garstone, B.A.

DEPUTY MISTRESS:

Miss J. Jeffery, B.A., B.Ed.

Mr. A. D. Adams, A.I.T. (APP. SCI.), B.Ed.,
Senior Master, Agricultural Wing

Mr. G. Mardon, Dip. Elron. Eng. (P.T.C.),
Senior Master, Manual Arts

Mr. F. Rando, A.I.T. (SOC. SCI.), Dip.I.T. (Ed. Admin.), M.A.C.E.,
Senior Master, English and Social Studies

Mr. A. Sharp, B.Sc., B.Ed.,
Senior Master, Mathematics and Science

Mr. J. Godfrey, Farm Supervisor

Mr. M. Benson
 Mr. R. Bickers
 Mr. A. Browning
 Miss A. De Haan, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.
 Miss J. Down, B.A., Dip.Ed.
 Miss D. Ferguson
 Mr. R. Hallam
 Mr. C. Hawkes
 Mr. R. Heptinstall
 Mr. J. Krieg
 Miss L. Marshall, B.A., Dip.Ed.

Mr. J. Morley
 Mrs. K. Nettleton
 Mr. J. Parkinson, L.A.A.
 Mr. T. L. Patroni (Asst. Farm Supervisor)
 Mr. G. Renwick, B.A. (Soc. Sc.), Dip.Ed.
 Mr. L. Smoker
 Mr. F. G. Stevens
 Mrs. A. Waters
 Mr. R. Willmott
 Mrs. R. Withers, B.A.

LIBRARY ASSISTANTS:

Mrs. B. Grieves, Mrs. J. Puzey

CLERICAL ASSISTANTS:

Mrs. E. Brennan, Mrs. N. Fryer, Mrs. R. Lawson

STIRLING COMMITTEE:

David Marshall
 Peta Ketteridge

Stephen Thomas
 Zenta Popjalkovs

Michael Lowe
 Keryn Lewis



TOWN WING PREFECTS

BACK ROW: R. Carlsson, G. Taylor, R. Riegert, B. Woods, R. Keynes.
MIDDLE ROW: P. Thomas, L. Davies, W. Giblett, D. Copper, A. Davis.
FRONT ROW: J. Denny (Senior Girl), Mr. B. Garstone, Mr. R. Lawson,
 Miss J. Jeffery, R. McMillan (Captain).

PREFECTS' NOTES, 1974

Our year in office is almost at an end. Some of us will be leaving the school while others will carry on into Harvey's new 4th Year, some perhaps as new prefects.

We have thoroughly enjoyed being your prefects this year and would not have missed the experience for anything; the best part of this being, of course, the term socials. Our second term social was a swinging success, as not only did we have the usual support from staff and students, but we were lucky to have the student teachers here; they gave us a few original ideas which really made the social move.

During the year we have held various fund raising campaigns which were all well supported by students.

In first term we held a Novelty Dress Day where everybody dressed in outlandish gear. We charged everybody a fee of 20c—teachers included. We had prizes for the winners who were Gail Schlam, dressed as a golliwog, and Ian Greives as a school girl (and an excellent one he made!)

In second term we held a sweet stall in the canteen. Many thanks to Mrs. Kennedy and all the students who helped make this possible. The stall was a great success and we managed to raise \$36.00. We also held Staff v Students sporting events, in which the students excelled themselves once again and won. An entrance fee to see the games was charged and this added to our booty. During the year \$103 was raised and of this \$54 was given to worthy causes, the Queensland Flood Relief and Austcare. The remainder

helped towards the cost of School Socials.

The prefects would like to thank Miss Jeffery for her unfailing help. Our thanks also to all staff for excusing us from lessons (which we hated missing) so that we could give our individual attention to making the social life of the school something for you all to remember.

We wish the staff and students the best of luck in their new venture into 4th and 5th Year and to the new prefects we wish every success.

PARENTS AND CITIZENS' NOTES

Installation of a cool room at the Canteen earlier this year has enabled the carrying of a greater range of food and drinks, preserving their freshness and flavour. Mrs. Kennedy and her committee endeavour to provide variety in lunches. Suggestions from students, passed through the Students' Council are appreciated.

Profits from the Canteen are almost the sole source of income for the Parents and Citizens' Association. Extension of the school to include a fourth year next year and a fifth year in 1976 will entail, among other things, purchase of additional library books. The school will be seeking financial assistance from the Association.

Upgrading of the school has been an aim of the Parents and Citizens' Association for many years. The additional science and library facilities will be most welcome.

Best wishes to those who complete their schooling at the Harvey Agricultural High School this year.

—D. H. ROENNFELDT



1-1 FORM NOTES

Previously unmatched, in cunning plots hatched,
We of 1-1 stand frightfully victorious
In all that's inglorious.
Never before have a Moo-moo and Ming-ming
Sent teachers retreating
With their flinging and singing.
Pork and Rabbit, Daggo and Block
All add their wits to sharpening the shock,
While Brrrrrr and Spud, Four Eyes and Nappy
Join with Monkey in efforts unhappy.
Miss J. says: "Ten minutes!" Mr. Hep strikes again;
In face of our strategy, they act all in vain.
Fred and the Lizard at football do shine
But class work brings forth a long drawn-out whine.
"Clean out the desks," says Mr. Hawkes—
We do this midst shuffling and various squawks.
The cry of Phys. Ed. is: "Where are your clothes?"
But changing our uniform is something we loathe.
"Right lads!" storms Mr. Browning—
And with chisels and hammers, we continue our clowning.
"Don't do that!" sighs Mr. S.
But what he means we can only guess,
For all our members have an excess
Of Artfulness and Craftiness.
"What's the hold-up?" asks Mr. G.,
As we change our rooms leisurely.
Our life with many orders is drilled:
"Girls and boys, halt!" "Hands out of pockets!"
"Get out!" "Sh, be quiet!" . . .
They follow so quickly from voices never stilled.

"Parting is such sweet sorrow," that we
of 1-1
Are not eager to leave our class or the
school
Where we follow so studiously our life
of fun.

1-2 FORM NOTES

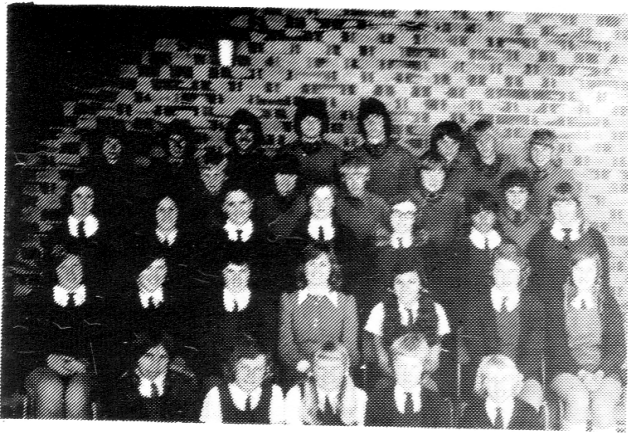
"School a-hoy!" Here comes the crew
from the "Grand Form 1-2". On the bridge
we have captain Ian Grieves, First Officer
Jo Denney and also helping to steer
the ship through troubled waters are
capable officers Michael, Peta Chambers,
Sandra de Ridder and Graeme Cooling.

There are the anchor boys (some of
whom sleep on the job), Andrew Fryer,
Geoff Hemsley, Mark Coghlan, Alan Bluet
and David Bluett. There are the gunners
ready for action John Brislin, John
Carbone, Steven Carbone, Christine Cor-
mack and the menacing cut throats Alec
Auburn, David Fielder and Stephen Davis.

Every crew has its workers to keep the
vessel ship shape. The "Grand Form 1-2"
have Wendy Catalano, Marianne Gardiner,
Maree Crimeen, Lena Frisuli, Christine
Fowler and Linda Pratt. There are sail
makers Kim Hancock, Vicki Fenn, Alison
Aleknaviscious and the cooks Christine
Bacich and Lena Demarte and Maxine
Dagostino.

With a good view above the crew are
the lookouts Clinton Cullimore, Clare
Fimano, Annette Hart and, of course,
there is the cabin boy, Mr. Morley.

We travel from one class to another
driving each teacher off the end of the
plank. Anchors aweigh. Teachers a-hoy!



1-3 FORM NOTES

ESSAY

We have a class of 33.
With Paul and Cherie, as tall as a tree.
Chris and Frank, think they're tough as tanks,
Terry and Kerry are always so merry.
Then comes Glenys, but she's a menace,
Then there's Trudi who's a long tall streak.
Next comes Ken who's a bit of a freak
(but his work is neat).
Dulcie and Brenda are always so quiet,
And there's also Charles but he makes a riot.
Mimma and Pam are as thin as sliced ham.
Jenny and Ray are the brains of the class.
Denise and Jude are polite not rude,
With Les and Anne always holding hands.
Next comes Hilda who's quiet as a mouse,
And of course there is Laurence, but he's a louse,
Lynette and Pina couldn't be any cleaner,
With Bev and Sharon who act light tough barrons,
Malcolm and Wayne are quite vain,
David and Louie who eat lots of chewies,
Carol and Margaret are always on target,
Then comes Miss Down who never shows a frown.
This is the class of 1-3
With a class of 33.

1-4 FORM NOTES

We have thought and thought and thought again, of some way to introduce this class of brains. To start it off we thought we would have a poem.
There is a class called 1-4
Which is the noisiest class of them all.
The teachers go mad,
When we are so bad,
And it always ends up in a brawl.
Superb, eh?
Now a rhyme of our officials.
Our honoured prefects are Julie and Paul
and on the council Denise represents us all.
She tells us of all the goings on,

events that are coming and those that have gone.

Our Diary prefects are Sue G. and Maughan,

they see who's here and who's gone.
In general, after all that rhyme we will tell you plainly what goes on at recess and lunch time.

After we have all jogged off, much to the teachers' relief, to get our lunch, toast and drinks, our verandah, where we possess our lockers has a rest. After we have bounded back to our lockers, they experience normal life once more, as they are washed with hot cocoa, soup, pineapple juice and sometimes the odd jammy bun smeared all over.

Although we have been told millions of times that we are the noisiest class of the first years, it still doesn't dampen our spirits as you will find out as we go on.

Another rhyme of our class of talents.

For this report,
Lenny's for sport.
Jacqui's in the goal,
Taking her toll.
Exclusive in the West
Are our 1-4 pests

Who are:—

Gary, Allen, Jeff and Jenny,
For good behaviour they would earn a fair penny.

When it comes to nicknames,
Here are quite a few,
Some of which might be new to you.
They are:—

Stork, Two Shorties, Prawn, Ching and Chow,

Lefty, Christine, Stump and Cow.

All the rest have normal names,
that match their fantastic brains.

We must not forget our form teacher,
Who had a few problems this year.

She sprained her foot,
She hurt her arm.

Her name of which is Miss de Haan.
Now that you've read about our class and that,

you'll be glad to know that it's a proven fact.

So goodbye for now, from this brilliant class, this talented class 1-4.

MY CAT

My cat is all fluffy and lazy and fat,
He plays in the garden or lays on the mat.
He's the pride of our family
But how else could he be
When he rubs up against me
and meows for his tea.

—S. KENNY, 4-2

THE DROUGHT

As the drought passed on everything was
still the same except the seasons
The birds came and then went weepin
There was silence as the drought passed
on
Animals were dying such as sheep and
cows
The ground was dry,
and the sun was high.
There was not a speck of green,
for the sun had eaten it.
All the living creatures had left the land
The fences were broken,
and there was only dry grass and sand
the leaves had fallen off the trees,
The grass was yellow and the trees were
black.
The people had left because they were
sacked.
The sun was hot
and they all stayed inside
to shelter from this spot that was so
High way, way up in the sky.
Then it came night and it was still warm,
But the drought was the same as
it passed on through the days.

—BRENDA HART

THE DELINQUENT

Suddenly I see her,
Sunken hateful eyes
peer out at you from beneath a mop of
ruffled hair. Her torn lip gives her a
scornful grin.
Her scarred twisted nose, hollow colour-
less cheeks and pointed chin, make
her a pitiful sight.
Her skin is pigmented, her clothes are
torn and she looks a picture of utter
filth.
Then she vanishes.
I am left alone
to come back to my own poverty and
filth.
Back to reality.

—GAIL RIEGERT

THE WIND

The wind can be so rough and cruel.
He snaps up trees and has a growling
greedy howl.
Sometimes he is quiet; noiseless and still.
He seems to have no breath or strength,
not even to blow the sails of a mill.

—JENNY SHINE, 44

THE DRUG ADDICT

She thrusts the hypodermic into her arm
and waits to be thrust into a world of
unreality.

The room spins around and around while
she is pushed further away from the
true world and into a monotonous
world of patterns. Soon it becomes al-
most unbearable as psychedelic pat-
terns plague her mind.

Suddenly she feels something pricking
her arm and thinking it is another hypo-
dermic, she groggily sits up. Doctors
force her down so they can administer
an antedote but it is too late.

—GAIL RIEGERT

THE MAMA DOLL

I am an old mama doll
The sparkle has left my eyes
I'm stuck in the corner of a dingy cup-
board
I can't say mama so it's no surprise.
There are a few other toys
Sad and broken like me.
But the one I like best is a teddy bear
With his leg broken off at the knee.
We talk about the old days
And adventures that we had
They were happy days full of fun
But now our days are sad.
I was once a little girl's pride and joy
I was wheeled everywhere in a pram
Out in the garden in the sunshine
And sometimes to visit her nan.
They were happy days that came to an
end
When she closed the cupboard door
They left a sad and lonely doll
Who can't say mama anymore.

—CARIS TALBOT

THE SEA

The sea slowly lapped against the boat
The breeze was gentle.
Seagulls flew across
Singing their merry songs.
I felt free.
Suddenly the breeze turned to a wind
The little gentle swells turned to moun-
tainous waves.
I no longer felt free
I was caught in the sea
I couldn't get away.
Slowly the wind turned to a breeze once
more
The waves turned to little gentle swells
I felt free once more
The sea let go of me
So I headed for home.

—CHRIS RODGERS

HATE

Cold, black hate,
Spins in my mind
then slowly starts to die,
Suddenly a feeling of kindness,
kills my hate.

—BENNY KEMPS

THE DROUGHT

Barren, dry, rainless country stretches for miles beyond. Everywhere within view, life is gradually diminishing. A mirage shimmers above the baking desert sand. Dead carcasses line the road, their pleas for water forsaken. To the north, a small cloud appears, then another, soon to be followed by many until the sky is completely overcast and the blazing sun blacked out. A clap of thunder, and then the earth is deluged by torrential rain. Cracked dry gorges become hosts to numerous little springs that trickle endlessly along in all directions. Seeds that have been blown by the wind will later spring forth to life, and cover the former barren dry earth with a blaze of living colour.

—GAIL RIEGERT, 14

THE FOX

The fox ran through the trees.
Then stopped and looked at me.
He had a long sleek tail with tip of white
A long sleek face with eyes so bright
Four long straight legs,
Standing like straight pegs.
Then the fox ran through the trees
Until I could no longer see.

—KEN HARTLEY

THE LONELY HITCH HIKER

The road so long,
Rugged, winding bare
All around was
nothing but air.
Then came a car
It was zooming so
fast
I hardly saw it go past
I crawled, ran, jogged, walked
Wishing for someone with whom I could
talk.
For the sun was so hot
I felt like a melting pot.
I pulled down my thumb
I thought "this is dumb",
Then I shook loose
and said "what's the use."

—ANONYMOUS

DEAD

Dead is still
Dead is quiet
Shhhhhh
Dead is when you're not alive
Dead is quiet
Shhhhhh

—MARGARET PINNER

GET SMART

I gotta start to get smart
but not now,
Cause we have art.
I gotta learn to write
but not tonight
Got homework galore
and more
Maths and Science, what a bore.
—CHRIS HOGAN

MOONLIGHT SURF

The gleaming silvery waves swell up until they reach the beach and then, with a wild crash, they break on to the smooth moonlit sand. Monobeams reach out across the glistening waters, grasping, groping at the silken smooth sea. The waves always crashing against the sand, will continue to rise and fall endlessly till the end of eternity.

—GAIL RIEGERT, 14

I WONDER

Walking through the aviary looking
at the birds
Wow, what a mixture .
Short footed and legged ones,
long graceful ones,
Little beady eyes all watching me.
Then
with a flutter of wings
and a gust of wind
They flew away.
I stood there wondering,
when out comes an emu,
Mmm I think
another bird.
This time it is a big bird
one with scaly long legs
and a short feathery body
with a small head.
This bird too has beady eyes
watching me
I stand here thinking
I wonder if
all birds have beady eyes.
—SUSAN GERSCHOW

THE HIGHWAY MAN

His long black hair dangled to his waist
And around his body he wore a cloak.
As black as the blackest night.
He always kept his bright silver pistols
For he was a highway man.
He told his friend one day
That he was going to rob the mail
That night he jumped on to his horse
And rode away into the night.
But his friend deceived him that day
And he was never seen again.

—MALCOLM PITTS

THE SNAKE

Sss goes the snake
twists and turns.
The grass shakes
out comes the snake.
It looks up and there
a creature with a mop of hair.
The snake slowly slides away
Crunch, crunch go the feet
The man, looking for that snake
terrified.

—PAUL BAGGETTA

LIMERICK

There was once a girl called Freda
Whose mum had a problem to feed her
Her problem was weight,
She ate and she ate.
The temptation of diet made her greedier.

—MURRAY MAUGHAN

CALM IN THE MORN

Calm is the morn without a sound
The chestnuts pattering to the ground.
You can see the twinkle of yellow and
gold,
Calm and peace in this bright world.
The leaves that redden to the fall
And in my heart I feel as calm
As do the autumn days.

—GLENYS PIGGOTT

THE YONDER

I wonder
I wonder
What would be up yonder
If I could fly
Up in the sky
Up so high.
To be like an eagle
or a seagull,
Up in the breeze
Up in the trees
In the green leaves
of the high trees.
I wonder
I wonder.

—ROBIN TOCKNELL

CALM

The calm blue sea blows a soft white
wave
On to the white hot sand.
The wind blew its soft gently placid
breeze
Against the cool land.
The day grew dark, the sea grew rough
The waves got bigger and smashed
against the shore
The wind blew hard like thunder
And suddenly it died down again
To the gentle, placid sea
To the soft and gentle breeze
And the beautiful blue sky.

—S. KENYON

NONSENSE

Nonsense is a stupid thing
But writing it is fun,
You write all kinds of stupid things
And even chocolate buns.
When you think, you don't think hard
Because it's just right there
Nonsense is a stupid thing
But writing it is fun.

—JACQUI ROBERTS

THE SUN

The sun,
Pelting heat upon the earth.
Drying flowers
Cracking clay.
Then, as if hiding,
Moving behind the shelter of
a cloud.

—W. WOOD

BOOKS

Thick, small, thin
books.
Dusty, clean, shiny
books.
New and aged
books.
Red, yellow, green
books.
Library and home
books.
Where ever you go you see
books
and
books
and
books.

—ROBIN KENNY

THE HAUNTED CASTLE

The old haunted castle is silhouetted by
a black starry sky and glowering moon.
The silken silver waters of the moat
tumble silently down a small outlet at
the front of the castle.

An icy wind whistles through the towers.
From within the towers comes a flicker-
ing light, then all is black.

—GAIL RIEGERT

THE EAGLE

The master of flight,
Who with acute eyesight,
Picks out his prey,
Whether the sky is blue or clouded with
grey,

And with a terrifying manner,
Dives on his prey from above,
Then retires victoriously to his haunt.

—NEVILLE BENNY

SPRING

Golden spring
Shimmering clear water on a sunshine
day.

Dew drops fall from the clear green grass
Caressed by a gentle breeze.
Flickering colour, a bird's wing, a flower,
Awakening from winter's sleep.

To smile sweetly at brightness which
shines all round .

—SANDRA KENNY

RAIN

Water dribbling,
Slowly trickling down the side of a
building,

Gently plops into a crystal pool,
twinkling like a star.

Then suddenly!

Thunder!

Pelting hail,
thrashing the ground,
gushing cascading floods,
soaking the ground.

—KIM HANCOCK

MELONS

I'm sorry about
the water melon
that was in the
patch.

And now that
juicy ripe melon
has gone down
my hatch.

Soon there will
be another melon
in that melon patch
And the new
melon won't be down my
hatch

Because now
on my green pants
there is a purple patch.

—JOHN BRISLIN

SONIC EXPLOSION

Tick, tick,
Boom, boom.
Overpopulation
No room.
Computers working,
Clicking gaily.
Never stopping.
Working daily.
Humans outnumbered,
Don't despair.
With no feeling,
They don't care.
The world will end,
Pretty soon.
Everything dead,
All in ruin.
The world is finished.

—GAIL RIEGERT

THE DRUNK

I am drunk driving along in
first gear brrrrr
Bang, the tyre screams.
What's happened?
I think it's blown up
Oh no! and a policeman coming,
blackies all over the road,
bald tyres,
drunk driving,
everything goes wrong.
On the wrong side of the road,
muffler fallen off down the road,
yellow sticker.

GAOL.

Car off the road,
no licence now.

—DAVID FIELDER



2-1 FORM NOTES

Room 16, is the land of the brains,
All we think of is fame, fame, fame.
Our poor old teachers may disagree,
But we think they have hopes for you
and me.

We have got a few favourites we'd like
you to know

Here they are now, all listed below.

1. Mr. Sport—"Where are your pants?"
2. Mr. Social Studies—"That's the best work you have done all year, I'll give you C."
3. Mr. Woodwork—"Get your finger out of the lathe."

Our camp's full of champs.

Shelley and her brilliant suggestions,
Are they statements or are they questions?

Ruth's been to the land of the 'Shrunken Head'

Where if you are living you'd sooner be dead.

Nobody argues with big Bill,
If his voice doesn't stop you, his fist sure will.

At dancing Karen is extremely keen
She moves around like a rock 'n' roll queen.

It is hard for teachers to tell us something,

With Mark and Doug always interrupting.
Keryn has a most peculiar head,

At the slightest suggestion it turns a bright red.

Brian and Mike love to go fishing,
But to catch a fish they'll have to be wishing.

A brilliant scholar that is Peta,
It's hard to find someone who can beat her.

In outdoor Ed. Deb loves double canoes,
It's easier to tip over when you're in two's.

Stuart and Barry are normally quite quiet,

But once they get going it's usually a riot.
Now there is a thing we all can't do,
Get lost on a cross country, that's Teeny and Sue.

One thing that we can really tell,
Is that Jayne and ? get on extremely well.
Peter is our swimming champ,
He always wins for the Forrest Camp.
David and cricket are real true lovers,
If he isn't bowling, it's four through the covers.

At table tennis Paula's simply great,
Where did she learn it? Suppose it's fate.
There is Mary, Tony, Gary and Paul,
Lynley and Ross, hey that's all.
As you can see we are a perfect class,
Extremely clever and super fast.

Teachers Sing the Blues

Oh where, oh where, are all my class?
Oh where, oh where, can they be?
With the rules cut short,
And their hair so long,
Oh where, oh where, is two-one (2-1)
(Studying, of course).

Our Form Teacher

Mr. Smoker is a "solid" teacher,
Trouble is, he's a Labour preacher.

Finale

Some of this is fact, some of this is fiction,
Was it written by 2-1? Just look at the diction.

*Note: The writers of this would prefer to remain anonymous.



2-2 FORM NOTES

Hi! 2-2 here! There's not much we can say about ourselves, except in the first term we lost the best teacher we ever had. Mr. Miles, wherever you are, best wishes from 2-2.

I suppose we can't complain about Mr. Benson, but we still have our doubts about whether we like him or not. Although Mr. Benson does not know it, or does not admit it, he always looks forward to growling at us.

We have many different kids in our class and we think we are a pretty tough bunch. In our class we have:—

Jenny, who is the top swimmer of the class and is a J5 fanatic.

There's Poppy (I won't try to spell her last name), she's the sports woman.

There's also Dennis, who always seems to have his nose in a book, so I suppose you could say he is the book-worm of the class. Without Johnny and his jokes I don't know how we could survive English. Lynette, who is friends with our very own Megan, is in our class. We are also lucky

enough to have with us Tim, Steven, Ross, Ricky and the Robbo Twins. We also have been honoured to have with us three newcomers, Rosie, Carmel and Alan.

Janine is the brains of the class and has just gone up in English. (I told you we were scholars).

Kerrie? Well there's nothing much to say about her, except she is always red and saying "embarrassed". Karen is also one of the scholars and thinks herself as a surfie's sister. Debbie Rice? Well, with her in your class you don't need any one else to laugh 'cause she laughs enough for everyone.

Lincoln Sears is the fisherman and Graham and Linda the stamp collectors.

We also have with us Kim, horse fanatic of the class. We also forgot to mention the two Joes and Francie. I can't think of anything to say about them, so I will start to sign off.

Well, summing it all up, I would put it this way: Without 2-2 the school would never survive, neither would Mr. Benson.



2-3 FORM NOTES

2-3 whew! What a class! It ranges from tall people to small people, fat ones and thin ones. Some are intelligent but some, well . . . you know the ones that are not so intelligent; but all together we help to make up the class. Who knows, one day we may even make the class of 84 (74). Well, that's enough bragging about ourselves and let's get down to some serious talk.

We will start off with Dux of our class who happens to be known throughout the second years as the Walking Dictionary, who is, of course, Ricky Cullimore. Cosie, Denman and George are our motor mechanics and little Ian Coghlan our budding engineer. We have our very own cooks Cheryl and Kerrie with Guy giving it all he's got. We have our own special agents Debbie and Wayne. "That's a well known fact, really!" Snoop's is our big hockey player and Kim Carbone the footy hero of 74. Also Rhonda and Sheena our sports champs this year. Danny Jamieson has won the term award for being a stooge followed by Teete Lombardo. The students in our class say that Linda Has knows all but Leonie knows even more. Eileen English our English professor, well with a name like that she can't go wrong. Lynette Fiore is the artist. Oh, before we forget, we must inform you of our form teacher Mr. Renwick, who I must admit has had his ups and downs this year. Nothing much to say about John, Michael and Merrick, as they keep to themselves most of the time. Last but not least our lover boy Wakey!

Well, our class would just like to say one more thing and that it is that we are looking forward for the fortunate 1st

Years who will take our place and be proud to be selected in Form 2-3. We will always remember the enjoyment we have had in our form and hope others can share the pleasure in years to come.

2-4 FORM NOTES

Our class, 2-4, is not very big, but we get on very well. Most of us are very good students, we are all sports lovers, and we have a beautiful form teacher, Mrs. Withers. She's joyful and a terrific form teacher. We are all proud of her, the whole 24 of us.

There's Keith, the "way-out dresser", and Wayne's "the slot car kid". "Drake" performed in the football team, and Darryl's keen on soccer and basketball. Then there's "the little prune", "the onion" and "the quiet one", Peter M. is "the mechanical kid", and Peter O. "The tornado" is everywhere. Kelvin, Mr. Hallam's pet, is followed by "the professor", and "chubby" one of our small football players. "The spud" and "the moonman" round off form masculinity.

On the more elegant side, we have Sylvania, our netball goal shooter, and Jan's a recent addition to the form. Judith's certainly there, followed by "sweet sixteen" and "the thrower". Don't forget "the road runner", fastest in the class, Rosemary, the brains in class. Oh, and Maureen, missing since first term.

THE RUINS

The gaiety and laughter vanished from the ruins,
As the people rowed across the lake,
darkness fell, the clouds grew thick and the trees stiffened.
Pathways were shadowed as the moon disappeared.
Then the cracking of branches, rustling of leaves and a dark shadow fell across the entrance of the old castle.
It moved quickly!
The creaking of the door and the slow steady pace of the footsteps followed.
A torchlight could be seen at the attic window, as the night grew on. The minutes ticked slowly by, the moonlit water lapped at the beach.
A piercing scream, a bang and then a figure fell from the window into the lake.
The sea lapped once more and then was quiet.
The pencil light descended and the shadow once more fell across the pathway from the ruins.

—SUSAN DAVIS

THE NEW RECRUIT

Young and inexperienced,
his age not even one score.
The new recruit for Lillee,
had never played cricket before.
They gave him the ball,
and said "have an over or two."
He said "what's this for?"
and promptly kicked it with his shoe.
They showed him how it should be done,
and to the large crowd's glee,
With the first few balls of his over,
his figures were five for three.

—DAVID MARSHALL

TOMORROW

We live to see tomorrow.
But what will tomorrow bring?
It might bring the rain, the sun or the wind.
You might gain an enemy, lose a friend.
Tomorrow can't be predicted
It's the one of its kind
Yet tomorrow may bring a new life
Or a sudden painful death.
Tomorrow may bring prosperity
But it could also bring poverty
It could bring you luck or misfortunate
Nobody knows what tomorrow will bring.

—KAREN HOUGH

THE WIND

The wind that sings its song for joy,
Goes dancing, prancing like a wound-up toy:
Into the bush where wild birds sing,
Blowing proudly like a king.
Howling at night, whistling at day,
Ruffling up the waves in a quiet bay.
Going to sleep for only a minute,
Then springing wildly
Racing over ocean and inlet.

—KJL

THE CLIMB

Up and up and up we went, our chests heaving as we groped for breath. The perspiration seeped from our bodies leaving us damp and dehydrated.

My foot stung from the sharp rock I had trodden on. I slipped and Tuli grabbed my arm. The strength of the nationals!

We came upon a waterfall. The water was absolutely freezing. Standing with the water running on my head, down back rapidly receded my temperature.

The shrill notes of the Bird of Paradise split the air and tumbled down into the depths of the valley.

Up we continued. We couldn't see very far ahead because of the mists clinging to the mountains in the last moments before rising.

At last we reached the summit. Sinking down on a pile of banana leaves, we waited. The air surrounding us was deathly quiet.

Suddenly the sun spilled out over the mountains. The whole world was tinted with gold.

We gazed, letting the beauty and wonderment seep into our innermost being. Again the chords of the Bird of Paradise rippled through the air, filtered through the leaves and fell down, down.

After a few minutes the mist began to rise. The world around us woke up. Cocks began to crow, fires were lit and smoke sifted through the grass huts. Little children ran into the yards, chased by dogs and pigs, ready to begin another day.

The strenuous climb was worth this rewarding display of utter beauty.

—RUTH PAVY

FROM ONE TO ANOTHER

The gentle breeze softly washes against the swaying tree tops.
Fluffy white clouds in the deep blue sky play like frolicking lambs.
Bright yellow buttercups nodding gleefully in the radiant sunshine.
All this I see as I lie among the tall lush grass.
But what do I see? A grey cloud forming over the white,
Thunder booming, shaking the frightened earth.
Lightning flashing, seeking into dark damp places.
Rain cascades in giant drops as I run for shelter,
My sunlit world gone.

—K.J.L.

CHARGE OF THE ENGLISH CLASS

(With apologies to Tennyson)

Half an hour, half an hour, half an hour left,
Into the Valley of English strode the poor kids.
Forward the English class
Charge for the desks, she said.
Into the Valley of English strode the poor kids.

—S. MACAULAY, 2-1

TROUBLE

Cigarettes are bad for you they say
Taxes are taking all of our pay.
Beer will give you an enormous pot
Gough's in power, boy, are we shot.
—M. LOWE

ANZAC DAY

On Anzac Day, we're far away,
In thought of those now dead,
Of those who fought, and freedom
bought,
And then lay down and bled.
It was they from sea, who took Gallipoli,
It was they who took her land,
Ships were sent, and away they went,
The proudest little band.
It was they who in World War two,
Also fought their best.
First knocked around, they stood their
ground,
And did with little rest.
That's why today, we're proud to say,
We've never slaved before,
We hope and pray, but dare not say,
This is the end of war.
—DOUG UPTON

IN MEMORY OF STINKY POOH

Trapped burs in his once tangled mane
His freckled face—like speckled rain.
The ripped and scarred hide, with meat
hanging out
The crippled foot, a medal for gout.
To the Siamese and Persian he was a
reject,
But he held his proud head with noble
respect.
In time "Stinky" grew sick and got worse
at night,
But no medication, they said "He'll be
all right."
He worried me when his jaw dropped
with slag,
So deceitfully I snuck him to the vet, in
my school bag.
Stinky had an operation that cost me a
lot.
The Vet made a diagnosis, the cat had
gum rot.
I received tablets for him, then took
Stinky home,
He was placed in the shed, where he was
alone.
After school that day, I had nothing to do
So I went to the shed, but there was no
Stinky Pooh.
I raged inside 'cause I knew something
was wrong,
Screaming "Where's Stinky Pooh? Where's
he gone?"
Dad first stood in silence, then his voice
came alive,
"Next door killed him, 'cause he wouldn't
survive."
The year has come a long way since the
funeral in May
Who knows? Stinky could have been alive
today,
This might not seem much to the high-
class ear,
But for my dead Tom I shed a tear.
—SHELLEY GOOWILL, 2-1

THE NIXON LAMENT

There is a new recording that has made
the news,
It is called "Richard Nixon Sings the
Blues",
One of the tapes has made a big hit
Only trouble was, it was censored a bit.
At this the Senate subpoenaed for the rest
After all they wanted only the best.
Richard said they couldn't have it their
way
Because he was the President of the
whole U.S.A.
Throughout the battle Dick said he was
right
He wasn't going to give up his tapes with-
out a fight,
But the evidence against him was too
strong
All of the public said he was wrong.
Finally Richard Nixon resigned in dis-
grace
And Mr. Gerald Ford stepped into his
place,
Now Nixon's song is on the hit parade
Along with the Death March and the Don-
key Serenade.
—M. LOWE

THE SOLDIER

He has a rugged battle scarred face
He is the fool, the toy, the pawn of all
the human race.
Whether he fights under the single star
Or those combined with stripes
He is always ready there
Among men of every type.
He is the common soldier
Just like me or you
Who has to give his life sometimes
To protect me and you.
—R. CULLIMORE

WHAT A WORLD

Madly, crashing,
Through the bush they are rushing.
Trying to escape,
From the men who pursue them in this
chase.
Men yelling,
War is surrounding them, welling and
welling?
Children crying.
From hunger pains they are sighing.
Machines, buildings,
Rising up above our heads, with wings.
Sounds, noise,
Only mechanical, never a voice.
What a world, what a world,
Everyone is in a whirl.
Noises, yelling, crashing, sighing.
ESCAPE.
—PETA KETTRIDGE

THE STRIPPER

There was a young lady from Kipper,
Who decided she would be a stripper
They all said, "rah, rah."
So she took off her bra
And a man in the crowd said "you
ripper!"
—DAVID MARSHALL

MY LOVE

To see you again my enchanting love
Your smiling face in my memory
To touch your face so fond and dear
And to have you in my heart so near.
We'll run along the sparkling sand,
And wish upon a falling star.
To dream one day we'll stand together
Handsome groom and happy bride.
A-vowing our eternal love
Together we'll be—side by side.
—SHEENA ECCLES, 2-3

TASTE

I like the taste of crayfish
but not the taste of decayed fish,
sweet oranges, grapes and
also T-bone steak.
—JOHN MANOCCHIO

STORM

Storm is strong, storm is cruel,
Across the land it will wail.
It blows the leaves on all the trees,
And ever rains upon the seas.
All the lights in the houses go out
So all the people use candle light.
Lightning strikes up in the sky
Thunder roars and passes by.
—SHEENA ECCLES, 2-3

SILVER

(Apologies to Walter de la Mare)
Slowly silently on the moon
Walks the astronaut in his shoes.
This way and that, he peers and sees
Little men climbing trees.
One by one they all fall down
Until at last they've all been found.
Crouched in its space-house like a frog
With teeth of lead lies a Cromotog.
From their lairs, green eyes peep,
Of Monoeyes under a sheet.
A space ship goes scampering by
With silver jets above silver sky
And moveless tankers in their ports do
gleam.
By bright pink rockets . . .
Oh, it's a dream.
—ROSS LE CRAS, 2-1

SMILE

Whatever you choose to do,
Wherever you choose to go,
Whenever you're feelin' blue
Whether he's your friend or foe.
Give him a smile
Deep from your heart
For a smile once in a while
Can be an essential start.
A smile can mean many a thing
You may not understand
And a smile may also bring
A warm and welcome hand.
—JANINE, 2-2

CHANGE

A silken room upon a flower,
A pearl coloured hideaway where cater-
pillars cower
so perfect in shape as well as in size,
yet no-one could guess what inside it lies
ugly and cumbersome the caterpillar
came
yet it leaves by a different name.
Which flutters on such beautiful wings
have you ever seen such beautiful things?
—M. LOWE

FOG

Dense darkness
Swirling mist
Cold air
Clammy calmness
Eerie noises
Can't see.
Strange shapes
Whispering voices,
Unspoken silence
Terrified sequence
Crowded in
Can't see.
—SUSAN DAVIS

THE FOOD I LIKE

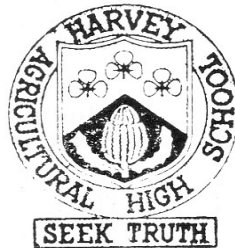
I like the taste
of peanut paste
And I like fish
on a big dish
I like a wine
while I dine
There's curry and rice
Which is very nice.
—WAYNE COOPER

FOG

Swirling around and around,
Enveloping,
Long thin fingers twist around you,
Darkness.
A damp feeling spreads over you.
Curling whisks of suffocating fog.
Dry your throat.
Death, death, darkness.
The cloak lifts.
—PETA KETTERIDGE

MY DREAMS

As I sat on the steps
I looked up and there it crept.
A shapeless figure dressed in white
Breezing along on its flight
To do whatever it might like.
Dressed in grey, there it stood
another shapeless figure made of wood
As I tossed and turned in bed
I realized I was dreaming of
the dead.
—DIANNE CHILDS



3-1 FORM NOTES

This year is our third.

Many of us will be concluding, going out into the world to earn a keep.

Most of the prefects are representatives in Form 3-1.

We are a form unique.

We have within us:

Sporting stars, comedians, stirrers, the odd brains, but we all get along like a house on fire.

The jokes are usually provided by Ian, Ellis and Terry. But Colin beats them all.

For the sport minded we have Russell the hockey player, closely followed by Anne the runner, Rob and Cosi stick to their footy. While Dean, Peter and Angelo play hockey also.

The girls are numerous and each one is needed. Leonie keeps Russell company.

While Diane, Kerry, Debbie, Sue and Julie look after their boys at the Ag. Wing.

As head girl Jill's doing fine. Lorraine won a book for writing a story. Kerrie T., Sherryl and Karen all talk also. While Cathy and Heather never do. Our prefects netball stars are Wendy and Tricia. We've a labourer-cum lab assistant, that's Bill. Julie's our council rep. And Meg's our only David Cassidy fan. To complete our class we have Jenny and Rob.

Good luck to all who are departing and kind consideration to all who have spent time and patience in planning, talking and entertaining, especially the brain washers (the teachers).

Harvey Senior High School commencing next year, a large amount of 3-1 will be familiar faces in 1975.



3-2 FORM NOTES

Vol. 2, No. 2—Subscription Free.

W.A. Gets Fifth Newspaper.

Introduction:

The class of 3-2 of 1974 feel that it is their duty to follow in the footsteps of their comrades in arms and present to you this year another newspaper column.

In this newspaper we will be bringing you up to date in the injustice that has been carried out behind the scenes at our school. This foul play is not only the fault of the teachers but also the students.

We feel that it is up to the brains of the school to give you this unbiased opinion. We will also tell you some of the events of our class.

Silent Treatment:

Some of the "Australian Mafia Gang" got together in our Social Studies class and decided to give our devoted teacher Mr. Renwick the silent treatment. I am not allowed to disclose the identity of the brains behind this rampage for reasons that should be obvious to you and I. All I am allowed to report back to you is that this worked for about half of the season until a few girls took pity on Mr. Renwick. This caper was well planned except for one thing, the boys in charge did not allow for the sensitivity of the girls who are now standing trial for their desertion in the ranks while the pressure was really on. So far the talk of punishment is a toss-up between the guillotine and the firing squad. The communication

during this season was by notes and so far has been our quietest season this year.

Cinema (2nd Term):

This year we have only been allowed to see one R Certificate film due to inflation and the incredibly unstable budget that has been handled by our most capable Principal, Mr. Lawson. The film was "To Sir With Love".

Loss of Students' Ideal Teacher:

3-2 was unfortunate in missing out on having Mr. Miles as a teacher. Instead they were put into the capable hands of Mr. Rando, to be moulded into the scholars like they are now and are just about ready to graduate. Mr. Miles has now left the school much to the regret of the students and also the teachers.

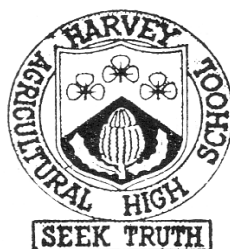
I feel that the reason that the students mourned (girls) was because of the outstanding looks of this Male Chauvinist.

Conclusion:

The class of 3-2 would like to thank all the teachers and fellow students for being so understanding in their time of need. If we could we would all put our hands together for a big round of applause, but the girls' hands are too sore from writing lines and the boys' hands are too sore from receiving the cane.

We hope that it has been as much fun for you as it has been for us. THANK YOU.

—L. DENHAM, 3-2



3-3 FORM NOTES

In class 3-3
It's a race up and down the school
What a disgrace
Winning is Buck and his co-pilot big Nina.
Second is Graham and Allen.
Then comes Dom driving his screamer
Beth, Deb and Sharon have made a pit
stop
There's something in their tank, I think
it's a marron.
Next is the three women team, Ridley,
Britza and Buck's sister.
Lank and Peddler with their "bald top"
Monaro
Which is beating Ugle's Comaro.
Hough and Talbot are in their P.U. Chop-
per
Dragging off Sabourne and Bropho in the
Austin called Hopper.
Barrett in his SLR drives like a galah
(though he is a parrot)
We have lost Boney down the air cleaner
Frankfurts and Chip lady are getting a
little meaner
Pepe and Baggetta are last.
Although Gino and Geoff are out with a
blast
As the race draws to a close we will like
to thank our Flag Marshal Mr. Browning
Who will wave the checked flag at the
winner of this year's Harvey Terordoe.

Hit Song

3-3 don't be no heroes,
Don't be no fools with your lives.
As 3-3 started to go the teachers
hung their heads low.
Saying: 3-3 don't be no heroes
come back and start a new year.

3-4 FORM NOTES

"GIDDAY" . . . I am going to tell you
a few little facts about the loveable 3-4
of 1974.

While sitting in our 3-4 English class,
we simply relax and try to enjoy the soft,
mild taste of Benson and Hedges, and I
mean "try".

And now Mr. Renwick has a few words
to say, "Shush, um, right," is about the
only words we hear all through the Social
Studies lesson.

Mr. Heptinstall, our Form and Science
teacher, has managed to control us, with
lots of effort, so that we have now be-
come sweet little kittens, although he has
become a nervous wreck and still can't
figure out "why".

Miss Marshall, our Spoken English
teacher, has managed well in this subject,
but we don't know whether it's for High
School or Primary.

They are only a few of the teachers
who have had no difficulty in teaching
the most well mannered and talented
pupils in the entire school.

Now, how about hearing about the
pupils of 3-4.

To start with, there are:

Mushy (Josephine), Stirrer (Jack), Fish
(Butchy), Zap (Joyce Z.), Lump (Denise),
Golly (Lou), Roggy (Joyce R.), Molly
(Gail), Eskimo (Ian), The Mumbler
(Danny).

We even have our old pensioner, Wrink-
ley (Colin) and there's Messom—the one
who enjoys home in bed more than
school.

We also have our zoo mates: Giraffe
(Elly), Baboon (Tony), Camel (Carmel),
Wombat (Keith), Horse (Alan).

Finally, we thank all who have made
3-4's notes worthwhile and hope the
future for all will be successful. Sincere
thanks to the teachers of 1974.

Oh, I almost forgot, "AVAGOODWEE-
KEN".

SCHOOL TEACHERS

Back to school,
Oh, I wish I was in my swimming pool.
Teachers are uniformists,
As well as conformists.
They make you work all day long
And this makes them so strong.
They issue more and more work and
Students say "Boy, is he a big jerk?"
But that's their way of earning a living
And it helps us to establish a better standard of living.
They do their job very well,
Although many students say "I wish they'd go to hell."

—ANGELO DAGOSTINO, 3-1

THE TROUT

Plop, the spinner landed just right, and seeped into the effervescence of the rapids.
Looking, searching for a form of prey that it might grasp and hold.
I waited a while, then clicked the bail arm over,
Then drew the now rotating object in.
A bite, the winding slows,
Once again—the winding increases.
At last the disastrous moment comes, The strike.
He was hooked.
What a beauty.
I wouldn't let this one get away.
He was jagged for sure, and I had the strength to fight all day.
I had the reluctant fear that the line might break,
But still he surged closer in the churning wake.
Closer, closer he came,
I deeply wished that I might catch him.
For, never would the chance present itself again.
He was in reach with the landing, net and I admired the gnarled look in his eye,
As I scooped him out of the river, and laid that five pound wriggling mass down with pride.

—BILL AUBURN, 3-1

CROSS COUNTRY RUNNING

Heart pumping faster
Legs starting to hurt
Breathing faster, getting exhausted
Mouth drying up, need of a drink
Slowly, slowing-down.
But have to keep going, can't stop now
Legs feel as though they're going to drop off,
Heart beating faster and faster, pulse going up
Mouth dry as the desert, can hardly breathe
All my body perspiring and sweating
Feet sore, got to stop but can't
Got to keep going
Only a hundred yards to go
Will I make it?
Twenty yards left
People watching me
Five yards, I've made it!

—PERRY UGLE

KEVIN THE 3-3 STREAK

Kevin was our 3-3 streak,
He was the funniest thing on two feet,
He did not have much of a physique,
But he was still our 3-3 streak.
He went to watch a ball game,
But something interrupted the game,
It was Kevin the streak,
Our road runner on two feet.
I don't know why he was our 3-3 streak,
Because he did not have much of a physique,
But we liked our 3-3 streak,
Because he was the fastest thing on two feet.

—CHRIS SABOURNE

COLIN'S CORNER

Q: Why do Italian dogs have flat noses?
A: Because they chase parked cars!
Q: What do people do after they are married on the moon?
A: They go on a honey earth!
Q: What do you call a dog with seven legs, three eyes and one foot?
A: I don't know either!
You can help a politician by hating him, but more by shooting him.
Do you know why people like school, because I sure don't.
Now here's a labour saver "Vote Liberal"!
Psychiatrists warn that I'm a mental case.

—COLIN BRANDIS

SHOW DAY

Crowds of people gathering round,
Scattered all over the top of the ground,
Sticky-faced children eating fairly floss,
And a little tiny girl who has just been lost,
People gathering from far and near
To have the best time of the year,
Everyone has been waiting for this special occasion
And now they can't wait to make the invasion
The farmers head straight for the stock yards
To compare their stock with the rest of the flock.
The animal parade has just begun
But children don't worry about that,
Because they're having fun.
That's what shows are all about
Fun and laughter and the occasional lout.

—NINA LEWIS & KAREN CHILDS

NEGLECT

Nobody should be neglected
Even those that can't help their ways.
Give them time to show themselves,
Don't let them be rejected.
Everybody has a talent that pays,
Cause they were born that way, so
Try to show that they are really respected
in some truthful way.

—BILL AUBURN, 3-1

CREATURES

That little man with two heads,
Lives in his own little world here.
Our earth is so strange to him,
And he is hidden behind a barrier.
The people feel sorry for him,
But because of their pride, no-one helps
him.
His mind is a constant confusion,
Filled with loneliness and sorrow.
The little man wishes he could go back
to his land,
But, of course, there is no way back.
So he wanders around feeling pain all
the time
And accepting his image as "that little
creature".

—SHERRYL OTTREY

ALCOHOL

Drink it!
Drink it!
I swallowed, pitched up the glass then
Drank it
Drank it straight down
Coughed and splatted
Alcohol
After a while I drank a bit more
More and more until
I stood, still
Knowing if I moved I'd fall
I lent against the wall
and had another and another
Then I heard my mother
Calling, calling me
I stumbled out of the barn
Not knowing what was going to happen
Then she yelled
"You're only fourteen,
Fourteen my boy
Why did you have that alcohol?"
I said, "To feel up with the gang."
They think they're so tough
but they're not so rough
Endangering lives and their health
With Alcohol.

—SHERYL RIDLEY

THE NEXT DAY

I lay there in my bed,
Motionless, and thinking,
What is to come in the next day?
Will there be happiness or sorrow?
Love or hatred for other people.
Will I be hurt or not?
Shall something pleasant happen to me?
Will I get an award or something
I said or did?
Will there be peace or war?
Oh, well, tomorrow's a new day.
Anything can happen;
I can't help what happens,
It's everyone's fate.

—STEWART JONES

WHAT IS LOVE?

What is love? The warm affection I feel
for you when you are so far away.
Too far for you to feel the way I do.
Our love that once was, has diminished.
Wonderful memories are all that are left
to remind me of you.
We used to lie alone together, in the
blackness of the night.
Our hearts pounding for each other in
golden silence.
So many memories we once had together.
Now this has all disappeared.

—K. McKAY, 3-2

INFLATION

The world is in trouble,
With inflation to blame,
The cattle worth little,
And sheep much the same.
Unions are crippling the country today,
The poor old worker is the one who will
pay,
The Union bosses give him very little say.
This trouble world wide,
Is something we can't hide,
The primary product's increasing,
Our exports decreasing,
With general confusion,
And Government disillusion,
We can come to but one conclusion,
United we stand,
With our back to the wall,
Like true Australians
We'll rally to the call.

—NINA LEWIS, 3-2

THE OLD.

She sits on her bench
Looks up into the bright lights
People hurry past
All going somewhere
But getting nowhere
Cars drive past
Not noticing.
There she sits
Growing old
The world changes around her
But there she remains
Still sitting
Brooding
Growing old.
But who cares?
For she is just another person
No-one special
Needing love
Care
She grows lonely
Sitting there.

—WENDY GIBLETT, 3-1

SUICIDE CLIFF

The sea swirling under me,
Rocks jagged and cruel.
Night sky deathly.
The silver moon is dancing.
On the blanket of darkness.
My legs feel weak.
Mystery draws me near,
Nearer, nearer.
Swirling waters,
My mind is misted.
Slowly my heart fades.

—JULIE GARDINER

PUNISHMENT

It was my second fight. I was a heavy-weight all round purpose boxer. My name: Jimmy Anderson. I came from a little beat-up town at the end of a dusty dirt track which was called Dusty Creek.

The bell rang, I stepped into the ring and there I came face to face with the man who was meant to beat me to a frazzle, so the press had said. He was a big broad shouldered man with legs like strainer posts, arms like overgrown pick handles and his gut like the base of a karri tree.

He was big and clumsy on his feet but boy could he punch. I bounced around him like a jack rabbit waiting to be shot. He lifted his glove several times and took a wild swing, only to miss.

I gave him a few sharp, nifty right jabs then ducked away. The bell rang to end the first round and I hurried to my corner.

The boys did the usual thing, while Jack, my trainer, pointed out my faults. The bell rang and the boys scattered like frightened mice as the big boxer waddled out from his corner.

I went straight at him ducking and twisting, giving all I had. For three minutes I softened him up. Then in anger he flew at me like a wild goose, swinging in all directions. I ducked two but the third got me under the chin, I fell to the floor. The count of five was imposed on me before I rose.

Little did I know that this rise was to be the rise in my boxing career. The bell went, I staggered off. The bell went for the third round and I stepped in. Dazzled by the lights I stood there.

He came at me again, took three jabs and a hook. To his surprise he missed. I ducked, then came up underneath him like a rise of pressured water. I caught him under the chin and he toppled over backwards on to the floor.

A knock out . . . I had won . . . From that fight on I had lost only one out of thirty-seven and I was known as the champ of heavyweight boxing. I took plenty of punishment but could give enough back to overcome the giant man and win.

—REX CARLSSON, 3-2

TEENAGERS

What's it like to be a teenager
Being neither child nor adult
It's just a stage they say
Adolescence.
I was once a child
Now a teenager
Enjoying my sport and social fun
Perhaps a little more than a child or
adult.
When a child you're looked after by Mum
and Dad
Not allowed out without them
But now it's okay
No supervision given.
I've experienced childhood and teens
But not adulthood
Except, I know
They do what they want to.
A teenager is not much different now
Than in the past
And adults should know what to expect
They were once a teenager.

—TRICIA THOMAS, 3-1

THE FAILURE

There she stood waiting to be called on
to the stage,
She didn't have to read not even a page.
The reason she was there was to sing a
pretty song,
It contained four verses which weren't
very long.
The people sat patiently in the bright,
silent room
Waiting for the sound that would send
them out of the room.
What they paid to hear would give them
a nasty shock
And then the caretaker would twist the
key in the lock.
But the song held a secret, not even the
singer knew what
It contained a special rhythm that would
make the people shocked.
What was in store for this excited crowd
of fans?
And then she appeared, welcomed by a
round of clapping hands.
She memorised it silently to make sure
the words were right
She signalled to the cameraman to turn
off the lights.
She turned around to check and see if
the band was heady
And then the sweet music started, not at
all heavy.
She began the first verse with a round of
applause
She then began the chorus which seemed
to be the cause.
Her voice began to crack and the
audience was shocked
For what she was singing, made the
audience feel mocked.
The people began to leave already one
by one,
This had been her first chance and this
had been ruined.
The tears trickled down her face as she
prepared to leave the stage
And now she would go back and live for-
ever in her cage.

—ORNELLA BAGGETTA, 3-3

SUMMER

Dragging home on a hot day
The sun is strong, though ever so far
away.
The skin feels burnt and scorched all
over,
But then she thinks of the cool, blue
water.
And she quickens her pace while the sun
shines over.

—ORNELLA BAGGETTA

PARENTS

Parents are understanding loveable and
kind.
But that's not all the time.
They scream and bellow at the things
you do wrong
Then later come to speak as though
nothing went wrong.

—JUDITH GRIEVES

WIND

Dark stormy nights
The wind howls round the corners
Down the musty, feeble alleys
Where light is dim
And life is nowhere to be found.
Hang on to your hat
Here comes the wind
Hurtling down the street in continuous
circles
Beware it's nearing with those nasty
stings
And sand barriers that snap across your
legs
And away it howls again,
But to return once more.

TRICIA THOMAS, 3.1

THE OLD CROOK

I rocked in my chair and my mind went
back to the days when I was a daring
crook when I had stolen from an old
lady. I remembered how my knife had
found a home in her throat and the blood
that spurted up in my face and the money
that I took had felt cold and wet. Had it
been worth a life just for some coins and
a bottle of grog. But life was hard in the
bad ol' days. Now I myself was old and
none the richer. I didn't have to kill her,
but I was so afraid.

My chair rocked back and forth rock-
ing back the years as I dreamt.

—KAREN CHILDS

SUICIDE

She walks up on the crystal sand
Holding a bottle in her hand,
She's drunk and sad and maybe mad,
With only one more decision to go
She walks forward swaying to and fro,
She has taken a step into the water
But stops to think of her daughter
Then she pulls out a knife
And stabs it in to take her life.

—NINA LEWIS, 3-2

GUILTY

Standing before the judge,
My lips quivered,
I thought my body would collapse,
I wished I were dead,
Dead like the one I had murdered.
"How do you plead?" the grave judge
asked.
"Innocent!" I screamed. "Innocent!"
But it was a fatal attempt to right my
wrong,
All evidence gathered lay against me,
Then came the painful wait while the
judge
Consulted with his colleagues.
An hour ticked slowly by before their
Lordships
Returned to the court.
The verdict was delivered
"GUILTY."

—RUTH PENGELLEY, 3-2

LOST

Lost is a boy in the middle of nowhere,
Small and thin, eyes are blue and hair
so fair,
Lost and lonely sitting on a small stone,
Cold and hungry, also scared.
Wishing he was home where someone
cared.
The sun comes up and animals rise,
Looking for food to survive,
They live their own lives,
Not caring about the boy,
As lonely as can be
He rises to find shelter under a tree,
As he sits silent and still,
Two eyes from a bush watch, waiting
Until time to kill.
The sun goes down and soaks into the
land,
Small creatures from the land crawl over
the sand
Noises grow loud.
Behind a noise overpowers all other
noises,
The boy's heart bounces,
He hunches with his shoulders round,
There is only one more sound,
That boy will never be found.

—N. LEWIS, 3-2

RAIN

Down the window it flows,
In quantities which nobody knows.
In small blobs and large blobs,
Frequent and sparse blobs.
Streaking and smudging the view from
my eyes,
Down the window it flows.
With the fall of rain,
The puddles begin to form again.
The countryside becomes green,
A delight to be seen.
The freshness of life has begun,
With the fall of rain.

—DEAN MAUGHAN, 3-1

DOLE OF THE CLASSROOM

I have known the dole of the chalk as
its life gets wasted away into dust.
The loneliness of the blackboards as they
hang on the wall.
The chalk's life spills on to the floor as
though it was being emptied into a
grave.
I have known the dole of the floor as its
misery gets ground in more and more.
The teacher stands alone at the front of
the classroom and conveys his sadness
to the boys.
The bell rings and once more the class-
room is left in a world of its own.

THEY

To them I'm nothing,
To me I'm something.
They scorn,
I praise.
They gasp,
I wonder,
They smirk,
I smile.
They hate,
I love.
They reject,
I comfort.
They wither,
I bloom.

—JULIE GARDINER

FRIENDS

Friends are like the sturdy oaks that
rustle in the breeze when the summer
suns are gone. Like the boughs of spicy
evergreens pressed against our lives to
shelter from the wintery blast. Friends
are like low blooming flowers that break
at spring to light our path. Like the per-
fumed roses dropping petals of happiness
around our door. Friends are like green
mosses clinging close to running brooks.
Like the flowering streams spreading
their moisture along the fields and ask-
ing no reward or pay. Friends are like
the shady nooks giving sweet release at
evening's hush. Like the broad expanse of
softest green and copper bronze to de-
light the eye. Friends are like the gentle
whisperings of a love divine. Forgiving
and forgetting without a tinge of blame.
—RUTH PENGELLEY, 3-2

THE JOYS OF THIS LIFE

Life is made sweet, because of friends we
have made,
And the things which in common share;
We want to live on, not because of our-
selves,
But because of the people who care.
It is giving and doing for somebody else
On that, all life's splendour depends . . .
The joys of this life, when you've summed
it all up,
Are found in the making of friends.
—RUTH PENGELLEY, 3-2

PAIN

How long has it been since I had the
warm feeling of a full stomach?
The saliva runs in my mouth as I imagine
a juicy piece of T bone steak. But I am
not alone in my plight for there are
thousands just like me.
When will it all end?
When will we have crops so that our
bodies will live again.
It is a terrible thing to see bodies with-
ering away with starvation with the
swollen stomachs of the children, with
no will to live; with the feeling that
death is just around the corner.
So hard the pain is
So hard it is to starve.

—KAREN CHILDS

SHADOW OF BATTLE

Swiftly they come
Gathering on the horizon;
Dark and deadly,
Rumbling along.
The shadow of their advance
Blocking all light.
Threatening life.
Battle. Thunder of war.
Rain of arrows.
Retreat.
Silence.
The sun comes out again.
—HEATHER BURNS, 3-1

SAM AND I

He lies there, limp and disfigured,
The life oozing from him,
Staining the street red.
His body trembles weakly.
Sickly whimpers escape from him.
I stand there gazing.
The love in me growing.
The hurt swelling in my neck,
And flowing down my cheeks.
I loved him dearly,
And he returned my love.
I laughed and enjoyed life.
He was always with me.
His body is still.
His eyes close,
I take him in my trembling arms,
and carry him to rest.
He has left me,
Forever.

—JULIE GARDINER

BENGER

Beautifully lit with lights,
Enchanted with the moon and night,
Night clubs filled with folk.
Generally they're all blokes,
Eyes open as I awake,
Realising it's all fake.

—DEBBI FRY

GET SMARTER

It was a normal day for agent "Slackwell Smarter". During that day he had accomplished nothing, which, as I said, was normal. But don't get me wrong, he did have those rare times when he did do something right. You don't believe me? Well, I'll tell you about it.

You see "Slackwell Smarter" is an agent for the R.S.P.W.H., that is "The Royal Society for Prevention of Weird Happenings". This was a society dedicated to the destruction of all "ghosts", "were wolves", "witches", "warlocks", "supernaturalists" and "golliwogs". I say was because it no longer exists (thanks to Slackwell Smarter), they found out that a Zombie lived next door, so not wanting to cause any trouble they dissolved their little group (this in technical terms is known as a double dissolution).

Anyhow, let's get on with the story . . . It all started on a cold wintery night in the middle of a hot day in the middle of summer. Why wasn't it a cold day in a hot winter during night, while it was day in the middle of summer? That's what he had to find out. But one thing was for sure, it must be in some way connected with R.S.P.H.S.'s arch enemy K.A.O.S. "The Krooked Association of Spooks". They were a tough bunch of squeaks, squeals, screams, rattling chains and other weird noises.

Smarter would have to smarten up to beat this mob, and that is what he did. He read every trick in the book and a few others. He started his search in an old wooden house with tall pinnacles and thousands of rooms. What a setting. He walked up to the front door. All of a sudden he felt a chill down his back. Someone or something unknown had thrown a bucket of ice down from the top floor. What a dirty trick.

Determined now to get a towel, he opened the front door and went to the bathroom. Having dried himself, Smarter continued his investigation. He stepped into the cellar, or rather fell down the stairs. Getting on to his feet, he noticed several disembodied heads floating around. Not to mention chains, tables, books and spooks. His superior intellect told him immediately that this wasn't normal. Automatically he reached for his Ouije board, and began chanting, "Get lost you lousy spooks." On hearing this, the ghosts jumped out of their sheets and streaked off into the distance. "I've heard that before."

That ends the story and that ended the R.S.P.W.H., because they didn't have any more spooks to stop spooking.

—IAN CAMPBELL, 3-1

FOREST FIRE

The sun shone its harmful rays, penetrating the old, broken glass. The dead grass around it shot up, as if in disapproval, into enormous flames.

These flames quickly grew until the whole surrounding bushes and trees with their luscious cool leaves became massive balls of fire, radiating heat and death everywhere, not stopping for anyone or anything, but killing and destroying everything in its path.

Like a stampeding elephant, the fire ironed out the surrounding life until nothing was left for its fiery jaws to eat. The once coloured forest became a blanket of black ash with its occasional burnt remains of a piece of flora still standing, marking the death place and grave of some unfortunate animal, burnt by the fire's unbearable heat.

G. SCHIRIPA, 3-1

TEENAGERS, TEENAGERS

Teenagers, teenagers,
That's what we are.
Sometimes we're rubbish
But should be praised.
For we are very special, as
We aren't children nor adults,
But in-betweens.

ANGELO DAGOSTINO, 3-1

PEACE

Somewhere on this earth I was sure there
was peace,
But, as I grow older I realise that this
was all a dream, a frairy tale
For some idiotic reason humans of different
races are at war with each other.
The human race, you and I, just as much
as I hate to admit it, is prejudiced.
We discriminate against other people be-
cause of their colour.
This is wrong.
They are good to us
So why do we do this?
Why?
I don't know!

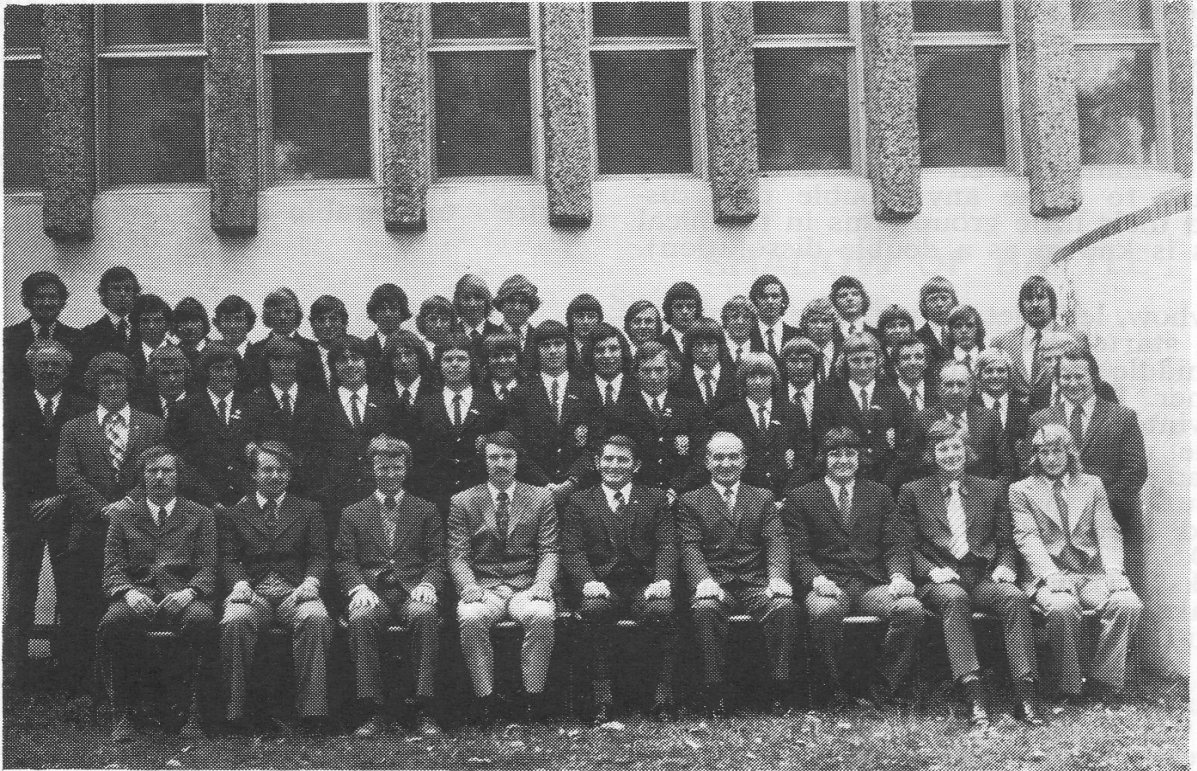
LEONIE DENHAM

THE ORPHAN CHILD

The war is on.
People were fleeing for their lives.
A sudden crash.
A bomb had landed on the bus house,
A faint cry was heard above the
thunderous roar of war; from a small
child
His parents and relations dead.
Him now on his own to struggle for
what was left.

—JUDITH GRIEVES

AG. WING BOYS



BACK ROW: Mr. J. Krieg, S. Fawcett, B. Harnett, J. Dorrell, W. Downs, P. Dawson, T. Scott, P. Kau, J. Williams, R. Le May, W. Lightbody, I. Sinclair, B. Zabaznow, M. Miles, D. Gartner, D. Blunsden, G. Lewis, T. Brandy, A. Marshall, C. Peters, G. Saunders, Mr. R. Bickers.

MIDDLE ROW: Mr. R. Willmott, Mr. J. Morley, P. Noakes, W. Baljeu, J. Lloyd, R. Prater, M. Hayes, B. Simms, B. Lowrie, P. Hitchcock, L. Atherton, D. Sutherland, T. Radford, G. Sutton, A. Mewett, Mr. L. Craigie, C. Palmer, Mr. L. Patroni.

FRONT ROW: Mr. R. Heptinstall, Mr. G. Renwick, Mr. A. Sharp, Mr. A. Adams, Mr. R. Lawson (Principal), Mr. J. Godfrey, Mr. B. Liddelow, Mr. R. Hallam, Mr. J. Martin.



**RESIDENTIAL WING
PREFECTS**

BACK ROW: B. Simms, B. Baljeu, D. Sutherland, G. Sutton, L. Roberts.

FRONT ROW: R. Prater, Mr. D. Adams, Mr. R. Lawson, Mr. J. Godfrey, P. Hitchcock.



1st YEAR AG. WING

3rd ROW: B. Lowrie, J. Lloyd, R. Le May, T. Radford, L. Atherton.

2nd ROW: W. Downs, I. Sinclair, B. Harnett, D. Gartner, G. Saunders.

1st ROW: W. Fraser, P. Dawson, M. Miles, P. Noakes.

SEATED: B. Zabaznow, K. Reeve, G. Lewis.



2nd YEARS (AG. WING)

BACK ROW: M. Hayts, P. Kau, W. Lightbody, C. Peters, D. Blunsden.

2nd ROW: C. Palmer, T. Scott, J. Williams, J. Dorell, A. Marshall, T. Brandy.

3rd ROW: S. Fawcett, B. Baljeu, D. Sutherland, G. Sutton, A. Mewett.

FRONT ROW: B. Simms, R. Prater, P. Hitchcock, L. Roberts.

SCHOOL

Whether lively or dull
It's not that bad,
If you can stand the
pressure of teachers and homework.
Then you've got something
going for you in school
if you like it.
But me, I just can't
seem to get the hang of
the place.

—TREVOR SCOTT

DRIVER TRAINING

The aim of the Driver Training Scheme is to put more skilled and safe drivers on the road. The scheme is made possible by the provision of a Torana car by Price Motors, and by Mr. Morley providing a considerable amount of his time.

The course starts with a series of films, talks and small tests run by Mr. Morley. After reasonable results have been obtained by the tests, a trip to the Police Station is in store where after a learner's permit has been obtained the knowing officer says: "Now you can go and terrorise the public legally." The student proceeds to do just that under the tuition of Mr. Morley, who being a talented driver is very suited to this position.

The residents of Harvey and surrounds have learnt to keep an eye out for the "Terrible Torana" which is likely to screech to a halt in the main street and attempt to back into a parking bay that would fit a log truck with ease.

Some exploits this innocent little car has taken part in are: Clutchless gear changes, refusing to stop when instructed to because of a tailgating truck close behind and continually stalling when trying to do hill starts.

After all this it is no wonder that the Torana is desperate to get back to its garage and wait nervously until the next time when someone attempts to learn how to drive.

Apart from all this, about 20 participants will obtain their licences this year. Driver training is a very interesting and rewarding activity.

—W. LIGHTBODY



CARNARVON

It's dry and flat, it's not on the map,
The sun is hot, the grass is brown,
and there's the stockman with a frown.
The river has dried, the horses
are fried, as they linger on the dusty
plains.

The emu eats, and then it gurgles,
go to the sea, and you'll see the turtles.
The natives play their dijerido,
See them in the morning and they're
chasing a roo,
There's millions of bananas, just lingering
around.

So why don't you come up and get a
pound.

There's hundreds of snakes slithering
around,
so when you come up, keep your eyes on
the ground.

—JOHN WILLIAMS

SURFING

There you are lying on your board,
waiting for a wave to come in that meets
your requirements.

Suddenly all heads turn out to sea to
cast their eyes on a perfectly shaped wall
of water. After setting yourself in position
you wait for it to come to you.

Next thing you find yourself screaming
down the face of the wave with the spray
and foam all around you. Nothing in your
mind except the thrill of being in full con-
trol of any movement you intend to make.

The sun is on your back as you turn to
make a re-entry into the curl of this wall
of water.

All of a sudden you see your chance to
shoot through the tube and come out
safely while the curl crashes over behind
you. Just for a split second you feel like
you're king of the world with everything
at your command.

Then comes the end of it all, that great
feeling of being master and now back to
where you started from to wait for an-
other chance to become king of the wave.

—T. BRANDY

SHIPS IN THE NIGHT

This year I came to note
A brand new scene has come afloat.
The loss of first years it does seem
has increased from your last magazine.
There seems to be some inside trouble
Just like water inside a bubble.
When the mass is given a shake
the bubble is weakened
and the water can escape.
So my friends it is hard to believe
that so many first years could possibly
care.

It is not for lack of bread
Nor grief for hair to be shed
But more likely, a second year ahead.

—ADRIAN MARSHALL

THE STALLIONS OF THE SKY

Tossing their heads as they roll across
the sky
The great white stallions,
Twisting and turning as they try to escape
the winds
All day they chase each other around the
sky
The great white stallions,
Twisting and turning as they try to
escape the winds.
All day they chase each other around the
sky
When darkness falls they have all dis-
appeared.
Morning breaks and the sky is red,
The mighty white stallions have been
fighting
Fighting for superiority and rights until
one is dead.
The sky clears for another day,
And soon the stallions will be all at play.
—T. RADFORD, Ag. Wing

AG. SCHOOL

In this short paragraph I would like to comment on the general life here at the Ag. School.

Well, first off I am a first year generally called a MELON and this is the 5th year of boarding away from home. Over the past years I have been at a large boys' school in Perth, which had over 250 boarders. At that school life wasn't too bad, but the day to day life was generally under much stricter discipline.

Since I have come here I have enjoyed myself. I have found that there is much more opportunity to do what you want to do and learn what you want to learn. Who cares if you get called a MELON and have to do a few duties for second years! I think it's great, within reason, of course. I think that any one that has anything to (worry) or complain about should go to some other boarding school. He will soon find out that the meals and a lot of other things are much better here.

If you didn't come to this school what would you be doing? Well, most of us would be at home, working for that slave driving "old man". Maybe your "old lady" would be nagging your ears off to tidy your room or something like that. Another thing you would be glad to miss is those darling little darling brothers and sisters who are never off your back. So I think that this school is a sort of a holiday for me. Others may not think quite as I do.

—KEN REEVE

SCHOOL

School is a funny place,
Some people like it, some don't.
Everyone goes to school
It's compulsory by law.
I don't think it should be really.
You have a lot of fun at school
But it is meant to be a place of learning
I don't know why.

—G. SUTTON

THE OLD DRAUGHT HORSES

The thudding of their heavy hooves upon the hard cracked ground and the voice of the farmer as he clams them down. It's a sight to see, man and horse working together to make something out of the hard cracked earth. They work hard all day long only to find that their time has gone, and as he turns their heads for home he rolls a smoke and wipes his "mo". Tomorrow will be another day and machinery will soon make its way, and no more will we see the old draught horse and the farmer deciding the course. For they're too slow and we have to make way for the world to grow.
—BRETT SIMS

THE LANDLORD'S LETTER

A man and a woman move into a new house and they can't find the toilet, which they call the W.C. They write to the landlord asking about this problem but mistakenly the landlord takes it as meaning the local church.

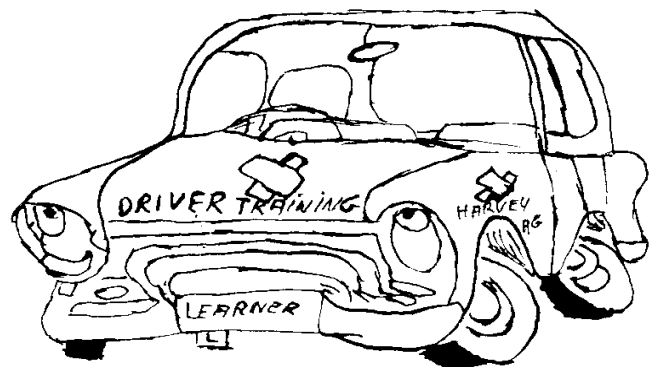
The landlord's reply is as follows:
Dear Sir,

I regret very much the delay in the matter, but have great pleasure in informing you that the W.C. is located nine miles from the house and is capable of seating 250 persons. This is a very unfortunate situation for you if you are in the habit of going regularly, but no doubt you will be glad to know a great number of people take their lunch with them and make a day of it, while others who cannot spare the time, but generally are in too great a hurry to wait, don't go at all.

It may be of interest to you to know that my daughter was married in the W.C. There she first met her husband. I remember the marriage so well on account of the rush for seats, and only six had chairs. There were ten on the one I usually occupy. Anyway enough of the talk, I hope I have been of assistance.

Yours faithfully,
The Landlord.

—JEREMY LLOYD, Ag. Wing





1974 EASTERN STATES TOUR

After weeks of excitement and planning for the T.A.A. tour of the Eastern States, everyone arrived safely at Perth airport around 10.30 p.m. on Saturday night. There were 39 students and not forgetting the four teachers, Mr. Sharp, Mr. Morley, Miss Down and Miss Marshall. After being delayed at the airport for an hour, the plane finally departed and within minutes Perth was left behind.

After a 3½ hour journey, we landed safely at Sydney's Sir Charles Kingsford Smith Airport, where we were served a most unappetising breakfast. We then proceeded to the coach where we met the Coach Captain, Dave, who helped make our stay more enjoyable.

The day was spent touring Sydney, with the main attractions being the Sydney Harbour Bridge and the Sydney Opera House. After an exhausting day—no sleep the night before—everyone was glad to be shown to their rooms at the Hotel Westend.

Some highlights of the trip were—
Sydney:

- The underground electric train system.
- The double decker buses.
- Narrow streets that lead nowhere and the terraced houses.
- The scenic railway in the Blue Mountains
- Trip on Hydrofoil from Circular Quay to Manly.

From Sydney we flew to Canberra.
Canberra:

- Australian War Memorial—the Shrine of Remembrance.
- Anzac Parade.
- The World Embassies.
- Royal Mint.

Bus trip to Cooma.

Cooma:

- The Log Cabin.

The day in the snow—they had their largest downfall of snow ever the night before we went there.

When we arrived at Thredbo, it was snowed under, so we retreated our tracks to Swiggin Holes. Here the students hired toboggans, and made their way over to the tobogganing slope. An enjoyable and exhausting three hours was spent here.

On the way to Adaminaby we went for a cruise on Lake Eucumbene. Coach broke down that night, and everyone piled into cars, 15 and 16 per car. Adaminaby was five miles away.

Bus trip to Lakes Entrance.

Saw the Orbost River flats under flood from the Snowy River. We also got free entertainment when Ken Reeves dived into a muddy pool in Bambala.

At Lakes Entrance we saw two films—"They Call Me Trinity" and "Trinity is Still My Name".

Bus trip from Lakes Entrance to Melbourne.

Melbourne:

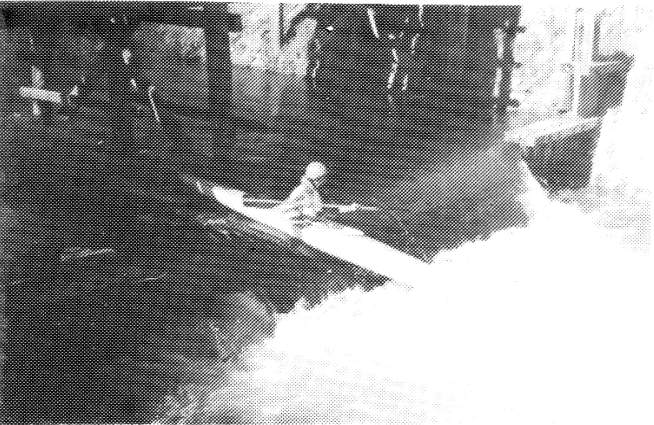
- Trams.
- Luna Park.
- Botanical Gardens.
- Pizza Palace—for lunch.
- Kodak and G.M.H.

After ten enjoyable days, we arrived at Melbourne's new Tullamarine Airport. After tea, which we had in the Astro, Jet, Space and Science Centre, we finally boarded the plane which was delayed two hours.

We arrived in Perth at 12 noon Wednesday.

Many thanks from all the kids on the trip to Mr. Sharp, Miss Down, Mr. Morley and Miss Marshall.

—JULIE ROSE and SUZANNE KAU



CANOEING CLUB

The Canoeing Club at the Ag. Wing was formed last year by the Senior Master, Mr. Adams. This year it has a very strong membership with 18 members of which one has purchased a canoe and several others contemplating doing so.

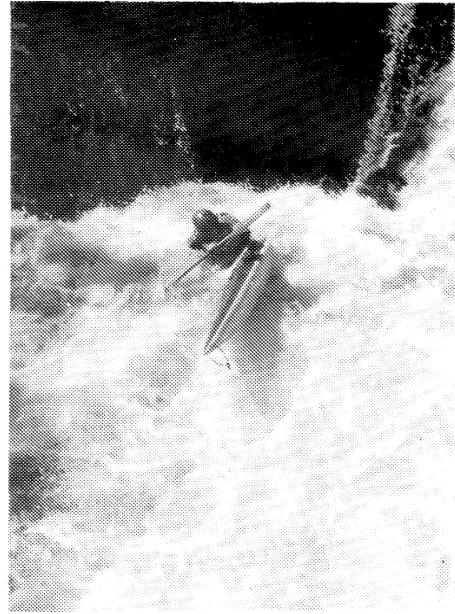
So far this year we have had trips down the Collie, Murray and Brunswick Rivers and weekly trips down the Harvey Diversion. Just recently the Ag. School entered in the annual race down the Harvey Diversion, which was organised by the Ascot Kayak Club. The Ag. School did fairly well and took off third and fourth places in the double canoes and seventh, eighth and tenth in the single touring canoes. During the race we found that we were outclassed by the "White Water Racers", which were built by members of the Ascot Kayak Club. These boats have a longer and thinner hull than our Kayaks and therefore offer less resistance to the water.

The school has purchased two double touring kayaks. These were without spray decks and flotation air bags. The students raised the money to pay for these at a later date.

At the beginning of the season we practised on still water at the small weir, and had weekly trips from there to the school after training. This helped us to gain confidence for when we attempted going down the diversion.

The Canoe Club shows every evidence of becoming the largest club in the school by 1975, as it is increasing in size all the time.

—M. HAYES



CLEAR WATER

The calm, clear, deceiving blue water, Slowly flowing, but gaining speed gradually

The stream narrowing, waters flowing faster.

While water can be seen ahead between rocks

The water still flowing faster, As if being shot out of a chute.

Sudden drop appears ahead, Coming over and plunging into the white water below.

A scraping noise as the canoe comes out safely,

Continuing down the calm, clear, deceiving blue water.

—PHILIP NOAKES, Ag. Wing

FISHING CLUB

Mr. Bickers who founded the club in 1973, has kept the association going this year mainly to pick up the finer points of fishing from the students.

Although we have never had a fine excursion, weatherwise, it has been a lot of fun.

The club meets every Wednesday afternoon to try new inventions to the fishing trade and to discuss thoughts about future fishing trips. A substantial amount of interference has affected weekend excursions due to football and hockey matches, but this term we should be able to catch up on them.

The last trip was to a little place called "Inginnup" just south of Yallingup where the record of 10½ dozen herring and skippy were caught. Although nobody would believe it, it was a true fact. All trips in the last 18 months have proved very successful and enjoyable.

On behalf of the members of the fishing club I would like to thank Mr. Bickers and his wife, our cook, for the time and effort they have put into the club.

—T. BRANDY (Sec.)

LOGUE BASKETBALL TEAM (AG. WING)



BACK ROW: G. Sutton, P. Dawson, T. Radford, S. Fawcett.
FRONT ROW: D. Sutherland, Mr. J. Martin, T. Scott.

STIRLING BASKETBALL TEAM (AG. WING)



BACK ROW: L. Roberts, B. Simms, R. Le May, P. Noakes.
FRONT ROW: P. Hitchcock, Mr. A. Sharp, R. Prater.

1973-74 BASKETBALL SEASONS

As in past years the Agricultural Wing has entered two teams in the local B grade competition. The two teams being Logue and Stirling. This season was the most successful for some years, with Stirling winning the Premiership.

Logue has also made an improvement on the previous season by finishing fifth on the ladder.

The season was also highlighted by two students, Peter Hitchcock fairest and best, and Don Clarke runner-up in the competition. Don Clarke also won the fairest and best player in the grand final.

During this year a trip to the Narrogin Agricultural School has been arranged. Our record against their teams has been excellent in the past few years. This year is expected to be no exception.

I would also like to give mention to the respective team coaches, Mr. J. Martin (Logue) and Mr. A. Sharp (Stirling), for giving up some of their spare time and doing a tremendous job during the season. I am sure the two teams have appreciated them greatly.

—PETER HITCHCOCK

HOCKEY

In 1974 Harvey Agricultural School put in a team in the Bunbury Men's Hockey Association. The team didn't do as well as last year but we managed a hard fought fifth placing in the B grade competition.

Mr. Morley, our coach, did a fine job in teaching the team how to play the basic skills of the game, and they appreciate the work he put in his spare time to teach the high school and Ag. students of both wings every Tuesday and Thursday nights.

The most improved players in the hockey this year were David Blunsdon and Murray Miles; most consistent hockey players through the season were Ken Reeves, Bill Baljue, Russell McMillan, John Has and Trevor Scott. These players contributed well in each match they played.

Many thanks to the town students who played each week in the competition with the Ag. students.

—TREVOR SCOTT (Capt.)

AG. SCHOOL HOCKEY TEAM



BACK ROW: K. Reeve, J. Lloyd, P. Kau, M. Miles, W. Lightbody, D. Blunsden.
FRONT ROW: A. Mewett, T. Scott, Mr. J. Morley, W. Baljue, J. Dorrell.



AG. FOOTBALL TEAM

BACK ROW: R. Le May, W. Fraser, M. Hayes, P. Noakes, R. Bentley, T. Radford.
2nd ROW: W. Downes, B. Zabaznow, G. Lewis, G. Saunders, D. Gartner, C. Palmer, B. Simms.
3rd ROW: S. Fawcett, D. Sutherland, P. Dawson, L. Roberts, G. Sutton, C. Peters.
SEATED: T. Brandy, R. Prater, Mr. R. Hallam, P. Hitchcock, I. Sinclair.

HARVEY AG. FOOTBALL TEAM

The 1974 season was a good one.

We turned on many fine games showing plenty of stamina and the will to win, but unfortunately the opposition was just that bit better. As a result we didn't win all that many games although we still won three times as many games as last year.

We lost many players during the season due to injuries and, of course, the odd one on stock.

We had a lot of good first year players come into the side this year, such as Peter Dawson, Phillip Noakes, Trevor Radford and many others. Credit must be given to the second year players who virtually formed the back bone of all the team, with players like Laurie Roberts, Ross Prater, Peter Hitchcock, Brett Sims and Graham Sutton, also special mention must be given to players like David Sutherland, Trevor Brandy and John Williams who showed 100 per cent improvement from last year through keenness and experience gained from last year.

Thanks must be given to our coach Mr. Hallam who tirelessly battled through the season and gave us great support and encouragement. Ross Prater went well in

the voting for fairest and best in the Bunbury Association. He polled 20 votes, coming third to a player with 22, and the winner polled 27 votes.

THE HORSE RIDING CLUB

The Club has been going now for two years. Although some of the second year students who had horses at the Ag. Wing took them with them when they left the school the club has managed to keep all the horse enthusiasts in the saddle, some manage to stay there, but the others haven't quite got the "nak yet". We have one fairly good rider, Mr. Paul Kau who in first term went on a 50 mile endurance ride on his horse "Harvey". He managed to receive fourth place. Mr. Lawson's horses are used for riding on the weekend and Wednesday afternoons. This term during the Duke of Edinburgh camps we hope to take the horses, mainly to save our legs and put a bit of muscle on the horses. Last term after a lot of planning and modern designing, the club managed to erect a very stylish looking horse shed for equipment. Strangely enough, it's still standing! I hope the horse club will continue its good work next year.

WELLINGTON HOUSE NOTES

Wellington was off to a terrific start in first term with a second in the Swimming Carnival. It was one better than last year, so let's hope that in '75 it will be one better again, so that Wellington will win it.

We've got all the great sportsmen and women in Wellington so there won't be any need for us to brag too much — although we would like to tell you about our brilliance.

We had many people represent the school in the Winter Carnival from Wellington, so thanks to them for supporting the school.

Wellington is also hoping to keep up their traditional "winning" standard at the Athletics Carnival on October 24.

Beth must be once again thanked for her terrific efforts and wins in the girls' cross country championships. Also Butchy, for the boys' section of cross countries, has done very well towards boosting the Wellington points. Thanks to all other team members who have helped.

Of course, we are leading in the House Competition, so let's keep it that way.

Well that's about all for Wellington '74 happenings, except that we'd like to thank Miss Down and Mr. Rando for their co-operation and support throughout the year and wish Wellington the best of luck in the future.

FORREST HOUSE NOTES

Everyone, well nearly everyone in Forrest who competed at the Swimming Carnival should be congratulated on their performance. The carnival was a great success for all of Forrest because we came out on top, which is a pity the bug doesn't stay around until after the Athletics Carnival, but you can't have everything.

Jill and Joanne Denney, Graeme Reeves and also Peter Willmott performed well in their respective age groups at the carnival. If everyone else's names were to be written down who performed well, it would take up the rest of the school magazine. So all we will say is "Well done all of Forrest".

Forrest always seems to gain points for good conduct, and that means that there are people among us who never misbehave. Someone has made a mistake somewhere along the line, we think, because there are not too many in Forrest who could be classed in the "good conduct" area.

The Athletics Carnival is drawing nearer and if everyone puts his or her best form forward, we might have a slim chance of winning. That little bug hasn't been around lately. It's funny how he always seems to disappear just before the Athletics Carnival.

We would like to wish all the houses the best of luck in the forthcoming carnival, and may the best house (Forrest) win.

We wish next year's House Captains the best of luck because you will need it.

HAYWARD HOUSE NOTES

Here we are again to inform you all of our wonderful sporting year we have had so far. Of course, with the Athletic Carnival coming up I'm sure us Hayward Heroes will prove victorious.

In the swimming carnival at the beginning of the year, Hayward tried their best to overcome the other Houses, but unfortunately there has to be a loser and this year we managed to win the title of fourth place. Congratulations to all the competitors from Hayward, who gave some competition to the other houses and those who got places in some of the races. Well done.

During this past year of 1974, Hayward has kept up their standard of intelligence and good behaviour. Being academically minded, we lead in this field (the house captains are only wishing).

With the help of our very enthusiastic house masters (especially Mr. Morley), and with the participation of all Hayward people, the athletics carnival will prove very surprising to everyone (mainly us) when Hayward run out winners.

Thanks must go to all Hayward members, even though we aren't the world's greatest sportsmen. Also we must mention those sporting Ag. boys who have helped our team along, because without them there wouldn't even be a Hayward House.

It has been a great year for us house captains and we wish good luck to everyone.

MITCHELL HOUSE NOTES

Hi, here's the great faction of Mitchell — The Champs (we hope) to be in the coming Athletics Carnival. Of course, we didn't do too bad in the Swimming Carnival.

Naturally we have many athletes in our faction, but if I named them all I would be here all day. So I don't think I had better.

Our faction has been classed as the champs of the year, naturally (of course, we don't mean to brag). Mitchell have been stars in the hockey, netball, cross countries, volley ball and football and hopefully we will continue in these aspects.

Mitchell also represented Harvey in the school team at inter-school carnivals at Collie, Newton Moore and, of course, at Waroona (when it comes).

We, the Mitchellites, have been of high standard in all years.

To Mr. Smoker we would like to thank you for doing the Tee-shirts for Mitchell and also the flag.

Then there is the other Staff belonging to our faction. Thank you.

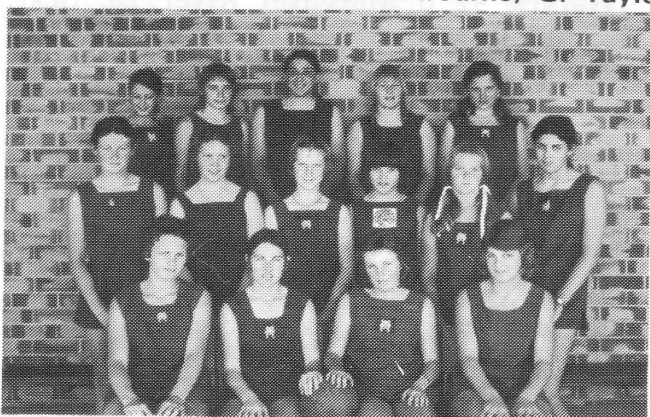
We would also like to thank the Ag. boys for their great contribution in the Swimming Carnival.

To end this, we would just like to say that we hope that Mitchell can keep up the good standard.



TOWN WING FOOTBALL TEAM

BACK ROW: A. Bropho, C. Schrippa, G. Reeves, B. Woods, R. Keynes, L. Wallam.
3rd ROW: M. Papalia, F. Fiore, P. Ugle, S. Jones, R. Carlsson.
2nd ROW: K. Carbone, J. Mazza, C. Sabourne, K. Brennan, I. Grieves.
FRONT ROW: R. Sabourne, G. Taylor, Mr. G. Stevens, R. Riegert, M. Lowe.



GIRLS' NETBALL

BACK ROW: J. Grieves, E. Shultink, J. Mas-trantonio, D. Cormack, J. Denney.
MIDDLE ROW: W. Giblett, D. Wills, J. Smith, J. Britza, D. Cooper, D. Jefferys.
FRONT ROW: J. Denney, T. Thomas, K. Taylor, J. Pinner.



GIRLS' HOCKEY

BACK ROW: Z. Popjalkovs, S. Ottrey, D. Fry, K. McKay.
MIDDLE ROW: R. Wallam, S. Kau, D. McKay, B. Lancaster.
FRONT ROW: J. Heaft, J. Roberts, Mrs. K. Nettleton, K. Lowe, K. Taylor.



SCHOOL HOCKEY (TOWN WING)

BACK ROW: A. Dagostino, P. Robinson, M. Sears, P. Willmott, C. Robinson, D. Maughan.
MIDDLE ROW: L. Sears, R. Gallipo, J. Has, E. Fielder, C. Green.
FRONT ROW: D. Marshall, R. McMillan, Mr. J. Morley, C. Brandis, D. Armstrong.

STATE FOOTBALL TRIALS

The following boys attended these trials in June:

M. Lowe, G. Reeves, R. Riegert, S. Jones, B. Wood, P. Ugle, A. Bropho, R. Keynes.

They were unfortunately eliminated from the trials early.

STATE TEAM NETBALL TRIALS

Jill Denney, Wendy Giblett, Karen McKay, Sherryl Ottrey and Kerrie Taylor were able to represent the school at the State trials for netball which were conducted at the Matthews Netball Centre in Perth.

All country schools had representatives at these trials and unfortunately none of our girls were successful in selection for the State. However, the day was not wasted as we learnt new skills and manoeuvres in body control.

It would not have been possible without the Nettleton's blue wagon, which undoubtedly had to put up with our menacing behaviour. Mrs. Netts told her weakest jokes, and her driving!!! Many thanks to all who went and made it a nerve racking but enjoyable day. We finally retreated home without casualties (I don't know how) and with a broader mind towards netball.

RESULTS OF INTER-SCHOOL SPORTS AT COLLIE, AUG. 1

Girls' Hockey:

1st—Collie defeated Harvey 1-0. Best players: S. Wallam 1, K. McKay 2, Z. Popjalkovs 3.

2nd—Harvey defeated Collie 1-0. Best players: K. McKay 1, S. Wallam 2, K. Lowe 3.

Netball:

No. 1—Harvey defeated Collie 49-26. Best players: J. Denney 1, D. Cooper 2, W. Giblett 3.

No. 2—Harvey defeated Collie 26-25. Best players: P. Thomas 1, D. Wills 2, D. Cormack 3.

Football:

Harvey defeated Collie 5 goals 10 points to 2 goals 3 points. Best players: A. Bropho 1, K. Carbone 2, P. Ugle 3.

Hockey:

1. Harvey defeated Collie 3-1. Best players: J. Has 1, D. Marshall 2, C. Brandis 3.

2. Harvey defeated Collie 2-0. Best players: R. McMillan 1, C. Brandis 2, D. Armstrong 3.

Soccer:

1. Harvey drew with Collie 1-1 in both matches. Best players: B. Auburn 1, L. Golisano 2.

BUNBURY WINTER CARNIVAL RESULTS TUESDAY

Football:

Harvey 4.2 d Bridgetown 3.6. Best: P. Ugle 1, G. Taylor 2, A. Bropho 3.

Hockey:

Harvey 4 d Margaret River 2. Best: McMillan 1, Marshall 2, Willmott 3.

Girls' Hockey:

Harvey 0 lost to Bridgetown 1. Best: K. McKay 1, K. Lowe 2, Z. Popjalkovs 3.

Netball:

Newton Moore 36 d Harvey 35. Best: J. Grieves 1, B. Tylor 2, W. Giblett 3.

WEDNESDAY

Football:

Harvey 5.6 d Manjimup 5.5. Best: P. Ugle 1, C. Shirripa 2, G. Taylor 3.

Harvey 3.5 lost to Bunbury 9.5. Best: I. Grieves 1, P. Ugle 2, M. Lowe 3.

Hockey:

Harvey 0 lost to Busselton 1. Best: McMillan 1, Armstrong 2, Robinson 3.

Harvey 0 lost to Newton Moore 1. Best: McMillan 1, Willmott 2, Harrison 3.

Girls' Hockey:

Harvey 2 lost to Manjimup 2. Best: K. Lowe 1, K. McKay 2, Z. Popjalkovs 3.

Netball:

Harvey 33 lost to Bunbury 38. Best: B. Tylor 1, J. Grieves 2.

THURSDAY

Football:

Harvey 5.11 d Newton Moore 5.5. Best: M. Lowe 1, M. Papalia 2, K. Carbone 3.

Hockey:

Harvey 3 d Bunbury 1. Best: McMillan 1, Has 2, Marshall 3.

Girls' Hockey:

Harvey v Donnybrook. Best: Z. Popjalkovs 1, K. McKay 2, S. Wallam 3.

Netball:

Harvey 41 d Margaret River 20. Best: W. Giblett 1, D. Cooper 2, J. Grieves 3.

Harvey 49 d Bridgetown 14. Best: J. Grieves 1, B. Tylor 2, W. Giblett 3.

GIRLS' HOCKEY NOTES

This year Harvey sent a team of girls selected from first to third year to Bunbury to play in the Women's Hockey Association. We were entered in B grade and played Capel, South Bunbury, Newton Moore and Bunbury High School.

We concluded an enjoyable season with our first win in the last game of the season. Harvey defeated South Bunbury one-nil.

Sherryl, Beth and Sharon scored during the season, our grand score total being three.

SHARON WALLAM: Centre half back whose great effort finally gave us a victory.

BETH: The streaker on the wing.

KAREN Mc: Our utility player who forced back many opposition attacks.

KERRY LOWE: The full back who ended the season with two black eyes.

SHERRYL: Centre forward, her skill scored our first goal.

KERRIE TAYLOR: The half back who used her stick backwards.

SUZANNE: Inner/winger—a shock to our opponents.

DENISE: Attention to sisterly love.

BEV and KERRIE: Improved as they learnt left from right.

RHONDA: Centre of many attacks.

JACKIE: Goalie and team voice.

THANKS TO: Mr. Stevens, Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Nettleton.

RESULTS OF SWIMMING CARNIVAL 1974

CHAMPION HOUSE:

Forrest	195 points
Wellington	161 points
Mitchell	153 points
Hayward	143 points

INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONS—BOYS:

12 Years:

I Grieves 15 points, R. Wilson 4 points, L. Wallam 4 points.

13 Years:

P. Willmott 20 points, M. Coghlan 10 points, G. Kite, C. Robinson, T. Biersteker 2 points.

14 Years:

G. Reeves 20 points, R. Riegert 10 points, R. McMillan 8 points, R. Blakely 7 points.

15 Years (Open):

T. Scott 24 points, K. Reeve 14 points, B. Baljeu 12 points, T. Brandy 4 points.

GIRLS

12 Years:

Jo Denney 15 points, J. Roberts 6 points, J. Heaft 3 points.

13 Years:

J. De Ridder 15 points, R. Wallam, Z. Popjalkovs, J. Pinner 3 points, E. Schultink 2 points.

14 Years (Open):

Jill Denney 33 points, L. Davies 22 points, D. Jeffery 7 points, J. Grieves 4 points.

RECORDS SET IN 1974—Boys:

13 years 50m backstroke, P. Willmott, Forrest, 38.8 sec.

13 years 50m breaststroke, P. Willmott, Forrest, 41.8 sec.

13 years 50m freestyle, P. Willmott, Forrest, 30.0 sec.

Open 50m freestyle, B. Baljeu, Forrest 31.5 sec.

13 years medley relay, Wellington, 2 min 4.5 sec.

Girls:

12 years 50m breaststroke, Jo Denney, Forrest, 47.5 sec.

12 years freestyle relay, Forrest, 2 min 42.5 sec.

13 years freestyle relay, Wellington, 2 min 46.6 sec.

Open 100m breaststroke, J. Denney, Forrest, 1 min 35.2 sec.

Open 100m backstroke, L. Davies, Mitchell, 1 min 30.2 sec.

LIST OF SWIMMING RECORDS 1974

BOYS' OPEN (15 years and over):

Breaststroke 50m, P. Brown 1970, 41.5 sec.

Backstroke 500m, P. Jones 1968, 32.9 sec.

Freestyle 50m, B. Baljeu 1974, 31.5 sec.

Breaststroke 100m, P. Leroy 1967, 1 min 29.6 sec.

Backstroke 100m, R. Davies 1970, 1 min 29.6 sec.

Freestyle 100m, R. McDonald 1965, 1 min 10.8 sec.

Medley relay, Forrest 1973, 2 min.

Freestyle relay, Forrest 1968, 2 min 2.5 sec.

BOYS 14 YEARS:

Freestyle 100m, N. Smith 1972, 1 min 9 sec.

Breaststroke 50m, S. Denney 1973, 41.4 sec.

Freestyle 500m, N. Smith 1972, 31.6 sec.

Breaststroke 100m, S. Denney 1973, 1 min 23.5 sec.

Backstroke 50m, N. Grant 1971, 36.3 sec.

Backstroke 100m, N. Grant 1971, 1 min 25.6 sec.

Medley relay, Hayward 1973, 2 min 2 sec.

Freestyle relay, Wellington 1968, 2 min 18.0 sec.

BOYS 13 YEARS:

Backstroke 50m, P. Willmott 1974, 38.8 sec.

Breaststroke 50m, P. Willmott 1974, 41.8 sec.

Freestyle 50m, P. Willmott 1974, 30 sec.

Freestyle relay, Mitchell 1970, 2 min 22.5 sec.

Medley relay, Wellington 1974, 2 min 4.5 sec.

BOYS 12 YEARS:

Breaststroke 50m, C. Riegert 1967, 41.4 sec.

Backstroke 50m, N. Grant 1970, 44.6 sec.

Freestyle 50m, C. Lange 1967, 300.8 sec.

Freestyle relay, Mitchell 1970, 2 min 26.8 sec.

Medley relay, Wellington 1973, 2 min 20 sec.

Backstroke 50m, N. Grant 1970, 44.6 sec.

Freestyle 50m, C. Lange 1967, 300.8 sec.

Freestyle relay, Mitchell 1970, 2 min 26.8 sec.

Medley relay, Wellington 1973, 2 min 20 sec.

Backstroke 50m, C. Nutley 1973, 41.46 sec.

Freestyle 50m, V. Watson 1973, 34 sec.

Breaststroke 100m, J. Denney 1974, 1 min 35.2 sec.

Backstroke 100m, L. Davies 1974, 1 min 30.2 sec.

Medley relay, Forrest 1973, 2 min 3.1 sec.

Freestyle relay, Hayward 1968, 2 min 24.7 sec.

Freestyle relay, Wellington 1974, 2 min 46.6 sec.

GIRLS 13 YEARS:

Backstroke 50m, V. Watson 1972, 42 sec.

Breaststroke 50m, J. Denney 1973, 44.1 sec.

Freestyle 50m, J. Denney 1973, 33.4 sec.

Medley relay, Mitchell 1973, 2 min 9.5 sec.

Freestyle relay, Wellington 1974, 2 min 46.6 sec.

GIRLS 12 YEARS:

Breaststroke 50m, Jo Denney 1974, 47.5 sec.

Backstroke 50m, L. Davies 1972, 46.1 sec.

Freestyle 50m, L. Davies 1972, 36.8 sec.

Freestyle relay, Forrest 1974, 2 min 42.5 sec.

Medley relay, Mitchell 1973, 2 min 26 sec.

OPEN AGE EVENTS:

Boys' 50m butterfly, N. Smith 1972, 38.8 sec.

Girls' 50m butterfly, L. Davies 1972, 40.2 sec.



**ATHLETICS REPRESENTATIVES
BUSSELTON**

BACK ROW: K. Brennan, R. McMillan, B. Taylor.
MIDDLE ROW: D. Childs, D. Cormack, A. Davis.
FRONT ROW: K. McKay, S. Davis, J. Pinner.

**INTER-SCHOOL ATHLETICS
CARNIVAL AT CAPEL**

Saturday, October 5, 1974

Students from the Town and Agricultural Wings attended the above athletics meet in Capel and all enjoyed themselves immensely.

Those who attended were: Beth Tylor, Karen McKay, Debbie Cormack, Brian Taylor, Russell McMillan, Sheena Eccles, Eileen English, Sheryl Ridley and Cosie Schirripa.

From the Ag. Wing, Ross Prater, Trevor Brandy, Laurie Roberts, Charlie Palmer, Phillip Noakes, Brian Laurie and Trevor Radford.

Of the above students the following were successful:

- S. Ridley 3rd 14 years discus.
- C. Schirripa 1st 14 years discus.
- 15 years girls' 4 x 100m relay 1st.
- B. Tylor 3rd 15 years 100m hurdles.
- T. Brandy 1st 17 years 100m, 1st 17 years 110m hurdles, 3rd 17 years broad jump.
- A. Mewett 1st 17 years 400m, 1st 17 years 1500m, 3rd 17 years 100m, 3rd 17 years 110m hurdles, 3rd 17 years triple jump.
- L. Roberts 2nd 17 years 400m, 2nd 17 years triple jump.
- P. Dawson, 1st 16 years 100m.
- T. Radford 1st open high jump, 2nd open broad jump.
- 17 years 4 x 100m relay 1st.
- 17 years 4 x 400m relay 1st.
- 16 years 4 x 100m relay 1st.
- 16 years 4 x 400m relay 1st.

**INTER-SCHOOL ATHLETICS
CARNIVAL AT BUSSELTON**

Friday, October 18

This was the first occasion since 1967 that this school had sent competitors to compete in this carnival in Busseton. Unfortunately this carnival has always coincided with our local show holiday and it is with much appreciation that we thank the following students for giving up their holiday to represent the school: Beth Tylor, Karen McKay, Dianne Childs, Susan Davis, Jane Pinner, Sharon Wallam, Debbie Cormack and Kevin Brennan.

**THE GIRLS' SCHOOL
BASKETBALL TEAM**

The girls' basketball team called Hades (this name, of course, originated from Greek Mythology, meaning "Hell") did very well in the 1973-74 season. We were in B grade and put up an excellent performance and managed to get to the grand final. By sheer luck, the other team, named Calstars, just ran out winners by 1 point!

The team consisted of Sharon and Rhonda Wallam, Beth Tylor, Karen McKay, Kerrie Taylor, Zenta Pop, Wendy Giblett and Sherryl Ottrey, all who gave their best effort towards this outstanding team.

Thanks must go to our coach Mrs. Nettleton for coaching us so well throughout the games and it was bad luck we never won the trophy.

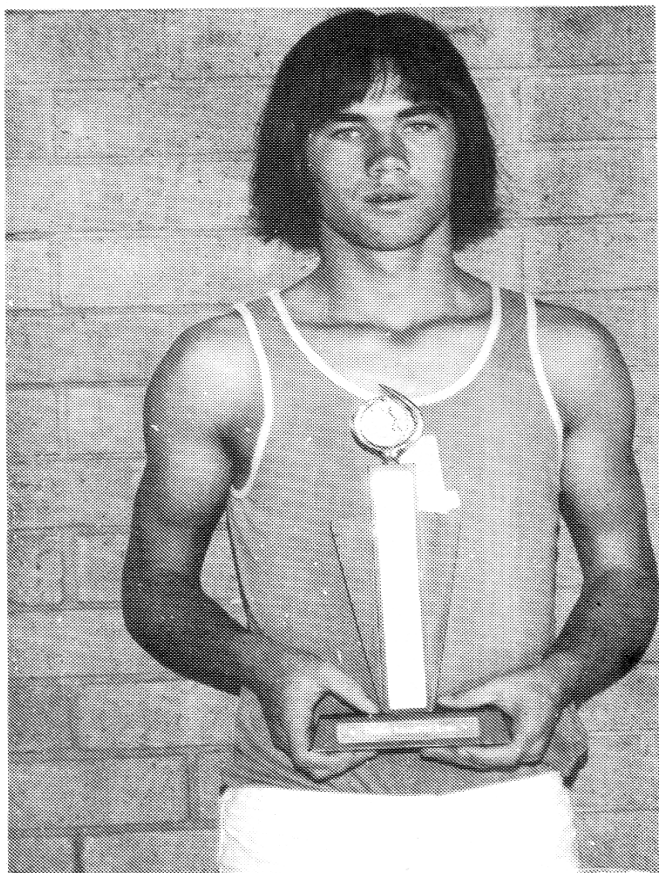
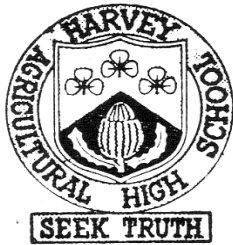


GIRLS' BASKETBALL — HADES
BACK ROW: W. Giblett, Z. Popjalkovs, R. Wallam, S. Ottrey.
FRONT ROW: K. Taylor, Mrs. K. Nettleton, K. McKay.



CRICKET TEAM (AG. WING)

BACK ROW: R. Prater, P. Hitchcock, T. Radford, A. Mewett.
MIDDLE ROW: B. Zabaznow, M. Hayes, B. Simms, P. Noakes, W. Downs.
FRONT ROW: P. Dawson, T. Scott, Mr. R. Hallam, L. Roberts, D. Sutherland.



**BASKETBALL
 FAIREST AND BEST
 PETER HITCHCOCK**

CROSS COUNTRY NOTES

On Wednesday, September 25, Mrs. Nettleton accompanied a team of five to run against Newton Moore and Bunbury High.

We achieved the title of winning the girls 15 years age group.

Girls:

15 years, Sharon Wallam 2nd, Beth Taylor 3rd, Anne Davis 4th.

14 years, Christine Tate 3rd.

Boys:

14 years, Colin Green 3rd.

All together we did quite well. Seeing as we had three State champions to run against (not making any excuses, of course).

**CROSS COUNTRY
 CHAMPIONSHIP FINAL**

After two fine limination trials for each student, the championship finals was held on Thursday, August 8.

To qualify for the final, students had to run over a set course and finish in a time equal to or less than time and a half of the first runner—their class group.

One hundred and thirty-nine competitors (boys and girls) competed in the final which was over a course of approximately four miles in length.

Of the 139 starters, 98 completed the course without fault and won points for their faction. The winners of this event were:

Boys:

Colin Green 1st, Mitchell House, 23 min 30 sec; Graeme Taylor 2nd, Wellington House, 23 min 40 sec; Russell McMillan 3rd, Hayward House, 24 min.

Girls:

Christine Tate 1st, Mitchell House, 30 min 25 sec; Jill Denney 2nd, Forrest House, 31 min; ;Sharon Wallam 3rd, Mitchell House, 31 min.



**CROSS COUNTRY CHAMPIONS
 BACK ROW:** C. Taylor, C. Green, R. McMillan.
FRONT ROW: C. Tate, J. Denny, S. Wallam.

Bastille Day Celebration



AG. SCHOOL SOCIALS

First term social was held on May 3 in our Rec. Room. It had no real theme and was mainly just a night for getting together, dancing and eating. Music was provided with record and cassettes which were owned by the students and played by the prefects.

Midway through the evening we took a break for supper. On the menu were sausage rolls, cream puffs, sandwiches, tea and coffee. Dancing went on till 11.30 when social finished with goodbyes, passionate embraces and cleaning up.

Second term social, although organisation got under way very late, turned out to be a complete success. Once again it was held in our Rec. Room on August 9.

The band "Mike Hall Group" were the musicians for the occasion and did a very good job; so the students thought.

This night we had the company of Trainee Teachers who were on a week-out course from College and some of the teaching and cooking staff from school.

A very thick layer of wood shavings brought many over-excited dancers to grief. Not only did it do this but it brought many sweepers sore arms after the social.

Overall they were great fun for those who wanted to enjoy themselves and we are looking forward to our end of the year social.

—LAURIE ROBERTS

LITERARY AWARDS 1974

1st Year: GAIL RIEGERT—"The Delinquent".

2nd Year: MICHAEL LOWE—"The Nixon Lament".

3rd Year: JULIE GARDINER—"They".

SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR 1974

SPORTSWOMAN OF THE YEAR 1974

THIRD YEAR STUDENTS 1974

FORM 3-1

Boys

AUBURN, William
BRANDIS, Colin
CAMPBELL, Ian
CHAMBERS, Rodney
DAGOSTINO, Angelo
FIELDER, Ellis
GALIPO, Peter
KENNY, Terry
MAUGHAN, Dean
McMILLAN, Russell
RIEGERT, Robert
SCHIRRIPA, Cosi

Girls

BACICH, Cathy
BURNS, Heather
CATALANO, Jenny
COOPER, Debra
DAVIES, Leonie
DAVIS, Anne
DENNEY, Jill
GARDINER, Julie
GIBLETT, Wendy
HOVEY, Margaret
JONES, Debbie
KAU, Suzanne
LOWE, Kerry
MACAULAY, Lorraine
McKAY, Karen
OTTREY, Cheryl
ROSE, Julie
TAYLOR, Kerrie
THOMAS, Patricia
WILLS, Dianne

FORM 3-2

Boys

ARMSTRONG, Dennis
CARLSSON, Rex
DAGOSTINO, Cosi
De RIDDER, Ronald
DIMASI, Laurie
EAKIN, Darryl
HAS, John
JONES, Stewart
KENNY, Ian
KEYNES, Ricky
MACNISH, Graham
PARKER, Gordon
REEVES, Graeme
ROMANELLI, Tommy
SANTOSTEFANO,
Cosi
WHITE, John
WOOD, Brenton

Girls

CHILDS, Karen
DENHAM, Leonie
FRY, Debbi
GRIEVES, Judith
JEFFREY, Debbie
McKAY, Karen
NORTHEY, Leanne
PENGELLEY, Ruth
SCHLAM, Gail
SMITH, Dianne
WILSON, Karen

FORM 3-3

Boys

BARRETT, Rodney
BRENNAN, Kevin
BROPHO, Albert
CHIAPPALONE,
Dominic
FIORE, Frank
FORGIARINI, Gino
HILL, Graeme
HARRISON, Bruce
HOUGH, Graham
JEFFERIES, Allan
LANCASTER, Michael
SABOURNE, Chris
TALBOT, Danny
UGLE, Perry
PEDLAR, Robert

Girls

BAGGETTA, Ornella
BRITZA, Judith
CORMACK, Debbie
HARRISON, Caroline
LEWIS, Nina
PEPE, Jeanina
RIDLEY, Cheryl
SCAMBELLURI,
Julie
WALLAM, Sharon
TYLOR, Beth

FORM 3-4

Boys

BLAKELY, Russell
CALLAWAY, Alan
CHARCHALIS, Ian
FORSTER, Danny
GOLISANO, Luciano
GREEN, Colin
KELLY, Jack
MESSOM, Roy
PALAZZOLO, Tony
TAYLOR, Graeme
WALLING, Keith

Girls

FIMMANO, Carmel
FORSTER, Denise
MASTRANTONIO,
Josephine
ROGNETTA, Joyce
VAN ZONNEVELD,
Elly
WILSON, Gail
ZAPPIA, Joyce

RESIDENTIAL WING — FINAL YEAR

BALJEU, Willem Francois
BLUNSDON, David John
BRANDY, Trevor Brian
DORRELL, James Edward
FAWCETT, Stephen Leslie
HAYES, Malcolm Edward
HITCHCOCK, Peter John
KAU, Paul George
LIGHTBODY, Wayne Ian
MARSHALL, Adrian Lewis

MEWETT, Alfred Raymond
PALMER, George Charles
PETERS, Collyn
PRATER, Ross Howard
ROBERTS, Laurence Sydney
SCOTT, Trevor Allen
SIMS, Brett William
SUTHERLAND, David Kenneth
SUTTON, Graeme Reginald
WILLIAMS, John Robert

