

Lawley

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VOLUME 1
1960

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MOUNT LAWLEY SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL



STUDENT OFFICIALS

School Captain

Warren York

Senior Girl

Mary Seotis

PREFECTS

Boys

Len Hill, Jerry Skivinis,
Sol Benn, Eddie Retallack,
Craig Aitken, John Jordan,
Alan Sharp.

Girls

Gail Perry, Judy Jaworsky,
Norma Kowarsky, Val Warner,
Jan Wellman, Pat Sweeting,
Margaret Chalmers.

Locker Prefect: Dale Smith

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

Editors

Hope Vernede, Norma Kowarsky

Sub-Editors

Malcolm Cohen, John Gild, Robert Schock

EDITORIAL

This year has been a significant one in the history of Mt. Lawley High. It has marked the rise in status from a three year to a Senior High, and we are proud to take our place in the academic, social and sporting life of the other five year high schools. Already we have won regard on the sporting fields.

1960 also marks the introduction of the House system. We feel that it has bridged the gap between staff and students, and the school as a whole is a better place for it. Inter-House competition has at all times been very keen, yet friendly, and the success of the many new activities which take place during the lunch hours, obviously speaks for itself.

"Lawley" is the first magazine to be produced at this school and we would like to congratulate all contributors on the high standard of entries which were submitted, and regret that so many of them had to be omitted owing to lack of space. To all students who have helped to produce this magazine we extend a very sincere thank you.

In our early meetings we planned a magazine of forty-four pages set out with separate sections for sport, clubs, social activities and House notes. Each of these sections was to be separated by original entries. That basic arrangement has been retained, however with the material coming in, much of which it was necessary to include, we revised our original magazine size to sixty-four pages. Even with this increase limits still had to be set. So it was that sporting photographs were limited to those of winning teams.

Financial support for the magazine was obtained from the firms who have inserted advertisements and the management of Whitcombe and Tombs generously donated two one guinea book awards to be used as prizes for original entries.

Cover designs were submitted by many students and a composite design by Judith Cross and Ariela Ben Ari, both of 3-3, was chosen. Heading designs for the House sections were suggested or executed by Malcolm Cohen (F), John Golding (O), 3-2 (M), and Gail Perry (H). Robin Buswell drew the "Over the Fence" sketch to head our gossip column.

Finally our magazine was ready as you see it now.

Norma Kowarsky, Hope Vernede.

"LAWLEY"

Our title is a facsimile of the signature of Sir Arthur Lawley after whom the Mt. Lawley district was named. He was Governor of Western Australia for fifteen months in 1901 and 1902, the previous Governor having been recalled before the end of his term because of certain unusual business transactions.

Lawley, born in 1860, the fourth son of the second Baron Wenlock, was an experienced colonial administrator. He first entered upon a military career, rising to the rank of captain, but at the age of 32 he entered the Colonial service as Secretary to the Administrator of Matabeleland in South Africa. In 1898, just before the outbreak of the Boer War, he became the Administrator of Matabeleland but was transferred to the more comfortable governorship of Western Australia in May, 1891, when he was created K.C.M.G.

The most important event of his term was the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York who paid a visit to Australia on the occasion of the opening of the first Federal Parliament in Melbourne in 1901. The Duke of York in 1910 succeeded to the throne as King George V.

At the end of the Boer War in 1902, Sir Arthur Lawley was recalled to South Africa to become the Lieut.-Governor of the Transvaal where he assisted the group of able administrators to restore order and goodwill after that disastrous war. At the end of his term he was appointed Governor of Madras, which position he held for six years before retiring from the Colonial service. In the year before his death, at the great age of 72, he succeeded his brother to his father's title, becoming the sixth and last Baron Wenlock.

Mount Lawley Senior High School can take pride in its association, however slender, with a man who rendered distinguished service to the British Empire of his time. We may lament that the Baronetcy of Wenlock should have become extinct and that its motto should have fallen into disuse. It reads, "Je veux de bonne guerre"—I wish for fair war—which may be rendered in broad Australian as "I like a good fight."

PREFECTS' NOTES



PREFECTS, 1960

Back Row (left to right): Sol Benn, Jan Wellman, Jerry Skivinis, Val Warner, Craig Aitken, Judith Jaworsky, Alan Sharp, Patricia Sweeting.

Front Row: Margaret Chalmers, John Jordan, Nerma Kowarsky, Warren York (School Captain), Mr. Walker (Principal), Mary Seotis (Senior Girl), Edwin Retallack, Gail Perry, Len Hill.

Well, with over two-thirds of our course completed, Mt. Lawley High has really begun to take shape. After a prolonged start (two weeks sitting in a hot gym; phew!), we soon settled in, and mainly through the efforts of the teachers, work began. Sixteen personnel were later chosen to uphold law and order in the school, with Warren York as sheriff.

At the approach of first term social, we realised that in twelve weeks of school life, nothing surprising (except exams!) had taken place. We performed "ably" the task of returning the milk bottle deposits and, as anticipated, the students soon decided it was time to return their bottles to the canteen!

Second term, often miscalled the "work term", began on May 23rd with metre rules unable to measure the lengths of many faces (including teacher's). This term was full of distractions such as sport, socials, concerts and T.V. All in all it was a terribly hard battle for the "Swotters" (i.e. fourth years). However, all realised the importance of swot, and we feel confident that some of those "square eyes" were the result of excess study.

Prefect meetings were held more regularly during second term and such things as steps, bike racks, the canteen and lost property were discussed. Due to Sol Benn's vocal boosters, our social was a great success and the 190 who attended thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Our new supper innovation was tried out successfully. It succeeded in bringing out many previously-hidden gentlemanly manners!

In concluding, the prefects would like to issue a formal warning. Next year strict and thorough precautions will be carried out in order to eclipse past occurrences, so that Mt. Lawley's motto may be the rule for our everyday life.

"YE OLDE TENNE COMMANDMENTS"

As ordained by ye Prefects

Thou shalt respect and obey thy prefects.

Thou shalt attend school when not inconvenient.

Thou shalt arrive before lunch.

Thou shalt not wear any queer attire to school other than a school uniform.

Thou shalt not smoke where thou canst be seen.

Thou shalt not swear audibly in the presence of teachers.

Thou shalt use thy proper stairs.

Thou shalt not slay thy neighbour at sport unless thou hast lost.

Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself, but not at school socials.

Thou shalt not let thy studies interrupt Tee Vee.

Obey ye the aforesaid Decrees and/or Heaven Helpe ye!

THE GOLDEN GLORY

I love to sit upon a sandy hill
 When the peaceful day is done,
 And ceaselessly gaze out to sea—
 Toward the setting sun.

Oh Sun! All day you have toiled
 To provide we critics with light,
 And now you sink below the crest—
 To bless us all with night.

But on the far side of the earth
 Folk rub their bleary eyes,
 You waken them with ruddy glow—
 To be cursed with moans and sighs.

Dear Sun, if it were not for you
 We all would be frail and thin,
 We'd live in a world of stiffening cold—
 And seek the shelter within.

So may I wonder on and on
 How does thy strength prevail?
 And live for yet another day—
 To applaud thy endless tale.

Brian Daniel, 1-1.

"THE SCHIZOPHRENIC QUAD"

There are two quads at Mt. Lawley. One is a paved and grassed square that can be seen only during work time. The other is a similar quad but can be seen only during recess time. Let us look at this peculiar quad which can be two so different entities.

An architect says that a quadrangle is a four-sided enclosure usually surrounded by buildings. The worktime quad fits this definition. The recess time quad is vastly different. The paved area is packed with screaming youths letting out great bursts of steam that boring lessons have helped to store up. First year girls walk around holding hands. Fourth year boys and girls walk round holding hands. Experienced second years bully frightened first years and

nonchalant third years leave bottles lined up on the edge of the grass "for a joke". Yelling, running, laughing, jumping, they burn up their excess energy in the coveted fifteen minutes recess. Then, three cheers! The quad once more becomes the architect's quad.

Indeed our quad has a split personality. Some say the work-time quad is like Jekyll and the recess time quad like Hyde; but we of the screaming, jumping, yelling mob, think differently.

John Gild, 4-4.

HAS THIS EVER HAPPENED TO YOU?

You stroll into the "Ritzer Restaurant" and find to your horror that the menu is written in French. You can't read French, but you pretend you can, and point to some insignificant item. The waiter comes back with frog legs and octopus eyes. What do you do? Eat up and be carried out or cough up, leave it, and walk out?

Or—you dash off to catch a train—still wearing your delicately frayed slippers!

Better still, you laugh too suddenly and both dental plates fall on to the marble floor of the bank. How red you go when you have to bend and pick up those shiny pink dentures!

One night, you're bending over the fire, a fork in one hand (but not the situation) for your tie has a pretty blue flame licking around the tiepin.

Another night you bring Freddy home for the first time. You've got visions of mum greeting him at the door in her best black cocktail dress—but she appears in hair curlers, an extra thick mudpack and her worst house dress. (Better stop gnashing those teeth. Freddy might think you've got hydrophobia).

Have you ever tried romantically to run your fingers through her hair—to find it feels like hardened glue? She must have been trigger happy with the Gossamer.

Or in "spin the bottle" you find the bottle just points exactly to that specimen with teeth like rows of picket fences—at right angles to his face? Still, it could be worse—no teeth at all.

I know I shouldn't be so sacreligious, but you know those two minute silences we have on some occasions? Have you ever remembered that the man on the bus this morning had eyes like your goldfish, and you burst into horrifyingly loud laughter, and everybody glares at you?

Sometimes you may get the horrible feeling that everyone's staring at you at breakfast. What did you do? Blab in your sleep, or did someone tell an untruth about you, for instance, that you drove the car down to the shop and back again? Then they tell you. You sat in Fido's bowl of "slurpy slop" which was put on the chair to cool.

You may be caught in the rain on that very important date. You reassure yourself that that mascara, eye liner, eye shadow and eyebrow pencil were waterproof—but when you meet him he takes your elbow and guides you to a seat. "Do you feel all right?" "Sure, I feel fine. Let's go or we'll miss Popeye." Then you glance in the mirror—you look like the sole survivor of the camp on Blood Island! A pity you shaved your eyebrows off completely—you now have none. And that stalactite structure of eye shadow-liner-mascara doesn't do anything for your eyes. What a funny colour your cheeks are—like pale blue wax. "I think I'd better go home" you say—as if you meant it. "Nonsense" says he—"One moment." With that, he takes out his padded shoulders, throws away his tin legs, and arm in arm they stroll down Hay Street—Stomp, click, stomp, click is the merry sound of their footsteps, fading away into the night!

Suzette Speight, 3-5.

DAVID JONES'

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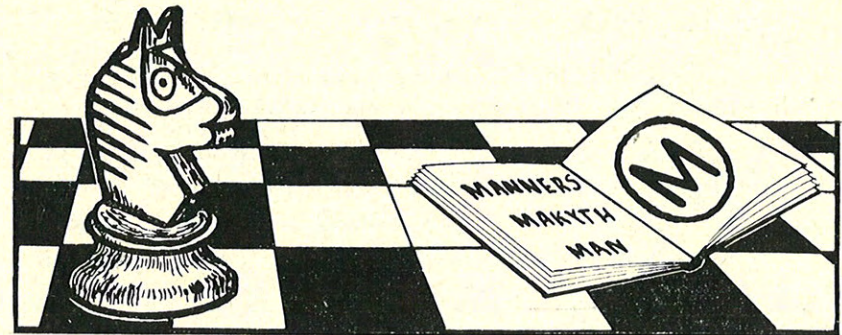
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MATCHLESS MURDOCHIANS

Senior Boys

E. Retallack, L. Hill

Social Committee

Chairman: Philip Martin Secretary: Elaine McNamara

Treasurer: Ric Vernon

Barbara Fischer, Pat Sweeting, Joan Orsmonde
Val Warner, Shirley Hammond, Ian Temby,
Edd. Retallack, Len Hill, Jeff Mews,
Gordon Sivewright, Robert Moore, John Fletcher

Magazine Representatives

Barbara Fischer, Ric Vernon, Keith Woods

Murdoch House Song

Murdoch's for the courteous,
"Truth" is in our clan.
Our banner must fly high;
"Manners Makyth Man."

Murdoch seeks for knowledge,
Murdoch shows its zest.
Deeds speak louder than words;
Strive to do your best.

Len Hill.

Murdoch House Motto: "Manners Makyth Man"

In 1388, William of Wykeham founded Winchester College on which the English Public School system was later modelled.

It is fitting that in the first year of the "House System" at Mount Lawley High School a House should take the motto of that college; "Manners Makyth Man".

A motto was a sentence or phrase originally attached to an emblematic design. It was later adopted by a person, together with his particular emblem or design, to give him his rule of conduct. When a motto is adopted it should be representative of a person or of a group and should be a guide not only during school days but in after life.

Ian Peters, III-2..

Form Notes

First Years

*"Mt. Lawley State" is a wonderful place!
You look in their eyes and they scream in your face.
Some of them act in a civilised way
But others, we think, should be put right away.*

1-4, 1-8..

Second Years

2-3 is the class with personality. Dave Thomas represented the State in the schoolboys' football team and Colin Cutler won the State Schoolboys' Roller Cycling title. Not forgetting the scholastic side, we have John Steinburg trying hard to compete with Einstein.

2-6 of Murdoch House are the girls to make Good Housewives. Despite the fact that one girl sprained her ankle by slipping on a piece of soap which some not-so-good housewife dropped while doing the laborious task of washing up, we're sure that we shall never have a major catastrophe with a pudding or a pie. Come to lunch whenever you like.

2-10 is the class of Individuality. Not that we would like to be confused with the inmates of a zoo, but we must confess our class often resembles one. Don't be deceived by the broken ruler. It was used not on ———, but broken over the back of an invading canine

by a Very Important Person. We're sure that the fluttering finch of 2-6 meant to visit 2-10. Good luck to all third years.

Third Years

III2, the only third year boys' class in Murdoch House, is the most well balanced and handsomest class in the school. (Girls! for a small sum of 2/6 photographs and autographs may be obtained).

We are well represented in all school teams, while on the academic side we compete against both other form students—and teachers—to gain high percentages in term exams. Menouchin and Rawlinson have had averages over 80%.

Although Peter Marshall did not obtain much publicity, due once again to prejudiced views, he was appointed vice-captain of the Touring Schoolboys' Soccer Team.

In-cid-ent-ally, all teachers enjoy taking our class because we are unique.

With only a few weeks to go to the dreaded Junior, 3-6 girls are furiously attempting their much belated studies (exam results show the need for this). We held a successful stall in aid of the Red Cross March Appeal. Congratulations to all girls from 3-6 who represented the school in various sports. If we can't do well in the academic side we can make up for it on the social side.

Fourth Years

The school year for 1960 began in the boys' hot gym. All IV's were imprisoned there for one week until the teachers decided that their holidays were over and it was cool enough to begin lessons.

Finally we were thrown together, a group of twenty-six boys, with six girls added. The fact that our house song is "The Manly Clan" can be seen to have originated from the fact that a surplus of boys outnumber our 6 girls by four to one.

There is never a dull moment as one can see by the class numbers and our form mistress, Miss Russell, Mr. Bennett, our maths supervisor, Mr. Fitz, the chem. demonstrator, Mr. Sawle for fizzo-graphy, Mr. Vandersluys for tech. drawing and the music man, Mr. Conochie, will all confirm this.

B. Fischer and R. Vernon.

IV3 has two terrors called Ivan and Noel
 Who never believe in doing things whole.
 They're forever in trouble,
 Not singly but double,
 This terrible twosome called Ivan and Noel.

Social Notes

During first term the "Murdoch House Social Committee" organised regular dancing classes on Friday afternoon. At first these proved a great success, but as the term progressed the number of male attendants declined sharply, thus making it impossible for successful instruction. Early in second term classes were resumed until the House Social.

Murdoch House's first activity was a "picture evening" for Red Cross funds. The first term Social was a great success and we all enjoyed dancing to the music of Mr. McInnes's band. For a change a "Masquerade Ball" was arranged for second term. This was also very popular, although the number of boys in fancy dress was limited.

We all enjoyed decorating the hall, and wish to thank all girls who brought delicious suppers and hope to see you all at our Christmas Party in third term.

Phillip Martin.

Sport

Football

Murdoch House ran second to Hackett this season. Of a series of nine games Murdoch won six. The most consistent players have been Robert Moore and Ray Pinch. The chief goal scorers were Ian Temby and Ray Pinch.

Ian Temby (Capt.)

Cricket

We played two games in the first term. The first game was played against Forrest House and this resulted in a win on the first innings. Murdoch, 119 (Moore 20, Williams 15, Pendrid 17) d. Forrest, 118 (Watson 32; Cutler 5-30, Pinch 3-12).

The second game against O'Connor, we won on the first innings and then were beaten outright by 5 wickets. Murdoch, 75 (Laidlin 20 n.o., Moore 18; Jefferies 9-24), and 40 (Moore 16; Betina 4-12, Jefferies 3-20). Colin Cutler is a good vice-captain.

Robert Moore (Capt.)

Hockey

The members of the Murdoch House hockey team have all co-operated and shown good sportsmanship throughout the season.

The best players were Kay, Woods and Braby. Of the six games played we won three, drew one and lost two.

Swimming

Although Murdoch House did not come very close to O'Connor in final scores it is good to see that our swimmers never gave up. Michael Eddy gave a great performance with one first and two seconds and two seconds in relays out of eight races entered. Together with the wins of W. Waddel and C. Liddle the team spirit was kept high. Lack of open event swimmers caused prevalent lack of points.

TWO ROADS

Driving absentmindedly through the hinterland of Perth I accidentally came upon a spot where two roads had their junction. One would have led me back to the hustle and bustle of the metropolitan area while the other led to the beauty and terror of the countryside.

The road or "track" leading to the countryside was extremely narrow and only sparingly gravelled. It was plain to see that, because it had no drainage, it was flooded in winter while in summer the hot sun beat mercilessly down upon its neglected surface. That these conditions prevailed were obvious by the corrugated hardness of the surface—in fact, "crossed with many a rut." Contrasting to the dry tiredness of the track itself was the vivid softness that only bush trees, shrubs and flowers can give. These grew on either side of the track in an abstract fashion giving the scene the beauty of originality. Progressing further into the countryside a happy group of picnickers could be seen taking advantage of a small clearing. Although they appeared serenely happy with the peaceful beauty of the surrounding country, it was perfectly obvious that they were also perfectly aware of the danger that was theirs if they wandered too far from the personality of the countryside, that dry dusty track.

The other road was a highway in comparison with the country track. It was smartly bituminised with a high centre for drainage. This road showed no sign of any leisure nor any signs of encouraging it, for the unending line of traffic raced along it as if there was

not a moment to lose. Here, there was a no place for quiet thinking and meditation—thoughts raced past like the cars. Although this road was economically very useful and indispensable for speed, I am sure that if we had the time we would all prefer to ramble along the country track through beautiful countryside.

Aileen Rychen, 4-4.

THE INEVITABLE

I get to the classroom five minutes late,
Before I reach it I sense my fate.
My homework five times? One hundred lines?
Or maybe a compo, on Australian wines?

Then what do I hear, a devil of a noise,
It couldn't be the girls, those rowdy boys.
The teacher's not there, I'm sure of that,
But if the noise doesn't bring one, I'll eat my hat.

As I go through the door the room seems quiet,
They see I'm no teacher and restart the riot.
I fight through the crowd up to my seat
At last I reach it "I'm still on my feet."

I drop my books and pick a chair,
Someone screams, as it flies through the air,
Then I hear someone yell "That hit me mate,"
Followed by some words I couldn't relate.

The teacher strides in and stops the din.
Then begins the lesson; nothing worries him.
Another two periods, another recess
And then, Oh no!" another mess.

Anon.

TAPIR-WATCHING

Tapir-watching is a most absorbing occupation. The tapir is an animal found in Malayan jungles, having a leathery hide with sparse bristles and a long snout, rather like the horn of a rhinoceros, only much smaller. It resembles an armadillo or ant-eater in shape, but it moves at a greater speed.

I once had the opportunity of observing some of these cute animals. A friend and I ventured into the jungle at night near a

tapir's playground. We erected a tree-platform near a pool and settled down to be ready to watch these animals in their natural surroundings when day should arrive.

Dawn broke, and the tapir family emerged from a clump of bushes. First came father tapir, then the two young ones, and finally, mother tapir appeared behind them. It was fun to see the young ones splashing and drinking in the water-hole whilst the two older tapirs kept a wary eye out for danger. And danger came in the form of a crocodile. Slowly, and gradually, the predatory reptile slithered up towards the young tapirs.

Any minute now, and it would reach them, open its great jaws, and there would be one tapir less in the jungle. But suddenly the father saw the danger. With a shrill whistle he plunged into the water and distracted the crocodile. Meanwhile, the young tapirs scuttled to safety with their mother and the three tapirs watched the conflict. The father put up a gallant fight but the struggle was unequal and after a few minutes the crocodile disappeared, the tapir writhing in its jaws.

It was sad to see the young ones squealing for the return of their dad. The mother tapir seemed to bear the tragedy stolidly and, after a while, the three tapirs disappeared into the bush.

This was a memorable experience for me, and it made me realise the law of jungle love and life.

Basil Edwards, 3-2.

CAREERS AND HOBBIES WEEK

During the last week of second term an entirely new school activity was undertaken. This was the "Careers and Hobbies Week", largely an experimental venture which proved extremely successful.

The Careers and Hobbies Week was officially opened on Monday morning by Mr. Dettman, the Deputy Director of Education. Throughout the week, a series of lectures connected with careers and hobbies were given from which the students undoubtedly gained a good deal of information and assistance.

The lectures covered an extensive field. A few examples—Architecture, Air Hostessing and Accountancy for instance—should serve to show the large variety of careers included. During the lunch periods, talks and displays were given in connection with hobbies. Model railways, model aeroplanes, swords, coins and crafts were on

exhibition in the boys' gym, as well as science, biology and Naturalist Club displays. A photographic contest was held and judged by Mr. Parlato of Kodaks. The section winners were:—

- Portrait: 1st, Seona Smiles, 3-5; 2nd, Phillip Hoare, 4-5.
- Landscape: 1st, Terry Sor, 2-1; 2nd, H. Salir.
- Novelty: 1st, Irena Golovin, 2; 2nd, Phillip Hoare, 4-5.
- General Interest: 1st, Malcolm McKenzie, 3-4; 2nd, Phillip Hoare, 4-5.

The Caged Birds' Club arranged a colourful display of caged birds brought along to the school by various students and a go-kart demonstration was given outside on the tennis courts. It was a full week of activity from which each student must have benefited in some respect.

Thanks must go to all those distinguished visitors who so willingly co-operated by coming along to speak and offer their assistance to the students with regard to careers and hobbies. All those connected with the running of the Careers and Hobbies Week, Mr. Clegg in particular, are to be praised for their efforts and enthusiasm, and congratulated on their success. The students also are to be commended for their co-operation during the week.

Robert Schock.

DANCING CLASSES

Throughout the year, dancing classes have been held under the able guidance of Mr. Melrose. The classes were very well supported at first but as the year progressed, the numbers began to dwindle. Finally the classes were discontinued.

The reason for this later poor attendance was evident at the end of term socials when the students showed by their dancing that the classes had been very successful.

Colin Rockman.

THE MUSIC CLUB

Each Tuesday afternoon a small group of 3rd and 4th years meet to enjoy a programme of music selected by the students. Recent programmes have included selections of waltzes, ballet, music from various countries and tunes from operas. The records are supplied by the students, Mr. McGrath and Mr. Glennister. During the final term, it is intended to show films of leading pianists and famous composers.

Diane Adler.

SCHOOL DEBATING SOCIETY

President: Wayne Mincham.
Vice-President: Carol Meadows.
Secretary: Pauline Sorrell.

School Representatives in Interschool Debates: Hope Vernede, Carol Meadows, Craig Millen, Wayne Mincham, Garry Mincham, Richard Smith, John Gunsburg.

It was a very apprehensive team which arrived at Guildford Grammar on June 8th for our first debate. The heart fell in every member of the team when at 7 p.m. it was found that we had to oppose the statement "That in this space age, world government is essential." We managed, however, to gain 220 points to Guildford's 233.

A fortnight later some of our girls welcomed the boys from C.B.C. Perth to our school. The topic this time was not so hard and the C.B.C. team was as inexperienced as we were. The debate was more even and C.B.C. won by only four points.

In our final two debates, one against M.L.C. South Perth, and finally opposed to St. Hilda's, we again were on the losing side. However each debate was enjoyed by all concerned and we will be in there trying again next year.

Pauline Sorrell.

PARENTS AND CITIZENS

The Parents' and Citizens' Association has various sub-committees each of which work hard for the good of the students.

The Canteen Committee allocates funds from canteen profits for use by the P. and C. in financing such things as bike racks and library books.

The Library Committee arranges raffles and socials to increase funds to be spent on more library books. It is not generally realised by students that the fine library of text-books and general reading matter, all essential in education, has been built up by this committee.

A Fête Committee has worked hard in preparing for the fête on Saturday, 15th October, in conjunction with Parents' Day. Money raised will help finance the many projects to which the P. and C. have committed themselves.

The Ex-Students' Association is run by the ex-students themselves under the patronage of the P. and C. Several dances and social events this year have been very successful and another is to be held in the final term.

For these reasons it is important that each family give continued support to the various functions all of which directly benefit us, the students.

Sandra Tauss, 3-1.

A DREAM

Winning Entry Third and Fourth Years

Yes, it was a strange dream: unfathomable and sad, with a curious twist at the end which was to haunt me for a long while. What did it mean?

There I was—alone and restless as I wandered in the desert by myself. There was no reason why I was there and no reason why I should stay . . . then suddenly I saw him! A little Warrateichi tribal boy, squatting in the sand, under the shade of a dwarf gum. He was staring silently and sadly at me, not moving an inch, but just gazing until I was lost in his big, brown, haunting eyes; eyes which were almost hidden by his mass of unruly hair. His tiny, thin limbs tensed as I advanced.

He did not speak—there was no need! I knew, seeing him so, that he was lost and lonely and needed a friend badly.

All I had were some maize cakes and a little water which I offered to him. He reached hungrily for the food and I watched as he ate ravenously each morsel, and not a crumb was wasted and not a drop was left.

When everything was finished he flashed me a quick smile and settled under the tree for a rest. The heat of the day was upon us and we settled for a nap, until the sun was low in the west. I stirred and picked up the young piccaninny and hoisted him on my back. It seemed natural that I take him home, and it seemed natural to him, too.

As we walked homeward, the soft pink and grey sunset changed slowly into a velvet indigo as the tiny stars came out to play. The loud, harsh gurgling of the kookaburras rang out in the clear air and we could see the dark, furry shapes of 'possums snuffling in

the blackened stumps of gum trees. Beyond the trees, the moon, like a large silver bubble, rose and floated amongst a sea of twinkling stars. Sleepy lizards rustled around in the long silver-drenched grasses, while the shrill songs of the frogs floated across the swamp to the little house in the hollow.

We were welcomed home with a cheerful smile, and the clamouring of the children around their new friend seemed pleasant and exciting to the little stranger. He at once became the children's ally and learned many things that were alien to him and his way of life; and at first he was happy! But everyone yearns for his own way of life and his own people, and sometimes, when my little friend gazed longingly out at the rolling plains, I knew what he was thinking. I fancied I could see, reflected in his eyes, the happy tribal camp . . . the dancing fires outside tiny bark gunyahs and the laughing children of the dark people. I fancied I could hear, through his ears, the sharp, strange wail of the didgeridoo and the happy voices of children calling to each other amongst the trees. I could hear the laughter of the warriors as they set off in the dewy morning to hunt, and the singing of the women as they made their ways to the yam patches with their dilly-bags. The old men and children straggled behind, some hunting for yam sticks and others searching for bardie grubs. . . And I knew what the boy was thinking. These were his people and he wanted them badly! He wanted to be back with the other boys—swimming with them, chasing amongst the reeds, their brown, naked bodies wet and shining in the sunlight.

He was unhappy—and there was a decision to make.

Early the next morning, with a few supplies, I set off with the child to trace the wanderings of his tribe. The children were sad but the young piccaninny seemed to sense what was happening, for there was a shine in his eyes and he piped gleefully on a tiny reed pipe as we set off.

We tramped all day and the young warrior spent most of his time chasing the lizards which lay basking in the warm sunshine, and sucking the strong flavour from eucalyptus leaves. At nightfall we camped by a small, still billabong, fringed by reeds and inhabited by large, green frogs whose harsh croaks echoed across the waters to our smouldering camp-fire on the bank.

Before we had time to realise, we were joined by a beautiful stranger. Her skin was lily-white and her long, golden hair was caught up with a solitary, pink water-lily. Our visitor was the

Spirit of the Billabong and my young friend, who had never seen anyone quite like her, was stunned into silence during the whole of her visit.

When I told her of our mission she gave a sweet little laugh.

"You have certainly set out to do something difficult, but I believe I can help you a little. When old Mr. Bunyip came through here with his emus, he told me that the tribe had gone walking away through the mountains over yonder."

She pointed, and we turned to look at them, dark and forboding, against the pale violet, star-studded sky.

"Of course," she had continued, "I don't know exactly where they are, but if you ask that Grandfather Gum over there . . ." Her voice trailed off, and when we turned back, she had disappeared, leaving only a great, opal patch on the dark waters of the billabong.

The pale rose of dawn had not yet disappeared when we arose and washed in the billabong. Dew still glistened on the grasses, and the broilgas danced through pure joy, out on the plains. A mob of kangaroos thumped into a hollow and a bell-bird chimed out its fruity carol in the leafy depths of a gum tree's branches. The young piccaninny was refreshed after a sweet night's sleep and danced around in little circles until I was ready to go.

It was late afternoon before we reached the great bulk of the Grandfather Gum. We stood beneath its shade and I spoke aloud, asking of the wandering tribe. High overhead, a breeze sighed through the mighty limbs, and then a rumbling voice spoke to us.

"Well, you did right coming to me, even though I'm not half as tall as Donna Buang. You see, I know the very person who'd be able to help you. If your people passed through the mountains, the Spirit of the Mountain Gullies is sure to know which way they went. She can be found in the evening at the foot of Donna Buang." We talked a while longer, then I thanked him politely and led the boy away toward the great peak of Donna Buang. It was easy enough to find her and she seemed kind and warm-hearted. Her large, purple-black eyes were valley shadows themselves, and she was clad in a simple grey-haze; her black hair fell to her shoulders. She knew which way they had gone and showed us the way and how to find traces of their camps. Then, as last light of day dimmed, she vanished in the dusk.

We crept into a warm, sandy cave to sleep, and early in the morning, before the first faint flush of dawn heralded the light, we woke and set off to follow the trail.

The morning reflected the brightness and happiness of the world. The silvery grasses brushed our feet with dew, and the glistening leaves of the gum trees invited us to lift up our faces to be washed. Everywhere the world was alive, and cockatoos and kookaburras greeted us with noisy screams of delight. The creamy sky was embroidered with lacy clouds and the stark outline of the trees stood out sharply on the skyline. Nature was clothed in bright garments, ready for a new day.

It wasn't long before we came across an old camping ground which gave us new hope, and the child sensed my excitement for he grinned and pointed enthusiastically at the heaps of dead coals.

Suddenly, I felt as if someone was watching me. I turned—and there was old Mr. Bunyip with his flock of emus. His kindly old face was lit by a smile, and in his hand he held a strong staff of sheoak. He advanced towards us, his stately old figure held so straight one would not think that he was the father of ages and the Guardian Spirit of the Land.

"You are looking for the Warrateichi tribe?" he asked, in his gentle voice. "Ah, I heard from the Billabong Spirit when I took my flock down to drink. She said to look out for you." He paused.

"Of course, I'm too slow to help you and I must take these emus to the best seed crops, but the tribe is moving towards Waroonga Pass—there! That gap in the range!" And he stretched out his strong, sinewy arm. We looked, and far through the hills in the hazy distance, a steep line of mountains thrust up against the sere, blue sky of the morning. Clear, breaking their crest, was a gap.

"There is one thing else," the old man turned to me. "You may not know, but if you do not catch the people before they reach the Waroonga Pass, you have lost. Beyond is the land of No Return, and you must not enter."

He turned and strode silently away.

We travelled for two days, forever pushing onwards, our hope strengthening us in each step of the way. We stopped for short rests only when we came to an old camping ground—and the signs painfully showed that they were not far in front. However, Waroonga Pass was not much farther in front either!

lunch-time concerts received tremendous support, not only from Forrest but from the entire school.

We were extremely successful in the academic sphere—perhaps too successful. Fortunately our superior brain power gave no one else a chance, but unfortunately, the scoring system had to be changed so that the other houses would not suffer an inferiority complex. While we bashfully admit how brainy we are ourselves, we would like to congratulate the many Forresters who won the top places in their particular years and so helped to boost Forrest's score.

With regard to sport we achieved moderate success. The swimming carnival was one of the year's highlights, and from Forrest's point of view, a very memorable day. Although we didn't win the swimming, we must surely have won the vocal section—with our new and blood-thirsty war cry, and our untiring and enthusiastic cheer-leaders!

Finally, we would like to say how honoured we are to be prefects of the best house; and also how proud we feel to have such an able and efficient housemaster in Mr. Fitzpatrick.

Forrest House Song

When Forrest comes marching on the scene,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll raise a cheer right loud and clear,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For we are the House that will lead the rest,
Nobody else can upstand the test,
For we're Forrest, Forrest,
Forrest — Hurrah! Hurrah!

In study and sport, we'll pave the way,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll bear our duties throughout the day,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll do all our duties with spirit and zest,
For no other House can lead the rest
Yes, we're Forrest, Forrest,
Forrest — Hurrah! Hurrah!

Max Baumwol.

Our Gang

With the appointment of House Prefects has arisen a term difficult to define—the term “a Prefect's Duty”.

This difficulty has arisen due to the unorthodox behaviour of certain Forrest Prefects (relax boys, this is censored) who in their eagerness to ensure success in House activities have descended from their high pedestals in order to participate. The following illustrates their achievements.

As a result of his “expressive” performance in the recent concert, Alan Sharp has been recognised as a prominent Didgeridoo player. This success was closely followed by another when, by unanimous decision, Alan was appointed paper monitor for 4-4.

David Wares' performance with a wobble board has also attracted the attention of certain influential people. As a result, Mr. Versatile will be starring in a coming Drama Club presentation.

Another entry into this field is Leon Musca, whose guitar has been responsible for the “only” source of music from a well-known trio.

Last, but not least (or so I'm informed), is Phillip Michael, the notorious basketballer, whose success is due to his rigid training, both in the gym and the pool room.

At our weekly House meetings you cannot (no matter how hard you try) avoid noticing our girl prefects (halos quite straight) perched on stools before the assembled Forresters—but can you identify them from these ‘Top Secret’ observations gathered with great patience and nerve-wracking under cover work (77 da, da, da!).

A. The absent-minded professor—please bring socks to school on Wednesdays.

B. The athletic type; also brings a pound of tomatoes to school rather than lunch, and a pillow-case to wear at Home Science.

C. French variations a speciality—no limit to versatility in this direction.

D. When those eyes don't twinkle here, where does that far-away, wistful gaze take you?

It is rather obvious that Forrest possesses a great deal of talent in its Prefects, however, it will be rather difficult for one to become used to these saintly students performing for the common student of this school. But, as a last word, we would like to thank all our Prefects, Mr. Fitzpatrick and our House Teachers for all the work they have done for the welfare of our House.

Alan Samuels, Danielle Schaffer.

Sport

Swimming

Although we were not home first, our swimmers swam excellently to take third place. Individual congratulations must go to Paula Martin, who was the only girl to win an event, Richard Pedlar, who swam strongly in under age events, and our vice-captain, John "Casper" Hart, without whose help, the captain claims he could not have kept the team training.

Clive Hall.

Australian Rules Football

Our teams did exceptionally well in that the first years lost only two matches and our other team played nine matches and won five. Forrest's most outstanding players were Robyn Buswell, Ian Erdman, Dick Pedlar, and Trevor Jenkins.

Ian Erdman.

Hockey

Although there were no girls' hockey competitions amongst houses, the boys finished up equal first and maintained Forrest's high standard. The "Terrible (Mincham) Twins", Johnny Moulton, Johnny Chalmers and Johnny Gild strove to keep the game moving forward and to urge on the more lethargic players.

Clive Hall.

Basketball

In this branch of sport the girls excelled themselves and managed to come first, beating Hackett into second place. A special mention must go to the first team of the Wednesday team, owing to its ability to complete the season undefeated.

The men's basketball which proved to be a popular lunch-time attraction, lived a very short, although interesting life. The Forrest team managed to come equal first with O'Connor and Hackett.

Danielle and Leon.

Softball

A team that was not lacking was the softball team in Forrest House. They bore up well to win all games except two. One they drew, and one they lost. Captained by Gloria Guy they won enough games to put Forrest on top of the list for that field.

Kathleen Hall.

Form Notes

First Year Freshmen

Although newcomers to the school and thereby newcomers to all the rules and regulations concerning it, Forrest's freshmen have participated eagerly in both sport and academic work.

1-1 gained credit when they beat 1-5 in a debate and 1-3 in a basketball game. 1-5 have also come into the limelight as they defeated 1-7 in a basketball match and succeeded in getting two members of their form into the first year football team. 1-11, although talkative, gave the dash to Forrest's first years and succeeded in being the most talked about class in the house.

Solitary Second Years

The two second year classes in Forrest House are in sharp contrast to one another because, while 2-8 are known to be T.V. addicts, 2-5 are renowned for the high averages which they always manage to obtain.

2-5, however, are not entirely academic students. They also excel in sport. They have two excellent swimmers and also had three girls in the school softball team, and three in the basketball team. The six girls are Kaye Wearmouth, Joan Shepheard, Gloria Guy, Merylyn Fulford, Paula Martin, and Jan Prout. Their outstanding girl in the academic field is Noela Davis who never fails to get a high average.

The boys of 2-8 feel that they know their class for what they are, a group of square eyes. They have come to the conclusion that if any of the class are away on Wednesdays, they are watching the cooking demonstration, whereas on Monday they are still recovering from Alfred Hitchcock and Co.

Terrified Thirds

Although not altogether pleased at the prospect of the Junior, the "thirds" of Forrest are working hard to get through this exam looming on the horizon.

3-8, although only a small class, have made an impression on the House, mainly due to their banking performances. They have only one fault—Chris won't ring the home bell early.

3-3 are the wild and woolly class of the House. They have everything from sportsmen to brains. They have the greatest clowns in

the House. At the Soccer Social the girls modelled their "Junior" frocks and drew some very close attention from the boys.

Fatuous Fourth

Both fourth year classes have had a very successful year. They have joined in all school activities and join together amicably as the senior Forrest students.

Although a small class, 4-1 find that the inseparable pairs, Jan Wellman and Kath Gregory (running-bear), Jeanette McDonald and Heather Paul, especially the latter two, provide them with plenty of amusement. The humorous group of 4-1 find that they miss the insane chucklings of Miss Paul, especially at concerts.

Debating

Although Forrest House did not form a debating club, they managed to go through the competition unbeaten and finished in first position after defeating Hackett in the final debate by one point. Members of the House who gave outstanding performances were Hope Vernede, Wayne Mincham and Craig Millen.

Commendation must also go to Gary Mincham, John Baker, Carol Meadows and Pauline Sorrell. Forrest managed to have four participants in interschool debates.

Socials

Forrest's first social was entertaining if not over organised. The second social was far better owing to the good work put in by Mr. Fitzpatrick, Alan Sharp and Danielle Schaffer. Our gratitude is due to "The Trio" for their entertainment work and to one member in particular, Malcolm Cohen, for his capable work as M.C. Thanks also to Mr. Melrose for his dancing lessons.

The two socials showed improvement in that the decorations for the second were more colourful and more artistic, and the addition of a good band to the second social also helped to make it a greater success.

THE BLIND PAINTER

The small apartment in the heart of the city was silent. Just outside the window lay the noisy street. Dark shadows like long, grey ghosts flitted across the wall. Over the wooden frame of an oil painting crouched the dim figure of a heart-broken man. If only he could see again!

Coloured lights glittered brilliantly all over the city, but for nearly a year he had not seen any of these colours. Now the future was a black and empty void. Even now he shuddered as he recalled the car smash and the months of pain.

Slowly he raised his head. Uneasily he stood up and felt his way cautiously across the room to where an easel stood. It was covered with the dust of neglect. He ran his fingers down the sides of the frame. For a moment the present was forgotten. They were things of the past, and only the past was real.

He buried his head in his arms and prayed brokenly that he might see again.

Outside in the busy street a myriad lights glittered and winked, and life moved swiftly by.

Carole Naylor, 3-5.

"WHATEVER WILL BE, WILL BE"

Winning Entry First and Second Years

From where I sat on that cool, calm day,
Facing out over the deep blue bay,
The waves swooped up and washed my feet,
Then retreated back to the silent deep.
The shells lay still on the sandy shore,
Where the waves had dumped them forever more.
And o'er that bay the only sound,
The seas deep growl and the gulls wheeling round.

And may that natural calm bay,
Stay forever in that splendid way,
But ah! Is it possible,
With the world the way it is today?
Every day we hear of trouble,
The cold war rages over still burning rubble,
A war just over, and another in sight,
For what can we hope but strength and light.

Graham Innes, 1-1.

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A CHRISTMAS TO REMEMBER

Hunger is man's worst enemy. This applies more so in war than at any other time. Perhaps the only people who can really understand this are those who suffered.

During the war, in one small German village it was hunger the people had to fight more than Man himself. Christmas was only one day off. The next day would be Christmas Eve, and everyone would huddle against a dying fire, remembering the merry Christmas around a huge Christmas Tree laden with presents and a delicious meal to follow. Some would remember with wry smiles the dreadful feeling the following day, as if their stomachs had been filled with lead. All this was a thing of the past. Tomorrow the children would eye their parents sadly and inquisitively. "Had they forgotten it was Christmas?"

Excited whispering and giggling rippled through the children. Even in their poverty they believed tomorrow would be different. The dawn would bring a day of blissful happiness, where everyone, including Mummy and Daddy could go to bed after a scrumptious meal. It was usually the mums and dads who bore the dreadful pangs of hunger, of half starvation. However, tomorrow night would be something to remember. Surely God could not pass over His children on His own festival. Tomorrow the snow would fall. Tomorrow there would be plenty of firewood to keep everyone warm.

This was not just wishful thinking. Every child believed in this and clung to this beautiful dream with longing and hope.

The parents, however, knowing that these luxuries were not gifts from the heavens, even though they had taught their children to believe, looked at the happy faces with heavy hearts. They knew the morrow would not be unlike the previous days of scratching for food and making do with much less than they had ever imagined could be possible. Even though the next day would be the twenty-fifth of December, they could eat no more than their rations. They would not be able to use more wood, for they would have to suffer a night with no fire at all.

As the light slowly peeked into every green silled window, ruffled heads popped up. Bright smiles of joy and wonder, spread over the faces of the younger generation as they knelt silently in prayer. Today was Christmas Day. Outside the snow fell peacefully, covering the brightly coloured roofs, which, even in their weather-beaten state would appeal to any artist.

This peace lasted only for another half an hour. Before long the children emerged from behind heavy green doors, first in ones and twos, until children poured out of doors simultaneously. Happy, shouting and playful, the children engaged themselves in snowball throwing, building snowmen and playing many other games varying with their ages.

Shortly after this, the happy scene was abruptly ended. Soldiers trooped into the village. A pig had been stolen. Every man and woman was lined up in the village square. That nobody knew about the pig was the impression that an onlooker would have received from the lines of blank faces. The soldiers, however, knew from experience, that these people in their days of fear, hunger and anxiety, had learnt to control their expressions so as to give away no secret which might mean someone's life or everyone's stomachs.

No shouting or coaxing could persuade the people to tell of the whereabouts of the missing pig. The soldiers would have to look for themselves. This they did, not for a moment considering that their food store was nearly overflowing and the great deal this feast would mean to these people.

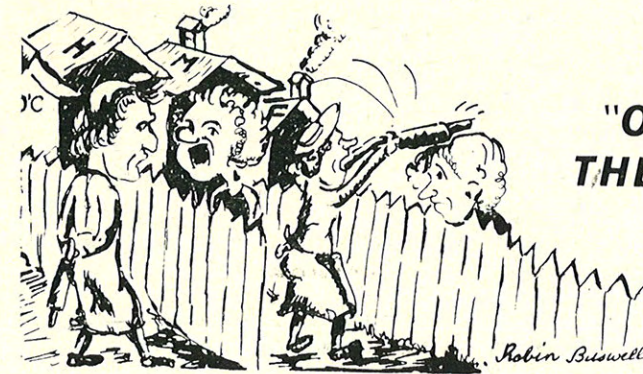
There was no nook or corner which was not searched by soldiers. Now more confused than angry, the soldiers re-assembled in the square and begged the people to tell them where they had hidden the pig. They even went so far as to say that the pig could be theirs if only they would show them where the pig was hidden.

Finally, on the condition that the soldiers would give the people an abundant supply of wood for that evening, the soldiers learnt of their failure as detectives.

"But I looked in there . . ." came the astonished cries of several men at arms. They had to admit they had been completely baffled. The pig had been dressed up as an old lady, and as such the unfortunate pig was seated on a toilet. No one, who did not know about it could have queried the fact that it was an old lady, not a pig.

That night, fires danced. Singing and happy talking could be heard for miles around. It was certainly an evening to remember. It was as though the prayers of the little ones had been answered.

Judith Jaworsky, 4-5.



"Fear Not Slander Censor Rash"

T-Caine: Sai, sich a girl I haven't seen yet.

Lyn: A beautiful biology.

Provost: Glorious in his apparel.

Wolinski: "Love's Labours Lost."

Jill: Visiting York to find a friend.

Keith: Only sweating and schwartzing will make you a man..

Vivian: Vot vun vis Viv.

Baumwol: Maxy had a little lamb.

Helen P.: Searching for a penfriend.

Coke: Someone is cohen to WALK the mile in.

Golding: I never swim when there's a gale about.

Hope: Do you ken who it is?

Shilkin: Reach for a swan, then swear.

Kathy: Been learning to play Snooker.

Hulme: Mine, till Kingdom comes.

Retallack: Oft does he bowl a maiden.

John: Gibsons for me.

Ridley: How gastric disorders affect society.

Rocks: All ze girls ze zame (insane!).

Janice: I plead Gildty!

Jeaneatte: Big joke!

SECOND TERM SOCIAL

In the midst of coloured balloons, twisting streamers, beaming lights and rhythmic music, over two hundred students and staff took part in the school's memorable second term social. Once again credit goes to all those who helped the Pres. prepare the girls' gym, but particularly to the Pres themselves; their careful, well-planned and independent handling of the whole function displayed their worthiness as school leaders.

With the inclusion of the third years at the social, there was a more evenly balanced crowd than last term although at some stages the floor was over-crowded. Once again, the wheated floor proved to be a thrilling obstacle for the boys although embarrassing to some girls. However it added to the gaiety of the night. The dance band must be congratulated for the wonderful music they provided, and for the vivacious way in which they went about it ("real crazy"). Their clever playing made the statue dance humorous to watch and perplexing to take part in. Congrats to the Mod. bods who took off the prizes in a thrilling finish.

Supper was held in the boys' gym. After almost three and a half hours of tiring but enjoyable dancing, this break gave everyone a chance to "revive" and "refuel". The girls certainly can cook (or did they?). However, for some teachers supper was a complete washout! You ask them.

Not only have the Pres. been impressive with their attitude to school activities, but to an even greater extent the students, too, have shown their solid standing. This was present at the social; the manner in which third and fourth year students presented themselves, both in dress and behaviour, impressed most staff members and the visiting prefects. If such social maturity can be attained in the years to come, M.L.H. will surely establish itself as one of the leading Senior High Schools in the State.

To conclude, it is hoped that following the Junior Examination, the school will be able to produce its finest social yet. Only the co-operation of all students with the Pres. and staff, a successful working term and good results will help this to be affected.

Malcolm Cohen, 4-4.

Howlers

"The murder of Caesar took place at the Capitol Theatre."—C.I.B. please note.

"Eliza and Higgins were at lager heads most of the time"—must have been thirsty.

"The decaying vegetable matter collects in swamps with water and decays father"—too much washing up.

"Low comedy is slapstick and sometimes volgue."—Russian influence.

"Three objects, tree, animal and man cover most of the objects which undergo universal suffrage."—No comment.

"He was an export canoeist"—our Olympic hope.

"Oliver, off course, was captured"—teach him to look where he's going.

"Onomatopoeia changes man to animal"—no! It's the effect the class has on the teacher that causes this.

The eagle was "seen circling motionless" and later was observed "circling motionless in a circle"—anyone seen a flying saucer?

"An interesting short short"—literature or beach scene?

"A platful of stew"—catastrophe in Kalgoorlie.

"When anything goes wrong with your sewing machine you must immediately insult a mechanic"—no bad language please.

"On the radio volumes of mountainous waves are done by soundafex." "Soundafex replaces the beauty of the description"—obviously an all purpose commodity.

"Many stories have a physiological tint"—modern Art, P. and H., or Literature?

Worth seeing—Les filles à la Peetee.

Worth having—A spare dentist's card.

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JUNE MURDER

It was a cold, dark night in June. Mandy Collins sat in front of a small fire that illuminated her face and cast odd shadows in the small room.

Mandy was a working girl who had recently inherited a small cottage. She was young, no more than twenty-three. Her shoulder-length auburn hair was waved; her hazel eyes were wide-set in her small face; her lips were soft and rosy.

To Mandy Collins cold dark nights were sinister and menacing, something of which to be afraid.

She went to the door and opened it wide, stood silhouetted in the doorway and shivered. The twinkling stars were far-off and remote, and she was alone. The telephone rang. Mandy's nerves jumped. She turned to answer it, leaving the door open.

The caller was Mandy's best friend, Roma, who asked her to accompany her to the local theatre where an interesting film was being screened. Because of her obsession about cold nights, Mandy refused.

Having hung up, she walked into the garden and gazed up at the cold distant stars and realised her insignificance in a great world. The girl felt comparatively safe, she could see the light radiating from the open doorway, chasing away the frightening dark.

Mandy turned to go inside. As she did so, a hand was clapped roughly over her mouth and nose, preventing her breathing. She struggled furiously and tried to turn to see who was holding her.

A harsh voice penetrated her numbed mind.

"Cut — that — out," it said unevenly, for Mandy was still struggling.

She ceased struggling abruptly as something slapped her face hard. She cried out involuntarily. Her arms were pinned behind her back, held ruthlessly.

Mandy's auburn hair, released from its band, fell over half her face, concealing an ugly red weal. She writhed and squirmed in terror—and felt something enter the small of her back. Then she dropped, lifeless, to the ground.

Diane Adler, 4-1.

TRENCH WARFARE IN WORLD WAR I

The gory line of flesh and bones lay rotting in the sun,
Brave soldiers who had lost their lives to have the battle won.
And yet the Allied forces neither hope nor courage lost,
But willingly their lives they gave to win an enemy post.

How meaningless was their victory despite their buoyant glee.
For when the enemy stormed the fort, the troops were forced to
flee.

Undaunted were the Allies, hope in their breasts still burned;
In a bitter, bloody battle they captured the trench they had earned.

The battlefield ran red with blood
And the ground was littered with corpses,
But brave fought they through mire and mud
To crush the enemy forces.

The light of day shone on the ghastly scene.
And lightened the dead who once brave men had been.
But still the noise of battle sounded loud;
Death swooped on all sides like a stormy cloud.

Month by month and year by year the Allied soldiers fought,
But for all their gallant fighting their efforts came to nought;
Till overwhelming victory was at last within their sight,
And then the fair domains of France were freed from the German
blight.

Roy Runds, 3-2.

Applied Quotations

"They held a council standing"—assembly.

"How often have I loitered o'er the green"—after socials.

"With shrieking and squeaking in fifty different sharps and flats"—music period.

"But the days and weeks and months ran on with little to see or show"—assignments.

"Attend all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise"—History.



House Committee

Warren York, Sol Benn, Helen Bailey, John Gunsberg,
Ian Dodd.

Social Committee

Chris Ridley, Sol Benn, Barry Tween-Cain, Judy Molster,
Sandra Tauss.

Magazine Representatives

Jeff Wolinski, Geoff Penn, Steven Ballard

Committee Notes

To my mind, O'Connor's Committee meetings have been the most unique of the four Houses. We usually held our session at lunchtime in the typing room, after the last syncopated tap had been heard. Once, we discussed a social over the electrolysis of a copper sulphate solution from regions far below. However, these proving to be unsatisfactory abodes, we finally met in Mr. Staples' room, to the accompanying clack of a stereo-type printer.

The meetings were supervised by Mrs. Stevenson and Mr. Staples. After a few comments from Chris, or a remark from a suggestive Sol, some topics were brought up. We held a "12 o'clock rock", the proceeds being forwarded to the Red Cross, and funds were collected for the Refugee Year. Finally, we hard-working people decided that socials should be handled by a separate committee, so Helena, Jocelyn and Sandra were press-ganged. With

the help of Ian, Judith and the others, two successful socials were produced, Warren and Helen being the host and hostess. Thanks to Mr. Harman for his wizardry at amplification and for providing the band at the second social.

John Gunsberg.

O'Connor Sport

This year O'Connor House has displayed brilliant prowess in sporting activities. In swimming, cricket, baseball, rugby (the rugby is taken on points gained by individuals) and soccer, O'Connor House gained first position. In hockey our House scored an equal first with Murdoch and in basketball O'Connor gained second place having been defeated by Forrest. In football O'Connor was defeated, but it must be remembered that a vast proportion of available players were chosen to play in school sides.

All told, O'Connor has established a sporting record giving her the ultimate rank of "second to none."

Clubs

Throughout this year O'Connor House members have taken a great deal of interest in activities at school other than sporting and academic. The forming of the photography, bird and aero club groups has proved extremely successful and during "Hobbies Week," at the end of second term, all groups exhibited displays.

We sincerely trust that the interest shown in these clubs will be maintained and that they will form the nucleus for future clubs developments.

Form Notes

First Years

1-7: The children of this form are very interested in sporting activities especially as Max Edelman, Kevin Oliver, Michael Sharpe and Reg Oakes are in the first year football team and our hearty congratulations go to Reg as he is captain of this team. Students of this form also play sport on Saturday for the school. We also have a T.V. star in Alan Robins. We enjoyed his appearance on the Channel 7 Mousketeers on July the 4th.

1-9: Our room is a personality room. I suppose that is why we have so many important people visiting us four days out of every five. Strangely they don't seem very friendly. We have many different types of students, mostly good or bad. We were going to say something about our good students but we can't remember her name.

Second Years

All the girls in 2-7 are very interested in their school work? All our teachers enjoy teaching us now and say that we have improved a great deal since the beginning of the year (?) However, we still have our young ladies who manage to look so innocent and still get up to mischief.

We of 2-2 are a wild mob. We range from scientists to screwballs and have a number of well earned medals, 12 D.S.O.'s (Distinguished Saboteur's Order), 8 M.C.'s (Murderer's Cross) and 6 V.C.'s (Vandalism Cross).

We don't just sit around in our spare time, we descend upon Parliament to try and pass rules for the good of the student, at the moment we are asking for a seven-day week-end.

We are a great sporting class, all our class teams are unbeaten (the umpires are from our class too). But we do not spend all our time on sport, we study for our exams (43 failed out of 46 and 3 were absent for the whole exam).

Third Years

Ever since the pupils of 3-1 were grouped together (fondest memories of 2g, 1959), a struggle between the two sexes has ensued. To my knowledge the boys established complete superiority. Not that I belittle girls (without them what would little boys do?), but I admire my own kind; for example, where do the Einsteins come from?

However, 3-1, on the whole, is a class with a little more than average grey matter on top. In fact, I might suggest that, all modesty swallowed, 3-1 is brilliant!

In commending the class, special mention must be made of the teachers. Thanks to their good behaviour, sterling conduct, great understanding, and patient self-control, no person has been maimed or fatally injured. May it always be so!

John Gunsberg.

3-4

Three weeks gone, nine to the gong,
 That's all we hear the whole day long.
 The Junior is an irksome affair,
 It really gets in the Teacher's hair,
 But three-four need not to wail
 They'll pass or they'll bloomin' well fail.

Fourth Years

4-2: At the beginning of this year, post-Junior lads of high calibre were combined into a select group to be known as 4-2. Throughout this year form 4-2 and Mr. Staples, their form master, have worked together in close harmony (with a few exceptions which have been quietly "ironed out") to produce an exceptional group—certainties for the Leaving Certificate.

4-2 Battle Song

Four-two which is our name, is far more than just a name,
 It's a dreaded whispered statement to our masters.
 But we're all good boys at heart, and with just a little start
 All opposition our mature minds will o'ermaster.

O sinful, shameful world, it's your unrelenting course
 That has placed us with misunderstanding teachers,
 Who break down in despair at our group of thirty boys
 And curse that in their youth they were a bursar.

ARCHAEOLOGY

Archaeology has uncovered many things which have revealed many unknown things of the past. One of the most interesting discoveries was, perhaps, the unearthing of the ancient Greek city of Troy. Troy was the fabled city of Greek mythology and, until it was discovered, not everyone believed it did or had even existed.

It had been Heinrich Schlummann's ambition nearly all his life to find Homer's Troy. This ambition had been born when he was seven, when his father told him of the Trojan War. It wasn't until he was forty-six years old that his dream was realised.

He started digging on a small hill on the Trojan Plain during April of 1870. A few feet under the soil he found the remains of a Roman city. His workmen kept digging, passing Macedonian towers, temples of Athene, strange weapons, idols and various sorts of pottery. After passing seven cities they at last came across Troy. The first thing that Schlummann did was to put Helen of Troy's precious jewellery on his wife. This jewellery was found in a panel in the palace's great walls.

Later, man found more cities directly under Troy. The thirtieth city found was the most primitive city, using only stone tools and weapons. It is staggering to think that thirteen cities—perhaps more—found the safety of the same hill during wars against now dead nations and ancient tribes.

*Janice Campbell, 1-1.***SEA CREATURES**

Last summer while swimming in a deep rocky pool some distance from the shore, I witnessed a fight to the death between two very queer creatures of the sea. One was a small brightly coloured starfish which was engaged in battle with a crab. The crab, when I arrived on the scene, had just broken off one of the starfish's arms and was retreating with his battle prize when the starfish, which moved with incredible speed for one of its size, retaliated by breaking off one of the crab's nippers. As this left both very poorly armed they scuttled off to lick their wounds until some later date.

Later that day in the same pool I saw the unfortunate crab killed by a large herring. It was sitting on a rock gorging itself on the starfish's arm when the herring swam up behind it and bit it in two. It then proceeded to eat the dead crab. I took the starfish's arm home to see if it would develop into another starfish. This it did over a period of about three months.

The starfish, whose habits I watched very closely, had a very effective way of feeding itself. It would entwine itself around a shellfish and crack its victim's shell. The starfish was very strong and I'm sure it would be the victor in a fight with a crab.

Allan Walker, 1-1.

A HOCKEY PLAYER

A Knight in maroon and white and gold
 He stands, amidst his fellows bold.
 A shining beam rays from his face,
 For sure he's of no earthly race,
 Or is it just a "visor" drawn
 To shade those eyes as bright as dawn.
 That! In his hand! Eyes play a trick.
 Say, is it a woddy, mase or stick
 The knight thus swings so freely
 'Neath the "visor" bright and steely?
 Ah, yet all things must have an end
 And that cheek, we're sure, is on the mend.
 We hope the day will soon come too
 When Sir Knight once more, comes smilin' through.

"Y" Barracker, 4-2.

"FENCING"

Perhaps the intricate art of fencing could best be summed up by the phrasing 'chess played at a high speed'. For there can be no doubt that fencing is just that. Each move must be carefully thought out—an error in judgement resulting often in a hit, for this differs from chess in one respect—split second timing and thinking is needed. No fifteen minutes—more often than not, a fencer has only 1/15th of a second in which to think, then act. This then, is the sport which holds people the world over, enthralled.

Fencing as we know it first originated in the age when the broadsword began to wane in popularity. Men began to realise that the heavy, cumbersome, flat-edged weapons possessed definite disadvantages. With these no skill could be acquired—brute strength was the only attribute necessary.

Thus it was that the smaller, lighter, rapier came into its own. This could be easily manipulated and skill rather than strength was required. The average man, with constant practice could acquire a reasonable degree of dexterity.

Today, three weapons are in existence, the foil, epee and sabre. Women use only the foil; the other weapons being considered too heavy and dangerous for women's use. It is a small weapon, not

more than forty-three inches long and weighing only seventeen ounces. Hits can be scored only with the point and as with all weapons, nimbleness of foot is essential.

The epee, a heavier weapon, weighs twenty-seven ounces. This is a replica of the older duelling sword which only men use. If used incorrectly or by a novice, great damage can be done. Indeed, in top competitions men have been killed by the epee point piercing an artery. As with foil, hits can be made only with the point.

The sabre—another men only weapon—is a replica of the cavalry sword. It is two inches shorter than the epee and foil. In addition to being able to score hits with the point, the bottom edge and the top seven or so inches of the upper edge of the blade also count.

Foil and sabre fighting is governed by definite conventions, that is, one must parry the adversary's blade, the arm must be straight before an attack is commenced—and numerous other technicalities must be observed.

However, the epee fighting is conducted in as realistic a manner as possible. In this, there is no right of attack—the first hit to arrive on the body is counted. Anywhere on the body suffices as a good hit in epee—whether it be foot or head. But, in foil and sabre there is a limited target area.

To minimise risk of injury, protective clothing is worn. The outfit is all white to enable the judges to spot hits more readily. A thin wire mask is worn to protect the face.

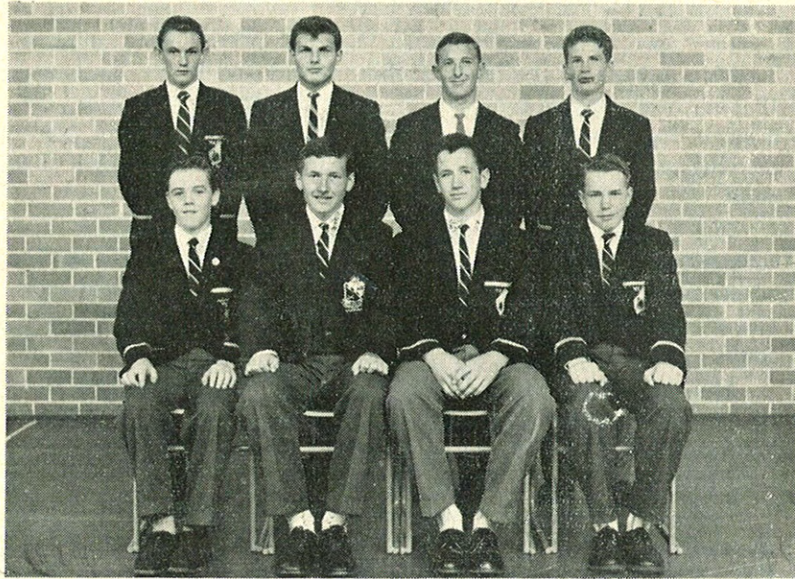
To be competent at this sport, one must be prepared to put everything he can into it. It is the only sport which can truly purport to exercising all of the body muscles. And the fencer must, above all, be able to think clearly and rapidly. In a fraction of a second a defensive movement must be thought of, and then an offensive move executed.

Today, more and more people are realising that this is, without doubt, the "king of sports". In Australia the number of fencing enthusiasts is steadily increasing and the sport has been given a new lift with the advent of electrical apparatus.

Fencing is quite expensive and the total cost of equipment owned by an experienced fencer, that is, including electrical apparatus, runs to over fifty pounds. But the cost is justified by the amount of enjoyment attained. For nothing, apart from participating yourself, can surpass the thrill of seeing two evenly matched opponents fighting a duel.

Barry Wasley, 4-1.

SCHOOL SPORT



STATE SCHOOLBOYS REPRESENTATIVES, 1960

Back Row: John Weelock (Cricket), Gary Papadopoulos (Rugby), Alan Shilkin (Rugby), David Thomas (Football).
Front Row: Glyn James (Soccer), Len Hill (Hockey), Robert Ward (Football and Cricket), Alan Drake (Football).
Absent: Peter Marshall (Soccer).

Football

The school football team entered successfully into the Senior High School competition by winning the open B division. We recorded 6 wins, 1 draw and 1 loss, to finish half a game ahead of Modern School.

Our last game against Mod. was a vital match for both sides as it decided the winner of the competition. This match was played in "grand final" spirit and was anyone's game at three-quarter time. After an inspiring talk by Mr. Fitzpatrick, the boys fought on with great determination in the last quarter, the final scores being 10 goals 9 points to 7 goals 9 points, in our favour.

Throughout the season the team was well served by a great ruck combination in John Stankevicius, Graeme Snooks (Mr. Pol-

iteness), John Hart and Laurie Ala. Centre forward David Dyson, who kicked 36 goals was our only consistent forward. A feature of David's play is his tremendous speed (watch out Dave, West Perth are looking for a goal sneak). Bob Grey, Mick Scaffidi (our scrum half) and vice-captain Warren York were always reliable in the backline. Other consistently good players were Rod Burton, Barry Cain and Geoff Snader.

We would like to thank Mr. Oliver (W.A.'s leading coach) and Mr. Fitzpatrick, without whose help we would not have been nearly so successful.

Eddie Retallack (Capt.).



FOOTBALL FIRST XVIII, 1960—PREMIERSHIP SIDE

Back Row: Matthew Fowler, Graham Sneoks, John Hart, Ray Stankevicius, Laurie Alach, Robert Moore.
Second Row: Gordon Sivewright, Barry Tween-Cain, Evan Jones, Noel Parkington, Wayne Bennets, David Dyson, John Stankevicius.
Centre Row: Robert Gray, Geoff Mews, Robert Ward, Chris Klyse, Tony Michell, Leon Musca, Lyn Castle.
Second Front Row: Geoff Snader, Gary Papadopoulos, Eddie Retallack (Capt.), P. Oliver (Coach), Warren York (Vice-Capt.), Jeff Newman, Craig Millen.
Front Row: Michael Scaffidi, Ian Temby, Ray Burton, Chris Brady.
Absent: Colin Cutler, Colin Cockerton.

Rugby

The 1960 season opened with only a few of our players having played Rugby Union before; but by the end of the season, due mainly to the efforts of our coach, Peter Morrissey, the team emerged an efficient, well-knit unit. New recruits helped us out, and it was only our errors in our first game and Mod's forfeit which lowered our goal average and cost us the Premiership. Three teams tied for first place, John Curtin, Kent Street and Mt. Lawley, but due to our lower goal average Curtin and Kent played off the final with Kent emerging as Premiers.

Our best game was the return match against Curtin, which we won 22-6, with the help of ex-soccer player Benn, State winger Papadopoulos and outside centre Krawzow (the team's highest and most consistent scorer). Vice-captain John Golding pulled his weight and full-back Shilkin, with his superb tackling, barged his way into the State side. Hooker Andrews and scrum-half, Glen Withers both played well and consistently.



RUGBY, WEDNESDAY (FIRST XV)

Back Row: Gary Papadopoulos, Harold Sipols, Ivan Schon, John Blakey.
 Middle Row: Keith Andrew, Robert Harrison, Evan Engalmen, Craig Aitken, Ted Krawzow.
 Front Row: Sol Benn, Glyn Withers, Chris Ridley, Mr. Harman, John Golding, Chris Roberts, Allan Sharp.
 Absent: Alan Shilkin.

In all, the season has been very successful and we hope for the Premiership next year. Special thanks go from the boys to Peter Morrissey, our coach, and Mr. Harman for all the work they have put into making us a team to be reckoned with.

Chris Ridley.

Baseball

For the first time Mt. Lawley competed in the Five Year High School competition. The young and comparatively inexperienced team put up a good showing to raise itself from the bottom and to finish the season in second place with 3 wins, 2 draws and 3 losses. The following players were most successful:—

A. Mallet (Capt.)—held the side together with his hard-hitting and pitching.

P. Turner (V.-Capt.)—first base, only man to hit a home run.

I. Mackenzie—a reliable catcher.

Other players showed considerable improvement during the season and everyone looks forward to playing in the A Grade competition next year.

Phillip Turner.

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Swimming

Friday, April 1st, was the day of the Senior High Schools' Swimming Carnival—although we were left in the other schools' wake in points we did not lack in spirit.

In the boys' section individual congratulations must go to John Golding, Tony Michell, Michael Eddy and Boris Sefer who gained a valuable number of points between them. John Golding was the star of the day. With lazy, sweeping arms he scooped up 2 records and one even time for the 55 yards open, thus sharing the record with E. Valaris of Mod.

In view of the fact that our girls were swimming against very strong, older and more experienced opposition, they swam very well indeed. Special mentions are due to S. Smiles, P. Campbell, J. Milm, G. Hastings, P. Martin and C. Cavanagh.

Remember Lawleyites—never down for long! We are expecting you to bring home the shield next year.

Clive (Waterwings) Hall.



SOCCER FIRST XI, "B" DIVISION (UNDEFEATED)

Back Row: Max Baumwol, John Jordan, George Rzepecki, Hans Bertina, Malcolm Cohen, John McKeich.
Front Row: Glyn James, Doug Williams, Jerry Skivinis (Capt.), Mr. A. Kalnins (Coach), Sol Benn (Vice-Capt.), John Gild, Ian Silver.
Absent: Peter Marshall.

Soccer

This year Mt. Lawley "B" grade soccer romped home with an unbeaten record for the season. Wins such as 14-0 against Stirling and 10-0 against Mod. were not uncommon, and with Mr. Kalnins behind us we finished the season with the excellent goal average of 777.7%.

The team was well served by captain and centre forward, J. Skivinis who notched over 30 goals. Vice-captain John Jordan played brilliantly and so did sharp-shooter George Temnyk and Hans "Specky" Bettina (our reliable and talkative goalkeeper). Peter Marshall and Glen James (our Stanley Mathews) both played first class soccer as did winger Ian Silver and full back George.

Half-backs Mal Cohen and Johnny Gild combined well with Solly Benn and John Jordan to give us a first class backline. Although we never stopped quarrelling amongst ourselves, we played as a team and won as a team.

We enjoyed ourselves and most important of all brought victory to the blue and pinks.

John Gild.



SATURDAY SOCCER TEAMS, "A" AND "B"

Back Row (l. to r.): Len Wilnur, Ian Peters (Vice-Capt. "B"), Herschal Hutton, Les Hoffman, Jim Williamson.
Centre Row: Robert Rademakers, Robert Watson, Ben Hughes, Doug Williams (Vice-Capt. "A"), John Dreezens.
Front Row: Michael Brown, George Rzepecki, Ian Silver, Peter Marshall (Capt. "A"), Powell Manners, Trevor Douns.
Absent: George Tempke, Andrew Green, Glyn James, Chris Cockerton (Capt. "B"), John McKeich.

Girls' Hockey—A Grade

We started the season badly but finished a much improved team. Being younger and less experienced than other teams we did very well against tough opposition, such as Kent St. At the beginning of the season Kent St. (with a number of State players) convincingly thrashed us; at the end of the season, after much improvement and a reshuffling of players, we held them 1-all in an exciting and hard fought match.

Lyn Collins, Rosalind King (Capt.), Jean Preston, Ghita McDermid and Georgie Stack all played consistently and sometimes brilliantly.

Jeanette McDonald, Lyn Collins and Carol Meadows giggled and joked and generally acted the fool the most but nevertheless scored all of our goals. Diane Sellick, a fast winger, was an asset to the side and Pauline Sorrell played well except when she undercut the ball. Val Warner and Pat Sweeting deserve praise for their great improvement during the season.

Although we did not win "every" match everyone enjoyed herself, even when we fell in the mud patch when playing against Mod.

Pauline Sorrell.

Basketball

This was the first year that Mt. Lawley participated in the five-year high school competitions. The "A" grade basketball found the competition too keen, but with this year's experience, we should improve greatly in the 1961 season.

Carole Naylor (Captain), a fast attack wing and an invaluable player. Without a reliable girl for this position the goal-throwers could not attempt to score.

Shirley Fall (Vice-Captain). Although Shirley did her job in the defence line, experience, will improve her game.

Helen Pickering is the only fourth year in our team. Helen had a struggle to play with the smaller, younger players. She is an accurate goal-thrower, and plays very well.

Diane Polglaze. Practice will improve Diane, but she proved herself able to keep up with much older and taller competition.

Paula Martin. The centre position must have an accurate thrower, and Paula did well with her quick movements.

Lorna Kickett. Lorna, being a strong player, had no trouble in holding her position in the defence wing.

Jan Prout. Quick movements settled Jan's position, and she kept the defence alive.

Judy Molster. As Judy was unable to attend the first practice, she was able to play only three games. Judy, being a utility player, did well at all positions.

Carole Naylor.

Girls' Tennis

Our very young and inexperienced team competed in fine sporting fashion in the Girls' Senior Tennis Competition. Although our girls never won a match as a team, a few individual victories were gained. When we consider that many of the girls were third years and that the team was almost left to fend for itself and train itself, we must congratulate them for their participation which was a credit to our school.

The team consisted of V. Warner (Capt.), B. Fischer (No. 1 seed), J. Cross, H. Tomanek, H. Pickering, S. Green, D. Roberman and Kay Oates.

Boy's Hockey

On Wednesday, August 17th, Mt. Lawley, by drawing with Mod., won the interschool open B division hockey competition. Although this was our second draw we won quite conclusively, and wins such as 11-1 against Stirling and 7-0 against Curtin made it quite obvious which team was dominant.

Our efforts deserve praise both for the team's combined work, and Mr. Scott's fine coaching and umpiring (perhaps a little one-eyed due to a recent encounter).

Although individuals don't make up a team, special mention must be made of Barry Arnold (Mr. Goal-getter), Peter Dodd (ever reliable with his good backing up and hitting), John Hulme (a future Mel Pearce) and Frank O'Rourke, who, as Lyall Kevan could say "literally fed up with." As to the rest they all made up a fine team deserving success.

As far as the matches themselves go, we won 6 and drew 2. Altogether there were 46 goals for and 11 against giving us an overall average of 4.1 goals per match.

B. Arnold and J. Hulme excelled in goal scoring, S. Chamarette was unlucky not to score (better luck next year Cham!).

In conclusion, congratulations go to all who wore the blue and pink, and who we hope will help us win the A grade in '61.

Len Hill (Capt.).



HOCKEY XI, SATURDAY TEAM

Back Row: John Chalmers, Michael Rawlinson, Lyall Kevan, Michael Eddy, Alan Keenan, Trevor Norton.

Front Row: Noel Hill, Kevin Robson, Mr. A. Scott (Coach), Stephen Chamarette (Capt.), John Steinhart, John Goldman, Gilbert Webster.



HOCKEY XI, WEDNESDAY TEAM

Back Row: John Moulton, John Turner, Lyall Kevan, Clive Hail, Michael Eddy, Barry Arnold.
Front Row: John Hulme, Stephen Chamarette, Len Hill (Capt.), Mr. A. Scott (Coach), Frank O'Rourke, Peter Dodd, John Goldman.

Cricket—A Grade

Although the school cricket team did not meet with success we gained valuable experience against much stronger opposition.

Our first match resulted in a first innings win for John Curtin. In our first innings we were dismissed for 88 (P. Marshall 27) but in the second innings we started much more confidently to be 3 for 71 at stumps (P. Marshall 20, E. Retallack 24 n.o.), only 22 runs short of outright victory. Opener P. Marshall held the team together with steady, patient run-getting.

The second match was against Stirling. We batted first for a total of 92 (D. Dyson 19). Stirling replied with 102 (D. Dyson 2-32). In our second innings we were unable to get on top of the bowling and were all out for 65 (Jones 23). This left Stirling 56 runs to make in 35 minutes for an outright victory. Owing to our poor bowling and atrocious fielding they were able to make the runs with 3 minutes to spare.

We are hoping for better results in third term when we play Mod. and Kent St. The team extends its thanks to Mr. Sawle for his time and assistance.

Eddie Retallack.

Boy's Tennis

At the beginning of the year Mt. Lawley played a series of matches against the other Senior High Schools at Royal King's Park. During the series no match was won although individuals often scored a few sets. We were not disgraced in losing as we were younger and less experienced than other schools. Next year we hope for more success on the court even with the loss of Norm Taylor.

The team consisted of:

B. Wasley (Capt.), who as No. 1 player met with strong opposition.

N. Taylor—combined well with Wasley in doubles and played well in singles.

B. Hughes—played well but found the going tough against players 2 years his senior.

W. York—a strong and dependable player who won several sets.

W. Mincham—played well but again was beaten by older players.

G. Mincham—found himself matched against older and better players.

P. Dodd—had little success against stronger players.

J. Goldman—won several sets and warranted a higher place in the team.

Wayne Mincham.

Softball

Practice makes perfect. I don't know whether the girls had this in mind, but that's what we certainly did plenty of. We didn't have any success in our interschool matches, but we gave the other schools a good game.

Georgie Stack, the captain, became an ideal to us all. At the beginning of the season she played in the outfield and stopped the opposition from scoring by her long, straight throws. Later she played pitcher and equalled the pitchers from the other schools.

Kath Downie, as catcher, improved greatly toward the end of the season.

Marilyn Walker played well on first base. Phylis Robertson and Roslyn King held the other two bases. Barbara Mountjoy and Sylvia Cekanaskas were the short stops of the team. Lorna Kickett, Ghita McDermid and Suzette Speight were the team's outfielders.

All players gained valuable experience and are hoping for a more successful final term.

Georgina Stack, Roslyn King.

INTERSTATE TOUR, 1960

Amid fond farewells 31 boys bound for Melbourne, Sydney and Canberra departed from Perth station on 13th August. After a long, but interesting train journey, we arrived in Melbourne, the first really big city that most of us had seen. Having occupied the morning in looking around the city and viewing some of the sights close to Melbourne, we left Essendon by Fokker Friendship at 4 p.m. for Canberra.

During the flight our football vice-captain adroitly placed himself in a most enviable position by means of a "premeditated accident". This symbol of angelic purity spilt his coffee and was rewarded with the undivided attention of both the charming hostesses. At six o'clock we alighted at Canberra, everyone souvenir-ing the still empty paper bag as a memento of his first plane trip.

Having met our various hosts, we departed with them with the prospect of an early rise the following morning in preparation for our departure for Mount Koscuisko. This trip proved to be one of the highlights of the tour.

For all of us snow was a new and exhilarating experience. We tried skiing and tobogganning, both unique experiences. The spectacle of the day was when our manager, aboard the fastest toboggan came hurtling down a steep descent. In an attempt to decrease his speed our tobogganist promptly nose-dived into the packed snow, amid cheers from the lads. It was a group of tired and leg-weary, but extremely satisfied youths who returned to Canberra that night.

On Thursday we were entertained at Parliament House, where we had the pleasure of hearing many of the country's noted politicians, including the Prime Minister, the Right Hon. R. G. Menzies. In the afternoon the hockey team drew its match, but the football team lost.



TOURING TEAMS, 1960

Back Row: Geoff Martin, John Goldman, Ray Williamson, Ian Frome, Geoff Penn, Ian Temby, Clive Sargent, Barry Tween-Cain.

Second Row: Geoff Mews, Evan Jones, Barry Arnold, Graham Chapman, John Hart, David Dyson, Robert Moore, John Turner.

Third Row: John Chalmers, Ross Thomson, Jon Steinberg, Rodney Burton, Geoff Snader, Ken Johnson, Craig Millen, Graham Dawe, Robert Nichols.

Front Row: Robert Gray, Peter Dodd, John Hulme, Mr. D. Melrose (Manager), Eddie Retallack, Warren York, Bill Cox.

Our last day in Canberra was spent in a tour of the city and its environs, which included a visit to the War Memorial. This left the boys with many sobering and moving thoughts.

Early next morning we boarded the plane for Sydney. From Mascot Aerodrome we were driven by bus through the city, over the famous bridge, and then out to Narrabeen Health and Fitness Camp which was to be our headquarters for the next twelve days.

That afternoon we joined a ferry at Circular Quay which took us for a cruise around the harbour. Just as we cruised past Fort Denison, an old island fort in the centre of the harbour, it was announced over the P.A. system of the ferry that Mr. Melrose was to

celebrate his third wedding anniversary on the following day. This announcement seemed to cause much merriment among the lads. Mr. Melrose received many hearty handshakes and congratulatory messages from all members of the party. The submitter of the notice was forced to retreat to a lower deck, away from the announcer, so that his screams of laughter could not be heard above the rest.

Katoomba, which we visited the next day, proved to be a haven for our enthusiastic "shutterbugs". We rode on the "Scenic Railway," a small open carriage which ran down a steep slope of fifty-two degrees, and the "skyway", a cage suspended by a cable across a chasm a thousand feet deep. The Blue Mountains proved to be truly blue.

When we visited the Gap on Monday and watched the waves crash and foam on the rocks below we decided that there were better places to attempt suicide, because we found that it cost one twenty pounds if the attempt failed. That night we saw "South Seas Adventure" in cinemascope. The film was, as the title suggests, about the islands of the South Seas—Hawaii (boy !!), New Zealand and Australia.

After a late night we rather reluctantly, after much gentle persuasion from Mr. Melrose, rose in the morning to be entertained by the Golden Fleece Oil Company. During the day we were taken to La Perouse native welfare settlement. Here the natives taught us how to throw boomerangs, and becoming quite proficient at the art many of the boys bought lethal weapons. That evening we went to see "My Fair Lady" which we all thoroughly enjoyed.

On Wednesday we were to play James Cook High School at Banksia. We were all to meet at Chatswood Station from where we were to proceed to Banksia as a group. A number of the boys felt that they were capable of reaching the destination without the assistance of the rest of the party. They ended up at Bankstown instead of Banksia and, after arriving three hours late, were amazed at the warm reception given them by Mr. Melrose. The hockey match was lost, however, the footballers were more successful.

Early the following morning we set off on a tour of the Hawkesbury River, and that evening we saw yet another good show—"Ben Hur".

Friday was spent at Taronga Park Zoo. We were amazed at the number of different species of animals kept there. Although the day was well spent we found that we had not sufficient time to see

all of the exhibits. That evening we went to see "South Pacific", a film which had been showing in Sydney for over two years.

The defeat of the hockey team the next morning by a combined Sydney team, Mr. Melrose attributed to too many late nights. The football team, however, soon disproved this theory by convincingly defeating their opponents, a St. George team, in the afternoon.

On the following Wednesday evening we departed from Sydney by train. Arriving in Melbourne at 12.30 the next day we were met by representatives from General Motors-Holdens who took us to their works at Fisherman's Bend. Here we were entertained at a magnificent dinner before being shown over the plant.

We finally left Melbourne at 8 p.m. and, after changing trains at Adelaide, Port Pirie and Kalgoorlie, we arrived home a very satisfied group, having spent three wonderful weeks on tour.

On behalf of the touring teams, we wish to express our sincere thanks to Mr. Melrose for his grand effort in making the trip possible. The excellent organisation was clearly evident at all times.

Once again, thanks Mr. Melrose.

J. Mews, C. Millen, W. York.

Season after Season . . .

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WORLD REFUGEE APPEAL

Flags waved, drums rolled, crackers banged, and people shouted. Everyone ran down the streets, cheering loudly, every voice ringing with triumph. Splotches of khaki and navy blue moved fitfully through the crowds. The uniformed men were hailed with grateful cheers as they joined in the merry-making. They were the heroes of the day. Down at the station and at the quay, parents and girl friends joyfully welcomed back their loved ones, home from grim battle scenes. Some stood silent, looking with dull eyes for the ones who would never return. Although they sorrowfully waited for them with a dull aching thudding in the breast, they too were glad. Glad that it was all finished, and no more of England's brave sons could be torn from their homes to die on an unknown shore. The uniforms slowly dispersed, and swept away into that mad, gay, triumphant crowd, and then home to the warm glow of a cheery fire, and the welcoming faces of the family.

But what of the people in strife-torn Europe? Where did they go? Some wearily trudged back to view with aching hearts, what once had been their home. A gaunt spectre of blackened bricks and broken beams loomed up from the rubble. This was once a magnificent mansion, but now it was crippled, with great gaping wounds in its majestic wall, and its roof torn apart by the bombs. That was what a now small family had to go back to. The naked walls stood out in sharp relief against the lowering sky, cruelly stripped of all its pride and glory of its gleaming facades, and with it had gone finery and wealth of a family, and with that too, had gone their prestige.

Unable to bear the broken spectacle any longer, the family turned and walked away, the shabbiness of the ruins somehow reflected in their pitiful costume of rags. The odd, bulky little figures, who once wore the elegant finery of the newest fashions, now loaded with what little possessions they had left, turned their steps towards the outskirts of the village. Towards the camp . . .

Small, cramped rooms, leaking roofs, overcrowded huts, slushy muddy grounds, poor meals, dingy halls and long queues. After ten or twelve years one got used to all that. The broken old men sitting on the dirty doorsteps cast an atmosphere of hopelessness over all, but what was worse, was to see the children playing in the rubbish heaps, or on the muddy paths, because that was what they were growing up to, the useless life of waiting. Waiting, waiting, waiting for a chance to start life again, or in the case of youths our

own age, to start life for the first time. To feel the security of a home, and a job. They do not ask much, just a chance. One day, perhaps, their turn will come after waiting for weeks, months or years, in a never-ending queue, and they will pass on to a new lease of life, and the next person will take his place in the line, and patiently wait. For some, though, the chance never comes, and they go on, day after listless day, just sitting and waiting.

Can you deny their plaintive plea. Will you let a child's future be thwarted, a child who could be sitting next to you in class, grasping the same opportunities as you, striving for the same goal.

Give them that chance, through the World Refugee Appeal.

Seona Smiles, 3-5.

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Prefects

Judy Jaworsky, Wendy Frost, Jerry Skivinis,
John Jordan

Social Committee

Glyn Withers, Judy Jaworsky, Wendy Frost, Roslyn King,
Jerry Skivinis

Magazine Representatives

Richard Smith, Wendy Frost

Prefects' Notes

The elected prefects were called on to write a summary of the House activities until the end of second term. After much begging, pleading and promises, a report was finally handed to the representatives.

Hackett House has four school prefects who have been most dutiful and have worked hard for the school. They are Judy Jaworsky, Gail Perry, Margaret Chalmers and Jerry Skivinis.

The House's fund-raising efforts have resulted in two appreciably large sums of money, one for the World Refugees during second term and the other for the Red Cross in first term. Each class rallied and devised a plan of raising money, some resorting to penny collections, films, and others to tuckshops with sweets and lucky dips. During first term a very successful social was held to mark the opening of Hackett House and to welcome the new first

years. A great time was had by all and many were eagerly awaiting the social in second term. This social, regrettably, was postponed at first because the social committee decided it was too close to the exams and many students would not come. The money raised at the social led to the purchase of two clocks to be installed in the gymnasiums for use during exams.

As a school beautification project, Mr. Willis suggested and directed two modern interpretations of study and endeavour. These are to be placed on the black tiles on either side of the study.

More activities will be covered by class reports in more detail, so finally the "pres" wish to thank Mr. Clegg and staff members of Hackett House for their able assistance throughout the year.

"Our Pres"

JERRY SKIVINIS, head of the Hackett House Prefects, is noted for his lengthy speeches at Hackett House meetings. These speeches last anything up to one whole minute before he eventually decides to stop. He is an ardent listener to "Yes—what!" (Where he learns his technique). No-one is quite sure how Jerry got his driver's licence, as there is now a heap of debris where there was once his father's car. Talk about old styles coming back into fashion! Jerry has contributed to the modern world by bringing the original "Sampson" hair style back into orbit.

At ten past nine, a girl can be seen charging up the school driveway, breaking all records and rules. Dixie Willis? No! She is another Hackett House prefect, JUDITH JAWORSKY (or "Madame Money-bags" as she is preferably known as by all the members of her house). She never quite seems to make it. Then she has to run around and borrow somebody else's assignment book to copy an assignment out which was due in two days previously. It is nearly morning recess before she eventually makes the class room.

Ever heard of a "Bird-Dog?" Something in the same line came out at the Murdoch Masquerade Ball. However, this was a "Boy-Girl". JOHN JORDAN—a Hackett House Prefect dressed as a school girl and sang! Sang? Maybe that is why all the members of Murdoch House are having ear trouble lately.

WENDY FROST, the fourth Hackett House Prefect, showed her ability to wash elephants at a House social. Maybe we'll have to start searching for a new prefect, if she leaves to get a job in the

zoo. Wendy and Richard Smith were working (??) together for the school magazine—and the scandal!! Wendy and Richard were always together. (Maybe she will try for a job in the zoo, after this is published).

Lesley Potter, 4-5.

Clubs

Debating Club

This club was formed as a result of the debating bug biting the school as a whole. It began functioning on the 11th June when the first meeting was held and Gail Perry and Margaret Bremner were elected as President and Secretary respectively. Meetings have been held regularly and a high standard of debating has been attained. Inter-house debating has shown keen competition and Hackett has succeeded in winning three heats and participating in the finals with Forrest which resulted in a narrow one point loss for Hackett.

Junior Red Cross

Due to the decision of the House to support the appeal during first term, a club was formed with many enthusiastic members. On Thursday, 23rd June, a meeting produced the necessary office-bearers, Graham Malbury as President, Nessia Solomons as Secretary and the appointed Treasurer was Margaret Helfgott. A visit by Miss Bilney, the State Supervisor, as a further encouragement to this club, was arranged a week later. This club is ably assisted by Mr. Devenish. On the 14th July, Miss Bilney again visited and showed films of the activities of the Junior Red Cross.

Sport

Football

Hackett has gone to centre full forward in the field of football. With no losses to their discredit, Hackett is certainly showing the school how to play real rugged football. The stars have been Clive Sargent, Max Boylan, Errol Heydon, Bob Lynes, Ross Partington, Bill Reay and Michael Scaffidi, not to mention Greg Vivien. When the game became a walkover the interest was lost, so we lent the opposition a few of our players. This was still to no avail, the thrashing continued. So as to boost the school team we gave clearances to ten of our players to play with the school side. Also as an aid to the State Football Team we allowed Alan Drake to play interstate.

Men's Basketball

As a keen basketball fan, Mr. Clegg introduced this sport and avid interest was instantly shown with rivalry existing between Houses. Although grid iron tactics were occasionally tried it became a regular feature of Thursday and Friday lunch-times. Colin Cockerton is Hackett's captain and Gary Papadopoulus is vice-captain. Our first game proved successful against Murdoch, the second successful against Forrest, and the third unsuccessful against O'Connor.

Girls' Basketball

The girls have also held their own in sport with the highest representation in the school team and have lost only one game. The senior team has had many outstanding wins, perhaps the most decisive on Wednesday, 10th August, the final scores being 55 to Hackett and 1 to Forrest. Well done, girls!

Form Notes*First Years—1-2, 1-6, 1-10*

Hackett first years are annexed at North Perth Primary School so they have had a pretty rough time with obvious inconveniences.

With combined methods the first years have raised £23/19/- for House funds and this, you will agree, is a very fine effort.

Second Years

Hackett is blessed with two second year forms, 2-1 and 2-4, both of which contain the cream of Mount's geniuses. 2-4 has had the honour of having two State representatives in sport, while 2-1 has the top students in second year. The able prefects of 2-4 are Kerry Burrows and Bevan Godsoll and of 2-1 are Janet Lyon and J. Wills.

Third Years

Hackett's third year classes are 3-5, all girls, and the top commercial form, and 3-7, an all-boys' class which is a great backstop of willing workers. Both these forms are well represented in the sporting sphere. Four girls play in the school basketball team, these being Gail Murphy, Joy Brocklehurst, Marilyn Smith and Carol Naylor, and Georgina Stack is in the school hockey team. Nine

boys from 3-7 have represented the school in various sports and Gary Papadopoulus has been selected for the State rugby team.

A photographic contest was held by Leona Smiles and the proceeds from this went towards the Hackett funds for the World Refugee Year Appeal.

Fourth Years

Miss Bowen is the form teacher of 4-5 which originally had an enrolment of 45 pupils. The class is divided into two, namely, 4-5 and 4-6. The form prefects are Glyn Withers, who is ably assisted by Roslyn King.

Sporting activities are well supported, many of the students being represented in school teams. Roslyn King, Helen Hawthorn and Kaye Oates are in the school hockey team and Helen Pickering and Wendy Sameck are in the basketball team.

Hackett football team is the top House team and the strategic positions are held by our form members.

The class has raised funds by various means for the Red Cross and the World Refugees and both these worthy causes have been strongly supported by the students with very pleasing results.

A GLIMPSE AT ANCIENT EGYPT

One of the most interesting countries of the African continent is Egypt where Pharaohs ruled many thousands of years ago, and where today can still be seen their amazing pyramids, sphinxes, and temples. Archaeology has revealed many of these fantastic secrets. The greatest of all these wonders is undoubtedly the burial place of kings—the Pyramids. The Egyptians were, at that time unequalled in construction work and even today their high standard of building is not excelled.

Although the exact method of construction is not known, it is safe to assume that vast numbers of men must have been used. The man-power would most probably have been slaves and many thousands of men probably died to build the tomb of their king. The pyramids were first begun around 2,900 B.C., and the mighty stone tombs still stand as one of the seven wonders of the world.

When the body of the king had been embalmed, it was placed in the royal chamber, which held all the king's possessions. The

walls were covered with beautiful tapestries and colourful paintings, these have been a great asset to the men who have, and still are discovering new facts about this ancient civilisation. The pyramids have corridors connecting the chambers, these are like the rooms in that the walls are also covered with fine drawings and paintings.

Although the blocks used in building the pyramids were made of limestone the passages were lined with granite. The outside of the pyramids was covered with alabaster, giving a perfectly smooth surface, time has however removed most of this and the roughly carved stone can be seen.

The pyramids were surrounded with the temples of the priests, and these were furnished as richly as the kings. The tables, chairs, beds, etc., were of the finest woods inlaid with gold, while weapons, clothing, and the food was no less magnificent.

The greatest of all the pyramids is at Giza, this is the tomb of the king Cheops, and measures 480ft. in height, with the length of base 755ft. It is estimated that some 5 million tons of stone were used to build it.

Connected in many people's minds with pyramids, are the nearly equally famous sphinxes, but the one with which we are dealing is the Egyptian sphinx, which has the head of a man and the body of a lion, it is meant to symbolise royal dignity. Between the paws of the sphinx stands the temple of the sun god which was also occupied by the priests. The sphinx near the pyramids is carved out of a natural spur of rock.

The pyramids and sphinxes of Egypt hold a fascination for many people, and unless destroyed by human hands they will stand on the rolling sands of Egypt, beside the river Nile, for all the world to see and wonder at until the end of time.

Jennifer Walters, 2-4.

FOUR - FOUR

4-4 is the class which has only the best,
4-4 is the class with the knowledge and zest,
4-4 is the class which is NEVER a pest,
4-4 is the class which stands out from the rest!

Whenever we change rooms, deep silence we claim,
Wherever the row is—we're never to blame,
Whatever crops up, 4-4's always game,
We're bashful and modest in spite of our fame.
Though we know that the whole of the school knows our name!

English for us is very dear,
Especially when exams are near,
Our knowledge of literature's good to hear:
We've heard of Dickens and H. E. Bates,
And Enid Blyton and W. Yeats.
There's Edward Lear, Shakespeare and Clare,
Richmal Crompton and de la Mare.
We know of the Big Rock Candy Mountains
And old King Sol—the wise and the just,
And we know that golden lads all must
As girls and chimney-sweeps come to dust!
And during these lessons of sweet silent thought,
We sigh the lack of many a mark we sought.

Bien entendu, M. Flynn nous aime plus,
Surtout, en haut, in Room J!
Il dit: Taisez-vous! (si J'avais une hache
Je pouvais débarrasse . . .!) Taisez-vous!
(Which loses its beauty en anglais').

Economics was worked out by clever old sages,
And even in 4-4 fills dozens of pages,
Division of Labour through the ages.
"Manufacturing" dealt with in stages.
And hints on getting higher wages.
And again, Mr. Mann's inspiring orations
and unconvincing declarations
on Composition of Populations
The National Income, the price of stations
Knowledge made Useful by its applications,
Role of Government and regulations.

Mr. McGrath is training us well
And now (fairly often) we're in on the bell.

At Physics and Chem 4-4's in the lead,
On all our assignments we eagerly feed,
All the set homework 4-4 does with greed—
We love doing extra, more than we need,
And for hours our text-books we happily read!

Maths in 4-4 is just one happy joke,
There are theorems composed by a late Euclid bloke,
And into our skulls we let A.P.'s soak.
But Maths in 4-4 has not many fans—
There are too many cos's, cosecs and tans,
As well as logarithms, G.P.'s and surds,
And other equally frightening words.
But Mr. Sawle, we agree, is an untiring man,
Who is doing the best that anyone can.

But 4-4 knows a time for which all of us wait,
It's on Friday, three periods—six, seven, eight.
In the Regions of Silence, upstairs near room x,
Is the Region of Terror, where we fear for our necks,
Through the Red Door we are silently herded,
Behind the Red Door we are one by one murdered,
It is therefore no wonder that Mr. O'Dwyer,
(Up on his usual round to enquire)
Turns to our Library Member of Staff;
And exclaims, in alarm, that we've dwindled by half!

Norma Kowarsky, 4-4.

"THE HIGH WIRE"

Many people may wonder at the necessity for extremely high voltage in transmission wires from power stations to usage areas. They may put it down to a method of combating "line-loss." (This is partly true). The real reason is that if a heavy current was pushed through the line it would become a vast outdoor heater, on the same principle as a household radiator. Although it does not affect the climate of the surrounding area, high voltage is extremely dangerous. It must be kept three yards away from the gigantic

steel towers that carry the wires. Workmen must not go within sixteen feet of a live wire or the electricity would attempt to jump at them. If a workman does infiltrate into this area his spine tingles and his hair stands on end.

When the "Monster" reaches its destination it is transformed into something milder, say 6,000 volts (still carried by steel towers) and then as you see about the streets, enters another transformer (a grey box) and emerges at a strength suitable for household use (240-250 volts).

The greatest danger to the high wire is an ice storm. The ice on the wires sets them "dancing". Two wires contact in a blinding flash and the line is knocked out, sometimes for days, or even weeks.

Nowadays, this is combatted by pushing a heavy current through a hundred miles at a time to melt the ice. A.C. current is used because D.C. cannot be transformed or a "line-loss" recovered.

Doug Tyler, 1-1.

"MACBETH" AT MOUNT LAWLEY

"You shall be king."

—Order conferred on the Principal by the Deputy Director in the gym, in front of all loyal subjects, on 15th August, 1960.

*"Yet who would have thought the old
Man to have had so much
Blood in him?"*

—Staff v. Student Soccer Match.

*"Stand not upon the order of your going
But go at once."*

—Overheard in the vicinity of the office of the Principal Mistress.

"How is it with me, when every noise appals me?"

—Students' complaints of the P.A. system.

*"Let us seek out some desolate shade and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty."*

—Exam results received.

"Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it."

—Give up Spike.

" it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

—Mews—if dilatory form. ◦

"Child of integrity."

—B. Tween-Cain.

"Oh, horror! horror! horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive or name thee."

—Biol. prac.

"Let every man be master of his time."

—Stano of cross-country mile fame.

"Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes which
thou dost glare with."

—Mr. F. setting chem. exams.

"But this place is too cold for hell."

—The undercroft.

"O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear."

—Elaine Mac's art.

"Avaunt and quit my sight."

—Address to Ivan.

"O gentle lady 'tis not for you to hear what I can speak
The repetition in a woman's ear would murder as it fell."

—IV3 English results heard by Miss R.

"Anon, anon!"

Farewell.

★ ★ ★

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