

1961

part of the Past Yearbook Project.

Forward

Thank you for displaying an interest in the history of Mount Lawley Senior High School. Our history is rich with over 50 years of memories and our Yearbooks form part of the record of achievement in those years.

We trust that while these pages are sometimes faded due to initial printing inadequacies, you are still able to gain some valuable memories of our school in days gone by. This *Past Yearbook Project* has been made possible as an initiative from our PR Officer, Mark Lynch and "The Press Room", Mr Tom Samson's Year 10 English Class. The students have learnt skills such as scanning, manipulation of electronic documents using Adobe InDesign2 as the desktop publishing tool, and awareness of the need for accuracy due to the intended audience and life of these documents.

You are welcome to come into the school, and see the original Lawley Yearbooks which are kept in our school library. Please call 94710300 to make an appointment.

Our school has completely changed with the construction of a new school. The building program commenced in 2003 and was completed early in 2006. Over \$40 million has been spent on making our school a state of the art educational facility. The only original buildings that remain (with major additions and modifications) are the boys and girls gymnasiums and the gardeners shed.

While there have been major physical and structural changes what has not changed is the fact that we still have exceptional students and staff. Each year students of the school achieve outstanding results in all areas of learning.

Over the past fifty years one feature stands out and that is the pride and respect that people hold for Mount Lawley Senior High School. As I say to Year 12 students at the final awards night: "Congratulations, you now have the privilege of becoming a former student of Mount Lawley SHS, a status you will cherish as you go off to make your mark in the world."

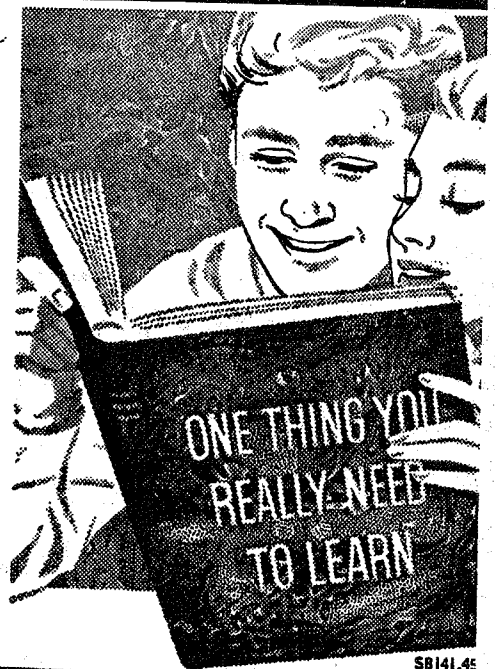
Terry Boland
Principal 2007
Mount Lawley Senior High School

Mark Lynch
Public Relations Officer



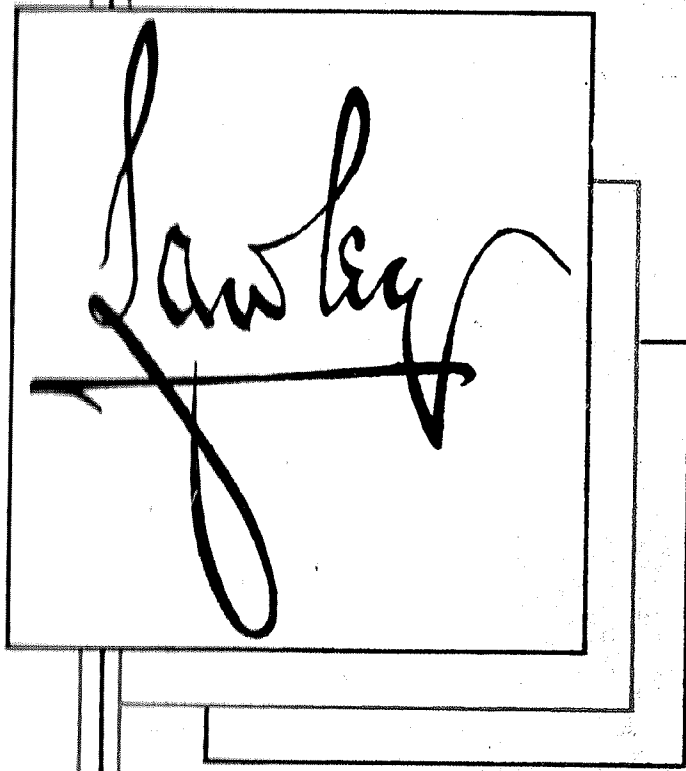
Albert

It is most important that you learn not only how to *earn* money, but also that you learn how to save it — because of all the money you earn *only what you save really belongs to you*. From this you can see a Commonwealth Savings Bank account is a must for every girl and boy. It will enable *you* to get the savings habit while you are at school — a habit that will help *you* to success and happiness all your life. Open a Commonwealth Savings Bank account to-day.



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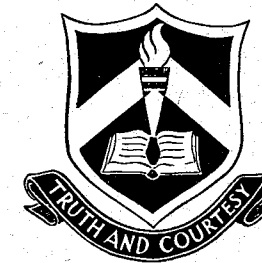
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STUDENT OFFICIALS

School Captain
Warren York

Head Girl
Norma Kowarsky

PREFECTS

Boys
Eddie Retallack, Len Hill,
Alan Sharp, Jerry Skivinis,
Graeme Snooks, Craig Millen,
Jeff Mews.

Girls
Gail Perry, Wendy Frost,
Margaret Chalmers, Jan Wellman,
Judith Jaworsky, Val Warner,
Pat Sweeting.

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

Editors

Malcolm Roberts, Anne Reed, Sandra Tauss, John Menouchin

Sub-Editors

Ben Hughes, Judith Molster, Diane Roberman, Peter Marshall,
Michael Rawlinson, Wayne Ridley.

School Captains

John Purton	1956
John Purton	1957
Alan Barton	1958
Len Hill	1959
Warren York	1960

Head Girls

Unice Dicks
Unice Dicks
Sandra Bantock
Judy Jaworsky
Mary Seotis

Dux of the School

1960—Robert Schock
1961—Alan Sharp

EDITORIAL

At last here is what you have all been waiting for—the second volume of “Lawley”. Although the actual magazine is the same size as last year’s, we have decided to include more original entries and with the large response earlier in the year the selection was not easy. Thanks to all those enthusiastic contributors who by their efforts have helped to produce this magazine, and congratulations to John Hulme, 5-2, and Meredith Atkinson, 2-1, the winners of the awards for the best original entries from the Upper and Lower School.

In last year’s magazine, you will remember, only the photographs of winning teams appeared. Unfortunately many boys were disappointed as there were no girls to beautify the pages. However, we have rectified the deficiency in the present issue by publishing photographs of all Wednesday A School Teams. We regret that there is not enough space for any others.

As well as a change in the magazine we also have a change in the school, for this is the first year that we have had a fifth form. Now we can truthfully call ourselves a Senior High School, and to cope with the extra numbers a complete—well, almost complete—new wing of classrooms had to be added. It also appears as if a new parking area should have been provided for our 17+ fifth formers’ cars, motor bikes and ‘bombs’ (not to be confused with crackers).

Good luck in the Leaving and Junior to all Fifth and Third Years—and to all the others, let’s see if your final term’s results can be the best you’ve had yet. Then you can sit back with a clear conscience and read your magazine. We feel, that although last year’s “Lawley” set a high standard, this one is even better. Now see what you think.

Editors.



Definitions

To become effective in appropriate subjects as from date of publication. (This has been forced on us by teachers: to be found scattered throughout the mag — the definitions that is, not the teachers. Ed.).

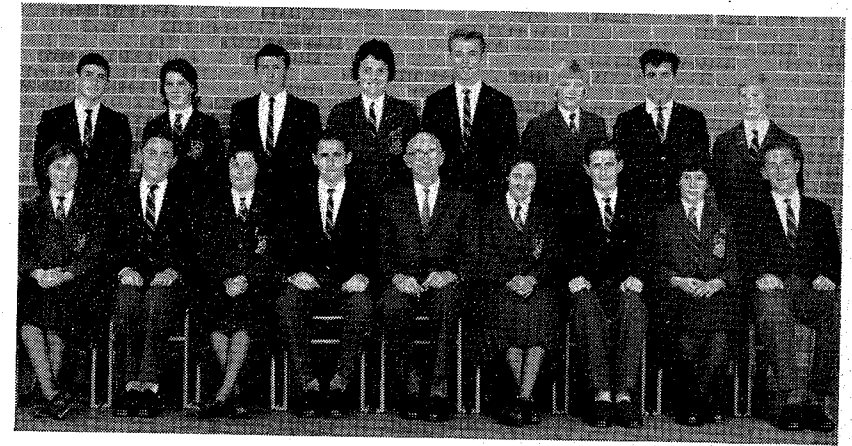
Theme—line up the back of a thtocking.

Erg!—attitude to work.

T’weezers—pulmonary obstruction.

Off Shore Bar—floating hotel.

PREFECTS’ NOTES



PREFECTS

Back Row: Alan Sharp, Judy Jaworsky, Len Hill, Val Warner, Graeme Snooks, Jan Wellman, Jerry Skivinis, Pat Sweeting.

Front Row: Margaret Chalmers, Jeff Mews, Gail Perry, Warren York (School Capt.), Mr. W. Walker (Principal), Norma Kowarsky (Head Girl), Craig Millen, Wendy Frost, Edwin Retallack.

We returned to Mt. Lawley this year as enthusiastic fifth years, grimly determined to make our presence in the school felt. Once in possession of our badges we forcefully set about keeping intruders off the stairs, and keeping the upstairs promenade for the exclusives from the Upper School only. Room AA became our stronghold and once a week we barricaded ourselves within to eat our lunches and quarrel furiously over Top Secret issues.

The main work in First Term was the preparation for the End of Term Social, exams coming as a rather unpleasant interruption. Now, in second term, our iron rule over the students is being strengthened and next term we plan a “Reign of Terror” which guarantees to produce model students.

This is our last year (?) as Prefects at Mt. Lawley. We would like to take this opportunity of sympathising with future Prefects and wishing them the best of luck.

Norma Kowarsky.

THE LAW OF THE HIGHWAY

*Now this is the Law of the Highway—as old and as true as the sky,
And the car that shall keep it may thunder, but the car that shall break
it must die.*

*As the racer that circles the circuit, the Law speedeth forward and back—
For the pace of the car is the horses, and the pace of the horses, the
track.*

*Grease daily from front-plate to rear-plate; drive slowly, but never too
slow;*

*And remember the track is for racing, and forget not the flag means to
go.*

*The hot-rod may follow the racer, but, car, when thy camshaft is ground,
Remember the rod is a racer — go forth like a wolf to the hound.*

*Keep peace with the parts of the motor —the piston, the carby, the
block;*

And alter the note of the muffler, and use not a car that is stock.

*When car meets with car at the cross-roads, and neither will give to the
right*

Don't you be the one to go forward; politeness is better than might.

Now these are the Laws of the Highway, and many and mighty are they;

But the grill and the boot of the Law and the donk and the hood is—

Obey!

—Hans Bertina, 5-2.

HOT RODDING

In the post-war years of America there came into being a new type of car enthusiast. He usually wore grease stained, faded blue jeans, a sweat shirt, and perhaps a leather jacket with a suitable inscription on the back. Scruffy-looking though the owner was, his car was a show-piece—duco gleamed, exposed metal shone with chrome and the engine gave forth a burbling, rumbling monotone which was music to its owner's ears.

As most of the engines used are V8's, parts and extras are obtained very cheaply, as are the cars themselves. This is important as it meant that the average man, or even the young lad, could afford to tune up his car.

From all this emerged three specific types—street rods, competition rods and a mixture of both. So popular is this sport that it has spread rapidly and has finally reached Perth, W.A. Now many of our young boys (and some of the not-so-young, including one 72-year-old), who like to have just a little edge on the other fellow at the "traffic light

derbys" have entered whole-heartedly into this sport of the true enthusiast. Most of these boys build their cars up from old wrecks to highly polished, highly modified, and highly practical showpieces.

Of course as it is not our nation's policy to let these lads race their cars on the public highways and byways, they got together and found a suitable track a few miles from Perth, at Forrestfield.

For the first few weeks this sport was just as the boys wanted it: they had the track to themselves, no publicity, no spectator risk and as the news got round by word of mouth only, the resulting few spectators were either real enthusiasts or people directly connected with the sport itself.

Then came the press and the next day there was a photo of a car "plunging towards a dense mass of people, but the driver regained control", etc., etc., in the daily paper. Then the trouble started. At the next fortnightly meeting four thousand people arrived. They wandered all over the track during races, closed in on the danger areas and generally lifted the danger rating for this sport. News spread still more and the following fortnight twelve thousand people attended and the situation got right out of control; people encroaching even more on the track harried the officials. The inevitable happened, a car slid into the crowd, one woman was badly injured with two or three others receiving lacerations and shock.

As this is a Sunday sport, the W.A. Hot Rod Association is unable to enforce spectator control but as the secretary says, "nearly £100 has been collected towards charity so far." £100 from an accumulated crowd of over twenty thousand persons. How generous these sensation-seeking crowds must be! That is all they are there for—note how the attendances dropped off at the speedway when stock car races were banned. "Ah," they say, "this sounds dangerous, let's watch. What's this, donations for spastics? Move on, please, you're blocking the view!"

Let us hope that in the near future the Association is able to charge admission fees and accordingly exercise spectator control. This is a new sport to Western Australia and it is exceedingly popular among many members of our community. Let us not have it crushed by criticisms levelled at it by people who do not see through the distorted bubble of publicity to the hard core of solid facts beneath.

Peter Cairns, 4-1.

Season after Season . . .

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ALONE

*The clickety-clack of hooves on stone,
The wild thin cry of a horse alone.
A small round print on the forest floor moss
As a phantom searches for a herd long lost.*

*A shadowy form in the new morn's mist.
A hot, hot breath on a pane frost kiss't.
In a distant field, a disturbed cow's call
And in the morning a print in the empty stall.*

*A rustle in the grasses beyond the hill
Not the wind, not the wind for the day is still.
There's nothing there though the earth's bare red,
Where a strange, strange phantom made his bed.*

*A call in the night sends a stock-horse prancing,
But there's nought in the woods save the night-wind dancing
And there's the whinneying cry of a horse alone
And the clickety-clack of hooves on stone.*

—Anon., 1-1.

REQUIEM

*When men began their foolish race
To be the first in outer space,
Little darts they threw in heaven's face.*

*Poor Man! The heavens are avenged
For God in fury has smote the Earth in space
Wherein she lies blackened, burnt and scarred of face.*

—4-2.

☆ ☆

Primary Production—secondary students.

Prose—professional poets.



House Committee

Sandra Tauss, Judy Molster, Jeff Newman, John Hulme

Social Committee

Anne Savage, Kaye Ingram, Tony Michell, Len Genoni,
Wayne Ridley, Peter Cairns, Robert Harrison,
Chris Ridley, Ken Johnson.

Magazine Representatives

Anne Savage, Len Genoni

Social

Dim lights, soft music and a crowded gym were the highlights of O'Connor's first term social. An event of the evening which was received with mixed feelings was the unaccountable failure of the lighting system. At about 9.15 p.m. when the supper was served, the younger boys came to life with great vigour.

After having eaten their fill, the participants returned to the gym for more dancing and the climax of the evening, the Grand Finale, when the decorations were let loose amid much hilarity.

Thanks must be given to the Social Committee for their careful organising and tasteful decoration of the gym.

Kaye Ingram.

Clubs

This year, O'Connor House Club were off to a good start as usual with the popular "Cross Country Running Club". Sad to say, there were more members from other Houses in it.

Debating, under the guidance of Mr. Sawle, was another successful group. With the help of Mr. Bathgate a *School Projects Club* went into operation; again members of other Houses were permitted to join. Mr. Rendall has formed a *Languages Club* for first and second year students, and Miss Bedford, a practical woman, made possible the *Dressmaking Club*. A *Chess Club*, presided over by Mr. Mitchell, enjoy themselves on Thursdays. Finally, one club which didn't quite get on the road was the Car Club, whose leader, Mr. Tsangaris, helps with the School Projects Club instead.

Wayne Ridley.

Sport

O'Connor was particularly successful in the summer sports, and the fine exhibition put on by her swimmers at the carnival really clinched her leading position on the summer sports table.

Basket Ball

As captain of the first year O'Connor House Basketball Team I feel our team has done very well by winning four games and drawing one. When we played Gov. Stirling a few weeks ago we won two games, drew one and lost three. The highlight of the afternoon was when we gave them afternoon tea.

Sylvia Fingers.

Football "Farce"

Time and Place: 2 p.m., Perth Oval.

Date: Wednesday, 28th June.

Occasion: Upper School Inter-House football match between O'Connor and Forrest.

The match between the two "star" teams caused many laughs for the few spectators—talent scouts obviously—the umpire, Mr. P. C. (call me Monty) Oliver, and for the players themselves.

A total of thirty boys turned up for the game, eighteen for O'Connor, twelve for Forrest. There was only one trouble, to even things up three of O'Connor's school team representatives were ordered to play for Forrest—Bob Gray, Rod Burton and Warren York.

Nevertheless the team wearing the yellow guernseys, under the fine leadership of John (Polly) Stanmo, turned out the victors of the day. O'Connor's best players were Bob Ward, Jeff Newman and for his stirring leadership and ruck work, John Stankevicius.

Never in the history of Mt. Lawley High has such an interesting and amusing game been played; the laughing umpire, the boundary umpire joining in the game (for Forrest) and every player having the best laugh for many weeks.

Tony Michell.

Form Notes

First Years

1-8: The boys of our class find metal work and woodwork to be our favourite subjects. While the boys do metal or woodwork, the girls have home science. All they do in the next period is eat what they have cooked, though they never offer us any. In the first term we voted two prefects, Alec Mackay and Norma Sherwood to attend to the class affairs. We think they both are doing fine.

Sylvester Zammit.

1-4: . . . there's a moral . . .

You might have noticed how easy it is to get into strife with your housemaster or headmaster. Even if this is so every school must have its rules and regulations, with which every student should abide. The advantages we receive by attending this school more than make up for some of the things we find difficult to accept.

Russel Argent.

Second Years

2-8 is a class of forty-three girls (NOT as sometimes inferred, 43 beans) and a rowdy lot are we. Our teachers must keep firm control over us, for we are very talkative. The girls of 2-8 are always delighted to have Miss Aldridge or Mr. Glenister visit them. Miss Davies, our form teacher, loves our class and has a wonderful time teaching us.

2-7: The girls from this form are very proud to be in such an active House as O'Connor.

Mr. Gill and Miss Chudolij, think us the perfect ladies of the school, except on Friday afternoon. We are usually quiet, considerate and intelligent (that is before exam results come out).

During the past two terms we have been on many outings. We attended the Symphony Concert, which we all appreciated very much and

we visited the Art Gallery, too. This was most enjoyable, especially when the bus swerved around a bend on the way back to school causing Miss "X" to fall helplessly into the lap of an elderly gentleman.

Third Years

3-9: Our class has been combined with a second year class, 2-12, and the combination seems to be working very well, since we have heard that our room has a very good reputation for behaviour. The second years seem to enjoy their new subjects, Typing and Office Procedure, at least that's what they tell me.

Both 3-9 boys and girls were engaged in the Student-Operated Banking, but unfortunately timetable changes do not permit the girls to act as officials.

3-2: The stirring efforts of the teaching staff to control the indestructible class of 3-2 are continuing, but with little success. The greatest efforts are being made by Mr. Melrose ("For goodness' sake, nitwits, do you want to fail?"), Mr. Cohen and Miss Russell.

Apart from the astoundingly good exam results, one of the major shocks (electric type) of the term was delivered by Mr. Vanzetti during a physics experiment.

An interesting addition to our class life arrived in the form of Peter Poole, quiet but brilliant. He is quite a relief to the effusive brilliance of "Professor" Pearlman, who consistently confuses even the most experienced of our teachers.

In control of this highly intelligent class are those two stalwarts, Jeffery and Lesley Dawson, ably assisted by Dianne Levin and Keith Bales.

Fourth Years

4-2 and 4-3: Mr. Flynn, officially of another House, has been thoroughly indoctrinated by the cream of the fourth years, i.e., the O'Connor French students, into the better O'Connor way of life. With brilliant French orations (ce serci la journée) we have brain washed him till now we have a perfect teacher. All enquiries about our methods must be forwarded to Mr. Mitchell, c/o. Mr. W. W.

Fifth Years

The school's most famous class is 5-2, a gallant band of students and sportsmen. (See applied quotes. Ed.). Most students (and staff. Ed.) know us but to enable everybody to know what really goes on, we present a representative selection complete with intimate details of ambitions, secret ambitions and hobbies, in that order, after their name (to protect the innocent only first names have been printed. Ed.):

Peter: To be a Colonel in the A.I.F.—to grow muscles—trying to grow them.

Lin: To be a cartographer—to be a drug addict—studying (? Ed.).

Bob: To be an engineer—to go back to the nurses—staying away.

John: To be a dentist—to become a bohemian—going out with the King.

Ken: To be a R.A.A.F. pilot—to be a qualified conscience—Jeff's transport.

Chris: To be a warden—to escape from Stoneville—trying to escape.

Anon: To write for the Mag.—to remain anonymous—trying to remain anonymous.

Irish Stew

In June we published the O'Connor Newsletter. This unique magazine received high commendation from staff in other Houses and it provided much light entertainment with a good deal of interesting literature as well. It was the first such magazine published and has certainly set a high standard for other Houses to match.

While O'Connor starred with regard to sport, we topped the Summer House Competition easily, it seems our technically minded students spend too much time studying T.V. As one such student told me, and I quite agree, it is rather difficult to do your homework on your lap in the living room during the commercials. I am sure, however, Junior examiners don't ask about "Bonanza", etc., etc., so let's top the academic table, too.

The recently formed debating team experienced reasonable success with John Gunzburg as the mainstay of the team. Other members were Ben Hughes, Len Genoni and Wayne Ridley. Mr. Sawle's personal views and criticisms were much appreciated.

Literate—throw rubbish over everything.

Century—Khrushchev's instructions re the first man in space.

Ohm's Law—the parent is always right.

Bison—a mixing bowl.

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THE CHANGING TIMES

*We hear a lot of days of old,
With ladies gentle, and men so bold,
Of gallant knights, and fluttering pennants,
Of broken lances, and faithful tenants.
But now today, what do we see,
In this our so-called century
Of mixed up kids and broken homes,
Of teenage delinquents left to roam.*

*The bustle and the hustle of our daily grind,
Is destroying the values of all mankind.
Courtesy and grace are now no more,
And man has descended to jungle law.
To give a lady a seat is a thing of the past
We scramble aboard and make sure we're not last.
Oh, for the past with its culture so fine,
Its romance, its heroes, its Beau Brummells divine.*

*To send my sad story, my complaint and my grouse,
Let us try to put in order, our own house,
The habits of the rest of the world don't count,
In our home, courtesy is paramount.*

—Beryl Kriss, 2-7.

“AND THE SINS OF THEIR FATHERS . . .”

Another March day was drawing to a close. The sky above was dark and threatening, except for small patches of white, where the drooping sun forced its way through the almost impenetrable cloud. The air was cold as it whipped its way through a short open street on West Side, New York. Scraps of rubbish and dried and crumpled leaves spiralled crazily down the street to be dashed against the immovable walls of the buildings. The icy wind cut through the few people who hastened in and out of the shops and houses. These figures presented an odd and bizarre picture, with heads bent and hands clutching hats or thrust into pockets, as they scuttled along the bleak and cold pavement.

But one figure was prominent among these scurrying people. He did not hurry, nor did he bend his head against the biting wind. He merely plodded methodically onwards as though mechanically-operated. Only his eyes were irregular in their movement, as they flicked searchingly over the passing people's faces.

The wind cut through his threadbare clothing but was unnoticed by the small figure so scantily clad. He was old and only a few wisps of grey hair covered his head. What had once been a good looking face was now wrinkled and coloured faintly blue from the cold. The small veins in his cheeks were prominent, giving the effect of red splotches over his wizened face. His teeth, visible as he laboriously wheezed out his warm breath, were yellow and tobacco-stained. The coat which had once been a fine piece of tailoring, was now frayed and stained. His worn trousers wrinkled as he walked, the bottoms tattered from continuous scraping along the pavements.

The shutters and shop signs crashed loudly but did not interrupt his thoughts as he slowly plodded on, hands deep in his overcoat pockets.

A young man hurried past. The old man's eyes lifted for a moment and swept the young man's face, but after a hopeful glance returned to the grey pavement. The sad, watery eyes were expressionless and empty as they stared at the cold slabs. Eyes which had once seen happiness and love, now saw nothing but the dark void of loneliness—eyes which for weeks now had searched the face of every passing stranger, each time lighting up with the faint sparkle of hope, but only to return to a look of despair. The same sad and empty eyes probing the faces of all strangers.

Oh, yes, those eyes had seen laughter and pride. The pride of a father when he gazes at his son. They were the happy days. He himself used to operate an illegal gambling casino, but that did not affect his son's upbringing and education. No, his son had had the best there was.

For a moment his eyes softened as he recaptured the happy days he had spent with his son. But this emotion was short-lived as he once again brought his mind back to the cold and bleak present. Those days were gone now. Gone, but with recurring pain, like the cold wind which blew and passed but returned rasping over old wounds.

Darkness began gradually to settle over the grey buildings, softening their harshness but not shutting out the bitterly cold wind.

His pace quickened as he hurried towards a man standing beneath the nearest of the lights.

“Excuse me,” he barely whispered, in his eyes a flicker of anticipation.

“Yes?” replied the stranger turning to face the old man.

The small flicker died. His gaze dropped and he mumbled, “Nothing. Sorry to bother you.”

Once again a haunting look settled over his tired face.

His footsteps took him further and further into the dingy side streets where the street lamps struggled feebly to give out their yellow light. There were only dark grey buildings which seemed to cry of filth and poverty. The grey buildings; so like that prison wall which he had learned to hate. Six years of the monotonous regularity of hard labour. Staring at the same buildings, the same people, the same surroundings could almost drive a person insane.

But one force kept his mind clear. The obsession to see his son. Never would his son have to experience the humiliation and hurt of being sent to gaol. No, he was going to find him and protect him from the evils of crime.

His son had visited him constantly during that first year, but later the visits had ceased. The old man had nursed this hurt back to love and determination to find his boy.

Then the joy of being free again. And now to fulfil his desire. The people said his boy was seen often in this part of the city. Not the sort of place for a boy of mine, but each to his own taste.

The sound of shots followed by hurried footsteps interrupted his thoughts. A dim figure became visible running furiously down the pavement towards him. Another shot and the two police in pursuit came into view.

It was quite a young man. Yes, he could see now as the young man passed under the furthest street lamp. A young man so like—could it be?

The old man shuffled forward to the oncoming figure. He clutched desperately at the young man's sleeve, in a vain attempt to see his face.

"Get outa' my way," the youth snarled striking out wildly at the old man.

He fell to the pavement, his pleas for the running figure to stop unheard.

Again the sharp report. The swiftly vanishing figure stumbled and fell in a crumpled heap, not far from the old man. Scrambling up with blood streaming from his forehead, the old man staggered to the twitching figure and flung himself across it.

"David so—son. Why, why?" he moaned in agony.

The old man's body shook with harsh sobs, his face contorted with grief. Tears and blood ran down the old man's face and fell on to the face of the still body of David.

Jeff Newman, 5-2.

TEACHERS

*Physics, Chem, Maths or History,
How they do it is a mystery,
Full forty minutes they rave and rant,
Followed by the class in chant.
With their exit comes a roar,
Followed by a banging door.
Silence now no longer reigns
Freed from education's chains.*

—3-1.

US OUTCASTS — NORTH PERTH

A little bunch of tightly clothed, over-neat rookies looked enviously towards an imposing building with the stirring words "Mt. Lawley High School" boldly lettered on the side in bright glaring capitals.

Clutching pens and accidentally tripping over stones, the little group stumbled towards the gaping doors. A teeny voice, awe-struck and dazed, whispers harshly—"Oooh? Isn't it wonderful we're akshully gonna go 'ere!"

It is then the blow falls. A claw-like finger is pointed. A lion-like voice roars:

"You there!" And the group almost faints with fright as veterans (second years) lift their eyebrows in surprise.

"You!" roars the voice, "are going to North Perth Annex. You have a name to uphold now—get with it!"

So you see, that is how us outcasts came to be outcasts. We sit in unheated classrooms and have to pay transport for our books. Blackboards are scratched, desks broken and we have to write by candle light.

But seriously, it isn't bad here really, because the rooms are nice, well equipped (electric lights, stove, etc.), teachers are apt to be a little more lenient and, though we try our best to look nice and to be nice, people always say something about the days when they went to school.

However, there have been few complaints and I think we are all proud of the M.L.H.S. uniform.

We have clubs which are Annex Exclusives (no one but film stars outside of the Annexes can join), such as the Drama Club (rah, rah, rah) run by Mrs. Beech, the Music Club (Miss Cowell's worry), the Chess

Club, run by—you guessed it—Mr. Lewis, the Art Club (Mrs. Rae) and the Science Club (Mr. Edmondson).

We don't get the privileges that the school people do, but speaking for myself, I think I like it here and, as it took a while to settle in, it would be awful (and a little unfair) if they told us to pull up roots a week before the brain-washeries (exams for ignorants) and clop up to the High School with our desks on our heads in single file like an African safari.

We're a queer lot, aren't we, but we get along—like an independent community and, boy, do we have fun with a capital F.

Angela Avraamides.



SKI CLUB

*Kowar, Jawor, Bilcjew, Wolin,
Foundation members of our choosin'.*

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INTERSCHOOL DEBATING



**Back Row: Craig Millen, Gary Mincham, John Gunzburg, Richard Smith,
Wayne Mincham.**

Front Row: Hope Vernede, Mr. Flynn, Carol Meadows.

This year, the second in Mt. Lawley's debating history, we did not form a School Debating Society. Instead, representatives for Inter-School Debates were picked from the teams participating in Inter-House Debates.

In debates against Leederville Technical School, C.B.C., Highgate, and John Curtin, Mt. Lawley has been successful by margins of two, two and five points respectively. Hope Vernede, John Gunzburg, Richard Smith, Craig Millen and Carol Meadows have represented the school in these debates.

John Gunzburg.

INTERSCHOOL CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

This year our I.S.C.F. group has continued with its weekly meetings. Increased attendance this year has been most pleasing and welcome to Mr. Knowles and Mr. Devenish who have aided Mr. Vanzetti in the duties of counselling.

With the May holidays came the Annual I.S.C.F. Leaders' Conference at Palm Beach. Two representatives from our group attended and enjoyed a time of great fellowship and obtained many new ideas. A month later came the Annual District Meeting where our members met with those from Governor Stirling, Forrest and Tuart Hill High Schools. The various school meetings were discussed.

One important result of this Conference was the decision to adopt the Scripture Union Bible Study Outlines at our meetings. These outlines, written by Mr. J. R. Prince, Headmaster of Hale School, are most effective in producing a satisfactory bible study method for the school meetings.

Acts 1:8.

MT. LAWLEY ANNEX

As I look up at the high school from Second Avenue, the hill seems to be squashed by the long flat building that is Mount Lawley High. We have our own little corner here at the annex, and if you can dodge the skipping ropes, footballs, basketballs and "brander" balls, you will find 1-6 and 1-7 tucked away in two of the outer pavilions. Class prefects for 1-6 are Ann Smart and Robert Innes and for 1-7, Ina Balades and Gordon Bathols.

In the cross country run last term our annex really starred, with Robert Perry, Tony Galea, Kevin Stack and John Cherry gaining first, second, third and fourth places respectively. No doubt it's because of all the sprints to the main building for sport, manual training, or domestic science, together with our attempts to stay alive in the playground.

Two of the boys, Tony Galea and Collin Hollier, tried out for the State Junior Football Team and Christine De Atta and Cheryl Ryan for the girls' basketball. We challenged the Primary School at basketball and just managed to uphold our honour by a narrow win, nine goals to seven. Perhaps it's because most of the 1-6 girls are hockey enthusiasts.

There are advantages in being at an annex but we are looking forward to joining the high school in a few weeks' time.

OLD LAWLIANS' ASSOCIATION

*"In the Commonwealth Games year of '62,
Join the ex-students designed for you."*

That's the catch phrase of YOUR ex-students' association which began its second year on July 18, 1961.

It is intended to hold a reunion dance in the early part of next year for ex-students and we would particularly like to see at the dance those who will leave at the end of this year. This function is designed to give YOU an introduction into the activities of the Old Lawlians' Association and a chance to see the benefits you gain by being a member.

Other future entertainments include a film evening and barbecues. An attempt will also be made to start a sporting team of ex-students; possibly hockey and men's and women's basketball.

However we cannot attempt to do these things without the assistance and full co-operation of all members of Mt. Lawley High School. So give us a chance to help you and become a member as soon as you can. By doing so you retain all your old school friends and meet many more, which may help you find a suitable job, and will help you to meet many people on an equal footing thus widening your social experience.

AMATEUR ATHLETIC CLUB

Office Bearers: Ron Hampton (President), Bill Cox, Wayne Mincham, Wendy Frost, Bryan Smith, Glyn Withers, Wasley Sakalo, Malcolm Barker, Bob Scott, Brian Trew.

Now Mount Lawley have branched out into the athletic field with the forming of our own Amateur Club, an official member of the W.A.A.A.A. Inaugurated originally by staff-member Mr. Clarke, this club has commenced running in cross-country events and has an excellent record to date. However track and field operations will really get under way when the Western Australia Amateur Athletic Association opens the season at the end of winter at Leederville Oval.

A rival high school has a similar club, and the way our members are training, the Interschool Carnival at Subiaco will be monopolised by the two schools. Mount Lawley, though strongly represented, suffered badly last year, but with the forming of this club it will boost our prestige in school circles tremendously.

Unfortunately many of our school stars already belong to outside clubs and we will have to compete against them. This is a pity because with these the "baby" of the Association could get over her teething troubles quicker and commence the year as a force to be reckoned with.

Many thanks to our Principal who has shown much interest in our affairs, and on behalf of the club I wish to thank Mr. Clarke who has put in a good deal of time in training us, and in forming the club.

Bryan Smith.

OWED TO THE ASPIRATIONS OF INSPIRATION NEAR NOISY CHILD HOODS

*Our English master says: "Listen 4-3,
I want youse to rite a poem for me,
It can't be too long, neither too short
But make sure youse use the English I've taught."*

*I scratches me head but nutting will come,
And this ain't because of the fact that I'm dumb,
Maybe it's me or maybe it's him,
But this lingo called English is certainly grim.*

*I throws down me pen in utter despair,
Tears up me books and scratches me hair,
O, how can I rite a good enuff verse
When all what I think of comes worse 'n' worse.*

*Maybe an apple will help me to rite,
So I brings forth an apple and chomps out a bite,
I munch and I crunch and before I know what,
On the tip of me tung a beaut poem I got.*

*So happy once more, I picks up me pen,
And gets all prepared for riting again,
When all of a sudden me thoughts disappears
As Temby starts dummin' his desk in me ears.*

*When Steinhardt and Papa and Trevor join in
The class-room is filled with a terrible din,
So quick as a wink to the front I does trot
And confesses out loud a poet I'm not.*

—Rob, 4-3.

PEARLING AT BROOME

The North-West of Australia is a land of open spaces, fringed with mangrove swamps, coral reefs, emerald lagoons, and miles of curving beaches. The fascination of the north, combined with the fabulous wealth of pearling, has drawn men from every corner of the world. They come and risk, not only their money and dreams, but their very lives in a gamble with fate. Some never leave their exotic paradise!

The natives of the coast of Australia, and the head hunters of the Torres Strait Islands were the first to discover the richest pearling beds in the world. Yet, they treated gems worth a King's ransom with mild disdain. The Dutch, who were the first Europeans to see our country, had no interest in the seemingly desolate land. In the next 100 years many sailors, explorers, and adventurers visited our shores. Among these were Dampier, Cook, Bligh and Flinders. These served to open the way for those who were to follow. Gradually, the rough shanties became townships, and the bush tracks took the shape of roads. A new breed of men began to invade the north. Tough, hard men looking for the glimmer of quick wealth, but the way was not easy. Below gentle waves waited coral reefs ready to sink a boat in seconds, and there was always the sudden threat of cyclone. On shore savages waited in armed ambush! Now the North is tamed, men know the sea and even the divers laugh at the watery depths; for them they hold no mysteries, but they will always contain death!

For eight months of the year the luggers venture out upon the tropical seas. In the other four hurricanes lash the unprotected coast, wrecking towns, sinking ships, and bringing general havoc to the industry. Broome, which is the chief pearling centre in the world, is on the west coast and has a vividly varied population. To this spot on the globe come beach-combers, rogues, sailors, crooks on the run, tourists, adventurers and honest men; whites, blacks, yellows, browns and in-betweens. Nevertheless, Broome is for the most part a quiet town. Her dusty streets and low white-washed bungalows lie still under the blazing sun. In the mangrove inlets and creeks luggers sway gently in the warm air. Broome is not a big town, but it is the centre of a romantic and colourful industry.

Each lugger which sets out has a diver, who is usually Japanese, as it has been found that they can best endure the tremendous pressure of the depths. The diver must wear not only a copper helmet, but also a thick canvas diving suit, very heavy boots, a belt of lead, a small bag for the shell, and finally a light knife. The Mother-of-Pearl is the mainstay of the industry, the pearls being a bonus to the usual intake. The most famous pearl ever found at Broome was the "Star of the West", which weighed over 100 grains, and was sold for £13,000.

The north is a brutal land, savage and lonely, yet at the same time, it is a land of romance, colour, and intense beauty. What is it that compels men to come to this place? Is it the attraction of danger, excitement, or the chance of a fortune? Or is it something more? Maybe the answer is only to be found in the country itself, in the deep waters, in the wide plains, and the open freedom of the sky.

Jennifer Walters, 3-4.

MOON-LIGHT

*The misty light of the pale moon shone
Upon the cobbled street,
And from the room in the Inn of the Crown
Could be heard the stamping of feet.*

*To the knock on the door there was answer none,
To the haunting call of the night
The maiden had answered with a knife in her heart,
And not one knew of her plight.*

*Maybe 'twas the thought of her loved one gone,
Or the magic light of the moon,
Or could it have been the madness within
That sent her to her doom?*

—Ruth Gleedman, 1-1.

SHARK TACTICS

Some tactics to use on approaching sharks when skin diving:

1. Start preying or the shark will.
2. Kick the shark on the nose (especially Hammer-head sharks) as this will confuse the shark for about 0.56729831 micro seconds, then he will be as mad as hell.

Some things not to do:

1. Bleed, for either the shark will eat you, or you'll bleed to death.
2. Lose your head, for you'll either be at a loss for somewhere to put your hat, or sent to a home for the insane.

Trevor Butler, 2-3.

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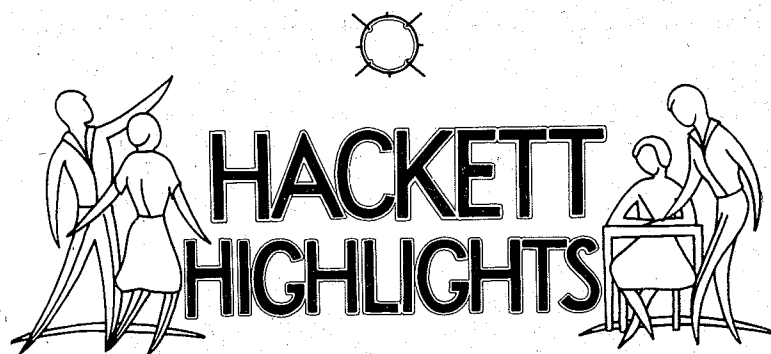
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Magazine Representatives

Suzette Speight, Rod Atkinson

House Meetings

Each week Mr. McGrath addresses the House which assembles in front of the stage.

He announces any new projects and gives details of activities and items of interest to our students. Representatives from the House activities may address the students, giving first-hand information and progress reports about the activity which they sponsor.

Recently, the normal House meeting was replaced by a debate, teams being formed from fourth and fifth year Hackett students, discussing "Should Prefects Have Authority to Discipline Students?"

When inclement weather forces regular meetings to be abandoned and staff and students meet in classrooms where discussions parley topics such as "Socials" and "Television and its Impact on Study".

House Socials and Activities

First Term Social

Amid the pomp and revelry of full-blown giant balloons, colourful streamers and gay music thronged the students of Hackett for the First Term Social. From the beginning it was a success, especially when Mr. Davies-Moore had us all (including Mr. McGrath) bowing in tribute to "The Spirit of Hackett". (The silly galahs)! Mr. Davies-Moore crept into the limelight again and as a result lost a "good" tie. The social was highlighted by the lively performance of the Hackett Quartet.

Activities

This year has seen the initiation of numerous clubs which provide interest for students of all ages.

Dancing is a well patronised activity and a Music Listeners' Group assembles and listens to selections ranging from Beethoven to Gilbert and Sullivan. Boys keep fit through attending the Gym Club and there has been formed a Manual Activities Club where boys can work on House and individual projects. Students interested in biology or nature would find the Naturalist Club activities particularly interesting. Drama and Debating activities increase and encourage speaking ability and are two really worthwhile clubs to join. If you are creative or like to fashion objects, the Clay Modelling Club would suit you perfectly and many enjoyable self-designed and worked products could result. The Chess Club caters for those who play or would like to play the game and is a relaxation as well as a hobby.

Inter-House Debating

The debating this term has been of a higher standard than last year and is generally enjoying wider interest.

In the first debate Hackett defeated Murdoch on the topic "Should the Junior Examination be Abolished?" Two weeks later Forrest defeated us, sounding their views on "House Socials Should be Replaced by Upper School and Lower School Socials". The last debate of the term, "The Spoken Word Has Influenced Mankind More Than the Written Word" resulted in a closely contested victory for Hackett.

Academic Achievements

Perhaps we did not startle the School with a dazzling tally of points last term, but this term will, we hope, bring out the hidden talents that do exist. 184 points were gained by Hackett students from First Term Exams. The Hackett student with the highest average in each year is listed below:

- 1st Year—Ruth Gleedman (1-1).
 2nd Year—Meredith Atkinson (2-1).
 3rd Year—Craig Lenny (3-1).
 4th Year—Suzette Speight (4-3).
 5th Year—Jerry Skivinis (5-5).

Class Notes

Our Fifth Years

Gail, thank heavens for Li(egh)tle boys; Judy J., studying agricultural science; Wendy, no comment; Sue, it's a long way to Melville; Shirley, she's untouchable; Carla, little Bo-Peep has lost her tail; Vivienne, slightly Ric(ketty); Wilma, the Bradl(e)y case; Judy L., "Hiya honey; Helen, fruitcake at midnight; Roslyn, whom?; Yvonne and Dianne, two Mod. bods; Margaret, sleeping sickNess; Kaye, D(o)ug out.

The males of 5-5 have deteriorated not only in character, but also numerically. We are now a mere eight, but are, of course, the cream of the school. The potential is so great that if any pass the Leaving they have a great future ahead. All participate in school sporting teams. Frank, Ross, Michael and Wayne are the life and joy of the class. Glyn, Jerry, Rodney and Richard are our quieter members, mere "observers" by comparison. It is good to see Frank had the family's support over a bogged car. Jerry and Rodney are still searching, with Glyn and Richard left out of the picture weighed down by sport and study. When on the 'phone Ross is a marathon talker.

Next Year's Fives, by Anne Optomiste

Various 1960 forms produced a crop of easy-to-teach, willing-to-learn students. We have nearly settled down to work, but most of us will be fourth years for many moons to come, judging by the naturally glazed eyeballs and gaping mouths of our clan. (Produced by T.V. and exam results, surely)! We are easily identified, being either a blonde bombshell, a sport addict, an Einstein or a four-wheeled mobile maniac. (Screech, crash—there goes Pap!). If we minimise the "horse" play we should be "steady" students next year.

- 3-1—Two-one last year but now we're older.
 We are the class that breaks the rules,
 Day by day we're getting bolder
 Under the guidance of Sue and Jules.
 "Get out of my room you ugly lot,"
 Is said in annoyance each Physics day.
 We also make Mr. R. glow hot
 While he's trying to get some Chem. under way.

- 3-4—There's no use denying, it had to come,
 A class like 3-4, nineteen sixty one.
 So lend an ear and hear us tell,
 Of a class whom some may think as plain—!
 To those who may think so, you're sadly mistaken,
 At the end of the year we'll bring home the bacon!

When it comes to sport we have some who excel,
 With Alan and Carol and Jenny as well.
 There are others of course, too numerous to mention,
 To congratulate them all is my intention.
 And so to the end we come with a sigh.
 If you want to visit us, you'll find us in Y.

- 2-2—Is the only second year class with a very large Hackett membership. Our transfer from the Annexe caused mild riots and many of us are now T.V. addicts! However, we are not lacking in enthusiasm because our brain power is superb and our talents are many. As far as sport is concerned, we have Judy Milne, a very promising swimmer; Gary Robins, a fine tennis player, as well as Judy Milne, Pauline Haines and Lorraine Treby, who play in the Saturday afternoon school teams.

- 1-3—Naturally, 1-3 was disappointed at being transferred to the Annexe but we have gained "unrivalled superiority" here and hope to maintain the standard when we join the Lawley multitude. Our complaints are many, but we really take great interest in our "work" and teachers, which results in happy faces at our desks each day!

- 1-9—Ours is a small, happy class, residing mainly in the Gym. Mr. Gray, our form teacher, is assisted by the able work of 1-9's prefect, Steven Filov. We can boast many members of Hackett's First Year Soccer Team and games so far have been closely contested. Here, Steven Filov leads the field as Captain. We have played many games and were defeated only once, by Murdoch House. However, in the return match played against them, we managed to turn the tables.

"Deaf" Class Notes

Boys and girls from Primary to Junior Certificate, and High School Certificate levels are taught in our class. One girl, Jeannie Evans, is in a second year Commercial Class and plans to do her Junior. On Friday afternoons our Lawley Social Club meets and gives us practice in meet-

ing procedure. In our first venture we intend to give help to the Children's Hospital. Geoff Cooper, Neil McInnes and Ian Short are our popular sportsmen. Geoff also represented Hackett in the swimming carnival and did very well.

Boys' Sport

Football

Inter-House football this year has been limited to days when the school teams have had byes. Nevertheless we are most enthusiastic in our games and have beaten Murdoch.

Hockey

Despite a lack of senior players, Hackett has played in all House games. Special mention should be made of Captain Alan Caple and Vice-Captain Trevor Menzies.

Swimming

Although we did not prove to be the most proficient House in the art of swimming, we had many triers who secured 55 points in the School Carnival.

Those who did well included Allan Drake, successful in five events and champion boy under sixteen, Wayne Bennetts, Craig Lenny and Geoff Cooper.

Cricket

Of the three House matches played, Hackett won one, drew one and lost one. Special mention must go to top scoring batsmen Ron Hampton and Mick Scaffidi. Bowlers, Bill Bailey and Frank O'Rourke were outstanding and gained able support from fieldsmen Bill Cox, Peter Cox and Ross Partington.

Baseball

Against more experienced players and teams with better all-round ability, Hackett has won only one game. However, all players learnt from their mistakes and are improving at a steady rate. They look forward to much more success in further games.

Soccer

Playing in combined teams because of the lack of players for four separate teams, Hackett fared very well and are a close third to the two leading Houses. All players have benefited greatly from the games played.

Girls' Sport

Volleyball

Hackett and O'Connor combine against Murdoch and Forrest and the points are divided. So far, we have won nearly all of our games.

Swimming

Although we did not meet with overwhelming success in the Inter-School Carnival, we can boast runners-up in Judy Milne and Carol Cavanagh. Our girls senior relay team, consisting of Jenny Walters, Judy Milne, Carol Cavanagh and Betty Seisling, won handsomely.

Basketball

The Hackett House basketball teams have not kept up their past good record. However, they certainly have maintained their enthusiastic spirit.

A RAID

*The city steeped in drowsiness
Awakes to the hideous scream
And the masses of seething mortals
Pour hindering from their doors,
Absent at once is the call of sleepiness.*

*Ever-flickering, searching the ebony skies
Is the tireless battery of lights,
Craving a target,
A square mile in a second,
To assist the ever alert eyes.*

*Sleek grey noses, warheads crammed with death
Rain down upon the almost defenceless city,
And amid the blazing of giant artillery,
A death scream of a tortured engine
Bringing a raider to his last breath.*

*Then deathly, endless silence
Broken only by heavy breathing
And sideward glances of relief;
Another moment of endurance,
And then the all-clear.*

—Brian Neville, 5-2.

THAT SEVENTH DAY

It was one of those special crepuscular evenings; a night saturated with magic. Was she the only one aware of the strange beauty in the night?

Glancing quickly about she saw that she was. How she pitied them. There they sat rustling their hymn books and listening dutifully to the preacher. How dull they looked—how apathetic. On a night like this it was impossible to concentrate on the droning voice punctuated by the quite adamant declarations going on and on without cessation. It was odd, she thought, how on any other Sunday night she too was one of the lifeless, senseless congregation. But surely she hadn't looked like them, so tired and weary. She had listened with animation, murmured devoutly, sung with glory throbbing in every note—at least she thought she had. Perhaps she was just like one of them. Oh! surely not. She shuddered slightly and realised anew the atmosphere of the night. How delightful it was to sit there, letting her thoughts wander, enveloped in the mysteries of evening.

She had never been influenced as strongly before, possibly because her parents were always about to counteract such impressions. But now they weren't and she could feel and act as she chose. They would want her to listen attentively now—perhaps she had better. Hastily she tried to compress her itinerant thoughts.

"And we must all obey. We must obey all the laws and regulations—and these include every commandment the Lord has given us—at home and in the social circle. Conform—that is the word we must put into action at every good opportunity. By that I don't mean . . ."

What a stupid man the preacher was—exactly like the parents in that respect. Why must everyone conform? Does the world benefit?—of course not!

She understood the bit about the commandments—that was quite true. But why must everyone do as the next person does. There would be no individuals—just an egregious mob. That was what the congregation here was, each a replica of the one before. She wondered if she looked as they did now. It was queer, she thought, how people could look alike and wear the same expression and yet have thoughts so widely varying. Everyone here tonight looks similar but not one will be thinking the same as any other. Strange that.

During the evening service her mind wandered capriciously. How the minister droned. It was all a lot of drivel too—not worth listening to. But then, she wasn't listening. How slowly the minutes ticked away.

She looked at her watch—another half an hour yet! Even the second hand that usually raced around the figures in sheer joy was crawling past them now. She supposed it was tired. Each time it came to a figure it nearly stopped but just then it dragged itself away proceeding to the next in weary monotony.

She looked about her again. An old, old man had closed his drooping lids and was now fast asleep, breathing with regular wheezes. Now there was a dog in the church. She wondered how long it had been there. It was lying down and it looked complacent and contented. Not even the dog felt the magic in the air, and dogs were supposed to be very sensitive. She could still sense it—more strongly than ever. Now she wanted to sing—loudly, so the whole world could hear. She looked anxiously at the hymns to see when she could unburden her sudden emotion. With a gulp she found they had sang them all for the night. How was she to control herself?

Fortunately, she had had practice—now it would not be so difficult. It was that word "conform". Why couldn't one suddenly burst into song? At least it would be a welcome diversion from the preacher. But she could not do it. What would her parents say when they heard it—for they would most certainly hear of it. No one would understand. They might even take her to a psychiatrist. She couldn't even begin to imagine her parents' wrath. Now she didn't want to sing anyway.

Oh, at last! The minister was descending from the pulpit. Soon she would be free. Demurely she knelt in prayer and then made her way slowly with the others to the door. There she was stopped by the minister.

"Good evening, my dear. How is Lady Watson? I haven't seen her lately."

"Mother is very well now, thank you," she said, "but a few days ago she had a very severe headache."

"Oh, I am so sorry to hear that. And how—oh, please excuse me. Give my regards to Sir Watson."

That was a near catastrophe—to be caught at a time like this. Just as well there were others that demanded his attention more urgently.

She walked sedately through the gates, crossed the road and strolled down the footpath until she reached the corner. Once out of sight of the people around the church she snatched off her shoes and ran as fast as she could.

What joy to have the wind rushing passed her face, playing through her hair, and tugging at her coat. Exhilarated, she succumbed to the evening's charm. How good it was to be free, to cast aside the usual habit of walking. Suddenly she stopped. She looked about her, breathing deeply the fresh, crisp air of night. She tiptoed softly onto the lawn in front of the houses and clutching her shoes more tightly ran on. She met the wind full force and the sweet, cold air was incense to her nostrils. Under street lights she passed and up the hill, encouraged all the while by her soaring spirits.

She reached their big mansion-like house exhausted. Quickly slipping on her shoes and tidying her wind-blown hair she walked once more sedately up the long drive to the front door.

Anon.

THE BEATS

Prize-winning entry—Upper School

*What pitiful, what shameful life
These people hold to be their own.
In squalor and eternal strife
These people live and make their home.*

*What fools they are to reason thus,
Their highest thoughts are of the mind,
They say. But what of Earthly lust
These people crave for all the time?*

*They satisfy their desires in obscene ways,
Unheeding of conventions or of fidelity.
They smirk to themselves about their lays
Called "Rat Race" or "Normal Morality".*

*Sluttish women with oversize busts,
Slovenly men with greasy haircuts,
Drunks, Drug Addicts and Billiard Pools
Are all part of the world of these Intellectual Fools.*

—John Hulme, 5-2.

A SUMMER'S DAWN

The morning, easterly wind stirred the trees, the shutter flapped on a window.

The rocky path led down to the beach, down to the yellow sand, its smoothness broken by the yachts which lay lopsided on its yellow face.

It was early and the sun shone coolly, but soon it would burn down and warm the sand, the water, and me. Nothing stirred, save the soft slapping of the water on the sides of the anchored boats, the slack thwack of wires against masts, and the uneven surging of the waves swirling on the wet sand.

A seagull broke the stillness with a squawk and a flapping of wings as it circled in a wide swoop over the smoky horizon. He seemed to waken everything and everyone; the monotonous chugging and spluttering of an outboard motor; the hailing of a person from one boat to another; the tuneless whistle of a fisherman on the jetty.

Someone walked down the path, dislodging pebbles so that they rolled and clattered sharply on the others. Some small children clambered among the dunes, looking forward to the day full of swimming, sand castles and ice creams.

Now the peace of the early morning was broken. Soon sails would be cracking in the wind, voices drifting on the sea breeze. Soon, not the yachts, but people would mar the yellow sand as they sprawl here and there in the heat of the sun.

Another dawn had come and gone.

Gail Perry, 5-5.



River Piracy—one of Davy Crockett's adventures.

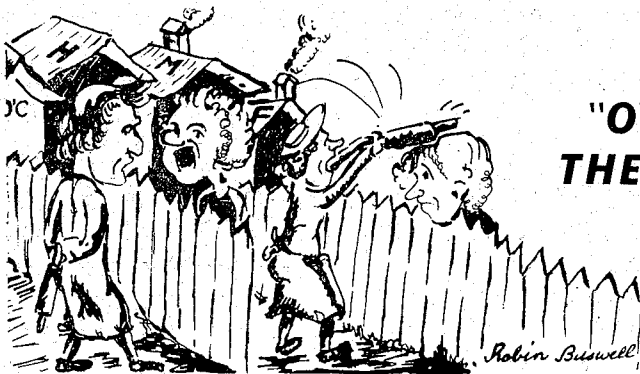
T-square—student who doesn't drink.

c.c.—no! NO!

Vermin—used for trimming ladies' coats.

Tolpuddle Martyr—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Elegy—what you have if poetry gives you a rash.



"OVER THE FENCE"

Fear Not Slander Censor Rash

Yorky and Co.—visiting sPrees.
 Chamarette—a little shammer.
 Mmm—ax any girl.
 Trevor—got a match?
 Barbara—going fishing in a jiffy.
 Ross—O-Kay.
 Sandra—alas and alack.
 J. Fletcher—jostlin' his way at the social.
 Aileen—wry Ken?
 Jerry—hit and run.
 Evan—Suzie went wong.
 Scott—what does he reed.
 Geoff M.—hiron a matchmaker.
 Mick—aw shudup !
 Judy—often a new man in her life.
 Snooks—does Gregory Peck?
 Wayne B.—just keeping a close watch for a friend?
 McKeitch—co-author of "How to Win Friends and Influence People".
 Pauline—who's robin who?
 Lesley—found a pen on the way back from the hill.
 Harold—taken to ravioli.
 Rosette—can only sip old soup.
 Phillip M.—French interest due to 'form' of class.
 V²—vat ver viv doing to ric her neck.
 Brian—Beware! Bachelor interested in Biology.

Howlers

"Cassio was a pupular young man".—Never stopped yapping.
 "Soundafex is little." Another clue to its identity. See last year's mag.
 "These supernatural figures."—Yes, I've been to a social.
 "A satilight".—A lit up spaceman, or Yuri's night out in London.
 "Now who does the reader imagine himself to be, the acne of perfection or the despicable cur?"—what a choice!
 "The crowing triumph—man rocketed into space."—You can say that again.
 "A feesible world"—how true.
 "Dedicate his life to teaching to raise the ignorance and illiteracy of his fellow men."—Bursars take note.
 "When students misbehave they should be canned"—and exported.

FIRST TERM SOCIAL

Having established itself fully as a Senior High School, Mt. Lawley High held its first social in this capacity last term. Effectively decorated, the girls' gym. provided a gay atmosphere for an enthusiastic crowd of students and staff.

Consistent with last year's performances Bob Blake's band was as lively as ever; their crew-cut comperé was exuberant with extremely funny comments (?). Though many games were planned beforehand, few seemed to take place and so we ask ourselves, what happened to the prizes (chocolates) that were left. Again the 'wheatied' floor presented numerous 'driving problems' for the men and accidents were not uncommon! Supper went without any hitches—mais il n'yavait pas assez de manger!

Due to the popularity of socials such as this one, it has become obvious that the gym. is failing to accommodate the increasing numbers of students. Many upper school members are becoming increasingly conscious of the necessity to have a larger hall in which to hold future socials. However, in spite of this handicap, the prefects have endeavoured to maintain the encouraging standard of previous socials and should be given credit for their efforts.



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Applied Quotes

"When will the bell ring and end this weariness?"—Period 8 Friday.

"With stinted stomachs and blistered feet."—Lunch-time basketball practice.

"Their eyes were dull, their heads were flat,

They had no brains at all."—5-2.

"Come bring us, bring us where he is."—Teachers' query on sports day.

"Thy reason, give thy reason!!!—Our sympathy Mr. Groom.

"The clock upbraids me with the waste of time."—P.S. in A.A.



THE END OF THE "PERTH"

*Bridge wrecked, officers dead, Captain dead,
But still the A.D. pokes its armoured
Snout at the yellow enemy.*

*Bridge wrecked, officers dead, men dead,
A turret wiped out, X turret crippled,
But B still roars defiance.*

*Turrets wrecked, officers dead, A.D. gone,
And B turret fights alone
Against the enemy.*

*Turrets wrecked, Captain dead, smoke thick,
The end of the "Houston" comes quick
In a flashing blast of sound.*

*Men dead, officers dead, ship away.
The "Yarra" has gotten away
To carry the news south.*

*Men dead, officers dead, torpedoed,
A and B turrets are flooded
Because of fire.*

*At last the "Perth" succumbs and sinks beneath the waves,
Broken, smashed, torpedoed, but in spirit unbeaten.
In Manila a yellow admiral raves
That it took a fleet to beat two.*

Peter Amey, 5-2.

YACHTING

Yachting is a rapidly growing sport in Western Australia, and as it grows more and more interest will be taken in it. Whether the light, comparatively small sailing vessels be for pleasure or racing, the ultimate in relaxation and enjoyment can be obtained. The design of the craft in each of the many classes is specialised. The largest ocean-going yachts differ in no essential way from the sail or power-driven vessels used for passenger transport.

Yachts are divided into two main classes, racing and cruising. Modern sailing racers of all sizes are built under rules which ensure a substantial, durable hull. They are classified according to the rig of the yacht. The "cutter" carries a mainsail, topsail, jib and foresail; the "sloop" is similar without a jib, while the "Bermuda" and "gunter" have only a mainsail and foresail, the mainsail of the former being triangular and very tall; also there are some with a high peaked gaff. "Yawls" and "ketches" carry a second small mast with a mainsail and topsail, while the "schooner" has a "cutter" rig repeated on two or more other masts.

An important development is the centre board or centre plate which enables a boat to be built without a deep keel, making it navigable in shallow water, actually faster before the wind, yet still capable of sailing to windward. This effect is gained by cutting through the keel, in the centre of the boat, a slot around which is built an open casing reaching well above the waterline. In the casing is a heavy plate, usually of galvanised iron, pivoted at one end and provided with tackle by which it can be drawn up into the casing. Centre boards are usually confined to small craft as the casing takes up space in a cabin. They make it very much safer for sailing in shallow waters.

There are many good yacht clubs around Perth which one may join and eventually obtain a position in the crew of a yacht. They can then be assured of a good, clean, healthy sport of which one can be proud to be part.

Keith Bales, 3-2.



Catalyst—caterpillar's catalogue.

Glass paper—sand paper.

International Bank—a fishing ground.

Equatorial Drift—middle-age spread.

REFLECTION

*The sun was slowly rising
O'er the dew covered fields and trees,
The bush was slowly waking
And there rose a pleasant breeze.*

*The air was fresh and moist
As it blew against my face,
And made me feel the city
Was such a busy place.*

Colin Hollier, 1-6.

BLACK AND WHITE

*Two men sit in a shelter shed,
Another stands in the rain;
How he longs for the dry and warmth
But wishes are made in vain.*

*What is it that keeps him out,
Does he something lack?
Can he be stricken with disease,
Or can his skin be black?*

Vince Williams, 5-2.

SCHOOL

*A place for the conscientious bloke,
Where conch. means pass,
And slack means fail,
And term exams bring one big wail.*

*A place where days are infinite long,
Where seconds are minutes,
And minutes are hours,
And brains are driven to limiting powers.*

*A place of never-ending work,
Where fab. means great,
And great means cool,
And that, my friends, is what's called school.*

Lin Castle, 5-2.



House Captain
Alan Sharp

Senior Girl
Norma Kowarsky

Prefects

Jan Wellman, Danielle Schaffer, Mary Seotis,
Diana Sellick, Malcolm Cohen, Robert Schock,
Graeme Snooks, Craig Millen.

Magazine Representatives

Lorraine Walker, Diane Cook, Bryan Smith

Editorial

It is with great pride and pleasure that we announce Forrest's rise to top position on the House table. Our hopes are high that we will continue to maintain this lead throughout the year.

Such success, however, is not obtained by the students alone. Our House Master, Mr. Fitzpatrick, has been at all times enthusiastic by setting us constant goals. Credit must also be given to our class teachers, without whom we could not have received such high academic points, which, I might add, always seem to be closely associated with Forrest.

Competition and incentive keep us on our toes and if we tread occasionally on the toes of our rival Houses—it's simply the will to win. We trust no harsh feelings result.

Bryan Smith.

Prefects' Notes

As can be seen from the Editorial, Forrest House has hit the headlines in every sphere of school activity during 1961.

As House Prefects we are proud to belong to such a House and we would like to thank the students for giving us this opportunity to serve Forrest. Wherever the future may take us, the banner of the eagle will always occupy a special place in our memory as a symbol of our High School years.

Alan Sharp.

Our Gang

Alan Sharp—It appears that we will not have the opportunity to criticise Alan's performance in school concerts this year, as his recreational interests are now entirely devoted to athletics, where he is quite a star—ask him, he'll tell you. In the interests of public safety it may also be of value to know that Alan now has his "driver's" licence. As of yet, Alan's score of victims rests at nil.

Craig Millen—is another member of the prefect body who has raised comment as a result of his driving. Craig, I hear, was recently detained, by a traffic policeman, better known as a "spaceman", for having flown at low altitude.

Robert Schock—the Untouchable, recently gained recognition in "Good Samaritan" circles, when he played a starring role in preventing the surf from claiming the life-savers' boat shed at Sorrento. Whilst the husky life-savers were toasting themselves by a blazing cigarette lighter, husky Bob (he had a cold) was actively concerned in the operation of filling sand bags. Incidentally, Bob's feats of excavation are by no means limited to the sands of Sorrento, I hear the hockey pitch provides a wonderful opportunity for this lad to prepare for such disasters.

Graeme Snooks—Mr. Peroxide, has one complaint to offer as far as winter is concerned, the river water at the moment is too chilly to pursue the much-sung method of courting. ("Oh, on the banks"). However, this has only decided Graeme to conserve all intentions of l'amour, until the hibernation season recedes and the Bears are in the running once again. In the meantime, we trust Graeme will release his pent-up energies on the sporting field, and equal if not better his last year's performance for our House.

Malcolm Cohen—It seems as though "Henry's" shapely appearance in a girl's gym tunic at the recent House concert did not impress the girl prefects to any great extent. They feel, given the same opportunity, they could have represented the fifth year girls in the fashion parade with a success almost equal to that of Malcolm's.

Norma Kowarsky, Danielle Schaffer, Mary Seotis, Diane Sellick, Jan Wellman. In the interests of public safety it was thought better to give the report in a garbled fashion: "night photos at Point Peron", "caught off a yorker", "never say di", "it ended in a bow", "Black and White Rag", "dream world plus French book", "wain at Wockingham".

Form Notes

First Year Freshmen.

Banished to the annexes. May return on parole in Third Term. Stop! A runner has just arrived with a message stick.

1-2 celebrities: Paul Hardie (State Schoolboys footballer), Kim McCarthy (comedian), "demie sou" (non stop chatter boxe—note feminine ending).

1-2 lament: Sport Day trek, braving traffic, to arrive at school to find sport cancelled. Reluctant return to annex followed by (1) momentary sunshine, (2) message that there will be sport. Trek to school, braving traffic, through pouring rain. Aw nuts!

Solly Majtales, Richard Watson.

Solitary Second Years

With good academic results, sporting achievements, and fine concert items to their credit, the second years are certainly making their presence felt. According to many of the girls, who have sore toes, the 2-1 boys are making their presence felt too, at the socials.

Sandra Rusyn, Wendy Hawthorne, Deidre Krasnostein.

Terrified Thirds

3-5 shows plenty of brains and brawn.

Watch them doing phys. ed. on the lawn.

Twenty-seven sweet young things

Studying for what November brings.

3-7 number among their prominent members, the one and only master of subconscious minds, Peter Lenny; the master of punctuality at class periods, Herschel Hutton; the past master of efficient homework, Herbert Koenitz; and the brilliant exponents of classic gymnastics, Ken Letts, Bob Broadhead and Peter Mulcaster. In addition there are a considerable number of members eloquently versed in the ancient art of "gabble".

*Faithful Fourth*s

When the new year began, we looked in despair,

Because last year's thirds were barely there.

Of the large number then, we now had seen

It suddenly fall, to just fourteen.

But one thing's certain, we won't give in,

With six girls, eight boys, we'll make enough din

To battle our way through any test,

And at all times, we will do our best.

Anne Reed.

Fatuous Fifts

We're a jolly lot of students,

Students are we.

We'd rather swot

Than enjoy life socially.

Sport

Swimming

With last year's dismal failure in mind, the team, this year, was more determined and filled with higher hopes. These were soon to be justified when we struck home in a close second place. An excellent performance on the team's part and especially by Pauline Evans and Julie Devenish.

Hockey

The main aspect of all matches has been the team spirit and the manner in which the games were played. Outstanding players are the star forwards, Neville Gangelles, Geoff Atkinson, Gary Mincham and our cohesive back-line players, Philip Michael and Clive Hartz.

Wayne Mincham (Capt.)

Australian Rules Football

Our Second Year team has not fared as successfully as we would have liked, losing a few games by a matter of a few points. Forrest's most outstanding players were Peter Hart, Brian Danial, Greg Harvey, Bob McCarthy and Allen Walker.

Neville Wortlehook (Capt.)

Baseball

The senior side has played extremely well, due mainly to our pitcher, Ian Erdman, and catcher, Ken Provost. Credit also to the juniors who successfully out-played their opponents with good performances from Ossie Panaia, Martin Kryntjies, John Nichols and John Harskamp.

Bill Gadsby and Ossie Panaia.

Soccer

Forrest's senior side have had a very successful season due to the close-knit nature of the team. However, Allen Lafferty and John Apathy stand head and shoulders above the rest, the former, always a menace to the opposition, and the latter, a reliable defender.

Unfortunately, the junior side is finding it difficult to get the ball rolling due to the lack of players. However the majority are playing as best they can.

Peter Reed and Jack Bilcjewski (Captains).

Basketball

The Forrest House basketball teams in both second year and senior sections have been doing extremely well. Due to a team effort by all the girls, both sections are placed high on the competition list.

Hope Vernede, Sue Nile.

Volley Ball

This game was introduced in the second term and both senior and second year teams find it lively and interesting. Good team spirit has helped the girls to victory in many games and it is hoped that the success so far achieved will continue.

Sandra Bailey, Rhetta Dunnachie.

Hockey

The second year team has done very well in their section winning both of the games played. It is hoped that this good form is kept up in the future.

Wendy Hawthorne.

Social

The second term social was by far the most successful we have ever had. It took the form of a barn dance with all the trimmings. The gym was lit with kerosene lanterns, and decorated hoops in the form of wagon wheels were strung around the walls. The mode of dress was gaily coloured skirts and blouses for the girls, and slacks and "sloppy-joes" for the boys. In harmony with the setting the supper was of hot dogs and cool drinks.

Forrest students are unanimous in their thanks to the prefects and all willing helpers who organise and run such successful socials.

Junior Debating Club

The Junior Debating Club is open to all second year members of Forrest. We have debates every second week and discussions each alternate week, including hints and assistance on debating procedure. All members are given the opportunity to participate in debates and discussions. This is a highly profitable club and new members are encouraged to join.

Wendy Hawthorn.

Photography Club

The Photography Club meets every three weeks during the lunch recess in room "P". Kodak have acknowledged the club by kindly sending a lecturer to talk about the "whys" and "hows" of photography. This has been greatly appreciated as shown by the numbers present but there is still room for more. Why don't you join?

Philip Burton.

Senior Debating

Forrest House did not, as last year, form a debating club. They are, however, keeping up their good standard of debating. Members of the House who have participated in the Inter-House Debates are: Hope Vernede, Carol Meadows, Craig Millen, Wayne Mincham, Gary Mincham, Neville Smith and Robin Godfrey. Our thanks are extended to these students for helping so much in this sphere of House activities.

Hope Vernede.

MEMORIES

*I know a dell where brooklets flow,
Where poppies and white daisies grow;
A place where ne'er a crowd has trod,
And there I made my peace with God.*

*How well I know the thrush's song,
The noisy larks, a cheerful throng;
The robin, wren, the fox and hare,
They never fear when I pass there.*

*And bullfrogs croak in swirling streams,
While tadpoles hide in earthy seams;
And have you seen a triton crawl?
I know it well, I've seen it all.*

*Brooklets flowed in a dell I knew,
Where poppies and white daisies grew;
A place where sunbeams, brilliant, shone,
This paradise is lost and gone.*

*For Man must fight and slay and burn,
And kill! Oh, will he never learn
To live in peace, not beget war,
But see this kingdom as I saw?*

John Gunzburg, 4-2.

BIRD MIGRATION

The only certain thing we know about migration is that birds do migrate; as to why birds migrate, or how they find their way, we are not much better informed than a one-time Bishop, who thought they migrated to the moon.

Many theories have been put forward to explain the migratory urge of birds. One such theory was called the glacial theory. This held that birds were driven south by the creeping ice-cap, then returned as the ice retreated. For a number of reasons this theory has been rejected.

Food supply available in winter may be an important factor, but it cannot explain the whole mystery. It has been argued that birds whose food supply has been cut off, move south to better feeding grounds. Yet the fact remains that individuals of certain species migrate, whilst others of similar species stay in their home ground all the year round.

"Migration" in its strict sense must not be confused with the words "dispersal" and "irruption". Birds which merely disperse over a wide area of the country after the breeding season, are not true migrants. Similarly, when bands of birds suddenly appear in another country, driven either by bad weather or lack of food, it is still not true migration.

True migration is a regular movement; a predictable movement. It involves the entire population of a species. It means that the species moves out 'en masse' to another part of the world; that the breeding and wintering quarters are entirely and annually different.

Many experiments have been conducted in recent years in an attempt to explain why birds migrate and how they find their way. It has been found that increased light and much activity affect the breeding conditions of birds, and it is known that breeding conditions have something to do with the migratory urge. It was also found that there is no high-speed move from one part to another. Birds travel steadily at so many miles a day and may take weeks to reach their destination. Temperature and food supply affect the rate of advance and birds of the same species will advance more readily along one route than along another.

The "homing instinct" of these birds is a wonderful thing and does not have to be taught. Birds don't travel in the company of others who have done the trip before in order to find their way. So there is no question of birds "learning the way" as homing pigeons do to a very great extent.

At one time it was thought that this homing instinct was in some way connected with the earth's magnetic field. But this was disproved by attaching metal bars to the heads of certain birds. These bars were powerful enough to kill any effect of the earth's magnetism. The birds found their way home just as easily as others of the same species fitted with non-magnetic bars of the same weight.

This migration of birds can be truly described as spectacular. Birds cross continents and vast stretches of water when making their two-way journeys. The little swallow flies from the remote north of Scotland to the south of the African continent. Truly it can be said that if you approach the mystery of migration you will have a very interesting subject to occupy your mind for the rest of your life.

Margaret Bremner, 3-1.

AT THE CLOSE OF DAY

Prize-winning entry—Lower School.

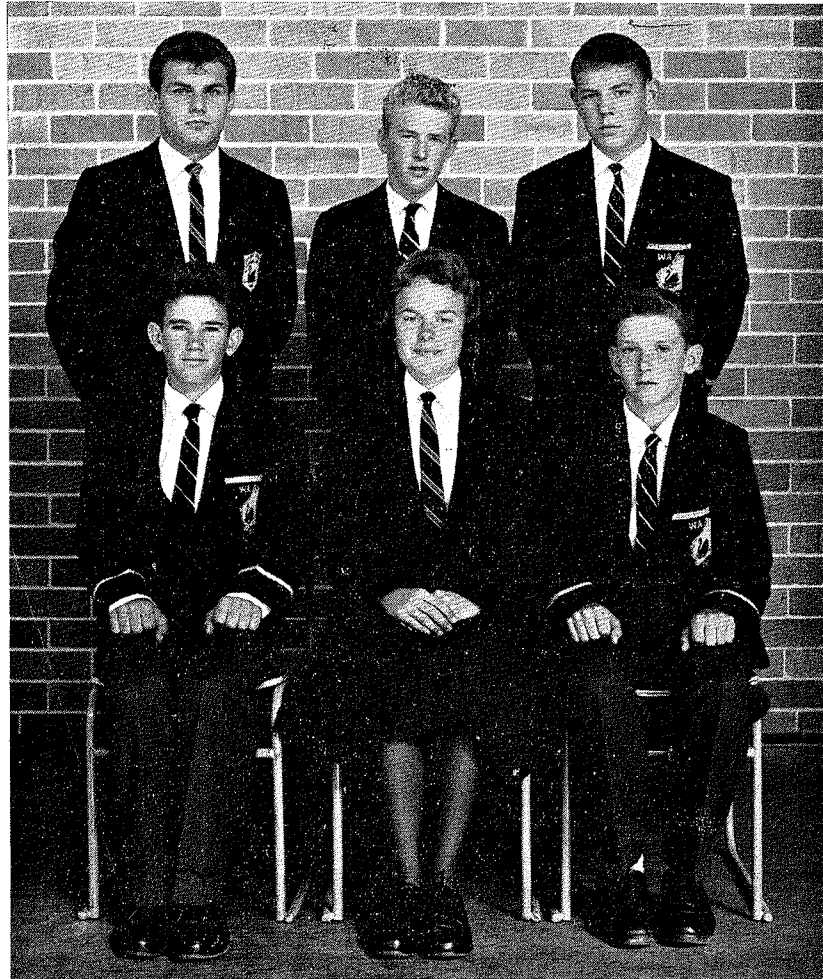
*The light fades away
At the close of the day.
The moon does arise,
And silvers the skies.
The skylark and thrush,
The birds of the bush
Have folded their wings,
And as all other things
Have gone to their rest
In a warm, cosy nest.*

*Old John, with white hair,
In his favourite chair,
Sits reading his book
While his grandchildren look
And laugh as they play
And all seem to say,
"Oh, such are the joys
Of all girls and boys
After supper at night
Round the fire bright."*

*Then the little ones weary,
No more can be merry;
The moon in the sky,
Says bedtime is nigh.
On the laps of their mothers
Both sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nests,
Are ready for rest,
And dreams, they are told,
Are theirs to behold.*

Meredith Atkinson, 2-1.

SCHOOL SPORT



STATE REPRESENTATIVES

Back Row: Gary Papadopoulos (Rugby), Paul Hardie (Football), Brian Daniells (Cricket).

Front Row: John Yucich (Football), Roslyn King (Hockey), Robert Massey (Cricket).

Football



Back Row: Robin Buswell, Rick Vernon, Ray Stankevicius, John Stankevicius, Graham Snooks, Wayne Bennets, Colin Cutler.
Second Row: Evan Jones, Robert Ward, Ihor Litwynchuk, John Wheelock, Chris Klyse, Bryan Smith, Leon Musca, Jeffrey Mews, Robert Gray.
Third Row: Warren York, Rodney Burton, Eddie Retallack (Captain), Mr. P. Oliver (Coach), David Dyson (Vice-Capt.), Robert Scott, Tony Michell.
Front Row: Alan Drake, Michael Scaffidi, Bill Cox, Michael McInnes.

This season Eddie Retallack was elected captain with David Dyson once again his deputy.

Playing for the first time in the A division of the Senior High Schools' Competition, Mt. Lawley has to date won against Kent Street, Tuart Hill and Governor Stirling and been defeated by Modern and the strongest team, John Curtin.

Our best players have been John Stankevicius, Bryan Smith, Bill Cox and Wayne Bennets, and much of our success is due to the guidance of our coach, Mr. Oliver.

The first year team, trained by Mr. Edmondson, has done well in its interschool matches in defeating Scarborough and Swanbourne and with only one loss, to Tuart Hill. Two members have been selected to represent the State and Graham Gribble is the most improved player.

David Dyson.

Men's Basketball

For the first time Mount Lawley entered a team in the Senior Schools Basketball Competition.

So far the team has been outclassed but due to the efforts of Michael Glossop and Mr. Grey the standard of play is improving and the team is becoming more experienced.

Wasley Sakalo.



Back Row: Wasley Sakalo, Malcolm McKenzie, Ian Dadd, Joal Jefferies.
Front Row: Phillip Martin, Rod Atkinson (Vice-Capt.), Mr. L. Sawle (Coach), Rodney Moyle, Peter Cox.
Absent: Phillip Turner (Captain), Robert Hardie.

Baseball

Phillip Turner was elected captain and has shown great skill in leading the team. Rodney Atkinson (Vice-Capt.) has proved himself to be a top class pitcher. Members from last year, Ian Dadd, Wasley Sakalo, Hardy and Malcolm McKenzie have formed the backbone of this year's team. Newcomers, Peter Cox, Joel Jefferies and Rodney Moyle, have played well on all occasions.

Our success to date has been encouraging so we look forward to a grand season of baseball and thank Mr. Sawle for his excellent coaching.

Malcolm McKenzie.

Rugby



Back Row: Ross Porteous, Craig Aitken, John Blake, Ivan Schon, Harold Sipols.
Middle Row: Alan Sharp, Len Genoni, Richard Smith, Tom Locke, Ian Mullins.
Front Row: Bruce Hoskins, Bill Secker, Chris Ridley (Capt.), Mr. P. Davies-Moore (Coach), Gary Papadopoulos (Vice-Capt.), Chris Roberts, Robert Harrison.

The 1961 rugby season opened with Mount Lawley being represented in two divisions. A third division team, unsurpassed for keenness, was formed under the guidance of Mr. Uren. The veteran second division team moved up to the first division with Mr. Davies-Moore as coach. New recruits filled the vacancies caused by former members leaving school.

With great confidence and under the captaincy of Chris Ridley we barged into the Wednesday competition and with only one loss we now stand equal top with Modern School and John Curtin.

The Saturday morning First Division team first went on to the field short of players, but with numbers growing we are fighting our way up the ladder from fourth place. The Third Division team are getting closer to victory with each game they play. Their enthusiasm augurs well for the future.

Chris Roberts.

Hockey



Back Row: John Steinhart, Frank O'Rourke, Ken Stewart, Stephen Chamarette, John Pendred.
Front Row: Brian Kaye, John Hulme, Len Hill (Capt.), Mr. A. Scott (Coach), Michael Rawlinson, John Moulton, Noel Hill.

The first XI, although not as strong as last year, has acquitted itself well. So far this season we have won two, drawn two and lost one game.

The wins were against Tuart Hill (6-0) and Governor Stirling (7-1). The Hill brothers, Len and Noel, scored three and two in the Tuart match, and John Hulme scored four in the Stirling match. Michael Rawlinson played well in defence with some excellent saves.

Mount Lawley seems assured of a place in the final four and with the guidance of Mr. Scott and a bit of luck, might win the premiership.

Once again Mount Lawley has entered two teams in the A, B and C grades played on Saturday. While the first year team appears to be the only team with premiership prospects, all teams have enjoyed the season.

Some senior school students, especially Stephen Chamarette and John Moulton, have umpired efficiently in these matches. Their efforts are much appreciated.

Many thanks go to Mr. Vanzetti, Mr. Hogben and Mr. Rendall for their coaching efforts and their patience.

Stephen Chamarette.

Soccer



Back Row: George Rzepecki, John McKeitch, Ray Levin, Malcolm Cohen, Ian Silver, Lesly Hoffman.
Front Row: Bob Edelman, Glyn James, Jerry Skivinis (Capt.), Mr. Conochie (Coach), Hans Bertina (Vice-Capt.), Johnny Gild, Max Brown.

Once again Mount Lawley has been well represented in the 'A' division soccer competition. With a record of consistent wins it appears that this team will complete the season undefeated.

However, we are far from satisfied, the standard of play has been very low, the goal shooting inaccurate and teamwork and ground work lacking in finish. Due to the inaccuracy and inconsistency of the forwards our goal average is surprisingly low with inglorious wins like 4-0 against Tuart Hill, 1-0 against Kent and 4-1 against Curtin.

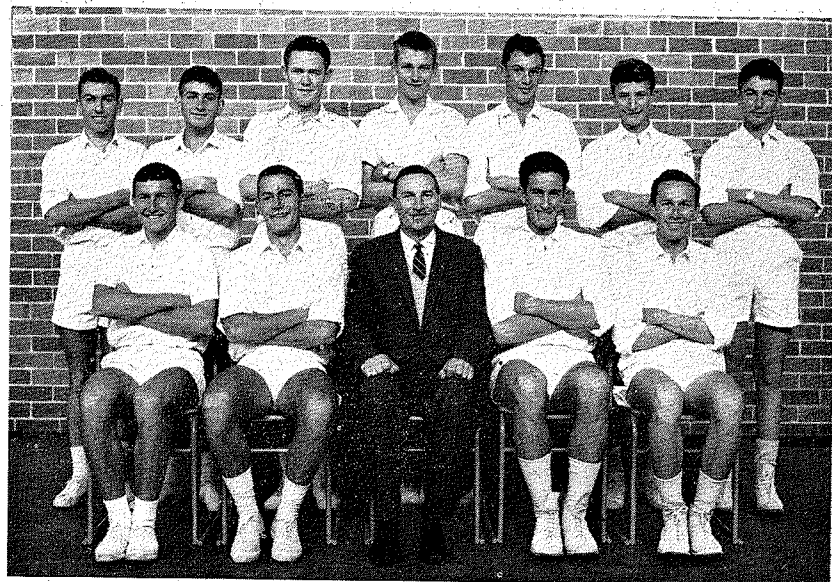
The team was led by J. Skivinis (perhaps a little inaccurate?). The team's moral was kept high by the conversation supplied by Hans Bertina.

On Saturday mornings, the third year soccer team has met with moderate success having won two, drawn two and lost three. Although lacking a staff member as a coach, the first year team has also experienced success. Their scoreboard reads: Won 2, drawn 1, lost 1.

Much of their success is due to the coaching of fourth year student, Ian Silver.

John Gild.

Cricket



Back Row: Rodney Burton, Alan Sharp, Ian Erdman, Colin Cutler, John Wheelock, Joal Jeffreys, Lén Wilner.
Front Row: Len Hill, Edwin Retallack (Capt.), Mr. L. Sawle (Coach), David Dyson (Vice-Capt.), Evan Jones.

The school cricket XI played one game in the High Schools' Cricket Competition. The match was against Tuart Hill.

Mt. Lawley, with Eddie Retallack captain, won the toss and batted. We made 179 runs, top scorer being David Dyson with 83.

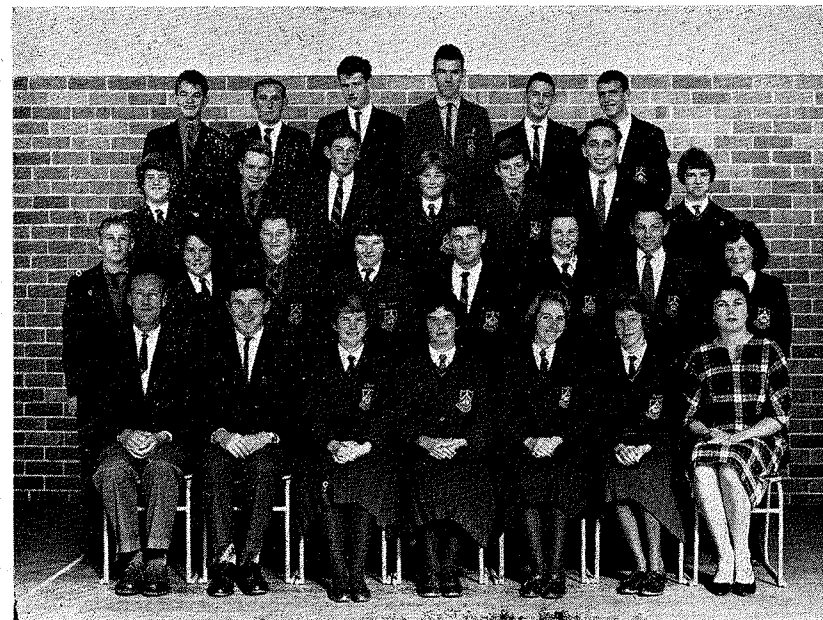
Tuart Hill batted the following Wednesday and were dismissed for 75, due to skilful bowling by Eddie Retallack who took 9 for 20. Tuart Hill then followed on and were 8 for 60 when rain ended the play. Mt. Lawley were therefore declared the winners.

A social match was then played against the W.A. Medical School. Mt. Lawley won the match by 1 run after a thrilling finish.

The team is grateful to Mr. Sawle for his help to the players and anticipate a successful conclusion to the competition in third term.

David Dyson.

Swimming



Back Row: Trevor Gardiner, Ian Temby, Wayne Bennets, Reggie Oakes, Ross Doolette, Geoff Penn.
Second Row: Joanne Peers, Alan Drake, John Fussel, Pat Kjellgren, Warrick Liddell, Boris Sefer, Roslyn Upton.
Third Row: Geoff Cooper, Beatrice Hutchinson, Phillip Fagan, Sue Kaiser, John Gild, Julie Devenish, Chris Pearton, Carol Vivian.
Front Row: Mr. P. Oliver (Coach), Tony Michell, Judy Milne, Cecily Anderson, Pauline Evans, Pat Campbell, Miss Getley
Absent: Carol Cavanagh, Cheryl Ryan.

Carnival honours go to Carol Cavanagh, Cheryl Ryan, Judith Milne, Allan Drake and Boris Sefer who gained several points for Mt. Lawley. Carol Vivian is to be congratulated for her diving.

Tony Michell, Carol Cavanagh.

Softball

Although the "A" team won only one game, there was a vast improvement in players and teamwork by the end of the season. The "B" team, however, was more fortunate than the "A" as it managed to win three of the six matches played.

The "A" team was captained by Carol Meadows, the pitcher, who combined well with the catcher, Anne Thorne, both playing well all round. Pat Sweeting on first base was a consistent fielder, while Pauline Sorrel (Vice-Capt.) and Coral Ellis on second and third base respectively, held their positions well with strong batting:



Back Row: Anne Thorn, Karen Ross, Margaret Chalmers, Jeanette McDonald, Charlotte Coffin.
Front Row: Coral Ellis, Carol Meadows (Capt.), Miss Cowell (Coach), Pauline Sorrel (Vice-Capt.), Pat Sweeting.

As short stop, Jeanette MacDonald was one of the team's most improved players who, with Margaret Chalmers, Charlotte Coffin and Karen Ross, competent and reliable outfielders, completed the team.

The "B" team, consisting of many third years, owes much of its success to its captain, Mary Seotis, who made many moves to the advantage of the team, but their success is mainly due to the combination of all the members as a team.

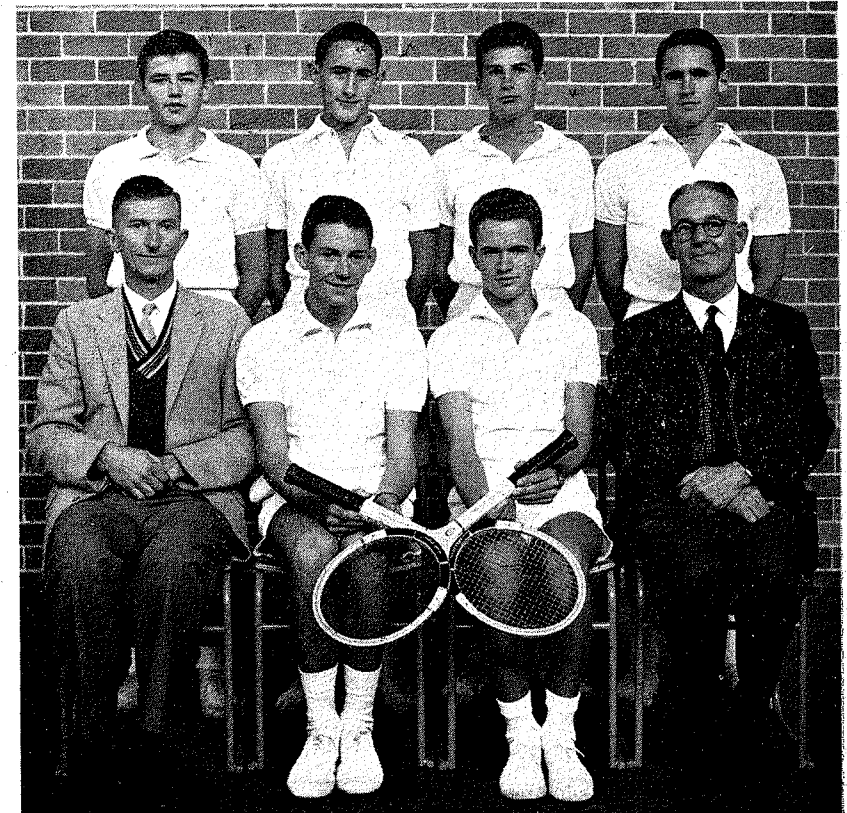
Carol Meadows.

Tennis — Boys'

This year, with the aid of several new players and much improvement by the others, Mt. Lawley finished well in the Wednesday competition.

The team, consisting of B. Wasley, B. Hughes, W. York, W. Mincham, D. Thomas and W. Sakalo, concluded by defeating Kent Street, Applecross and Tuart Hill High Schools. There were many creditable performances by individual members, but of all players perhaps the one who most deserves commendation is W. Sakalo, who did not lose a singles match throughout this competition.

Towards the end of first term, during the week-ends, the Mursell Shield competition was conducted. This was for the Upper School only and Mt. Lawley entered two teams. In the second round, the number one team was beaten by Scotch College by three games. Our second team met with similar misfortune.



Back Row: Wasley Sakalo, Wayne Mincham, David Thomas, Warren York.
Front Row: Mr. Willis, Barry Wasley, Ben Hughes, Mr. Toole.

But main tennis honours go to the school's Herbert Edwards' Cup Team. Alan Gooch, David Thomas, Gary Robins, Kerry Macarthy and Graham Gribble played well to reach the semi-final, where they lost to Hale School.

Highlight of the tennis year, especially for the students, was the Staff v. Student match at the end of first term. There were some sound thrashings on both sides, but when the day finished the students had managed to gain the upper hand and emerged the winners by ten sets to the staff's eight.

Barry Wasley.

Tennis — Girls'



Back Row: Robyn Bloomfield, Val Warner, Kerry Burrows.
Front Row: Kay Oates, Sue Prendiville, Barbara Fischer, Sandra Tauss.

This season's tennis started off badly with three consecutive losses to Applecross, Governor Stirling and Modern School, in the Girls' Senior Tennis Competition. However, with the practice and experience gained in those matches, we went on to win the next three from Kent Street, John Curtin and Tuart Hill.

Two teams were entered in the Mursell Shield competition with encouraging results. The first team, Susan Prendiville, Robyn Bloomfield, Barbara Fischer and Kerry Burrows, easily beat John Curtin, but were unlucky to meet Loreto Convent No. 1 who, incidentally, won the com-

petition. Our second team consisting of Sandra Tauss, Val Warner, Sara Green and Sara Schladow, was also unfortunate in meeting another of Loreto's strong teams and was thus eliminated in the first round.

Further improvement is inevitable for Mt. Lawley High and with regular practices, which were sadly lacking this season, we hope to soon find ourselves on top.

Robyn Bloomfield.

Girls' Basketball



Back Row: Sara Peikarski, Marilyn Fullfort, Judy Molster, Paula Martin.
Front Row: Diane Polglaze, Danielle Schaffer (Capt.), Miss Getley, Aileen Rychen (Vice-Capt.), Vivienne Lewin.

Neither team has been very successful this season but both teams have improved enormously since the beginning of the season and the girls have enjoyed participating in the matches. Danielle Schaffer, captain of the "A" is a fast goalie who combines well with the accurate goal thrower, Diane Polglaze. Sara Peickarski never gives up and is reliable on the attack wing. She and Vivien Lewin, the capable centre player, play well together. On the other wing is Judy Molster, a strong player and defender who is ably backed up by the two efficient defences,

Merrilyn Fulford and Aileen Rychen, who often get the team out of a tight spot.

The "B" team has been more successful than the "A", with several wins to its credit. Marion de Blanke, Heather Nathanson and Kerry Burrows play well in the defending positions and Janet Herbert more than holds her own on the defence wing. Faye Hirsh is doing well at centre as is Pam Milne, the captain, in attack wing. Pam combines very well with the two goalies, Miriam McKeitch and Valda Chapman, who both play well.

There are several teams in the Saturday competition and they are going well, especially the first team.

Danielle Schaffer, Pam Milne.

Girls' Hockey



Back Row: Jeanette McDonald, Carol Meadows, Eileen McNamara, Val Warner, Marilyn Argent, Diane Sellick, Helen Hawthorne, Pat Sweeting.
Front Row: Shirley Hammond, Kaye Oates, Robyn Bloomfield (Vice-Capt.), Mrs. Stephenson (Coach), Roslyn King (Capt.), Coral Ellis, Pauline Sorrell.

With very little success this season, the "A" team found itself in a very unfortunate position near the bottom of the list. However, everyone showed good sportsmanship and made sure they thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Our forwards combined well with Carol Meadows and Kaye Oates scoring most of the goals. Di Sillick, Pat Sweeting and Jeanette McDonald also played well throughout the season.

Star of the half-back line, Robyn Bloomfield, was ably assisted by Coral Ellis and Val Warner, with Shirley Hammond and Roslyn King as full-backs, and Pauline Sorrel goalie. Special recognition must be given to Roslyn King, whose splendid play during the season gained her a place in the State Schoolgirls' Team, as captain. Congratulations Ros!

The "B" team has not had very much more success than the "A" owing to its continual rearrangement. With Helen Hawthorne as captain, the team has tried hard and gained much in experience.

Pauline Sorrel.

THE SPORT OF KINGS — POLO

The Persians of old were magnificent horsemen. Riding was the very first of all their skills, because the great Persian Empire depended upon their ability in the saddle. Therefore it is only fitting that we first hear of polo, the game that horse and man play together, in the land of Persia. How far back the game may go we do not know, but certainly it is very old.

Polo has to be a rich man's game. It takes very fine ponies, which may bring a price of up to £5,000 and even more, and which must be very artfully trained. Nor does a single pony play all through the game, for the play is so fast and exhausting that several ponies will be used.

The polo field is of level turf, 300 yards long and 200 yards wide. At either end there is a goal 24 feet wide. There are four men on each side, each mounted on a pony, and each carrying a long wooden mallet.

As the game begins, a light wooden ball about five inches through, is rolled out on the field and the riders of both teams dash out for it. Their object is to put it through their opponent's goal and to do this they must strike it from one to another with the side of their mallets, always carrying it towards the goal, and always keeping it away from the other team's riders.

Literally this makes it the fastest game in the world. To be a good player the co-ordination between the rider and the horse must be so precise that they should think and act as one. An experienced pony feels the slightest command and will get into the game itself. And atop the pony the player will execute shots to rival anything ever seen in a wild west show. Between the two of them they will provide a sight unrivalled in speed, grace and mental perfection.

Jim Avraamides, 2-1.

THE IMMORTAL ARCHERS

*Fool! Why wail, mournfully singing
 While to your breast a dove clinging,
 Complaining to the gods of this answer to your love?
 Rise you fool, for that's them laughing.
 It's not your devotion they want above—
 They want your toil, till your brows are bleeding.
 Fool! Why hold you a crimson dove?
 Kind Sir, 'tis my toil, my expectations,
 My hopes, ambitions, deadened with a shaft of exultation.
 I set it out to rise up high to mark my fame
 But the immortal archers who set examinations
 Aim at hearts to kill, not wings to maim.
 This bloody dove, which was my aspiration,
 To my kinsmen is my raven of damnation.*

Ian Mullins, 4-3.

HORROR

It was so dark. I could see nothing in front of me. I edged my way inch by inch along the musty tunnel. The roof and walls were running with water. All at once I heard something scraping in front of me. Cold gripped my heart; my legs felt shaky; I gripped the jagged edge of the wall and set my teeth resolutely. Rounding another bend in the passage, I suddenly became aware of a dim bulky shape coming toward me. It was dragging its feet along the ground. Bravely I kept my ground, trying to pull myself together. I felt as though the earth was pressing in, trying to bury me in its dark depths. At that instant a dull shadow fell over me.

It was the gryphon. It came closer and closer, its hot fiery breath singeing the hair on my head; another minute and it would be on me, burning me to death. Powerless to defend myself there seemed nothing to do but die.

I screamed a loud piercing scream. The gryphon sprang. I screamed again and woke up with a start, only to find myself face to face with the electric fire and my cat pawing at my ears.

Barbara Hughes, 1-4.

LES MISERABLES

*It's up in the morning at seven o'clock,
 A piece of burnt toast as hard as a rock.
 It's freezing outside and starting to rain,
 You look at your tyre and it's flat again.
 You've caught a cold and you're starting to cough,
 When you skid in a puddle and the darn chain comes off.
 You arrive at school feeling nearly half drowned,
 and you're greeted at once by the heartening sound
 Of the second bell's toll saying "Hurry up mate!
 It's time for maths, and the teacher can't wait."
 So you drift into class with the rest of the bunch,
 'Cause you've left it too late to order your lunch.
 You last through till recess, a short-lived respite,
 When you tear through the homework you missed out last night.
 Recess is over and back you go,
 To listen to what the experts know.
 You wrack your brains in an effort to think
 And succeed in spilling a bottle of ink
 On your best friend's book, but he doesn't mind,
 He's past caring now—one of your kind,
 At the end of his tether, he no longer cares
 If he fails the Leaving or gets more grey hairs.
 Lunch time rolls round and you stealthily crawl
 To a room with a fire where your friends can all
 Gather like ghouls and furiously rave
 At the folly of teachers and the homework they gave.
 Lunch time ends and it's back to the fray
 Till you finally come to the end of the day.
 Exhausted, you push your way home in the rain,
 You pumped up your tyre, but it's leaking again.
 You study for hours, then crawl into bed
 And fervently murmur you wish you were dead!
 Then it's up in the morning at seven o'clock*

Lik, 4-1.



MATCHLESS MURDOCHIANS

Magazine Representatives

Michael Rawlinson Stephen Chamarette

Fifth Year Editorial

We start by congratulating all fourth years of the House for their hundred per cent. pass in the Junior Certificate of 1960. Of the sixteen school prefects we are proud to own five—Pat Sweeting, Val Warner, Len Hill, Jeff Mews and Eddie Retallack.

1961 has shown a great deal of enthusiasm and overall improvement within Murdoch House. There is a pleasing atmosphere at House assemblies and it is felt that the first years who are able to attend are becoming more of a compact group.

There is an active interest in the House from 1-1 and 1-5 of the North Perth annexe, however once the new buildings are opened and all the first years are here, there should be even greater improvements. All indicates the major effort made in running the House, with Miss Russell, Murdoch Staff and the fifth years all co-operating. Murdoch has pioneered the way for future inter-school table tennis games, thanks to the work of Gordon Sivewright and Rodney Higgins.

Ric Vernon and Shirley Hammond did an excellent job as captains of the Inter-House Swimming Teams and some startling wins boosted our morale. This surprise was followed by a steady rise in points at First Term exams and we hope to see the standard even higher in Second Term exams and at the Athletic Carnival next term.

Remember Kipling:

"So the more we work and the less we talk the better results we shall get."

Above all—remember—Matchless Murdochians.

Clubs

First Year Art Club

The "First Year Art Club" is functioning very well at the North Perth annexe under the excellent supervision of Mrs. Rae. Members are engaged in learning specific details of sketching and painting people as well as scenery.

Members recently held an Art Exhibition in Mrs. Rae's room where members of other clubs saw some very fine pieces of work.

Bush Music Club

We are a small but enthusiastic group who are developing a musical combination in the traditional "bushwhacker band" style. Instruments included in our band so far are guitars, mouth organs, pan-pipes, combs, tea-chest bass, lagerphone and the bones.

Our music is in the "do it yourself" spirit of the 19th century Australian countryside, although our songs are not limited to that period. You will hear and see more of us under the inspired leadership of our singing conductor, Mr. Conochie.

Chess Club—Naturalist Club

These two active associations are based at the North Perth annexe under the guidance of Mr. Lewis and Mr. Edmondson respectively. They are keenly hoping to enrol new members when they move up to the main building.

Debating Club

In the first debate of second term Murdoch had a win over Hackett. Unfortunately, this was not part of the official competition, nevertheless Murdoch has done quite well with a win against O'Connor and a loss to Hackett.

The team debaters, under the guidance of Mr. Knowles, have been John Rosser, Michael Rawlinson, John Menouchin, and Basil Edwards, all of 4-2. The club would appreciate it a great deal if more House members, especially the senior ones, would just come along to these debates to give support, but more member debaters would also strengthen the team.

Basil Edwards, 4-2.

Drama Club

After a few weeks of recording ourselves on tape, and hunting for capable bodies, we at last managed to embark upon two projects. The first is the recording of a radio play "Fire on the Snow", and the second, the production of a one-act play, "The Man Who Wouldn't Go to Heaven". While much fun is being had by all and there seems to be a great deal of activity, neither play is anywhere near completed at the time of going to press. However we hope that Mr. McCracken's energy will finally be rewarded: in the meantime, "The Play's the thing."

The Playhouse Junior Theatre Club

An idea, held by Raymond Westwell, Director of the Playhouse, that senior students should be more interested in the live theatre, resulted in the formation of a Junior Theatre Club under the direction of Mr. McCracken. Annual membership of 4/- covers a season of approximately eight plays, with lectures and demonstrations of Theatrecraft to take the place of unsuitable plays.

The inaugural play, "Crime Passionel", was very well received by a serious audience and the second production, "The No-Hoppers", while not being very instructive, as some of our students remarked, was still highly entertaining for those prepared to be less academic, and it attracted a number of new members.

Of a total membership of approximately 500, Mt. Lawley has just over 100, all of whom are being either entertained or instructed at least one Saturday morning a month.

Hostess Club

Hostess? The feminine flower. "A Touch of Magic With" second year girls. We aim at developing poise, improving appearances and discussing social problems. Discussions and activity work centred around these topics, which are of interest to girls of any age fill the available time. However, this isn't all we have done! we invited a guest speaker, Mrs. Shon, took an outing to the cinema together and helped with supper preparations and with cleaning up at our social. Special guests at this social were very appreciative of our hand-made sprays. Though numbers have dropped in past weeks there has been no detraction from our operations.

Have care, faith and fun girls with the Hostess-in-chief of our Hostess Club, to whom we say a big "thank you" Miss Getley.

Woodwork Club

This club gathered for the first time on the 13th April, 1961. It was designed for those who had an interest in woodwork, for the carrying out of House or School projects and for projects of a personal nature.

A table made by the club for the playing of table tennis is now available for Murdochians, and we hope for other students too.

Some students originally enrolled in the Woodwork Club, have found difficulty in attending on Thursday afternoons, but those who persevere enjoy it thoroughly and thank Mr. Hart for his help and guidance.

The Ship's Log

Supervised by Mr. Oliver, a small group of yachting enthusiasts meet weekly in the boys' gymnasium. Lectures and discussions on topics concerning yachts, rigging, tactics, etc., are being given and the members have a comprehensive library of yachting magazines. During the next season the group intend having practical sessions at week-ends or on holidays. The club is open to anyone interested in sailing.

Social

Murdoch House Social was held on Friday, 9th June, and was attended by a large percentage of the House. With the aid of Miss Getley and Mr. McCracken in the hall, and most members of the Staff in other ways, the social was a great success throughout the evening. We thank Miss Russell and everyone for coming.

Time and thought had been spent in the arrangement of the decorations—chiefly by the boys—and the all-blue effect was very successful. The girls in the House were very co-operative with the supper and flowers and we want to thank especially the fifth years, Barbara, Elaine and Shirley, and the boy Prefects for helping to make the social the success it was.

Sport*Basketball—Second Years*

Murdoch second year basketball team has shown a keen attitude and a good competitive spirit in the inter-House matches during the season. A highlight of this competition was the social visit to Governor Stirling, when the Murdoch team defeated their opponents, 30-20.

Basketball—First Years

Murdoch's basketball team have shown great promise. Our "A" team have lost one game and drawn one. The "B" team have not yet lost a match. During games with other schools our "A" team defeated both Perth Modern School and Governor Stirling High. We are quite confident we shall keep on doing as well as we have done so far with the help of our coach, Miss Getley.

Vivienne Miller.

Football—First Year

The first year football is very keenly played by all four Houses. For Murdoch several boys are playing very well—Alan Walker, John Robinson (our captain), Rolf Turkovic (our vice-captain), David Bornshin, Graham Gribble, Micahel Andreacivich, Harry Dunham, Gary York and Norm Blennerhassett. Mr. Edmondson is taking first year football and we are very lucky to have him.

Graham Groundland.

THE BROKEN STUDENTS

*For fails we never mention,
For work misunderstood—
And excellent intention
Which never came to good;
To pleasure we're now rueing
Our studies turned, my dear;
From trades we were pursuing
We failed, and finish here.*

*Through clouded hours of grieving,
We bade our long goodbyes.
They talked of "time" and "Leaving",
They wrote of enterprise.
To save our injured feelings
'Twas time to pack and go—
Behind lay school and playthings,
Ahead lay work and woe!*

Shirley Hammond, 5-3.

OPERA GOES TO CAMP

One person nudged another and whispered "Who is it? Who is this new star who has come into our midst? Can it be one of the imported opera stars?" Everyone was asking questions of this nature at a recent Bursars' Camp at Point Peron.

The topic of conversation was a seemingly stout woman thought to be a member of 5-3, who made a grand entrance, as is expected of this illustrious form. Around her "golden locks" was tied a makeshift silken scarf made from a bath towel hastily acquired from some fellow camper. Her large, matron-like figure, was achieved by stuffing some poor, shivering girl's jumper up the front of the cook's dress, and a well-padded rear was achieved by the use of an extraordinarily lumpy pillow. A tea-towel served as an apron to protect the clothes of the magnificent figure before us.

At last, when we were able to tear our eyes off this charming person, we saw a short, thin figure, presumably that of a Stirling-ite, dressed as a typically untidy boy with a long white shirt hanging out of a pair of mouldy old trousers. A dilapidated hat was pulled down over its face so that we, the audience, would not get too great a shock. In his or her (we don't really know which) hand, was a rather rusty bucket.

With such a scene presented, the "Opera" began. In a high-pitched voice, typically that of a hen-pecked husband, the "male" lead informed his wife that there was a hole in the bucket. To everyone's amazement a low booming voice from the harsh wife answered that she knew and that her dear timid husband was quite capable of fixing it.

At last we knew what we were in for. It was the old number "There's a Hole in the Bucket". Everything was running as smoothly as any "opera" should, when Henry forgot his lines. Liza hastily prompted him, and so the performance continued until it was Liza's turn to be in an embarrassing predicament. Her rear portion slipped. With no amenities available for a repair job, some intrepid onlooker held the "props" in place.

With everything restored to some sort of order, the act finished with no further incidents until the final exit when Liza completely lost her "derrière" while running off and had to halt her sprint to retrieve it. My! What an embarrassing way to end an opera!

"Anyone for Belafonte?"

SHADES OF "OTHELLO"

"What profane wretch art thou?"—Miss R. to new boy.

"Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger."—? with ?

"What, have you lost your wits?"—Blakey in Maths.

'Nine or ten times
I had thought t' have yerked him
here under the ribs."—Sport-waggers' revenge on Mr. O.

"Though in the trade of war I have slain men."—Ivan on rugby field.

"Oh! Monstrous! Monstrous!"—Sandra's haircut.

"Full blast did they race."—Hans and Sivo.

"Are they married think you?"—Your guess.

"It were an honest action."—Rueful cracker fanatics receiving the cuts.

"Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet."—Canteen 2/- lunch.

"Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow."—Who 'borrowed' a Prefects' Badge.

"Who steals my purse, steals trash."—Famous last words by Stano.

"Myself will straight aboard, and to the State
This heavy act, with heavy heart relate."

—off to the printers.

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