

1963

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



For an Office Position
STOTT-TRAINING
Meets all Requirements

General Typewriting All Business Forms
Extended Invoicing Stencilling - Duplicating
Dictation Machines Electric Typewriter

Comptometer Adding Machine

Shorthand Theory and Speed
Book-keeping and Business Principles

POSITIONS FOR ALL GRADUATES
MAKE RESERVATION FOR 1964

STOTT'S BUSINESS COLLEGE

4th Floor, 89 St. George's Terrace

TEL. 23 2284

Pilpel Print, Perth

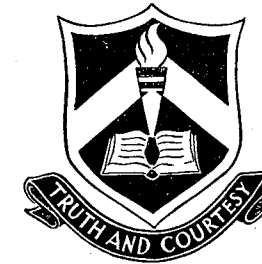
Lawley

SET ①

NOT FOR LOAN

VOLUME 4
1963

 MT. LAWLEY SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL



STUDENT OFFICIALS

School Captain
Keith Bales

Head Girl
Margaret Bremner

PREFECTS

Boys
David Manners
Ray Williamson
Julline Wills
Robert Byers
Terry Sor
David Thomas
Joal Jeffery
Craig Lenny
Philip Burton
David Wake

Girls
Jennifer Walters
Suzy Tasnady
Joy Smith
Rae Brokensha
Joyce Woods
Kay Gorodnaski
Janet Lyon
Diane Polglaze
Tamada Gorlinski
Susette Flugge

MAGAZINE OFFICIALS

Frances Latham (Editor), Geoffrey Gild (Secretary), Allan Walker, Robin Evans, John Kowarsky, Craig Pearson, Brian Daniel, Tony Arnold, Janice Campbell, Dan Mossenson, Susan Rutherford, Joanne Hawtin, Paul Bradstreet, Graeme McLennan, Wendy Hawthorne, Beth Withers.

Dux of the School

Terry Sor

HONOUR BOARD

	Dux	Captain	Head Girl
1956	—	J. Pearton	E. Dick
1957	—	J. Pearton	E. Dick
1958	—	A. Barton	S. Bantock
1959	—	L. Hill	J. Jaworsky
1960	R. Schock	W. York	M. Seotis
1961	A. Sharp	W. York	M. Kowarsky
1962	L. Genoni	B. Smith	A. Reed

Carroll's

EDUCATIONAL SPECIALISTS

can supply all school requirements for Teachers and Pupils

TEXT BOOKS

STATIONERY

PRINTING

LIBRARY BOOKS

REFERENCE BOOKS

TEACHING AIDS

KINDERGARTEN MATERIAL

PICTURES

WALL MAPS, etc.

Usual Discounts to Teachers, Schools, Parents
and Citizens' Associations

CARROLL'S

Pty. Ltd.

566 HAY STREET, PERTH

Booksellers, Stationers and Printers

Phones 23 1017 (3 lines)



PRINCIPAL AND SCHOOL PREFECTS 1963

Back Row: Jennifer Walters, Susy Tasnady, Joy Smith, Rae Brokensha.

Centre Row: Ray Williamson, David Manners, Julline Wills, Robert Byers, Joyce Woods, Terry Sor, David Thomas, Joal Jeffery.

Front Row: Kay Gorodnaski, Craig Lenny, Janet Lyons, Keith Bayles (Captain), Mr. Glenister (D/Princ.), Mr. W. Walker (Principal), Margaret Bremner (Head Girl), Philip Burton, Dianne Polglaze, David Wake.

Absent: Tamada Gorlinski, Susette Flugge

EDITORIAL

Once again the printing presses have been busy turning out hundreds of copies of the "Lawley" Magazine. With this year's volume come considerable changes. The format of the magazine has been somewhat altered; there is a photo of the Mt. Lawley Cadet Unit, and more art than previously. There are several reports on new activities which have been initiated during the past twelve months; also a staff photo, and more school social notes. It is hoped that the introduction of these new ideas will create greater interest, as the field from which the magazine draws its material will be extended further throughout the school.

The "Lawley" has become a tradition within the school, and, in the past the standard set has been extremely high. We feel that this year the magazine is of an even higher standard. For this our thanks go to the students in the school for a creditable response to the appeal for literary contributions. Daily more articles were added to the pile in Mr. Gell's office. As we have only limited space which may be devoted to literary contributions the majority of these articles had to be omitted from the magazine. However the greater the number of articles, the wider the choice, and the committee is truly grateful to all those who missed out. We also extend our sincere thanks to those who wrote reports of any kind, to the staff members involved, and to the typistes.

In conclusion, we would like to say that we have enjoyed producing this year's volume of our school magazine, and we hope that you, the readers and also the critics, will derive many hours of pleasurable reading from its pages.

The Editors.

PREFECTS' NOTES

At our first meeting office bearers were elected and are Rae Brokensha, Secretary and Bob Byers, Treasurer. The school Captain, Keith Bales, presides over our weekly meetings together with our Head Girl, Margaret Bremner.

At our weekly meetings such matters as bike racks, stairs, Canteen duties, and general school activities are discussed. Margaret presented Miss Aldridge with a bouquet at such a meeting before our senior mistress went abroad for a six month holiday.

School functions held by the prefects have gone off well, and we feel both of our school socials were a great success.

The Red Cross appeal carried out earlier in the year raised a considerable amount for that organization, and provided the school with some very interesting publicity on its penny chain.

In first term Keith and Margaret were among the head boys and girls invited to attend a Garden party held at Government House in honour of Her Majesty the Queen, Keith had a second occasion to visit Government House officially this year when he presented a cheque from the combined High Schools in the State from funds collected during the Red Cross Appeal.

To end we would like to relay for general interest a remark delivered to a prefect on stair duty, and I quote, "Do you stand here all the time?"

CAPTAIN'S MESSAGE

When my election as School Captain for 1963 was announced it made me realise that the School had conferred upon me a very great honour and I am proud that you thought me fit to carry out the duties which go with it.

During the five years that I have been in the school I have noticed that the spirit and tradition has grown. It is this spirit and tradition that makes any school, and that makes Mount Lawley High the school we will love and remember for the rest of our lives. Each student has given a part of himself or herself to make it such that the State can well be proud of.

We have to our credit many outstanding achievements which we may look back on with pride. These achievements in sport, social and academic fields reflect the growing spirit of the school. I am sure that next year's Prefects and all those to come in the future will take pride in the school for while we have pride in anything we cannot afford to spoil its reputation.

I should like to express my sincere thanks to Mr. Glenister, our Relieving Principal, with whom I have had the pleasure of being associated, for his patient, untiring help and encouragement during the major part of the year.

To our Principal, Mr. Walker, his Staff and my fellow Prefects go my humble thanks also for their support and encouragement in the carrying out of my duties.

My very best wishes to you all and may we continue to be proud of Mount Lawley Senior High School.

KEITH BALES,
School Captain.

SOCIETIES' NEWS

Debating Club

Prior to the commencement of the inter-school competition numerous debates were held in the music room, thus providing ample practice for the participants, as well as valuable criticism.

The first inter-school debate brought M.L.C. Claremont, as guests to Mount Lawley. The topic was "That censorship by the press is more dangerous than censorship of the press." Our team consisting of Sarah Schladow, Mike Croker and Howard Pascoe, was defeated by a very polished M.L.C. team.

On July 25th, a Mount Lawley team comprising Mike Croker, Jennifer Walters and Brian Daniel defeated St. Mary's College at St. Mary's. The subject was "That the U.S. radio bases in the North West of Western Australia will be a danger to Australia's safety," and those present heard some outstanding oratory from that master of sarcasm, Mike Croker, and some keen Socratic Irony from Jenny Walters.

A Mount Lawley team consisting of Nessia Solomons, Anthony Arnold and Irena Golovin drew with the Brigidine Convent. The topic was "That we are too obsessed with conformity."

The last inter-school debate was a social one against Trinity College. We fielded a fourth year team and a fifth year team, the fourth years being defeated by seventeen points and the fifth years winning by twenty-four points. Trinity proved to be as genial as hosts as they were competent as debators, a fact discovered later at supper.

Finally, members of the Debating Club offer their sincerest thanks to Mrs. Huston and to Mr. Anderson. Both were of tremendous assistance to all of us, and the high standards achieved reflect their keen and expert help. Such was their enthusiasm that they even took part in a staff v. students debate, an event which was highly popular. Need I say who won?

BRIAN DANIEL.



SCHOOL DEBATING

Back Row from Left: Anthony Arnold, Jeff Pearlman, Brian Daniel, Ivan Arnold.

Front Row (seated) from Left: Mike Croker, Irina Golovin, Mrs. Huston, Jeniffer Walters and Howard Pascoe.

Absent from Team: Sarah Schladow, Nessia Solomons.
Sarah Schladow was the representative for school in Public Speaking.

"Oh John, I saw a tramp the other day. He said he hadn't had a bite for days."

"What did you do?"

"I bit him".

Q. What would a black stone be when thrown into the Red Sea?

A. Wet!

The optimist claims that we live in the best of all possible worlds; and the pessimist fears that this is so.



"LAWLEY" COMMITTEE, 1963

Back Row: John Kowansky, Geoff Gild (Sec.), Jeanne Hawtin, Craig Pearson, Susan Rutherford, Graeme McLennan, Janice Campbell, Alan Walker, Dan Mossenson.

Front Row: Wendy Hawthorne, Anthony Arnold, Frances Latham (Editor), Mr. B. Gell, Robin Evans, Brian Daniel, Beth Withers.

Absent: Paul Bradstreet.

I.S.C.F.

The I.S.C.F. is an inter-denominational organisation which meets in schools throughout the world. Its aims are to spread the Christian Gospel and to give students in the schools the opportunity to share in Christian fellowship.

The activities of the I.S.C.F. included the School of Prayer, THE I.S.C.F. Leaders' Conference at Narrogin, Area Meetings at Doubleview and Bayswater, and a Social Night attended by 3rd, 4th and 5th year student members in the Inglewood district. In August a camp was held at Shark Bay, and there was a Science Seminar held over a weekend in September. All these functions were popular and well patronised by our members.

The I.S.C.F. continues its meetings every Thursday during the lunch-hour. Why don't you come along?

PHILIP BURTON,
Secretary.

PLAYHOUSE JUNIOR THEATRE

Under the ideal conditions of professional atmosphere, elaborate stage setting and experienced actors, members of the Junior Playhouse Theatre gain invaluable experience of the theatre while still at school. Presented with a new play each season, students acquire an understanding of the dramatist's art and the practical disciplines of the theatre which mould this art. Such experiences are not only educational but also entertaining, and few fail to be infected with the thrill and glamour of the live theatre.

We wish to thank Mr. McCracken for the assistance he gives the club within the school, and the National Theatre which makes the club possible.

TERRY SOR.

TEACHER BURSARS

At the first meeting of the Teacher Bursars' Group, a committee of nine and a secretary was elected. One of the highlights of the programme decided on was the visit to the Mount Lawley Primary School. The headmaster, Mr. Nicholls, gave an interesting talk on teaching as a profession. During second term two of the bursars attended a Nature Study camp at Point Peron which they enjoyed very much.

BETH WITHERS.

PUZZLE

Question:

There is a fish the head of which is 9 inches long; its tail is as long as the head and half the back; and the back is as long as the head and tail together. How long is the fish?

PADDY ROSSI 1-3

DAFFYNITIONS

Wolf: One who whistles while he lurks.

Diplomacy: Art of jumping into trouble without making a splash.

Motorist: — One who keeps pedestrians in good running condition.

Volkswagen: Transistorised Rolls-Royce.

Hitchhiker: Roads Scholar.

THE RED CROSS

The month of March is the time of year that one and all contribute towards the Red Cross. Mount Lawley was most prominent this year in that we contributed £25 (in pennies) raised by the prefects in a penny chain around the quadrangle. After house donations the final sum of £40 boosted the total contributions by all the schools of the State to £3,128/4/2. This amount was presented to Lady Gairdner at the Annual Red Cross Rally by our School Captain, Keith Bales. Later during the year Keith was elected to chair the Inaugural Secondary Schools Red Cross Conference at which a number of our students were delegates. Many students volunteered to assist in the door-knock appeal and others aided the Director of Junior Red Cross by preparing Government House Ballroom for the Rally. Mr. Walker has proposed the formation of a Red Cross Group within the school to continue this important work. How about it?

JOAN HAWTIN.

FREEDOM FROM HUNGER

That this appeal won the special sympathy of our students was evident from the magnificent response it elicited. Run by the Art classes as an art project to focus attention on the less fortunate children of the world, it aroused so much spontaneous interest among our students, that within a couple of weeks there were penny piles, tuck shops, concerts, plays and puppet shows all initiated by students and generously supported. The campaign raised £261/11/9.

SOCIAL NOTES

The 'Fall' social for the upper school on the 7th of May was organised by the prefects and proved to be a great success. Mr. Glenister, members of the staff, and four prefects from Modern School attended, together with a great number of M.L.H.S. Students. An excellent band, the "Rednotes", provided the music. We were fortunate too in having as one of our students, David Helfgott, who played 'Hungarian Rhapsody' by Liszt as an item. The social concluded with a short address by Mr. Glenister, a last waltz, and the National Anthem.

The second-term social was as successful as the first. It was at this social that we welcomed back our Principal, Mr. Walker, from his long-service leave. Present at this social were prefects from Applecross High, and Modern School, and a really 'swingin' band, the "Traditionals". Items throughout the evening were given by our talented fifth year group "The Four Prefs", and by John Gunzburg who entertained with a violin solo.

Both socials were a credit to their organisers and our sincere thanks go to all who participated in their preparation and smooth running.

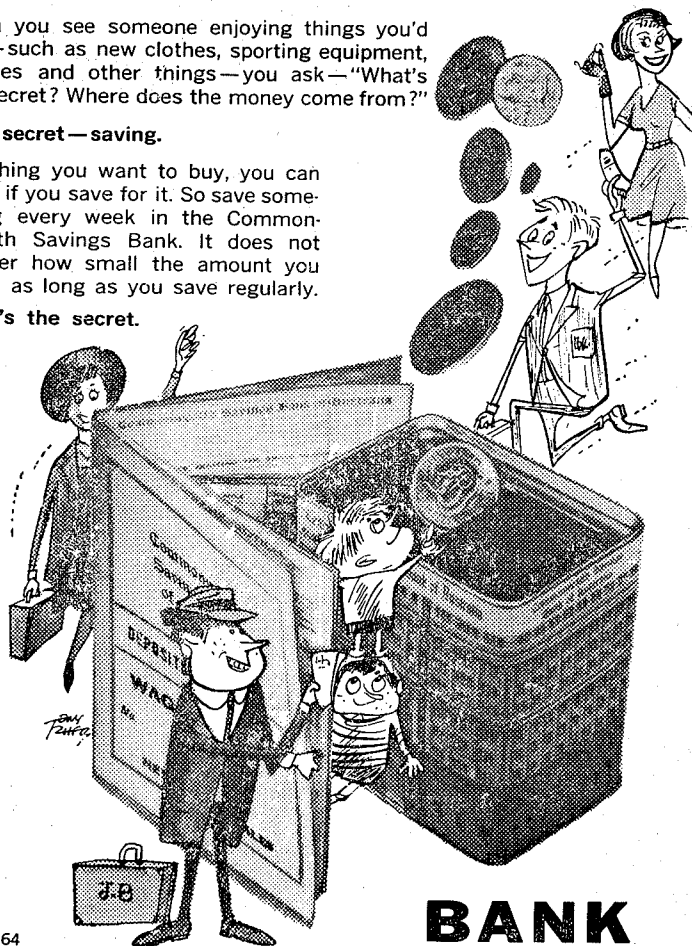
WHAT'S THE SECRET?

When you see someone enjoying things you'd like—such as new clothes, sporting equipment, hobbies and other things—you ask—"What's the secret? Where does the money come from?"

The secret—saving.

Anything you want to buy, you can have if you save for it. So save something every week in the Commonwealth Savings Bank. It does not matter how small the amount you save, as long as you save regularly.

That's the secret.



S.B.158.64

BANK COMMONWEALTH

STAFF PARS

On long-service leave: Mr. Walker, Mr. Sawle, Miss Aldridge.

Married: Mr. Anderson. The best wishes of all students go to Mr. Anderson for a long and happy married life.

Famous: Miss Getley, State Basketball Team, and "Miss Australian Basketball" for 1963.

Miss Fisher, in the U.S.A. with the Australian Women's Hockey Team, and really showing 'em.

Mr. Tannock, at the University on a special Commonwealth scholarship. Also has something to do with the East Perth Football Team.

New: Mr. Worthington, Senior Master of History, from Gov. Stirling.

Mrs. Fogarty, to replace Miss Aldridge. A warm welcome from all your students.

School Captains/Head Girls Conference.

On June 7th, Mount Lawley was the host to the First School-Captains and Head-Girls' Conference. Student Representatives from all the Metropolitan Senior High Schools attended. The meeting was held in the Library and after a constitution was adopted many matters of mutual interest came under discussion. The formal meeting over, an informal discussion was carried on at supper in the staff room.

This Conference was aimed at promoting better and increased relationships between students in the Metropolitan Area. We hope that more such meetings will be held in the future.

TWISTING THE FACTS

Did you know?:

That there are 1327 students attending Mt. Lawley High School, and when Governor Phillip first landed in Australia, 175 years ago, there were only 1,000 settlers in the whole of Australia. This means that if we were to migrate to a deserted island, and if we progressed as Australia did, in 175 years our population would number 14,597,000.

That there are 755 boys in the school, compared to 579 girls. This leaves 1.3 boys to every girl which means that at a school

social, if each girl was to dance every dance, one in every four boys would still have to sit out.

That in Hackett there are 357 students, in Murdoch 342 students, in Forrest 319 students, and in O'Connor there are only 309 students. In the first year there are 362 students, a larger group than any one house alone. Taking an average, each house should have 332 students. This means that Hackett has a surplus of 25, Murdoch has a surplus of 10, whilst Forrest has a deficiency of 13, and O'Connor has a deficiency of 23.

That the lower school students have 1028 heads between them whilst the upper school has only 288. This means that fourth and fifth years combined not only number less than any one lower school year, or any one house alone, but that each upper school student has to contend with approximately four lower school students.

That there are 61 staff members in the school in control of 1,327 students. This works out at approximately 21.8 students per teacher. Yet many classes number over 40, whilst no class, except the special class, has less than 22 students.

That of our 61 teachers, 17 were new to the school this year, which means that if the change over was consistent every year, it would take 3½ years for the school to get a completely new staff, yet it takes five years to get a new student body. Thus, by logic it would seem that students, having more experience in the school affairs would know more about its organization. Yet the school is run by the staff.

T. S. 5-1

SONG TITLES

- "Tshombe the way to go home".
- "Green leaves of summer" — briefer swimsuits?
- "Catch a falling star" — but watch out for radiation.
- "Sh-boom" — Russia's promises.
- "There is a tavern in the town" — HIC!

DAFINITIONS

- DEAF: When you are not alive, DEAF has caught up wif you.
- FIRST: is when you feel like a drink.
- FOR: is what you do to frozen meat before cooking.
- FIN: is the opposite to fick.
- (A) FORT: is somefing you finck about.
- FRILL: Somefing frilling gives you a frill.

By STEVEN LIBLICH, 1-1

THE AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE

(The writer, Helen Bailey, has just returned to Mt. Lawley High after 12 months at an American High School.)

"Walk together, talk together, all ye peoples of the earth; for then, and only then shall you have peace." This is the motto of the American Field Service, a private and independent organization which provides more than 2,500 scholarships each year for students from 53 countries. From August, nineteen sixty-two until August, nineteen sixty-three I was lucky enough to be living in the United States of America as one of these students. My home was in Mishawaha, a small town in North West Indiana and I lived with the Shobert family. I became part of this family and attended high school with my American sister.

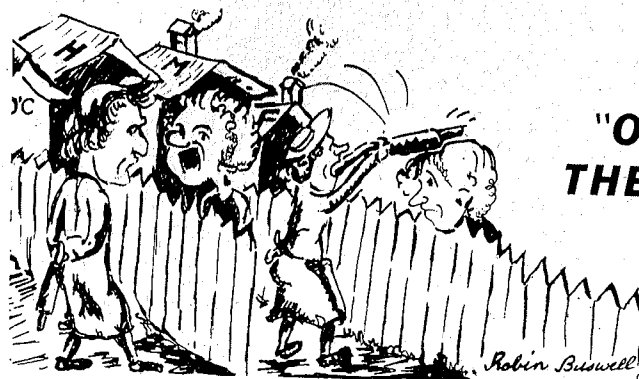
The A.F.S. program is designed to allow the exchange of ideas between many different people and to give them a greater understanding of varied customs and ways. At first I noticed mainly similarities between the American and Australian people but as time progressed differences were more obvious. School is easier for most American students and they have a more active social life within the school. Loyalty to the school is very strong and hundreds of students attend football and basketball games to cheer their teams on.

Life is more rushed in the U.S.A. Many adults belong to service clubs such as Rotary, Kiwanis, and Lions, or to the Parent Teacher Associations. I think that because of all these activities at school and in clubs for adults, Americans do less as a family unit. One part of American life in which the whole family participates, however, is attending Church and Sunday School and this is very important to many Americans.

At the completion of the school year the A.F.S. students have four weeks of touring the U.S. in buses. They leave their American families and travel in groups of thirty-six. This is one of the most rewarding parts of the year, each bus having representatives from as many as twenty-five countries; all exchanging ideas, sharing experiences and finding that it is easy to get along well together. Although we may not always have the same opinions we can learn to listen and accept the other person as he is.

The climax of the year is a meeting of all two thousand five hundred and sixty students at a University Campus on the East coast. Here we have time to evaluate our year as an A.F.S. student before we must go our separate ways home — far off and yet we all take the common convictions in the need for eliminating prejudice, hatred and fear, and a desire for brotherhood.

HELEN BAILEY.



"OVER THE FENCE"

Boris: Clutching the last straw.
 Ian Riley: M.L.A.
 Margaret B.K.: Minding her Manners.
 Hodgom: Finding pleasure amongst the trees and bees.
 Prospector Pete: Looking for Orr.
 Frank: Fowled off.
 Jule and Jo: Bicycle built for two.
 Margaret: Thinks Arnold's "ducks".
 Chris R.: A Daly affair.
 Ray: Seven little girls sitting in the back seat.
 Kerry: Shopping with her Byer's Guide.
 Danny, Peter and Bob: "They can't make us"
 H.M.: "We can so too".
 Jeff P.: Goody goody gumdrops.

FIFTH YEAR AMBITIONS

Jo: To reach the bar!
 Joy: Money, medicine, marriage, Murphy!
 Faye: To get a bikini and be game enough to wear it.
 Janet: To be a married science teacher.
 Julline: To chase birds through the air with the greatest of ease.
 David: To chase Jules through the air with the greatest of ease.
 Percy: To get out of school.
 Marg B.: To teach little kids.
 Marg B.K.: To teach Manners.
 Sara: To shrink heads, or punch pills.
 Delys: To pass on knowledge.
 Irma: To go out seven nights a week.
 Kay: To play hockey without injuring anyone.
 Nessia: To live on Rottnest.
 Chris: To learn to drive.
 Jenny W.: To get where she's going.
 Rae: To teach, and splash paint.

FOURTH YEAR DEFINITIONS.

MATHEMATICS

Debentures — what you chew your food with.
Cosine — relative.
Triangle — Three sided square.
Harmonic Progression — type of barn dance.

GEOGRAPHY

Bedrock — Prehistoric town.
Time — kangaroo down sport.

ENGLISH

Sentence — five years hard labour.
Comma — member of certain political party.
Sealskin Trousers — latest fashion.

BIOLOGY

Taxonomy — art of filling in taxation forms.
Taenia — Verstak.
Cocci — male chook's visual apparatus.
Cillia — than ever.

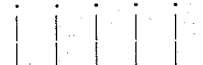
CHEMISTRY

Electrolite — globe.
Normality — rare.

The movements of the earth are revolting once a year.
 The earth rotates on its axis and revels in its orbit.
 Two elements of climate are temper and humility.

MATHS PUZZLES

- Three professors, after sitting down under a tree to rest, happened to doze off. While they were thus dozing a practical joker smeared their faces with mud. On awakening they each began to laugh. Suddenly realising that his face was smeared, one stopped laughing. How did he reason?
- Can you traverse these 9 dots with 4 lines without lifting your pen from the paper and without going over any line twice?
- Construct four equilateral triangles using only six matches.



JULIUS CAESAR AT MOUNT LAWLEY

"Hence! Home you idle creatures, get you home!" — after final bell.

"There was more foolery yet, if I would remember it" — after school social.

"And foamed at the mouth and was speechless" — after eating canteen lunch.

"You look pale and gaze and put on fear" — outside the office.

"Prithee listen well" — morning announcements.

"Like a phantasma or a hideous dream" — physics exam paper.

"Why, saw you anything more wonderful?" — Mr. V's. experiment is successful.

"Hold my hand" — during fourth polio injection.

"The noise of battle hurtled in the air" — sounds heard in the vicinity of the prefects' room.

"What, is the fellow mad?" — student does homework.

"Come poor remains of friends" — captain after interschool match.

"O, piteous spectacle" — practical home science.

"A peevish school-boy worthless of such honour" — comment on school prefect.

"You know not what you do" — chem. prac.

"How hard it is for women to keep counsel".— Yes! Yes!

"O, yet hold up your heads" — Mr. M. before assemblies.

"For he is given to sports, to wildness and much company" — typical student at Mount Lawley.

THE MOUNT LAWLEY HIGH SCHOOL CADETS

At 2.30 p.m. Monday, 17th June, a brown green bus pulled up outside the school. It bore the name Army. Twenty anxious boys hurried aboard followed by Mr. Gibbons.

We were the foundation members of the Mount Lawley High School Cadet Unit. We had been waiting for two weeks for this moment when we would receive our uniform.

The bus drove us to the Cadet Headquarters, where we received our uniform consisting of pants, shirts, coats, boots, socks, beret, and finally our badges.

The aim of Cadet is to give us a foundation of military knowledge and discipline, to develop qualities of Cadetship and to encourage us to continue some form of military training after leaving school.

The training year is from 15th January to 20th December. It includes weekly home training, camps and rifle range practices with the .22 and .303 rifles. We will be trained in marching, arms drill, safe handling of weapons and clothing, hygiene and first aid.

Only twenty of us were picked because these will be trained as officers for 1964, when it is hoped Mount Lawley will expand its number of Cadets.

In command of our unit is Mr. Gibbons, who holds the rank of Lieutenant, and Warrant Officer Prior is our instructor.

G. MIDALIA, 2-3.



M.L.H.S. CADETS

Back Row: Cdts. J. Schenberg, J. Dadd, G. Smith, D. Holt, M. Jorgensen, S. Venoutsos, M. Levin.

Centre Row: Cdts. M. Innes, T. Bennett, P. Krasenstein, E. Bennett, A. Wright, R. Toia, C. Parfitt.

Front Row: Cdts. J. Weymouth, D. Macoboy, P. Krasnostein, Lieut. R. Gibbons, Cdts. G. Midalia, R. Lindsay, A. Everington.

A NOTE ON LITERATURE

In the following pages the reader will find a selection of original creative writing representative of the work done in the various forms throughout the school. Contributions are again arranged chronologically in order to display the maturation of subject and thought over the five year course from 1st to 5th year.

Four prizes have been awarded; two each in the Junior and Senior years, for prose and poetry respectively.

The outstanding contributor in the Junior School was Valerie Bevan, a fourteen year old Second-year student. Valerie, whose ambition it is to become a secondary-school English teacher, shows that her choice of occupation is well within her capabilities. Her work is very promising indeed, and in the opinion of the judges, she won both the poetry and the prose prizes convincingly.

The poetry prize in the Senior School was won by Jennifer Walters. Jennifer won the prose prize last year and so completes the double. Congratulations Jennifer.

Rosemary Coate of 4th year won the senior prose prize. Her story is simple and lacks any taint of sensationalism. It is told with such sensitivity that we had no hesitation in awarding her the prize, although some of the other entries might be judged to be far more sophisticated.

To all who took part in the competitions we offer our hearty thanks.

THE EDITORS.

THE CAT NEXT DOOR

*I awoke one night to see next to my bed,
A cat, his fur shining in the moonlight,
Jet-black fur with dash of white
Right at the tip of his ears.
He came in, I suppose, through the window,
Which I had forgotten to shut
His black tail swishing to the tick of the clock
Scenting a mouse in the room.
The cat jumped lightly on to my bed
Right on to the pillow beside my head.
A mouse sprang frightened from I don't know where
Across the floor and into the fire.
I pity that poor cat,
The cat next door.
He sat and waited for hours on end
For the mouse to come out of the fire.*

--John Eddy, 2nd Year

MAN'S BEST FRIEND

*Two eyes like buttons,
A nose wet and cold.
Two ears, four legs
And three months old.
A tail, O! I'm sorry
I think you'll agree,
It may be a tail,
But it's one you can't see.
A mouth full of teeth,
Always ready to chew.
If she hasn't a bone,
A slipper will do.
She beats up cats
For a bit of fun,
And seems to think it
A job well done.*

—Allan Wright, 2nd Year

SUNSET

*Travelling through quiet evening
By a road with tree-lined stream,
Bars of sunlight softly stealing,
Changing colours all a gleam.
Sooty shadows with flames are playing,
Tree fingers pointing high
Soft clouds like roses floating
In a vast coloured sky
Tis the first great revelation
That God gives to man
Earth going round with endless patience
Turning on with vast Amen.*

—Julia Tancock, 1st Year.

YOU DON'T SEW LIKE THAT

*Sew it this way.
That's all they say.
Sew along the middle
And please don't fiddle.
You're doing it wrong.
You should sew along.
Not up or down.
And take off that frown.
That you're using is brown.
When you should be using white.
O child! get out of my sight.*

—Lyn Konning, 1st Year

THE STARS LOOK DOWN

The stars look down. They look upon a sleeping city sprawling below; and in a flat in the city, a young man, a poet, looks up at the stars—searching, seeking—hoping for the inspiration that will give him the epic work he always hopes to write, but which always eludes him.

And across the city, in defiance of the brilliant galaxy, the roaring flames of the vast factory furnaces belch forth their brilliantly bright fury, as if to melt the stars which look down from above.

Near a quiet bend in the river which flows through the city, a gentleman is standing on the bridge, looking at the water. He has recently indulged in so much fruit of the vine, that he has the ability to see, reflected on the smooth waters, twice as many stars as the Lord created in that part of the heavens.

Across the way and around the corner, the local park, so busy by day with mothers and prams and children romping at their play, much to the annoyance of the many tramps and more well-to-do retired gentlemen who make the place their drawing room in fine weather, is deserted; deserted but for two people who, hand in hand, meander slowly across the wide grassy slope.

"How huge the stars look to-night", the girl says. "Like royal jewels." They pause a moment, heads strained back, staring skyward. "How about a little music?", the girl suggests. Then she flicks on her transistor radio, and a moment later they burst into peals of laughter, as a raucous voice bursts forth into "The stars at night are big and bright." "Please, I beg of you!" the boy exclaims, switching off the racket. Then, he takes her hand, and they again stroll on, towards the park gates and the coffee bar, and the stars look down in amusement.

But their amusement fades, as they see in a dark alley, a man creeping stealthily along, a dagger glinting in his hand. A moment later he returns; the dagger is dulled somewhat.

They see now the row of houses, all asleep, silently passing the night before being awakened by the noise and bustle which always greets a new day. The black silhouettes of trees in the streets look peaceful, slumbering under the watch of the twinkling stars and the glimmering moon, set in a background of tranquil blackness, gradually becoming paler and paler, soon to change into pearly streaks of pink, grey, gold and blue.

But now, the hour is approaching when owls retire and ghosts walk no more. The stars are weary of their vigil. They have watched for the many millionth time the world below them, and are becoming sleepy. They are struggling to keep their light radiating, and as the sun slowly glides over the horizon into view, each star gives a final blink before retreating into the depths of a clear, pale blue sky.

SUSAN ADONIS, 2nd Year.

THE WESTERN COLOUR

*The wind howls through the everlasting mounds
Of tortured rubble
Screaming with revenge—*

half a century old.

*Not a cloud can be seen
But to the east, west, north and south
Red, parched, punished land lies
Motionless, aching with the memories—*

half a century old.

*Memories of a crucible of life born overnight,
Times when gentility was cursed upon,
And the memories of a man's life were to be forgotten*

in half a century of time.

*The memories of harsh times,
Times when water was worth a crown a gallon,
Times when a cockney champ was just one of a crowd,
His last bout a legend—*

half a century old.

*Now the wild camels roam this tortured land
With memories of aching backs from when they
Were man's right hand,
Now to be forgotten in the aching land—*

half a century old.

—Geoff Ready, 2nd Year

THE BEACH

*The surf breaks softly on the sands;
White and smooth; rippled by winds
A bird wheels overhead; cries plaintively;
The sandhills rear up,
Waving ribbons of white; miraged by sun,
Spattered plants and shrubs on summits;
Silence pervades.
A child runs along the sands; laughs:
And the beach laughs with her
Now a line of footprints on the dry ground,
A breeze steals them away,
And laughter blows back on the wind.*

—L. M. Weir, 2nd Year

Jacksons Drawing Supplies

103 ROKEBY ROAD, SUBIACO
148 WILLIAM STREET, PERTH
PHONE 8 4541

**FOR ALL ART, DRAWING
AND STUDENTS SUPPLIES
MARABU PAINTS AND
REFILLS**

Whatever your need in books

**ALBERTS ARE AT YOUR
SERVICE**

PERTH'S BIGGEST BOOKSELLERS

**ALBERTS
BOOKSHOP**

Forrest Place, Perth

Phone 23 2588

Junior Prize-Winning Story:

THE TOWN'S ILLUSION

Grey gloaming was giving way to night when the Rev. Price turned, as usual, up to his study in the Manse, in pursuit of his hobby of "star gazing", and peered vaguely through his telescope on the balcony. The sky above was perfectly normal, the Reverend thought with a sigh. He was always hoping for some mysterious object to pass his vision, though he hardly admitted such a ridiculous idea to himself, let alone his friends. Mr. Price was swinging his telescope about preparatory to abandoning astronomy for correspondence, when his eyes suddenly became alert, and he focused his telescope towards the sky above the black hills in the north.

Louise West sat upstairs at the window of her flat in Selkirk St., and her eye followed her favourite boy friend as he drove away. It had been a wonderful evening, she decided, so romantic, sitting with Horace under the stars on the look-out, alone on the dark summit of Colline Hill. She could just make out its dark bulk above the iron roofs of the town. . . . She slammed down the window abruptly, but remained staring towards the hills, as if hypnotised by what she saw.

Rutt was striding home from nightshift at the mines. The darkness and solitude of his walk by the river did not deter him in the least. Rutt prided himself on his "sense and sensibility" and was not gifted with a vivid imagination. Nevertheless, the white oval reflected in the river puzzled him, and when he looked up at the sky in search of its source, he broke into a shambling run which covered the ground with remarkable rapidity for a man of his size.

The Reverend Price stood at the Manse's ancient wall telephone, watched by his housekeeper, a plump middle-aged woman, who was following his words with some anxiety.

"The R.A.A.F.? Thank you. Sir, I have just had a most unusual experience. I have seen a flying-saucer. Yes, sir, a flying saucer. The Weather Bureau? Yes I have informed the Weather Bureau. No, sir, it is not a meteorological balloon. You have no knowledge of any aircraft in the area? Thank you, sir." He placed the receiver in its rests, and turned to his worried housekeeper, calmly. "Mrs. Parks, I did see a flying saucer. Amazing, isn't it?"

In the Inn, Rutt's story was met with a stunned silence. Then old Cambers snorted with disbelief and exclaimed, "You've been drinking vodka!" The other men chuckled and relaxed.

"I am as sober as I'll ever be. As I was going by the river tonight I noticed an unusual white shape reflected in the water. Of course, I looked up to see what was causing the reflection, and then I saw IT — a spaceship, like one of those pre-war Zeppelins, flying vertically, at a great height, with a bright light burning underneath."

Next morning, Louise's room-mate slammed the morning paper on to her friend's bed. "You did see something. Look!" She indicated the front page, where bold headlines splashed across the page screamed, "Flying Saucers Seen in Small Country Town. Reliable Witnesses."

"I told you so", said Louise deliberately.

At the same time, Alex Cambers, the grocer, was addressing a small crowd of early customers. "Yes, Rutt was going home last night when he saw a space-ship land just over the river.

It glowed bright as a volcano — awful bright — half a pound, wasn't it, Mrs. Jake — and"

"They were green spacemen with transparent helmets, and they were floating instead of walking. They're going to invade earth from here, Molly. We're doomed." Mrs. Jake declared very dramatically over the fence to her next door neighbour later.

Next day, in Todd Street, the A.B.C. conducted an "on-the-spot" survey.

"And do you believe in the flying saucers, Madam?"

"Well, I haven't actually seen one, but there are very reliable witnesses; the minister, for instance."

"And you, sir, Mr. Edwards, isn't it? Do you believe in the flying saucers?"

"I'm a sane, sensible man, sir, and I think it's all rot; pure imagination. This town is mad!"

And the news spread.

Later that afternoon: "The A.B.C. brings you this important newflash. The flying saucers have been reported as moving closer to Perth. Sightings have been made as far south as Gin-Gin, only forty-five miles from the city. Any person seeing these strange objects is advised to inform the Observatory immediately."

So Cue, a small town on the Murchison River, with a population of only five hundred, became Western Australia's main news in two days. For the first time in the town's history the Inn was crowded with tourists. In two days the town's

prosperity increased unbelievably. But on the third day, the local policeman received a visitor . . .

"Constable Todd, I believe. May I have a seat? Ah, thank you sir. I shall state my business immediately. I am George Wills, I represent the P.M.G. Constable, and I have something to tell that I believe affects this whole town. For a few days the P.M.G. has been investigating micro-waves in connection with country T.V. For these investigations technicians have been sending aloft "kyetoons", approximately oval-shaped balloons, anchored by cables to the ground near Colline Hill. These balloons are luminous, and have been sent up at night as reception of waves is clearer at this time. These, I should think, are the source of the town's flying saucer rumours."

The constable was thoughtfully silent. Mr. Wills picked up his brief-case nodded by way of farewell, and walked to the door.

"So sorry," he said, in the tone of a man who has just broken the news to a child that there is no Santa Claus.

And, blushing furiously, Cue retired into obscurity even quicker than she had come to fame.

V. BEVAN, 2nd Year.

4. ZENOS PROBLEM OF ACHILLES AND THE HARE.

(ANCIENT GREEK PROBLEM)

Achilles starts chasing a hare and is travelling at a faster rate than the hare, but the hare has a certain distance start.

Now, assuming that they start at the same time, when Achilles reaches the point where the hare started, the hare has moved on to a second point. When Achilles covers the distance to this second point the hare has moved on to a third point. And when Achilles reaches this third point the hare has moved a little further, and so on. Thus Achilles gets closer and closer to the hare but never actually catches it. ??

5. 8 coins are identical in shape but one is heavier than the other seven. In two weighings on a beam balance and with no known weights, it is required to identify the heavier coin.

"FRENCH QUIPS." . . .

Honi soit qui mal y pense

— he may be honest who thinks badly.

Le lion s'a mis a rugir

— the lion began to blush.

Au bord de la mer

— abroad with mother.

ANON, 2-1

FITZGERALD STREET

(Junior Prize Winning Poem)

An agreeable citizen of Suburbia,
 Fitzgerald Street. Here no stately mansions,
 Nor the frowning hovels born of grime and slum;
 But neat, middle-aged nonentities of architecture frame the road.
 The box gums bending over street and lawn
 Are green, large, and as the houses
 Noted neither for grace, nor superiority.
 And night displays the lamp posts
 Shining modestly, steeping the trees
 In shadows, and throwing pools of yellow
 On the pavement. The side streets are blind
 With darkness, and their entrances to Fitzgerald Street
 Marred with black, like the gaping mouths
 Of some mysterious caves.

—Valerie Bevan, 2nd Year

THE BAKER'S SHOP

At the baker's window I stand and stare,
 At all the lovely goodies;
 Delicious buns coated with pink icing,
 With currants and sultanas, buried in deep
 Like some great hidden treasure,
 And row upon row of Jubilee twists
 (Like toy soldiers standing to attention)
 Hm! How my mouth waters,
 As they stand there coated with pink icing
 Which I long to pick off and eat.
 Then my eyes shift to scrumptious rolls,
 All crisp—like newly starched petticoats.
 Some mysteriously wrapped up bread
 As though it was superior
 To the others—and wouldn't want to
 Contaminate itself.
 And next to it
 Some milk loaf
 All crisp and nourishing.
 But there he stood,
 The baker himself,
 A fat doughy man
 As though he lived solely
 On bread and butter (and nothing else).
 His spruce white cap
 His crisp white apron
 Bound securely round him.
 That is him!

—Wendy Brewer, 2nd Year

ANCIENT GRANDEUR

She minces along, her shoes too tight,
 Her dress, it wipes her heels,
 Her heels are over on the side,
 She goes along in haughty pride;
 Her sticky hair she feels.
 The hair-spray was the cheapest kind
 The chemist could produce,
 Her frock's a hectic green, you'll find,
 A fashion several years behind,
 With a neckline stretched and loose.
 With avid glance she looks about
 In search of admiration,
 She does not seem a bit put out
 When cheeky girls and saucy louts
 Give her a rude ovation.
 'Tis sad to think this ancient dame
 With mind on days gone by,
 Parades all dingy, knows no shame,
 Continues with her piteous game—
 Living an old sad lie.

—Susan Adonis, 2nd Year

SUNRISE

The ghostly gums, white as the moon
 Sinks in the western sky;
 Then grey, as the stars now one by one,
 Slowly fade away.
 A gleam in the east as the false dawn appears,
 Then fades; all is black and still,
 Then as with a trumpeted fanfare
 The first ray stabs o'er the hill.
 Slender fingers probe the dark
 And pluck the cobwebs bright.
 All hung with jewels they sag and quiver;
 Oh ecstasy! this first daylight.

—Angela Avraamides, 3rd Year

WAVES

Deep and blue or emerald bright,
 The waves soft whisper on the shore;
 And bleed white foam on golden sand,
 As they have done, and will do —
 For ever more.

—Angela Avraamides, 3rd Year

ARTFUL ABSTRACT

Over the paper he splattered and splashed in the dark art room
 And he tapped with his brush on the paint box
 As he sat with his mates in the gloom.
 He whistled a tune to the window
 And who should be waiting there,
 But Bob, the black-eyed fifth year,
 Bob, the black-eyed fifth year,
 Trying to comb his hair.
 And high in the dark old art room,
 An ink ball whistled by,
 It just missed Jeremy Williams,
 And hit Steven in the eye.
 It dribbled on to his painting,
 He groaned in deep despair,
 But the teacher praised it greatly
 When he passed by Steven's chair.
 And there in the dark old art room
 Sits he with a knowing smile
 And he praises aloud all ink balls
 As the frer sits for trial.

—Ralph Bradstreet, 3-5

LITTLE FLUFFY KITTEN

There was a fluffy kitten,
 Sitting by a fire
 Playing with a ball of wool,
 To his heart's desire.
 Little fluffy kitten,
 Don't you dare do that,
 Instead of playing with my wool,
 Go and catch a rat.
 Oh! fluffy little kitten,
 Just look at yourself now,
 Can't you say your sorry,
 With a little meow.
 Now fluffy little kitten,
 Retired by the fire,
 Purring like a saw machine,
 Sleep to your heart's desire.

—Janet Larkin and Maria Stanimorivic

TRAFFIC LIGHTS

People who walk
 Lights that change
 Traffic that stalks
 Laws that range
 Days that fade
 Nights that wait
 The passing parade
 The love and hate
 The hands that move
 The tyres that sing
 The eyes that rove
 The eternal thing

THE WIND

It howled in the cloudy corridors,
 And roared among the pines:
 And blessed the grovelling gum trees
 With a song as heady as wine.
 It cooed around the chimney,
 And snuffled down the road,
 And grumbled at the raïndrops,
 As the clouds released their loads.
 It shouted with joy in the grey sky
 Tossing the sobbing geese;
 Then stopped to watch the sunrise;
 For a moment all was peace.

—Angela Avraamides, 3rd Year

EXPERIMENT No. 7

"Now look here, three-three," says Mr. V.
 "It's Science A, not Science B.
 Enthusiasm and spirit you lack
 But did you know blue and green make black.
 So just watch here and you will see."
 We sat alert and full of glee.
 He got out the colours of blue and green
 And showed 'em in his projector machine
 But it looked Sea Green to me.
 "In theory this works," says Mr. V.,
 "In theory," he adds, "but not practically.
 Besides there's too much light in this room
 So let's call it black and we'll resume."
 It was sea green all right and there's no doubt,
 It's strange his experiments rarely work out.

—Ralph Bradstreet, 3rd Year

"CUT OFF BY FLOOD"

Senior Prose Prize

Mt. Shenton is typical outback. Its soil is fine red-brown and usually remains dry for about three hundred and sixty-three days each year.

Dad was mending part of the windmill. The windmill and about four eucalyptus-thatched open huts were Mt. Shenton. Mum, Dad, Mantel (our handy-man), Heather and Andy — my sister and brother — and I were the only people there. That was in 1951, and then Mt. Shenton was a watering place for cattle.

Sometime later found we three children in a hut listening to a story from a book Mum was reading to us. We were very interested and craned forward with upturned faces. Suddenly Heather got an eyeful not of dust but water; then Mum, Andy and I felt the rain on our faces.

Yes, that parched, hot, sun-baked country was tasting rain. Her dry mouth was open to receive all that was forthcoming. When it rains in the outback, nature does not do it by halves. The red-brown earth became dark with saturation; small streams trickled towards a small hollow which, now a creek, separated us from the utility. I was fascinated by the down-pour as only torrents of water in a land of scorching dry heat can fascinate one.

Mum picked up my two year old brother, Mantel carried me, and my elder sister waded with Mum and Mantel across the small river which held a reservoir of wonder to such as us. Barely five minutes had passed before we were seated in the front of the utility while Dad and Mantel huddled in one of the huts.

The stunted mulgas were no different; the kurrajong looked only greener after its laundering. The huts were waterfalls. The people were tired and bedraggled.

We three children (aged nine, five and two respectively) and Mum spent an uncomfortable and wakeful night in the front of the utility with deluges outside. Mum nursed Andy, while I sprawled across Heather's lap. Altogether, the night was a cramped, stuffy one.

In this place there were not night sounds such as we had heard at home, Cosmo Newbury, which was thirty miles away. Here there was only the pounding of the rain on the now boggy earth which had made our journey home impossible by impassable roads. Back at Cosmo one could hear at night often, the howling of a kangaroo dog at a native camp a few miles away. Yes, we dreamed of home that night, thought of the

blazing fire in the sitting room, and being warmed through and through by its penetrating rays. With the fire I remembered the kid goat that had died in front of the fire. Dreams are mixed up concoctions of memories and imagination. I thought of the horses in the stable; of the bat that Heather had rescued from one of the tanks; the only one of Lassie's pups — a grey one — that had escaped a drowning at birth.

Heather stirred, and I awoke. Mum was not in the utility and Andy was lying on the seat, covered with a piece of rug. Upon rubbing my eyes and sitting up, I realized that it was daylight. Wherever was I? Everything outside was wet. No, it was not dew; it looked as though it had been raining. Oh! That is it! We were marooned here last night by the boggy roads! I am hungry! There was Mum outside leaning over a fire. She had found some tins of peas and of spaghetti in the glovebox. Dad had put them there on his last trip to Laver-ton, fifty-eight miles from Cosmo, because they would not fit in the box. Now, Mum had them among the coals of the fire.

Not a dog's lick was left of the contents of the tins. We were ravenous, and so did justice to the peas and spaghetti.

It was midday when the windmill was working again, and we prepared to depart. The track back to Cosmo was extremely slippery and slidey. Consequently, we made haste slowly. By late afternoon we caught sight of the house. Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, the only other married couple at Cosmo, were out in the compound to meet us. Thoughtfully Mrs. Shaw had made a roaring fire inside to greet us, and her pot of soup was more than welcome. Very tired, six people retired early, to dream of how fortunate we were there in bed, warm and cosy, while those people living in Perth, near the coast, some six hundred miles distant, shivered as it rained outside. Theirs was just part of their year's rainfall: ours had all come in one day.

By ROSEMARY COATE, 2nd Year.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

*The weather's black and raining,
The students are complaining,
It's not a day for joking,
They're hungry and they're soaking,
The queues are long and waiting,
Their anger is increasing.
Forwards they are pushing,
Canteen-wards they are looking.
But then their hopes are dashing,
They come to rude awakening.
Today there'll be no munching,
Last day of term — no lunching!*

—Jim Avraamides, 4th Year

MOVEMENT IN THE SNOWY MOUNTAINS

The pulverised silt-like snow oozes and slops against the tyres as the car crawls up the mountain. To the right is a barren rock face, devoid of natural artistry, covered only by the residue from the melted winter snow. Fence high brown snow, chewed by grader from the road, lies on the downward side from where the mountain slides abruptly into a shadowed gully. The snow heaped at the embankment and the eight foot orange-and-black road markers rising from the curving mound remind the passenger of man's intrusion into the natural wonderland of the Snowy Mountains. Below, spidery snow-gums are etched against the softening white of the ground as it rises and falls in drifts under the shadowy late afternoon sun.

Having crossed a spur of the Great Divide, the highway falls, bending now towards the south, now turning north-west to the Eucumbene River which is surging in deep valleys to the Snowy, lying sluggish and semi-frozen fifteen miles to the south. On the unprotected slopes, grass and ground and pebbles lie naked, unadorned; for it is mid-October and the winter falls have passed. A lone Hereford pulls itself along in search of better, lower pasture. Gnawed eucalypts cling to the gravelly slopes.

Wider, more obviously bitumen now, the road rises momentarily, then plunges into an expansive valley. Here as if by natural phenomena, an earth bar cuts across the bottom of the ravine. A blue criss-cross of wavy bitumen winds up and down the face of the earthen dam. Behind the wall the Eucumbene Reservoir stretches stilly in a broad fan, receding seventeen miles upstream and widening at the base to fifty miles. The dam, half a mile thick at the bottom of the ravine and three hundred and eighty feet in height, is the major reservoir of the Snowy Scheme, and has a catchment capacity of eight times that of Sydney Harbour. It ensures a constant supply of water for the generation of electricity even under the most severe drought conditions imaginable. As this vast pond fills, the headwaters of the banked-up Eucumbene River drown the township of Adaminaby, lying about fifteen miles to the north-east. Consequently, on the diverted Snowy Mountains Highway stands the newly erected Adaminaby, built to accommodate those made homeless by the rising river.

Eucumbene is however but one cog in the massive wheel which the Snowy Mountains' Authority aims to weld into an efficient electric power and irrigation scheme. The Eucumbene-Tumut tunnel, driving westwards fourteen miles through the Great Dividing Range to Tumut Pond on the Tumut River, has been bored though terrain where previously only horse and man could go. This tunnel enables half a million acre-feet of water

to be made available to the grassy irrigation areas of the Murrumbidgee each year.

The concave concrete Tumut Pond Dam, holding the clear waters of the Tumut and the diverted Upper Murrumbidgee, Eucumbene and Tooma Rivers, fills the narrow gorge at the westward terminus of the tunnel. From this reservoir runs a second tunnel, driven across a loop in the Tumut River, to two vertical shafts which lead to an underground power station in an excavated cavern over one thousand feet below the rocky surface of the ground. Here in the northern boundary of the Snowy Scheme the snow melts early and eucalypts and tough grasses cover the foothills.

Turning again to the south, as the road passes Eucumbene the snow fills more of the sheltered hills, until after fifteen miles of travelling only the most exposed mountains are devoid of whiteness. A silvery sheet of steel crusted with four inches of ice and snow holds back the turbulent waters of the Snowy River. But now the waters are still, frozen into the mountains and milky sky. The Guthega Pond, nearest to the Kosciusko Reservoir on the highest section of the Alps, awaits the summer's thaw. One link in a chain of fourteen tunnels and seven power stations comprising the Snowy-Murray Development section of the Snowy Mountains' Scheme, the Guthega Pond was completed eight years ago.

At Thredbo, most popular of the many skiing resorts, a ski-lift swings itself spider-like over a deep valley. Silent in the dying light, skiers pass mutely in Indian-file two hundred feet above the gum-dotted drifts of snow. Steel supporting pylons rear themselves above the terrain, but stay insignificant against the splendour of the mountain on which they rest.

Crawling up Kosciusko's side, the road weaves abject and puny through the mighty mountains and shadowed ravines. Late snows cut the road at Smiggin Holes, two hundred feet below the summit. Basin shaped, Smiggin is the last tourist centre on the climb to the peak. Their daylight forms greyed into ghostliness, the snow-gums circle on the basin's sides, and fade into formlessness in the night.

Starry sky and shimmering snow are silent now. Only the wind blowing up the valleys and through the bent snow-gums lightens the oppressive silence. Now, after the setting of the sun, man becomes more of an intruder in the land of white and rugged beauty. Tomorrow with the dawn will come the roar of machinery and the hubbub of man carving, creating and destroying, as he defies nature and turns rivers and moves mountains. In the Snowy Mountains man constructs one of the greatest, and certainly the most complex, engineering

achievements of the world. It is a giant project designed to turn the waters of the Snowy River inland through the Great Dividing Range to the dry western plains of the Murray and Murrumbidgee Valley. In their passage westwards, these waters will fall over two thousand feet, generating huge quantities of power in their descent. Inaugurated nearly a decade and a half ago, the controlling body, the Snowy Mountains Authority, has done much towards the realization of the project. Only the beauty of the snow-clad rugged mountain ranges themselves can surpass the greatness of the scheme created in them.

The day is over, as is the day of the Snowy Mountain horsemen. Ranges no longer ring to the crack of the stockwhip and the thunder of wild brumbies. Graders and snow-ploughs and mighty dams and harnessed rivers inhabit the mountains now. Water and power for Australians from Adelaide to Newcastle is being taken from the Snowy, but care is exercised for the preservation of the beauty of these ranges which few places in the world can excel.

CRAIG PEARSON, 4th Year.

"SUNRISE"

*What essence greets the newborn day
When morning pulls across the sky
The curtains of the fleeing night
And clothes the clouds in brilliant light
And sweeps the stars away.
The crimson flush rests on the hills,
Across the river's breadth it burns
Lighting all with Midas' touch,
Wresting all from dark night's clutch,
Into the corners of the earth it spills.*

—Paul Bradstreet, 4th Year

TEEN CRAZE

*The world is in a sorry state,
As the wise men of old would say.
Elvis now is twenty-eight,
And will soon have had his day.
Rock'n Roll is out of date,
And so's the Charleston gay,
The Mashed Potatoe soon died out,
And the twist 'aint here to stay.
Crazes come and crazes go,
But there's always one bright ray,
Teeners will follow the latest craze
"Fervently" — come what may.*

—Anonymous

RIVER TRAGEDY

All morning he had lain under the branches of the large tree close to the bank of the river. He came to this spot every day. It was like a home to him. The radiating branches of the old tree sheltered him from a morning sun.

But today he had felt a sudden urge, an impulse to swim across to the opposite bank and explore. He didn't know why he was doing it, but the call was too strong to resist.

Minutes passed. He was beginning to enjoy the cool, pleasant sensation of the water as he struck out. He was making progress now, the water was calm in the shallows except for the ripples which his strong sinewy legs sent out.

A wedge of geese flew overhead, breaking the silence of the peaceful river scene with their honking; piercing a sky crimson-tinted with the sun's last rays as it disappeared beneath the horizon. On the opposite side of the river a fisherman was casting the long silken thread with the breeze.

Out further in the river the swimmer saw the water was rougher. A strong current was causing a more disturbed pattern, but he went on.

After what seemed like hours he came into midstream. The river raged. The crests of water which wove about him added to his confusion. Even his strong muscles could not pull against the tide which dragged him downstream. Exhausted, he let himself be carried with the surge.

He should not have attempted crossing the swollen river today, for it was not to be swum by such as he. He had gone too far to turn back. He noticed the debris; branches, broken reeds and leaves which the river had drawn into its heart. A piece of broken branch spun by. he lunged at it with renewed vigour, but missed, and it went on.

Determined to make it to the bank, he began stroking out once more in its direction. The water mocked him. A huge crest rose before him and broke. For seconds he was submerged, but he came up gasping. He was not to be disheartened. He again struck out.

Before much longer he found himself in still water. He had reached his goal. He saw the clay of the bank adorned with the homely reed and turf.

Now he was fifteen feet from the bank. He did not know the danger which lurked beneath him.

The fisherman, standing off to one side in the longer grass noticed a swirl of water where a trout had taken the small speckled grasshopper which had struggled so valiantly against the current.

PAUL H. BRADSTREET, 4th Year.

ISUMBA WITCHCRAFT

One day I was walking through the Ituri Forest, about two hundred miles from Stanleyville, the capital of the Oriental Province of Congo. Suddenly, I came upon a group of Babali Tribesmen, carrying spears and bows and arrows, and talking very loudly and angrily. As I drew nearer, I found that in the middle of the group was a young man and an older man who appeared to be his father. Something the boy had done had evidently made the men very angry. That was the day I learnt about Isumba.

"What has he done?" I asked. "He has eaten an Isumba animal," one of the men replied.

"What will you do with him?" I enquired. "The curse of Isumba is on him and he will die," they said.

When I got home, I asked our Houseboy, Paul, the meaning of Isumba, and this is what he told me.

Isumba is the most powerful form of witchcraft in the district. There are some animals sacred to Isumba, and these can not be eaten by the ordinary people; they are only eaten by the Isumba Witch Doctor and his helpers. These animals are crocodiles, ant eaters, boa-constrictors, turtles and some others. When it is known that one of the Babali tribe has eaten one of these animals, the Witch Doctor pronounces a curse on him and says he will die.

The Isumba Idol of the Babalis is made from the skins of two civet cats, and filled with the scales of ant-eaters, pieces of leopard skin, also skin from the boa-constrictor and crocodiles' teeth. Sticks are added to form the idol's feet, so that it can stand on its own. It is placed in the house of the Witch Doctor.

One of the Witch Doctor's duties, is to find out who is responsible for crimes committed. If some man has been murdered, his relatives go to the Witch Doctor to find out who has killed their brother. The Witch Doctor brings the Isumba idol into the open space outside his house, and begins to dance. He hops backwards and forwards, singing and chanting and making a terrible din, till he works himself up into a frenzy. All the members of the tribe are then asked to step over the idol. If they can do this and not drop dead, they are not guilty. The one who drops dead is the murderer. The fear of dropping dead often makes the man who has committed the murder confess.

The Isumba idol is also used in helping to heal the sick. This is another of the Witch Doctor's duties. The sick person is

taken to the Witch Doctor's house, and treated there, if he responds to treatment, the Isumba idol has healed him, and the Witch Doctor gets a good sum of money. If he does not get better, an antelope is killed, and its carcass left outside the hut where the sick man is. Next morning the animal is skinned and dressed. If there is still no improvement, the Witch Doctor tells the relatives that the sickness is not due to Isumba, someone must have done some other form of witch-craft on him.

The village men would have been angry if they knew all that Paul told me about Isumba that day. Paul and many others are no longer superstitious, and therefore the Isumba has lost much of its power, but the Witch Doctor still tries to keep his reputation and there are still stories of people who have eaten Isumba animals, or broken some other Isumba tradition dying mysterious deaths.

MICHAEL J. CARTER, 4th Year.

AUTUMN

Senior Verse Prize

*Autumn sunshine lights my room.
I lie, stretched dreaming on my bed,
Remembering all I've done and said,
And watching the coming gloom of evening;
Of winter,
Of death,
Creep across the dappled ceiling.
Outside a lorry climbs the hill;
Here a clock clicks, breaking the still
Soft Autumn air. A pealing bell
Calls Christians,
And hypocrites,
To the new cathedral by the square.
I sense a sorrow sighing,
And a whole world dying
Out there; in the park under trees,
By the lake,
On the grass,
And in deep shadows in the street.*

Jennifer Ann Walters, 5th Year

SHADES ON "BLITHE SPIRIT."

"Julius Caesar is neither here nor there."

Well where is he?

"No sign of the advancing hordes?"

— the canteen just before recess.

"I expected more of you."

That's bad luck, because I'm all here.

DAN MOSSENSON, 4-1

ART

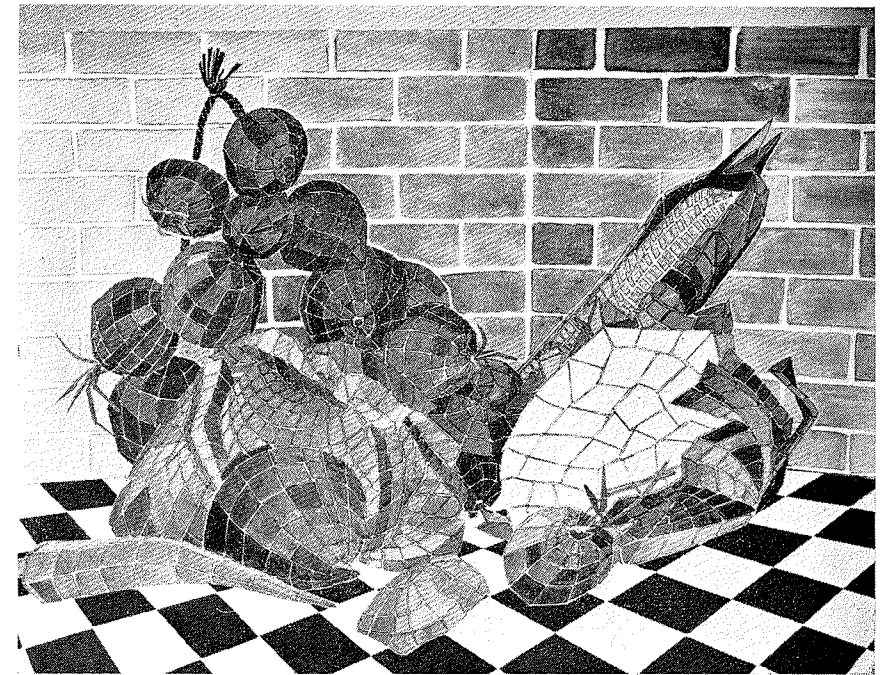
One of the reasons why we do art in the school is to give us the opportunity and encouragement to express original ideas and to foster the creative urge.

Viktor Lowenfeld, a famous American art educationalist, writes in his book, 'Creative and Mental Growth':

"In art education art is used only as a means to an end and not as an end in itself. If Johnny grows up and through his aesthetic experiences has become a more creative person who will apply it to his living and to his profession, one of the main aims of art education will have been fulfilled."

The art reproduced in this magazine is not necessarily the 'best' art in the respective years. It was selected firstly because it expressed something in an original way, and secondly because it was suitable for reproduction on a small scale in black and white. Congratulations go to those whose work is reproduced here, and also to the many whose work was of equivalent standard but unsuitable for reduction to black and white. Their work will be on display on Parents' Day.

A very worth-while exhibition of paintings to focus attention on the Freedom-from-Hunger Campaign was one of the features of the art course in second term. Those who were fortunate enough to see this exhibition could have no doubt of the genuine quality of the sympathy of the art students of this school for the underprivileged children of this world. While on this subject, mention must be made of the excellent effort of Ian Robinson of 2-2. Ian is a model theatre enthusiast, and during first term produced, with the assistance of Trevor Bennett, Paula Francis, Ilana Shub and Margaret Caldow, lunch time plays to raise funds for the Red Cross March Appeal. It is rumoured that Ian and company are about to launch a new series with a bigger and better stage. Well done, all of you.



"Vegetables". Chris Williams (5th Year)

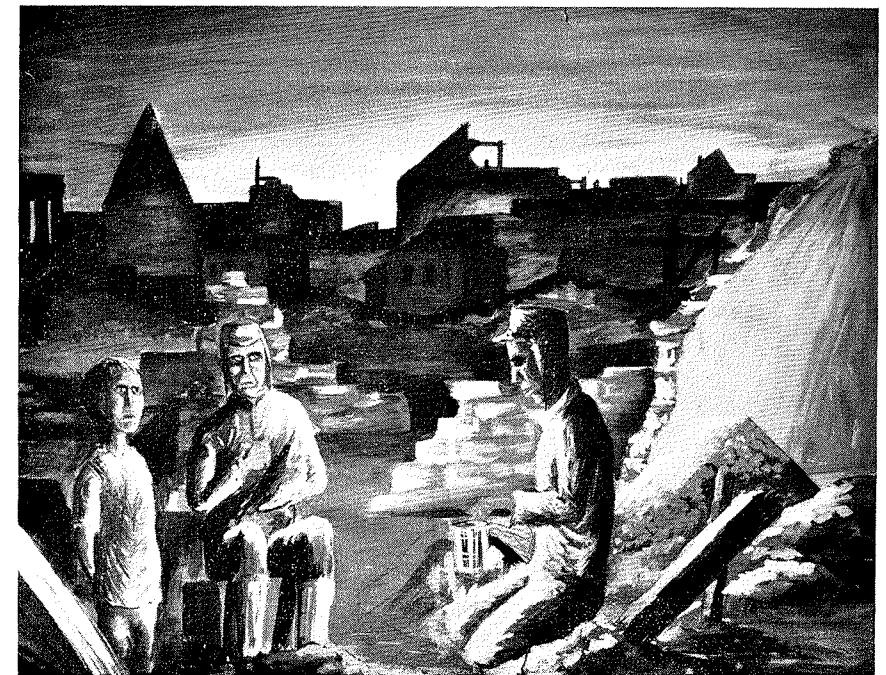
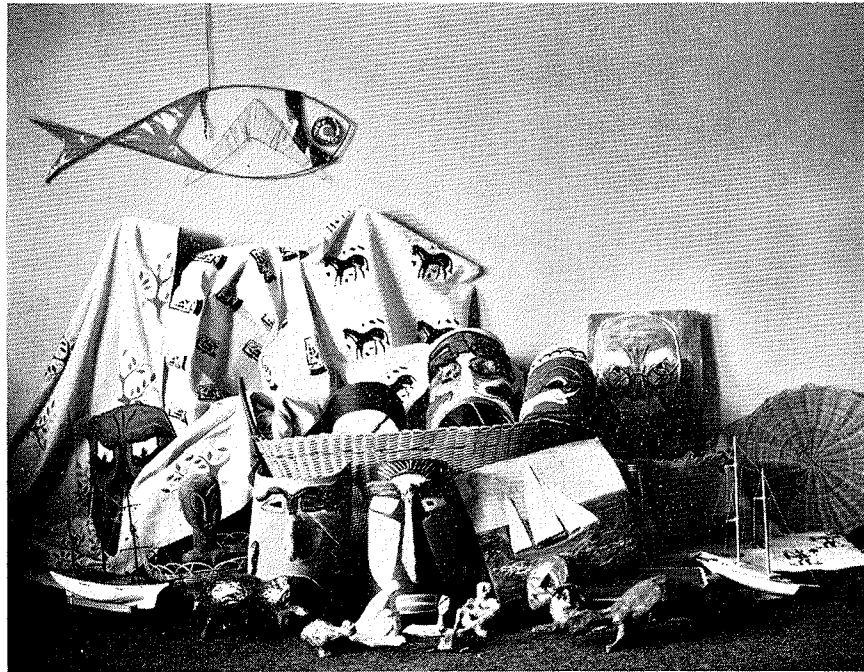


Illustration. Greg Wroth (5th Year)



Examples of Applied Art and Handcraft



"Quiet Evening". Dorothy Hutchinson (3rd Year)



"Caught in the Rain". Murray Jorgensen (2nd Year)



Design. Kaye Warner (4th Year)



"Hunger". Robert Bell (5th Year)



Poster. Lyn Broomehall (1st Year)

"PUSS"

Our cat has the most hypnotic green eyes. These eyes have had a most unusual effect on more than one unfortunate victim. Puss's victims are on the whole other cats, dogs, or poor unthinking little mice but once, about a year ago, Puss sat for so long without moving a whisker in front of my uncle that he became influenced by her glassy stare.

It was on a drowsy summer's day when my uncle was sitting lazily smoking in the orchard, that he noticed our feline on a stump a few yards away. Puss kept staring and staring and staring at my uncle who became entranced by the luminous green slits and just gazed with a vacant expression on his face in the direction of the cat.

Finally, Puss gracefully stepped from her position and with a hardly perceptible flick of the very tip of her tail (a magnificent specimen of orange plumage) walked away. She was not asking my uncle to follow her but rather enticing him. My uncle, who had never in his life been able to resist temptations, especially when it comes to females, obediently followed.

The house was an old one. Its rambling grounds were as if they had never been cared for. There were so many secret places one could easily become lost in in its wilderness. Puss majestically continued towards the farthest and most secluded part of her "kingdom" — it was as if she were its Queen, the way she surveyed everything with a superior possessive air. Uncle marvelled at the many places which it seems were known only to Puss. Then the expedition came to a halt near a small stream. Puss stopped as if her mission was complete.

In fact it was — or nearly so. Uncle was by this time quite willing to rest a while and he sat down on the nearest log. He fell into a sleep in which he dreamed of monsters disguised as those men who have done or were responsible for doing all the evils this world has endured — the Hitlers, the Frankensteins. And then the disconnected track of his dreams turned to his own futile self. He had always felt he was a failure and just a burden to others but now realized he could do some good for the world as a writer. At this moment the log, which was rotten with age, snapped and he was rudely awakened. Puss leisurely rose and retraced her steps and uncle, with new zest derived from his new found purpose, followed in her footsteps.

"Dear Puss," my uncle said when he came to visit us after his first book had been published, and he knelt down to pat her. But she did not condescend to let him touch her. Instead she flicked the tip of her tail and walked gracefully towards the stream — her refuge from futile humanity.

BESSIE FOWLER, 4th Year.

THE STRUGGLE

The rain beat down into his face. His hair was matted over his forehead. His shoes squelched through puddles. His raincoat kept flapping up and his well pressed grey trousers were soaked from the knee down. Water had somehow penetrated the collar of his raincoat and was coldly trickling down his back. His hand was stiff from holding the heavy bag in the one position.

As he struggled onward he perceived ahead, and slightly above him, his goal. To his right other figures moved forward a little more quickly than he. He lowered his head as a stronger gust of wind drove the droplets into his face. On his left he could vaguely make out several tall greyish white objects. He was now in the centre of this broad flat area.

Half the distance was now behind him. His right hand was becoming very cold so he transferred his bag to his left and placed his free hand in his pocket. Had he forgotten anything? No, he was sure he had not. He pressed on a little faster. Head bowed, he stopped suddenly and turning his back to the wind pulled his raincoat down below his knees. Stupid thing he thought. Won't stay down if you walk fast.

Onward he fought. He was nearly there. Some of the figures turned right and others in brighter coloured raincoats continued ahead. He turned right and climbed the short steep steps. At least here there was shelter, at least here there was warmth even if it was school.

By JIM AVRAAMIDES, 4th Year.

CAT'S FEET

*Dainty paws steal through the dusk
Like dying petals from a rose
Falling on a cobbled path.
I pause to listen for the sound
Of velvet slipping to the ground
But no! It passes near to me
Like some old distant memory
Of crimson cushions, and a long lost dream.
Of agate eyes by a silver stream—*

—Jennifer Ann Walters

THE SIREN

At first he heard it faintly, a whine far away coming towards him. Gradually, and then, more quickly, as if with added momentum, it grew louder and louder. "I must be hurt." There was no pain, and he felt almost comfortable clamped to the seat, still and profoundly serene.

From somewhere above a light flashed on and off in his face. It sparkled momentarily on the shattered glass, and outlined a confused mass of shadows and shapes moving oddly around. It was fascinating, and then he began to think. He tried to sit up. A sharp ache splintered up his spine, and his shoulders shuddered with a prickling fear that flooded his head and froze his nerves. Slowly he lay back, helpless, unable to move. "Where am I? What happened?"

Evening had come early, and the blue-grey sky was already twinkling before the last touch of orange disappeared from the horizon. Twilight was short and refreshing, with that typical breath of expectation. Blue-white street lights coloured the highway, and a flash of headlamps from the odd car, passing in the opposite direction, provided a casual touch of friendliness.

He slowed at the cross-roads, and stopped as the green turned amber. There was still an hour. He loosened his tie and turned on the radio. The road was new and wide so that the bitumen was hard and gripped the tyres. He raced by several blocks, then slowed and relaxed again to catch his breath. From the radio the strident sound of a trumpet clashed in the breeze and spiralled down the street, fading in the obscurity. A mile or so later he drew up beside a small shop, still open, to buy cigarettes.

"Three and threepence, thanks."

He turned off, on to a by-road, but eventually came to another highway, closer to the city, narrower, and more crowded. Other cars brushed against him, forcing him close to the curb. Intersections became more regular, and more irritating. He passed through a shopping centre, where yellow and white neons lit windows and silhouetted passers-by. A few people were already milling about the doors of the local theatre, but the scene was otherwise bare and listless. At the next stop he lit a cigarette and tried to relax, casually blowing smoke rings at the mirror. A red and green arrow flashed forwards and backwards, pointing down a side street.

In the city, lights blazed everywhere, flood-lights, street lights, head-lights, neons, and shop windows alike. Everybody was in a hurry and impatient. It was half past seven on a

Saturday night, and the weaving and crawling in and out only made him feel more cramped and locked in. Long buses towered over him. A traffic light turned red and he stopped with a jolt. A confusion of heads and faces, and irritable looks pressed on the windscreen, twining in front like a cordon. He felt them closer and closer, going around him and in front, strangers pressing closer, so he closed the window. Slowly he crawled along, stopping and stalling, hot and stuffy, suffocating. All around he was enclosed by the crowds, imprisoned, and then he came to the freeway.

From both sides street lights shot past at fifty, sixty miles an hour. The car was running smoothly, sleekly, and he was driving clearly, with the accuracy of an athlete. In front the night loomed close, but open and crystalline fresh. The road sped endlessly up towards him and under. Footbridges above skimmed over, and he felt free again. Off the main road and into the streets. On and on, and on into the night, through overhanging branches, around dark corners and onwards. Never stopping, never caring he raced ahead, lunging forward, clearing the night.

So it happened. Out of the black. A flash of white blinded his face. A sickening jolt twisted his stomach. The car spun around, sliding sideways, and turned with a lurching roll, over and over, and stopped.

The siren grew louder and louder, rising quickly to a pitch. He was tense, feverish and frightened. Louder and louder it shrieked at him, pointing at him, torturing him. Louder and louder, till with a resounding burst it broke, and was silent. Strong hands lifted him skilfully from the wreckage, and he relaxed again.

TERRY SOR, 5th Year.

DEHYDRATED WISDOM

It is better to be able neither to read nor write than to be able to do nothing else.

A caterpillar is an upholstered worm.

Don't drive and drink: you might hit a bump and spill it.

A weed is a plant whose virtues have not yet been discovered.

It is better to wear out than to rust out.

An elephant is grey to distinguish it from a blue bird.

AGE

*The room is empty, but warmth and hearty laughter
Are embalmed in these dark shadows,
The tinkling cowbells, the mountain air, and snow winnows there.
The dust-motes' rainbow is playing on your velvet cushion,
Felicity and fancy are hidden in eaves,
But my shadow destroys all these.
The door is open — I must go,
There's where the roses grew,
All shining in the dew.
That's where we played—
There beside the hedge
All withered, debris and dust.
Where is the golden hair — in the grey?
Where is youth and its joyous day?
In the niche of a wrinkle—
Knock-kneed and fickle,
I have three legs to walk on,
And my heart thumps,
Pumps, in perpetual tone,
As I tread with dread on
Each stone end
And nod my head to the dead.*

—Tamara Gorkinski, 5th Year

MISC. VERSE

"There's been an accident", they said.
"Your servant's cut in half; he's dead!"
"Indeed", said Mr. Jones, "and please
Send me the half that's got my keys."

H. GRAHAM.

Percy and his pencil went to study art. The master told his pupils to draw a horse and cart. Now Percy had a bright idea and thought it very smart, so he only drew a horse and left the horse to draw the cart.



Editorial

Under the enthusiastic guidance of our teachers, Forrest House demonstrated its superiority by winning the 1963 Inter-House Swimming Carnival. This followed last year's success in the 1962 Inter-House Athletics Carnival which we won for the second successive year. Credit for both of these triumphs must go, not to just a few very able athletes, but to all those members of the House who practised so hard to ensure success in the teams events and who built up points by gaining minor places in individual events.

It is not only in the sporting sphere that this spirit of co-operation has prevailed. Forrest has become famous throughout the School for the superior quality of its socials and concerts.

Surely Forrest House students have lived up to their motto "Strength is Vision."

Prefects' Notes

The prefects of Forrest House for 1963 wish to thank Mr. Melrose for his fine job as acting Housemaster during the first and second terms of this year. We feel that all the students in the House appreciate the time and effort which he expended on our behalf. We, the prefects, know that many of the projects which we planned would not have been nearly as successful without his guidance.

Now that Mr. Walker has returned, Mr. Mann will carry out the duties of Housemaster and although his term of office did

not officially begin until third term, we wish to thank him for his efforts towards making Forrest House's second term concert such a success.

Credit for the success of this concert, and indeed of all our House activities, must go to all members of Forrest House. Without their support, not only by attending both socials and concerts, but by participating too, Forrest would not have been able to maintain the high standard of achievement attained thus far.

This House spirit was evident in such functions as the Swimming Carnival and last year's Athletics Carnival. Much of the student support results from staff encouragement and all students of Forrest House must realize how fortunate we are to possess such enthusiastic staff members.



FORREST HOUSE PREFECTS

Back Row: Don Boyd, Robin Evans, Alan Reith, Frances Latham, Anthony Arnold, Beth Withers, Brian Daniel, Dale Reading, Brian Long, Lyn Wharton.

Front Row: Ivan Arnold, Wendy Hawthorne, Robert Byers, Mr. D. Melrose, Mr. H. Mann, Joyce Woods, Fred Peppinck, Sue Nile.

Forrest House Socials

The first term social was held on March 29th, and was an unqualified success. An Hawaiian Theme was the key to the decorations and the highlight of the evening was an Hawaiian dance by the Forrest boy prefects.

Although the weather was against us, our second term social, held on 21st June, was equally successful. On this occasion the decoration was built around an "Out of this World" theme and during the evening an unusual item of entertainment was provided by a ventriloquist from TVW 7. We were glad indeed to have as our guest, Michael Lynott, an exchange student from Pennsylvania, America.

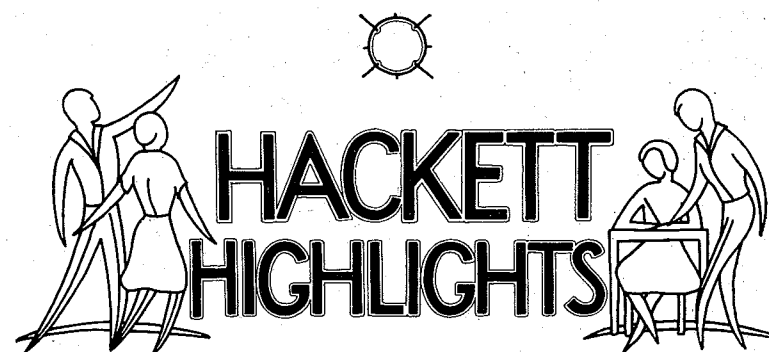
Thanks for the success of these socials go to staff, prefects and students.

Concerts

As in previous years the end-of-term monotony was broken by Forrest House concerts. Our guest artist for the first term concert was David Helfgott who gave a wonderful performance which was appreciated by students and staff alike. On this occasion we held two performances for the first time. Much of the credit for the success of that concert goes to Wendy Hawthorne.

The second term concert was even more successful than the first. We are greatly indebted to our guest artists. David Helfgott returned to school especially for the occasion. Thanks must also go to the Four Prefs (plus one) for helping to make the concert a great success.

Participants and audience are to be thanked for their support of Forrest House Concerts. Thanks are also due to the staff members who spent a great deal of time and effort arranging concert items for their students.



Student Council

In order to ensure a maximum of student participation in the planning and organizing of the various House activities such as swimming and athletic carnivals, socials, end of year excursions, and projects involving expenditure of House funds, a Student Council meet periodically with the Housemaster, Mr. Willis. The Council is composed of Head Boy and Head Girl and their assistants, Sports Captains, magazine representative and representatives from each year.

The Student Council's good work, involving as it does a sacrifice, from time to time, of part of the lunch hour, is appreciated by all House members.

A subdivision of the Council, the Social Committee, ran two very creditable socials in 1st and 2nd terms.

Socials:

Hackett House has had two successful socials this year. The second term social, voted the better of the two, appeared to benefit by the admission of more fifth years from other houses. The highlight of this evening came just before supper when a conga line was formed going around the gym, around the quadrangle, and so into the boys' gym.

Humorous incident of the evening — the awarding of a 'lucky spot' prize to the head boy of O'Connor by our own head boy, Julline Willis.

The Social Committee planned well to make this a memorable social. The Oriental theme used with simple refinement and good taste in the decorations was very effective, owing much of its success to the artistic efforts of Chris. Williams.

Particularly appreciated were the dancing lessons for the Junior School, held by Mr. Gell during the previous lunch hours.



HACKETT HOUSE STUDENT COUNCIL

Back Row Left to Right: Kerry McCarthy, Graham Seymour, Alla Sakalo, David Wake, Donna Rappoport, Harold Tuurenhaut, Stephanie Withers, Donald Turner, Diane Hurst, David Macaby.

Front Row Left to Right: Greg Wroth (Sports Captain), Lorraine Treby (Assistant Head Girl and Sports Captain), Julline Wills (Head Boy), Mr. Willis (Housemaster), Margaret Bremner (Head Girl), Craig Pearson (Assistant Head Boy), Jeanette Conigrave.

Absent: Chris Williams, Sarah Schladow.

Table Tennis:

Lunch hour table tennis was introduced for two reasons. Firstly, to give Hackett students a chance to gain exercise and recreation when winter weather prevented them from spending lunch hour in the open. Secondly, to provide a 'home room' where Hackett students may meet and mix socially and so get to know one another better.

We hope, in time, to conduct a competition aimed at discovering the House, and School, champion in table tennis. Two skilled exponents of the game, David Wake and Mr. Gell, played a challenge match before a large gallery.

Our thanks go to Greg Worth for arranging all the matches and spending his lunch hours in the Art Room with the players.

Debating:

Among the very capable school debaters we find three Hackett members: I. Golovin, J. Walters, and S. Schladow. The School representative in the Junior Chamber of Commerce public speaking competition was S. Schladow who managed to come second in the zone final — Good work, Sarah!

We are fortunate to have Mrs. Huston's expert guidance and thank her for her ready assistance.

Academic Results — 1st Places in Hackett:

	1st Term	2nd Term
1st year	K. Rose	K. Rose
2nd year	D. Macoby (1st in school)	D. Macoby (1st in school)
3rd year	P. Zusman) L. Mitchell)	P. Zusman
4th year	G. Gild	J. Petrovic
5th year	T. Sor (2nd in school)	T. Sor (1st in school)
Special Class:	L. Roberts	L. Roberts

HOUSE POINTS:

oce

At the end of the first term Hackett led the School with 449 points. At the end of second term we were still 83 points ahead of our nearest rival, Forrest. The final event on the calendar for inter-house competition is the Athletic carnival in October, and this could well decide the champion house for 1963. For this reason, and because Hackett has not yet managed to take off the honours in either an Athletics or Swimming Carnival, while we wish our friends from other houses the best of luck, we give fair warning — we will be trying.

*The Centipede was happy quite
Until the Toad in fun
Said "Pray which leg goes after which?"
And worked her mind to such a pitch
She lay distracted in the ditch
Considering how to run.*

BOOKS — BOOKS — BOOKS

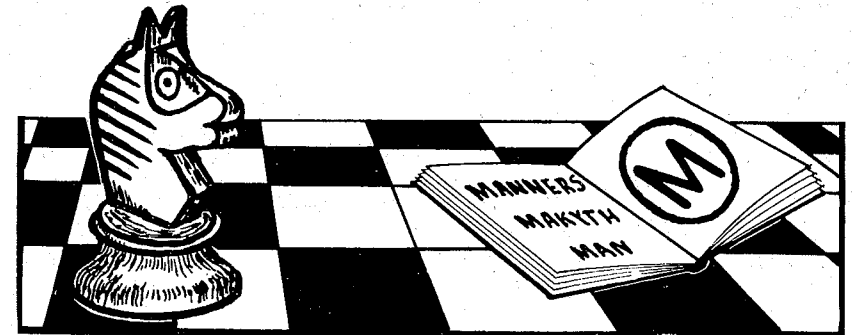
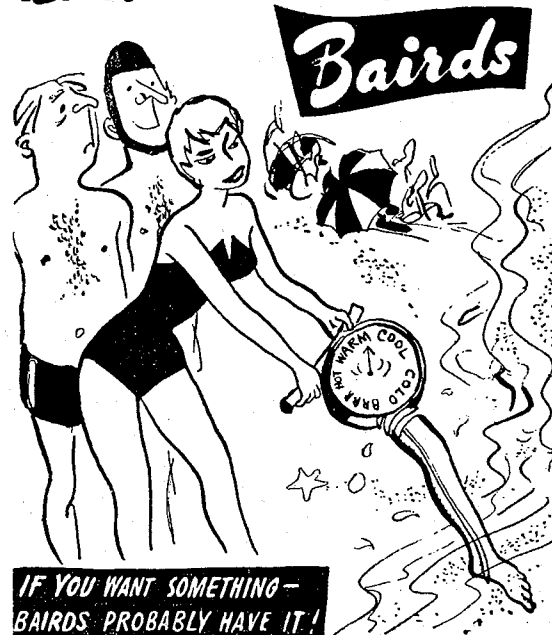
When you think of books for any occasion

SEE US FIRST

AN EXCELLENT SELECTION OF WESTRALIAN
VIEW BOOKS, CARDS, AND CHRISTMAS CARDS
FOR OVERSEAS AND EASTERN STATES FRIENDS.

WHITCOMBE & TOMBS PTY. LTD.
GENERAL, TECHNICAL, EDUCATIONAL BOOKSELLERS
596-598 Hay Street, Perth

**IT'S A WATER TEMPERATURE
TESTER SHE HAD SENT FROM**



Editorial

Under the leadership of Mr. Flynn the Murdoch House spirit, kindled in previous years, has burst forth with renewed zest. This is evident when one sees the greater effort displayed by Murdochians in all school activities, both in the sporting and academic fields. Although not in the lead for the "Premier House" of 1963, Murdoch is still well in the running. If all members of the house show as much enthusiasm at the coming athletic carnival as they have shown in all activities so far this year, the school honour board may well display the names of four Houses next year.

A great deal of Murdoch House's success can be attributed directly to the Student Council, led very ably by Ray Williamson and Rae Brokensha. The Council has teamed with Mr. Flynn to ensure the smooth running of house functions, especially that of the "famed" Murdoch Socials.

Murdoch again welcomed many new students from the first and fourth years, all of whom were warmly accepted into the house group. As a group, Murdoch House has actively supported two very worthy causes in the Red Cross and Freedom from Hunger Appeals. All Murdochians contributed freely to help those less fortunate than ourselves.

Let us hope that in the years to come the house will be as fortunate with respect to leadership, and that all students within the house will help continue the present progress, learning from experience gained this year.

BRIAN KAYE

Social Notes

At the first House Meeting of the year, Mr. Flynn was confronted with many new faces, from both the staff and student body. Miss Raymond, the senior mistress of the House, left us during the second term to replace Miss Aldridge as first Mistress of the School.

As Mr. Flynn was attending lectures at the end of second term Mr. Vanzetti was called upon, at a moment's notice to act as House Master in conducting class inspections, accompanied by the Head Boy and Girl.

The order of the day for all House Socials this year has been originality, which was evident in the numerous themes for socials. As usual Murdoch's Socials shone forth, continuing their high standard. Their success was attributed mainly to the assistance of Mr. Flynn and the willingness and diligence of the committee. Special thanks from the committee are forwarded to Lillian McKnight, for her invaluable assistance with the sale of tickets prior to both socials; Suzette Flugge for her time rendered in making the tickets; David Thomas and David Manners for taking over the electrical preparations for the socials. The support of Mr. Williamson, the Head Boy's father, in procuring the decorations for both socials is greatly appreciated by all concerned.

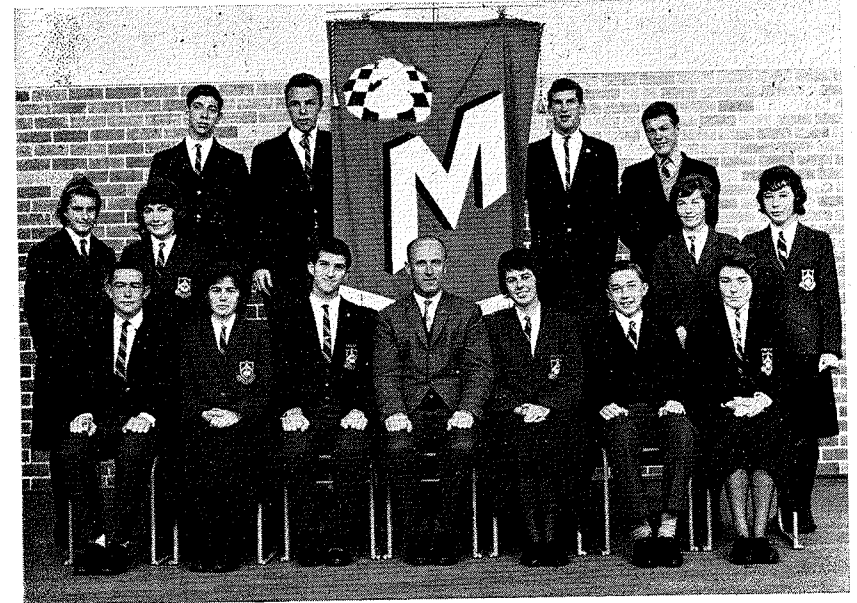
Dancing classes were held under the guidance of Miss Getley and Miss Loftus, during the term and the effect of these lessons was noticeable at the socials. "The Masterkeys" proved to be a very efficient and popular band, subsequently they officiated at both socials. All in all the social standard of Murdoch House this year has been very high and we trust that the tradition set will continue in future years.

LILLIAN McKNIGHT and
RAY WILLIAMSON

Academic

Congratulations to Roger Price for his excellent efforts in the academic field for his house. Roger gained first place in third year in the first term with an average of 85.4 and did even better in the second term with first place and an outstanding average of 90%.

Congratulations are due also to Alan Moyle, first in fourth year, second term with an average of 80.2% and third in first term. Others who have performed most creditably were Bruce Riley, second in fourth year with an average of 79.5 and John Segal second to Roger Price in third year for the first term.



MURDOCH HOUSE STUDENT COUNCIL

Back Row: Geoffrey London, David Manners, David Thomas, Darryll Rayner.
Centre Row: Alison Maltman, Sue Rutherford, Gail Ferguson, Barbara Massa.
Front Row: Bruce Riley, Lillian McKnight, Ray Williamson, Mr. Flynn, Rae Brokensha, John Garnett, Joy Smith.

Murdochs Boys' Winter Sport

The first year football team was very successful and led by Daryl Rainer won all but two games. Congratulations go to John Garnet of 2-1 who represented W.A. in the State Football team. The Upper school football team captained by Robert Massey had an excellent season in winning all matches except two.

Success for Murdoch did not only come in football but also in hockey. With Malcolm Bennett as captain, the first years won four out of eight matches. The second years, captained by Alan Nuttal, won four out of seven matches. Congratulations must go to the Upper school team which was undefeated.

On the Interschool sporting side Murdoch was well represented in all school teams. In the school football team, players from Murdoch were Peter Mall, Bruce Riley, Roy Davies, John Reid and Boris Klobas. In the school hockey team were Brian Kaye and Ross Hawthorne and finally in the school basketball team were Ray Williamson, David Manners, David Thomas, Jon Steinberg and David Gilchrist.

DAVID MANNERS.

The Upper School, Murdoch Football Team

The Murdoch team began the current season by defeating O'Connor (twice), Forrest and Hackett with four convincing victories. However Forrest House fielded a strong team on their second meeting with the leading Murdoch side. High-marking, Forrest players proved impassable barriers to the Murdoch attack. With only minutes of the match to play, Forrest had the ascendancy by one solitary goal and, despite efforts to bridge the margin, Murdoch was still five points in arrears at the final whistle.

However, a comeback fight by Murdoch earned them a victory, Hackett being their victim. After eliminating O'Connor and Forrest, Murdoch went down to a determined Hackett in a match played in a torrential downpour. Hackett, having polled one more victory than the Murdoch side, became the leaders on the table of points earned. Nevertheless, with school team members in their side, Murdoch has, since then, scored steady victories without the loss of a match, concluding by defeating O'Connor House in a rather lifeless game. As a result of these victories the Murdoch House Upper School Football Team is the leading side of the four Houses.

The most consistent players were Allen Moyle, Bob Hardy, Bob Massie and David Isted who played well on a half-back-flank.

PETES ZAIKES, 3-1

LATE PRESS

Murdoch Annual Dinner

Now rapidly becoming traditional, our Dinner, held on 16th October, was highly successful. The object of this function, inaugurated by Miss Russell in 1961, is to wish good luck to the third and fifth years success in their forthcoming examinations.

The toast to the House, ably given by Ray Williamson, was followed by toasts to third and fifth years, proposed by Lillian McKnight and Bruce Riley. Rae Brokensha responded on behalf of the fifth years and Geoffrey London on behalf of the third years.

Sincere appreciation and thanks to Mrs. Ottoway, parent helpers and second year girls were offered by David Manners.



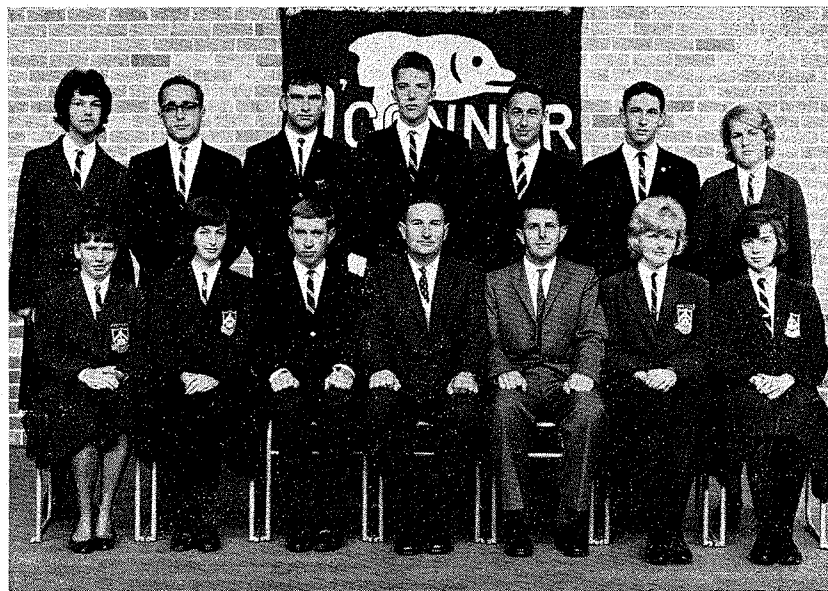
O'CONNOR HOUSE NOTES

O'Connor House began the 1963 school year with another new house master. This was made necessary by the transfer of Mr. Yelland, who worked so hard to keep up the House spirit. Mr. Sawle became the new O'Connor housemaster but due to his absence on long service leave, Mr. Richards assumed the role temporarily. The Council wishes to thank Mr. Richards for the help he so willingly gave to all house activities.

Early in first term, elections were held for the fourth year members of the Council, and the positions of Head Girl and House Captain. Suzy Tasnady was elected Head Girl of O'Connor House and Keith Bales was elected House Captain. However, because of the work and time his position as School Captain entailed, Keith found himself forced to resign as House Captain. An election between Danny Crewe, Boris Sefer and Ian Hodgkinson followed, with the result that Ian became the O'Connor House Captain and has managed the House most capably.

The new fourth year members soon assumed their places on the Council. Deanne Levin was elected Secretary and Geoff Oates was elected Treasurer. Unfortunately both these useful and efficient members left the school during second term, but Rhonda Blennerhassett and Peter Huggins stepped into the vacant positions and House affairs were not upset.

Council meetings are presided over by Ian and discussion on socials, the School magazine, the Red Cross Appeal, the Freedom from Hunger Campaign and general House matters is entered into seriously. But, no matter how seriously a meeting begins the atmosphere is inevitably shattered by Danny's cheery face arriving five minutes late with the enquiry "Is there a meeting?" Whenever controversy arises Keith Bales and Sue Truslove are certain to be opposed, and many a meeting has halted while these two debate on a minor point.



O'CONNOR HOUSE COUNCIL

Back Row Left to Right: Cheryl Edwards, Boris Sefer, Danny Crewe, Peter Huggins, Howard Pascoe, Keith Bales, Rhonda Blennerhassett.

Front Row Left to Right: Diane Polglaze, Sue Truslove, Ian Hodgkinson (Captain), Mr. Sawle (Housemaster), Mr. Richards (R. Housemaster), Susie Tasnady (Head Girl), Kerry Ward.

Absent: Dianne Levan.

One point on which the Council agreed unanimously was the need for something different in the way of socials. After much thought and discussion, and conferences with various teachers, it was decided to instigate a theme for each social. So, the 1963 Social Season opened with O'Connor's "Fishing and Seaside" theme social. For this auspicious occasion the girls' gym was decorated with surf-boards, cray pots, nets, sails, and a canoe. Keith as M.C. raised much laughter with his jokes. During the evening we were privileged to have David Helfgott play Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 5 for us. A "Limbo" literally brought the house down or at least many of its members, and supper, organized by Deanne Levin, followed, as a much needed relief.

The theme for the second term social was decided upon only after much discussion and pooling of ideas, until even Sue and Keith agreed on the "Ghoul" theme. Cobwebs, spiders, black cats, hats and superstition all lurked in the dimly lit gym,

and again the hit of the evening was a dance, this time a "Monster Mash" performed by Diane Polglaze and Nell van der Daes, two very charming "monsters". For this social Ian acted as M.C. and Cheryl Edward organized the supper.

All the other houses followed O'Connor's successful social idea, and 1963 has been a truly outstanding year for socials.

Much of the success of O'Connor's socials is due to the hard work behind the scenes of such people as Jeff. Pearlman, Dianne Levin and Kerry Ward.

The Freedom from Hunger Campaign was conducted throughout the school, with each house making individual collections. This really worthwhile appeal was aided wholeheartedly by all house members. Special credit must be given to Form 1-1 who ran tuck-shops and a lunch-time dance to collect a total of £24.

Two O'Connor House members gained selections in State teams, Jack Jeffreys for Baseball, and Ian Kreplins for Rugby. Congratulations to both!

After second term examinations the top places in each year, for O'Connor, were allotted. Top in first year were Ian Evans and Robert Thornton, both of 1-1 with averages of 88.7%, top in second year was William Hilbert 2-3 with 80.2%, top in third year was Christopher Munday 3-2 with 82.2%. Trevor Prout 4-4 with 76.8% topped fourth year, and Arnold Rosielle 5-3 topped fifth year with 74.1%. All these boys have worked hard to earn points for their House, and deserve to gain top place for their year in O'Connor. Arnold Rosielle, was runner-up for the position of Dux of the School, being three points behind Terry Sor of Hackett.

As usual, the end of second term assembly was eagerly awaited by all students anxious to hear the final house positions. This year O'Connor students were not rejoicing, but we feel sure 1964 will find them all hard at work, striving to place O'Connor back on top.

SUE TRUSLOVE, 5-4.

"To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven.

A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted."

—Ecclesiastes.



STATE'S REPRESENTATIVES

Back Row: Brian Long (Baseball), Lance Griffiths (Rugby), Joal Jeffery (Baseball), Elaine Brown (Softball), Ian Kreplins (Rugby), Keith Cohen (Rugby), John Garnaut (Football).
Front Row: Dawn Atherton (Softball), Geoff Daniel (Cricket), Eleanor Steinhart (Hockey), Graeme McLennan (Basketball), Kay Panton (Softball).

GIRLS' INTER-HOUSE SPORTS RESULTS

Total points for all sports in first year and second year:
 1st Year— 2nd Year—

O'Connor	22 Points	Murdoch	72 Points
Hackett	22 Points	O'Connor	58 Points
Forrest	18 Points	Hackett	52 Points
Murdoch	18 Points	Forrest	50 Points

NOTE—On the 9th July, social matches were played against John Forrest (2nd Years) in Basketball.

Total points for all sports in Upper School:
 Murdoch, 92 Points; O'Connor, 60; Hackett, 50; Forrest, 34.

Total points for all years in all sports:
 Murdoch, 182 Pts.; O'Connor, 140; Hackett, 124; Forrest, 102.

BOYS' INTER-HOUSE SPORT RESULTS

Sport	Year	Forrest	Hackett	O'Connor	Murdoch
Cricket:					
	First	0	4	8	12
	Second	8	0	12	4
	Upper				
	School	8	4	8	4
Baseball:					
	First	—	—	—	—
	Second	—	—	—	—
	Upper				
	School	32	18	14	8
Football:					
	First	18	22	0	16
	Second	20	10	32	2
	Upper				
	School	16	28	4	24
Soccer:					
	First	16	32	12	0
	Second	28	14	22	0
	Upper				
	School	16	20	4	8
Hockey:					
	First	6	24	8	16
	Second	6	24	10	24
	Upper				
	School	4	16	12	32

Total House Points—Forrest, 178; Hackett, 216; O'Connor, 146; Murdoch, 150. Results up to July 23, 1963.



INTERSCHOOL SWIMMING

Back Row: Marija Stanimirovic, Duky de Ruyter, Gail Morrison, Christine DeAtta, Robert Shenstone, Leslie Katel, Alla Sakalo, Susan Burrows.
Centre Row: Peter Finkelstein, Norman Matthees, Kaye Warner, John Reid, Joanne Peers, Neil Keene, Nola Wasely, Bill Forster.
Front Row: Robyn Faigen, Phillip Faigen, Jennifer Walters, Mr. D. Richards, Miss L. Getley, Boris Sefer, Roslyn Upton, Ian Kreplins.

Swimming

The Interhouse Swimming Carnival which took place at the Beatty Park Aquatic Centre on 13th March, ended Mount Lawley's 1962-63 swimming season.

The events were run so efficiently that, at no time were they more than three and a half minutes behind schedule.

The competitors, who had been training for many weeks, displayed much skill and sportsmanship. There was a continuous struggle between Hackett and Forrest House for first place. A first place in the last event, helped Forrest obtain first place with Hackett 2½ points behind. Next were Murdoch and O'Connor respectively.

Students, who gained first place in the House carnival, participated in the Inter High School swimming championship. Many of our swimmers did well there also, but the Mount Lawley team was unsuccessful.

IAN KREPLINS.

Girls' Swimming Notes

Although we did not gain a place in the Inter-school Carnival our swimmers tried their hardest against the stern opposition.

Amongst our best girl swimmers were Shelley Cass, Christine De Atta, Roslyn Upton, and Lesley Katel.

An important feature of our school swimming team is the increasing enthusiasm and ability of our younger swimmers. With these Lower School members coming on we seem assured of a better placing next year.

JENNIFER WALTERS.



INTERSCHOOL TENNIS

Back Row: Alan Gooch, Colin Hollier, Mr. Hughes, Ian Bremner, Dan Mossenson.

Front Row: Karen Stern, Josephine Kamien, Dunia Jendry.
 Absent: Sarah Schladow.

INTERSCHOOL TENNIS—GIRLS

A rather unsuccessful year was experienced by the girls of the "A" and "B" Tennis teams.

The 'A' team, consisting of Sarah Schladow, Dunia Jendry, Karen Stern and Jo Kamien, won one match against Scarborough, coming second last in the series.

The "B" team, consisting of Deidre Krasnostein, Vivienne Cass, Ruth Gleedman and Susette Flugge, won one match against Governor Stirling and drew one against Scarborough, to come third last in the series.

SARAH SCHLADOW.

SCHOOL TENNIS—BOYS

This year with the aid of three new players the School Tennis Team finished fifth in the Wednesday competition held at King's Park. The team consisted of A. Gooch, D. Mossenson, A. Bennell and I. Bremner. There were many creditable performances during the competition.

The "B" team finished equal third which was a great improvement on last year. The team consisted of C. Hollier, N. Stanomorovic, D. Thorniley, G. McLennon, and K. French.

The schools No. 1 Herbert Edwards Cup team deserves special mention. Kerry McCarthy, Peter Waters, Nick Stanomorovic and Geoff McNeill played well to reach the semi-final.

Special thanks are due to Mr. Hughes who gave up his time after school coaching the team.

ALAN GOOCH, 4-1

GIRLS' INTERSCHOOL BASKETBALL

Mount Lawley entered two basketball teams into the Zone Competition. The "A" team won two out of the four matches played. Best players were Dunia Jendry and Lorraine Treby. The "B" team had more success, losing only to arch-rivals Tuart Hill High. Best players in the "B" team were Dianne Polglaze and Miriam McKeich.

Many thanks to Miss Getley for her patience and greatly appreciated assistance toward us throughout the season.

SUE NILE (Captain)



INTERSCHOOL BASKETBALL — GIRLS

Back Row: Silvia Fingers, Jean Lafferty, Dunia Jendry, Yvonne Mitchell, Sue Atherton.

Front Row: Sue Nile, Miss L. Getley, Lorraine Treby.

Absent: Wendy Wyatt.

INTERSCHOOL HOCKEY

The "A" hockey team, ably captained by Joyce Woods, was unfortunate in not being placed in the final four.

The "B" hockey team had 3 draws and 1 loss. This placed them third in their division. The captain was Jo Kamien with Christine Faulkner as vice-captain.

Both teams were coached by Miss Loftus and our thanks go to her for her wonderful job. Unfortunately senior girls were missing from both teams and this did not add to our chances.

This year there were two zones, depending upon the areas in which the schools are situated. The schools in our zone were Governor Stirling, Modern School, Scarborough and Tuart Hill.



INTERSCHOOL HOCKEY — GIRLS

Back Row: Josephine Kamien, Caroline Gillies, Beth Withers, Cheryl Edwards, Suzy Tasnady, Kay Gorodnaski.

Front Row: Karen Stern, Mary-Anne Baker, Joyce Woods (Captain), Miss K. Loftus (Coach), Wendy Hawthorne (Vice-Captain), Frances Latham, Elinor Steinhart.

INTERSCHOOL SOFTBALL

The school "A" and "B" softball teams did very well this year. One of the main factors which contributed towards our success was the teamwork developed among our players.

The "A" team finished the season fourth on the list of games won and second on averages, whilst the "B" team finished second in games won and on averages.

The "A" team lost to Kent Street, Governor Stirling and Applecross. The "B" team lost only to Stirling and Applecross and so went on to compete in the finals. The Grand Final between Mt. Lawley and Applecross, was never played off however, owing to Anzac Day ceremonies.

Many thanks go to Miss Loftus for her greatly appreciated coaching throughout the season.



INTERSCHOOL SOFTBALL

Back Row: Joyce Woods, Mary-Anne Baker, Sue Atherton, Kay Panton, Sue Rumney.

Front Row: Lorraine Treby, Elaine Brown, Miss K. Loftus, Retta Dunachie, Eleanor Steinhart.

SOCCER

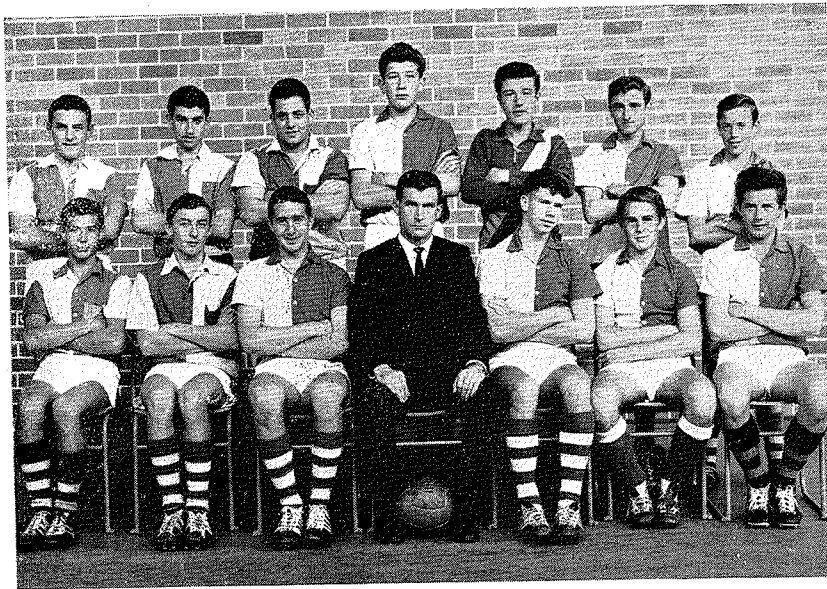
An incohesive forward division in our first encounter deprived Mount Lawley's soccer team of winning the cup. Governor Stirling High took charge of a strong breeze and although our good backline, constantly under pressure, thrust back many a move we were finally defeated 1-2. From this defeat Mount Lawley went on to defeat Modern School 2-1, Tuart Hill 7-0, and Scarborough High 8-1. Though we did not take the cup this year the school can look forward to a promising year in 1964 as only four of the sixteen will leave at the end of the year.

During this season the side's best player was Ian King. Playing in the half back line Ian followed up the forward moves and was top goal scorer. Craig Lenny and George Galaptus were in good form as was stable goalkeeper, Chris Wissink.

There is not much to say for the forwards except that Bob Edleman played a firm brand of soccer although he was not supported. Lindsay Moyle with a little more practice would develop into an excellent player. On behalf of the boys I would like to thank Mr. Sluzarczyk for his co-operation and attentiveness. Finally I would like to thank the boys for the co-operation they have given and fella's, if I grumbled at you in a game it was only for the game's sake — nothing personal.

Wish you every luck in the next season, thanks.

FRED PEPPINCK.



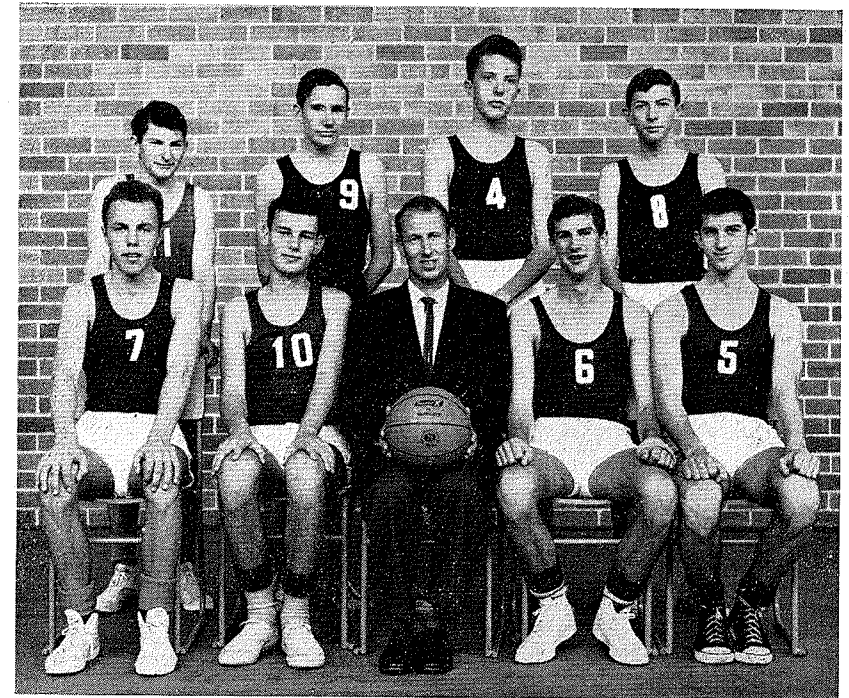
INTERSCHOOL SOCCER

Back Row Left to Right: C. Pavlos, A. Faigen, T. Millman, L. Florio, C. Wissink, B. Edleman, I. King.
Front Row Left to Right: D. Delucio, S. Lee, C. Lenny, Mr. Sluzarczyk, F. Peppinck, J. Stevens, L. Moyle.

THE SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM

Mount Lawley Senior High School Basketball Team gave a creditable performance in the first year of this Interschool Competition. The team has, for the past two years been carefully coached by Mr. Grey.

The team was undefeated until it met Applecross in the Grand Final where it was defeated 28 points to 22. Although the school team was physically stronger than their opponents, they could not match the skilful Applecross side.



INTERSCHOOL BASKETBALL — BOYS

Back Row Left to Right: Jon Steinberg, David Gilchrist, Peter Huggins, Graeme McLennan
Front Row: David Manners, Nick Jakowyna, Mr. D. Gray, David Thomas, Ray Williamson.

RUGBY UNION

The 1963 season opened with Mount Lawley being able to put three teams into competition.

In the Wednesday competition, a relatively new and untried team took the field and it was only due to these facts that we lost our first game. Our best match was against the supposedly invincible Mod. Having held them for the first half the team pulled together and the second half had the Mod. defences cut to pieces by a determined Mount Lawley side. Our last game proved to be a 37-0 walkover in our favour.

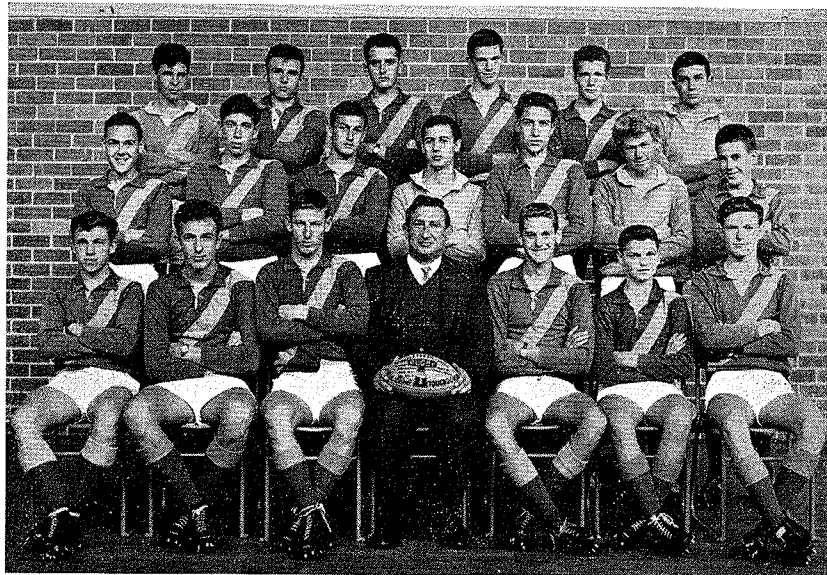
In the Saturday morning competition we fielded three teams, the Under 14, Under 16 and Open. Due to lack of numbers our Open team was forced to pull out of competition. However, our enthusiastic Under 14 and Under 16 teams battled on

with the younger team improving with every game. With a string of victories under their belts the Under 16 have made their way into the Grand Final against Mod.

Special mention must be made of three fine players who gained selection in the State Schoolboys' Under 16 team. Congratulations to Keith Cohen, Lance Griffiths and Ian Kreplins. All players must be congratulated for turning in a good hard playing season.

Well done, boys!

CHRIS ROBERTS.



INTERSCHOOL RUGBY

Back Row Left to Right: George Cox, Errol Driver, Alan Reith, Ian Johnson, David Fagg, Keith Cohen.

Middle Row Left to Right: Max Campbell, Geoffrey London, David Bornshin, Geoffrey Gild, Tony Bosso, Lance Griffiths, Den Boyd.

Front Row Left to Right: Bernard Hawkins, Rodney Vojvodich, Chris Roberts (Capt.), Mr. P. Davies-Moore, Ian Kreplins (V. Capt.), Barry Thornton, Roger Sibley.

SCHOOL CRICKET

The school team was unsuccessful this year but as the side comprised mainly 3rd and 4th year students it should do well next season.

The players to do well with the bat were Gary Robbins, Alan Faigen and Ray Shaw. Kerry McCarthy was reliable with the bat and also bagged several wickets as a spin bowler.

The most successful fast bowler was Bob Massie, who bowled extremely well and it was most uncommon if he did not take five wickets a match. Bob was ably supported by Fred Peppinck and Bruce Riley. Lindsay Moyle and Alan Faigen were successful wicketkeepers.

Two newcomers to the side, Chris Wissink and Gus Connors showed promise and should do well next season.

The team would like to thank Mr. Rutherford for the coaching he gave the players and we regret we were unable to achieve better results to reward him for his time and patience.

JOAL JEFFERY.



SCHOOL CRICKET

Back from Left: G. Connors, L. Moyle, R. Shaw, F. Peppinck, K. McCarthy.
Sitting from Left: B. Riley, G. Robins, R. Massie (V. Capt.), Mr. J. W. Rutherford (Coach), J. Jeffrey (Capt.), A. Faigen, C. Wissink.

SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM

Four Government High Schools participated in our sporting calendar for 1963. This was because of the large distances which students would have to travel between schools should a larger number of schools participate in the fixtures. This system, whilst its necessity can be appreciated from the point of view of travel, provided a dull and unexciting round of Australian Rules Football.

Unfortunately, the School team won only one of the four games and this game was won by the narrow margin of one point. These results, which may seem disappointing, are not as unsound as they might appear, as the team consisted of eleven third years, six fourth years and only three fifth-year players. Thus virtually half of the entire team was under sixteen!

Finally I would like to make reference to the unflagging devotion, keenness and interest displayed by Mr. Tsangaris, the Coach of the First Eighteen. Unfortunately Mr. Tsangaris could not attend the matches because of prior commitments, but had he been able to be present at the games I feel his guidance could have exerted a considerable change in the standard of our play.

BRIAN DANIEL.



INTERSCHOOL FOOTBALL

Back Row: Bruce Riley, Brian Fife, John Reed, Paul Hardie, Roy Davis, Ian Bremner.
 Middle Row: Wayne Thompson, Robert Hardie, Ian Riley (Vice Capt.), Brian Daniel (Capt.), Collin Hollier, Brian Mawby, Alan Walker.
 Front Row: Graham Lewis, Spero Carres, Jim Capelli, Mr. Tsangaris (Coach), Gary Robbins, Gus Connor, John Yukich.

SCHOOL BASEBALL

The school baseball team this season, as last season, went through the round of fixtures undefeated and we were successful in defeating Hollywood High School 5-2 in the final.

Catcher Brian Long played brilliantly and his batting was of a high standard.

The team consisted of ten players, one having to drop out every game and Howard Pascoe, who played well throughout the season, volunteered to be omitted from the Grand Final. This was a grand gesture on Howard's part.

The in-field of G. Porrins, K. Long, B. Corby, D. Wake and B. Long played well throughout the season and functioned efficiently in the final.

The out-fielders, I. Hodgkinson, H. Pascoe, J. Wills and R. Weggelaar played well and, like the in-fielders, played an important part in the defeat of Hollywood in the final.

The team would like to thank Mr. Simms for the time he put in coaching the team and for providing transport to and from the games.

JOAL JEFFERY.



INTERSCHOOL BASEBALL

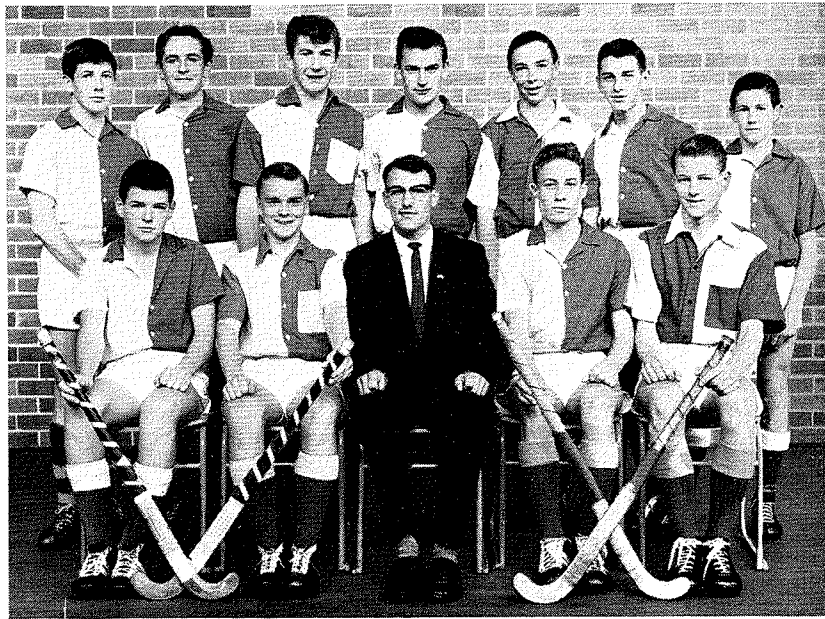
Back Row Left to Right: Cor Van Delft (Scorer), Keith Long, Julline Wills, George Porrins, Rudolph Weggelaar, Ian Hodgkinson.
 Front Row Left to Right: David Wake, Brian Long (Vice Capt.), Mr. Simms (Coach), Joal Jeffery (Capt.), Howard Pascoe.

HOCKEY

With only two of last year's team remaining, almost a complete new team had to be selected at the beginning of the season. The team included some six third years, thus probably making it the youngest side this school has ever fielded. What we lacked in age and experience however we made up for in team spirit and enthusiasm.

All players showed marked improvement with each game and much of the credit for this must go to Mr. Vanzetti. With his help we ended the season with one win, two losses and a draw.

Although essentially a team effort, those deserving special mention are Avon Bennell, whose efforts at centre half constantly swung the team into attack; Ross Hawthorne, ever reliable at full back; Graham Walker (top goalscorer) and Bob Byers who was always prominent in attacking moves.



INTERSCHOOL HOCKEY — BOYS

Back Row Left to Right: B. Walker, I. Carpenter, G. Walker, R. Byers, C. Bennett, B. Richardson.

Front Row Left to Right: R. Hawthorne, B. Kaye, (Capt.), Mr. N. Vanzetti (Coach), G. Innes, I. Arnold.

Absent: A. Bennell (V. Capt.).

Although the side did not have much success the experience gained by the younger members of the team will stand the school in good stead in future years.

The practice gained by the third years in the tougher Wednesday games aided them to win the pennant in the Saturday morning competition. The 1st and 2nd years, although they did not come out on top, showed great improvement as the season progressed.

Lastly, but not least, a special thanks to Mr. Richards for his efforts in helping to promote hockey in the school.

BRIAN KAYE (Captain)



BOYS' 3rd YEAR HOCKEY — SATURDAY MORNING

Back Row Left to Right: C. Bennett, I. Carpenter, J. Mariotti, G. Walker (V. Capt.), A. Palmer, P. Reed.

Front Row Left to Right: B. Richardson, N. Kaye, B. Hoff, Mr. D. Richards (Sportsmaster), G. McNeill (Capt.), C. Benson, R. Bradstreet.



1st and 2nd YEAR STUDENTS
ATHLETICS TEAM — 1962

Back Row: M. Duncan, H. Tuurenhout, A. McKay, B. Ridley, P. Cass, L. Cucel, H. Gerritson, D. Snow.

Centre Row: S. Atherton, E. Brown, R. Jenkins, L. Mitchell, B. Massa, A. Lewis.

Front Row: W. Brewer, K. Stack, L. Phillips, A. Walker, A. Clayton, C. Ham, R. Phillips.

DAFFYNITIONS

Genius: A specialist in omniscience.

SWAT: What happens to students and flies, with the same results.

Egotist: One who would burn your house down to cook himself a couple of eggs.

Liberal: A conservative who is ashamed of himself.

A synonym is a word you use when you can't spell the other.



3rd, 4th and 5th YEAR STUDENTS
ATHLETICS TEAM — 1962

Back Row: R. Scott, B. Daniel, E. Ulasewych, B. Smith, A. Aitken, R. Stankevicius, M. Edelman, G. Wroth, D. Manners, J. Merillo.

Centre Row: I. Temby, H. Champion, A. Faigen, S. Schladow, E. Jones, J. Walters, D. Gilchrist, D. Jendry, L. Hoffman, W. Hawthorne, A. Hancock.

Front Row: S. Kaiser, S. Speight, R. Hampton, J. Cornelius, Miss K. Loftus, Mr. N. Vanzetti, I. Silver (Capt.), W. Cox, F. Latham, L. Huggett.

QUOTES

If a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing badly.
—G. K. Chesterton.

"My centre is giving way, my right is in retreat; situation excellent. I shall attack"— Marshall Foch (Message to General Joffre, 1914.)

History is Bunk — Henry Ford, 1st.

Examinations are formidable even to the best prepared, for the greatest fool may ask more than the wisest man can answer.

Cherish pity — lest you drive an angel from your door.

"How can he get wisdom, whose talk is of bullocks?"
—Ecclesiasticus.

Tact consists in knowing how far we may go too far.



TEACHING STAFF 1963

Back Row: Messrs. Vanzetti, Flannigan, Wells, Van der Sluys, Rutherford, Hughes, Holmes, Hart, Sims, Slusarczyk, Bathgate, Gell, Devenish, Conochie.
 2nd from Rear: Messrs. Davies-Moore, Groom, Anderson, McCudden, Ingram, Andrich, Gibbons, Richards, Melrose, Black, McCrackan, Finlay, Cohen.
 2nd from Front: Miss Badger, Mrs. Dixon, Miss Kerruish, Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Jongeling, Miss Chudolij, Miss Getley, Miss Powell, Miss Legge, Mrs. Hardy, Miss Cook, Miss McHugh, Miss Loftus.
 Front: Mrs. McMullen, Mrs. Mulligan, Mrs. Porter, Mrs. McKenna, Mr. Sawle, Mr. Mann, Mr. Walker (Pr.), Mr. Glenister, Mr. Raymond, Mr. Flynn, Mr. Willis, Mrs. Huston, Mrs. Nicoll, Mrs. Fogarty.
 Absent: Messrs. Gray, France, Tsangaris, Wainwright, Workman, Mrs. Hughes, Misses Cowell, Froyland, Phillips.

At School and Throughout Your Future Career you can
 Confidently Direct all Your Enquiries for:

Text Books, Printing and Stationery

to

E. S. Wigg & Son Limited

MANUFACTURING STATIONERS, PRINTERS,
 EDUCATIONAL BOOKSELLERS

33-35 KING STREET, PERTH

See

TAYLOR'S SPORTS STORES

First

143 Barrack Street
 and 26 London Court

Superseded Tennis Rackets
 Slazengers, Dunlops, Spalding,
 usually £6/9/6 now only 99/6

Also Slazenger Wimbledon, Dunlop Ultra Plus
 Strung with good gut, £6/19/6

TRACK SUITS—

Large range of all sizes and colours.
 RUNNING SHOES, all sizes, 59/6 pr.

ARCHERY SETS, Youth's model, Ben Pearson
 made in U.S.A., from £4/4/-

