

1964

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



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STUDENT OFFICIALS

Head Boy
Brian Daniel

Head Girl
Susan Rutherford

PREFECTS

Boys
Ian Anderson
Ivan Arnold
Tony Arnold
Spero Carras
Geoff Gild
Graham McLennan
Alan Moyle
Craig Pearson
Bruce Riley

Girls
Cheryl Edwards
Robin Evans
Joanne Hawtin
Wendy Hawthorne
Dunia Jendry
Frances Latham
Sue Nile
Lorraine Treby
Beth Withers

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

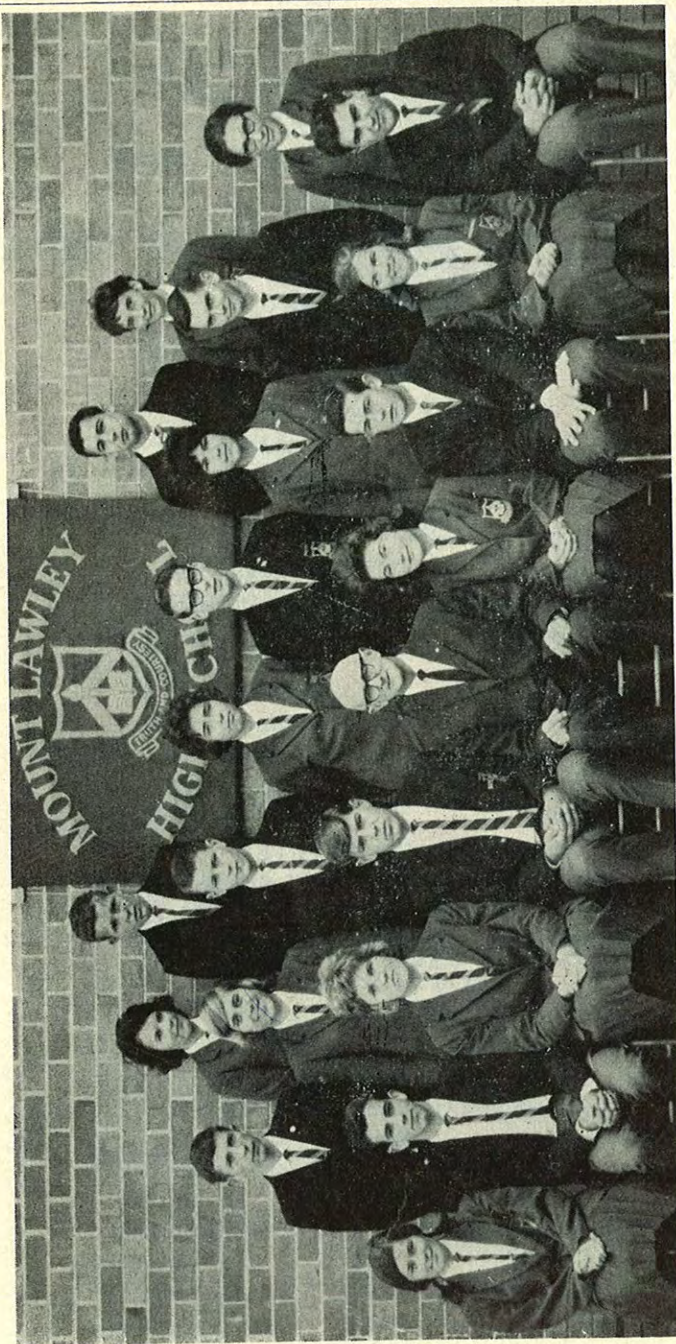
Angela Avraamides (Editor), Sol Majteles (Secretary), Dianne Hoffman (Treasurer), Wendy Tate (Social Editor), Richard Watson (Sporting Editor), Roger Price (Publicity).

Dux of the School

Don Moir

HONOUR BOARD

	<i>Dux</i>	<i>Captain</i>	<i>Head Girl</i>
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	N. Kowarsky
1962	L. Genoni	B. Smith	A. Reed
1963	T. Sor	K. Bales	M. Bremner



PRINCIPAL AND PREFECTS, 1964

Back Row (left to right): R. Evans, A. Moyle, G. Gild, L. Treby.
 Middle Row (left to right): G. McLennan, D. Jendry, I. Arnold, F. Latham, T. Arnold, C. Edwards, C. Pearson, W. Hawthorne.
 Front Row (left to right): J. Hawtin, I. Anderson, B. Withers, B. Daniel (Head Boy), Mr. Walker (Principal), S. Rutherford (Head Girl), B. Riley, S. Nile, S. Carras.

EDITORIAL

Once again, despite a good deal of delay, this, the current edition of "Lawley", has been delivered into your hands. As you look through it, you will find many changes in setting out and in types of articles, of which we hope you will approve.

This year, Murdoch and Forrest House notes have been placed immediately before the Literary Section, and Hackett and O'Connor notes come after. The Literature is divided into two areas. Upper and Lower School entries are separate and within these sections, the year contributions are distinct.

We have also included a new article—"Once Upon a Time . . ." The pictures shown here are actual baby photos of various people well known throughout the school. Clues are given, but no solutions. Your guess as to their identities is as good as ours!

As well as this, you will find an article of topical interest—featuring the Beatles.

Prizes were awarded to both Upper and Lower school sections after much sorting of entries. We were pleased to be able to award the lower school poetry prize to a first year student—Sheila Howat of 1-2—for her poem "The Feline Rogue". The senior prize went to Charles Hall of 4-1 for his short poem "The Stars Look Down". Then the Bradstreet family made a clean sweep in the Prose section, with Jennifer Bradstreet's "The Blue Daisy" winning the Junior Section and Paul Bradstreet's "Black and White" winning the Senior prize. Both stories are obscure, psychological dramas, differing from the usual run of short story. It is interesting to note that Jennifer wrote her prize-winning story under punishment, after school one day. She is in 2-1, Paul in 5-2.

Thanks go to students who contributed to the magazine, and to ex-students who assisted with our new "Ex-Lawlians" page. Geoff London is to be congratulated on his new design for the illustration for Lawley's "Over the Fence" page.

Art prizes were awarded to Colin McLeod in the Senior section, with Sue Rutherford a close runner-up, and to Rosalie Stewart in the Junior section.

We should like to take this opportunity of congratulating all who have contributed to the magazine, and we sincerely hope that you will enjoy your edition of "Lawley", 1964.

THE EDITOR.



"LAWLEY" COMMITTEE

Back Row (left to right): R. Watson, R. Price, D. Hoffman, S. Majteles.

Front Row (left to right): W. Tate, Mr. Gell, A. Avraamides (Editor).

SOCIAL NOTES

First Term Social

Red and white were the theme colours for the first term upper school social. Unfortunately the splendid efforts on the Pre's part in decorating the gym went unappreciated by most of the students. Attendance was the lowest ever at a school social—80 students and 30 staff members.

Despite this apparent apathy on the part of the students, everyone who attended voted it an enjoyable evening. Perhaps the poor attendance can be blamed on the weather—it was a cold and very wet night—we would like to think that this was the reason.

Second Term Social

The second term upper school social was a swinging affair. An unusually large crowd (compensation for the effort in 1st term!) spent a "rocking" night dancing to the music of the Master Keys.

Masses of different coloured balloons and strings of coloured lights transformed the gym into a glittering array of colours.

Attendance was swelled by many staff members with their husbands or wives. They were in unusually high spirits and appeared to be having an enjoyable time.

Thanks must go to the Pre's for their creditable effort (they even made a profit!!!) in organising this social.

SOCIETIES NOTES

JUNIOR RED CROSS CLUB

The Mount Lawley Senior High School Junior Red Cross Club was formed in July of this year under the leadership of Miss Raymond, and has gained same staunch and willing members.

The aims of the movement are to enable its members to understand human needs as visualised by its founder, Henry Dunant, and as set out by the Geneva Conventions. Thus, from our appreciation of the worth of the individual, arise opportunities for improving health, preventing disease and relieving distress and suffering in the school, the community, and in chosen overseas areas, and, through this service, International Fellowship is promoted.

So far, our activities in helping this Society have been on a small scale, such as the collection of magazines for hospitals, and the preparation of Christmas hampers for the aged. Recently, also, several of our members attended the annual conference for secondary schools, members visiting and gaining first hand information on the work of the Blood Transfusion Centre, the Lady Lawley Cottage, and Royal Perth Hospital, as well as such other places of interest as the Mount Henry Home, the Government School of Nursing, Daily News, Perth Airport, and T.V.W. Channel 7.

We hope that in 1965, our activities may gain scope and prove of even greater interest to prospective members. We are anxious to see this school's Junior Red Cross Club become a definite part of the school, with all years amply represented in a worthy (and worthwhile) cause.

Helene Hawelka.

MT. LAWLEY HIGH SCHOOL CADET UNIT

The year began with the enrolling of 42 first year cadets to bring the unit strength up to 60. Mr. Anderson, who had qualified for the rank of Lieutenant during the January courses, joined the unit as the second officer. At these courses, Phillip Krasnostein qualified for the rank of Warrant Officer and John Weymouth for the rank of Quartermaster Sergeant. Also successful were Jon Dadd, Alan Everington, Michael Levin and Robert Toia who have all attained the rank of Sergeant.



MT. LAWLEY HIGH SCHOOL CADET CORPS

Back Row (left to right): Cpls. W. Daniel, B. James, M. Jorgensen, G. Smith, Sgt. J. Dadd, Cpl. A. Wright, Sgt. M. Levin, Sgt. A. Everington.
Front Row (left to right): Sgt. R. Toia, W.O. P. Squibb, Lt. K. G. Willis, Lt. R. M. Gibbons (O.C.), Lt. R. K. Anderson, W.O. P. Krasnostein (C.S.M.), S/Sgt. J. Weymouth (C.Q.M.S.).

The first term was devoted mainly to the basic training of the new cadets and the grooming of the remaining second year cadets for their promotion to Junior N.C.O.'s. Of these, Cdts Innes, Jorgensen, Wright, Daniel, James and Smith were selected to attend an N.C.O. course at Northam during the May holidays and on successful completion of the course were promoted to Corporal.

The highlight of the second term's activities was the bivouac held over a weekend at Swanbourne. Despite the rain, tinned rations and an inglorious defeat at the hands of Hollywood Cadet Unit, the weekend was most enjoyable.

The Annual Camp at Northam during the August holidays was most successful and all those who attended, not only had a great time, but also considerably increased their knowledge of military matters. The unit's drill and marching improved greatly during the week, due mainly to our "Band" which although consisting of only one bagpiper—Wayne Rudland—and one marching tune, lifted the unit's morale to a point where marching was almost a pleasure.

The two main events of the final term will be the Challenge Cup Shoot and the March-Out Parade.

Finally we would like to thank Warrant Officers Sutton and Squibb from Brigade Headquarters for their assistance during the year.

Phillip Krasnostein, C.S.M.

THE LIBRARY COMMITTEE

Since midway through second term users of the library may have noticed several fourth year girls officiously tidying bookshelves or rush-



LIBRARY COMMITTEE

Back Row (left to right): D. Parker, N. Thalassinos, B. Sor, L. Tassicker, A. Dobbins.
Middle Row (left to right): V. Cass, W. Tate, J. Peers, D. Snooks, H. Dawson.
Front Row (left to right): K. Wharton, F. Lewin, Mrs. Mulligan (Librarian), A. Avraamides, D. Hoffman.

ing around with a dog-eared pad in one hand, leaking fountain pen in the other and worried frowns on their faces. These girls, 14 of them, are members of the Library Committee, a group, formed on the suggestion of Mrs. Mulligan, to take over some of the responsibilities of running the library, thus allowing her more time to tackle technical problems, especially the processing of several hundred books recently acquired. Mostly the Committee's duties concerned returned books (and those not returned) and books reserved for weekend borrowing.

From its inception the Library Committee has made the library available to upper school students before school, at recess and after school, as well as the customary lunch-time. Our library is one of the best school libraries in the State with up-to-date reference books on most subjects within and beyond study courses, besides a comprehensive range of classified novels and general fiction—we hope you will make the most of opportunities offered there.

Dianne Parker.

☆ ☆ ☆

ON THE BEATLES . . .

Betel Nuts

Members of nut family, similar in size to coconuts but more hairy. Found in regions of England around Liverpool where they abound in underground caverns.

Due to a laxity in overseas quarantine regulations they have spread their kind to America and Australia. The hair on the nut seems to grow in any climate.

The main diet of these nuts is a glucose found only in jelly babies, which for some reason, are found profusely scattered in theatres.

Older people show a distinct aversion for Betel Nuts, but teenagers are often heard screaming "We love the Betels". It just depends on your sense of taste.

J.OK.

Frost on the Beatles

"We heard the miniature thunder"

Ringo?

"Harrison loves my country too,

But wants it all made over new."—Beatlemania?

"Paul wondered how it would respond to water,"

Or Shampoo???

M.L.H.S.

The only real Beatle school in the State—M for MaCartney, L for Lennon, H for Harrison, S for Starr! See?



DEBATING (Federation Team)

Back Row (left to right): W. Hawthorne, M. Croker, B. Daniel, J. Segal.

Front Row (left to right): A. Arnold, Mrs. Huston, I. Arnold.

Not in Federation: L. Tassicker, J. Layton-Smith, A. Avraamides.

DEBATING CLUB

Debating Club Executive

President: Michael Croker

Vice-President: Anthony Arnold

Secretary: Ivan Arnold

Committee: A. Avraamides, G. Budd, B. Daniel, L. Plues

The M.L.S.H.S. Debating Club proved itself to be a significant feature of school activity this year, and all its functions were well attended. The interest shown by many students gave continued encouragement to the debaters, and the support of each of the lunch-hour debates is one of the reasons why the debating teams had so much success against other schools.

Our first social debate was against St. Mary's Girls' School, and was held at Mount Lawley. The home team won by a large margin.

Our second social debate, and our first away from home, was against Governor Stirling Senior High School. Of the two debates held on the night, Mount Lawley was defeated in the junior debate, and won the senior argument. Over all, M.L.S.H.S. won on the points total.

Apart from the social attraction, debating also has a competitive objective. In the competition run by the W.A. Debating Federation, M.L.S.H.S. was one of only four schools which qualified for the semi-finals by winning all three of its three Federation debates. Unfortunately, Mount Lawley was defeated by two points. Nevertheless, it was an achievement in that it was the first time that a government high school had reached the semi-finals. Credit for this commendable performance must go to the senior debaters, Mike Croker, Anthony and Ivan Arnold, Wendy Hawthorne, Brian Daniel, and John Segal, who formed the teams in the competition.

Another function of our club was the competition in public speaking, and Julie Layton-Smith was chosen as our school representative.

The debaters wish to thank all those who showed interest, and gave support, in their efforts.

Special thanks must go to Mrs. Huston for her untiring efforts to build the debating club in the school. Nonetheless we do appreciate the help of Mr. Anderson who, together with Mrs. Huston and other interested members of staff, gave so much time to encourage us in our efforts.

We wish next year's debaters every success, and even greater achievement.

Ivan Arnold.

TOP OF THE POPS

"My mummy said not to put beans in my ears."—Overheard in home science wing.

"I saw her standing there."—I was late.

"There's a place."—Yes, it's at the bottom of the office stairs just off the main entrance.

"I wanna hold your hand."—Please! non-contact dances only at M.L.H.S. socials.

"Can't buy me love."—Given in Economics as disadvantage of money.

"Blue, Navy Blue."—Someone's dyed their hair!

"Smoke gets in your eyes."—Please, Mr. G.!

"P.S. I love you."—First years doing written English.

STAFF PARS

Visiting Mt. Lawley under the International Exchange Scheme is Miss D. Wills, who hails from Roosevelt High School, Seattle. Miss Wills is a specialist in speech and drama. We are glad to give her a Royal (sorry, Republican!) welcome.

On Long Service Leave: Mr. D. Willis and Mr. A. Workman.

Welcome: To Mr. H. Stanbury, our new Deputy Principal, from Narrogin. To Mesdames Albutt, Ashley, Bardsley, Fawcett, Moustaka, Kuber, Hall.

Misses Grady, King, Kortland and Messrs. Baker, Godfrey, Grono, Hudson, Jowett, Retallack, Willis, Tuffin, Webb, Sommerville.

Congratulations to former Miss Sofield, who became Mrs. Barrett in May.

Mr. Bennett left at the end of second term to take up his Rhodes Scholarship at Oxford.

Mr. Slusarczyk is the latest pin-up of the television (scientific-type) fans. Mr. Flynn is seriously considering emulating him. Mr. Wells is, of course, an old hand in this medium.

☆ ☆ ☆

He who has begun has half done.

* * *

My candle burns at both ends,
It will not last the night,
But oh! my foes, and oh, my friends,
It gives a lovely light.

* * *

The Unguarded Moment

The cuckoo is a bird that lays other birds' eggs in its own nest and viva voce.

If I am wrong in this, I have another point which is equally conclusive.

By the merest coincidence, the events coincided.

Roughage makes the waist bulky.

To repair a damaged table-cloth, lay it on the table with the hole uppermost.

It is thought that combustion caused the fire.

90% of our students are of both sexes.

He was a self-scented man.

In the corner was a Jacobean table, almost new.

EX-STUDENTS' PAGE

This page, a new feature in the magazine, has been included so that present students can have a chance to see what glory (?) their predecessors have attained.

Mr. Ken Retallack—has the honour (?) of being the first ex-Lawlian to return to the school as a teacher.

David Dyson—undoubtedly all students would know of Dave's meteoric rise to fame as a W.P. star.

Stephen Chamarette—Steve made his mark as a tele star, being one of Paul Goldin's "victims".

Jennifer Walters—Jenny, who last year was a prize-winner in the poetry section of the "Lawley" is continuing her literary career as a "Pelican" reporter.

Geoffrey Pearlman—has not washed his right hand since Sir Robert Menzies shook it.

Great numbers of ex-Lawlians are studying at University and Technical College and have done, or are doing, very well.

John Gunzburg gained two distinctions in his second year of Medicine. A brilliant effort!

Joy Forte and Jon Steinberg are in the medical faculty—Irena Golovin, Jo Kamien, Margaret Bremner and Nessia Solomons are all studying arts and Terry Sor, Jan Lyons and Faye Hirsch are in the faculty of Science.

Mention must also be made of Peter Montgomery, Julline Wills, Chris Roberts and Trevor Menzies who have joined the forces.

To these and all other ex-students we say good luck in whatever you chose to do.



Woman is the last remaining thing to be civilised by man.

* * *

In baiting a mousetrap with cheese, always leave room for the mouse.

* * *

Let us be happy and live within our means—even if we have to borrow the money to do it.

CAPTAIN'S REPORT

With the Leaving examination only weeks away, 1964 is rapidly drawing to a close. I feel that it has been a year of considerable success at Mount Lawley, and that this success can be attributed largely to the way in which the staff and the students have combined to undertake the various social, sporting and academic activities. Space does not permit a detailed report on all activities and events throughout the year, but I feel that some acknowledgement is due to the various people who have so willingly assisted me.

Firstly I would like to express my appreciation to the nineteen prefects with whom I have had the pleasure of working. This prefect body has extended to me a measure of sympathetic co-operation which has been in the best tradition of Mount Lawley Senior High School.

Perhaps in the interests of chivalry I should have mentioned Susan first; but, whether first or not doesn't matter so much as the fact that, as Head Girl, she has earned the affection of us all by her tolerance, understanding and kindness.

I am moved also, to an expression of gratitude to all members of the staff who have freely assisted me at various times, and, in particular, I acknowledge the generous support and constant encouragement of Mr. Walker, Miss Aldridge and Mr. Mann.

It is perhaps opportune within this report to welcome Mr. Stanbury to the school in his role as Deputy Headmaster and to wish him well in his future with the school.

As I draw near to the end of five interesting, instructive and, at times exciting, years at Mount Lawley, I am conscious of the fact that the school has meant a great deal to me during this very significant period of my life.

I hope that I have been able to give something in return.

B.J.D.

"PLEASE, SIR, I WANT TO BE A PREFECT"

How many of you up-and-coming students want to be a School Prefect? Possibly there are quite a few; but do you know what is expected of you? Do you know what will be required of you? Do you know what you will have to start doing, or, putting it more explicitly, do you know what you will have to stop doing? I am not trying to discourage you, to give you any wrong impressions, or to set down any rules about being a prefect, but I would like to point out a few of the humilities and a few of the advantages of holding such a distinguished position.

I must admit that a prefect has many privileges which other students

are not given. One of these privileges is that of getting lunch straight from the canteen without having to queue in the line. Oh, that's beautiful, especially when you're in a hurry. You run to the canteen, rush in, grab your lunch, and prepare to get out. That's O.K. until you realise that the ladies are having a bit of trouble—the lunch tickets need collecting; the milk crates have to be stacked; boxes have to be cleared from out of the ladies' way; and your prefect's conscience tells you that you can't duck out (perhaps I should say "chicken out"). It's a great privilege getting your lunch without queueing.

Have you ever thought of the excitement of doing "stair duty"? There's never a dull moment, just the usual stream of knowledgeable faces. The monotony of this familiar stream of grins can be avoided by not doing your duty, but this is against the principle of prefectship. There can be moments when stair duty can be given a little bit of variety, for instance, when a student tries to get upstairs with a whole cream bun wedged firmly in his mouth. This provides the prefect with an appropriate opportunity to ask the student a question about his health, or some relevant subject.

Canteen duty is another of the prefect's privileges. Trying to organise the queues at recess time is nothing short of a nightmare. It is essential that the prefect must keep his eyes on the front of the queue. Someone taps him on his shoulder, he turns around, no-one is there, so he immediately looks back at the line, only to see five or six grinning students who were not previously in that front section of the line.

The School Assembly is the prefect's great joy. He marches, head in the air, up the steps to the stage, and manages to catch the point of his shoe on the very top step, resulting in a glorified sprawl and a scarlet face for the school to witness.

Usually, a prefect is considered as being a 'bossy' person. Yet it will be found that most students who need reprimanding are much bigger than the prefect, who will not try to defend his rights under such circumstances.

Nevertheless, I have thoroughly enjoyed being a prefect, and assure you that it is not as humiliating as I have made it seem. However, just the usual concluding word of advice . . . If you think that you have a good chance of being a future prefect, then don't start 'plugging' for prefectship. If you don't think you have very much chance, then don't try pushing your personality around optimistically, because, in both cases, you must remember that it is other people who make you a prefect, not yourself, and they judge you on your *normal merits, not any assumed ones!*

Ivan Arnold, V2.

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ONCE UPON A TIME . . .

This is the newest feature of your magazine. The pictures were all taken many years ago, and they are photos of people known very well within the school. Below you will find the clues to their identities, but don't bother to look for solutions—there aren't any!



(1) him and (2) her . . . together they head our student body.



(3) In high fashion (?) even then . . . now he is our most fashionable teacher! (4) The music man.

INTERNATIONAL CULTURAL EXCHANGE CLUB

Murdoch is to be congratulated in the forming of the I.C.E.C. So much is done to aid the underprivileged, but little is done to further our knowledge of other people, their countries and their way of life. There are many people at our school, alone, who know little about the lives of people from other countries, such as South America, Egypt or even Asia. It is these people who grow up prejudiced, narrow-minded, and ready to fight instead of making peace. This is what the I.C.E.C. is trying to combat.

By writing to high schools we hope to establish a friendly and communicative relationship with their students. Already we have addresses of schools in many countries and have communicated with one in New Guinea. This school reaches an academic standard equal to our fourth year.

We begin the interchange by sending them a parcel containing letters and pamphlets of Perth and W.A. and a painting of our school uniform, and now are waiting impatiently for their reply.

This goodwill club was begun with the support of Mr. Walker and Mr. Flynn and thanks must be given to Mr. Conochie, the club adviser.

Vivienne Cass (President).

INTER-SCHOOL CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

What:

A world-wide, interdenominational fellowship of students.

Why:

Christianity is essentially practical. Not just a Sunday jaunt and a few vague ideals; but something you live out during the week. For us, school makes up a large part of that week. The I.S.C.F. group aims to develop a mature faith in students.

How:

Through discussions largely, talking over controversial ideas and bringing up problems; and through talks on particular subjects by staff or guest speakers.

Who:

There's no qualification for attendance other than interest. Some students are Christian, some are Jewish, some are nothing in particular.

Related Activities:

Camps are run during holidays, attended by students throughout the State. They've proved very popular and if you're looking for a really good week's holiday, you couldn't do better than this. Ask some of us who have been.

The social evening in second term was particularly successful. We

extend our thanks to two of last year's fifth year boys—Greg Wroth and Frank Dawe-Smith for running the evening, and to Dr. and Mrs. Britten for the loan of their home.

There's a hike and a barbecue planned for this term in conjunction with the Governor Stirling students.



Viv M.—looking se(a) ward.

Robin—Wake! Wake!

Sue R.—Hands off my baton!

Elizabeth's Ardent over Max factor.

Ivan-a-Peers to be becoming a playboy.

Sally and Donna—undoubtedly beetle fans.

Wendy T.—Outside I(a) ntrests.

Wendy H's eye make-up gets darker after every hockey match!

Geoff G.—Pyjamas? Who wears pyjamas!

Spero—Oh! for a hairpin.

5th YEAR AMBITIONS

Graham Mack, to play basketball all day every day.

Boris—all I want for Christmas is my two front teeth.

Don B.—to do something with my hair!

B.J.D.—(as overheard in French)—to retire and become a filthy capitalist.

Murray B.—to be Sue'd.

Sue R.—no ambitions—"I've got mine Batten'd down."

Gary R.—to live in cupboards.

Mike C.—to become a con-man or an S.P. bookie.

Dunia—to marry Elvis or Troy.

Frances—to marry the one Dunia doesn't marry.

Ian A.—to marry a calculating machine.

Tony A.—to enter politics and become Prime Monster.



FORREST HOUSE NOTES

Another successful year for Forrest House is about to end!! In every avenue of school activity, Forrest House students have acquitted themselves well and exhibited their superiority and enthusiasm in the traditional Forrest House manner. The reason for these successes is the tremendous support given to the staff and prefects of the House by the students.

The prefects of the House wish to thank Mr. Mann and Mr. Melrose for their encouragement and assistance throughout the year. Many of the successes of this year were the result of much time and effort expended by these two teachers.

Our most outstanding successes were in the avenue of sport. Firstly, we managed to come second at the Swimming Carnival and then we rounded the year off with our fourth consecutive win in Athletics.

Congratulations to all House members who contributed to our successes in these carnivals!

House socials and concerts were conducted in the usual manner, and all were extremely successful. The efficient organisation of these functions by the prefects, and the creditable manner in which they were supported indicated the keen House spirit of all students.

Interhouse debating was re-introduced this year, and our fourth year debaters appear to have superiority in this field. Thanks go to Mr. Anderson for his devoted coaching and interest, and also to our four inter-school debaters.

Our first term social was held on the evening of the Interschool Swimming Carnival and the enthusiastic attendance made it highly successful. It was pleasing to see at this social the first and second years, who had been given dancing lessons beforehand, eagerly participating.



FORREST HOUSE STUDENT COUNCIL

Front Row (left to right): T. Anderson, W. Hawthorne, Mr. Melrose, Mr. Mann, B. Daniel, F. Latham, J. Carras.

Middle Row (left to right): G. McLennan, B. Walker, R. Evans, P. Davies, J. Hawtin, S. Nile, D. Boyd, J. Provost.

Back Row (left to right): A. Arnold, B. Withers, D. Jendry, I. Arnold.
Absent: R. Phillips.

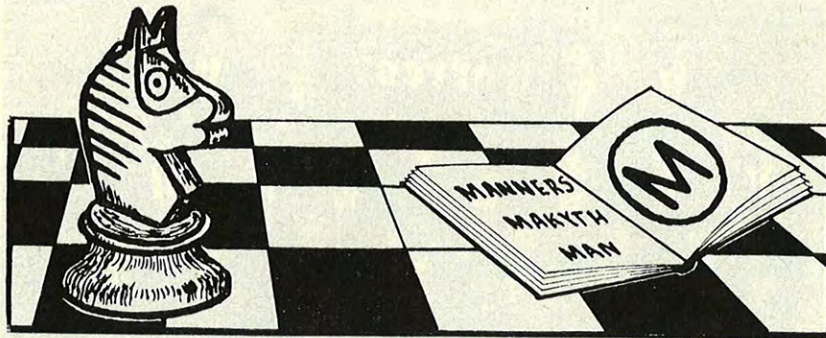
In a term of rather poorly attended House socials, our second term social stood out as the most successful House social of the year. The dismal weather did not mar the spirits of those who attended, and a lively atmosphere prevailed all evening.

Both socials were well attended by staff, who must be thanked for their interest and valuable assistance in the organisation of these occasions.

An extremely successful first term concert was eagerly attended and keenly supported by students of the House. The key to the success of this concert was the high degree of organisation on the part of the prefects.

Our second term concert was the most successful ever and raised over thirty pounds, which was given to flood victims appeal. This concert was organised by fourth years only, and if this is any indication of what they are capable of doing, the House should be extremely successful next year.

Thanks go to all who in some way contributed to the success of these concerts—whether it was in the organisation, participation or attendance!



MURDOCH HOUSE NOTES

The 1964 school year witnessed the arrival of numerous students from John Forrest High School. This school proved to be a source of considerable talent in both the academic and sporting fields. Prospects looked dismal for us, however, when Murdoch was allocated only a few boys from the many newcomers. Nevertheless, we overcame this adversity and were running in second place for the leading House of 1964 for most of the year. The recent athletic carnival altered this position.

Several new staff members were admitted into Murdoch House at the beginning of the year. It did not take long for these teachers to get the feel of things and to be taking to their tasks with exceeding enthusiasm and zest. For this we are sincerely grateful.

1964 will surely be marked as a year of achievement for Mr. Conochie. Naturally I am referring to the International Exchange Club which was founded by him in Murdoch House. This proved to be a successful venture for it has expanded rapidly and has already established many overseas relations.

The second term gave rise to something new in our House. I refer this time to the Murdoch House concert which was organised in response to the Flood Relief Appeal. We extend our congratulations to those who made this gesture possible, and to Forrest House for the manner in which they supported the same appeal with their own concert.

In the academic field, Murdoch again figured prominently. Two of our most consistent "high average" scorers polled well once more. In the first term exams, Alan Moyle topped the fifth years with an average of 77.2, while in the second term, Roger Price topped the fourth years with an average of over 80%. This achievement seems to have become somewhat of a habit with these two, but keen competition from fellow students has kept them constantly on their toes.

Thank you all for an enjoyable year.

Bruce Riley and Susan Rutherford.



MURDOSH HOUSE STUDENT COUNCIL

Front Row (left to right): B. Massa, L. Dobson, B. Riley, Mr. Flynn, S. Rutherford, A. Moyle, B. Fowler.

Middle Row (left to right): D. Raynor, R. Tauss, J. Garnaut, G. London, D. Criddle, P. Burton.

Back Row (left to right): V. Miller, G. Ferguson, P. Bennett, E. Barclay.

Murdoch Sport

The Murdoch girls have done very well in sport to gain the first position in girls' inter-house sporting competitions with a total of 233 points. They have the most points for basketball, squash and volley ball, are second in tennis and equal second in hockey.

During first term, girls who were successful in gaining points for the house in the Swimming Carnival were Robin Faigen, Peta Bennett, Cathy Searle, June Panell and Judy John. The under fifteen and under fourteen relay teams won their events.

First Year

During second term the first year girls' sport was arranged so that each house team could participate in basketball, volley ball and hockey.

Murdoch girls won all the games that they played in basketball and hockey. Because it was the first time most of the girls had tried volley ball, there was no inter-house competition, so our girls formed two teams to play each other.

Saturday teams were represented in basketball by Mary Zaikos, Jenny Green, Helen Morrison and Kay Metaxas. Hockey players taking part in Saturday games were Diane Klysz, Faye Holt, Ann Kemeny and Margaret Macaboy.

Second Year

The hockey players, in second term, were most successful, being the top team in second year and only losing two games. Basketball girls also played well, but lost three games and were second in the inter-house competition.

Saturday morning hockey games were played by Dawn Atherton, Peta Bennett, Betty Nile, Julia McGinley and Judy Hansen.

Upper School

In the first term some girls played in the inter-school matches of tennis and softball. Vivienne Cass and Ruth Gleadman played in the tennis B team. Softball girls were Sophie Tolcon, Linda Garcia, Jan Armstrong and Barbara Massa.

During the second term, owing to a large number of Murdoch girls playing basketball, some of them had to play for other houses each week. Nevertheless, the Murdoch team was unbeaten the whole season. Representatives in the school basketball B team were Sophie Tolcon and Linda Garcia. The hockey games played at school were not inter-house because of the small numbers. Bessie Fowler, Vivienne Cass, Gail Ferguson, Julie Duncan, Helene Hawelka, Anne Dobbin and Barbara Massa played in the inter-school hockey teams. Volley ball girls were very few, so again there was no inter-house competition. Murdoch's squash team did very well to win all games they played.

Barbara Massa.

Murdoch has met with considerable success in various sporting fields. It is of particular note that Murdoch House produced eleven first XVIII footballers in the course of this season: this is an indication of our ascendancy in this sport. In House matches, we finished second in the upper school competition, second in the second year, and last in the first year competition.

In the Athletics Carnival, Murdoch finished third after a day of mixed fortunes. Prospects looked bright when we gained three first places and two second places from the first three races. Trophies for outstanding individual performances were won by Alan Walker, Eric Snooks and Barbara Massa. Congratulations!

Alan Moyle.

Murdoch Social Notes

by E. Barclay, V. Miller

Many Murdochians (and others!) attended our first term social, and the evening was a great success. But how disappointing it was for the organisers that the next social was so poorly attended. However the few who did arrive seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly. We were lucky to have the services of an excellent band which kept the tempo of the evening going at a lively pace.

A first class supper was prepared by Bessy, Lois, Barbara and especially Sue and Elizabeth aided (?) by the two "M's". Anyone missing out on this supper really missed something!

The next socially prominent event was a "Lunch with the Beatles" concert, held initially to make up a £5 deficiency in Murdoch funds, though eventually the £11-6-0 raised was forwarded to the Collie Flood Appeal. This concert unearthed a surprising store of talent from among upper school students—notably "The Jet Blacks", a third year band, "The Beatlettes", a talented (?) singing group, the "Impressions" and of course, Neville Prior at the piano. The concert was an outstanding success, over 400 students attending, and these gave notice of their approval in a manner of which the Beatles themselves would have been proud.

☆ ☆ ☆

Wisdom for Students

"A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass and a rod for the fool's back."—Ecclesiastes.

"I do most of my work sitting down. That's where I shine."—Robert Benchley.

For I see, now that I am asleep, that I dream when I am awake.
Reading is sometimes an ingenious device for avoiding thought.
A learned fool is more foolish than an ignorant fool.

* * *

Next to being married a girl likes to be crossed in love now and again.—Jane Austen.

LITERATURE

"I Was Lost!"

By Big Johnny, aged $3\frac{3}{4}$ years old!

(With a LITTLE help from the students of 1-2)

My Mummy lost me today! Of all the silly things to do! I wasn't frightened though, because I'm not a little boy; I'm three and three-quarter years old. My name is Johnny and somehow my Mummy lost me in the pine forest.

You see, I was just riding my tricycle around our back yard when I saw a lovely butterfly sitting on the fence. I decided to add him to my collection of—let me see, one, four, seven, oh that's right—three butterflies, so I rode to the fence to look at him. Then, very carefully, I stood on the seat of my bike and snatched the butterfly. At least I thought I snatched him, but when I opened my hand, he wasn't there! I looked up and saw him fly to Mrs. Jackson's fence. I was going to run after the butterfly straight away, but my stupid tricycle started to wobble and I fell off. I didn't cry, 'cos I'm a big boy. I just ran to the gate and slowly opened it.

Mummy was hanging out the washing, so she didn't notice me as I crept out the gate. She IS careless! Anyhow, once I was out of the yard, I sped down the street after the butterfly. He was on Mrs. Gaffoop's fence when I spied him, but when I touched him, the beautiful butterfly flew onto a rose. I ran through the gate and grabbed the rose. All the petals fell on to the ground and the butterfly flew away. I turned my head to see where he had flown and whose face do you think I saw? Yes, Mrs. Gaffoop's! She didn't look very pleased, but how was I to know that they were her prize-winning roses? I don't like Mrs. Gaffoop!

I raced away from her and down the street until I reached Mr. Brown's shop. He's nice, 'cos he's fat! I thought about helping Mr. Brown with the boxes he was carrying into the shop. They had chocolate frogs inside, so I said "Hello" to Mr. Brown. He said that he needed someone strong like me to help him carry the boxes, so I picked up two and took them into the shop. Then I went outside again and picked up three boxes and carried them in. Then the next time I carried so many that there were none left outside but somehow I dropped them. They must have been slippery or something 'cos nothing is too heavy for me! Mr. Brown saw me, so he gave me the broken frogs and told me that he didn't need my help any more.

On the way out of Mr. Brown's shop I noticed a most annoying little fly on a pile of fruit tins. I could not help myself. I felt I just had

to get rid of that fly. My hands shot out at him. Somehow they seemed to bump some of the tins off the carefully stacked pile. I hurried out of the store and down the road towards the park.

When nearly there I came to a busy street. My Mummy never lets me cross streets by myself, but I had already done so many naughty things, surely one more would not make much difference. Cars were speeding down the road and so I began to cross. Suddenly a big white car appeared and stopped almost on top of me. The driver had not hurt his car and so I was very surprised to see him so angry, after all I was not angry and he had almost run over me. I don't understand why grown-ups do such silly things.

When I came to the park I found a big nest of ants. I followed some of them for a while until they came to a large pond. I felt hot and decided to paddle in the water for a while. It felt very cool as it filled my shoes and socks. I decided to take them off, however, to let the soft mud ooze between my toes. It was a hard job putting my shoes on my feet again. When they were on they did look funny. They were both sticking out, and it was hard to walk. A nice old lady came up to me and laughed, "You have put your shoes on the wrong feet."

Then she fixed them so that I could walk again. She gave me some sticky lollies which I secretly dumped in the ditch around the park.

I spied one of those places where Daddy takes his car when it's sick. Once I went with Daddy and got into trouble. I only filled the petrol tank with sand because I thought it was hungry. I wondered if there was anything I could do. I am very strong because I eat my vegemite and Mummy says that if I eat my vegemite, I will grow big and fat like Daddy. Gosh, what a whopping tyre I saw. It was flat like Mummy's cakes but if I tried very hard, I thought I might be able to blow it up. I think it must have eaten vegemite too, because it was very strong.

What was that? Mr. Whippy! I would have to run fast if I wanted an icecream. Guess what, Mr. Whippy gave me an icecream for free! I like Mr. Whippy.

Tightly gripping my Whippy in my hand, I skipped proudly down the footpath. Suddenly I felt a pain in my toe and looked down. A rock sat in the middle of the footpath.

"Get out of my way; I'm bigger than you are! How did you get there, rock? I know, some stupid big person put you there. Don't you hurt me again! Hurt some big people!" I said to that horrid rock.

Licking my dripping Whippy, I walked on. Suddenly I saw some big flies. They were eating my Whippy!

"Go away flies! Eat somebody else's icecream. Oh! So you won't fly away? Now let me see. I know! Once Mummy told me that frogs love eating flies and the only place to find some frogs is in the big forest.

I know where the forest is 'cos I'm a big clever boy and my name is Johnny and I'm three and three-quarter years old," I told myself.

I ran to the big forest, carefully missing each crack in the footpath otherwise I might have turned into a dragon! If I didn't go quickly the flies might eat too much of my icecream and there wouldn't be enough left for me.

At last I came to the big forest. As I walked down a pebbly footpath, I kicked a rock while he wasn't looking.

"I got you! That's because your friend hurt me while I wasn't looking!" I yelled back to him.

Suddenly I heard the noise of frogs.

"Now all you greedy flies will be killed!" I chuckled.

On a rock sat a real frog who was very big and fat.

"I've brought you some delicious flies," I told him.

I looked at my Whippy. All the flies had gone and the icecream had melted! I don't like Whippies anymore!

Gently picking up the frog, I stroked his pimply back.

"I'm very sorry I didn't bring you any flies Mr. Frog. Don't you ever get tired of jumping and sticking out your tummy and eyes? I'm tired and so is Mr. Sun 'cos he's going to sleep. Let's cuddle up under this tree Mr. Frog," I whispered.

He was a bit wet and cold but I didn't mind 'cos he had a big throat that sometimes blew up like bubblegum.

It was dark when my froggy jumped on my face and woke me up, but I told him not to be afraid 'cos I was a big strong boy and I would look after him.

"Keep still," I said. "There are sure to be tigers in this bush, but if we keep very quiet they won't see us."

Froggy's mother had lost him too and it was awful in that forest, although I wasn't really afraid and I could have killed all the tigers, if I had wanted!

"Sh, sh," I whispered. "There is something behind that tree."

Then I heard someone say, "This is far enough; we can blow the safe open here without being heard."

Then they went away holding a piece of cord, and lighted the end of it. They had left a lovely big shiny box. I picked up my frog and was going over to it when it made a big bang and switched on a light, and made me fall over backwards.

I sat up and couldn't see my frog anywhere. There was only one place he could be! Underneath me! I had squashed him flat. I cried and cried, even though I could hear lots of tigers running around, and when I shut my eyes I could see them!

A voice said, "Hello little boy, what are you doing here?"

I was just about to say I didn't think tigers could talk, when I saw it was a policeman.

"My name is Johnny and I'm three and three-quarter years old and I squashed my froggy and it's all because—my Mummy's lost me!"

The nice policeman carried me to his car and wrapped me in a blanket.

My Mummy was at the police station when we got there. She was crying, 'cos you see she knew how bad she had been to lose me. Soon I was tucked up in my bed waiting for a hot glass of milk. It tasted good.

My Mummy said, "Thank goodness nothing dreadful happened to you"!

"There were lots of tigers there," I said, "and THEY'RE dreadful!"

"Oh Johnny," she said, "there weren't really any tigers there. Now were there?"

"W-e-ll, p'raps not," I yawned, "but I COULD SEE them!"

Junior Prize-winning Poem:

THE FELINE ROGUE

*From mongrel tip to tail,
He chases dogs though it isn't the vogue,
And relishes each fiendish wail
That tooth and claw with pain evoke,
Until the strongest quail.....*

*Some days when tired of canine baiting
He visits our neighbour's pool,
By indifference feigning and patient waiting
Those wary goldfish to fool.
Curved-claw goes splash a fat fish taking
And Monty begins to drool.*

*One day my wily friend will try
His luck to overdo,
His best laid plans will go awry
When victory is in view.
Disaster in wickedness must lie
He'll meet his Waterloo!*

—Sheila Howat, 1st Year.

THE LITTLE MASTER

"Tiddy, where are you?"

Oh, no, it's Tim. I'd better hide under this chair. Master Timothy is four years old and he can be rather rough at times. I suppose I wouldn't put up with it if I were a sensible cat. It's no use! Tim has an eye like a hawk; he's found me. Oh, my stomach! Perhaps if I meow, yes, that works, Tim is pouring out some milk for me. Now Timothy, you don't have to push my face in it!

"Nice Tiddycat."

I shan't be very nice soon. I'm sure my fur will fall out one of these days, and it's a wonder I still have a tail!

Timothy, you are distressing! Are you blind? I'm not a horse, and to my knowledge cats are not supposed to be ridden. When I come to think of it, you do break most rules anyway! Tim, don't pick me up like that! I can hear your mother coming, and if you don't stop swinging me by my tail, you are sure to be punished. That's right, put me down. Gently! You were lucky then, Timothy.

You want me to come outside with you? Oh, all right. Tim, I don't want to have a ride on your tricycle! You are exasperating! Timothy, I really do think you shouldn't walk on that fence. Now you've fallen off! Oh, Timothy!

Jennifer Beard, 1st Year.

RED

*"What a hectic colour is red,
Reminding us of things like stop-signs
In the hurry and bustle of city life.
The colour of blood, symbolic
Of death and suffering.
The colour of fire,
Of fury, temper, anger,
And ill-feeling.
A wicked colour of
Showing off, and vanity.
Oh! red, colour of love,
Why not be all of love
Instead of fire, vanity and blood?"*

—Gregory Bell, 2nd Year.

Junior Prose Prize:

THE BLUE DAISY

"It had been a perfect day until the sunshower," Wanda reflected, "but even more perfect now." The rain was soaking through her clothes but she didn't care. Nanna had told her to wear a mackintosh but she wouldn't.

"Nanna is mad," she giggled, "just like the pink elephant in the chimney."

She picked a blue daisy and soberly asked it, "Why won't Edna put Nanna in the asylum? I keep asking her but she only says, 'All right, dear.' Edna is mad too. George is all right. He isn't mad like everybody else."

It was raining. It always rained when George left his umbrella home. Strange that he could not remember to bring a simple thing like an umbrella.

He always remembered the mistakes his secretary made when she typed out letters. He even remembered that the office boy bought him rabbit sandwiches the day before yesterday—he detested rabbit.

Still, it was only a sunshower. Perhaps it would stop raining before long. He waited. . . .

"Where is that George Parkins?" exclaimed Edna. "He spends more time at his office than he does here at home!" She scrubbed at the floor angrily.

"Does he care what happens to poor little Wanda and me, and that potty old Nanna who keeps falling down the stairs? No! Does he care if I spend my life scrubbing the kitchen floor? No!

All he cares is that his boss will pat him on the head and say, 'Good boy, Georgie'."

She straightened up and peered out the window.

"He's probably scared of the rain," she thought.

"Three blind mice, three blind mice," sang old Nanna as she watched the rain falling down. What a beautiful rainbow. She zipped up her raincoat and grinned. Today she could use George's umbrella. He hardly ever forgot it. She liked George's umbrella. It had blobs of colour all over it. Wanda had chosen it. She picked up the umbrella and went outside.

"Wanda, where are you, dear. Wanda!" called Nanna as she hobbled down the garden path.

Nanna stopped. At the bottom of the fish-pond lay Wanda. She had a happy expression on her bluish face.

Clutched tightly in her hand was a blue daisy.

She was happy at last.

A week later Edna and George took Nanna to the asylum.

Jennifer Bradstreet, 2nd Year.

HEAT

*The heat waves wriggle, jiggle and dance,
On the distant horizon,
Like a cobra swinging slowly
From a battered cane basket.*

*The land is wrinkled like an aged man
Who has faced the merciless centuries of heat.
The trees' bark is blistered,
Like ageing house paint.
A carcass lies there, lifeless as a rock,
With vermin feeding from it.*

*A small, gentle breeze drifts in,
Like a fairy, bringing short relief.
But the heat lingers still.* —J. Montgomery, 2nd Year.

THE OTHERS

*The bricks, the chalk, the windows have hearts
Of gold. The others have none.
For I sit alone,
And they sit together.
The poles do not turn away
Only the others.*

*Friends I have none
Enemies only.*

*Maybe one day
When they see me walking
They will come,
They will like,
They will play with me.*

—Mark Levin, 2nd Year.

... A jumble of blaring from an army of portable radios.

... A scorching sun beating down.

... squinting faces ...

... giving warnings: "the water's deep!"

... giving directions: "... out on the sandbank. . ."

... giving orders: "... pull out the umbrella. . ."

... giving advice: "... throw it over the wave. . ."

Drinking ice-cream. . .

Eating frozen drink. . .

Snacking on sandy salad. . .

Lunching on lacerated lobster . . . AND ENJOYING IT ALL!

... a band of tall, tanned surfies with long shorts and bleached hair listening to. . .

... a senseless form of guitar strumming and banjo banging.

A young boy has suddenly become "Buffalo Bill", the "Lone Ranger" and all the other 'cowboys', waging war against. . .

"... an army of portable radios . . ."

"... drinking ice-cream . . ."

and "... a senseless form of . . ."

"... long shorts and bleached hair. . ."

Steven Liblich, 2nd Year.

THE POEM THAT ISN'T

*I was on my way
To school one day,
And of this poem I thought
('tis a poem, of a sort).
I don't like rhymes,
I'd rather dimes,
But at this place,
'twas in front of my face,
We sometimes learn—
Not to yearn—
To do as we're told
And not be bold.
"Be a good little bag,
And write for the mag."
That entered my head,
It must be said.
So here it is, staff,
And please don't laugh.*

—L. Roberts, Special Class.

TOO LATE !

*The unceasing cries for mercy;
The gnashing of teeth; fire of eternal destruction;
The sword's anger has won the blood of man.
The soul's anguish never ending.
Too late: the gate has shut.
Your soul is doomed to eternal corruption.*

*Why now do you cry out for mercy, oh soul?
Why did you not heed the word when it was sown?
But you, yes you, were foolish and ashamed.
Now you shall reap corruption.*

—Helen Kimes, 3rd Year.

HURRICANE

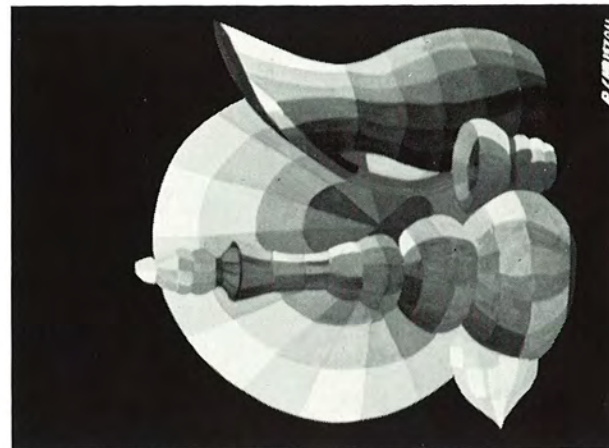
*Cracked earth spreads naked under a sombre sky,
A northern sun filters yellow through the gathering gloom.
The silence of death is torn by a wretched cry
As birds wing ahead of a macabre doom.
Brown dust looms out of the shimmering plain,
An ebon cloak descends on the tortured earth,
As the first forked lightning flashes across the dimming terrain,
Like the fire of Hell at its birth*

*When the Heavens raged and shook the mortal world,
As thunder follows lightning, playing across the sunless void,
Into the blackness of space the seething spiral of dust unfurls.
A cruel finger of Death, where the Satyr Destruction is poised
To strike the waiting land, its horny talons curled.*

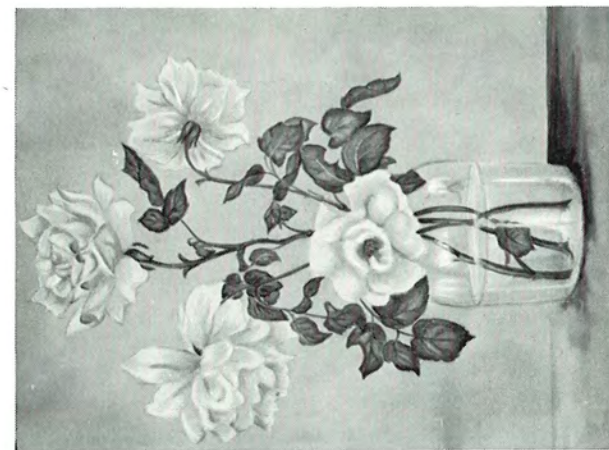
*Roaring western dust is thrown by a titanic force
Howling over the convulsing land,
The Hellish Steed of Fate thundering on an ancient course
To crush creation in its flexing hand.
Silence. . . .*

*. . . And under the merciful heavens cowering mortals lie,
Sands of Time shake no more with the aged curse
And sunset hangs like blood in the western sky.*

—Roger Price, 4th Year.



STILL LIFE—Peter Christau, 2-4.



ROSES—Sue Rutherford, V3.

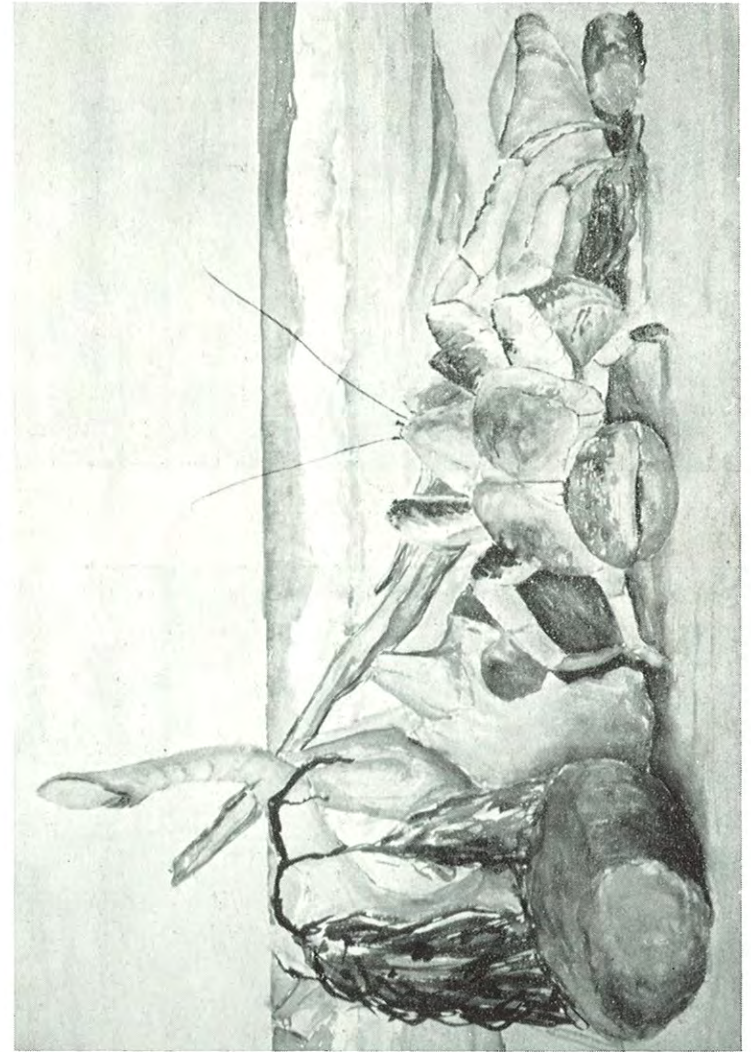
ART SECTION

JUNIOR PRIZE

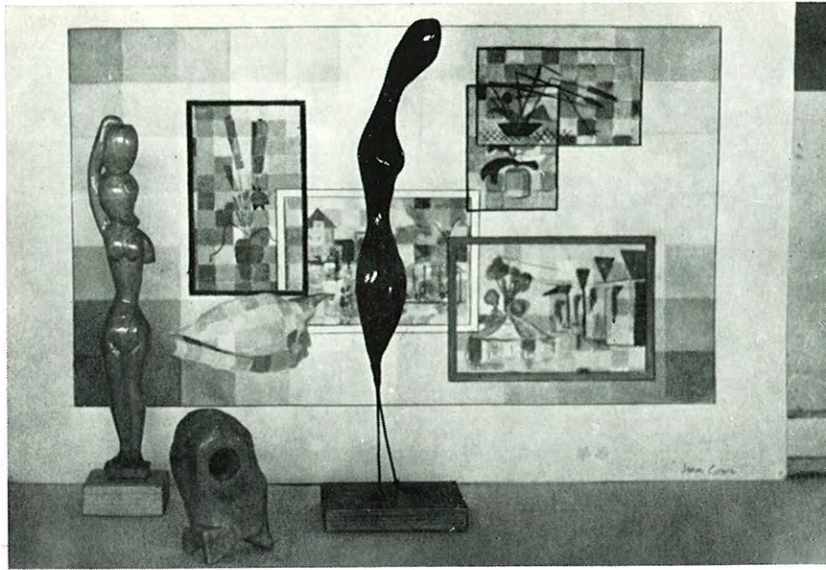


THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL—Rosalie Stewart, III-7.

SENIOR PRIZE



MARINE STILL LIFE—Colin McLeod, V3.



JOHN GROVE, IV-6



AT WORK IN THE CRAFT ROOM.

ODE TO INDUSTRY FROM LAZY YOUTH

*Industry, why must you always be
The obstacle to pleasure?
Why is it that your existence
Regulates both work and leisure?
If one desires to relax or loaf
He's accused of being a lazy oaf
Yet if his recreation is combined
With production, he is hailed
As a great man, a mighty man,
One who has not failed.
Beneath summer sky of blue
I'd love to lie in solitude
But I know too well this pastime
Would provoke some comments rude:
"A worthless child! O! Aimless youth!
Look how she cringes from the truth!"
So I labour as I'm told
To seek and find the rainbow's gold
And long for those far off days when age
Will free me from your torturous cage.*

—Dianne Parker, 4th Year.

SCHOLARSHIP

I

*Primacy of time—dreams
Term of terms—boredom of
Holidays,
Joy—to meet and greet
Time for Marshalls,
And
Your Will
O Lord;
Be done.*

*Fool's Paradise—eat, sleep,
Now no Cross;
And Hollow Men
And responsibility aside.*

II

*The horse's sponges wet
Late or Midnight
And in day—persistent as rain
Work—that endless drudge
A daily trudge
And at night again
The blissless rain of
WORK.*

*Oh cool and blissful night!
Carrion's Target!
Torrent of sweated straining!
Fools! — Ignorance is bliss,
Assignment is not learning:
To think independently, dream
And read
Learn for myself
Instead of building
Egyptian Pyramids.*

*The puny efforts of minds
To uncover what themselves, they
Yet conceal,
This, is scholarship!*

III

*Slow Time's passage—day's drear;
To hurt —
Shameless whispers and
Rasp of idle tongues
That cut to bleed,
Gross stares at one
despised.*

*Home is release
Home is cymosure
For lame deer.*

*Words in a book
Like infantry
Stare at me*

*My dungeon is not the world,
But Slavery.*

*Night's clasp —
My mind a bird
Soars,
Release —
Heat throbbing, yearning, reaching
Into the darkness.*

—Gabe Grochowski, 4th Year.

OUTBACK DROUGHT

It hasn't rained. For years the station-owners have doggedly waited, watched and hoped, but it still has not rained. "This weather can't last. It must break some day," they say. But neither can the cattle last, and for them as the wait drags on the chance of survival ebbs lower. For many there was no chance—there is no survival. Season flows into uneventful season with depressing monotony and cumulative death.

The sun rises orange over the gibber-and-dirt horizon. The earth begins to warm. Within minutes the sun is fully risen into a hot, cloudless sky. By mid-morning the sun is large and yellowing and oppressive, and the fine red dust puffs over the gibbers and the bones.

Years ago there wasn't much dust, and coarse grass and mulga dotted the plains over which wiry cattle sauntered. But then the drought came and the grass shrivelled and died and blew away. The scrub shed its horny foliage and roasted naked in the sun until the bark cracked and fell. Cattle were forced to trek miles for water, dropping dead when there was none. Now the fences segregate the whitening bones of bygone mobs. Everything is reduced to its simplest form—dirt, gibbers and bones scorching under the fiery blob in the azure sky.

At midday the glaring white sun dominates the hot plains. Dried water holes shimmer and the tumbleweed bumps along. A scarified depression, a rotting carcass and a leathery, grubby eagle are all that remain of a seasonal stream that has not flowed for a decade. Rocks shatter under the heat, which then slowly wanes.

The sun sets with a circling band of flame that, having encompassed the horizon, fades to blue and violet and lingers over the desolation.

Tomorrow, as today, the sun will burst and shimmer on the gibbers and create a mirage of water in a land where there is none. There is no relief, there are few that survive; and season flows into uneventful season. . . .

Craig Pearson, 5th Year.

Senior Prize-winning Poem:

THE STARS

*The stars glittered down upon the wastes,
Indifferent; infinitely cold.
The jagged, glowing rocks
Point accusingly to the sky,
But in vain:
Their tormentor is gone.*

*The barren, scarred rock that was Earth
Spins through space, a lonely grave,
An eternal monument to the works of Man.*

*The flame of life flickered
Once in the Universe, and died.
A brief chapter in the Book is closed,
And the stars glitter down upon the wastes,
Infinitely cold; indifferent.*

—C. Hall, 4th Year.

THE HUNTER

*Softly stepping along the bough,
His sinuous length pulsating on,
Pads of paws, their daggers hidden,
Tread the bending branch upon.
Slowly tensing, haunches gathered,
Legs propped beneath like springs of steel,
Gold eyes, narrow strips of venom,—
Satan would scarcely seem so evil!*

*Soft he growls within his throat,
His whiskers move, and his tail, the tip
Flicks! A warning for the wary—
He springs! Now the warm flesh rips.
Slowly, content, the cat comes down.*

—Angela Avraamides, 4th Year.

Senior Prize-winning Short Story:

BLACK AND WHITE

The red lights were flashing. They didn't hear the bell. The transistor made sure of that. The car stopped. The brilliant white light came up towards the crossing. So close. Anne thought what if by accident he should move his foot off the brake and on to the accelerator. She kicked out at his leg. It wasn't really a kick—just enough of a thump she hoped. But it didn't have any effect. He thought she was fooling. Didn't he suspect her? She peered at him intently. Apparently not.

She had pictured the vehicle moving forward, hitting the train at even fifteen miles per hour. The crunch of metal, then the drag, roll and buckling of twisted metal which should have come. Instead her husband smiled.

She saw the train cars move on. It was a goods train. Fifteen — sixteen — seventeen . . . Each car was lit for a moment in the flash of the red lights and the glare of the front headlights. Each one just became part of a fast moving line as it disappeared into the night on the other side of the crossing.

Finally the last one came. The last of the carriages. The last in the line.

The last day. . . .

John was taking her home. He must be. What else would she be doing but going home?

She looked over the seat. Yes, here were her bags. It is John, I suppose. She peered at him again. He *has* changed.

The speedometer read thirty-five. She watched the needle. It was orange. Flicker—flicker—flicker. She thought of the crossing light.

They were crossing the bridge now. The white rails. She wouldn't have let him cross a bridge without rails. The rails came to an abrupt end.

When they stopped at the lights over the other side Anne looked over her shoulder for her old home. She had lived there for . . . was it ten years? No, it must be miles back. They had been travelling a long time.

The lights turned green. John was saying something. No, it was the announcer. "2½ to 3 lengths clear. . . ." A cat shot across the road. John was saying something about the cat. Her cat wouldn't recognise her now. Or was it the other way round? She had left when it was a kitten. It would probably be dead now. Dead. Wasn't John dead? No, here he is driving me home. I wonder where I got that?

The minutes passed. The announcer said eight-fifteen.

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.



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BANK

COMMONWEALTH

She felt uneasy. There was a strange silence between them. One of those silences which come between strangers. You really didn't know what to say. They really were strangers, she thought.

John was different than she had remembered. Still, ten years His hair once a rusty colour was going grey. His cheeks were strangely white and he wore a funny kind of smile. A silly smile. A strained smile.

They were on the country highway. The mile-posts became a long white line. Sixty—seventy.

She pressed her cheek to the glass. She felt sleepy. She closed her eyes. She felt quite safe. She was with John. Suddenly the thought occurred to her again. It is John? It must be. She peered at him again. If it was anyone else what would she be doing in the front seat. She should be up back. It must be John. Reassured, she sank back in her seat.

At the forty-second mile peg they hit a pot hole in the road. Anne's head thumped the back of the seat. She woke up. She adjusted her eyes to the dashboard. Something was wrong. It hit her like a stack of bricks. The little radio. The little radio was gone. She couldn't hear it. It must have fallen.

She began to whimper. John must have noticed it. He swung round. They had warned him of something like this. She began to sob uncontrollably. Louder, louder, louder. Before he knew it she was screaming. Her arms flailing. Screaming. Her red tear-stained face was convulsed in fear and hatred. Locks of hair clung to the hot, wet cheekbones.

Of course—the transistor. It must have fallen off the dashboard when they hit the hole.

With one hand on the wheel he groped around on the floor. He was just touching it. A little more—just a little more.

The headlights cut twin arcs in the sky as the car plunged off the road into the valley. It rolled about half-way down, bouncing from one granite outcrop to another until it came to rest against a stump.

Two miles away in Carron a man was waiting. He had been waiting since 8.00. He was getting impatient. It was ten-fifteen. Finally he gave up, and crossing the street went into a telephone booth.

“. . . that's right," he said, "Bob should have picked me up about 8.20. Something must be wrong. I told him he was a fool to take her back alone.

"Tell the police to check the State Highway for a black and white Ford ambulance with just the driver and a woman. The woman is dangerous. . . ."

Paul Bradstreet, 5th Year.

THE TIME MACHINE

Throughout the ages, man has been trying to produce a perpetual-motion machine. Many men have manufactured contraptions which have all the necessary features of such a machine, except that they don't go forever.

Man's first attempt to produce a perpetual-motion machine was the wheel. He knew that the wheel would go round, and saw no reason why it would not continue going round. Unfortunately, the wheel did not go round for ever. This did not deter man. He thought that with something to wheel it, and with something to wheel, the wheel might wheel forever. With this intelligent preconception in his mind, he made a cart. The cart had two big prongs, between which the man could position himself. In this way, he hoped to start the cart wheeling. From the top of the hill he ran, the cart wheeling behind him. It was superb. The cart, and its wheels, wheeled like a steam train (except that there wasn't such a thing as yet) down the hill and across the countryside. Eventually, the cart ran over the man, and continued across the country—like a steam train. Man was killed, and, in the event, realised that he was not perpetual. Surely, this was the reason why the perpetual-motion machine would not perpetuate itself.

Time passed. In fact, more than two thousand years of time passed. Man realised his handicap to a perpetual-motion machine. He knew now that it would have to be independent of man, it must go by itself.

By the year 1810 A.D., a young man named George Stephenson showed his outstanding capability, ability, aptitude expertness and skill, in his accomplishment of building a magnificent working machine. Unfortunately, owing to untimely and unexpected explosions, the machine could not be classified as perpetual.

Time passed. In fact, it was fifty years. Then came a brilliant scholar, Robert Louis Stevenson, who wrote spine-chilling prose, and called it books. Both George and Robert were acclaimed men. Perhaps they were relatives, except that they spelt their surname differently.

Anyway, some more time passed, after which a certain genius, named Henry Ford, invented the petrol engine. Some people got the word 'petrol' confused with 'perpetual', and were quite surprised that the machine (which, incidentally, looked like a baby rhinoceros's pram) would not go forever. Ford, rather absent-mindedly, called his machine a car.

Time passed. Man was beginning to realise that he could not produce a perpetual-motion machine. Instead, he concentrated on perfecting the machine to its best, other than perpetual.

A certain person, Yours Truly, sparked upon an amazing realisation,

a realisation which even the genius Ford did not realise. Time passed, and passed, and passed, and still passes without any indication of any intention of ceasing to pass. Somewhere have I heard the mention of the 'time-machine'?

Indeed, my life, and your life, has been ruled by that invisible mechanism. Agreed, I do own an instrument called a watch, or a chronometer, or a clock, but it is not the time-machine. It is just a representation (and the nearest replica that man can produce) of the actual time-machine.

Throughout the ages, there has been a saying that 'time waits for no man'. Man, nowadays, believes that it should be 'time waits for no woman', as this would solve his problems of why women are always so inevitably late. At the moment, however, the saying stands correct in its former form, because I have written more than 544 words of brilliant prose, and time has caught up with me. I would like to present you with more of this factual nonsense, but I have lost inspiration, can no longer translate my stream of knowledge into sensible English. For this reason I must concede any recognition for brilliant prose to R. L. Stevenson, and cannot call my wise words a book. Nevertheless, I think I have passed on my message. I cannot delay one more minute, I must be going. . . . Oh, by the way, perhaps you may have a few hints for making a perpetual-motion machine!

Ivan Arnold, 5th Year.

AT THE BEACH

*Cloudless blue sky,
Sun very high,
Sand burning white,
Colours so bright,
Gliding white birds,
Surveying the herds
At the beach on a hot summer's day.*

*Umbrellas swaying,
Toddlers playing,
Teenagers tanning,
Old women fanning,
Small children wading,
Lifesavers parading
At the beach on a hot summer's day.*

—Wendy Hawthorne, 5th Year.

ON BEING A SQUARE

Yes, that's right, I am a square. Being a square is a very demanding occupation. One has to play so many roles at once. Let me show you exactly what I mean. Geometrically speaking, a square is a quadrilateral with all its sides equal and its angles all equal to ninety degrees. That is what I am. But, because I have my opposite sides parallel, I am a parallelogram. A square is a special type of parallelogram. Because my angles are right angles and I am a parallelogram, I am also rectangle. A square is a special type of rectangle. Since I am a quadrilateral, which means I have four sides, and my sides are all equal, I am also a special type of rhombus! Dear, dear, how singularly confusing. Sometimes I quite forget who I am.

Apart from remembering my identity, I also have to keep my identity. If one of my angles happens to slip, all the others slip and I find myself an ordinary rhombus. It is most distressing and embarrassing to have to go to Doctor Setsquare to be straightened out. My grandfather's angle kept on slipping so frequently that the doctor inserted a splint, called in medical language, a diagonal, from one angle to the angle opposite. This cured the problem but my grandfather found the diagonal rather cumbersome to carry around all his life.

One of my neighbours, that infernal eternal triangle, makes me very jealous. His angles can never slip. He is fixed. Perhaps that is why we hear so much about the eternal triangle. However, when he walks along in soft ground it is likely that one of his stiletto vertices will get stuck. This sort of thing doesn't happen to me because my angles are not acute—though my envy for the circle is!

The circle has the unique property among our society of having every point on his edge the same distance from his centre. The circle also performs more than one role. He is an ellipse as well. We two have something in common. The circle does not have to bump along when he walks—he rolls. After a few revolutions he must become very dizzy.

One of my first cousins is the regular hexogan. She is a six-sided figure. Each of her sides is equal to the next. She, like the triangle, is fixed and cannot slip an angle. Each of her angles is obtuse and equal to one hundred and twenty degrees. She thinks herself a circle, for she tries to roll along instead of bumping. At high speeds this action becomes rather painful for her angles.

My favourite pastime is to sit and watch the activities of beings around me. Humans fascinate me! If a window is square I can conceal myself effectively and look at their lives. If however the window is not my shape I can always squeeze into a picture frame on a wall. I must confess that with some people I am a poltergeist. Often one reads about

picture frames suddenly swinging to one side, or windows opening by themselves. Well, those phenomena are all caused by me or some of my friends.

Circles also have fun. During a year there are many reports of flying saucers from all over the world. Those flying saucers are really flying circles. When they do these things they are really being very disobedient, because at the international conference last year a law was made stating that travelling from place to place without being concealed is illegal, except at night. The supreme penalty for this offence is to remain in a ring on the end of a pig's nose for all eternity.

If we are good during our stay on this earth, we proceed, like humans, to heaven. Squares have difficulty concealing themselves up there but usually some old scholar with a mortar board provides a vantage point. Circles have no trouble finding lodgings; what with all the saints and halos flying around. If a circle is very lucky he will find a loose halo—one which, for some reason or another a saint has abandoned. He is free to travel wherever he wishes with it, daytime or nighttime.

Our society has three classes. The upper class consists of squares, triangles and circles. The middle class has all the other regular polygons such as hexagons, octagons, septagons and dextragons. The lower class is the rabble of our society; all the misfits, the irregular asymmetrical polygons. This class contains the freaks of nature—the mutations and the "sports".

The time is drawing near for my frolic to end. I have decided to go on a train trip and as soon as it gets dark I am going to look for a suitable frame. I hope you have enjoyed this revelation—I have enjoyed making it!

J. Kowarsky, 5th Year.

FOI

*La nuit, le jour, le soleil,
La lune, le ciel, la terre,
La science, la littérature et le monde culture,
Vous qui reaffirment La Providence du Createur,
Voyez la gloire de Dieu!
Vous qui pretend que c'est la Nature!
Pourquoi tout cet orgueil?
Ne savez—vous pas que vous n'êtes que de creatures simple?
Dans l'autre monde ce n'est pas celui qui avait la multitude
Mois celui qui avait la Foi.
Pour lui seul, sout tous bes gratitudes.*

—Georgette Wahba, 4th Year.

QUINTO REX

*Apeneck Merini spreads his knees
Letting his arms hang down like bait.
Ruler and missile drift above
And Merini guards his horned mate.*

*Pile the wreckage high of chalk and chair:
Two minutes, two years and teachers ask themselves,
What place is this?
Where are we now?*

*I am the class
Let me talk.*

*I will arise and go now, and go to the Chemistry,
And a small fire build there, of match and sulphur made;
A football pool will we have there, a try for a money fee,
And live in fear of a Mr. G. raid.*

*The Hopper makes to the rooky wood.
'Lay on MacNeil' and cursed be he
Who first doth cry "Hold enough,
'Tis the warlike Peter T.!"*

*This is the way the ruler ends
This is the way the ruler ends
This is the way the ruler ends
Not with a bang; but a splinter.
Power thy name is Quinto.
I am the class
I will talk.*

—John Segal, 4th Year.



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HONOUR BOARD

	<i>House Master</i>	<i>Head Boy</i>	<i>Head Girl</i>
1960	Mr. Clegg	J. Skivinis	J. Jaworsky
1961	Mr. McGrath	J. Skivinis	J. Jaworsky
1962	Mr. Willis	R. Hampden	S. Speight
1963	Mr. Willis	J. Wills	M. Bremner
1964	Mr. Willis/Mr. Gell	C. Pearson	L. Treby

Editorial

Inaugurated in 1960, the House System has grown to be an integral part of school life—embodying the academic, athletic and social aspirations of the students of Mount Lawley.

Most organisations need an efficient means of government and over the past five years Hackett has evolved such a system. The government of Hackett House is headed by the Housemaster and the Hackett Council which acts for the students in the House by the formulation of Hackett policy. Council meetings are presided over by the Head Boy and are advised by the Housemaster. This year the Hackett Council was reconstructed and a more powerful organisation embodying both the previous Student Council and its subsidiary, the Social Committee, was formed. Election of members, giving all students representation on the Council, was held early this year. The Hackett Council aims at producing a unified and co-ordinated policy of House activities. It is to the credit of the members that such a policy has given Hackett House memorable socials and outstanding sporting and academic results.

Much of the impetus and unity of the House is attributable to the leadership of previous years, in which Hackett has been fortunate to acquire the services of able and enthusiastic Housemasters and Head Prefects. In 1960 Mr. Clegg and in 1961 Mr. McGrath established the



HACKETT STUDENT COUNCIL

Front Row (left to right): C. Elliot, J. Conigrave, C. Pearson, Mr. Gell, L. Treby, I. Bremner, D. Palmer.

Second Row (left to right): S. Withers, G. Brown, D. Mossenson, P. Zusman, H. Tuurenhout, A. Sanders.

Rear Row (left to right): P. Christou, E. Moore, D. Rappeport, P. Jaeger.

foundations of the House in what was a hitherto untried House System. To Mr. Willis however, much praise is due, for under his guidance Hackett was the Champion House of 1962 and 1963—quite an achievement! Our thanks also to Mr. Gell for his service as Housemaster while Mr. Willis is on leave.

Regardless of whether Hackett becomes Champion House for the third consecutive year—although this is, of course, to be hoped for—1964 has been a very satisfying and successful year in which Hackett has enjoyed a spirited competitive and co-operative atmosphere with rival Houses.

To the Hackett Council, Housemasters and staff members, sports captains and academic genii, we extend our very grateful thanks for the wealth of assistance you have rendered. But more important, we thank the student body of Hackett House, and wish the House and the individuals a very successful 1965.

Craig Pearson and Lorraine Treby, Head Prefects, 1964.

Sport

Congratulations are due to those Hackett students who gained selection in State sporting teams.

Joanne Cross of 1-1 was chosen in the State Schoolgirls' Junior Basketball team. Vincent Pishos of 1-2a was a member of the State Schoolboys Football team. John Dadd of 3-2 and Nick Stanimirovic of 4-7 gained selection in the State Schoolboys Junior Baseball.

Hackett ran out convincing winners at the Interhouse Swimming Carnival which was held in March. The superiority of the Hackett swimmers can be seen from the fact that we won the under fifteen championships for both boys and girls and the open boys championship. Seigfried Nieman and Shelley Cass were the under fifteen champions. Ian Kreplinš gave another brilliant display and carried off the open championship with a total of 25 points. Our swimmers also performed creditably in the inter-school carnival.

HOUSE ACTIVITIES

Social

Of the two socials held this year, the first term social was the more successful, as a greater majority of upper-school students attended it.

Thanks go to Mr. Gell for his lunch-time dancing lessons for the Junior School. The Social Committee deserves praise for the planning and running of these popular events.

River Cruise

Hackett has held two successful river cruises in the past years and plans a third at the end of this year.

Last year O'Connor students were invited to go along with us in the S.S. Perth to Point Walter.

The event was highly successful and much of the credit must go to Mr. Willis and his staff.

Table Tennis

The lunch hour table tennis which was introduced by our House last year was continued again this year. Alan Sanders, Ian Bremner and their helpers deserve praise for their meritorious work.

Academic Results

The following students gained top places in Hackett House:

	<i>1st Term</i>	<i>2nd Term</i>
1st Year	R. Coglan	S. Teleko
2nd Year	C. Van Amerongen	D. De Ruyter
3rd Year	D. Macoboy	D. Macoboy
4th Year	A. Mellor	A. Mellor
5th Year	D. Adonis	J. Petkovic
Special Class	L. Roberts	L. Roberts

The following students gained top positions in the school.

1st Term: C. Van Amerongen, 1st in 2nd year; D. Macoboy, 1st; J. Weymouth, 2nd; L. Zokes, 3rd in 3rd year.

2nd Term: D. Macoboy, 1st; L. Zokes, 2nd; H. Brindal, 3rd in 3rd year.

HOUSE POINTS

With the close of second term one found that Hackett was well clear of all the other Houses, leading by 75 points. The athletics carnival will decide the winner of the shield.

Points to the end of second term were: Academic 441, Girls' Sport 169, Boys' Sport 308, giving a total of 918 points.

We hope that Hackett can win the shield for the third successive time.

☆ ☆ ☆

American Finance—From a Massachusetts Paper.

The fund has a deficit of \$57,000 which will be used to pay teachers' salaries.



The O'Connor House Student Council was active from the start, the first objective being the swimming carnival. O'Connor supporters were made really distinctive, every member equipped with gold dolphins and rosettes made by the committee. Our booming refrains of "Hucka-Hucka!" were not entirely in vain, as we did have the open champion girl in Leonie Tassicker and the under 14 champion girl, Lyn Yeo.

O'Connor's first term social was a phenomenal success. "Fernando's Hideaway" was the theme finally decided upon after hours of debate by the committee. Although the decorations were expensive, the social was so financially successful that we were able to donate two pounds ten shillings to the Red Cross Appeal.

Despite an atmosphere of gloomy pessimism about the preparation of second term socials, our "Carousel" theme was yet another success, the attendance being higher than that of any other House. M.C. was M.C. for both socials.

This year proved that O'Connor has surpassed Forrest's alleged superiority in the field of socials!!

O'Connor has been first to introduce a House badge, the now famous brick; members help support the House by buying a brick in it.

Congratulations to the students who were selected for the State teams. Alan Gooch, tennis; Cheryl Corbitt, basketball; Geoff Hancock, men's basketball. We feel congratulations are also due to Peter Waters, who, at fifteen, has been seeded the school's number two tennis player.

The committee was fortunate to have the services of a short-hand secretary. I don't think Glenis Hansen missed recording a word that was said (unfortunately, in some cases).

Students worthy of congratulations were athletics champions Maria Ronchi (13 years), Dianna Ronchi (15 years) and Maria Oblevics (14 years).

Finally, our sincere thanks are due to Mr. Sawle, who has been an excellent and infinitely patient housemaster. Cheryl, Mike.

Academic Results

Congratulations to the following students who gained first place among O'Connor students in their respective year of study.

	<i>1st Term</i>	<i>2nd Term</i>
1st Year	G. Verevis, av. 78%	G. Newman, 77%
2nd Year	R. Thornton, av. 82.5%	S. Liblich, 87%
3rd Year	W. Hilbert, av. 77.4%	W. Hilbert, 78%
4th Year	C. Drakes, av. 82%	C. Drakes, 81%
5th Year	J. Woodman, av. 68.9%	J. Woodman, 66%



O'CONNOR HOUSE STUDENT COUNCIL

Front Row (left to right): D. Wilson, R. Blennerhasset, M. Croker (Head Boy), Mr. L. Sawle, C. Edwards (Head Girl), B. Sefer, M. Gleedman.

Centre Row (left to right): W. Hilbert, J. Cunningham, G. Hansen, T. Edwards.

Back Row (left to right): G. Dease, L. Plues, H. Dawson, A. Gooch.

SPORT



STATE REPRESENTATIVES

Back Row (left to right): N. Stanimirovic (Baseball), G. Hancock (Basketball), G. McLennan (Basketball), L. Moyle (Baseball), J. Dadd (Baseball), N. Keene (Baseball), B. Forster (Football).

Front Row (left to right): S. Rumney (Softball), V. Pishos (Football), D. Atherton (Softball), J. Cross (Basketball), G. Daniel (Cricket and Football), J. Atherton (Softball).

SCHOOL CRICKET

The school 1st XI performed creditably this year and was narrowly defeated in the grand final by Kent Street High.

During the course of the season the first XI was successful against Modern School, a feat which had eluded us for many years.

The team wishes to express its appreciation for the efforts of Mr. Andrich in his coaching and to whom much of the responsibility for a successful season is due.

Gary Robbins.



SCHOOL "A" CRICKET TEAM

J. Garnaut, J. Yukich, L. Moyle, R. Shaw, B. Klobas, B. Spoor, A. Connor, D. Hedges, Mr. D. Andrich, G. Robbins (Capt.), R. Davis. Absent: W. Gibson.

GIRLS' INTERSCHOOL SOFTBALL



SCHOOL SOFTBALL

Back Row (left to right): E. Saunders, P. Haines, D. Ronchi, R. Jenkins, B. Massa.

Front Row (left to right): S. Rumney, S. Nile (Capt.), Miss K. Loftus, L. Treby, D. Rappeport.

A very short, but quite successful season was enjoyed by both softball teams in the Interschool Zone Competition. Three of a possible four matches were won by the "A" team, placing them in second position in the zone. The case was the same with the "B" team.

Most consistent players in the "A" team were short-stop Donna Rappeport and catcher Julie Balodis. For the "B" team, S. Harvey and D. Ronchi were the most consistent players. Congratulations to Sue Rumney for gaining a place in the Junior Metropolitan Softball team.

All members of the softball teams wish to thank Miss Loftus for her enthusiastic coaching before and throughout the season.

Sue Nile (Capt.).



SCHOOL TENNIS TEAM

Back Row (left to right): P. Waters, H. Kennedy, I. Bremner, H. Brindal, K. Warner.

Front Row (left to right): D. Jendry (Capt.), Mr. W. Jowett, Mrs. C. Barrett, A. Gooch (Capt.).

Absent: C. Hollier.

TENNIS

Girls

Mt. Lawley entered a comparatively inexperienced team this year. The "A" team consisting of Dunia Jendry, Helen Kennedy, Kaye Warner, Helen Brindle and Frances Latham, finished second last in the series, winning one match, against Scarborough.

The "B" team was a little more successful, winning two matches against Tuart Hill and Scarborough. The members of this team were Frances Latham, Nola Wasley, Wendy Hawthorne, Vivienne Cass and Helen Brindle.

Boys

The "A" and "B" school tennis teams finished creditable seconds in the Wednesday competitions. This year there were two zones—North

and South of the river schools.

The "A" team consisting of A. Gooch, P. Waters, I. Bremner and C. Hollier convincingly won the zone final, but were beaten by the powerful John Curtin team in the grand final.

The "B" team consisting of B. Walker, J. Segal, D. Thorniley and G. McLennan played consistently to win their zone, but were also beaten by John Curtin in the grand final.

The No. 1 Herbert Edwards Cup team deserves special mention. Peter Waters, Alan Everington, Brian Logan and Mervyn Same played well to reach a quarter-final. They were unlucky to lose by only one game to Hale School. Special thanks are due to Mr. Jowett for assisting and coaching the team.

Alan Gooch.

SCHOOL SWIMMING TEAM—1964

The Interschool Swimming Carnival of 1964 resulted in a significant boost in the morale of the Mt. Lawley High School. Competing against strong opposition from the other five-year high schools in the metropoli-



SCHOOL SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row (left to right): R. Garcia, D. De Ruyter, J. Peers, A. Holywell, J. Hastings.

Second Back Row (left to right): Mr. D. Richards, B. Sefer, J. Reid, I. Krep-
lins, P. Faigen, T. Edwards, J. Caldwell, P. Hanna.

Second Row (left to right): S. Elphick, S. Cass, C. Corbitt, H. de Jong, G. Mor-
rison, A. Sakalo, R. Faigen.

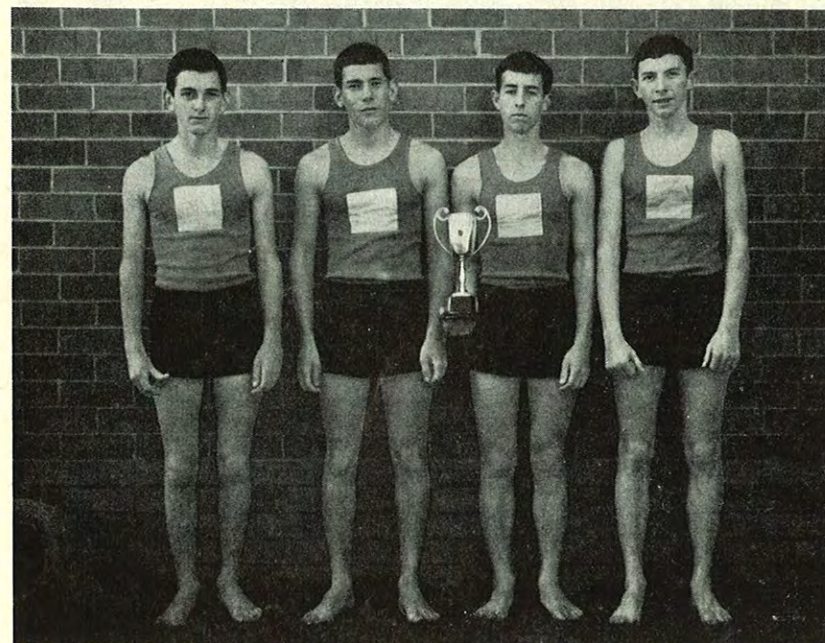
Front Row (left to right): A. Bilczewski, V. Upton, C. Jones, Miss K. Loftus,
L. Tassicker, L. Yeo, P. Finklestein.

tan area, Mt. Lawley was narrowly beaten into fourth place. However, the standard of swimming was a marked improvement on last year's effort and the prospects for next year look even brighter.

The school's Tenth Annual House Carnival was held at Beatty Park in March. The highly successful and well organised carnival resulted in a convincing win for Hackett followed respectively by Forrest, O'Connor and Murdoch.

WINNERS OF SIR FRANK BEAUREPAIRE TROPHY FOR 3-MILE CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM RACE

ALSO WINNERS OF 4 x 1 MILE CROSS-COUNTRY RELAY



Left to Right: B. Richardson, D. Hampton, M. Elphick, G. McLennan.



FOOTBALL—SCHOOL FIRST XVIII

Back Row (left to right): A. Walker, C. Davies, I. Bremner, J. Yukich, B. Klobas, J. Cuperus, R. Hastie, J. Robinson, G. Robins, D. Capelli.
Centre Row (left to right): W. Ridley, M. Levin, J. Garnaut, U. Bite, J. Reid, T. Edwards, A. Connor, M. Thorpe, R. O'Mara.
Front Row (left to right): D. Hedges, P. Hardie, A. Moyle, B. Riley (V.-Capt.), P. Tannock (Coach), B. Daniel (Capt.), G. Dorrington, R. Davis, B. Fyfe.

INTERSCHOOL FOOTBALL

Once again, the Mount Lawley football team was not highly successful during the 1964 season, yet at no stage of the year was it disgraced. In view of the comparative mediocrity displayed in past years, the 1964 school team has acquitted itself quite well, though it did not secure a position at the conclusion of the final round.

The four teams competing in the competition were Perth Modern, Governor Stirling, Tuart Hill and, of course, Mount Lawley. At the commencement of the season the team had excellent prospects, especially when it defeated Perth Modern in a scratch match, something which had not been done for many years. Unfortunately this early form lapsed as the season progressed, the main cause of which was complacency during the last quarter. Only too often was Mount Lawley ahead at three-quarter time, with a strong breeze blowing in its favour for the final quarter and only too often was it overrun by the opposition during that quarter.

For Mount Lawley Alan Moyle, Bruce Riley and Colin Hollier were outstanding players though many others could be named as reliable, consistent performers.

Training was held every Monday afternoon on Hansen Park, irrespective of weather conditions, and the valuable assistance of Mr. Tannock, as coach, Mr. Retallack and Mr. Andrlich, cannot be under-estimated. Naturally, all which they have contributed has been sincerely appreciated by all concerned.

Brian Daniel.



"A" HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row (left to right): S. Rumney, J. Cunningham, R. Jenkins, C. Gillies, V. Cass, S. Gillies.
Front Row (left to right): B. Withers, C. Edwards (Capt.), R. Fisher, W. Hawthorne (V.-Capt.), Frances Latham. Absent: M.-A. Baker.

HOCKEY

This year the girls' "A" and "B" hockey teams competed against Governor Stirling, Tuart Hill and Scarborough in a series of two rounds. The teams lacked several players, and yet with the enthusiasm and coaching given by Miss Fisher, the overall standard of the hockey was raised.

It is hoped that in the coming years the Mt. Lawley hockey teams will meet with greater success.

We wish to thank Miss Fisher for the time and energy she spent with us this season.

Cheryl Edwards.

1964 BOYS' HOCKEY



SCHOOL HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row (left to right): J. McMahon, B. Petriv, I. Carpenter, I. Arnold, B. Sefer, G. Innes, R. Timothy.

Front Row (left to right): B. Richardson, M. Elphick, B. Walker (Capt.), Mr. K. Willis (Coach), G. McNeill (V.-Capt.), C. Bennett, C. Benson.

Absent: B. Hoff.

We started the season with high hopes, having to fill only four vacancies from last year's team. These hopes were justified and we won scratch matches against Mod. and Stirling. From this time on we seemed to be jinxed, not winning another game. The team gave its best performance against the supposedly invincible Tuart Hill and were unlucky to go down by the only goal, which was scored in the closing minutes of the match.

Although many players gave creditable performances, those deserving special mention are the indefatigable Brian Richardson, the ever reliable Chris Bennett at left full-back, and centre half Geoff McNeill, handy in either attack or defence.

Special thanks go to Mr. Willis for the job he did in coaching us. You couldn't ask more of a coach, and I am sure the school team will attain a more satisfying result next year, and the years to come.

Brian Walker (Capt.).

Saturday Morning Hockey

The school was represented by third, second and first year teams in the Saturday morning pennant competition. The performance of these teams gives promise of increasing strength in future senior school teams.

The third year team, under the guidance of Mr. Baker, came third in their division. The second year team was ably coached by Mr. Jowett, Ivan Arnold and Boris Sefer and came a close second, while the first years inspired by Mr. Hudson just failed to gain first place in their division.



SCHOOL BASEBALL TEAM

Front Row (left to right): J. Dadd, N. Stanimirovic (Capt.), Mr. Sims, N. Keene, G. Brown-King.

Back Row (left to right): G. Stockden, K. Long, J. Rupert, B. Wajsman, G. Porrens, P. Grynberg, L. Nedkoff.

SCHOOL BASEBALL TEAM

This year the school baseball team enjoyed a very successful season during which it only lost one of its qualifying games. In the grand final against Kent Street High the team managed to win the game by the narrowest of margins after having to play two extra innings. The team

itself consisted of players who have previously played baseball and this is one reason why the team did so well.

Some of the outstanding players in the team were Neil Keene, who pitched well throughout the season, and Keith Long, who batted with a great deal of success. Others who played well during the season were John Dadd, George Porrins and Bill Gibson who took some spectacular catches in the outfield.

The team would not have played as well as it did throughout the season if it had not been for the fine efforts of Mr. Sims, who spent many hours coaching the team and also offering helpful advice to the individual players.

At the conclusion of the grand final a trophy was donated to the school to keep for one year and I feel sure that the school baseball team next year will be out to win the trophy again.

N. Stanimirovic.



SCHOOL BASKETBALL—BOYS

Top Row (left to right): P. Breckler, T. Gallelo, R. Thomas, K. Bickle.
Bottom Row (left to right): D. Gilchrist, D. Gilchrist, Mr. D. Gray, G. McLennan (Capt.), G. Hancock.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

The boys' basketball team won the grand final of the Interschool Competition by defeating Hollywood 45-28. During the season, the team lost one game to Governor Stirling. The "first five" consisted of Geoff Hancock, David Gilchrist, Graeme McLennan, Kevin Bickle and Doug Gilchrist. Geoff Hancock was the best player, averaging more than twenty points per game. David Gilchrist was a consistent player, while Jim Francis played capably in the grand final. The team owes its success to Mr. Gray's guidance and support throughout the season.

Graeme McLennan.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Mt. Lawley entered two teams, "A" and "B" grade, in the inter-zone basketball competition. In this competition each of the five schools played twice.



SCHOOL BASKETBALL—GIRLS

Front Row (left to right): J. Lafferty, J. Baker, Miss Loftus, D. Jendry, S. Nile.
Back Row (left to right): E. Saunders, Y. Mitchell, G. Corbitt, L. Treby.

Despite practices at the crack of dawn each Tuesday morning, the "A" team was successful in only three out of the eight games played. The "B" team however lost only two matches for the season.

The standard of play by both teams was particularly high and many thanks go to Miss Loftus for her coaching efforts and interest throughout the season.

Special mention must be made of Cheryl Corbitt and Elaine Saunders who gained selection in the Under 16 State Basketball team.

Jenny Baker (Capt.).



SCHOOL RUGBY TEAM

Back Row (left to right): D. Hampton, G. Lacerenza, D. Isted, J. Kowarsky, K. Bonomelli, J. Nash, W. Daniels.
 Second Row (left to right): D. Bornshin, P. Woods, G. London, W. Banks, T. Niewuenhuizen, N. Mathies, M. Graham.
 Front Row (left to right): B. Hawkins, I. Kreplins (Capt.), Mr. Hudson (Coach), D. Boyd (V.-Capt.), B. Thornton.

RUGBY

Rugby suffered many setbacks during the last season. Our first problem was to find a coach and start training. Mr. Bennett offered his services, but had to leave half way through the season, so Mr. Douglas from

Governor Stirling filled his place. We then had to form a team. This resulted in a team composed of a large number of under sixteen players.

So one can imagine we were not the premiers of our division. We did manage to defeat Governor Stirling both times we met them. The other two games we played were against Perth Modern School. In these games we were defeated. The losses were not due to a lack of effort by our team, but stronger opposition.

The team was ably led by captain Ian Kreplins, with Don Boyd as vice-captain. Barry Thornton dominated his position as hooker and speed was developed on the wings with Wayne Banks and Errol Driver.

Congratulations must go to our under sixteen team which won the Saturday morning competition. Captain Des Thornton presented the magnificent trophy into the school's safekeeping until next year.



SCHOOL SOCCER TEAM

Back Row (left to right): P. Krasnostein, D. Adonis, L. Moyle, S. Lee, J. Cannon.
 Front Row (left to right): P. Perroni, G. Gulaptis, E. Brunini, C. Pavlos, B. Snell.



INTERSCHOOL SOCCER

The Mt. Lawley soccer team started the season as hot favourites for the cup after they had beaten Governor Stirling, the current cup-holders, three goals to nil in a scratch match.

Although this form held good for most of the season, an unexplainable lapse midway through the season cost the team any chance of the cup. In the eight games the team scored 30 goals and had 10 goals scored against them. The highest winning score was 12 to nil.

During the season, the best player in the team would without a doubt be goal-keeper Enzo Brunini, the youngest and nearly the smallest member of the side. The top goal-scorer was Barry Snell, who scored nearly half our total number of goals. Others to show out were vice-captain Chris Pavlos, Jim Cannon and Dave Adonis. In the coming season the team should do quite well as only four of the side are leaving.

On behalf of the team I would like to thank Mr. Slusarczyk for his co-operation and interest he has shown in the side, and last but not least I would like to thank the boys for their co-operation throughout the season.

The very best of luck for the next season.

G. Gulaptis.



FIRST YEAR SATURDAY MORNING SOCCER GRAND FINALISTS

Front Row (left to right): N. Di Guilio, C. Librizzi, J. Grandile, A. Doropoulos, B. Marocchi, L. Marocchi, P. Muscara.

Back Row (left to right): N. Fengler, R. Iemma, N. Ferrara, M. de Luca, L. Italiano, P. Witheridge, S. Bonarrigo.

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