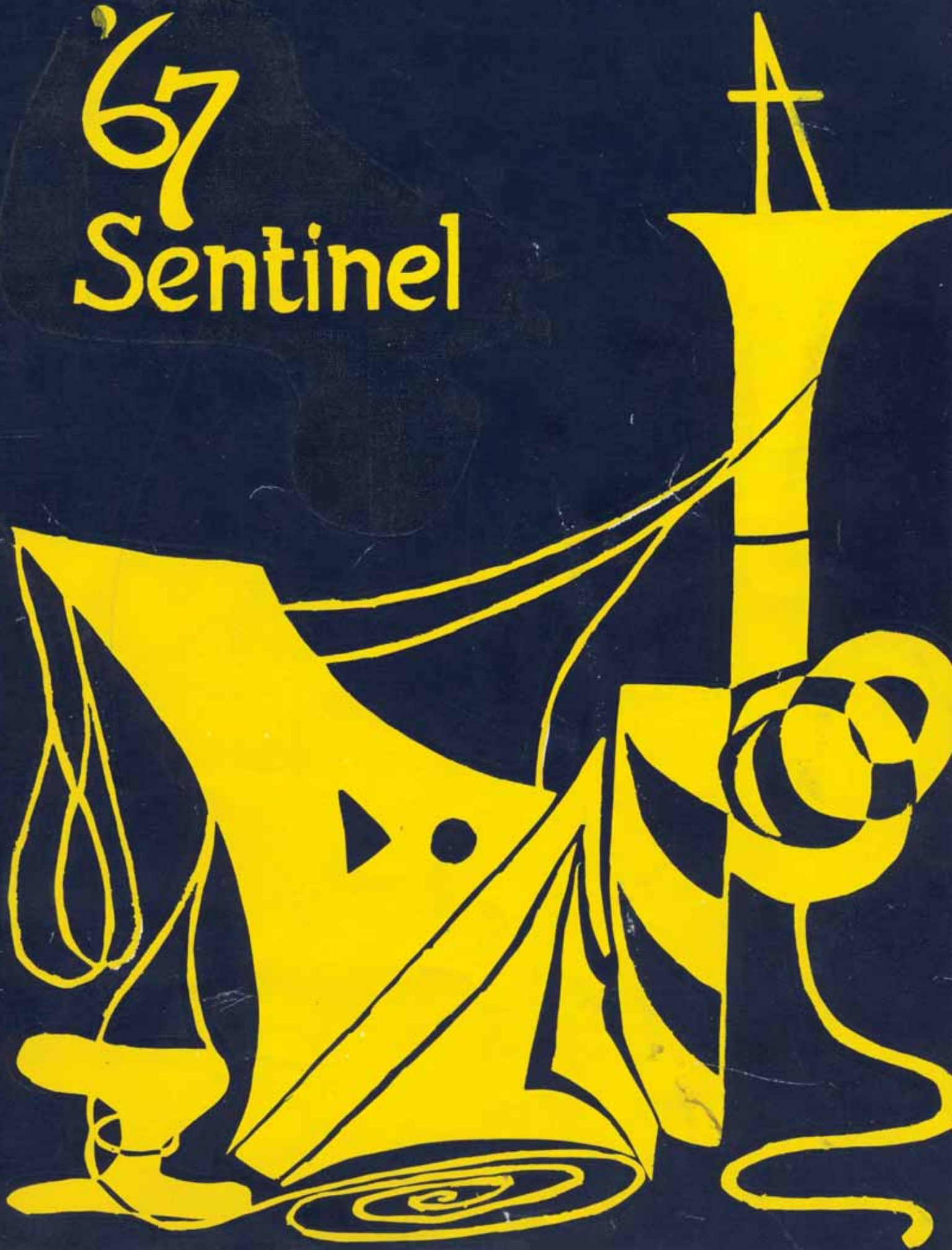


'67 Sentinel





Staff Members

Principal:

Mr. A. LONERAGAN, B.A., M.A.C.E.

Deputy Principal:

Mr. J. STOKES, B.A.

Principal Mistress:

Miss H. HOAD, B.A., Dip.Ed.

First Mistress:

Miss C. DODS, B.A.

Senior Master/French and German: Mr. G. ANDERSON, B.A.

Senior Mistress/Home Science: Mrs. D. BREARLEY, A.T.C.L.

Senior Master/Art: Mr. V. CHESTER, A.T.D.

Senior Mistress/Biology: Miss M. CRITCH, B.A., Dip.Ed.

Senior Masters/English: Mr. D. CROCK, B.A., Dip.Ed., Mr. G. McADAM, B.A., Dip.Ed.

Senior Master/Geography: Mr. I. JUMEAUX, B.Ed.

R. Senior Master/History: Mr. C. LANGDON, B.A.

Guidance Officer: Mr. M. LEE, B.A.

R. Senior Master/High School Cert.: Mr. T. MYERS, B.A.

Senior Master/Physics and Chemistry: Mr. J. NOLAN, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.

Senior Master/Physical Education: Mr. R. RATE, B.Ed., Dip. Phys. Ed.

Senior Master/Manual Arts: Mr. R. SULLIVAN, B.A.

Senior Mistress/Mathematics: Miss J. TENNANT, B.A., L.R.S.M.

R. Senior Master/Languages: Mr. R. TROBE, B.A.

Mr. T. ANDERSON; Miss L. ANDRE, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.; Miss M. ARDAGH, L.T.C.L., A.Mus.A.; Mrs. V. BONSER, B.A., Dip.Ed.; Mrs. L. BROMILOW, Dip.P.Ed.; Mrs. C. BRUCE, B.A.; Mr. W. CHAPLIN; Miss N. CHERRINGTON; Mr. J. COCKS, A.T.D.; Mr. H. COOPER; Mr. D. CORMACK; Mr. J. COUTTS; Mrs. M. CURTAIN; Mrs. P. DUFTY; Miss D. DUNLOP; Mr. D. EDDINGTON; Mr. K. EDDINGTON; Miss V. EDWARDS; Mr. J. ELLIOTT; Mr. P. EVANS; Mr. G. FERGUSON; Mr. P. FRIZZELL; Mr. T. FULLER; Mrs. F. GURR, B.A.; Mr. R. HALSEY, M.A.; Mr. F. HATCH; Mr. B. HAYNES, B.A., Dip.Ed.; Miss Z. HERSTA; Miss E. HOLBROOK; Mrs. M. HUNT, B.A., L.A.S.A.(Sp.); Mrs. D. JURACICH; Mr. A. KALOTAS; Mrs. O. KEMP; Mr. B. McROBERT, B.A.; Mr. A. MILLER; Mr. R. MILLER; Mr. R. NICHOLSON, B.A., Dip.Ed.; Mr. E. OAKLEY; Mr. J. O'DONNELL; Mr. T. O'DONNELL; Mrs. H. O'KEEFE, B.A.; Mrs. M. O'SULLIVAN; Mrs. M. PARIS; Mrs. D. PAUL, Dip. P.T.C., H.Sc.; Mr. J. RIEKA; Mrs. E. ROWE; Miss R. ROWLEY; Miss P. SANDERS, L. Mus.A.; Mrs. P. SANDERS, F.C.E.S., P.C.T.; Mr. R. SCRIVEN; Mr. W. SCOTT; Mrs. M. SILVERMAN, B.A.; Miss M. SIPPE; Mr. G. SNOW; Mr. A. STRAHAN, B.Sc.; Mr. G. STOCKDALE, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.; Miss C. STRINGER; Mr. T. STUART; Mrs. D. SURASKI; Mr. W. SWEET; Mrs. J. TAAFFE; Mrs. R. RAPLEY; Mr. G. TAYLOR; Mrs. V. TAYLOR; Mr. A. TELENTA; Mrs. J. THOMPSON; Mrs. R. WILSON, B.A.

The Sentinel

NUMBER ELEVEN

YEAR 1967

EDITORIAL

It is, through the medium of a school magazine, such as this, that the many facets of school life can best be shown.

This year's edition of "The Sentinel" was in nearly every respect, a student effort. The cover was designed by a student and silk screened by students, and most of the contributions are from students. To Mr. Chester, must go many thanks for his invaluable help in organizing the production of the magazine cover.

Perhaps the most onerous task in producing a magazine is the typing and re-typing of the many papers before they can be submitted to the printers. The magazine committee would like to express their appreciation of the work done by Mrs. Sanders and her typing girls.

The contributions to the magazine were generally pleasing. The amount of material aided the committee in their selections for the final magazine.

Thanks are also due to the prefects who visited the various business houses for donations in the form of cash contributions. The total money raised was evidence of a commendable effort by them.

Staff members concerned are sincerely thanked for their work done in the actual organizing, proof-reading and final selections of material of the magazine. Thus the combined efforts of students and teachers have put the 1967 edition of "The Sentinel" in print.

THE EDITORS.

COVER:

Designed by Glenda Newing, (4C), and silk-screen printed, under the supervision of Mr. V. Chester, by Glenda Newing, Lorraine Cadlolo, Narelle Cole, Sandra Freind, Nova Sonsee and Kaye Webster (all Fourth Year art students).



PRINCIPAL AND SCHOOL PREFECTS

Back Row (left-right): Mark Bessen, Jeffrey Hopkins, Stewart Richmond, David Bleakley.

Centre Row (left-right): John Mustard, Lesley Knight, Suzanne Jones, Helen Lynch, Jill Cole, Christine Holt, Sonja Halliday, Robert McGowan.

Front Row (left-right): Salvatore Messina, Wilma Badham (Senior Girl), Mr. A. B. Loneragan (Principal), Noel Cressie (School Captain), Janine Groves.

Principal's Foreword

I again acknowledge with thanks the invitation extended to me by the Magazine Committee to contribute a foreword for the 1967 edition of "The Sentinel".

There is much to say but as this will be more than adequately covered by interested and competent students, I intend this article to be broadly informative and partly appreciative. Ours is a very large staff, and because almost every member is making a positive and valuable contribution with extra curricula activities within the school, I have in the main refrained from mentioning names. There is always the danger of someone being accidentally overlooked and this I wish to avoid.

Significant changes in our educational system will soon make an impact on the school. One of the major changes next year will be the introduction of "The Achievement Certificate" to all First Year students. This will not mean so much a change in subjects or content of subjects, as a change of examination procedures and a new type of school report. One of its major aims is "to provide a valid, reliable and complete record of the student's achievement over the full period of the course, to replace a system which relies on a single test at the end of three years of study". Students will still be expected to work to their capacity but will cover the course at different rates and at different levels. There should be fewer failures, greater success and, I hope, happier students.

In 1969, the new Matriculation Examination requirements come into force, and 1968 Fourth Year students will commence their studies with the new regulations in mind.

Briefly, the changes embody an additional elective subject—English Literature, while English will continue to be a compulsory Leaving subject for all candidates. Students wishing to matriculate will, at the end of Fourth Year, select any three or four matriculation subjects available, in which they will be examined in two papers. Students who do not intend to go on to University and do not wish to matriculate will sit for the Leaving Examination and take one paper only in the subjects selected. Matriculation students will thus be required to study three or four subjects at greater depth than formerly. The examination in 1969 will definitely be at a higher level than in the past.

I gratefully acknowledge the outstanding assistance on school administration given to me and the school by Mr. J. Stokes, Deputy Principal, Miss H. Hoad, Principal Mistress, and Miss C. Dods, First Mistress. I could not wish for a more loyal, competent and effective team.

Occupying a very senior and responsible position in the school are twelve Senior Masters and three Senior Mistresses, each of whom administers a subject area and is highly qualified to do so. They supply specialised teaching in one or more subjects. Overall, the school is strongly staffed and I thank all for their personal interest in the students and their loyalty to the school. At Princess May, Mr. G. Taylor, Teacher-in-Charge, and his staff of six have, in spite of difficult conditions, been imbued with the same commendable spirit.

I am also happy to acknowledge the school's indebtedness to the secretarial staff, Mrs. D. Williams, Mrs. O. Smith and Mrs. M. Williams. Their office is one of the busiest spots in the school and each has carried out her duties with maximum efficiency and courtesy to students and teachers alike.

Apart from the academic side of the school, there are many activities in which our students and teachers are engaged. Among these may be cited the cultural and sporting life of the school. Of the former, I wish to offer my congratulations and thanks to teachers, students and ex-students who assisted in the production of this year's delightful musical production "The Boy Friend", especially the producers, Miss M. Ardagh and Mr. K. Eddington. We have yet to see the year's exhibition of Art, Craft, Manual Arts, Home Science and commercial work. Perhaps the School Choir and Calisthenics group will take this opportunity of giving another public performance and thus bring together much of the valuable cultural work of the school. Representatives from the Debating Club acquitted themselves well on each occasion they met other schools. I think we could with advantage introduce debating at an earlier age, possibly at Second Year level. Interested students could then, by the time they enter the senior classes, be experienced and confident debaters.

The sporting activities of the school will be well covered in this magazine by student contributions. However, we are all grateful to members of the Physical Education staff and other staff members who have given freely of their own time in coaching the various teams and even accompanying them on Saturday sporting fixtures. I am also deeply appreciative of those staff members who have been active in assisting Mr. Max Scott in the implementation of the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme. The year's activities culminated in the public presentation of Bronze Award medals to ten boys and ten girls at an impressive ceremony held in the school Hall on Saturday evening, 29th July.

The thanks of the school are due to Captain R. Sullivan and his officers for the training of the school Cadet Unit. As usual, these boys are fast attaining the high standard of efficiency we have come to expect from them each year.

This listing of some of the many and varied activities of the teaching staff outside the range of normal teaching duties has been deliberate. I stress this aspect in case some students, and even some parents, could be prone to take all this extra curricula work for granted. It is good that we should not forget this and know that the teachers' only reward comes from a sense of satisfaction in helping young people to a fuller and happier life during their years at this school.

The school thanks our Parents and Citizens' Association for further assistance this year in providing new equipment and donations. Chief among these have been the presentation of an Electric Arc Welder for the Manual Arts Department, the purchase of a Buhl "Overhead Projector", a Tape Recorder, a second Record Player, and a handsome donation of \$100 towards reducing the cost of "The Sentinel" to our students. Approximately \$1,000 has been spent. This money has been raised by the efforts of mothers who voluntarily give their services on a "roster" basis in staffing the school "Canteen". I am hoping that in 1968 more mothers will offer to assist and so lessen the load on those good people on whom the school has had to rely during the year. Here is another group of people prepared to give invaluable service to our students and their school.

Fully deserving of our thanks are Mr. A. Nicol, Head Gardener, and members of his staff, and Mr. C. Robinson, Head Cleaner, and his team. Mr. Nicol has always taken a great interest in the school and this is reflected in the further development of lawns and gardens. These have added immensely to the overall attractiveness of the school. We commend Mr. Robinson and his helpers and thank them for their never failing courtesy and ability to keep this large school in a neat and tidy condition.

Another very special and important activity now in its second year at John Curtin is the "Driving Instruction School" introduced mainly through the interest and organising ability of Mr. A. Telenta the Youth Organiser, who is also a member of the school staff. Its specific objective is to instruct senior students in safe driving habits, to teach traffic regulations, road courtesy and assist enrolled students to obtain their Driving Licences. In 1966, twenty-one students obtained drivers' licences and there are forty-three young aspirants this year. Three staff members have been involved in this work. Student "Driver Instruction" must ultimately help reduce the heavy road toll. This realization alone would be ample reward for the many hours of instruction outside of school hours given by the Instructors.

I express on behalf of the school my keenest appreciation to the School Captain, Noel Cressie, Senior Girl, Wilma Badham, and the 1967 Prefects, whose exemplary conduct, interest in the school and acceptance of responsibility have been of outstanding value to the school. There are natural inequalities in the standards of scholarship, but with few exceptions these are equated by the more important qualities such as good manners, pride in personal appearance, consideration for others and a commendable spirit of co-operation. Nowhere is this more noticeable than among our senior students. This group, almost without exception, would be a credit to any school.

I conclude with a simple but sincere message to students taking the Leaving, Junior and Third Year High School Certificate examinations—best wishes to you all and good luck if you need it.

A. B. LONERAGAN, B.A., M.A.C.E.



John Curtin High School

SCHOOL CAPTAIN, 1967

NOEL CRESSIE



School Captain:

NOEL CRESSIE

Senior Girl:

WILMA BADHAM

FACTION CAPTAINS

Red:

GLEN COFFEY
JILL COLE

Black:

JOHN GLASS
CHRISTINE HOLT

Blue:

GRAHAM THOMPSON
BARBARA KING

Gold:

JOHN MUSTARD
HELEN LYNCH

SPORTS CHAMPIONS

BOYS

Open: JOHN MUSTARD
Sixteen Y.O.: TERRY ORGLES
Sixteen Y.O.: FABIO CAVILLI
Fifteen Y.O.: PETER ZACCARIA
Fourteen Y.O.: DAVID SILLERY
Thirteen and Under: MARK PESCU

GIRLS

Open: JANETTE FEWSTER
Fifteen Y.O.: CHRISTINE CARR
Fourteen Y.O.: JANET FEWSTER
Thirteen and Under: KERRY REID

+ CLASS NOTES +

5A-1 Class Notes

From 5A-1 with appropriate apologies to William Wordsworth.

There is a class call'd 5A-1
And we will dare to tell,
But in the students ear alone,
What once to us befell.

When off to school they bid us go
To taste the students' toil,
We to "John Curtin" bent our way,
And pledged it to be loyal.

The first four years of our stay
Were not too bad at all,
And if you had been one of us,
You would have had a ball!

But as we're now in 5A-1
And the Leaving Exams are nigh,
And most of us won't be coming back(?)
We'd like to say "goodbye".

We could say it in a thousand words,
Or fill up many shelves,
But as we're bloated egotists,
We'll talk about ourselves!

Noel Cressie—School Captain, "Boy Friend" participant, and a conscientious student.

Wilma Badham—Head Girl, sportswoman, and conscientious student.

Jeff Hopkins—Movie Magnate who wears a Prefect Badge, and helps collect Charity. (M. of "P.C.").

Sonja Halliday—Prefect who tells wet jokes.

Sam Messina—"Hippie" who wears a Prefect Badge.

Janine Groves—Participant in the "Boy Friend" and Prefect.

Suzanne Jones—Yet another Prefect who took part in the "Boy Friend".

Pam Ballingall—Hockey player of great renown, who made the State team.

Joe Baker—Historian specialising in Greek Mythology. (Member of the "Canteen Set").

Bronwyn Evans—Inaugural girl driver—collector of gem stones.

Kevin Bond—(Member of the "Canteen Set").

Graham Bowers—Rides a scooter like a racing car. (Member of the "Canteen Set").

Della Gooding—International Rules Basketball.

Robert Cook—(Member of the "Canteen Set").

John Doig—(Member of the "Canteen Set"), footballer.

Roslyn Hart—School Diver, conscientious student.

Ian Dowling—(Member of the "James Bond Club").

Brian Gray—Would-be Jackaroo who advertises. (Swimmer). "Billy Tea" in "rip-up" periods. (M. of "C.S.")

Dianne Hilton—World traveller.

Graham Kierath—Makes mountains out of mole hills. Likes Rhythm and Blues. (Member of "Slop-Shop Club.")

Steven Marshall—Musician and punster. (Member of "The Philosophers' Circle.")

Lindsay Lawton—Member of the Calisthenics Team and "Sentinel" Committee.

Russell Naumann—Just back from A.C.T. (Should old acquaintance be forgot?) (Member of the "James Bond Club.")

John Nelson—Footballer who helps collect money for charity. (Member of "The Philosophers' Circle.")

Toni Peters—Scholar (or very conscientious student).

Michael O'Halloran—Would-be D.J. and punster. (Class Prefect.) (Member of "The Philosophers' Circle.")

Richard Ringrose—Genius of Maths and Science, and musician. (Member of "The Philosophers' Circle.")

Leone Sanders—Class Prefect.

John Smith—Hockey Player—top-tipster in footy pools. (Member of the "Canteen Set.")

Jerry Van Dyke—Rhythm and Blues lover. (Member of the "Slop-Shop Club.") D. of E.S.

Ray Watson—Swimmer who sails. (Member of the "Canteen Set.")

If you find you rather like us,
Don't be nervous, have no fear
Why not come and meet us!
We'll all be back next year.

Now we have come to the end of the tale
Which told of our pride and glory,
But heaven forbid that you should hear,
The other side of the story!

5A-2 Class Notes

The time has come when another generation of John Curtinians must prepare to venture into the cold, hard world. And as we do so, I cannot help but commiserate with it.

For we, the "leaders of the twenty-first century" as Mr. McRobert so quaintly, if misguidedly, calls us, are a weird and wonderful lot.

To indulge in an incongruity, we'd like to begin by mentioning the prefects amongst us first. Early in the year, one had to know they were Mark

Bessen, Jill Cole and Robert McGowan to recognize them as prefects. Now, however, they have been issued with shiny metal badges to pin proudly over their left breast. Next year they hope to be presented with a gun and holster, and after that possibly even a horse and ten-gallon hat . . .

Sport is a fanatical interest in 5A-2. Nearly each major team is represented by one or two members at least. Rugby has a clear cut majority in the number of class members who play it, 5A-2 containing more than one-third of the school team. These courageous and virile individuals are Stephen Dierks, Peter Helsby, Fulvio Sammut, Ron Swann, David Whittle, and, occasionally, Kim Rea.

Following close behind the Rugby team is the degenerate Football team (Australian Rules). This is comprised of Don Haddow, Graham Thompson, Rod Pescud, Geoffrey C. Campbell and similar oddities from other classes. Mr. Cormack, to whom we teach Maths, is, for better or worse, their coach.

Soccer is represented by Carmelo Oteri and Peter Mclean; Men's Basketball by Colin Rastin; Swimming by Graham Thompson and Jill Cole; and Calisthenics by Jeanette Carman. Hockey gains a mention by including Mark, and Spencer McKenna amongst its players. What about the army?

It is in the semi-intellectual environment of the classroom that many of us make our names. This is done simply by obtaining a sharp instrument and engraving "_____ is a doll" or similar advertisements on desk tops.

Seriously, amongst our most consistent performers in the class are Adelma Hills, Barry Rennie, Lyn Peters and Mark. The rest are consistent in another sense, although Sue Ashford occasionally bursts forth in all her brilliance to obtain creditable marks.

The three remaining members of 5A-2; Janet Troy, Raine Miller and Michael Crack, comprise the "normal" individuals present. In Michael's case, appearances seem to be deceptive.

It is pleasing to report that two-thirds of the top-brass in the Army (school version) resides in 5A-2. Come the Third World War, we expect to be well defended, Geoffrey and Spencer, with that baton in your knapsacks.

That, for better or for worse, is 5A-2. The Leaving? We have a motto upon which we base our actions, "Among omnis moriar".

5B—Intimidations of Immorality

Peter Ashling is the smallest,
But his stories are the tallest.

John Bassula, at math's a hasher,
Is the current window smasher.

People! If you can't sleep at night,
It's not the bed, it's Coffey.

Surfie Johnsen always seen blushing.
From the girls, he's found rushing.

Robert Lennox: A man whose talents we ne'er
forget,
Science and arts will benefit yet(?)

Brian Fitzgerald—heavens above,
Man-o-man, he loves to love.

For information concerning "bus services" please
contact John Witheridge.

The strongest contender for the honorary title
of "Sleeping Beauty" is the learned John Eatell
whose consistent efforts throughout the year have
not gone unnoticed.

In keeping with the fine traditions of previous
years, various members of 5B have religiously
attended snooker services held in the Josephson
Street Hall. Recent patrons to this worthy cause
are Carmelo Capone, Peter Vos, Don Ammon and
Peter Ashling.

A late addition to the transport corps is Ray
Hoffman whose sudden affinity for police officers
is to say the least—disturbing. Fancy that! EH!
(Private joke).

5B boys have done much to maintain their repu-
tation (?) on the sporting fields. Among the
current football stars, and "league probables", are
Glen Coffey and Joe Sumich. The other sports
in which we are represented are basketball, rugby
and hockey.

Among the more studious ones of 5B are Stuart
Beechen, Carmelo Capone, Glen Coffey, John
Eatell and Joe Sumich.

As usual, 5B is poorly endowed (numerically)
with girls, but their presence in the class is
nevertheless impressive.

Lesley Knight: Brilliant both in class and on
the sport's field. Her ability at hockey secured
her a position in this year's Metropolitan Team.

Charmaine Burke, our new import from
Malaysia, and Cheryl Corker, both rendered their
services to the "B" hockey team.

Pat Byrne: Will have to "build-up" her image—
but still, the "B" basketball team were "short" of
players.

Finally our all-round sportswoman Pat Mooney,
has humbly declined all offers on the sporting
field in her quest for peace of mind.

This year's 5B's are comprised chiefly of last
year's 4B's who were assembled together at com-
mencement of first term. The fruits of this
arrangement are still to come.

Our death: The Leaving Examinations.

Our burial: The Examination results.

Forever in the memories of our beloved over-
seers without whose constant efforts, we would
never make the Leaving.

N.B. Any relationship between the signs used
in the above extract and those used in "Ben Casey"
are purely incidental.

P.S. For further information concerning any-
thing or anyone, please contact Ted Blagojevich.

Compiled by R.H.

5C Class Notes

We're 5C. I'm sure you have heard of us. The largest, noisiest, laziest class at Curtin. This is our story, and it is based on fact, though perhaps some names should have been changed to protect the guilty. They say it takes all kinds to make a world and after being in 5C for seven months I am inclined to agree.

Somehow we have managed to sneak five school prefects into our illustrious number, I'll start with the Ladies. First Chris Holt, our calisthenicist (I think that's a word) and her chief accomplice Helen "innocence" Lynch. Next follows John Mustard, the red-headed boy prefect all the girls sigh over. Then there is Stewart Richmond (the boy with the eyes). (We all have them I know, but his are different). He also carries an umbrella for protection (I wonder what against?) Last but not least is our genial genius ex-rugby player David Bleakley, (ex, because of a romantic plaster cast he has wrapped around his knee).

Now, to move onto lesser mortals. We have several well, human personalities. First, Mandy Amm (alias Lady Brocklehurst), Sue Collis, the smiling red-head, Chris Dobson the long-haired one, (girl I mean), Lynley Harris, Softball and Basketball player, Lynne Cockle, Hockey player, Steve Garton, Hockey player, Graham Williams, Football captain, Roger Ward, Rugby player, Henny Lugpens, Baseball player, and last but definitely, and positively not least Ian Trinder, well-known to teachers, especially one "who will remain nameless". We also have several big wheels (they drive cars to school). These are Luisa Cocilla, John Gelmi and Salvatore la Macchia. Some of the nationalities mentioned in our class are English, German, Dutch, Maltese, Italian and of course Australian. This then, is our class. Those of the class I have not named will understand when I explain that due to lack of time and space (and my inability to spell their names) they have been left out. Perhaps I will be able to include them in next year's notes. I sincerely hope not, for their sakes, though if our teachers are to be believed, good old Curtin will see us all next year. Oh well, that is life!

You may have noticed a small reticence on the part of the author of this historic document to declare any information relating to our academic prowess. I think the majority of 5C will agree with me when I say that is our skeleton, which can stay tightly locked in the closet.

Soon we will leave the school, leaving a great void ("Blessed silence", breathe Mr. H., Mrs. W., Miss C., Mr. C., Mr. S., Mr. H. and all the others who have had the pleasure of our company). But till then we will do our best to maintain our standard (be it low or high) of work and enjoyment.

Goodbye and Goodluck from 5C to all junior and leaving candidates in their forthcoming exams.

4A Class Notes

As the greatest 4th year class in existence, we have condescended to tell you about ourselves:—

Bryan Atkinson—A Racing Rabbit.

William Ayling—Whose absence makes our hearts grow fonder—that is, near the end of the period.

William Carlysle—Sweet William—the last of the leprechauns.

Gary Back—Why was he born so bee-oo-tiful?

Vincent D'Antuono—Motto is the same as that of the Prince of Wales.

Peter Heathcote—A long lost cousin of Bugs.

Stephen Howell—He loves her: he loves her not.

Stephen Jorgenson—The Jolly Green Giant with the Red Biro.

John Jenkins }
John Looby } Two of a kind—kind!

James McCluskey—"Newcastle and Catholic Emancipation."

Sydney McGovern—"Smiley with the fringe on top."

Kenneth Nadilo—Silence is golden and so is he.

Laurie Mann—Snoopy the Beet Red Baron.

Donald Perry—Whatever happened to the Maths Assignment . . . OOps!

Donald Stewart—Our sincere sympathies to his friends. He has many.

John Tomasich—The Einstein of 4A.

David Young—Mr. Music Man.

Paula Cressie—The only debating Bugs Bunny. Leading Lady!

Karen Cooper—To our form is rather new. Works with zest. Plays too.

Linda Dann—The English Noise of Physics.

Glenda Heath—Qu'est ce que c'est??

June Kooistra—Alias Ria the Rebel.

Susan Laria—A daughter of the gods, divinely tall. (Tennyson).

Valerie Moore—The Teenagers' friend and protector.

Meril Robinson—Full many a flower is born to blush unseen. (Gray).

Glenda Roglich—Cousin of Einstein and similarly scintillating.

Barbara Smedley—Two apples a day. Calories away!

Linley Smith—Alias Mata Hari.

Kathy Tarbutt—Softly, Softly.

by ANON Y. MOUS.

4B-1 Class Notes

A Day in the Life

Beep—Flit!

We are 4B-1—Second class recording and repeating machine.

Beep—Flit!

We are stationed at J.C.H.S.—temporarily. Memory banks fed there.

Beep—Flit!
Occasionally, we run smoothly; but due to lack of Arab oil, friction occurs.
Beep—Flit!
Our powerpack fluctuates; so do our teachers.
Chug—Chug!
Growth cells sometimes overrun, so we are "rested" for a week when this happens—get synthetic hair cut.
Snip—Snip!
Maths is quite a ball—get much vocabulary instruction for memory banks.
Ha, Ha,—Flit!
Physics different; strange things happen—usually get rejected for using focal length to burn mechanical ants.
Fizz—Fizz!
Chemistry much pain; pourer-back often turned off, as engine gets rusty now and then.
Grind—Grind!
Biology thrills us no end—get much Ben Casey Practice.
Beep—Flit!
Tech. Drawing. Plenty weak jokes.
Ha—Flit!
Art turns us into mixed up Beatnik machine—3rd rate.
Beep, Beep—Flit!
Private Study good co-ordination; lot of people-eaters given plenty Arab oil for English.
Slurp—Slurp!
English get the good oil, and learn plenty—not English though.
Mm—Flit!
Music one big folk song riot.
Plink, Plunk—Flit!
School very good—If you 2nd rate recording machine or just plain nut.
We are now Kaput!

(Signed) BEEP, FLIT & CO.

4B-2 Class Notes

Early in the beginning of 1st Term, 1967, at John Curtin High School, a few individuals became dissatisfied with other members of 4B (later to be known as 4B-1) and decided to break away. These exceptional people, numbering twenty-nine in all, formed our own independent republic of 4B-2.

Much of the history of 4B-2 is classified information. However, a few historical events and some ideas of the behaviour of its community will be divulged.

As the population consists of over 80% males, all, or nearly all, happenings can be attributed to them.

Some of our greatest heroes, A.C., V.S., T.O., D.T., and J.K. are noted for their courage in the face of the enemy.

Great musicians and actors are R.P., F.C., A.G., I.T., and N.C.

Others of a select group are known for their

eager thirst for learning and if given half a chance will rise to fame someday.

Some Important Events in the History of 4B-2

(1) When working on a top-secret assignment, one of our greatest scientists nearly died after accidentally swallowing some sodium hydroxide. Fortunately he was quickly neutralized with vinegar.

(2) The entire population was almost wiped out when a solution of chlorine water was being prepared. Somehow the experiment got out of hand and the gas spread through the laboratory. The assembly surged for the door and windows, coughing and gasping. Fortunately, again, there were no casualties.

(3) A few members of the Republic were noted for their participation in a game of basketball with the globe of the world in the geography room one morning.

Some Important Events Yet to Happen

(1) The day is yet to come when anyone in the Republic will hand in a physics assignment on time.

(2) We are waiting for certain learned people to either give us up in disgust or go stark, raving mad.

Like all Republics, we started off with many good intentions, but if we muddle through the rest of the year somehow, we will be lucky.

4C Class Notes

A class of talent, wit and genius all combined for the express purpose of stunning John Curtin with our deeds of daring and valour (and may I say so, we are doing an excellent job.)

In Maths we are determined to drive Mr. Miller around the bend. Our leaders in this honourable quest are Peter Carter and Peter Reynolds whose whole reason for living is to irritate poor, dear Mr. Miller. He is fighting a losing battle and his nerves are suffering badly. The relationship between student and teacher is no longer functional.

Mr. Myers is also suffering at the merciless hands of 4C. We stage a revolution each History period and Mr. Myers is nearly always flipping his wig. BUT . . . he is easily repressed with a quiet "She'll be all right, mate!"

Life is only froth and bubble,

Two things stand like stone.

During our English literature lessons,

Mr. McAdam stands alone.

And all Mr. Fuller's attempts to increase our vocabulary are completely in vain. Nothing computes.

Geography alias Laugh Lesson. Mr. Haynes is like a Dalek—his answer to the population problem is "Exterminate! Exterminate!" and one phrase (which cannot be understood) is "Film Society". It invariably crops up in class but no-one in 4C seems to know what he is "on" about.

Biology with Miss Critch is an enlightening experience. Frog dissecting makes us all a little

light-headed. As Stewart "Southampton" Wilson and Mary "Birmingham" Alexander would say: "Just not our cup of tea".

French cannot be spoken by any French students. We all firmly believe that English is **the** language (all except the Scots who think Gaelic is **the** language—not that they speak it).

Art! Four periods of absolute relief where all the pent-up emotions released in a blaze of colour and light (when we are not asleep).

A is for Alan who begins our tale,
B is for Beatrix with countenance pale,
C is for Cheryl and Chris, they're both very bad,
D is for David our young Scottish lad,
E is for Eddy the ridiculous one,
F is for French that is plenty of fun,
G is for Glenda, Glenis and Gail all three,
H is for homework more absent than we,
I is for Idiot which includes us all,
J is for Janice and John who both wait for the bell,
K is for Knight we actually have ten!
L is for Lindsay the bravest of men,
M is for Mary our wonderful gem,
N is for Nothing, our favourite "a-hem",
O is for Oh, the wonderful barter,
P is for Peter both Reynolds and Carter,
Q is for Quiescence which we all have,
R is for Ricky, Rosalie and Roseanna the stave,
S is for Sandra and Stuart, whom all of you know,
T is for Tom always on the go,
U is for Urbanity becoming quite secure,
V is for Violets which HE gives to HER,
W is for Wendy and Willy sometimes called John,
X is for Xenepous our Biol exception,
Y is for Yell when we make a fuss,
Z is for Zoo the whole mob of us.

But all our teachers love us (we think . . .) and all are sorry when the holidays come along and they have to leave our cheerful menagerie.

As I said before, we are a class of amazing wit, genius and talent. Trixie Pomykaj, Glenda Newing, Sandra Fewster and Gail Cresswell, are all familiar names in connection with "The Boy Friend" which was a smash hit—all due to 4C. The Northam visit too, left our class half empty, much to our teachers' pleasure.

The remainder of our class is equally talented. The "Surfie" clique is well represented by Stewart Wilson, "Willie" Matfield, Sandra Fewster and Ricky Pyatt. There is but one "hippie", not from San Francisco unfortunately, but equally as peace-loving. Her name is Cherelyn Coleman. I believe our American visitor has already come under Cherelyn's cross fire about the American breed of hippie. We also have two fashion designers—Roseanna who is a Scottish patriot and Chris whose great-aunt will become Scotland's first Prime Minister. Together they have formed the most original company "Chrose in Prose" (?) The inevitable class-jokers are John Payne, Eddie Riddell, Lindsay Waters and Davis Kerr.

And so, with crocodile tears and watery smiles

we depart from this year's "Sentinel" eagerly awaiting the chance to write next year's 4C notes.

LUV 4C.

4D-1 Class Notes

PHYLUM—J.C.H.S.
SUB-PHYLUM—Upper School.
SPECIES—4D-1.
GENUS—None.
POPULATION—Varies—approximately 21 including 5 angels.
AREA—Where we shouldn't be.
BUILD—Continually faulting.
CLIMATE—Snowed Under.
ERA or ERROR—1967.
MONARCHY—Definitely not democratic—But "SHE'LL BE RIGHT MATE".
C.P.A.—Gradually weakening.
SETS—Mods, surfies, surfers, and others.
RELATIONS—Censored.
FUNCTIONS—Well!!!!?
LITERACY—Null set.
G.N.P.—Seen at exams.
N.I.—Nil, e.g. charities.
LAISSEZ-FAIRE—Popular opinion of 4D-1 towards teachers.
Forecast—4D-1 presents a cold front—no precipitation in the way of education. General depression and gale warning at exams.

4D-2 By the Class Defect

Class Goats—In Apathetic Order

All names in the following account are fictitious so as not to offend individuals. The malapropisms used are not contrary to their nature.

The Curls

Merry Birch—"The Happy Histree."
Ann Charlston—an' waltz, but not jive.
Lois Crazy—tried to keep sane, found it impossible, so conformed with us.
Lyn Earnmore—and it's rising each day.
Ilean-on Edgar—causing her egg-shaped head.
Toni Griffmits—she has made a discovery.
Pat Hands-out—wisecracks—unfortunately.
Judy Heartburn—antacid tablets could remedy acute heartburn, if only Judy's was cute.
Evelyn Bowtie—the Travelling Role Defect.
"Jughead" Uktveris—attracts all the "mugs" in the school.

The Boys

Buster Breakmore—by name and nature.
Chris Granite—always "quarry-ling" with somebody.
Gary Leprosy—keeps laughing his head off.
"Barrel" Porter—always "shooting" witty remarks.
Richard Ruled—but no longer.
John Tale-teller—the best our class has had.
Peter Withard—he'th not really you know.
Zino Rentner—the eccentric mathematician who can work **anything** out with pencil and paper.

4E Class Notes

Population:

12 girls and 2 boys.

Density:

2 boys!!!

Position:

To the eastern end of the school in the left hand corner, between the Prefects' and the Typing Rooms.

Size:

Rather large in places and thin in others according to individual members.

Climate:

Stormy at times with occasional showers and light to moderate winds.

Vegetation:

Green in places but ranging from Fleming red to Ross black with occasional touches of Gill blonde.

Industry:

Most of the population is occupied with learning English, Accountancy and Stenography. A minor part is involved in studying History. Another small portion is concerned with maths. The rest are learning P. & H.

Industry Managers:

Mrs. Sanders, (Form Teacher, Accountancy, Stenography), Mr. Crock (English), Mr. Miller (maths), Mrs. Bromilow (P. & H.)

Health:

Quite a number of defects which we lack room to express.

Drainage:

To be left to the reader's discretion.

Religion:

All for one and one for all.

Language:

Numerous dialects—known and unknown.

Communication:

Usually carried out by a common form of communication called speech. However, there are other forms according to matter under discussion.

Association and Alliances:

Unmentionable on the grounds that it may incriminate certain people.

Close Allies:

Staff members in general(?)

Close Foes:

Teachers in particular(?)

Future Development:

There seems to be plenty of room for development which will probably occur in the distant future for some, but in the not too distant future for others.

S.M. & B.F.

The Continuous Story of 3A-1

Starring:

M.S.—Gymnastics and swimming.

R.M.—Gymnastics. M.F.—Member of the Metropolitan Junior and 'A' Interschool hockey teams.

A.T., B.B., J.N., N.B.—Swimming.

Co-Starring:

P.L.—'modest' Sydneyite. D.K.—international rules star. S.T.—cadet. G.M., L.B.—football fanatics.

J.H.—boys . . . boys . . . boys . . .! M.F.—social studies brain. S.W.—ballet dancer. D.G.—life of the party.

C.T.—another Sydneyite. J.C.—hockey star. G.G.—resigned from French class. M.G.—Welsh brain.

S.W.—avid reader. S.S.—musician and judo expert. C.D.—blurred images. S.B.—knocks down pins.

T.G.—tennis champ. R.E., P.C., P.J., J.R.—hockey stars. A.S.—sad departed to the land of the Kiwis.

Floor Manager:

Mrs Rowe.

Producers:

N.B. & G.N., N.W. & D.F. (prefects for 1st and 2nd terms).

SCRIPT

Translator:

Mrs. Hunt.

Scientific Data:

Mr. Nolan.

Choreographer:

Mr. Cormack.

Sound Effects:

P.H., A.T., J.M.S., B.B., J.K., G.M.

PLOT:

All? Studying hard for the Junior.

N.B. Good luck to all candidates for forthcoming Junior and Leaving exams.

Epilogue:

37 failures. (Class of 37).

A JOHN CURTIN PRODUCTION

MCMLXVII

'ONE OF THE GANG'.

3A-2 Class Notes

Teachers:

Mr. Stockdale (S.B.) $\text{H}_2\text{SO}_4 + \text{ZnSO}_4 + \text{AgNO}_3 + \text{Humour} = \text{Mr. Stockdale}$.

Mr. McRoberts (S.S.) 1900-1967 Taught us Social Studies.

Mr. McAdam (ENG.) Taut's English.

Mrs. Dufty (MATHS) Crammed our delicate Brains with x's and y's.

Mr. Trobe (FRENCH) Teaches a diminishing Class.

TO ALL OUR TEACHERS WE EXPRESS OUR THANKS.

After School Activities:

CENSORED.

Outstanding Pupils

As we are intelligent pupils I will choose only the outstanding of these brainy individuals. Among this group is L.W. who excels in swimming. P.W. is known for her famous vocab. and diving. K.M., M.K., and B.W. have all gained, through hard work "The Duke of Edinburgh Award." R.D. keeps us informed of the latest flying saucers (NO KIDDING). D.S. and B.W. represent the school in hockey and basketball respectively. Our prefects first term were M.K. and C.S. Second Term were C.S. and K.S.

GOOD LUCK TO ALL IN THE JUNIOR.

3A-2.

3B-2 Class Notes

First term prefect for our class 3B-2 was Kim Palmer and charity collector for the term was Peter Carman. These positions were handed over at the beginning of second term to Stephen Jones (unanimous vote for prefect) and Frank De Luca. Our class is very fortunate to have several representatives in John Curtin High's Interschool teams, State school team and State team. These various representatives are Stephen Jones and Alan Croft in A grade Cricket team, Phillip Jones and Terry Fawcett in B grade Cricket team and Guiseppe Reals and Marino Antolovich in the Interschool and Saturday morning soccer teams.

Others are Peter Carman in Saturday morning soccer team, Susan Radovich and John Zanik in the State basketball team and Peter Zaccaria in the State Schools' football team. If you take a look over the percentages of representatives in the school teams from other third year classes you will probably find that our class has the greatest.

3B-3 Class Notes

We poor specimens of 3B-3 despite our general lack of success in academic fields have some of the finest teachers in the school who do their best for us hopeless type cases.

Mrs. Bonser: How lucky can we get? She teaches us English. (Between threatening us with her stick.) That also explains this mess. Also our form mistress. (Says she likes us!)

Miss Tennant: Valiantly attempts to teach us the science of mathematics. Pretty tough job considering we do not do quite all of the assignments.

Mr. McRobert: Threatened to confiscate our rulers in the midst of a second term outbreak of Zorroism. Also forbids us making jokes in class although we have to laugh at his. If we don't it somehow shows in our term marks. Incidentally he tries to teach us Social Studies.

Mr. Eddington: Attempts to convey that nasty science bit to us. Everybody's best subject because we're permitted to mark our own tests.

Miss Juracich: Spoken English. No speaking, just writing.

Miss Andrews: Music teacher. Arguments period.

Stop Press: Hear she's leaving us. After all we have to be shared around.

Mr. Rate: Teaches us about health education. Success! Everybody does his assignments otherwise "up and over" and, believe me, it hurts.

Mr. Anderson: Teaches us perspective and all that business in Technical Drawing. His jokes and comments keep the subject alive.

Mr. Sullivan: He teaches half of us Woodwork.

Mr. Sweet: Teaches the other half.

Sport: Malcolm Mansfield had his brains washed out at the Interschool swimming carnival. Rex Williams is a good hockey player and only just missed out on selection in the State School-boys' team. Rudi Menegello also is a hockey player and represents the school.

To show what our class members think of school, Andrew Blom threw himself in front of a car. Ruddy boy's still away. Milan Grabavac copied the idea. Broke his foot at hockey. Also still away.

Prefects: First term, Milan Grabavac and second term, Ron Doherty was voted into office as defect.

I suppose you have noticed I have left the academic field untouched. If you ask me its best left that way.

3C-1 Class Notes

The best way to discuss our class is just to show you what we think.

Mr. Miller is our form teacher as well as our maths teacher. The class is usually good in maths except for one problem, Colin Warwick, who is the class terror. I don't think that Mr. Miller has had a minute's rest during the whole year because "never fear, Warwick's here".

Now there is English and thanks to Mrs. Bonser we should all pass BUT WE WON'T. Science and Social Studies are very interesting subjects and our thanks go to Mr. Stockdale for science and to Mr. Nicholson for Social Studies.

Distribution:

Densest at the back and windows. The "brains" are Colin Wood, John Rate, Kevin Trapp, Richard Czabotar, Neal Haynes and last, but not least, Colin Warwick.

Problems:

There is only one major problem in our class and that is that there is none of the weaker sex, in other words, females.

So from all the rogues of 3C-1 we would like to thank Mr. Miller (Maths), Mr. Stockdale (Science), Mr. O'Donnell (Tech. Drawing), Mr. Nicholson (Social Studies), Mr. Cooper (Metal Work), Mr. Hatch (Woodwork), Mr. O'Donnell (Phys. Ed.), Mr.

Scriven (Health Ed.), Mr. Myers (Sp. English) and last but not least Mrs. Bonser (English).

Edited by Pecker.
Written by Pecker.

P.S. (Pecker is short for health reasons.)

3D-1 Class Notes

This year's class of 3D-1

On the whole has had some fun.

With teachers here and teachers there,

Our lessons have been finally done.

The woeful, noisy, unknowledgeable class has grown, through the terms, into the quietest, best behaved class in the school, and we hope, brain-washed enough to pass the Junior.

Teachers this year were of the usual good standard with Mr. K. Eddington leading as form teacher.

Charity stars, Mr. Eddington gave prize for the position in the class donation, and Mrs. Bonser held a party to help spastic children card collectors.

Janice Bale our best musical student passed her music exam in the 80's, Cheryl Meiners was selected in the school's gymnastic team and Michele Morraday, has won ribbons and trophies for her ability to dance.

This term's prefects were Karon Osborne and Janice Drummond who helped in the collection of the Charity Fund.

C.M. & L.S.

3E-2 Class Notes

We are the kids of 3E-2, 18 of us just a few,

We are the best kids in the school.

We **never** ever act the fool,

There are plenty of laughs and plenty of fun

Guess that's why we get no work done.

In our class we have a lot of sportsmen and women. Christine Richardson, Julie Young and Suzanne Manly were in the faction diving team. Chris and Sue were also in the Interschool Gymnastics team. Richard Young and Alan Hamilton are in the roller game in Fremantle—Allan plays for Fremantle's Under-16 football team. J. Young and S. Manly plays basketball for the Rebels. Maureen Boulton plays for Devillettes. Two State players were chosen from the Rebels.

3E-2 was also one of the three classes who went to Parliament House where we saw many interesting things and met interesting people.

Congratulations to Cosimo Missara who came 1st and Maureen Boulton who came 2nd in the first term exams. Theresa Brown came top in typing.

3E-3 Class Notes

Maria Vieira has recently joined our class from

Portugal and unfortunately cannot speak any English as yet. Manuel Garces is also from Portugal and has been in Australia for a few years, so acts as Maria's interpreter. Maria is doing well with dress-making, and so far she has made a pillow-case and has put us to shame with her straight sewing. She is also making a skirt, and is enjoying success with her cooking and typing. Fortunately, with the help of a few teachers and girls, Maria can understand some English. We all hope to help Maria before we leave school so she can enjoy John Curtin High School as the rest of us are doing.

In the first term examinations this year, Wendy McDonald was first, Graeme Michel was second and Marie Morton was third. These people have worked very hard and we offer them our congratulations.

Wendy McDonald has now left our class, to join 3E-1, because Mr. Myers said she had done well in her First Term exams. She enjoys being in her new class and has settled down well with her new work and teachers.

George Wootton and Bill Mitchell have left school during the year to commence work. George is working at home, but Bill left because he disliked school and thought everybody was against him. However, we are sure that if Bill had looked at the right side of things he would have finished his schooling, which would have helped him to gain a better position.

On June 26th a few members of our class, and representatives from 3E-1 and 3E-2, visited the Town Hall to learn about the Council of Fremantle. We arrived at 3.30 p.m. and left at 5.00 p.m. and during that time were shown around the building and told about the Councillors' work.

LESLIE FISHWICK, 3E-3.

2A-1 Class Notes

A combination of 1A-1 and 1A-2, so-called students formed the class of 2A-1. During the year our teachers have been trying very hard to educate us.

Barbara is the class tax collector (that is, when she can get it); and Kevin has been appointed the class fire lighter and door opener. We only freeze sometimes now. Various teachers, especially Mrs. Rowe, say that Max M. will be deformed soon because he seems to be very interested in something behind him instead of the front of the classroom. Jeff will surely be the cause of his future deformity.

Everyone is waiting and wondering just which colour hair Denise will have next? Maybe it will be pink or blue or perhaps even primrose. Speaking of colours, I wonder what colour Gleny's fingernails will be next. Suzette "sports" a perfect halo, well most of the time anyway. At last Terry has been accepted as one of the girls instead of one of the boys. No one doubts not even the teachers, that Brian is indeed a perfect saint.

2A-1 has many well-known sporting identities. Wendy has been chosen in the State basketball team and she is training and training and hasn't stopped training. It is hoped that Bill will be another Herb Elliot and Max H. is our expert on rugby. Maybe he will represent the school someday. As for Barry, you name it, he plays it. Julie enjoys playing badminton a lot, especially mixed doubles.

Scholastically, Karen is our general knowledge expert. At least one of us has to know what's going on in the outside world. A future computer is Murray—don't blow a fuse. Mara is a Master (or more correctly Mistress) of Artists.

Janet, "Twinkle Toes", is the youngest amateur ballroom dancer in Western Australia and mighty proud of her we all are too. Chris is our only cadet, but he'll protect us all in time of trouble, I hope.

2A-2 Class Notes

Hi! fellow prisoners of John Curtin. This is 2A-2 writing from Cell 28. Our warden is Madame Hunt, noted for her work with the notorious second French Class. She battles on amid cries of "Je ne comprends pas."

We have quite a few talented inmates in our cell. Keeper Jamie Robinson checks us daily whilst Robyn McNicol is extremely adept collecting the "bribes" on Thursday mornings. Several of our inmates almost swam from ship to shore. They were our future lifesavers and champions—Shelley Carlion, Marilyn Hunter, Anne Townson and Noela Duggan. Their escape bid failed and they are still with us.

The Great Bank Robbery involved our footballers Stephen Rummer and Adrian Donovan, who threw the gold to basketballers Marilyn Hunter and Anne Townson. They caught them with great skill and passed them onto our gymnastics experts Janice Green and Gail Whitbread. They somersaulted out of the window, but alas, landed at the feet of the Warden.

The jury found the brains behind the scheme to be Cheryl Jones, Mary Blackley and Marilyn Hunter. Suspected of imminent treason is our political prisoner, Mario Buongiorno, who was placed in solitary confinement, after consistently studying the history of the Third Reich throughout all eight lessons each day.

Flashnote

Scientist Michael Brown almost blew up the laboratory last month and has been sentenced to four weeks hard labour in Cell 30, writing out the lab. rules.

2B-1 Class Notes

Our class consists of 39 students. We did have 40, but one of the rowdier ones couldn't stand the quietness of the class and decided to spread his wings. Or maybe it was our charity prefect, Kathy, who sent him to the poorhouse.

Kathy is to be congratulated on her great extractions from the class.

Our congratulations go to Cheryl, for coming first in the class last term. Cheryl was also one of the first term prefects, and did a wonderful job. The other prefect, during the first term was David, who did an excellent job of sprinting after the teachers to have them sign the roll. The prefects for this term are Karen and Rodney, but to date have not had much to do.

2B-1 is quite well represented in the sporting field. Michael and Mary-Ann displayed themselves very well at the swimming carnival, Karen was chosen in the Junior Gymnastics Team, and David plays in the school football team.

The squeaks we hear around the school every Tuesday are the cadets. Our representatives in the school's defence line-up are: Peter, Keith, Robert, Chris, Ray, Allan, Colin and John.

Let me now describe to you the most noticeable students in 2B-1. The group around the front (i.e. Kathy, Joy, Kerry and Lorraine) are the rowdy non-workers. The group at the back (i.e. Dennis, Steven, Albert and Chris) are studious hardworking types whose presence is hardly felt. Cori and Irene are always enjoying themselves over there on the far side of the room, away from the bulk of the female population. Julie and Helen, although surrounded by boys are far too interested in school to bother wasting their time with them. The kids who sit around the middle of the classroom, are those who battle on not getting very far, but trying hard. Although they don't receive a special mention they are not to be forgotten.

2B-2 Class Notes

We have a great bunch in 2B-2. There are 12 girls and 24 boys all willing to work(?) although sometimes we play up with the teachers. Our 3½ foot midget Robie Patron is our **biggest** mischief-maker, closely followed by our sleepy scientist, Ray Smith. When the lessons come around he dozes off into another world. (Wish we all could!)

Our class has great sporting stars in Christine Pyatt, Des Byfield and Truwheella. We would also like to congratulate Christine on becoming top of the class in the first term. Our cadet "B" troop consists of Field Marshal Roy, Captain Wenn, General Bowling and Private Smith. We were the first class to give the science lab. floor a coat of chemicals. Firstly, a layer of crushed Potassium Dichromate and then some Mercury added with Zinc Sulphate (nice mixture). It comes out a nice . . . URK!! Strangely enough Mr. Nolan made us clean it up. (Don't blame him much.)

Despite all our faults we are a great class and we leave you with this feeble fable:—
Builders built the school and then rested,
Teachers taught at the school and then rested,
Students learnt at the school and haven't stopped since.

The class master-mind.

D. BOOTH.

2C-2 Class Notes

There are 35 boys in our class and I could say most of them are hard workers. There are a group of cadets in our class as we well know by their squeaking boots every Tuesday. Our two class prefects this term are Margaret Larson and Rodney Elmer.

Sportsmen

First of all we must congratulate Alan Mills who was one of the successful tennis players in the team that won the Herbert Edward's cup for John Curtin.

We have a few footballers, but I shall only mention Glen Dingle and Steven Wood who are the best players in our class.

Tony Senzio and Richard Foster are two of the best soccer players.

We also have quite a few hockey players mainly John Cearce who is the Captain of the B team for the school and Mark Purse, Alan Mills and All Kjullgren.

Glen Dingle and Gary Lees have put their names down for the cross-country training and we hope they will be successful.

We also have two girls who are very good at gymnastics. They are Glenda Ogg and Venessa Edwards.

There are three girls who play hockey, Linda Leese and Susan Gibson and Margaret Larson.

As it is near the final exams we are all studying very hard.

Like all classes we receive our share of homework which has to be completed and handed in each Friday.

This 'joke' should be given some consideration and thought:

Boy: "Should we get into trouble for something we didn't do?"

Teacher: "No! Why?"

Boy: "I didn't do my homework."

By GARY LEES, 2C-2.

2D-1 Class Notes

"A"—A beautiful, gorgeous fabulous, fantastic, terrific, but very modest class of beautiful, gorgeous, fabulous, fantastic, terrific females.

"B"—Backward in Studees.

"C"—Cheef Chewy Chewers:—Teeny, Meryll, Jan, Sue and Ann.

"D"—Densies. Especially at Exams.

"E"—Extra Ordinary Talents.

Branes:—M. Bell, C. Marcinowski, A. Portelli.

Swimmas:—L. Harper, N. Tickle.

Divas:—P. Hunt.

Hockey Players:—R. Gabrielson, C. Craven.

"F"—Fully Fledged Flower Lady. (Don't take this too badly Mrs. Suraski.)

"G"—Gruseme our Health Ed. teacha.

"H"—Honours for Charity Collection. Yuk! Yuk! Yuk!

"I"—Insanity not known in this class. (Pupils, that is.)

"J"—Juvinnille delinkwents.

"K"—Kertain High School.

"L"—Let's get together.

"M"—Morons Anonimouse.

"N"—Natural Nitts!

"O"—Olways in trouble.

"P"—Population:—Females 39, Males 0.

"Q"—Question mark! (?)

"R"—R U tearing this page out yet.

"S"—Stupidity is our motto.

"T"—Torture! After Ph. Ed.

"U"—U must take pity on us.

"V"—Velly Solly thees class notes are Velly Silly.

"W"—We try! We try!

"X"—X-prefects (soon).

"Y"—Y R U tearing this page out?

"Z"—Zorry!

And Here Endeth Our Class Note!

(What a pity that your modesty restricted you to so few adjectives in describing yourselves.)

Ed.

2D-2 Class Notes

In our class there were 39.

This was O.K., just fine,

Then one girl went one year higher

And another decided to retire,

Now in our class are 37,

Some from Hell and some from Heaven.

Now a new student just enrolled

And all our homework we have told,

Our roll is now at 38

Which might send more teachers to their fate.

Because of our number there is some noise

And if there's any volunteers,

WE WANT BOYS!

2D-2 can be good

But most don't know when they really should.

The class consists of only girls

Which sends most boys into nerve wrecking whirls.

Our history teacher is a man

And of course he does what he can.

But then again it is some trouble

To keep up alert and on the double.

Our English teacher is quite grand

But she knows us and takes an upper hand.

Our music teacher can't reach "doh"

Which finally ends my story of woe.

LYNNE TURNER, 2D-2.

2D-2 Class Notes

Our class says school is a ball

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and all,

We're uncontrollable the teachers say

They'll get back at us some day,

Though regulations say uniforms on the knee

Some uniforms above you'll see,

Our old form teacher left for a term
 Our new form teacher is kind but firm,
 We all love our subjects, social studies best
 But we always fail when we come to a test,
 Some names I will mention
 Meaning no ill intention,
 Anne, Kathy, Anna, Robyn and Lee
 Make quietness a regular plea,
 Some teachers say we are noisy and loud
 Others say to have us they're proud,
 Of 2D-2 that's all I can say
 Come around to see us any old day.

2E-1 Class Notes

We have a class of thirty-two lively students, who are a pleasure to teach. There is not one teacher who would say anything about this class (I hope). First term's prefects were Maria Salinovich and Michael Marchesani who came first in the exams held at the end of the term. We have a few sportsmen and sportswomen in our class.

Lynne Ellery plays Saturday morning hockey. In soccer we have Michael Corbo and Carmen Fiorentino representing the class. The representatives in the school Swimming Carnival were Gail Sloper and Peter Veselinovich.

2E-2 Class Notes

It was rather nice to hear a word of praise for our spelling, as in most subjects there is room for improvement—or so we are told!

Our class has had many outstanding achievements this year. Leonie King came first in the Under-15 years at our Swimming Carnival, Margaret Coulson is doing well in cross-country running and David Mustard and Stephen Brister are enjoying some success in football.

Irma Kenworthy and Pamela Witheridge beat the boys in the First Term Examinations. Vanja Druskovich and George Steadman came equal third.

Both Diane Barnes and Paul Hickman were away ill for some weeks, earlier in the year, but fortunately are fighting fit once more. Ever heard of double trouble? Well, we have it, as twin sisters Lynn and Lana Carron have recently joined us, from England! That's all for now—you'll be hearing from us again in 1968!

2F Class Notes

We can dance and we can sing
 We can do most everything—

But perhaps we ought to work harder?

Miss Halbrook is our teacher and we thank her.

And we are really pleased with our part in the concert.

1A-1 Class Notes

Of the 35 students comprising this class and experiencing their first taste of high school life, all have settled down to the routine. All did well in 1st term exams. (An extraordinary phenomenon.) First place was gained by John Newing with Allan Warburton a close second. Third place was a tie between Sheridan McKay and Vicki Carter.

C. Lorrimar, J. Newing, N. Howe, N. Stigermore, L. Virco and D. Renner did well in the swimming field.

Lynette Hoskins (a dancer) has won a number of cups, medals and certificates for dancing. (Oops, watch the tutu!)

During first term, certain pupils partook in three small plays organized and produced by Mrs. Bruce, who has now left. (And who doesn't blame her?) The proceeds were entered into our charity fund.

Only one class outing this year, to the faction swimming carnival. All had a pleasant time.

1st term prefects were Allan Warburton and Jan Robinson. Both did a good job and tried their hardest to control this difficult class?

2nd term prefects are John Newing and Vicki Carter. Let's hope they do as well and that the rest of the term is as pleasant as last term.

PREFECTS of 1A-1.

1A-2 Class Notes

On the 6th February, 1967, 35 meek looking students stood in the quadrangle waiting to be graded. We are now known as 1A-2 and are very proud to be students of John Curtin High.

Our form teacher is Mr. Trobe who also attempts to teach us French. Actually many students in our class are quite bright. First term brains were Denise Carter, Stephen Brown and Ian McAllister. Denise and Ian were also our 1st Term prefects.

During this term our first big event at high school took place. This was the Swimming Carnival at Beatty Park. 1A-2 was well represented by Joanne Wales, Alan Harris, David Hancock and Hugh Langridge.

Many thanks to Mrs. Bruce (now on holidays) for helping us to produce a play for charity called "Toad on Trial" which was well represented by our class.

Congratulations Sue Baxter for being chosen in Junior "B" Gymnastic Team. Sue came 2nd in her division.

1A-2 could start their own "Expo '67" if they wished. FRANCE—Peter Howett, ENGLAND—Paul Ripley and Michael Finn, POLAND—Maricia Kozak. The rest of us are all "AUSSIES".

Thank you teachers for bearing with us throughout the year.

PREFECTS, 1A-2.

1B-1 Class Notes

We never give any trouble to the teachers, just play dead instead of working.

At sport Rebecca represented the school at the

Interschool swimming carnival and Sherryn, was chosen in the Junior A team for Interschool gymnastics.

In October Margo will be leaving for the Eastern States to compete with the State Calisthenics team.

First term prefects were Rebecca Parker and Ray Griffiths and for second term they were Kaye Macpherson and Tony Giglia.

On July 11th 1B-1 girls had a fashion parade to raise money for charity. They raised \$3 which wasn't bad for their first show. The admission fee was 3 cents and only girls were allowed to see the show.

The girls modelled mod-clothes, nightwear, summer and winter dresses and old-time costumes.

The boys are also trying to cook up something to beat the girls efforts.

Our class is 1B-1
And all the teachers think we're fun.
B is for brilliant as we all know,
Though all the teachers think we're slow.

We're really good at sport,
Cause we're just that sort . . .
Who come last in every event.

Our form teacher is Miss Sanders,
And at writing we're clumsy left-handers,
And we really do try to be as good as pie,
But it's just too hard for us.

And when the holidays come about,
We dance around and sing and shout.
For it is a joyous day
When we leave behinds us, Princess May.

By
JACQUIRE GARRET,
MARY SCHLESNIAK and
SANDRA ROCHFORT.

1B-1.

1B-2 Class Notes

Sue Stago and Dominic Manganaro are 1B-2's second term prefects. They took over from Kim Bessen and Paul Stead who were 1B-2's first term prefects.

1B-2 has had a few tuckshops during the year. The money raised was given to Charity.

The first term exams brought:—

Paul Stead top with an average of 77%.
Brian Renfery second with an average of 76%.
Debra Carter third with an average of 73%.
Paul Stead gained 90 points for art.

Credit goes to Ben Japer who was the only boy in 1B-2 to gain a place in the swimming carnival. He came second in the first division Under-13's backstroke and second in the second division freestyle.

Maxine East and Simon Jones came to 1B-2 at the beginning of second term. Janine Marshall, Julia Morgillo and Steven Lambet were promoted from 1C-1 to 1B-2.

Barbara Grosvener broke her arm when she

tripped over her garden hose.

Paul Stead had his appendix out on the 12th June. He was away from school for two weeks but he made a speedy recovery.

Myra Southgate leaves for England on October 10th. Ken Ingram went to Sydney for a week before the May Holidays.

This year there has been a firm understanding between Angelo Sirna and Mr. Kotatch, a teacher.

Before Ken Ingram left for Sydney he was 1B-2's best contributor for charity. Since he has been back 1B-2 hasn't raised as much money as he spent it all over there.

1C-1 Class Notes

Population = 39
Talkers = 39
Chewers = 39

A—is for Annexe which we all love.
B—is for boys who are ever so nice.
C—is for Charles who's new to the school.
D—is for David who's dreamy.
E—is for enthusiasm which we all have.
F—is for fun of which we have plenty.
G—is for girls 19 in all.
H—is for the Hooper twins Robyn and Barry.
I—is for idiots which we all are.
J—is for Julie who looks like McGooley.
K—is for Keith our masculine prefect.
L—is for Linda who is ever so quiet.
M—is for Max who loves peanut brittle.
N—is for nought which we all get.
O—is for Olivieri who's always talking.
P—is for Patrick who's **psychopathic**.
Q—is for quietness which is rarely heard.
R—is for riots which often occur.
S—is for stupidity which all encounter.
T—is for teacher whom we all admire.
U—is for uniforms which we all hate.
V, W, X, Y, Z.—work out for yourself.

1C-2 Class Notes

O—Our teacher whom we all appreciate.
U—Unusual which means Frank Milton.
R—Robby plays rugby for Palmyra.

T—Talking at which we are champions.
E—Education we know we all need.
A—Answers which seldom are right.
C—Two Colins who play football.
H—Happiest class in the school.
E—Excitement that we often cause.
R—Rowdy children often.

Mrs.

O—Order we seldom have.
S—Stupid which we all are sometimes.
U—Uniform which we all wear.
L—Learning which we all hate.
L—Lectures we sometimes have.
I—Intelligence which is often lacking.
V—Ventilation we have too much in our room.
A—Athletic such as Mark Pescud.
N—Normal which our class is.

1C-3 Class Notes

In our class 1C-3 we have 40 pupils, 20 boys and 20 girls.

We have two Judo experts namely Bruce Scott and Graham Morris.

Barry Hughes is an outstanding football player who played in a combined Fremantle team.

Kim Brown, our girl prefect, came first in the class last term with an average of 73%. Not far behind was Susan Park with an average of 71%.

Lance West our boy prefect plays for Palmyra Rugby Club.

Sonia Barret and Susan Park are good athletes. Sonia entered the Swimming Carnival, whilst Susan is running in the cross country this year.

Ian Mais and Darel Bruse play for John Curtin Hockey team. Lynn Romara plays for the Bicton Braves basketball team.

Tom Neville plays lacrosse for Fremantle. He is a good sportsman and Fremantle is a hopeful contender for the Shield this season. Gary White is the smallest boy in the class. The rest of the class is a pretty good bunch.

1D-2 Class Notes

1D-2 is one of the smallest classes in the school because, after first term, some of our members were transferred. Now we only have twenty-seven pupils and if we had not saved David from being

transferred there would have been only twenty-six of us.

During first term we did many interesting things. We raised five dollars for the Red Cross and everyone contributed some money. We also had a "surprise" afternoon when Miss Sanders made us clean up the yard. On the last day of the term a concert was held and Leonie sang while Sharon and Susan danced.

Our first term prefects were Marjorie Renton and Ron Wilbraham while in second term Janice Love and Garry Sullivan were elected.

In second term our art lessons were very interesting because Mrs. O'Sullivan took us out to sketch the Music School. Our best artists are Trevor, Ron and Anchi. The best paintings decorate our form room walls. We have all enjoyed working with the reading laboratory, except perhaps for Trevor. A successful tuckshop was held and we collected items for charity.

We have had our share of misfortunes. Debra tipped soup all over her books, Mark broke his arm, Sherryn broke her ankle and Irene broke a finger playing football. Apart from these our only other misfortunes have been getting soaked in the rain coming back from trades and home science. On these days our teacher tells us we are the wettest class in the school.

In sport we have Leonie, Susan and Sharon who have gained certificates in swimming this year and Henrietta is our best runner.

We all like being in 1D-2 and hope to do well in our exams.



"The Boy Friend"

Between the days of the eighth of June and the tenth, John Curtin put on a play called "The Boy Friend". The approximate number in the casting of this play was thirty-seven. This was made up of fourth and fifth years who were in the production while many others helped with backstage lighting, costumes, props and all the associated chores. Many of the teachers also helped with the production, advertisement and multitudinous things which helped the show be the success that it was.

The story is about a young girl, Polly, who is attending a school in Paris but does not have a boyfriend like the other girls at the school. Polly finally falls in love with a poor boy who really is the son (in disguise) of a Lord and Lady Brockhurst. Tony has run away from a boarding school, and his parents are searching for him.

When Polly's widower father comes from England to see Polly, he finds that Polly's teacher used to be his "Kiki". The story continues with Polly's friends and their boyfriends falling in love

and also Polly's father falling in love with "Kiki", the teacher at the boarding school.

The story comes to a standstill the day of the masquerade when Tony's parents, Lord and Lady Brockhurst, recognize Tony but when this happens he runs away. Everything is cleared up the night of the masquerade when Lord and Lady Brockhurst find their son and learn that he is in love with Polly, the daughter of a rich man. The story comes to an end with all Polly's friends being asked by their boyfriends, at midnight, to marry them. This the girls agree to. Polly's father also asks "Kiki" to marry him as well.

The dancing and costumes are those of the period. It is taken in the 1920's. The costumes are colourful and the music is fast and gay. The lead song is called after the play, "The Boyfriend", and there are also many favourites during the story.

The cast are all to be congratulated on a splendid and delightful performance. The producers have been well satisfied; and the orchestra delighted cast and audience alike.

"City Dump"

Among a clump of reeds
lies an old tree,
where once it had pride of place;
in the centre of the park it stood.

On bright and sunny days of spring,
it swayed in the gentle breeze,
after school, children came rushing to it
to climb up the trunk and play in the breeze.

When the evening star rises the birds come to rest
their tired wings and in the night the silver moon
shines its silver light on the silver-speckled trees.

But now the park has to make way for the new
industries
which overcast the cities with clouds of thick black
smoke so there it is left to rot
in the city dump.

GEOFFREY COTTON, 3B-1.

Sea Terror

Hark to the sound of the white-capped waves
Breaking on the reefs of a lost desert isle
Many ships were lost
Many lives were lost
As I sit I remember
Women sighing
Babies crying
But alas, what could I do but sit and meditate
Because this it seems was their tragic fate.

BETTY FLINDELL, 2D-2.

"Squiggles"

Time pencil squiggles
think per squiggles
curling wurling all over the page
what do they mean?
what do we mean?
why does my pen roam?
over page, desk and book?
no set pattern
confusion abounds.

MARGARET McKENNA, 3B-1.

Happy Faye

Oh happy Faye, she's always gay,
Forever finding something to say,
Considerably busy the livelong day,
She does her chores at a given time,
And always finishes dead on nine,
While work's being done she's very quiet,
Then when finished there's always a riot,
Oh happy Faye, she's always Gay.

NOLA HASKELL, 2E-2.

Rainbow

Sunset spreads myriads of colours over the stormy
sky.
But listen! Can you not hear the sunbeams
falling, upon the listless sea?
Diamonds of darkness glitter upon the endless sea
of colours
Beauty herself must be envious, for she sends
her messengers to chase away.
The only thing in a stormy way.
But why must this glorious ray of hope for future
generation of aimless souls be extinguished in
the length or shortness of endless time.
Slowly the colours merge into the bottomless pit
of eternity.
The colours advanced upon the listless sea
amongst the waves of loneliness.
Just once I thought I saw a movement break the
stagnant stillness which prevailed,
Orange merged to red, and red to yellow bright
But wait—listen to the sadness of the glowing
night
It seems as if for just one moment I saw the real
beauty reveal truth of creation.
Day seemed to stand on a precipice unable to
advance into the abyss of darkness below.

LORRAINE TAYLOR, 4B-1.

"Memories"

The clear blue sky towered above the earth,
And brought sweet memories to me,
Of happiness and laughter and sweet mirth,
And of wonderful days by the sea,

Of golden sand sifting through my fingers,
Of the days we stood on the sand,
Exchanging gossip, making an excuse to linger,
And of the times we walked, hand in hand.

Of friendship which flourished under the sun,
Of moments where pleasure used to rain.
And last of all when happiness is won,
And we have the strength to live through winter
again.

G.R.F.

"The Best Life"

A stockman's job is a hot and dusty one,
Driving sheep and cattle always on the run,
Riding from dawn till late at night,
Sleeping till the peep of early morning light,
The sun beats down like an eternal ray lamp,
And dust blows around a shabby line-camp.
The life is a tough one; it has its laughs and tears,
Fresh air, good food, and hard work as winter nears.
The first rains come, shearing gets done, and the
pastures green,
The stock fat and ready for the market is a stock-
man's dream.

BETTY ATHERSMITH, 2F-2.

Modern Mistakes

If you copy the published work of one man, it's called plagiarism. If you copy the work of several men, it's called research. And if the several all copied from one source that was wrong . . . it makes a very learned and well-established, well-researched error indeed!

"Looking Ahead"

Lately I've been thinking really quite a lot,
All about the future and wondering what it's got
In store for me as I go on into that world big and
busy,
With its teeming people who seem to be so
worried one feels dizzy.
I've thought and thought what I'd like to be
When I go out into that whirl,
It's really a terrible problem for one who's
Still really just a girl.

These last few years it's occurred to me
Just how many things one can be.
Now if one has the brains and the will to work,
One can end up a manageress where she started
as a clerk.

But after I've been a while in the strife
I hope I shall be a good mother and wife.

BARBIER FISHER, 3B-1.

"A Friend once said to Me"

A friend once said to me it cannot be done. I
said he was wrong.
So I rolled up my sleeves, spat on my palms and
tackled the thing that couldn't be done.
My eyeballs went purple, my toes went quite
numb.
I'd tackled the thing that couldn't be done and I'm
darned if I could do it.

CHRIS LOWRIE, 3B-1.

Poetry

Poetry can be written beautifully
Or poetry can be written ugly.
Poetry can be written quickly
Or poetry can be written slowly.

The type of poetry depends on the poet, naturally
And the poem could be written comically
Or the poem could be written sadly,
Or even very dreamily.

The poem could be written logically
Or the poem could be written stupidly,
Like this one
Or even just for fun.

I know I'll never make a poet,
So just throw it
In the bin,
Or even make a paper dart
and commit a little sin.

by B.B. (3A-1).

The World's Unfinished Symphony

Hark! look yonder; far beyond the horizon,
Oh! such enthralling magic, such inspiring splendour.

Tis what you and I would call a secret;
A place where angelic love abounds—
On white doves fly, singing their song,
Telling the world to look up and not down.

It is not our own secret, entirely our own;
For an Arab sees it, so does a Jew;
It makes no impression, they are blind to its awe,
They go on killing, thirsting for more.
Oh cry out, dear secret; White doves tell them
That to war is destruction, devastation and death;
But to peace . . .

STEPHEN HOPPER, 4B-1.

"The Child of the Dead"

The cruel winds whipped up flurries of snow
That lashed, as if to blind her foe
In a sheet of blinding white,
To freeze the limbs 'til devoid of life.

It lay as a carpet all around,
And many a child played on that ground
They built a snowman, then for fun
Stoned him with snowballs till all was undone.

But alas there were many that did not cheer
To see such beauty; Instead a tear
Glistened on their cheek, for they were poor,
And the wind blew biting across the moor.

What can we do for those who are poor,
For many did lose their men in the war;
We must take care of them, and provide,
A living for children whose fathers have died.

MERYL BIRCH, 4D-2.

Offence and Defence

She bides her time . . .
Pensively waiting for the precise moment at which
to attack.
Her prey reposes in blissful ignorance,
Unmindful of the fate to befall him.
He smokes and silently rocks.

The marauder tenses,
Poised for action.
Down she streaks
Uttering a high pitched wail.
Her victim yells and squirms about—
SLAM! . . .

The valiant predator falls
Paroxysms convulsing all her six legs.
Silently the courageous mosquito expires.

S.S. 3A-1.

O, blessed book that bears my name
 No other book could be the same.
 A lot of knowledge here doth lay
 but that's just where it's gonna stay,
 'Cos what's the use of being first
 When it's much less work to be the worst!

Found on the cover of a physics book belonging to
 to

D. GUY, 3A-1.

"AND NOW . . .?"

. . . senses drooping,
 I wander alone with my thoughts.
 Enveloping me is a world of numbness
 Battered at by relentless revelries.

I fumble in a forlorn darkness,
 Probing upwards to the surface.
 Wanting something but finding nothing
 In the depths of my inner self.

My mind is in a turmoil of emotional terror.
 One desperate idea overshadows the truth
 Until, as now, I am in a state of
 Mingled and consummate distress.

Did I dose all in that single second?
 Is there emptiness where there was love?
 The truth creeps in yet I suppress it,
 I want to remain in my ignorance.

I had lived because I had loved,
 And now . . . emptiness.

J. BACZYNSKI, 4B-1.

Hands

Shy self-conscious hands that fumble,
 Hands that grip and those that drop
 Hands that blithely wave you onward,
 Hands that gravely bid you stop.

Hands that steady when you stumble
 Hands that welcome, warm-out flung,
 Hands that wave to you in parting
 Helpless hands in pity wrung.

Hands white-knuckled, clenched in anger
 Futile hands that beat the air,
 Quiet hands of illtreated people,
 Sober clasped in silent prayer.

Hands that prod and pry and potter.
 Hands that make and mend and heal.
 Hands that gather, hands that scatter,
 Hands that borrow, beg and steal.

Hands across the world in friendship
 White and coloured firmly clasped.
 Hands with much—and nought—to offer,
 Freely given and gladly grasped.

JUDITH HODGES, 3C-2.

"'P' or 'F'?"

Science is a subject
 Where many people fail,
 And when exam time comes round,
 Many people wail.

They didn't study this,
 And they didn't study that,
 But minutes, even hours ago,
 They had it in their hat.

History is another one,
 And many a student thinks
 The subjects rather boring,
 While others think it stinks.

"It all happened so long ago,"
 The students all complain.
 "Why don't we learn something recent,
 Like who won the football game?"

Now there's one existing subject
 The students like to learn;
 They like the sporting atmosphere
 Where the teacher isn't stern.

When the day is over,
 We all start off for home.
 As it happens every day,
 As through school life we roam.

JUNE HARRIS, 3A-1.

"Night"

The moon is moving across the dark sky.
 The stars shine.
 Their positions form abstract shapes
 Which seem to change constantly.
 Buildings, dark and ghostly
 Loom above;
 And deserted are the streets
 Of people.

The clank of bottles indicate
 The presence of the milkman
 Who must work at night
 To feed us and our cats.
 A tired and lonely labourer walks and sweeps the
 streets
 To earn his living.
 All this goes on, echoed and re-echoed,
 While the city sleeps.

Many miles away in the country,
 Shapely ghosts of trees
 Loom dark over a forest pool,
 The shadows forming clear reflections
 In the glass-like sheet.
 Beginning in one corner, a ripple flows,
 To mar the quiet, clear stillness
 Of the night.

ANONYMOUS, 3A-1.

"The Lost Dog"

Poor small Jane,
By some cruel fate,
Lost her dog,
One night at eight.

She looked upstairs,
In the kitchen too,
Poor small Jane,
Felt very blue.

She looked in the park,
She looked in the zoo,
She shouted his name,
She was in a stew!

One night she found him,
In nearby East Street,
With someone else,
Lying at their feet.

Oh dear she said,
What shall I do?
He's chewing on,
That man's new shoe.

The man asked Jane,
Not to be blue,
For he loved the dog,
The dog loved him too.

"May I have him?"
Asked the man
"I'll give him steaks,
If only I can."

"Oh no indeed,"
Said Janet aghast,
"I've searched the world,
He's found at last!"

by JULIE METCALFE, 2E-2.

The Radio

The radio is a lot of wire
That not many understand
It sits there in the corner
On a polished stand.

It comes to life in a moment
When a switch is turned to "ON"
Yet not many people bother about
Where all that sound comes from.

Sitting there in the corner
Its a boxed mysterious thing,
That draws signals from the ether
A "nothing" that is everything.

I will not go any further
In explaining this little box,
That gives you the time every hour
So that you can correct your clocks.

BRUCE PINE (3A-3).

"Sea and Sky"

The sun had grown to a magnificent ball
The sun had grown to a magnificent ball of hues
of orange and yellow,
As it struggled to halt the coming of night
And the end of a glorious day.

The clouds were a hazy pinkish yellow,
To the horizon the sea glowed soft orange
And slowly the dying sun drifted from view,
The victorious moon shining silver.

A cool light breeze had started to blow, from the
sea,
Which mirrored the majesty of the moon
And the stars that filled the sky.

The sea began to form a swell.
That grew to a slow rolling wave
Which moves serenely, unassumingly shoreward,
Reflecting quick flashes and long avenues of light
From the moon that glistened above.

Beautiful, gigantic walls of water rolled shoreward,
To pound the beach under their mighty weight.
The torrent of sea rushed, swirled mercilessly up
the beach, delving everything in its path.

NORMAN WEBB, 3A-1.



Surrealism?

I lay asleep last night
watching all my dreams
float by.
Then suddenly red colours,
dazzling oranges and yellows
sheened through my senses
electrifying my mind.
Gold was fixated in my thoughts
like a negative
shining in all its majesty.
Then came the pounding of my brain:
Go to sleep, go to sleep
it droned.
My eyelids forced open
lay heavy and fast against my mind,
a thousand songs like
a thought
traverse the mind
raise the blood
excite the mind,
What is this?
may be, ah, I've
have discovered
the eternal solution
that's patterned
in a blooded puddle
of a thousand generations,
sleep.

NEVIL ROYCROFT, 5C.

A BABY'S SECRET

I'm just a little fellar,
who didn't quite make it there,
I went straight to be with Jesus,
but I'm waiting for you there.

Don't you fret about me Mummy,
I'm of all God's ones, most blest,
I'd have loved to stay there with you,
But the Saviour knows what's best.

Many dwelling here in heaven,
waited years to enter in,
Struggled through a world of sorrow,
And their lives were marred with sin.

So sweet Mummy don't you worry,
wipe those tears and chase the gloom
I went straight to Jesus' bosom,
From my lovely mother's womb.

It was brief, but don't complain,
I have all of heaven's glory,
Thank you for the love you gave me.
I didn't suffer earthly pain.

Thank you for the name you gave me,
I'd have loved to bring it fame,
But if I'd lingered in earth's shadows,
I might instead, have brought it shame.

Daddy gave me something for you,
It's our secret Mummy dear,
Pressed tight against my forehead,
Whispered in my tiny ear.

I'll be waiting for you Mummy,
You and Daddy, Bud and Sis,
I'll be with you then forever,
Then I'll give you Daddy's kiss.

MAYNELL GRAFFIN, 3B-1.

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY

Faith, hope and charity,
They're sisters these three,
But "oh no". I laugh, "they're not for me".
I'm an Australian, I can turn my back,
I can laugh at the fallen
For the qualities they lack.

For the neighbours that suffer,
I tread further down,
And then beg for mercy when I'm on the ground,
Complacency is in the core of our hearts,
And this is the stench,
That lurks from the start.

This is the downfall,
That will beat us all,
That hardens us against the piteous call,
The cry of a friend who's gradually lost fight,
To the existence of an animal,
Where there is no light.

GAIL CRESSWELL, 4C.

Deceit

I sat there thinking
My mind in dream,
She crossed my thoughts
and tried to sit down,
Her face was all red
and my blood boiled up,
She lay 'neath a golden hue
all dazzling and shining,
It was then that I realised
She was only a poster
So I turned off my mind
and went back to sleep.

NEVIL ROYCROFT, 5C.



Mass Hysteria

Rushing, screaming, pushing ever forwards,
Onward, onward, closer still!
A glimpse, just one glance,
Of those we move towards.

Around, all round, people screaming
From their faces sweat is streaming
Some dance, some are still,
Others on their knees before them.

What are these boys,
With hair so long, and guitars playing,
That they have power o'er such a mob,
And control them just like toys?

Closer, closer—I must get nearer,
To touch my idol so,
For I have nothing dearer,
That I cry for so.

But stop! Why do I carry on like this?
What wicked force has warped my brain,
That I should act like this before them—
Them that I don't understand at all.

Yet I am not the only one
Who carries on this way
Other people all around me
Also carry on like me.

But lo, a sudden peace and quiet,
I am alone standing here,
I am quite normal now and left without a tear.
But what of the next time?
Will I do the same again?

Rushing, screaming, pushing ever forward,
Onward, onward, closer still?
A glimpse, just one glance,
Of those we move towards.

MARION STEW, 3A.

IF WINGS WERE INVENTED

If wings were invented I would soar through the
air,
just like a bird, frolicking, dancing in the
blue sky;
I would fly joyous hours with Red Robin and Mr.
Wren;
Visiting lions and tigers in Africa, playing chasey
with other boys and girls around the Empire
State Building;
Flying each morning to school, just think, no more
a bike to the shop.
A-Sunday flying I would go; over hedges and
houses, hedges and ditches,
Racing trains and planes through the summer air;
Oh, what fun it would be to fly over Paris, New
York and London.
On Saturdays I would hover over the walls of
football grounds and perch myself on a goal-
post and get a birds-eye view of the game.

RAY GRIFFITHS, 1B-1.

"Aberfan"

Little boys were fighting,
Scratching, kicking, biting,
Little girls played house,
Picking boys as spouse,
On that fateful day.

A bell rang fiercely in the school,
Children ran playing "Last man's a fool,"
Rushing to their rooms for prayers,
Bumping, pushing up the stairs,
On that fateful day.

With bowed heads their prayers they mumble.
From the distance grows the rumble.
Slowly, slime and slag and silt
Around and over the school-house built
A grave.

School walls crumbled and fell,
Black dust shrouded the bell
That never again would ring
And children so lively ever bring . . .
Or save.

Mothers wailed and fathers sobbed
Searching for the children Death had robbed
Thru' the night and thru' the morrow
Little broken bodies in the church of sorrow—
Laid there side by side.

Stunned and soul-torn nations grieve
For the children who once breathed
Fresh air;
For emptied, hollow-eyed parents sightless
With despair.

ANN GARDNER.

ON SUPPRESSION

We are yet but seeds
In the bosom of the earth
Our roots are not yet sprung
We owe to the earth
The life we have
The life we have begun.

We are yet enclosed
In skins of bondage
We are not free to grow
Our needs are met from
Life within
We do but live so slow.

We lie in wait
For the warmth of age
To free us from our prison.
For the rains to come,
And the sun to glow
To help us win our freedom.

And the day will come
When the sun doth shine
And all our pleas find truth.
When our roots do split
The binding chains
Which held us in our youth.

Then grow ye roots!
Grow long and strong,
Grow far away from thy seeds.
Spread into the earth
And bloom anew
And nourish us in our needs.

SONJA HALLIDAY, 5A-1.

THE REFLECTION

I looked into the Pool of Time
That black, abyssmal mirror
And there alone the moon and I
Were dancing, still together.

SONJA HALLIDAY, 5A-1.

A SEAFARER

A seafarer, the tale I've heard,
Went to sea on a gigantic bird,
To you or me, this would seem absurd,
Flying the sea on a bird.
And beyond all reasons,
Unthought of by him,
Birds shed their feathers,
In certain seasons,
As lizards do their skins.
And from the time he left, of him,
I've seen neither tail nor head,
So that it is past my knowledge,
Whether he is alive or dead.
I've always wondered what happened to him since,
Though I'm sure he eventually received a most
unwelcome rinse.

TREVOR BURWOOD, 1B-1.

"EROICA"

—To Ludwig van Beethoven.

Immortal Titan! Tortured was your soul,
But now you are freed from man's mortality.
Deathless are you with music as your legacy;
A living monument to all mankind.
Your greatness is not gauged by things material,
But by the glory of your Art alone
Sound more beautiful than e'er was heard before:
Sound that never heard, for God saw fit
To take away the power of your hearing,
And leave you in silence so profound,
That you in very shame, from others hid.
Poor soul! What need to hide:—You should
rather
In your pride, have shouted from the heavens:
"I am Beethoven! Hear me and be humbled!"
But in your music you have done this very thing,
And your great voice is thundering still, 'twixt earth
And Heaven it shows exultantly of you,
Your courage all-surmounting, and your struggle
With cruel fate that struck you into silence:
And you, though seeming brusque, were always
filled
With tender passions, and goodwill to men
And your soul has hungered to achieve great things.
Your mighty voice spoke outward from a mind
That could not mix with minds of other men:
But looking inward, mirrored by your soul,
A music greater far than any other
From your heart burst forth, and roared and
stormed—
So far removed from hearts of mortal men
That they saw not its pure majesty
Of thought, of form, and, too, of very meaning.
For they, in stilted ways, caked you too new,
Too different for their unaccustomed ears.
Oh God! You fiery soul, unquenchable genius!
The sounds of Earth were stilled for you for ever,
That you might catch the harmonies of Heaven.

—"FRANCIS."

BUT NOW THEY ARE GONE

Parched are the bones which lie beneath,
An alien soil far from home,
Once they were love, they were life they were
song . . .
But now they are gone.

Will you cry for those who died thus?
No, not us
Banish wars and the dark memories,
Give us life and our peace .

Wreaths of flowers are laid on their tombs.
Chanting fills the air.
For those who have died,
Is this all we can spare . . .
One day of the year?

NICOLA BIRCH, 3A-1.

"WRITTEN WHILE SITTING ON A DRUNK NEGRO"

Soul Creating
Blues are Making
men lie low
contemplating
Soul for King
Black!
Parcel broke
string I lack
matches please
oh for hell
all mixed up
words unfolding
time to leave
world revolving
round my thumb.

ANON.

EXPLORER

Courageously he struggles on,
Now blind—
Startled by the sun's almighty radiance;
Dazzled by the gleaming sands and rocks;
Longing for the opacity of a tree
He stumbles, blind.

His tongue swells
Through want of drink,
But there is none
For him to find
In his state of vision.
His throat is parched
And caked with choking dust.
But on he fumbles,
Blind, thirsty,
And half insane with heat.

His past returns
To content his mind
With triumphs great
Of great contributions
To a sunburnt country
He loves so dearly.
He trips—
But is inspired on.

He remembers Yvonne,
And smiling John,
And recalls again
The crowds that
Cheered in triumph,
As he choked with pride;
But now he chokes with dust.

He falls with none to raise
His withered body,
None to see
His forlorn brow,
None to see him
In his time
Of agony and solitude,
A mighty man, alone.

L. BAGULEY, 3A-1.

"GOD"

The old dark building stood aloft,
It towered towards the sky,
The echoes of the bell rings clear,
The doors and windows smile.

Inside, the pews are empty,
The stones no longer ring,
With tiny feet or boots,
No choir is there to sing.

Then as the light fades slowly,
As it slips away,
The words of God our Maker,
Fall softly by the way.

"MAN"

Through the dense green jungle,
The men in khaki go,
They know not where to find them,
They go to fight the foe.

The swamps of death surround them,
And in the trees above,
The men in green are waiting,
They show no brotherly love.

And as the night is falling,
The guards are set to watch,
No fires alight to warm them,
Only the moon to watch.

K.G., 3A-2.

Blue My Thoughts

Far out of reach
from below it sounds—
and comes the vivid colours
of day and night and
blackness the frightened foe
flees fearing fear before time
has stood and kept us free.

I know not what
where of the love it
comes but for the
animal there is no thought
no emptiness before a void
or under the spell of another's
charm away from the lives
and the deaths of others.

My colour is blue my
thoughts are empty before
the judgement of one who
waits—she waits for me
away from the throttled cries of men
wandering thru a
maze of eternal hope . . .

. . . down a crimson-filtered labyrinth where
a tremulous wail of cherished hopes
converge into vortex of blues
made iridescent by her loveliness.

STEWART RICHMOND, 5C.

A DAWNING

The wind was sweeping along the beach,
The sea roared to meet the white, blowing sand,
Along the water's edge walked two young folk
They walked with hand in hand.

About them lay the silence of morning,
They were all alone in this deserted place,
A new love between them was dawning
When all was a world of hate.

In this world of trouble and turmoil,
In this world of war and want and race,
In the darkness of pain and sorrow,
Where man destroys his fellow man for sport,
Oh! but to be young, and to be loved.

IRENE HOLMES, 4D-1.

MY FIRST YEAR AT HIGH SCHOOL

My first year at John Curtin has made me like
it very much, and though I have come from
another school I still like it.

I like all the teachers and the pupils, they have
made me very happy.

I like Mr. Chaplin because he is kind, and I
have only got into trouble once.

The best part of school work is going to the
library because I like reading.

I also like Home Science because when I get
married, I will have to do the cooking for my
husband.

CAROL CAPEWELL, 1E-1.

"An Unexpected Adventure"

One afternoon about 4 o'clock I was walking
home from school with a few friends when one
of them told us she was too frightened to walk
through the bush alone. So we said we would
go with her.

First, we took two girls home, before we
headed to Susan's place. Susan lived a few miles
away from town and the shortest cut was through
a bush, which was very thick.

We didn't know the way very well so my friend
and I let Susan lead the way. The walk took us
about half an hour so in a hurry to get home we
accidentally took the wrong track. Jenny my com-
panion was a very sensitive girl and very soon
she started to get scared and began screaming.
I tried to calm her, but I had no luck and as the
weather didn't hold out too long we sheltered in
an old shed which was about to fall down at any
moment.

In the morning we were rescued by a couple
of young people and we returned home safely.
However, never again will I take on the responsi-
bility of taking someone home!

by LESLIE FISHWICK, 3E-3.





↑ "Ghosts
of
War"
Lino Cut
by
Robin
Purser
2B.

↑ "Bird in
Flight"
Lino Cut
by
Ann
Nabbs
4D.

AN AMERICAN TEACHER SPEAKS

By the time this is published, I shall have returned home to the United States. I would like to let all of you know how much I enjoyed my year in Western Australia and, in particular, my term at John Curtin.

You can be very proud of yourselves and your school. You are a good-looking, intelligent student body receiving a fine education, in modern surroundings, from an excellent teaching staff.

As citizens of this robust and healthy young country you are the key to its future. Will you fill the role required of you or will you fall by the wayside? Do not let your fine climate and easygoing way of life divert you from making a worthwhile contribution. Each of you must do his best at all times. Work to the fullest extent of your ability and play in the same spirit. When I was a young recruit in the U.S. Army a sergeant, noticing my ineptness, commented in a pronounced southern drawl: "Son, it's no crime to be stupid. Staying stupid is the crime."

There are differences between all of us and we cannot all succeed in every area. It is no crime to do poorly. It is a crime not to try to do your best. Your education will help to make you a worthwhile member of your society, whether as a tradesman or as a member of Parliament. Do the best you can and you will become a strong individual. Strong individuals make a strong nation. Remember the goal is excellence.

You, as Australians, have a proud heritage. Honour it and expand it for future generations. The world looks to Australia anticipating her great future. There will be no room for drones in your generation. You have a great country—help make it greater.

I will always remember Australia with affection and the students and staff of John Curtin with a particular fondness.

STEPHEN MANDELL.

The Lout

It was only because the others urged him on that Ken had participated in their folly that night. At around eight o'clock, he had met his friend Jamie, expecting to go to a drive-in with him. He was surprised, therefore, when Jamie, without a word, drove to a vacant block and joined a group of leather-jacketed, doubtful looking characters. He seemed very familiar with them and Ken's heart sank as he realised that he had been wrong about Jamie. He had heard of his reputation for rebelliousness, but had been able to like him in spite of it; or perhaps it was because of it, because Ken tended to lack self-confidence, and Jamie's jaunty manner seemed to make up for this, endearing him to Ken.

But now Ken was alarmed: they all drove at high speed, engines roaring, into the city. They parked in the back streets.

Ken saw that they would commit crime, and he was afraid, but there was nothing he could do. He couldn't escape from them. They moved in an unruly mob down the streets. They had freedom, and their freedom bred licence.

Someone slashed a car tyre, and before he knew it, a flick-knife was thrust into Ken's hand, and voices urged him on.

"Go on, it's only for kicks. It doesn't matter."

"What's one tyre, huh? It's only a tyre."

"Go ahead, do it."

So he did it, and it gave him a wild pleasure to hear the air hiss from the cut. He cut more tyres, until he, and the rest of them, were sick of it.

Jamie drove Ken home at ten thirty. Ken was sickened by the thought of what he had done, but it seemed somehow remote and divorced from him, like a bad dream, as he fumbled to find his key.

Before he could find it, his mother opened the door. Her face was grey with anguish and worry. Ken was surprised.

"What's the matter, Mum?"

"It's your father, Ken. His heart."

Ken felt the passions rise in him. He imagined the worse.

"His heart! Is he . . . dead?" Mrs. Walton shook her head.

"No, but his pulse is very weak. It's the worst attack he's ever had." She had had experience of her husband's weak heart, and could take the milder attacks in her stride. But this one had her worried; and now Ken was worried.

"It's the doctor, too," she added. "I called him half an hour ago and he hasn't come yet."

Ken's mouth was dry. He had idolised his father ever since he could remember, and the thought of him dying terrified him. He sat down to wait listlessly for the doctor. When the doorbell rang, he was at the door in a bound. Yes, thank God, it was Dr. Meadows.

"Where is he?" he asked brusquely, and Mrs. Walton led him to the room. She came out again immediately, but the Doctor was in there for a full ten minutes. Then he came out.

"I'm sorry," he said softly. "He's gone."

"Oh God," whispered Mrs. Walton, and sank onto the couch and wept.

But Ken felt only anger. His mind was confused.

"It was your fault!" he shouted at the doctor. "It took you three quarters of an hour to get here! Three quarters of an hour! You might have saved him but you didn't care! You didn't care if he lived or died!" He stood fuming, waiting for an answer.

Doctor Meadows surveyed him coolly.

"I'm sorry that's what you think, Ken," he said, still softly.

"Because that isn't it at all. You see, some louts slashed the tyres of my car when it was parked in the city tonight, and that's what delayed me. I didn't kill your father, son. They did."

—"FRANCIS".

The Wave

"Out on the horizon I see it; a great, sparkling, rolling wall of terror and violence containing in itself the potential to wreck thousands of lives—mine included. There it stays on the horizon, racing in—but motionless, gliding upon itself as gracefully as an ice skater—but stationary.

Noises accompany it—not from whence it comes. Bird call?

Maybe.

Screams more likely, supplementing the soft whistles of the wind frolicking in the filigreed rocks which will soon rush out to take me. This limpid, luminous cliff is nearer now and with each pulsation of its tremendous being a sheet of light gleams and flashes as if in warning.

But it is too late . . .

Even my small boat in the shallows trembles in anticipation of the wave; now a mile high stretching into space—one with the sweet, innocent, deceiving blue colour. Its velocity is huge as now in the penultimate second it stretches to its full height before dashing down on many miles of oblivious dry land. The arched top comes delicately above my head like a falling tower as my fishing vessel is drawn up into it . . .

The voice is gone.

So is the wave . . .

S.S., 3A-1.

"The Race"

It was at Beatty Park. The starter called us to our blocks. At the blocks my stomach was turning over. I thought to myself "I **must** win." At the shot I was off and swimming. This was the one hundred and ten yards, freestyle.

At the turn I was third and still had a lot of wind left. It seemed to me that I was gaining on the second person in second place, and before half way I had passed him. The leading swimmer was tiring fast. This was my chance! I put in an extra burst and passed him just on the three-quarter mark, and I carried on to win.

After the race I felt better than I had ever felt in my whole life before. Success is sweet!

By LES WELLINGTON, 3E-3.

Freedom

The escape door is closed. We feel as though we could scream, but there are still five minutes to go before the escape is scheduled. The voice rolls on relentlessly, even though it is probably anxious to be free from us, the prisoners. Now we hear examples of 'good' inmates quoted, and our eyes glide restlessly to the windows and freedom.

Three minutes to go!

We wish that the voice would leave us—such desperate prisoners—but this it cannot do. A stir in the ranks. We are being commended and our tickets of leave are being issued.

Two minutes!

The voice wishes us good luck and says it is sure that some of us will not be back in prison again.

Half a minute!

The door is opened and the voice wishes us Merry Christmas and is silent. Escape! The teenagers surge out of the classroom talking, laughing, enjoying the feeling of freedom.

School is over for the year!

Monday

Every Monday is the same! On Tuesday I am glad that the week has really started; Wednesday the middle of the week, Thursday very close to the end, Friday, the day when I can look forward to two days of relaxation. But what is there to look forward to on Monday?

I wake every Monday morning wishing that the weekend hadn't ended so that I could have a few more hours' sleep. But I have to make myself get out of bed. It seems very strange, but my bed is more comfortable at seven o'clock on Monday morning than at any other time. On a wet and dreary Monday morning, my bed is warmer, and I am always more in need of sleep on a Monday morning than any other hour of the week.

Even breakfast is tasteless on a Monday morning. The bread is stale, the milk is turning sour, we have "run out" of marmalade and the toaster won't work. My father has slept through the alarm and everyone decides to use the bathroom at exactly the same time. People are running madly from room to room looking for a tie, another shoe, a purse or trying to pull the dog out of a cupboard.

The last bus leaves the bus stop at about eight twenty-five. At about eight twenty-four and a half, I, still trying to think of the books I will need during the day, charge out of the house like a wounded bull. Usually, I catch the bus and arrive at school just in time to hear the first siren.

On Monday, I usually try and catch up on a little sleep during school, and between yawns, try to concentrate on what the teacher is trying to say. Minutes seem hours on this day, but finally three fifteen comes around and the day is almost over. During the day, I promise myself to be in bed early the same night, but when I arrive home I see that all of the homework that was supposed to have been done during the weekend is due on Tuesday.

So Monday night is almost gone by the time I switch off the light and sink between the bed covers. What is the solution to this Monday "problem?" It seems that we need something to look forward to. Maybe a holiday on Tuesday could be the answer. But then we'll have to face a Monday Wednesday. There really isn't a solution. Black Monday is here to stay.

KAREN BARFIELD, 4B-1.

A Thesis (5th Year)

Morality is a farce.

It is merely a form of convention whereby we are taught

that one must not do this or that for the reasons that it is not nice, or it is bad.

Never mind about what we think at the time—emotions play no part,

they are meant to be stifled, hidden away . . . from the world.

Almost two thousand years ago a man was put to death by people much like us.

Why? He disobeyed convention, was innocent, and worse, He taught others how to achieve the same.

Yet now, despite His words being freely available.

We are not much more advanced than those who destroyed Him.

He said that to do,

and not to think—was wrong.

He said to think,

and not to do—was also wrong.

He told us to do because we think.

And lived by this principle in our world.

Others have done this but—do you find this strange?

I do. Yet this is the only way things in this world are ever really accomplished.

How many times in our history do we learn of great thinkers who achieve nothing—(more than likely they never go down in history except

perhaps as philosophers),

or of great doers who destroy others and also themselves for the reason that there is no thought in them (most of these are world renowned in histories)?

Yet these are merely extreme examples of ourselves, and the conventions

we live by or refuse to live by,

simply because they are "accepted".

All too often we try to break from one set of conventions to find that we have only become enslaved in another set.

("Good" Society v.s. Beatnik Society)

Well, you ask, if we are brought up

with certain conventions (for example not to kill) they become right to us and then, if we break them we feel guilty—our conscience pricks.

How can our conscience be wrong? Surely this is the very thing we live by (or should).

The answer is for us to simply

ask questions. But, you ask, whom do we ask?

Why ourselves! and others.

Environment is said to determine our conscience but surely, if we question this

Conscience, we go beyond our established rules, thus gaining understanding and true greatness.

A certain greatness within ourselves but which is demonstrated without.

CHARMAINE BOURKE.

(P.S. The idea is to think of others—i.e. future generations—not ourselves.)



"The Death of a King"

During the winter month of July a whole congregation of mice, living in the back shed of Mr. Jones' house under an old sofa, were to fight four large rats which were overrunning their home.

The King of the mice "Mighty Mouse" was the planner and head of all the mice. They made such things as sharpened match sticks, matchboxes made into tanks which fired small stones and pins and needles as arrows and swords. The arrows were fired by tooth-picks strung with cotton. It took the mice a whole week to prepare and complete their army. The four rats had only one cannon made out of a peg and an elastic band.

"Mighty Mouse" had planned to attack these overwhelming rats just before the sun had set. Billy and Johnny, two of the smallest mice had made an army tank out of a matchbox with a large hat pin bound to the front. The matchbox had four large buttons as wheels and inside it, there was a supply of swords, bows and arrows. Billy and Johnny were the leaders of the mice.

The sun was now very low, just hanging in the sky. "Mighty Mouse" lined his army up. The sun was just beginning to set when "Mighty Mouse" gave the order to attack. Billy and Johnny mounted their tank and it rolled across the floor of the shed where the fight was to

take place. The four rats were quite unaware of the surrounding army but quickly loaded their cannon when they saw what was approaching. The first arrow was fired and the battle began. The rats fired their cannon and the stone ejected from it wounded two of the mice and they were carried off on a stretcher to their home where they could receive medical treatment from Doctor Detol. The fight was really at great heights when suddenly there was a loud squeak as "Mighty Mouse" their King, fell to the ground. In mouse language he stuttered the words "Keep fighting, you haven't lost yet", and this was what the mice did until finally they had killed three of the rats. Then Billy and Johnny killed the last by driving their tank towards the rat and piercing his heart with the hat pin bound to the front. The Mice came out of the fight with eight wounded and two killed, one of them was "Mighty Mouse" whose last words inspired his army to victory.

Next morning there was a burial service for the great leader who had led his side to victory and now the mice are able to retain their old home and live in peace. The mice will never forget their leader and every year at that same day and month there are flowers placed on his grave and a special service of commemoration among the mice congregation.

ANDREW EDINGER, 1B-1.

The Pop Concert

The young pop singer watched the audience as they awaited the appearance of the top group of the night. The multitude of voices formed one massive sound as the girls stood in their seats crying and screaming for their idols.

He had preceded the group, and, although his reception was good, it could not compare with the one which they would receive.

At last the curtains opened, revealing the drummer beating frantically on his bright red set of drums. The screaming rose a pitch as the two other members of the group appeared from opposite sides of the stage singing a "wild" number which sent the audience into a frenzy.

Suddenly the tempo changed, and the voice, previously happy, was now sad, and virtually "cried" the song. The beautiful deep tone floated through

the still air—it was as though the voice had actually captured the hearts and souls of the audience. The young singer could see tears streaming down the faces of the girls in the front row as the lead voice was joined by a higher harmonizing one.

Throughout the performance the emotions of the audience seemed to change with the songs. The lead singer put so much feeling into his singing that he seemed to almost "live" the song.

The young boy, standing on the wings, watching the style and technique of these performers thought, if only he could sing like that—if only his voice could mature into such a rich tone that could capture the audience—if only it could have the effect of ringing into the far corners of the theatre in echoing bounds. Perhaps it would one day; he would work for that.

D.H., 3D-1.



Lines Written above Fremantle Harbour

"Five years have passed; five summers with the length of five long winters."

I think this a rather fitting quotation with which to begin. You see, five years have past, five wonderful years of growing, maturing and learning and the awful thing is that they are over. I'm sure many of the returning "fifth's" will share my feelings; we've grouched and grumbled and had our ups and downs, but it will be a strange day when we wake up to realize that there is no longer a safe orderly place to go.

I rather dread the idea of leaving here. It's so secure, so safe, I know just what will happen next, but soon I won't be able to smile contentedly thinking "school tomorrow" it will be: "What does tomorrow hold?" Now I am being sent out into the world and now at last I must fend for myself. My school and my teachers have done their best for me, now I must do my best to make them proud of me. Many of us don't appreciate school. I know I didn't until, suddenly one morning recently as I was donning my hated uniform, wishing it was summer; so I could wear short sleeved blouses again, the thunderbolt struck. I realized I wouldn't see another summer at school. I sat down on my bed and my thoughts ran on, flashing pictures before me. Old friends, little incidents, old quarrels, problems and solutions all were rushing back and my many ties with the school and its inhabitants seemed to pull a tight rope round my heart. I could have cried out: "I don't want to leave, I'm not ready", yet I knew that time wouldn't stop for me. I knew, that no matter how I longed for it I couldn't go back to first

year and begin again. There was nothing I could do but try to make the last few months here the most wonderful of all.

My mother called, telling me to hurry, or I'd be late and I thought ruefully of how often I had heard and how soon I would no longer hear it. All that warning I thought. I was totally pre-occupied with the idea of leaving and what it really meant. To me it suddenly became real, something not of the distant future but of the here and now, and I was afraid.

How can I try to convey to you the way I felt that morning. Perhaps it will sound "corny" but I honestly felt as though I were losing a dear and cherished friend. Sentimentality can be a terrible thing, it turns the most independent, un-sentimental people into quite emotional folks at times.

To borrow from Mr. Wordsworth once more, I felt: "That time is past, and all its aching joys are now no more."

All my old antagonisms have gone, the sharp pointed spear of anger has been dulled by my memories and now I see friends and enemies alike, all very dear to me because of long association.

Well I am leaving soon, and all I can say to my school and everyone concerned with it, from the Principal down to the youngest first year, is thank you for making Curtin the wonderful place it is. I know I am one student at least who will always look back on her school days with pleasant nostalgia.

Thank you Curtin for being the wonderful place you are. I'm proud of my school and I hope that perhaps someday my school will have reason to be proud of me.

A GRATEFUL STUDENT.

"A Saturday Morning's Shopping"

(In the style of Mark Twain)

You don't know about me, without you have read the law page in this morning's paper, but that ain't no matter. I'm goin' to tell you about it anyhow. Now this is the way it gets started. I was mighty tired of my civilised living and so when I couldn't stand it no longer, I lit out. I joined up with Bill Cutler and we slipped off to the closest supermarket to do a little shopping. By and by we arrived and then we split up to see how the pickin's were.

I set off to hardware to see if there was anything worthwhile. I worked middling hard for a half hour and collected a whole mess of things in my shopping bag, most more than I could carry. I wished I was out of there in case I was caught. By and by I met up with Bill and I see'd he'd done most as good as me. I was in a sweat to get away but nothing would do Bill but he must get more articles. I said no; we might be caught, but Bill said he hadn't got sweets enough, and he would slip in the delicatessen and get some more. As Bill wanted to risk it; we slid in there and got three bags full. As soon as we done this we cut out for the far exit. However we couldn't speed none as we would give ourselves away and also as there were women stopping and talking about children and clothes and expenses. Women is always talking and letting on to know about such things. Bill was always happening in to say 'scuse me or pardon me mum as we moved through the shop.

Well, when Bill and me reached the checkouts I noticed a store detective and the cold shivers run all over me.

Says I, "Bill, we got to cut out quick, we is seen."

Bill he stayed calm as ever, and, innocent-like, walked over and asked that detective the time. Now I reckoned I couldn't stand it any longer. Well likely it was minutes and minutes that we were all there so close together. Bill made a

sign to me to move off back-ways. Pretty soon we was together again. I was a-shaking all over but Bill reckoned everything was fine. I allowed he was right. Bill reckoned we wouldn't get out that way, not with that detective there a-watching us. I began to think we weren't never going to get out of that place but Bill, he said he had an idea.

"Buck", he says, "What would you do?" I said we should lie low and wait for a chance to slip by the checkouts. Even though I told Bill my plan, I knowed where the right plan was going to come from. This plan weren't good enough for Bill. He had to do his stealing in style. I just let it go as he was bound to have it so.

Bill then set about his plan. First he steals an apron and puts it on. Then he sets about stealing a trolley from an employee. I said it was blame foolish and he was going to get caught but Bill, he puts me aways and says, "Don't I always know what I'm about?" I allowed he did. Bill then set about putting our takings in crates which he borrowed also. We was all set. I was for cutting out as fast as we could but Bill weren't finished yet. He see'd the boss was not ten feet away so he takes out a fag and goes and asks the boss for a light. I reckoned I couldn't stand no more but I could only stand and shake. I hain't got no confidence. Presently Bill comes back successful, and says we can go now. I all but jumped for joy. Bill leads the way out the service exit wheeling his borrowed trolley. We got out in the street without a hitch and then Bill he tripped and sprained his ankle. There weren't nothing I could do. Pretty soon we was discovered and sent to jail.

Old Judge Baxter he was right kind to Bill and me and didn't send us to reform school, and I am rotten glad of it. He just put us on probation for two years with my aunt. But I reckon I got to light out, because Aunt May, she said she's going to civilise me, and I can't stand it. I been civilised before.

ANONYMOUS.



My Hobby

My hobby is skindiving. I first became interested in this hobby when I wanted to experience more adventure. I first began diving to a depth of fifteen feet or more, but now with more experience I am able to dive down thirty feet. This has been made possible with the help of the organization I am with. The equipment I use is only a pair of flippers, compensating goggles and a "J" type snorkel.

I usually go down to the bridge and swim upstream. I use a small speargun and catch mainly crabs. I have been at the North mole twice skindiving. The first time I went with Harry, who is

one of my friends. I didn't catch anything.

The second time I went with Colin and his brother.

At the end of the mole I caught a leather jacket and an odd-looking fish. At the corner of the mole and wharf I caught three stingrays, four redlips and a cold. Colin caught two octopii, three redlips and a small salmon. After we had cleaned the fish we went home.

RICHARD CZABOTAR, 3C-1.



The Arctic Tern's Last Dream

Mid afternoon on a pleasant day early in the Northern Hemisphere's spring, found a flock of snow-white Arctic terns winging their way homewards, high above the French coast, after their annual migration from their breeding grounds in Greenland, to the wintering region in Antarctica, a total distance of eleven thousand miles. Far below them were quaint, peaceful fishing villages with the sea-battered fishing boats bobbing playfully in the sheltered waters of the harbour, while the white-washed walled and thatched roofed houses and cottages formed a striking pattern as they bordered the winding, rutted road.

The cold, crisp air was salt stained and biting while the wind tried vainly to drive it in but only succeeded in whipping the sea up into clawing waves and stringing the white clouds out into wiry, twisting shapes. The waves seemed to be leaping up looking for a prey and then falling away as if disheartened. The white foam was the only rider of that threatening and formidable sea as it oozed and writhed into myriads of evil, curling shapes.

The formations of tiring birds now turned into the pressing wind and swayed from side to side as their wings beat almost involuntarily up and down and their chests heaved in and out as if in a plea for air. The tall cliffs of Dover slowly rose to view as if on a stand rising out of the sea but behind was a shining path of sun-light on the water seemingly forming the route for the next year's migration.

As the twilight of that exhausting day silently settled on the world and the sun slid gracefully behind the horizon, the clouds glowed radiantly and the long last torches of sun-light found the terns wheeling and squeaking noisily high above the sea near the sheltering cliffs of Dover. It was a soothing and peaceful scene.

Then, the Arctic Tern woke from its dreams to find itself in its original predicament. It was still twilight when it looked up to see the penetrating eyes and the cruel beak, the slender body and the gleaming sides, the wide spread wings and the imprisoning talons of the dreaded sea-eagle.

As it was carried over the crooked crags waving its free wing feebly in a desperate bid for freedom, as the blood trickled off the tip of the wing the bird knew it was doomed never to ride the silver path over the sea again.

JOHN MURING, 1A-1.

The Dread Tomato Addiction

You must agree that the conclusions reached are perfectly logical . . . even if somewhat peculiar.

Ninety-two point four per cent. of juvenile delinquents have eaten tomatoes.

Eighty-seven point one per cent. of the adult criminals in penitentiaries throughout Australia have eaten tomatoes.

Informers reliably inform that, of all known

Australian Communists, ninety-two point three per cent. have eaten tomatoes.

Eighty-four per cent. of all people killed in automobile accidents during the year 1966 had eaten tomatoes.

Those who objected to singling out specific groups for statistical proofs require measurements within a total. Of these people born before the year 1800, regardless of race, colour, creed or cast, and known to have eaten tomatoes, there has been one hundred per cent. mortality!

In spite of their dread addiction, a few tomato-eaters born between 1800 and 1850 still manage to survive, but the clinical picture is poor—their bones are brittle, their movements feeble, their skin seamed and wrinkled, their eyesight failing, hair falling, and frequently they lost all their teeth.

Those born between 1850 and 1900 number somewhat more survivors, but the overt signs of the addiction's dread effects differ not in kind but only in degree of deterioration. Prognostication is not hopeful.

Exhaustive experiment shows that when tomatoes are withheld from an addict, invariably his cravings will cause him to turn to substitutes—such as oranges, or steak and potatoes. If both tomatoes and all substitutes are persistently withheld—death invariably results within a short time!



The sceptic of apocryphal statistics, or the stubborn non-conformists who will not accept the clearly proved conclusions of others may conduct his own experiment.

Obtain two dozen tomatoes—they may actually be purchased within a block of some high schools, or discovered growing in a respected neighbour's back yard!—crush them to a pulp in exactly the state they would have if introduced into the stomach, pour the vile juice and pulp into a bowl, and place a goldfish therein. Within minutes the goldfish will be dead!

Those who argue that what affects a goldfish might not apply to a human being, at their own choice, wish to conduct a direct experiment by fully immersing a live human head* into the mixture for a full five minutes.

*It is suggested that the best results will be obtained by using an experimental subject who is thoroughly familiar with and frequently uses the logic methods demonstrated herein, such as:

(a) The average politician. Extremely unavailable to the average citizen except during the short open season before election.

(b) The advertising copywriter. Extremely wary and hard to catch due to his experience with many lawsuits for fraudulent claims.

(c) The dedicated moralist. Extremely plentiful in supply, and the experimenter might even obtain a bounty on each from a grateful community.

"The Gauntlet of the Seas"

The sea writhed in all its fury. The howling wind whipped the icy, sharp blue waves into a maddened frenzy and dashed their creamy, salted tops against the termite ridden hulk of the "Maria". The wind ricocheted off the cabin, hurling itself back only to be pushed forward again by the ever determined onslaught of another gust of its own kind.

Captain Sandy Andrews wrestled with the wheel, timing the pitching and rolling of the "Maria" with perfect precision in a valiant attempt for supremacy. "Wyre," he cried. "Get on the radio, man." Wyre dashed to the radio, channelled the correct frequency and began to execute a message for help.

"This is schooner 'Maria', code 1013 calling anyone in vicinity of 160 minutes west, 25° south of Rio de Janeiro. Repeat! 160 minutes west, 25° south."

By now a fog was hanging over the boat. It was a greasy, grey, fog. The smell of destruction lingered in the air. The atmosphere was electrical. Fear clung around everybody like a leech clinging to the heart of a human, silently sucking and squeezing the rich, red, warm blood. The only difference to the "Maria" was that to be caught in a fog with the debris and other residue plus the reefs and sharks, if they ran aground, seemed to deprive the crew of all hope of survival.

Suddenly with a resounding jar the boat lurched backwards. All too suddenly they realised that the lifeboat had not been fastened down during the hurricane, and had been silently whisked away.

Now all were ready to jump. They had only a small chance of getting through as the sharks had been known to attack men in these waters. Then just as all were ready to jump, they heard the high pitched whine of another engine. At last they were saved!

"Yessiree," said Sandy to Doug and Don. "That was my finest adventure." Just then the boys' mother called them.

"What's for tea?" they eagerly asked.

"Shark!" replied their Mother.

by B. MARSHALL, 1A-1.

A Drop of Water

His body was imprisoned; a small trickle of blood creeping down his wrist reminded him of this; but his mind was free. He cursed the cruel, slant-eyed faces surrounding him. No reaction came from them. They just coldly stared. His wandering eyes came upon the primitive machine above his head. "What was it?"

"Bang!" The steel door was locked. He was alone.

"Drip, Drip, Drip."

The cold water cut into his forehead like a scythe. So this was his plight. Slowly, an icy rivulet formed and flowed down the contours of his brow. It ran down over his temples, turned

his hair into icicles, and dribbled onto the table.

To fight this torture, he set his mind and imagination to work. He studied the roof intently, thought of his wife and contemplated the world.

"Drip! Drip!"

He could not elude it. He tried to condition his mind and body to take this slow, monotonous punishment. With each drop, his eyes blinked to stop the water from splashing on them. His whole head began to shake. Pain set in. It felt as though the water was seeping through his skull and exploding rhythmically inside.

"Thud; Thud! Thud!"

His mind was fighting it. He must bear it. What will his wife and children do? His superiors need the information he has; but so do the Chinese. Perhaps he should die.

"Oh! the weight of those drops." It seemed as though a thousand sledge-hammers were beating on his brow.

He shook himself, and partially came to his senses. He thought rationally. He tried to move his hands; but could not feel them. Still the water dripped. His eyelids became tired. He could not keep them moving. They shut. With this action, the noise doubled and the weight trebled. His contortions were twisted into an expression of excruciating pain.

He cried out to God, but heard no sound. He yelled and yelled. He could not stand that incessant, "Bang! Bang! Bang!" "Oh the pain, the noise, the weight—the cold . . ."

His state of mind changed. His face relaxed. His body released all tension on his bindings. His eyes opened; misty and bloodshot like those of a drug addict. Small pools of water formed over these, but they did not worry him. His mouth was motionless, but fashioned into a queer smile.

His mind was free of all solid bondings. There was no pain, just quiet and ecstasy. There was no water, noise or cold. He had reached and passed the climax of pain; and lived.

Now in this state of rapture, he appeared as one in a trance. But wait; something was amiss. Then, a tiny spark of pain came and developed into a fiery inferno. His senses were hap-hazardly returning. He felt the freezing cold outside and the boiling heat inside his skull. His eyes were burning like hell; but they managed to pick up a blurred image.

He felt someone slapping his face. His ears picked up Oriental cursings. They too, realized he had passed the climax, and had to be brought back.

He sensed the slight "Bang"; and realized once again there was silence.

"Thud!"

A stiletto blade pierced his brain; but no, it was water; followed by another, and another. The pain was unbearable. He felt as though his forehead was split open. He was experiencing extreme cold, and yet heat. He cried out, to his wife. "Oh, the pain," and then—Oblivion . . .

STEPHEN HOPPER, 4B-1.

The Cuckoo's Dream

As if some wonderful mystic music was calling him, the cuckoo drifted into an enchanting land of the mind. His wings would go through the motions of a migrating bird, but even with frantic struggles he could not raise himself into the heavy air. His heart was with the thousands of other birds flying to their home-land for winter.

Farther away his mind drifted, taking him across the rain-torn wind-swept waves of the Atlantic. He was taken, in his mind, to the exotic land where he had been born but had never again seen. What he thought it would be like he visualized in his mind, small and delicate though it was. Interlaced trees with countless varieties of bird, horizontal vines, entangled between the latticework, formed platforms on which the birds could perch in shelter from enemies on the ground.

His longing for his own kind, led him high into the mottled branches of the topmost branches. There he found a colony consisting of about one hundred different birds, ranging from those just strong enough to fly the thousands of miles of seemingly ocean, to the aging veterans of many flights whose warbling cries filled the air with melancholy callings.

The little cuckoo longed for these sounds but he could only imagine them as his lowly squawking on a larger scale. Suddenly he snapped out of his trance and was again fully aware of his surroundings. Now he would settle back to the fireside and relax, in his usual way, to the care-free life of a normal pet. No longer would he sit beneath the reading lamp and dream; at least not until the next autumn when he would repeat his yearly ritual.

ALAN Warburton, 1A-1.

Visitors Unknown

Earth has supposedly received visitors of unknown origin throughout the ages. Though this may be possible we do not know for certain and until we do, man will continue to question any peculiar aerial phenomenon.

Until the commencement of the century, most people felt for certain that we were the only living creatures in the universe and that all legends of strange sights were nonsense. But now that Science has advanced it is becoming more of a possibility that intelligent beings may inhabit other planets. We send astronauts up into space so why cannot beings on other planets visit us, particularly if they are more scientific than we are?

Folklore from earliest times has contained stories implying the existence of various gods, angels and spirits and if such beings visited Earth some bearing of truth could be found in the stories. In one story about angels by a man called Thomas Aquinas written in the thirteenth century, there

are certain views on them and he comments that they are not as we see them in paintings, people with wings, feet, head; neither are they "fiery wheels in the sky".

This last statement "fiery wheels in the sky" is very important as it has been used all through the ages to describe unidentified celestial craft. As we proceed through time these craft have been given differing descriptions; flat shining silver discs, luminous discs, and cigar shaped objects; they have been witnessed by numerous people who in some cases claim to have seen the craft land.

In the twentieth century, many sightings have been taken and unknown craft have begun to appear. At first these were thought to be secret weapons but no power on earth claimed to have their secret. So many reports came in that newspapers stopped printing them, as it was believed that many claims were false. After that records were kept only of observations by witnesses on the ground, pilots of military aircraft in flight and radar sightings. If an object conformed to any of these three conditions it was said to be a genuine "unexplained flying object".

These crafts appear in three main forms, the disc, the jelly fish and the cylinder or cigar. The most commonly sighted is the disc. Phenomena of this type have been noted to be very manoeuvrable and fast, and are able to make movements which man made craft cannot yet do. The colour of these "discs" differs greatly, from silver to green and red, while they can also change colour.

The jelly fish type is shaped like a bell with port holes around the bottom out of which come various protruberances that stick out into space and change to several colours. The least seen type is the cylinder, which is longer than the rest and seems to be a flying base for the smaller saucers. Several sightings have been made of cylinders accompanied by discs which go in and out of the cylinder.

It is possible that beings other than ourselves could exist in the universe. Also it is in accordance with present day science that great distances between planets can be traversed. We are just starting to open up the way into space. If journeys are possible into space from earth then why not from other planets to earth? Then you may say why have they not shown themselves to us in person? Who knows they may be here already under a different guise and with such advancements in knowledge that they must have, they could also be invisible. Also there is an explanation that they have left earth because with their high technical knowledge they may have no use for a comparatively backward planet.

Until such time as these visitors show themselves, all these mysteries will remain unexplained, unless some new theories are discovered by the scientists and these lights and discs are proved to be a phenomena of some unknown source of energy.

PETER HELSBY, 5A-2.

Lunch at "Llano's"

"Well, Adilia," he said. He looked up from the tray of gem stones, upon which he had been gazing in order to sort them into their respective values. "How would you like to go with me to 'Llano's' for lunch?"

Stunned at what seemed to be a voice from the blue, Adilia Stevens could not answer. Hans Flucher, who had kept much to himself during his six month's stay at "Casey's Jewelleries", had actually asked her to lunch!

"Well, what do you say?" he repeated in heavily accented English.

"Why . . . what I mean is . . . well, yes. Of course I'll come to lunch with you Hans", she replied. "Wait a minute till I get my purse."

Fifteen minutes later, Hans and Adilia were on their way to "Llano's". Adilia was still slightly amazed and Hans, having finally decided to begin living again, walked with all the gaiety and cockiness of a man in his twenties.

"This seems okay," said Adilia as they sat at a table overlooking King's Park. "Isn't it simply a gorgeous view of the Swan, Hans?"

"Yes, it is quite pretty," he commented, "but nothing can beat the Rhine when the flowers are in bloom and the water is frothing with the spring thaw."

"Were you born there, Hans?"

"Not really, but I did spend the greater portion of my life there. I was living like one who has been blessed by the gods. That is until that damn Hitler imprisoned my wife and me for supposed sedition!" he added savagely.

"Oh!" cried Adilia, amazed at this sudden and startling discovery. "I didn't know you were married?"

But there was no answer. Hans stared at the Swan as it flowed by, lost in apparent thought as she saw tears well in his eyes.

"Yes, I am married," he said. But I haven't seen or heard of my wife since 1941; and that was nearly seventeen years ago!"

As in a dream Hans began to unroll the slow and painful story of his life.

"After my wife and I were imprisoned in 1941, we had no means by which we could contact one another. Then, when the war was over, I searched the camp; but it was useless.

"Some crazy sentry thought she had been transferred to another stalag, but he didn't know for sure."

"I tried the Red Cross, the Allied Forces and every archive from Bonn to the Russian border, but everywhere I went, no-one could help me."

"Adilia, I spent over thirteen years of my life, looking and praying for my wife's return. Last month, I decided once and for all, that it was no use waiting for her to return from what must be the grave, I had ceased my search.

"So, as you've probably realized, I decided to invite you out." He concluded, "You're not offended are you Adilia?"

Shaking her head and smiling at this man whom

she was beginning to like very much, Adilia asked, "What was your wife like?"

"Very beautiful. Like you Adilia," he said, proud that he still knew how to flatter women. "She had long blonde hair, the most expressive brown eyes that were as large as a German heifer's and she had a beautiful lilt to her voice. Whenever she sang or spoke, people would turn and say, 'Ah, that voice could belong to no-one but an angel.' She used to love to embroider too."

"Every Sunday night, she would sit by the fire and embroider everything from curtains and bedspreads to handkerchiefs and doll's clothes."

"Even her language was beautiful," he added laughingly, "the only expression she allowed herself was, 'Oh, Lord Jesus in Heaven, protect us from thy enemies.' She always used to say it so solemnly too."

In high spirits, the pair left their lunch and returned to their gem sorting at "Casey's".

That evening and many evenings Hans and Adilia spent together. Once it was the "El Dorado", then the "Phoenix", and on and on and on; till Adilia finally came to realize that she was hopelessly in love with Hans Flucher. Life was beautiful . . . Everyday was like spring, until one night in June.

"How about coming up to my place tonight?" she had asked. And, when Hans had accepted, she hurried home to prepare for his arrival.

It was half an hour before he came, when Adilia realized that she had run out of sugar.

Hurrying over to the next apartment and seeing the front door open, Adilia went into the kitchen. Lina was leaning over the sink, her long, blonde hair hanging over her eyes.

"Hi Lina!" said Adilia in an extra-high voice.

Spinning around in a fright at this unexpected noise, Lina cried, "Oh Lord Jesus in Heaven protect us!" Then, seeing the cause of her alarm, Lina returned the greeting with her usual accented voice—which would have been ugly, had not the natural lilt in her voice hidden it so well.

Adilia was just re-entering her own house when it struck her.

"Oh God!" she exclaimed. "But it was, it couldn't possibly have been coincidence. The hair, her eyes, that beautiful lilt in her voice, and the embroidery. I had noticed as I left the flat. It may be just co-incidence . . . but no . . . that expression proved it. Lina Holsen was Mrs. Hans Flucher!" All these thoughts raced through Adilia's mind.

"NO . . . NO . . . NO!!! She wouldn't tell Hans. Hadn't he told her when they first met that he had given his wife up for dead? She has no right to take her husband back after all these years."

Shakily, Adilia poured herself a tumblerful of whisky which she gulped down. Pouring another, she began to sip it. Then she thought. She could not marry Hans without telling him of his wife, or she would be committing bigamy. And if she did tell him, Hans would return to his wife. Of that, she assured herself.

She had to make a decision!

The doorbell rang once and in walked Hans—happy and glad to be alive. She could not tell him! But then she must. She loved him too much, the desire in her for him was too great.

The doorbell rang again, and her decision was made by a higher power, because Lina Holsen had arrived.

"I'm sorry to interrupt Adilia, but I've now come

to borrow from you".

Before she could utter a word, Adilia was half-conscious of Hans coming into the room from the kitchen. He stopped dead.

"Lina, my wife?"

"My husband, Hans?"

Adilia left the room, closing the door softly behind her.

Anonymous, 5A-2.

The Terrible Fate Of Metamorphosis

It is surprising to realize how many circumstances one person may find simple to overcome, but which other people find practically impossible. This probably does not refer to you or me, being as we are, self-possessed, but some people encounter great difficulty in saying "goodbye" after having spent the evening, or paying a social call. As the moment draws near when the visitor feels he is fairly entitled to leave, he rises and abruptly states—

"Well, I think it's time I . . ." and he is immediately answered by—

"Oh, must you leave already?" and it is here that a terrible struggle ensues.

This is the case of Metamorphosis Miller, a friend of mine, who quite often found himself in this dilemma. He was a young man of 24, a librarian by profession and a shrinking violet by nature. He was too diffident to wish to appear rude, and too religious to tell a lie, and consequently he simply couldn't get away from people.

On this particular occasion, he was calling on some friends of his whom he had not seen for quite some time. He arrived at their place of abode at 5.30 in the afternoon and after an hour of idle chit-chat, and 3 cups of tea, he braced himself for the great effort, rose, and said:

"Well, I think it's time I . . ." and was as always answered by the lady of the house who replied:

"Oh, Mr. Miller—it's so early. Won't you have one more cup of tea before you go?"

Metamorphosis could only be truthful. He sat down once more, saying:

"Yes, of course, just one more cup."

He stayed. He had 13 cups of tea. Night was falling. He glanced at his watch every ten minutes, and tried unsuccessfully to look unobtrusive. Finally, he plucked up courage once again, and forced himself to say—

"Well, I really must be going."

"Not at all. I thought perhaps you'd stay to dinner; it's rather late to be leaving now," said the lady politely.

Resigned to his fate, Metamorphosis replied that he really didn't expect his landlady would wait until he arrived home for dinner, anyway. He drank two more cups of tea before the husband of the house appeared. He was just full of tea, and feeling terribly miserable.

He sat speechless throughout the entire meal—planning to leave at 8.30. The family wondered whether he was sulky and stupid, or just stupid.

After dinner the family photograph album was brought out, and he examined 78 photos of Mamma, Papa, Papa's uncle's girlfriend, the old faithful dog that died only last year, and a really devilish photo of Mamma at a fancy-dress ball. Promptly at 8.30 he stood up, deliberately pulled down his cardigan and almost pleaded—

"Well, I really do think it's time I left. Thank . . ."

"Why, it's only 8.30," said Papa. Have you anything in particular to do?"

Metamorphosis coloured, and sat down again, picking up another bundle of photographs. Every passing moment he meant to take the plunge, but he couldn't muster up the courage. Papa began to get tired of him, and said with jocular irony that he might as well stay all night. Miller mistook his meaning, and thanked him profusely, saying that he was most generous. Papa put him to bed in the spare room, and cursed him heartily.

After breakfast next morning, Papa departed for work leaving Metamorphosis washing the dishes—his nerve utterly gone. He was meaning to leave all day, but this thing had got on his mind, and he couldn't. Miller spent the day communicating to no-one, sitting alone in the lounge room, looking lost and dejected.

When Papa arrived home in the evening he was extremely surprised and chagrined to find Metamorphosis still present. He didn't wish to appear rude so he attempted to make him leave by jesting.

"I can see I'll have to start charging you rent," he said trying to appear jovial.

The unhappy man stared wildly for a moment, wrung Papa's hand, paid him a month's board in advance, and broke down and sobbed like a child.

In the days that followed, Metamorphosis' health failed rapidly. He became moody, and unapproachable, passing his time looking at photos—his mind visibly failing. Within three months he had collapsed completely, and was placed in the spare room upstairs. He had been generally accepted by the family who treated him as one of them.

The illness that followed was terrible to behold. At times he would start up and shriek—

"Well, I think I . . ." then fall back on the bed, hysterical.

He would leap up and cry—

"Another cup of tea!!! More photographs!!! ha, ha, ha.

Finally at the last moment, he sat up, smiled beautifully and said—

"I'm afraid I must go now. Good afternoon."

BARB. KING, 5E.

I Was A Rabbit For Two Days

The sun was setting. Cold fingers of mist were swallowing me up within the dark forest. I regretted that I had left for the village to collect the family's weekly ration of salt at this late hour.

Out of the gloom of the twilight an old woman appeared. Something about her manner as she stared at me made me shiver with fear. Through my mind went thoughts of the tales that the elders of the village told. Legends of witches appearing and transforming people from human form into animals.

As I stood there petrified the old woman gave a cackling laugh and said, "Yes. I am a witch." It was uncanny, almost as if she could read my thoughts.

"What are you going to do with me?" I whimpered.

"You remind me of a rabbit standing there shaking, so I will turn you into one!"

"But, but . . ." I could utter no more words and suddenly the whole world seemed to have come crashing down on me, I was shrinking! The old witch really had turned me into a rabbit.

What could I do? How could I survive in a rabbit world? I knew from past experiences as a human, that poachers set traps to catch rabbits for food. Was this to be my fate too?

The witch had vanished by this time.

The only thing I could do was to join up with a rabbit family, which was an easy task, for the

forest was swarming with them and they readily accepted me as one of their own kind and took me back to the main burrow.

My problem now was hunger. There was plenty of grass about, which was a rabbit's general food, but I did not think that I could eat it. Finally the hunger pain became too great and I bit into the stem of the grass stalk. It was sour, but better than nothing.

My most frightening incident, which occurred next day, was when I was tracked down by hunters. I could hear the horses galloping a few paces behind me when a sharp pain suddenly shot up my left hind leg. My head became dizzy and I could feel the blood running onto my paw. Luckily it was only slightly grazed. I managed to escape by scrambling painfully down a burrow.

One of the rabbit's favourite pastimes was to raid the fields of nearby farms. On one such occasion I found myself in a field which had cucumbers growing in it. Knowing that cucumbers had been a rare treat for me when I was a human, I decided to try one now. I took a bite at one and my teeth sank into the juicy centre. It was delicious.

Suddenly I was changing. The cucumbers began to shrink or was I becoming a human again. My guess was right.

Oh, how thankful I was to be a girl once more.

LYNETTE HOSKINS, 1A-1.



"The Wanderer"

For many years now, on the coast of Western Australia the remains of what must have been a very grand ship can be seen. It has been left to the wind and the sea to be beaten and destroyed, year after endless year.

The only thing that has been miraculously less worn is its name on the bow and stern, "The Wanderer". There is an interesting story behind these remains and perhaps if more people knew it they would take more interest in the ship that adorns our coast.

The owner of the ship was a very proud man named Gordon who was especially proud of his ship. He boasted that it could go anywhere. When bet that he could not reach the Great Southland (as Australia was then called) Gordon accepted and after many weeks of trying to find a crew, was at last forced to employ the prisoners of the town jail. They were a disreputable lot but they were the only ones willing to sail with him for the Great land of the South.

After about a month of sailing, Gordon began to regret ever starting the journey. The worst man

of the crew was Tanger. Gordon despised him and finally, one evening, for trying to incite a mutiny, Tanger was sentenced to death. Before his death however, Tanger swore revenge on Gordon and his ship. He was put into a sack with a stone at the bottom and dumped into the water some ten miles outside Mauritius.

That night, the "Wanderer" reached the harbour for supplies and during the early dawn, the ship slowly drifted out of the harbour and into the open sea. By morning, the ship was more than fifteen miles from Mauritius. Gordon spent more than two weeks trying to get a suitable craft to search for the "Wanderer".

It seemed that the ship had disappeared. For six months, nothing was heard of the ship. Then suddenly, it was sighted by two fishermen, but when they hailed the vessel, no sound was received.

Finally, one day, as the new boat that Gordon had chartered was cruising around the Southern Hemisphere, out of the shrouded mist came a splash of water and suddenly the "Wanderer" appeared. She moved stately across the water like a ghost galleon that had lost its way. As

the wind had died Gordon gave the order to heave.

The thunder was rolling back and forth overhead, and the lightning was having target practice with the wheeling sails. It seemed as if the wind blew a wisp of mist onto the deck and the mist instead of evaporating, remained there, seeming to turn slowly and settle into shape. As the crawler approached the drifting ship, a figure, bold against the blotted-out horizon, stalked to the quarterdeck and as the vessel creaked from below, a voice, harsh and uncouth, like a man gone wild, sang out above the roaring fury of the rising tempest. The voice was that of Tanger! Apparently, he had escaped from his "coffin" and had stolen the ship as revenge to his enemy.

Gordon stood aghast! As he looked, Tanger threw himself into the raging surf and disappeared beneath the waves. The ship groaned in agony, and rocked in the torrent. Dashing against the torn sails and crumbling timbers, the wind and sea won a poor victory against the distorted wreck. One final lash of wind and sea shook the ship till at length it struck its "home". In that storm, Gordon and his ship also perished.

Mariners ever after that recall the journeys of that ship and stories made up of the places it must have seen.

It well earned the title "The Wanderer".

SUSAN MELROSE, 1A-1.



High School Driver Training Report

In the face of the present road toll it is not necessary to emphasise the necessity for greater road safety, and it is clear that the driver of tomorrow will be faced with even more complex traffic and safety problems than exist today. He must be prepared by training to meet these circumstances.

High School Driver Training is a particularly important feature of the overall driver education programme conducted by the National Safety Council of Western Australia. It provides the opportunity for students to obtain a good basic training in driving and roadcraft which will be of lasting practical value to themselves as individuals, as well as having considerable influence upon many other road users.

With the co-operation of the Education Department and many of its teachers, the W.A. National Safety Council embarked on an instructor-training programme five years ago. There are today approximately three hundred teachers trained as driver instructors scattered throughout the State's High Schools. It was not until General Motors Holden's made the offer of free cars to schools that the scheme became possible to implement. At present twenty-six high schools have such driver training schemes operating.

The syllabus of instruction is theoretical, observational and practical and involves a minimum period of 30 hours per student. On completion of this course, the student is ready to take the motor driver's licence test with the Police Traffic Department; he or she also receives a certificate of proficiency issued by the Road Safety Council

Division of the National Safety Council of W.A. Students in possession of Motor-Drivers' licences may elect to do the theoretical and observational sections of the syllabus and thus qualify for the certificate of proficiency. Driver training at this school is available only in the fifth form. Instruction takes place in the lunch period and after school. In addition students may devote one private study period per week to driver training, depending on satisfactory academic progress.

The Driver Training commenced at John Curtin in 1966. The following is the list of successful students so far:—

1966

Lyn Morrow
Lee Silich
Helen Smith
Wendy Vagg
Sandra Cockle
Ann Richardson
Sylvia Burnett
Dianne Cahill
Betty Evans
Jennifer Hall
Pam Crawford
Marilyn Byrnes
Larry Tilbury
William Clark
Ron Wilson
Dom Whittington
John Olberenshaw
Sam Messina
Ian Cressie

Ron Marian
Floyd Davis

1967

Della Gooding
Sonja Halliday
Bronwyn Evans
Suzanne Jones
Leone Sanders
Jill Cole
Lyn Cockle
Yolanda Geluk
Christine Holt
Shirley Tomlinson
Richard Ringrose
Steven Marshal
Stephen Dierks
Robert Fawkes
David Blaekey
John Eattell

CLUB NOTES

unexplored country in the Darling Ranges east of Pinjarra. The demands made by careful compass work, proper preparation of meals and camps, and by arduous going make this a most exacting test.

All members of the Group gratefully acknowledge the assistance given by the numerous instructors, lecturers, transport officials, interested parents and teachers whose generous gifts of time and energy have contributed considerably to our welfare.

STEVE HOPPER.

Duke of Edinburgh's Award—Boys' Section

In 1967, a new group of sixteen members has been undertaking the Award course, thus bringing the total number to thirty-three. The scheme, which encompasses four different sections, requires the devotion of much time and energy by each candidate, and the degree of difficulty and involvement increases at the Silver and Gold levels.

In the Pursuits Section, the subjects range over sculling, football umpiring, book reading and underwater swimming, the latter activity being the most popular. Some Series 1 enthusiasts are very competent in the art of snorkel-diving; others are proficient at Judo and table tennis, and one specialises in Rowing. The Series 11 and 111 underwater swimmers form one of the best trained and experienced groups of young scuba divers in the State, each member having completed a one-hundred foot dive at least once. Two other members are umpiring sub-junior grade football matches each Saturday, and generally all boys are setting the same high standard in their various pursuits.

One afternoon each week sees us at the gym doing circuits of exercises designed to keep us fit. These prepare us for the athletic tests which we undergo during the last half of the year, and also for our expeditions, which require, among other things, considerable stamina for their execution.

All members have obtained a St. John's Ambulance First Aid Certificate, and the older members are now undertaking a Service Award, which is designed to equip us so to be able to play a worthwhile part in the community.

Everyone has completed the training exercises in preparation for the Test Expeditions which take place during the August vacation. These tests will be undertaken in wild country, allowing no contact with civilisation from start to finish. Series 1 have a 15-mile expedition over two days, which will be held in the vicinity of the Murray River, south of Manga Brook. Series 11 undertake a 30-mile test over three days, through rough, partly-unexplored country in the Ranges and a group of four is planning a 50-mile, 3-day expedition on the Blackwood River in the south-west. The Gold Series faces perhaps the hardest task given to them during the whole scheme. They have to plan, and execute a 50-mile expedition of five to six days duration, which covers rough terrain and

John Curtin Film Society—Club Notes

What a dreadful catastrophe the day the infamous John Curtin Film Society commenced under the direction of Mr. Bruce Haynes at the beginning of 1967. Kimberley J. Rea was voted president of the club, with Stephen Gorton as vice-president. Our footy favourite Mr. Darryl Cormack kindly consented(?) to become the club secretary, whilst Mr. Scott was "warily" voted in charge of the money matters. A committee of three conscientious students—C. Gothard, L. Harris and G. Thompson—were unanimously elected to assist with public relations.

The Film Society aims to encourage the screening and discussion of films whose artistic quality, or historical interest is sufficiently great to warrant serious attention, regardless of subject matter, date or place of origin.

A motion picture is an integrated creation requiring the individual loyalty of all whose efforts contribute to its completion. It involves a large team—some prominent (from the public's point of view) such as the producer, director and star; and some less prominent (though most important), such as the designer, composer and camera, sound-recording and cutting-room teams as well as the set builders and the electricians who light the sets. This type of team work was viewed by the film members in "This is the B.B.C."—a documentary dealing with a day in the life of the B.B.C.

Many varied subjects were viewed through a series of carefully selected and unrelated films such as documentaries, animated films and fiction stories which dealt with such widely differing subjects as crime, religion, war, history, manufacturing and a number which were specifically made to illustrate the flexibility of the motion picture camera and its associated processes. One of the more popular programmes with the film members was "Oliver Twist", which was directed by one of Britain's greatest directors—David Lean, who was also associated with "The Bridge on the River Kwai", "Lawrence of Arabia", and the current "The Generals are Coming".

Although February and the succeeding three months passed reasonably peacefully, June came and, with the "loss" of second term's Film Notes, the end of peaceful history lessons for our publisher in "Sprocket Magazine" due to Mr. Haynes' continuous sarcasm. But in spite of this one complaint, Mr. Haynes' unwavering efforts and vivacious personality led to a happy and complacent

feeling among the members. As the spokesman for the members, I would like to thank Mr. Lonergan (without whom there could not have been a Film Society), Mr. Haynes and the committee for their services, which have led to a very successful year.

Films will be with us for a long time to come. If, as a result of the Film Society, someone from somewhere is helped to appreciate the art of a film in a film, the committee of our society will be grateful—and our efforts will not have been wasted.

A FILM SOCIETY MEMBER, 5C.

Cadet Notes, 1967

This year the cadet training started off on a new footing with C.U.O. McKenna and C.U.O. Ross in charge of the two first year platoons, and training them in the art of self discipline. With the help of C.S.M. McGovern's voice, this was hammered in for the first few weeks of training. This training continued until the three day bivouac at Northam Army Camp, then the 1st and 2nd year cadets were rearranged into three new platoons, and from then on the N.C.O.'s took over the task of teaching future lessons, C.U.O. Campbell, being in charge of 13 Platoon.

The purpose of the bivouac at Northam was to introduce the cadets to an army camp life and also enable them to qualify at the rifle range. A special feature of the bivouac was the night exercise enabling the cadets to test their newly-learned skills at crawling through the bush, past sentries to a certain point. Their task was made more difficult because of the C.U.O.'s and C.S.M.'s wild harassing of firing blanks and throwing grenades (the harassing finally had to be called off because they were making too much noise for the sentries to hear the cadets). This bivouac proved highly successful and the one that followed in August was again a great success. There they spent seven hard but interesting days with a varied syllabus of numerous range practices on the L.M.G. and O.M.C. to an overnight bivouac ending in a well planned battle. The highlight of the camp was Parents' Day where all the cadet units in the State put on a fine display of marching and drill.

The cadet unit provided an armed guard for the school Anzac Day Ceremony and again on the Foundation Day Parade through Fremantle, with both instances bringing praise upon the school unit. The final highlight of the year, and after many weeks of preparation, the Units March Out Parade finally ended the cadet year.

I would like to take the opportunity on behalf of my fellow under officers, C.S.M. and N.C.O.'s, and cadets to thank the Officers of cadets, especially Captain Sullivan for their participation in the Cadet Unit during 1967.

C.U.O. P. ROSS.

Debating Notes

1967 has been a successful year for the school debating notes. Out of four debates we won two: St. Louis Boys' College and Northam High School—and lost two:—Trinity College and Our Lady of the Missions. We consider this to be a marvellous effort owing to the fact that many of our members had never debated before.

Adjudicators seem to be partial to English accents and long, blonde hair and fortunately we had both these requirements.

Many thanks to Miss Hoad, Honorary-President of the Debating Club, and to the 4th year girls, who helped with the supper when we were the host school.

Mr. Mandell gave us a very entertaining lunch-time in preparation for our debate on "Australians are Narrow-Minded."

The Debating Club was expertly guided by Mr. Crock the Senior English Master.

We expect greater numbers in the future for both the club and the audiences as more enthusiasm was shown towards the end of the year.

Several members of the club who did not get a chance to debate are sincerely thanked for the invaluable assistance during discussions on debate topics.

"Debating Wears Out More Men Than Sport."
(With apologies to Shakespeare.)

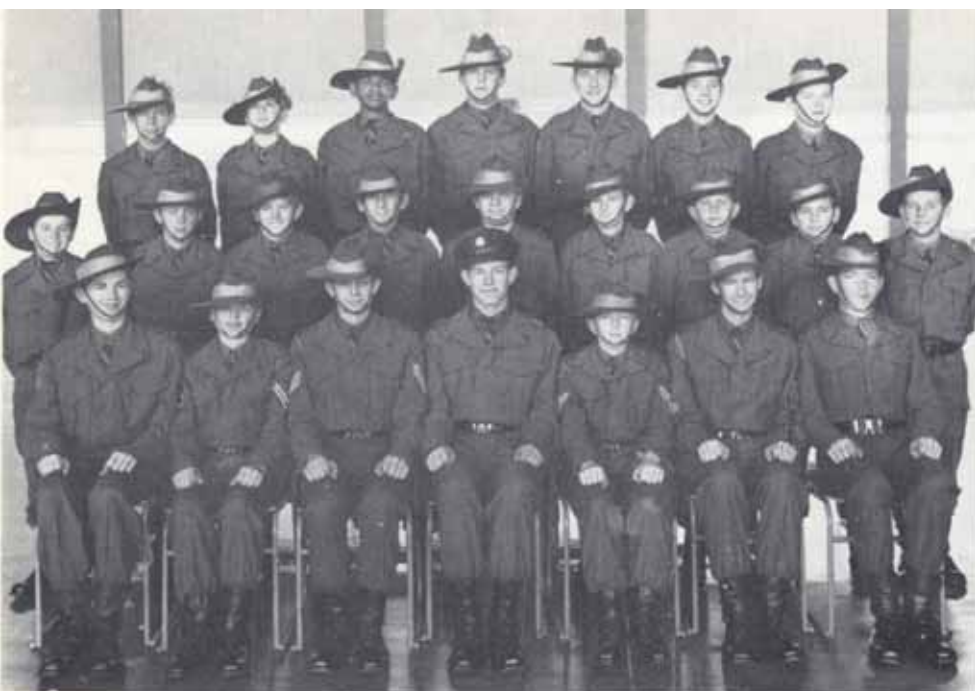
GAIL CRESSWELL, 4C
and LINDA DANN, 4A.



DEBATING TEAM

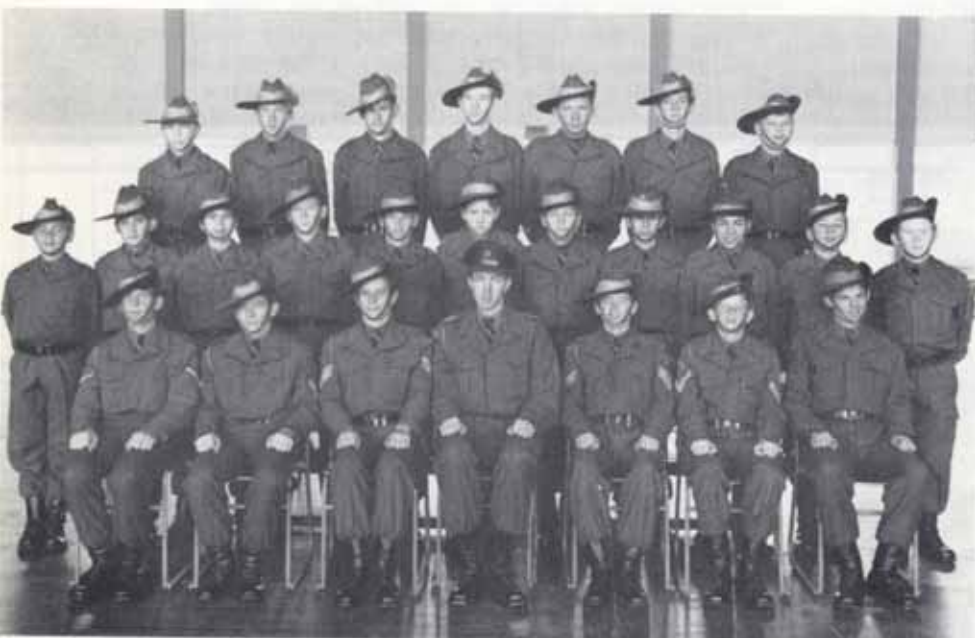
Seated (left-right): M. Robinson, L. Dann,
G. Cresswell,

Standing (left-right): P. Cressie, V. Moore, L. Smith,



SENIOR CADETS (above)

Sitting (l-r): C.U.O. P. Ross, C.U.O. S. McKenna.
Standing (l-r): C.U.O. G. Campbell, S/Sgt. R. Prosser.



NUMBER 1 PLATOON (top left)

Back Row (l-r): G. Turner, S. Penny, M. Wallam, J. Pearse, L. Roy, R. McDonald, M. Brown.
Centre Row (l-r): G. Willmott, W. Hughes, J. Erickson, G. Hendy, B. Magnus, J. White, M. Wright, K. Morfitt, R. Barry.
Front Row (l-r): I. Gwynne, Cpl. D. Wood, Sgt. A. Hartzer, C.U.O. S. McKenna, Sgt. L. Cooper, L/Cpl. J. Wilkinson, J. Herbert.



2 PLATOON (centre left)

Back Row (l-r): H. Bowling, R. Sumpton, R. Bascombe, C. Lowrie, C. Asplin, J. Purser, K. Foster.
Centre Row (l-r): L/Cpl. W. Jagers, A. Barfield, C. Cunningham, A. Riach, S. Bascombe, R. Foster, G. Foster, R. Mangano, J. Marchese, P. Cropley, C. MacIntyre.
Front Row (l-r): L/Cpl. B. Dowling, Cpl. R. Nurse, Sgt. B. Bowater, C.U.O. P. Ross, Sgt. C. Wood, Cpl. R. Martin, K. Bascombe.

3 PLATOON (bottom left)

Back Row (l-r): B. Scorer, R. Smith, L/Cpl. P. Doherty, S. McGovern, K. Miles, N. Bruhn.
Centre Row (l-r): V. Kilgour, K. Howes, K. Hall, T. Hurst, R. Purser, L/Cpl. B. Pine, R. Cummings, J. Rate, B. Bonatici.
Front Row (l-r): Cpl. W. Beard, Sgt. B. Russell, S/Sgt. R. Prosser, C.U.O. G. Campbell (Platoon Commander), Sgt. S. Caple (Platoon Sergeant), Sgt. S. Terry, L/Cpl. P. Ryan.
Absent: W. Black, N. Haynes, R. Czabotar, P. Mason, D. Lewis, A. Cressie, R. Bullen, C. Collison, R. Elmor, M. Bascombe, Cpl. H. Harrison, D. Richards.

SPORTS NOTES

Tennis A — Sporting Notes

The interschool tennis team had a fairly reasonable season. Although not quite the class of the days of Gary Pemberthy's team, the A team won 2 out of the 4 Wednesday afternoon fixtures.

The first draw of the competition was played against Melville, where our lack of training was obvious when both doubles matches were lost to better combinations. In the singles, however, where the onus is more on the individual, we took all matches, and on a countback, were defeated on games.

The next fixture was against Bentley High School. Poor courts seemed to affect our game against a comparatively weak side. The sets were

even, and on a count back of games, John Curtin High had the majority.

Applecross High's Tennis Team was to prove the strongest in our zone, so it was not surprising that they defeated us 7 sets to one set. With two losses and one win, we met Armadale on the Fremantle Courts. There was no chance, now of reaching the zone finals, as we had done the previous year, so the general trend of play was to throw caution aside, and play the hard-hitting game, which is often so colourful to watch. The result was a rewarding win to us, 8 sets to zero. I would like to congratulate the members of the Under-16 Herbert Edward's Team, who this year won the trophy for John Curtin High, and to wish next year's tennis team the best of luck.

LIFESAVING

The Annual Lifesaving Carnival was held on the first of April this year with many different schools competing. Much to John Curtin's delight, the open girls' team succeeded in winning the blue ribbon event of the day, the Madame de Mouncey trophy. The team of Jacqueline Adlam, Janice Hislop and Lynne and Wendy Watson not only won this major event, but they managed to break the existing record by a great margin of 11.8 seconds. In their heat, they just held off Methodist Ladies' College to win and set a new time, two seconds under the previous time recorded last year by a M.L.C. team. Swimming in the fastest qualifying lane the Curtin team surged ahead to set the new record; and bring home the cup for the first time in years.

These four girls previously won the Under-14 Bunbury Cup two years ago, and have been swimming as a team since then. Later on in the day, the girls combined to come a close and creditable second to the M.L.C. team in a medley relay.

John Curtin was also represented by Under-14 girls' and boys' teams, that managed to qualify for the finals in their respective events. They swam very well considering the competition was very close, and they must be congratulated for their effort in supporting the school.

Much gratitude must be extended to Miss Sippe who did a wonderful job in training and choosing the girls' teams. If it wasn't for her marvellous effort, there would not have been any teams at all. Mr. Rate must also be appreciated for the amount of time that he spent in coaching the boys' team. Let us all hope that we can repeat these creditable performances again in the years that follow.

W.W., Captain.



HERBERT EDWARDS CUP—Winning Team
Standing (left-right): P. Caley, T. Green.
Seated (left-right): A. Mills, R. Barrey.

HOCKEY NOTES

Once again, Curtin has maintained a high standard in the interschool hockey. At the moment all teams: "A", "B" and Second Year; hold strong positions in the premiership tables. The "A" team is on the top and should go on to the finals. The "B" team is also in a strong position to contest the finals. All girls from both "A" and "B" teams have shown great sportsmanship as well as ability.

The annual matches against Northam High School were both lost: in the "A" team, four to nil, and in the "B" team two to one. Considering the conditions under which we played, the girls adapted themselves as well as possible.

The Second Year team, coached by Miss Holbrook, though lacking in experience at the beginning of the season, has improved greatly. The girls now have a good chance of making the finals. There was no first year team this year, so come on all you first year hockey enthusiasts!

This year, five girls were selected to play in the Metropolitan Schoolgirls' teams, which opened Country Week with an exhibition match. Lynette Cockle, Lesley Knight and Pam Ballingall were chosen in the Seniors and Pam was elected Captain. Maris Feeney and Dianne Staton were chosen in the Juniors.

Thanks from all players must go to Mrs. Bromilow and Miss André for their valuable assistance to the "A" and "B" teams, and to Miss Holbrook for her time given to the Second Years' every Saturday morning.

P.B.

Baseball Notes

John Curtin did very well in Baseball in 1967. Despite troubles with training, which was unavoidable, the term went on to almost match the outstanding effort of last year's team.

At the beginning of the season, it looked as if the team would suffer badly at the loss of the experienced body of last year's team. Luckily a few of last year's players in the persons of Graham Squance, Roger Ward and Henry Luggens, were left to establish the nucleus for the new team to build on.

With the addition of John Mustard and Jan Trindger, the batting lineup was strengthened considerably. The inclusion of many new, relatively inexperienced players such as David Whitely, George Raffer, Fabio Caviur, George Hartzer coupled with the fielding ability of Graham Carmen and Michael Hatch, resulted in a young but stable combination of players.

This team went on to win all its matches against Melville, Applecross, Armadale and Bentley High Schools. It was much to the team's pleasure that they realized that they were the only representative team from Curtin to make the Interzone finals. Unluckily, this game against Hollywood High was lost by one run to naught.

Honour badges were later presented to Squance, Luggens, Mustard, Trindger and Ward. Possibly the whole team could have deserved a badge as it was a good team effort.

The team's wholehearted thanks go to Mr. Chester, for the efforts which he made in coaching and helping us.



FIRST XI HOCKEY

Back Row (left-right): J. Smith, F. Tipping, P. Martin, Mr. R. Rate (Coach), S. McKenna, R. Fawkes.

Front Row (left-right): A. Crow, G. Bowers, S. Gorton (Capt.), R. Meneghelld, N. Cressie, I. Trinder, K. Rennie.



OPEN GIRLS' LIFESAVING TEAM

Left-Right: W. Watson (Capt.), J. Hislop, J. Adlam, L. Watson.



TENNIS TEAM

Back Row (left-right): B. Evans, T. Green, E. Pyatt, P. Ballingall.

Front Row (left-right): N. Cressie, W. Badham.



BASEBALL

Back Row (left-right): J. Mustard, G. Raffa, I. Trinder, R. Ward, F. Cavilli.
Front Row (left-right): P. Carmen, G. Squance (Capt.), Mr. V. Chester (Coach), H. Lupkins (Vice-Capt.), M. Hatch.

CALISTHENIC NOTES

Only one team of senior girls was entered in the State Schoolgirls' Calisthenics Competition this year. John Curtin was one of seven competing teams and was fortunate in gaining first position.

The team consisted of nine upper school girls:

Sonja Halliday
Helen Lynch
Linsey Lawton
Jeanette Carmen
Christine Holt (Captain)
Irene Holmes
Karen Barfield
Tony Griffiths
Leonie Morriday

The sequence was based upon a "Greek Folk Step" which we varied and applied to "Never on a Sunday".

The girls were attired in Black tights and Leotards with the taller girls wearing red skirts, containing contrasting braids. Pumps decorated with yellow bows were worn on the feet. To make all movements complete every girl carried a large lemon scarf.

A highlight was the presentation of our sequence to the whole school.

Gratitude is extended to Miss Hersta for her assistance in choreography and team practises.

CHRISTINE HOLT (Captain).

Girls' Basketball Notes

The 1967 basketball teams have experienced the pleasure of great success. Of the six matches that have been played in the series, the 'A' team has lost one, while the 'B' team has proved to be the stronger at each game. We hope that this success will continue in the next two matches, but this can only be achieved by good team work and school spirit.

The 'A' team includes R. Pyatt (capt.), W. Watson, J. Fewster, L. Watson, P. Wales, J. Hislop and J. Cole, and wishes to thank Lea Whitbread who supported us at time of injury. The captain of the 'B' team is H. Lynch and the rest of the players are P. O'Byrne, L. Smith, W. Myer, L. Whitbread, C. Holt, A. Edgar and their strong supporters—J. Adlam and G. Newing.

In the first two fixtures both 'A' and 'B' teams performed well to defeat Melville and Armadale. The following match held against Applecross proved to be very fast, hard and even with the great school and team spirit upheld by Curtin, the Curtin 'A' team lost 42-44. The 'B' team proved to be the stronger and they beat Applecross by 5 goals. However the match held against Bentley, the following Wednesday was a victory for both 'A' and 'B' teams. The second round began the next Wednesday and again Curtin proved to be too strong for both Melville and Armadale.

Team members wish to extend their warm appreciation to the coach, Miss Sippe, who has proved to be very valuable in the advice and

inspiring efforts given during this season.

Congratulations to both Christine Pyatt and Wendy Johnson! Both have been selected in the State Schoolgirls' Basketball team which will be playing at Sydney this year.

We wish every success and enjoyment, that we have had this year, to the future John Curtin basketball teams and trust that they will win the grand final in the near future.

R.P.

P.S. Curtin won the Grand Final against Churchlands on the 16th August. Every player in the 'A' team played exceptionally well. Unfortunately the 'B' team was beaten in the semi-final.

Once again we would like to congratulate W. Johnson this time on her selection in the all-Australian schoolgirls' basketball team.

RUGBY UNION NOTES

A year of ups and ups and downs and downs and downs . . . This is the story of the rugby team this season. We started the year with a first class, top-notch, number one rugby team. This team has been slowly 'Whittled' down by terrible, unsavoury, unprintable injuries which have plagued our games this season. Our captain, David Bleakly, was carried off the field with a leg injury in one of our early games. He is now sitting out the rest of the season. To CAP that ONE, a certain back insists on jumping when tackled, his feet are gripped, his head (being rather heavy) travels earthward at tremendous speeds and . . . and . . .

Our State Representative this year is Glen Colledge who was to play in Tasmania but was taken to hospital during a match against the Navy with a broken collar bone.

By the way, contrary to popular, but misinformed opinion, the Rugby team does win games. Our forwards consist of Barry Porter, Peter Helsby, David Whittle, Arie Van Riesen, Roger Ward, Stewart Richmond, Peter Vos, Ron Swann, and Stephen Dierks. N.B. OUR SCRUM WEIGHS SOME 12 c.w.t. The back line was Peter Reynolds, Russel Newman, Glen Colledge, Carmello (Al) Capone, Don Stewart, Robert Prosser, and full back Fulvio ("Kick the ball"!!) Sammut. Meanwhile, back at the ranch . . .

Our coach lives up to his name and provides lifts for some of our players to Perth for the Saturday Competition. We would also like to extend our thanks to other fathers who have provided this service. The person to whom we all feel grateful is Mrs. Bleakley who has supported us throughout the season and supplied us with a lemon drink at half-time.

We will now depart in pieces with our RUGBY MOTTO:—"Learn how to ward off" or "Get off WARD!!!"

JOCK STRAPPE.



WOMEN'S RULES BASKETBALL

Standing (left-right): J. Hislop, P. Wales, W. Watson, L. Watson, L. Whitbread, J. Fewster.
Sitting (left-right): R. Pyatt (Capt.), Miss M. Sippe (Coach), J. Cole.



RUGBY

Back Row (left-right): P. Vos, P. Helsby, R. Prosser, R. Swann.
Centre Row (left-right): D. Whittle, A. Van Riessen, F. Sammut, Mr. Nolan (Coach), D. Stewart, B. Porter, S. Richmond.
Front Row (left-right): P. Reynolds, R. Naumann, C. Capone, D. Bleakly (Capt.), R. Ward (Vice-Capt.), G. Colledge, S. Dierks.

INTER-SCHOOL SWIMMING CARNIVAL

The Interschool Swimming Carnival was a very successful day even though we ran third. Tuart Hill won with 366 points followed by Applecross (317) and John Curtin (298).

Lyn Watson put up a magnificent effort in the "inters" with four wins followed by Wendy with one win, three seconds and a third, and Sonia Barrett also had a win. Other members of the "inters" team that gained places were Rebecca Parker, Malcolm Mansfield, John Newing, Jacquie Adlam and Graham Thompson.

The elected captains of the swimming team were Wendy Watson and Graham Thompson.

Sincere thanks are extended to Mr. Rate and Miss Sippe for their efforts in training the squad and their time given before school at Bicton Baths.

In 1968 the Interschool team should be well balanced and could (let's hope) win the Interschool Carnival. Good Luck to the 1968 Swimming Team.

G.T., Captain.

INTERFACTION SWIMMING CARNIVAL

The eleventh annual swimming carnival took place at Beatty Park on Tuesday, March 9th. It was a wonderful day with much of the excitement provided by red and gold factions each attaining 172 points. Blue faction won with a very good 304 points while black managed 137 points.

The champion girls were: for 12 years, Rebecca Parker with 13 points; for 13 years, Leonie King with 13 points; for 14 years, Lyn Watson with 22

points; for 15 years, Gloria Ross with 15 points; and for 16 years and over, Wendy Watson with 28 points.

The champion boys were: for 12 years, J. Newing with 10 points; for 13 years, Garry Williams with 10 points; for 14 years, Ken Mansfield with 20 points; for 15 years, Allan Thompson with 15 points; and for 16 years and over, Graham Thompson with 20 points.

Altogether, fifteen new records were set. For the boys, Ken Mansfield with the 14 years, 110 yards freestyle, M. Mansfield with the 14 years 55 yards backstroke and Ray Watson with the 16 years and over 55 yard backstroke. Also records were set for the 14, 15 and 16 years relays and the medley open.

For the girls, a record for the medley relay open. Jackie Adlam managed a new record for the 14 years 55 yard breaststroke and Wendy and Lyn Watson each set three records—the 14 years and 16 years 110 yard freestyle, the 16 years backstroke and butterfly respectively.

The outstanding swimmers in the faction teams were Lyn and Wendy Watson, Jacquie Adlam, Rebecca Parker, Leonie King, Sonia Barrett, Gloria Ross, Alan and Graham Thompson, Malcolm Mansfield, John Newing, Ray Watson, Vic Smith and Ian Trinder, Penny Wales was outstanding in the diving.

Curtin's swimming team had three state representatives in Lyn and Wendy Watson and Penny Wales (diving).

The carnival was very successful and thanks must be given to the organizers and competitors.

J.B., 5B.



SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row (left-right): A. Thompson, K. Opperman, I. Trinder, R. Watson, B. Gray, I. Tester, T. Orgles, V. Smith.
 Third Row (left-right): G. Ross, P. Wales, L. Whitbread, L. Watson, J. Adlam, M. Woodhouse, D. Williams.
 Second Row (left-right): M. Pollin, P. Carmen, J. Hislop, M. Mansfield, A. Townson, N. Haynes, L. King, K. Zuldeveld, N. Duggan, J. Jenkin, B. Blay.
 Front Row (left-right): C. Lorrimar, R. Hart, J. Newing, W. Watson: (Girls' Captain), Mr. Rate (Boys' Coach), Miss Sippe (Girls' Coach), G. Thompson (Boys' Captain), J. Nova, N. Howe, T. Griffiths.



STATE REPRESENTATIVES

Back Row (left-right): D. Staton (Hockey), C. Pyatt (Basketball), D. Caird (Calisthenics), L. Knight (Hockey).
 Centre Row (left-right): L. Watson (Swimming), W. Watson (Swimming), P. Zaccaria (Football), D. Sillery (Football), J. Cole (International Rules Basketball), P. Wales (Diving).
 Front Row (left-right): L. Cockle (Hockey), P. Ballingal (Hockey), N. Dymock (Calisthenics), J. Fewster (Basketball), W. Johnson (Basketball), M. Feeney (Hockey).
 Absent—D. Radovich (Basketball).



GRADE "A" FOOTBALL TEAM

Back Row (left-right): S. Bond, K. Pascoe, G. Thompson, D. Haddow, R. Dymock, B. Gray, S. La Macchia.
 Middle Row (left-right): R. Pescud, H. Lupkins, G. Hall, J. Mustard (V.Capt.), J. Eattel, B. Fitzgerald, R. Oates, J. Glass, F. Cavilli.
 Front Row (left-right): L. Pescud, J. Nelson, G. Williams (Capt.), Mr. D. Cormack (Coach), G. Coffey, J. Sumich, J. Doig.



CALISTHENICS

Standing (left-right): I. Holmes, L. Lawton, S. Halliday, A. Thompson, L. Moraday, T. Griffiths.
Sitting (left-right): K. Barfield, H. Lynch, Miss Hersta, C. Holt, J. Carman.



BASKETBALL "A" TEAM

Standing (left-right): T. Manwaring, B. Wynn, C. Raston, A. Gummery, E. Giardini, S. Wilson.
Sitting (left-right): P. Ross (Capt.), Mr. Frizzell, R. Hoffman.



WOMEN'S HOCKEY

Standing (left-right): S. Jones, L. Earnshaw, W. Badham, L. Knight, M. Gill, S. Fewster.
 Sitting (left-right): M. Feeney, L. Cockle, Mrs. Bromilow (Coach), P. Ballingal (Capt.), B. King.
 Absent: S. Duncan.



GYMNASTICS

Back Row (left-right): S. McDonald, G. Whitbread, F. Marrett, C. Richardson, V. Edwards, S. Baxter, K. Reid.
 Middle Row (left-right): R. O'Brien, M. Moraday, G. Ogg, Mrs. Bromilow, Miss Hersta, D. Caird, B. Shirrar, J. Greene, J. Hill.
 Front Row (left-right): C. Meiners, R. Maller, C. Stoddart, G. Olivieri, M. Croese, S. Manley.
 Absent: S. Webb, S. Gillam, J. Potts.

Softball Notes

The softballers of 1967, wish to thank Mr. McRobert for his assistance during the summer season, when the John Curtin softball teams, upheld the high standard of our school, during the interschool competition.

The strong team spirit shown is to be mentioned. Unfortunately neither teams reached finals as the competition was more powerful than our girls could return. The results of all matches were close and in the 'A' division the Curtin team won two games, drew one, but lost the final match.

The 'A' team consisted of Jill Cole, Ann Edgar, Janice Hislop, Helen Lynch (captain), Lynley Harris, Merry Robinson, Beatrix Pomykaj, Lynley Smith and Wendy Watson.

The 'B' team was less successful in losing all games except one. The team consisted of Jeanette Carman, Carol Gothard (captain), Paula Cressie, Janine Groves, Rhonda Haskell, Sonja Halliday, Christine Holt, Sue Jones, Lesley Knight and Fay Leece.

Thanks go to Mr. McRobert whose coaching was appreciated by all girls mentioned. Also for

his many hours spent during his spare time, to arrive at conclusive teams.

Congratulations must go to all these girls of 1967, and the best of luck to the future softballers of John Curtin Senior High School.

HELEN LYNCH (Captain).

Girls' Tennis

This year, the inter-school tennis competition proved to be of a high standard and most of our matches were won by only small margins. However, the "A" team consisting of Wilma Badham, Ricky Pyatt, Bronwyn Evans and Pam Ballingall, was narrowly defeated by a much improved Armadale team and did not qualify for the inter-zone finals. The "B" team unfortunately, was defeated, although the girls co-operated well and played as a team. This team included Sandra Doig, Della Gooding, Val Moore and Peta Jackson.

Curtin again fielded a Herbert Edward's team, this year. The girls were not successful however,



INTER-SCHOOL SOFTBALL TEAM "A" GRADE

Standing (left-right): W. Watson, J. Cole, L. Harris, B. Pomykaj.

Sitting (left-right): L. Smith, H. Lynch (Capt.), Mr. B. McRobert (Coach), J. Hislop, M. Robinson.

but would like to thank Miss Hersta for the interest shown to them.

Our school entered a team in the Mursell Shield Competition this year. The team—Wilma Badham, Ricky Pyatt, Bronwyn Evans and Sandra Doig—was not expected to win the competition but in the first round, Curtin defeated the number one team St. Hilda's No. 1. This win boosted our morale and we advanced to the quarter finals. Perth Modern School team proved to have greater overall strength, and it defeated Curtin in the following match. Throughout the matches of this competition, the team played extremely well and much enthusiasm and interest was shown by all girls concerned. Our thanks are extended to Leone Sanders and Della Gooding, who assisted with the umpiring.

Our special thanks and appreciation is extended to Mrs. Bromilow for her help and interest. Without this moral support, I am sure we would not have had such a successful and enjoyable season. Here's hoping Curtin can claim the honours next year!

WILMA BADHAM (Captain).

BOYS' INTERNATIONAL RULES BASKETBALL

Most of this year's players were relatively new to the game and the team did well to finish the season of seven games in second position. Low scoring and close finishes were a unique feature in many of the games.

Throughout the year there was a general improvement in the standard of our play, mainly due to the coaching efforts of Mr. Frizzel and P. Ross (Captain). This improvement was so marked that in the second last match of the season, the team went down by only one point to Applecross—this year's premiers.* The abilities of our tall players; P. Ross and C. Raston were a feature of many of the games.

Special mention must be made of Mr. Frizzel, whose many exhibitions of one-man umpiring were much appreciated. The team's congratulations go to Dusan Radovich who was selected in the State Under-16 team, but who was unfortunately unable to play in the school team.

*The final game, however, was more successful with our team running out winners, 57 points to 28 against Bentley.

R. HOFFMAN.



CRICKET TEAM 1967

Standing (left-right): J. Gelmi, S. Gorton, K. Nadilo, P. Martin (V.Capt.), B. Ayling, L. Pescud.
Sitting (left-right): S. Jones, J. Sumich, G. Coffey (Capt.), A. Croft, T. Manwaring.



INTERNATIONAL RULES BASKETBALL "A" TEAM

Standing (left-right): L. Sanders, W. Johnson, L. Smith, R. Pyatt, J. Hislop, A. Nabbs.
Sitting (left-right): J. Cole (Capt.), Mr. Haynes (Coach), C. Pyatt.



SOCCKER TEAM

Standing (left-right): D. Kerr, J. Davis, P. Caley, R. Jones, P. Vergeer, G. Reale, R. Nurse.
Seated (left-right): E. Riddell, F. La Macchia (Capt.), Mr. Scriven (Coach), P. Scotti, G. Petta.

Financial Contributions

The editors gratefully thank the following business houses and associations of Perth and Fremantle, for their generous response to our appeal for financial help for "The Sentinel". Without them the publication would have been almost impossible. Thus we extend our thanks to:—

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South Fremantle Football Club;
Fremantle Trotting Club;
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Spicers (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.;
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Message to our Writers

The Editors thank warmly all contributors for their generous efforts but regret that not all contributions could be published. The reason for most rejections was simply lack of space.

It would be appreciated if those whose work was crowded out would try again next year.

Meanwhile the following hints are offered, with respect to all contributions whether published or not.

1. Length is important. Try to cut out all unnecessary words.
2. In the interest of justice do not publish personal comments likely to be hurtful. Remember your victim has no chance to answer back.
3. The Editors try to cater for all tastes, but cannot publish articles, even clever ones, where the language used is offensive.
4. Work should be original or the source of knowledge mentioned "Straight" writing has, on the whole, more appeal than the consciously incorrect. We do have room for one or two of the "Use guys don't no arf," variety; but one or two is the limit. A magazine full of this would be most boring.

We strive to please, and with your help, contributors, we hope we have done so.

EDITORS.