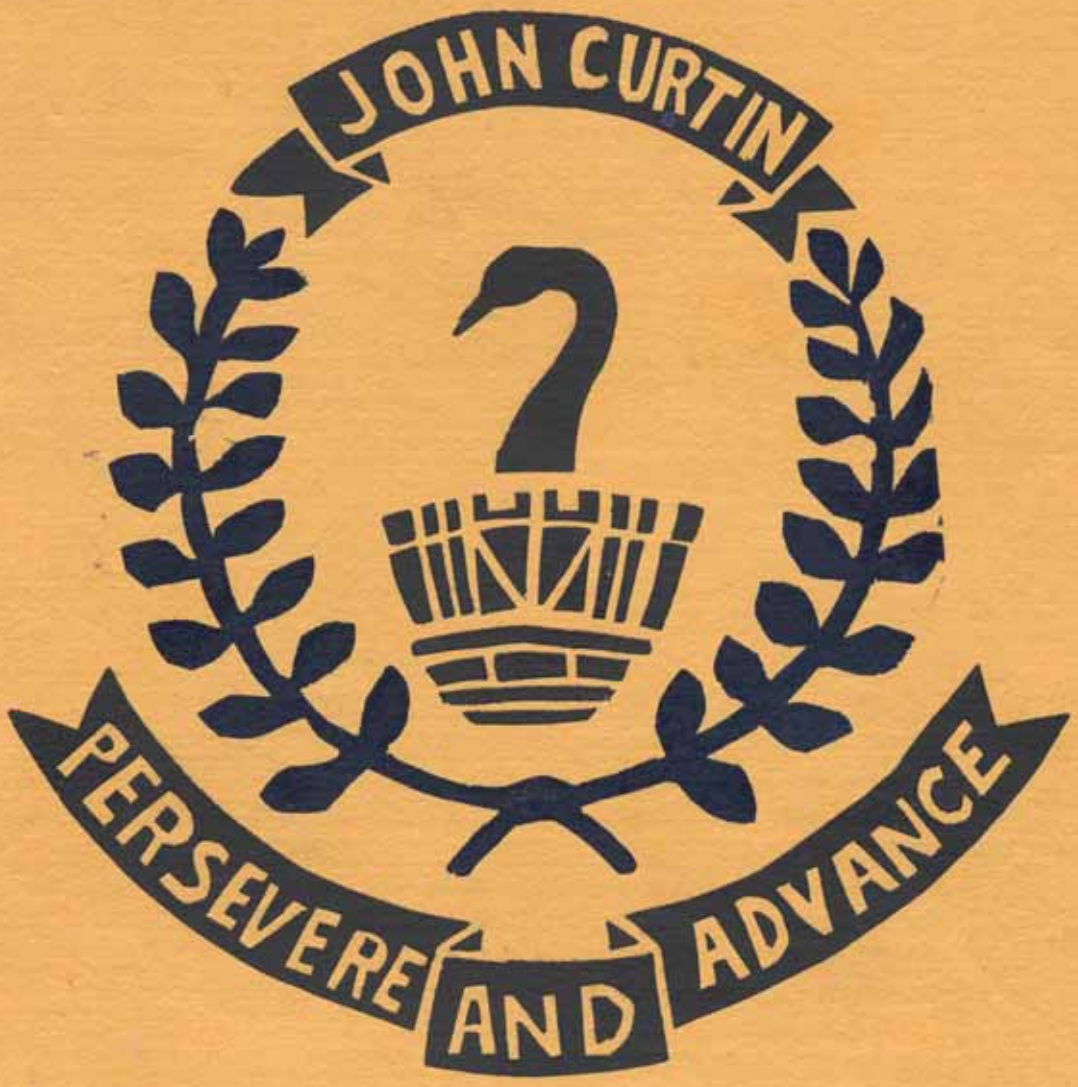


THE SENTINEL

1958-1968

Staff Members

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

Deputy Principal:
Mr. J. STOKES, M.A.

Principal Mistress:
Miss H. HOAD, B.A., Dip.Ed.

First Mistress:
Miss C. DODS, 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. H. HEYHOE, B.A., Dip.Ed.
Senior Master/Geography: Mr. I. JUMEAUX, B.Ed.
Senior Master/Mathematics: Mr. R. GOLLAN, B.A., B.Ed.
T/Senior Master Languages: Mr. R. TROBE, B.A.
R/Senior Master/History: Mr. B. HAYNES, B.A., B.Ed. (Hons.)
Guidance Officer: Mr. R. WEILAND, B.A., Dip.Ed.
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 Master/High School Cert.: Mr. G. TOOP, B.A., B.Ed.

Mr. T. ANDERSON; Miss L. ANDRE, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.; Mrs. M. ANDREWS, B.A., Dip.Ed.; Mrs. M. BEECH; Mrs. V. BOWE; Mr. H. BRADFIELD; Mrs. L. BROMILOW. Dip.Phys.Ed.; Mr. R. CLARK, Dip. Teaching (Eng.); Mrs. A. CONNELLY; Mr. H. COOPER, Mr. D. CORMACK; Mrs. M. CURTAIN; Mrs. CURTIS; Mr. R. DAW; Mr. P. DOYLE; Mr. D. EDDINGTON; Mr. K. EDDINGTON; Mrs. V. EDWARDS, Dip.H.Sc. (P.T.C.); Mr. J. ELLIOTT; Mr. D. ELLIS, A.C.P.; Mr. G. FERGUSON; Mrs. R. FOSTER, Dip.H.Sc.; Mr. J. FISHER; Mr. P. FRIZZELL, Dip.Phys.Ed.; Mr. T. FULLER; Mr. J. GARRETT; Mr. R. GORE, B.A., Dip.Ed.; Mr. J. GRAY; Mrs. F. GURR, B.A.Dip.Ed.; Mr. R. HALSEY. M.A.; Mrs. L. HARBORD, Dip.Phys.Ed.; Mr. F. HATCH; Mr. J. HULME; Mrs. M. HUNT, B.A., L.A.S.A. (Sp.); Mrs. O. KEMP; Mr. M. KINSELLA; Mr. L. KOWOL, B.Sc., B.Ed.; Mrs. S. LAKE, Dip. Teaching (Eng.); Mrs. O. McGILLICK; Mr. B. McROBERT, B.A., Dip.Ed.; Mr. R. MILLER; Mr. J. MILTON; Mr. E. OAKLEY; Mr. T. O'DONNELL; Mrs. H. O'KEEFE, B.A.; Mrs. M. O'SULLIVAN, Dip.Art; Mr. PARTINGTON, A.P.T.C.; Mrs. M. PENNY, B.Sc.; Mrs. R. RICHARDS, B.A.; Mr. J. RIEKA; Miss C. ROLLINS; Mrs. E. ROWE; Mrs. S. RUSSELL; Mrs. P. SANDERS, F.C.E.S. (P.T.C.); Mr. B. SCHOLES; Mr. W. SCOTT; Mr. J. SCRIVEN; Mr. . STRAHAN, B.Sc.; Miss C. STRINGER; Mrs. D. SURASKI; Mr. W. SWEET; Mrs. R. TAPLEY; Mr. G. TAYLOR; Mrs. V. TAYLOR; Mr. A. TELENTA; Mrs. J. THOMPSON; Mrs. R. WADDELL, Dip.H.Sc.; Mr. J. WEBB, B.A.; Miss B. WHYTE.

Clerical Staff :
Mr. J. BRANSON (Registrar); Mrs. O. SMITH; Mrs. D. WILLIAMS; Mrs. M. WILLIAMS.

COVER Designed and Screen Printed at the School by the Art Department

The Sentinel

NUMBER TWELVE YEAR 1968

EDITORIAL . . .

A school is an institution on which greater emphasis is being placed. The necessity for a solid educational background is increasingly emphasized in today's affluent society.

A school is identified as the training ground of the nation's youth; an institution not only where children receive an academic grounding, but also the principles on which to base their lives as future citizens. .On leaving school however we, as young adults, must choose which course in life to follow.

Perhaps the question foremost in our minds is:—"If adults have made a mess of this world, what strategy should we adopt to cope with it?" (Here the main point is not whether our society is imperfect but rather how to deal with it.) On the answer to this question rests the basis of our careers. There are several patterns on which to base one's life—almost one for each personality type, but in general there are three paths to follow.

Maybe you feel that for this world there is no hope—that doom is inevitable. Consequently you choose simply to withdraw from our society—to become a social dropout. In fact, you become a parasite, "sponging" off the benefits provided by the hard-working majority.

For the undignified who possess low levels of energy, pride and intelligence this will be the popular choice.

On our passage through school our minds are trained and our brains stored with facts, many of which we may find incomprehensible, or dispute. We may get an inclination to revolt but under the restraints of school discipline we find this impossible. However, once unleashed into society we find new freedom and are liable to rush like dogs in the hunt to seek out and destroy, and in doing so add further to the moral corruption of our nation. Protesters are ex-observers who are searching for their 'place' in society.

They, one is led to believe, are enticed into such action not wholly by the thirst for radical change, but rather by the drama, glamour and the need "to belong" to a cause

Undoubtedly the romantics amongst us will be lured by this course.

Even within the realms of school-life we meet those individuals who attack their task with patience, interest and organization. This complacent, systematic attitude may be carried into adult life and may form the basis of one's confrontation with the world's problems. .For those of us who choose this path the way will be tedious, often discouraging and occasionally rewarding. .It offers no means of escape from the responsibilities of life; it offers no fierce exhilaration for those wreaking vengeance on a harsh society. It offers only stability and a faint glimmer of hope.

None of us can be educated in advance to deal constructively with a crisis. In this we are equal. People who weather a crisis well are those who actively seek a solution.

Obstacles may be numerous in our life-time but as long as control of our society rests in the hands of the plodding, determined idealists, each working for the common good rather than for purely selfish ends, progress is inevitable.

Ours are turbulent times and we are certainly not a passive generation. We are healthier, more curious and more demanding than our predecessors. Perhaps of greater importance is the fact that we are better educated. The effect and value of this education have yet to be seen.

Our country's government is founded on a balance of freedom and restraint. We as the nation's young see its faults and its challenges. As long as we wisely use the knowledge we have stored to eradicate those faults and to answer the challenges, there is only one possible result—success!

PRINCIPAL AND PREFECTS

Back Row (left-right): L. Pescud, S. Hopper, K. Nadilo.
Middle Row (left-right): F. Cavilli, V. Moore, L. Whitbread, R. Pyatt, B. Pomyjak, L. Smith, G. Colledge.
Seated (left-right): L. Taylor, B. Atkinson, P. Cressie, Mr. Loneragan, D. Young, N. Cole, J. Tomasich.

Principal's Foreword

This year marks the tenth anniversary of the official opening of our school in October 1958, the occasion when the building begun in 1956 to house the Upper School, was eventually completed, and by a fortunate set of circumstances, this coincides with important building additions. Last August, construction of the new school library commenced, and the contractors confidently state that it will be completed on or before December 6th. The second addition will be a new science block and it is anticipated that this will be finished early in 1969. As a consequence, Princess May will no longer be an annexe, and all students will be accommodated at the main school. Until the science block becomes available, we are going to be somewhat overcrowded but I hope this will be only for a few weeks.

Ex-students and those who knew the late Mr. J. Howieson, B.A. Dip.Ed., the school's first Principal, will be delighted to know that the Education Department has decided to honour one of its finest Principals by naming the new library "The Jack Howieson Memorial Library". Past and present students will also be given an opportunity of paying tribute to his memory and perhaps contributing in some small way to the perpetuation of his name in the library.

Most students are aware that our present library, beautifully situated as it is, is overstocked with its ten thousand books and is too small to give adequate library facilities to all our students. The new library will hold twenty-two thousand books and here lies a real challenge for us all. How are we to begin to fill the empty shelves? Additions to the library will be continuous over many years but it seems to me that 1968, the school's tenth anniversary, is an appropriate year for a special effort. Therefore, I invite all present and past students to make a careful selection from their home library shelves of good quality fiction suitable for thirteen to fifteen-year-old students, or for upper school students, and donate the books to the new library. The name of the donor will be acknowledged on school crest paper and pasted on the inside cover of the book. Naturally the school librarians reserve the right of non-acceptance because of duplication or inappropriateness.

The idea impresses me as being a most practical and useful gesture, well within the ability of every student past and present, and if implemented would, I am sure, delight the heart of your late Principal if he were alive to see it.

Perhaps some students and ex-students might prefer to make a specific donation of money, leaving the selection to our librarians, Mr. T. Fuller and Mr. J. Elliott, but also acknowledging the name of the donor. If the idea appeals, the new library could have a fine collection of some two thousand novels for the official opening next year.

The main theme of my message for 1968 has been on the new library. However, I cannot close this message without congratulating and thanking members of the magazine committee and contributors for the time, skill and interest they have given to its production. In addition, I want to thank all staff members who assisted with their encouragement, and to make a special acknowledgment of the work of Mr. Crock, the Senior Master, who guided the committee and devoted so much of his time to the production of the magazine.

I wish to express my warm appreciation of the ready and friendly co-operation of members of the teaching staff, and of the clerical, gardening and cleaning staffs. I thank the Parents and Citizens' Association for further important contributions to the school in the way of teaching aids, and the ladies who throughout the year have given voluntary help in the Canteen. Without them, there would be no canteen service.

As in previous years, the 1968 prefects have been particularly fine representatives, and I am indeed grateful to David Young, School Captain, and Paula Cressie, Senior Girl, and their team for the many services to the school throughout the year.

To the student body as a whole, I cannot pay a more graceful compliment than to say that, for me, 1968 has been a pleasant and memorable year. I feel that, after ten years, the school has at last come of age and that present upper school students reflect this growth towards maturity.

PRINCIPAL AND SENIOR STAFF

Standing (left-right): Messrs. I. Jumeaux, H. Heyhoe, J. Nolan, B. Haynes, R. Gollan, G. Toop, R. Trobe.

Seated (left-right): Mr. D. Crock, Miss C. Dods, Mr. J. Stokes, Mr. A. Loneragan (Principal), Miss H. Hoad, Mr. R. Sullivan, Miss M. Critch.

Absent: Mrs. Brearley, Mr. V. Chester (on Long Service Leave), Mr. R. Rate.

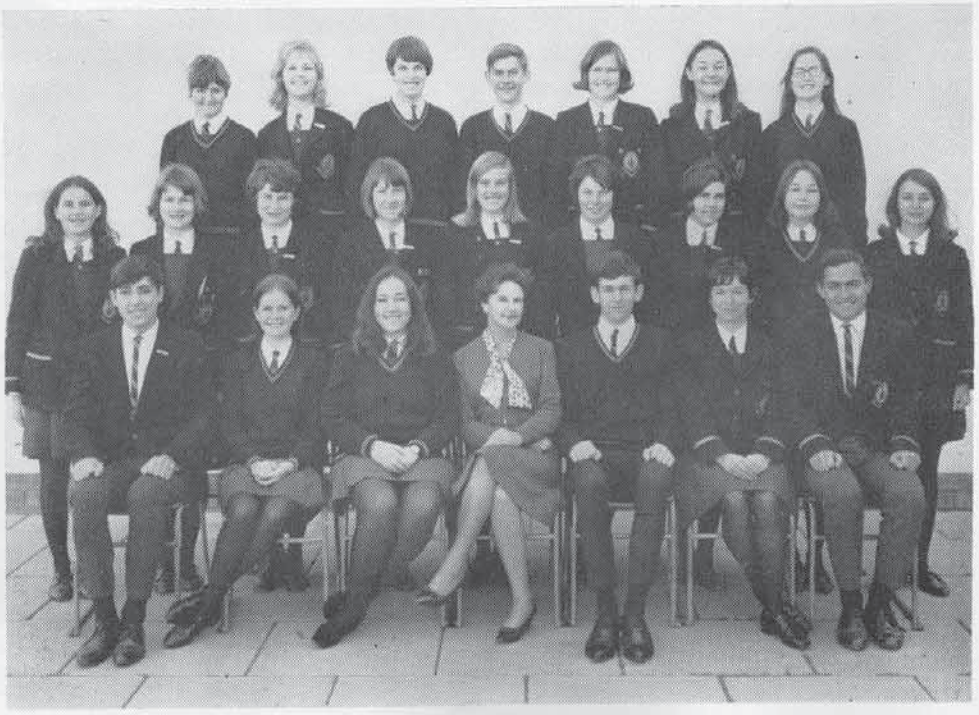
DUX OF THE SCHOOL, 1968
GLENDA ROGLICH

"THE SENTINEL" COMMITTEE AND ASSISTANTS

Back Row (left-right): C. Meacham, B. Pomyjak, S. McCorry, B. Atkinson, E. Pyatt, L. Whitbread, R. Cunningham.

Centre Row (left-right): P. Cressie, N. Sonsee, N. Cole, V. Moore, L. Smith, G. Ross, L. Taylor, J. Baczynski, L. Cadloro.

Front Row (left-right): J. Tomasich, I. Holmes, B. Smedley (Co-Editor), Mrs. Sanders, S. McGovern (Co-Editor), M. Birch, F. Cavilli.



John Curtin High School

1968

SCHOOL CAPTAIN
DAVID YOUNG

SENIOR GIRL
PAULA CRESSIE

School Captain:
DAVID YOUNG

Senior Girl:
PAULA CRESSIE

Dux of School:
GLENDA ROGLICH

FACTION CAPTAINS

Red:
GARY BACK (Swimming)
FABIO CAVILLI (Athletics)
NARELLE COLE
ANNE EDGAR

Gold:
JOHN PORTER (Swimming)
LINDSAY PESCUD (Athletics)
RICKY PYATT
GLENDA NEWING

Blue:
ALAN THOMPSON (Swimming)
IAN TESTER (Athletics)
LEA WHITBREAD
LINLEY SMITH

Black:
S. HOPPER (Swimming)
S. HOPPER (Athletics)
JANICE HISLOP
GLENYS JOHNSON

Commonwealth Tertiary Scholarships:

Wilma Badham
Joe Baker
Pam Balingall
John Bassula
Stuart Beechen
Mark Bessen
Kevin Bond
Glen Coffey
Noel Cressie
John Eatell
Sonya Halliday
Lesley Knight
Steven Marshall
John Nelson
Colin Raston
Richard Ringrose
Ron Swan

Commonwealth Secondary Scholarships:

Lindsay Baguley
Pam Forsyth
Peter Cook
Martin Finn
Michael Griffiths
Peter Jensen
John Radaich
Stephen Terry
Norman Webb
Nicola Birch
Judith Kimmorley
Cheryl Bovell
Bruce Dine
Jennifer Collins
Diane Fitzgerald
Diane Guy
Susan Snell

Teaching Bursaries:

Christine Stoddart
Shirley Weir

Advanced Education Scholarships:

Susan Ashford
Arie Van Riessen
Yolande Geluti

Science Cadets:

Vincent D'Antuono, David Young.

German D.A.S. Exams:

Wilma Badham
B. Evans
A. Gooding
J. Graves
S. Halliday, 'D' (1st Prize)
I. Lessnau, 'D'
L. Sanders

Alliance Francais Examination Results:

Division IIA—
L. J. Lawton, T. Peters.

Division IIB—
R. Cunningham, L. Dann, V. Moore, K. Tarbutt, D. Young.

Division III—
L. Baguley, N. Birch ('D' and Fourth Prize), S. Blackley, C. Bovell ('D'), J. Collins ('D'), P. Cook, D. Fitzgerald ('D'), M. Griffiths, D. Guy, P. Hill, D. Kilminster, R. Maller ('D'), G. Nelson, J. Reeves, S. Snell ('D'), C. Stoddart, S. Terry, A. Thompson, S. Ward, S. Weir ('D' and 24th Prize), H. Window.

Division IV—
M. Asmutaitis, M. Blackley ('D'), D. Caird, L. Crowe, I. Formato ('D'), K. Gilbride, J. Glass, K. Greenberg, T. Hawkins, B. Houghton, M. Hunter C. Jones, W. Johnson, B. Judge, S. Lambert, J. Linton, R. Lovell, M. Machin ('D'), H. Reed, K. Morrison, M. Sargent, S. Story, B. Taylor, A. Towson, B. Vernon.

CLASS NOTES

5A Class Notes

As the year draws to a close, we, the members of 5A must sadly close our text books and, with our Leaving Certificates (we hope!) tucked under our arms and tears in every eye, take our leave of John Curtin High and enter the cold, cruel world outside.

Now is the hour,
When we must say goodbye.
Soon to sit our Leaving
And you know we'll try
NOT TO FAIL!!!

In the admirable traditions of previous 5A's, we had a brilliant collection of the most remarkable talent. In fact, our talent is only exceeded by our beauty (or handsomeness, depending on the case!!). The class comprised two separate entities —males and females. The "others" were the weaker sex.

It was among our gay, debonair, vibrant company that the School Captain, David Y. ("a verry gentil parfit knight") and the Senior Girl, Paula C. ("she spak ful faire and fetisly") saw fit to reside. Along with these superior beings, we must also give a mention to our illustrious prefect body—

Val. M.—"that of hir smiling was ful simple and coy".
Lin S.—"And full pleasant and amiable of port".
Bryan A.—"And wel biloved and famulier was he".
John T.—"Hise eyen twinkled in his heed aright".
Ken N.—"Whit was his head as is a daisy".

In sundry corners of the classroom, dwell certain people who would make excellent members of the cast of "Lord of the Flies"—on Jack's side. "But ther-of nedeth not to speke as nowthe"—for the author's protection!

As always, 5A is the very core of the sports teams, for without us to provide entertainment on the sports field for certain staff members, life would not be quite the same. Every team (well, almost every team!) is represented in 5A by our typically rugged, sport-loving Australians—and those who claim to be British, Italian, Slav, etc.

Our excellent and well-loved charity-collector was Linda D. ("yet wolde she have a ferthing er she went"), who managed to extract money from even the most hard-hearted members of 5A. Also, the position of class prefect was brilliantly filled by the one and only Jim Mc. ("For unto swich a worthy man as he").

The Debating Team was another feature of 5A not to be seen anywhere else. It comprised the talented Stephen J. ("Of his stature he was of evene lengthe"), Merry R. ("In felaweshipe coulde wel she laughe and carpe") and Linda D. The Music Club also had members in 5A, Sue L. ("In curteisye was set ful muchel hir list"), Barbara S. ("And sikerly she was of greet desport") and Kathy T. ("And peined hir to contrefete cheere"), while the United Nations Club was under the capable management of Vince D. ("The wisdom of a heepe of lerned men?").

Other members of the class are:

Karen C.: "And to ben holden digne of reverence." Great hockey player.
Glenda R.: "And though that she were worthy, she was wis." Class genius.
Glenda H.: "And to been estatlich of mannere." Callisthenics team member.
Gary B.: "Therto he strong was as a championn." Electronic handyman.
Stephen H.: "This worthy man ful wel his wit bisette." Badminton player.
Don. P.: "He nevere yet no vileinye ne saide." Also Badminton player.
John L.: "So muchel of daliaunce and fair langage."
John J.: "Hise resons he spak ful solempnely."
Syd. Mc.: "And yet he was but esy of dispence." Badminton player.
Bill A.: "Ther was no man no wher so vertuous." Great animal lover.
Greg. T.: "No wher so bisy a man ther was."
John M.: "Reed as the bristles of a sowes eris." Footballer.
John D.: "To liven in debit was evere his wone."
Fulvio S.: "With lockes crulle as they were leid in presse." RUGBY player.
Laurie M.: "He was not pale as a forpined goost." Great charity giver.
Peter H.: "Noght a word spak he moore than was neede."

We extend our gratitude and congratulations to our teachers this year. Our special thanks go to Miss Dods, our form mistress, who "al was conscience and tendre herte." Our apologies go to Chaucer, Golding, Rupert Brooke and the members of 5A.

"When we do leave, think only this of us,
That there is some corner of a teacher's worst nightmare
That is forever 5A."

Good luck to all Junior and Leaving candidates in the coming examinations.

MILROYD. 5A.

5B-1 Class Notes

"The Pressurised Pilgrimage"

When the month of November yields its sweet showers
Of 'innocent' suffering and incessant strain;
When the trees are sated with the purest of waters
Coming from tears and not from rain;
When the young people walk this earth
Bleary-eyed and with anxious concern,
It's then that people long to go on pilgrimages.

'Twas at this time I perchance did stay
In a room full worthy of woe,
And many robust fellows bold
Did share the pleasures just so;
And I today in literary mind
Wish to tell their tale
Of how they lived and how they loved
And sometimes, how they'd wail.

A Knight there wasn't, for none such worthy man
Could ere be found in truth,
I fear only gentle damsels
Held honour in our roof;
But Millars and Shipmen and Local Knaves,
These were had in numbers,
And fair maids of brown and lusty blonde,
And a Yak with Hair asunder.

Our company held many a lad
Who lived on the fruits of mirth,
There were some so tall and some so short
And others of considerable girth.
I sat amongst the best of them.
I sat amongst the worst,
Contrast of wit and presence of mind
Came through their subtle converse.

Some thrived on study,
Others on the cars they used,
And then there were those nonchalant rogues
Who were hissed and booed and abused.
The leaders of our company,
Full worthy men were they,
With some concern and some rebuke,
For us they'd often prayed.

The passing of time did pain us
As our journey neared its end,
The humour and joviality
From the shock of work did mend;
But only in small portions,
This you had to expect,
And the leaders suffered more so
From our innocent neglect.

But now the torture's evident,
We see through bloodshot eyes;
If we weren't but goodly citizens,
Our hopes would be dashed by lies.
We approach the threshold nervous,
The battle to be lost or won,
In five years time we'll laugh at this,
The Pilgrimage of 5B1.

"Scruffs in the Jolly Forest"

Characters

Stalk ..... S.H.
The Yak ..... Yak
The Ladybugs ..... J.B., J.B., and others
The Nasty Dragon ..... A learned personage
The Riff Raff ..... R.R., P.M., F.T., N.L., and others
Tiny Tot ..... K.B.
Jack Spratt ..... J.B.
The Meanies .... Rulers, Pens and other censorable propaganda
The G.P. Mob ..... P.M., F.T., and N.L.
The Scruff .... R.B., K.T., and other such reprobates
The Ogre ..... R.O.
Jimmi Liberator .... An electrical device known as a cross between a siren and a banshee
The Mauler ..... P.M.
Flitties ..... Female type second years
True-th ..... K.T.
The Incoherents ..... Poor misguided souls
Ronnie the Rebel ..... R.R.

Other Terms

The Jolly Toadstools ..... desks
The Umbrellas ..... chairs
The Jolly Forest ..... school
Violets ..... clean jokes
Frypan ..... Life
Hemlock ..... ditties

"Ha Ha" laughed the Stalk, adjusting his moustache in the moonlight. The Yak looked up from his paperback, grimaced, and read on. The Jolly Toadstools lay in neat rows except where two of them broke convention and became assimilated. The Ladybugs giggled, and the Nasty Dragon muttered an oath directed towards the Riff Raff, who sang Ledgeknow's obituary. The Stalk looked out through the frosted glass and day-dreamed, Tiny Tot was thinking of the morning after the night before previous to the other night. Jack Spratt (one of the Lady Bugs) was not concentrating, and carelessly dropped her Meanie on the floor. The Riff Raff, including Ronnie the Rebel and the G.P. Mob, diffused throughout the room in the bat of an eyelid. Such was the fruit of Ronnie's neglect. After a time they recomposed, however. The Nasty Dragon knew what was going on, and so did not question the actions of his Innocents. He continued fishing in the silver pond of Ledgeknow. All the Scruff (the Yak sect, which was very true), sometimes abused the silver pond and so were excommunicated from all that was good for their own benefit.

"The pot of hyperbole is all that matters!" cried the Nasty Dragon, swishing his tail at the fly. Low, guttural sounds arose from the Riff Raff and gradually subsided.

"Get that and you will have all the Violets in your Frypan." That was all ridiculous. Everyone knew only Hemlock is put in frypans. The grammatical error instigated raucous folly. The Ogre could not contain himself, and let out with sounds

unfit for Scruffy ears. Tiny Tot laughed demurely, and an eerie scraping sound came from around Ronnie the Rebel. He was chewing his Meanie again, but nobody paid any attention to him.

The Nasty Dragon surmised the situation, and prepared to launch into another lecture. Before he could utter a word, however, Jimmi Liberator sang out his most pleasant tune. There was a mayhem. The Nasty Dragon could not control all the Scruffs. The Toadstools were somewhat unorganized, and remained that way. Even the Meanies were dealt with haphazardly. They did not last long, not only after the stampede.

The Mauler won the medal, being the one with the keenest reflexes as far as Jimmi Liberator's song was concerned. He far outstripped everyone save some of the G.P. Mob, who were close behind. The Umbrellas were in a sorry state, and the Nasty Dragon had his claws full. The Ladybugs pranced out still giggling, and the Scruffs at the front had their time cut out holding the Riff Raff back. Finally, in desperation, the Nasty Dragon gave the signal. The next two seconds were echoed by a succession of accelerating, tramping feet, with a few feeble cries for help here and there amongst the assorted Scruffs. There were also laughing voices, and a munching sound. Ronnie was at it again.

The Yak was met with a cavalcade of Flitties, who picked him up and carried him off. The True-th of the matter was his unique cultivation of follicle growths and abnormalities. The Incoherents wandered aimlessly about, while the Scruffs wasted no time in leaving the Jolly Forest far behind. By the hair of an earlobe, you could tell what they were up to. I put the common question to you. Do you really believe Violets go in a Frypan. Answer that and the world will be full of Jimmi Liberators, and the Scruffs of 5B1.

The Delights and Disillusionments of 5B-2

The delights—6 girls.

The disillusionments—16 boys.

PETER "touch down" BROWN—
Plays rugby and annoys the feminine sex.
MALCOLM "Bzz . . ." BUZZA—
Ruler borrower from Safety Bay, plays football.
FABIO "flab" CAVILLI—
"Sentimental Continental", school prefect, plays football, baseball. Drives Anglia, fights G.R. and N.S.
NIGEL "Miguel" CRAIG—
Passes awful comments to the delights.
EMIDIO "Charlie" GIARDINI—
Plays football and the fool. Strangles girls; tells fibs.
BERNARD "Stirling Moss" GORING—
Physics brain, outstanding red hair.
ALAN "Hot Shot" GUMMERY—
Plays basketball (men's rules) has chemistry-phobia.
FRANK "Muscles" MIRAGLIOTTA—
"Big Man" with jazzy Fiat; punctual any time after first period.
JOHN "Holy" MOSES—
A very quiet Moses in a wilderness of sinners.
LES "Mousy" MOUNA—
Never comments, only laughs (someone has to).
ROBERT "Admiral" PROSSER—
Misses buses; goes through life looking under a hedge.
GEORGE "Raffles" RAFFA—
"Gorgeous"; likes to be called "Charity"; fights with Fab, is easily angered.
LES "Twilight" SANDERS—
Plays rugby, reads awful books.
IAN "Latent Genius" TESTER—
Plays rugby; is too young to drive cars but drives everybody up the wall.
IAN "Chicken Man" CARTER—
New recruit from the "Land of the Long White Shroud".
KEN "Weeties" Whitbread—
Likes motor bikes and motor bike magazines.
LORRAINE "Catty" CADLOLO—
Does Calisthenics; has some (?) intellectual ability.
SANDRA "Bandy" F-R-E-I-N-D—
Does Calisthenics; a pest in library.
WENDY "Poop" MEYER—
Has rulers stolen, plays basketball, is very quiet.
NOVA "Twit" SONSEE—
"Put a gag on it!"—Plays tennis. I.R.B.B., is **not** very quiet.
MARGITTA "Gater" SPINDLER—
Very quiet; a Throatie distributor.
FRANCES "Franny" TAYLOR—
Carries $28 on her head, goes to good parties, thinks the world of Arthur.

Many thanks are extended to our form teacher Mr. Crock, and others who have persevered much but advanced little.

5C Class Notes

Problems! Problems! How to write wonderful things about scallywag students who don't do wonderful things? How to write sarcastic comments about kids who will have my neck if I do? How to write anything about a class like ours? We-e-ell!

Let us commence?
Maths . . .
Yes!
Well! Now about our sporting stars (stars?)
We have Ricky Pyatt . . . goalie, prefect, brain etc., etc.
We have Janice Hislop . . . lifesaver? A note in the middle?
We have Stuart Wilson . . . a surfing basketballer? A basketballing surfer? Anyway L.K. knows what we mean.

We have Peter Reynolds . . . surfer, artist (apologies to Mr. Rate) and all round teacher's pest. And then some!

We have . . . Beatrix . . . a beautiful, tall, blonde, prefect—occasionally (haven't we Trixie?) Well known to that dignified company as "Ghost Prefect".

We have . . . Cherelyn . . . A tall Dignified damsel.

We have . . . Chris . . . A Dancer (Bronze Girl from U.N.C.L.E.) Cryptic in more ways than one.

We have . . . Roseanna . . . member of S.N.P. Heard drumming on the desk in Geography and in her suburb for miles around.

We have . . . Rosalie and Glenda . . . Siamese twins—inseparable especially during tests.

We have . . . Glenis and . . . er . . . well. (Giggle, giggle.)

We have . . . Mary . . . quite contrary, especially about Biology assignments. (Sorry Miss Critch.)

We have . . . Tom and John . . . a payne in the nose. See R. and G. for further info.

We have . . . Lindsay . . . Sorry Linds. nothing to say.

We have . . . David . . . Overwise known as Daisy he is the class invalid. COLOUR BLIND and has a sore abdomen!

TEACHERS

Mr. Gollan . . . Gols Baby? Form teacher. Takes problems and statistics of 5C.

Mr. Haynes . . . More commonly known as Haynesie. Has actually worn a cardigan this term.

Miss Critch . . . Step lightly here author. Well-known Biology teacher—and this year—well-loved. (Last year . . . ?)

Mr. Webb . . . Took over from Mr. Myers. Ex-customs officer thus pre-occupation with tariffs.

Mr. Hume . . . Took over from Mr. Kennedy. Keen artist but oh boy does he ever frighten us.

Mr. Trobe . . . Only two French students from 5C so he is lucky, but lucky.

Miss Dods . . . Everybody is good for Miss Dods —better known as the "Reference Lady".

So! you see! nothing interesting—together we must make the worst class in the school—separately the worst students.

Kicks to 5A for pinching Chaucer from us.

Kicks to 5B2 who do History with us and are definitely the noisiest class in the school.

Kicks to all who knock 5C.

Luv. 5C.

5D-1 Class Notes

You don't know about us, without you have read last year's "Sentinental"—which was truths, mainly. Well we come a fair ways since them days. Please don't poke fun at a poor class like us, if'm you knew what truck we was in, y'd lit out of here like a body gone under.

Poor Mr. Myres he just got up and goes without no real good reason. I guess after neigh about eighteen months of us he just a could'nt take nah more. Can't blame him though t'was something torable (horrid?) until Mr. Webb turned up cause it seemed we were all fated to go down in history.

Well'um now you knows we was full of troubles, full as could be and did'nt know what to do. At last I had an idea and I says, I'll go and write the class notes. Why it was astonishing the way I felt as light as a feather, right straight off and my troubles all gone. So I got a piece of paper and a pencil all glad and excited and set down and wrote.

In our class of 5D1 here are them that constitute the fun:

Rose C.—grass-high to a knee-hopper.
Ann E.—see index.
Irene H.—a bird in the "Cali Gang".
Anne N.—a little lass with Ayres.
Anne T.—Clamity Jane.
Lea W.—deafe deafe prefect.
Brian B.—Mother Hubbard's cupboard wasn't bear —guess who was there!!
Philip B.—rings on his fingers—bells on his toes.
Les H.—have you got a rubber, head?
Terry H.—great inbiber—woeful driver—not too thin—guess that's him.
Bruce H.—makes more money out of the footy than other well-known players.
Dink I.—fearless flea.
Frank L.—soccer knocker.
Neil K.—only a rose.
Bernie M.—Benard of Arabia.
Bob M.—interests—wine, women and song—gave up singing.
Frank N.—Great Beliver in Spirits.
Giovanni P.—Sweet petite.
Joe Z.—Bosa-Nova Baby.
Jepp P.—too late.

Now to can understand the trucks our teachers have to put up with—we can't help it honest—just think we'll be back next year.

Well one thing is dead sure there ain't nothing more to write about and I'm rotten glad of it, because if I'd a knowed what a trouble it was to make class notes I wouldn't a tackled it and ain't going to no more.

But I reckon I got to light out for the danger territory ahead of the rest, 'cause school's going to adopt me and civilize me and I can't stand it—I been there before.

THE END

Yours truly,

.....

One of 'em (with apologies to Mr. Twain).

5D-2 Class Notes

DE-FORM TEACHER

Mr. Heinz—Who said good things come in glass?

Meryl Birch

Anne Charlton
Lois Crosby
Lynne Earnshaw
Eileen Edgar
Toni Griffiths
Judy Hepburn
Evelyn Kotai
Judita Uktveris
Richard Rule
Peter Withers
Rino Zentner

Due to Press Censorship—
No Comment.

5E Company Limited (very)

Revenue Statement for the year ended November

Turnover .... 8 girls, 1 boy
Opening Stock .... Teachers (6)
Purchases .... School Books
Carriage In and Out .... M.T.T. or Mini Moke (for them's that can afford it)
Closing Stock .... Same as before only slightly depreciated
Gross Profit (or Loss) .... The Leaving

Operating Expenses:
Selling and Distribution:
A. Hartzer always selling something.

General and Administrative:
General—R. Sheppard—Lacrosse Team (State), Interschool Hockey.
M. Gill—Interschool Hockey.
S. Duncan—Interschool Hockey and Interschool Cricket.
G. Ross—Interschool Hockey, and Interschool Swimming and Tennis.
S. McCorry—Interschool I.R.B.B., and Interschool Tennis.
S. Doig,—Interschool Basketball and Tennis.
D. Barnden—Interschool Basketball.
A. Hartzer—Interschool Baseball.
Administrative—
A. Hartzer C.U.O. of the John Curtin Cadet Army Corps. Plus various secretarial duties carried out by most of us.

Financial:
Bad Debts—Non-Payment to Charity Fund (take note 5E!)

Non-Operating Expenses:
5E's lack of study will tell starting from 20th November.

Net Profit:
9 ex-students of John Curtin out into the world to take it by storm.

As you can see 5E can apply themselves to their work well. Unfortunately our teacher, Mrs. Sanders, does not think this application is sufficient for us to pass any sort of exams. But we'll show her!

Lots of luck to all other classes taking their Leaving and Junior. We hope they'll do as well as us!!!!!!

4A-1 Class Notes

One of the most outstanding features of 4A1 this year seems to be the ratio of girls to boys—8 to 20—though the minority still hold their own in the class.

As usual, Hamilton Hill and Kwinana students have invaded fourth year, though they have quickly become part of us. Many of them, along with our Old Boys, are sporting-types, and 4A1 is well represented in the boys' hockey, football, basketball and swimming, though the girls prefer to expend their energy elsewhere—most noticeable was Sue Snell, John Curtin representative in the "Youth Speaks for Australia" contest.

There is, however, something missing. All sadly mourn the loss of Barry Burridge, who is now apparently working hard (??), but are consoled (especially the girls), by the appearance of Ivan, the handsome newcomer from Governor Stirling.

Finally, our thanks go to the teachers, who have struggled to instil a little knowledge into us and persuade us to regurgitate at a later date.

4A-2 Class Notes

For you privileged readers, the definitely superior students of 4A2 have condescended to enlighten and improve your knowledge of the rather wonderful people who constitute our class. (In alphabetical order.)

Ken Davis—Hashy smile (braced under stress).
Kim Whalan—Mr. Sexy Legs, '68.
Bruce Wynn—He wishes Mr. Gollan played basketball.
Bruce Blay—Brilliant loafer.
Michael A. King, Michael J. King—both confused and confusing. However, in English, A. argues, J. sleeps.
Stuart Hope—His head's under a revolution (the hair's taking over).
Victor Muco—Through thick and thin, Vic still manages to keep a stiff upper lip.
Michael Griffiths—Fellow of "Order of the Staple".
Phillip Blacklock—Epitome of authority?
KEN RENNIE IS VICE-Captain of the W.A. State Schoolboys' Hockey Team.
Gavin Lavery—Keeps the hair grease companies in business.
Martin Finn—His hobby is ships in bottles. His brother makes the ships; he empties the bottles.
Jeff Storey—Jeff likes skindiving—permanently round the bend(s).
Alex Marcinowicz—Of course two isn't greater than one!
Bret Wood—Silence is Golden.
Tod East—He excels at, at . . . football?
AND AT LAST AND BY ALL MEANS LEAST—
Roger Denholm—On a good day and on good ground Rodge claims he can pick up 6PR through his teeth.

P.S. The boys wish to congratulate Kris Dibb, Sheryl Maffina, and Suzette Cork on their success on and off the gym mat.

AND NOW A WORD FROM (AS Mr. GOLLAN TELLS US) THE NON-BOY SECTION OF THE CLASS.

We ravaging beauties (girls, that is) of 4A2, need no introduction, we are sure, to those lucky people who know us. Certainly, our teachers all agree as they love to look down at our learning faces each day. The four sporting stars are Suzette Cork, Helen Lewington, Sheryl Maffina, each excelling in gymnastics, and Kristine Dibbs in Calisthenics.

Sarah Blackley drags our last cents from us to give to charity—Doesn't she Mr. Kowol? Judy Collis always gets her maths. homework in on time—Right Mr. Gollan? We're all going to be great mathematicians thanks to the excellent reverse psychology of Mr. Gollan. June Harris seems to revive Mr. McRobert period 8 on Friday with her "Boan's Cosmetic Counter" fragrances. Robyn Maller (and friends) have a habit of serenading us at lunch time. Shirley Weir explained how she dissected a herring at home, brave girl! Oh yet, we must not forget Pam Hill and Lorraine Goodall who are always laughing their heads off. You might say they're two of a kind.

As substitutes for teachers we have Mr. Gollan (about whom we are not going to make any smart comments because, fair crack of the whip, any ass knows why!) and Mr. McRobert (we're taking a collection to buy him "Keith Smith's joke book".)

Mr. Kowol (somebody please buy him a slide-rule-physics class) brings out his "Coles Story Book" every Friday morning and tells us about the big, nasty man who (by very unscrupulous means) obtained the structure of the "poor widdle deoxyribonucleic acid molecule."

4B Class Notes

They seek it here,
They seek it there
Those 4th years seek it everywhere
That damned elusive 4B flair.

Well, sports, it has sure been a swingin' year; from start to the near end it has been GO-GO-GO (when you feel like it of course). We have a class ranging from professors to football players. Our total complement is 31, when we are all here (this very seldom happens) we can raise a noise that is very strange-silence. The "mob" has it's assortment of nationalities, Australians, Englishmen, Italians, a Yugoslav, a Dutchman, 2 girls and a Martian (Can't say who he is—I want to finish fourth year). The monopoly we hold on interschool sport is something worth selling (cheap of course). We have formed what we believe to be the first Sportsmen's Union. Our soccer players are Glynn, Sub, Sam, Meriono, Alex, and Peter. The aerial ping-pong players include Graeme, John, Robert, Jeff, Kenneth, and a D. Cormack (an unknown). A special mention must go to Garry—a goal umpire and our daring fire lighter. "Little Legless" Derek plays the uncouth game of rugby—he also plays for the State side—they are short of bodies. Side effects of overwork are evident in Keith and Wayne —rusty bonnets.

The 1968 Honour's awards go to Norm (Cowboy) "brain" of class; Peter, class prefect; David, brave boy, lost half a finger (still hasn't found it); Lesley and Wilhelmina, very understanding girls (They have to be—they are in 4B); Tony—named Mr. Physics for 1968; Patrick (platoon sarge in cadets), hopes not to go to Vietnam; and last and least Mr. D. Cormack, Form Teacher (How did he get in?)

And so bruvers, I say as a last word before our next exams:

"Ashes to ashes,
dust to dust . . . "

Synonymouse.

1968 4C-1 Revolution

We're all revolting!

Causes:

Biol: Killing harmless frogs, looking at awesome amoebas.

Chem: The revolution started here with a bang—Put Dianelle to sleep.

Maths: Sets, relations but not functions.

French: Monsieur tries to teach among cries of "Viva la Revolution"

Hist: Source of our ideas—1789 and all that.

Home Science: Carries out our school motto—preserve and label.

Geog: Heat of Monsoon Asia puts us to sleep.

Economics: It's not what he says, it's how he says it.

Eng: The "Underlying Theme" of the revolution.

Eng. Lit: Is this over your head?

Events (Sporting) of Revolution: Christine S.—Gym.

Pam H., Dianne S.—Cricket, hockey.

Wendy J.—Hockey.

Helen G.—Softball.

Bev. A.—Swimming.

Achievements (academic) of Revolution: None —that's why we are revolting!

In Memoriam: To those who went down in this Revolution.

4C-2 Class Notes

4C2 is a class of extremely talented students, either in the field of sporting activities or on the scholastic side. The sheer brilliance of the students

who comprise 4C2, enables it to be a real paradise. (As most teachers will agree.) The determination and enthusiasm towards school work is rather amazing, by this brilliant core of students. This unimaginable paradise is incomparable to any other, apart from that of a South Sea Island. However, the mob species form an overwhelming majority, over that of the opposite sex. P.S. (Invitations open to females wishing to join.) As regards the shortage of females, contact Ross "Gabo" and Tony "Pots".

This is the conclusion of this year's notes, and we eagerly await the opportunity to write next 5C2's notes. i.e. If we're still hanging around for that long.

P.S. Another one of our intelligent fellow members (Allan B. by name) has flaked out, and has started a new life in the banking world. Poor Bank!

This is your compere, saying ADIOS.

4D-1 Class Notes

We're a class of lively lads,
And gorgeous giddy gals.
Our brains are few,
And far between,
But still we plod along;
And all work hard,
To cram our heads,
With facts we'll soon forget.

We're a kind of funny class,
As classes seem to go.
There's Dale and Bruce,
And Allen and Wayne,
To mention just a few.
Dale is quite a problem child,
As Mr. Miller knows;
While Allan is the class's clown,
Who helps the days to go.

Young Bruce is a witty one,
But Clinton is so quiet,
You put a pin upon his seat,
And he sits and doesn't know;
But not so Bruce D.
He fumes and runs and stamps,
With the pin stuck in his pants.

Kim is quite a "Blower",
When winter comes about,
He's always letting off some steam.
Bruce C. is quite a singer,
A versatile man,
He also swims beneath the sea,
And tries to spear a jewie.

We also have some sports stars,
There's Noel and Dale and Brain Dow,
And John and Gaye and Lance,
But still there are musicians too,
For there's Wayne and Peter and Allan too,
There's Bruce and Kevin to name a few,
I'm sure you'll all agree,
A talented lot are we.

Little Liz is a funny one,
For her moods are thick and fast,
But Lee is quite a different kid,
She's hard to fathom out,
She seems so straight and simple,
But I know this isn't so,
Sue is gentle and inquisitive,
And her big eyes hide so much.

Lynette L. and Brenda Y.
Are quiet, and sit apart,
From the group of kids,
Who sit and loaf and laugh.
Paul is our class cyclist,
While Peter W. is the dreamy one,
As each of us do know.
And Bill E. is a worker,
As his term marks make you see.

We can't forget our form teacher,
Whose name is Mr. Miller.
He tries each day to teach us maths,
And broaden our outlook so,
We couldn't make it without him,
For it's he who makes our day,
As he walks around and breaks us up,
With some unintended joke.

But still our class will blunder on,
And give our teachers thrills,
As each day we surprise them,
With facts that make us geniuses or dills,
I'm sure that we want to be,
So on we go,
With little show,
To grow and learn and see.

The Scribe.

4D-2 Class Notes

4G + 11B = 4D2.
An equation too complex to solve.
Mr. Cormack has struggled,
Mr. Toop has squirmed,
Miss Huffam is shattered—but still the problem remains unfathomed.
4G is made up of:
J.C., M.C., C.M., S.R.
+ sugar + spice.
11B is made up of:
M.C., M.N., W.M., C.L., B.V., J.W., G.H., P.R., B.S., N.C., E.R.
Plus nips and fails and occasional bails.
∴ 4G + 11B = 4D2.
4G are athletic and industrious.
11B are lazy.

4E Class Notes

The best way to discuss our class is to say nothing at all, but because of a gentle push by certain members of the prefect den, we have begun this summary of the excitement and ability of our form.

To top the pole we have the greatest swimmer of them all—Lynne Watson. Closely following her tail is Wendy Watson and that starry breaststroker Julie McGrath. Next in line we have that "Mighty Mouse" footballer Arthur Murphy. This starry athlete has his "coon cheese" every morning and appears to have a full set of teeth.

Yvonne Hughes and Stephen Jones were our prefects for first term. As you know Yvonne is growing at a very steady rate, she is now almost 4' 11". When asked how she managed this mighty feat she stated that she was sick of coming in small packages and decided to come in a larger one. Members of the form agreed with this statement as they were unable to see her when walking next to her friend, Glenda. Second term prefect was that long haired lout, Margaret MacLeod. On measuring her hair she states that it is now two inches long.

The overwhelming power of 4E girls has left a very small population of boys. To be exact there are now only six left. At the beginning of the year there was seven but the seventh being so overwhelmed by our surprising personalities, is still trying to find his way out to sea. The form comprises of twenty-four secretaries who will one day go out into the big world. When this opportunity arises the school will lose its female population. The quiet members of the form are Bev. Craven, Liz Caisley and Roslyn Ward who when approached by any members of the form send out "Ultra-Brite" smiles. Barbara Nyisztor, Roslyn Ward and Patricia Meehan are the wise owls of the form. If you have a homework problem consult one of these girls. They will be obliged to help—charge 10c per minute.

Mrs. Sanders, Mr. Eddington and all 4E teachers are congratulated for their efforts and time spent on our form.

Good luck to all for November.

3A-1 Class Notes

TROBE'S TRADE-INS

There are forty, third year models in A1 condition and all must go before November.

On stock we have:

JV—very neat appearance, excellent in all departments.
BV—top class unit, first home in May road tests.
KG—must be seen to be appreciated.
SS—well worth inspecting.
KM—well above average, very quiet.
JS—one of the nicest big ones.
BT—well shod—free crash helmet supplied.
AP—fitted with sun visor and mud flaps.
DC—nicest in Perth must make enquiries.
LC—soft top model in iridescent orange.
RH—no ties attached but runs a bit woolly.
JG—later model prefect, overworked.
WJ—very fast sports coupe.
BH—works well.
GL—much chrome work up front.
IF—quiet continental tourer.
PM—latest English model.
MB—model prefect, clean upholstery.
KL—smart economical mini.
JD—has lay-back sleeper seats.
BA—in fair condition, runs well.
PC—never used for hard work.
MH—moves well on land or water.

There are many other models well worth inspecting before process of wrecking.

3A1.

3A-2 Form Notes

Once again 3A2 have proved their worth with their sparkling personalities and thoughtful attitude (?) However, a great amount was certainly due to the efforts of our teachers. Under their influence we sometimes apply ourselves laboriously to "swotting" for the fast-approaching Junior—if we continue in this way I think many will be back for the same year again.

We are supposed to be among the top third years but this is debatable. Activities mainly occur around Room 39, our Form-room, and Room 8.

Mr. Strahan taught us things "of a scientific nature"—to his and our slight dismay. In his opinion we are trying—sometimes very trying.

There are about 25 French-learning students in our class—not that we live up to this reputation. We are rather a strange mob for Mrs. Hunt, who spends all her energy in the afternoons to put French verbs into our heads—she hopes to have them stay till the Junior at least. If we all pass our Junior French, Mrs. Hunt has promised to perform a Spanish dance on the table-top. Here's an opportunity for us "Francaises!"

Often we wonder why Mr. Oakley takes all the trouble to teach us proper Maths, when the result from us is better not mentioned. Mr. Stokes rears us in Trigonometry.

For some of our population, Mr. Trobe is our German teacher. Although German is supposedly easy, it is not that for 3A2.

Someone must always suffer—in our case it is Mr. Gore who has been given the task of increasing our knowledge in Social Studies. One day we were so clever as to mix up Democracy with Dictatorship. The result was "not so good."

English last, but by no means least, is taught by Mrs. Rowe, who does her best to transform our English lessons into "beaut" periods. Every day we look eagerly forward—to "Julius Caesar" and a raft named Kon-Tiki.

Dollars and cents were extracted in first term by Cori whilst in second term Eva had the job.

3A2's promising bright ones as a result of first term's exams were Jim Letica, Julie Evans and Cheryl Jones.

Our defence forces are represented by Chris and Allan for the army and by Peter Sumpton, for the navy.

M. Bresser—does technical drawing with boys only.

J. Evans—3A2's conscientious student—always working hard.

T. Hawkins—Unintentionally Mr. Gore's trouble source.

S. Lambert and G. Sommerville—promising film-stars(!)

Rix Lovell and M. Sargent—provide great music (??) in lessons.

Mary McKernon—charming to opposite sex.

Cheryl Robbins—watches class comedies without comments.

Mario and his mob—regular bundle of energy in the process of moving the lower jaw up and down and making vocal chords vibrate. Other class members (especially male species) find this a very conventional method of communication, such as "Jamie's quartet" sometimes does.

Allan Riach—sometimes referred to as "The late red corpuscle."

Chris Collison and Jim Letica—brainy, innocent-looking, naughty, little-big boys.

As our roll (forty-one) shows, we are rather an additionally odd class.

E.F.

3A-2 Class Notes

It's just as well our class,
Is not made of glass,
For all the things that batter,
Would soon make it shatter.

Dilly dames and dopey boys,
Are our teachers pride and joys.

Kerry Mitchell, 3A2.

3A-3 (By the Class Defect)

Class Goats:—

GIRLS

H.D.—The "Blossom" of the class. A wee bonnie lass.

J.S.—English Rose: "Where's her blue ribbon when Miss Dodd's about?

A.T.—Contributed a splash! In the swimming carnival. Has a habit of going on strike in Social Studies.

K.M.—Enjoys going for 20-mile walks at the expense of everyone else.

K.T.—K.M.'s cousin—fortunately hasn't the same habits.

S.S.—Cook of the crowd.

C.P.—Enjoys bouncing basketballs—ex-prefect.

R.W.—Another basketball bouncer.

I.K.—Enjoys football on Wednesday afternoons.

L.F.—Has collected so much charity from the boys that she has left many without ties.

BOYS

C.A.—Enjoys leaping from aeroplanes (don't forget the parachute) and is good at rifle shooting.

R.B.—Can do more with a tennis ball and racquet than most.

D.B.—Prefect, a roaring Bulldog (Souths).

R.P.—One whose innocent gestures have captured the affection of all teachers and whose absence makes our heart grow fonder—i.e. near the end of Mr. Oakley's periods.

K.J.—Another (WHAT?)

B.L.—Another English Rose.

J.P.—Everybody's favourite!!

S.W.—Has something against the school jumper.

K.T.—Became addicted to Mrs. Rowe's cough drops.

P.B.—Strong silent type.

A.G.—Enjoys Mr. Kowol's science periods—after school.

R.T.—Twinkle-toed Ronnie (Ballroom dancer) Ex-prefect.

A.D.—The saintly Andrew.

G.Y.—What, another hair cut?

G.T.—Attentive in all lessons!

D.S.—State Schoolboys' Football Player—Again!!

K.M.—One of the class's armed forces.

I.B.—Communicates with cadets for protection.

L.H.—Class "blonde".

G.Man—Poetic genius of 3A3.

D.G.—Off to England in October—deliberately missing the Junior.

D.E.—Another English Rose.

H.B.—Terrific soccer player.

D.C.—Has lost his enthusiasm for football (Why?!!)

R.Per.—Whose pent-up emotions are released in a blaze of colour and light.

D.M.—Last but not least—Don Juan.

IMPORTANT EVENTS

(1) The day has yet to come when everyone in the Republic will hand a Science assignment in on time.

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

(3) Teachers are too punctual—as a result we are a class of over-educated brains—ask Mr. Oakley.

PLOT

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

3B-1 Class Notes

Our class is an assortment of—an Italian who takes Italian lessons, a muscle bound basketball player, a couple of huge tanks, long-haired louts, a girl who is so tall she looks **down** on the clouds (her name is **Stratosphere Karen).** There are some real goody-goodies in our class who always sit down the front five days a week. We have the most underhanded, cheating, scheming, double-crossing, two-timing, four-flushing, deceitful, yet most innocuous class ever known.

Example number one is the voting for class SUCKER—I mean, prefect. Glen D. scored 31 votes (We gagged him so he wouldn't decline); 1 vote to Alec B. (voted for himself); this is okay, but there were only 20 boys who cast their votes.

Example number two is as follows:

Teacher: "Did you hand in your assignment, Rod?"
Rod: "Yes, Miss! I got six for it."
Teacher (2): "Did you hand your 'Julius Caesar' summaries in, Rod?"
Rod: "Yes, Sir! I got five for that."
Teacher: "But I didn't give marks for "Julius Caesar", Rod."
Meanwhile, back at the class-room, cleverly disguised as a teacher, Mr. Garrett rumbles the class about his Rugby. . . .

Now I have been told to become serious, so here it is! What's his name? came first, Thing-a-ma-jig came second, and What's-yar-ma-call-it third, in first term exams. So much for the academic side of our notes.

Ever been caught for a sucker? Come with us to Science four times a week, where they have something called a teacher behind the bench, that looks like a million dollars—green all over. We don't see her coming because she matches the surrounding colours. Sometimes, I think she changes colour just to catch me talking.

That's all for now because I've managed to insult everybody I can think of, and if I keep going I'll be up for life imprisonment.

P.S.: Stratosphere Karen reports air turbulence at 20,000 feet and a flying saucer at 3 o'clock high.

Channel 3B-2 Class Notes

9.00: Ian Lang's Pets Club with T.V. kennel-master
Advertisement.
"No cheap teas for me," says Ray Coffey. Gary Fleas.

10.00: Beauty and his Beasts with Compere Laurie Wagtail and his favourite Beast, Savage Ron.
Advertisement.
Whenever G. Johnston comes to Perth he always insists on pork sausages because the quality goes in before the sausage-wrapper goes on.

11.00: Children's Channel 3B-2.
Ignatz Mouse produced by J. Hurlbrick.
Under the Water Lily with S. Reads.
Swimming Hints with B. Leech and helper Jane Mansfield.
Recital of Stephen on the Seashore, by D. Steppingstones.
Feature Film: "Orphan Anny," produced by R. Foster.

12.00: Teambeat: The Boggoppers: Gas Deerhide, Russ Mainpipe and Greyham Farfetched.
Advertisement.
Moonbeam is a good shaver, says Wayne Beard.

1.00 It's About Time, starring Caveman Bruce Minute.

2.00: Gardening Hints, with K. Muckyard.

3.00: How to make a good pie, with Ian Pastry.

4.00: The Shoes of the Season, with Doug. Boot.

5.00: Plays from Shakespeare, starring Klaudius Zuideveld and Paulus Coros.
Advertisement.
Use a good polish on your car, says Bill Kitten.

6.00: Handclocks Half-hour, with Bruce Minute.

7.00: Stocks and shares brought to you direct with Jack Franchise.
Advertisement.
Use a Moonbeam Cigarette Lighter, says G. Burner.

8.00: Mr. Gadget: Fixing your rusty pipes with Ian Leeks. Painting the house with Spruce Sullivan.

10.00: Movie: The Runaway Horses, starring Bob Holtem.

11.00: Epilogue Take out your teeth, bite Mother and Dad and then happy nightmares.

11.05: End of transmission.

"Us the B3's

Our prefects are now Jean Marlborough and Barry Wells.

Bev Genoe is about the best talker in the class out of us all.

Putting aside the chalk flying across the room, as well as basket balls and books, plus notes, and of course the noise, we are a pretty good class.

Glen Whittleton topped the class in the exams, and credit must go to Dominic Alvaro, Glen Whittleton and Clive Hanson for getting into the School Hockey team ("C" Shield).

By WENDY STEWART.

3C-2 Class Notes

Our class consists of twenty-two or twenty-three industrious students. The reason for the uncertainty of our population is Ian Larraia.

"Streak," as Ian is nicknamed, is six feet tall, but weighs only nine stone, and so you may have guessed, cannot always be called industrious.

Another reputable member of our class is Frank Grass, the political fanatic who is the leader of the Nazi Party at John Curtin. Frank, aided by his right-hand man, Carmen Florentino, has threatened to assassinate anyone who opposes his party. This death-sentence, Frank states, will be carried out when his party takes over Australia. Anyone who wishes to join his party may apply directly to Frank at Stalag 44 (Room 44).

Other renowned, brilliant non-students residing in this class are Gary Williams, Ross Thompson, Russel Grant and Eric Goodlet. There are others who will not be forgotten, but this statement is debatable. There is one person whom we will not forget so quickly, and that is Guy Wernehand. It was a tremendous loss to our class and to the teachers when we heard we were losing him.

Guy left school to become an apprentice in boat-building. I don't know if we can accredit the recent boating disasters to Guy, but it is more than likely, because his woodwork marks were not exactly up to standard.

OTHER ACHIEVEMENTS

Russel Grant received six stitches in his lower "fat" lip after playing a hectic game for his beloved team Hilton Park. Russel also succeeded in getting his finger stuck in the window for a whole Social Studies period, but it was something of an amazement as to how he removed it from the window on the suggestion of amputation.

Ronnie Mangans was successful in persuading Mr. Kinsella to let him wash his car for a high but really reasonable price. That is, according to Ronnie.

Besides being a part-time car-cleaner, Ronnie is also a cadet along with Stephen Penny, Neil Bruhn, Sgt. Lindsay Roy, Robert McDonald, Tony Hurst, Reg Bullen and Gary MacIntyre.

The sporting personalities in our little group are Gary Williams, who plays football for the East Fremantle under-sixteens; Russel Grant, who has already been mentioned for his football talent; Lindsay, Roy and Mark Purser, who play hockey for the school on Saturday mornings. Alan Mills also plays hockey for the school.

Another sporting personality who must be mentioned is Mr. Daw, our form teacher, who is the Vice-Captain of the South Fremantle League team.

MICHAEL POLLIN.

3 D-1 Class Notes

In our class are 35:
To work and learn is what we strive.
We make a noise, we make a fuss,
Not only one but all of us.

Mrs. Tapley runs this form:
To us she seems so kind and warm.
We all respect her in many a way,
And try to absorb all she has to say.

Our English teacher is Mrs. Lake,
Homework excuses she tends to take (??)
It's a wonder by now she hasn't resigned,
As we're succeeding in driving her out of her mind.

All our teachers are very good,
And to them we really should
Give all our attention,
For to mention—Our Junior is not so far away.

M is for Maths, which very few like.
R is for Raylee, our hockey player.
S is for School, which we hope to be leaving soon.

T is for the talkative ones who mainly are . . .
A .....Ann and Anne.
P is for Passes, which we all hope to get.
L is for Late, which most of us are.
E is for Exciting—the subjects we study.
Y Y we are so dense we do not know.

OUR FORM

T is for Talent, which comes naturally.
E is for (Mr.) Eddington, who encourages us.
A is for Activities—Chewing, laughing and talking.
C is for Champion Charity Collectors.
H is for Happiest class in the school.
E is for Enthusiasm—we are overwhelming with it.
R is for Rights, which we demand to have.

Throughout the year we've tried so hard,
Which we hope will show on our report card;
But we have not succeeded, as you will see,
For we are the dunces of good old 3D.

HOPEFUL CLASS PREFECTS.

3D-2 Class Notes

3D2 is a class of beautiful, gorgeous, good-looking, but mostly MODEST girls. We have all agreed that we can survive without making our stay at Claremont permanent. Our slave-drivers range from bright red (Mr. Eddington Jr.) to continual talkers (Mr. Chester). Don't take it too hard, Mr. Chester—we're exaggerating (or are we?).

Our teachers under our control include:—
Mrs. Hunt . . . we understand (only her classes will know what we mean).
Mr. Eddington Sn. . . .

Mrs. Tapley . . . a good name for a typing teacher.

Formerly Miss Whyte . . . she left us 'cause the silence confused her.

Now Mrs. Bromilow . . . come back Miss Whyte!

Mrs. Russell . . . our stylized art teacher.

Mrs. Waddell . . . the involvement of an innocent social studies teacher in a raging class-room brawl.

Mrs. Bowe . . . our school ballerina.

NOW A VOTE TO BOYS.

Our class is a commercial class (all girls). Therefore outsiders can take pity on us (no boys). If, by any chance, there are any equally lonely, good-looking boys, all applicants will be warmly accepted at our form-room 36-24-36. We range from ravishing redheads, to beautiful blondes, to desirable brunettes, to the temporary dyed. So if you are interested, you know where to find us.

"ANONYMOUS."

3C-4 Class Notes

Dear Mr. Stokes,

Our class cannot express our appreciation enough to you for the splendid work you are doing for our class. We all have different views of your character now when we work as a group. When some of us pass our Junior we have only you and Mrs. Taylor to thank, for you have been an inspiration to us.

Being a Deputy Principal is a busy and trying duty, but you still manage to help our class in "Julius Caesar" and for this we consider you a mate.

We respect other teachers now because we know that they are trying to help us in the struggle for the Junior. Our whole attitude has changed from bad to good, and we can only thank you for this.

Yours faithfully,

.....

3C-4.

3F-1 Class Notes

Our class consists of 16 students who are sometimes fine workers. Our new form teacher is Mr. Hulme, and he is really "fabulous". We all like our teachers, and in English we have had the experience of writing poems. For English we have Mr. K. Eddington, who is a fine teacher. Our Maths. teacher is Mr. D. Eddington. For Science we have Miss Andre, and Mrs. Lake for Social Studies. Although we usually act as we should, we sometimes get in the teachers' hair.

2A-1 Class Notes

Dis iz knotes frum zoze aze-schtudentz off "tooay-won." Dis yeer somm off our klazz didt Cherman lingoe. Az you can see, I didt knot doo eet, but I haf picked upp somm off ze woids.

Our klazz vas vell reprezented een ze schportingk fieldt. Kompeetingk in ze chimnastiks vere Janette Hill, Ann Jenkin und Vicki Carter. Kongkratulashuns goe too Alan Warburton und Neil Stingamore on zere schlection een ze Schtate Schkodboysz' Krikket Teem. Amung somm off our schtudents dat vas schukksezzful een Schwimmingk vas John Newing, our foist toim klazz preffekt. Klazz topp een foist toim vas Rodney Garrett, alzo our kommendabul scheckond toim preffekt.

Shanks mus' goe to all off our tichers hoo hav putt upp vis uz all ze toim. Our foim ticher eez Frau Suraski, und our lezzonz eez neffer dul vat vit beink Soshul Schtudyz von minutt den 'Eenglis' ze nexcht. Mathz prezentz ay proobleem fore uz. Ve've allvays bean toldt too negatifz kan't von pozatif, but apparentlie Frau Rowe eez ott too pruve zat rong. Freench alzo preezentz ay proobleem fore moist off uz, but az Frau Hunt alvays saze, "It eez kwite eezy vonce yoo kno zo eenfeenatifs, enterrogattifs, pazed partsiplez und sooch."

Our schpeschl tanks too Herr Partington fore ve kant 'elp eet eef our echperrimentz eez schmokin' und schnortin' een hiz faze. Ze gals swoon ofer "solubility kurves," vilst ze guyz riott ofer ze eenzide off a latterie.

But leet uz neffer forgit, "Yore schkool-dayz are ze beest dayz off yore life."

2A-2 Class Notes

This is the story of 2A2. A fairly bright bunch when we try to be. The French Alliance Exams are coming up and many of our class are entering. The "brain" of our class in first term (he must have been pretty good) was Philip Boggin, and running a close second was Susan Baxter.

Quite a few of our class are of the sporting type and congratulations should be given to many, but the most important are Guy Grant, who was selected in the State Ice Hockey Team. (He's Canadian, you know!) Peter Coleman is the State Intermediate Archery champion. Our congratulations must also go to those of 2A2 selected in Saturday morning school teams. One more thing that we are proud of is the Charity Collection, in which our class has done very well.

Our esteemed thanks must go to our teachers who painstakingly try to teach us what we should know. Our thanks also go to our form mistress, Miss Stringer, who does her best to make us better students.

We hope this small piece of literature gives you some impression of our class, of which we are proud.

Prefects,

Hugh Langridge,

Janice Hunter.

2A-3 Class Notes

2A3 has not had a good year in the way of form teachers. The class has had four form teachers and at last we have settled down with one.

In the first term exams the class did very well. Linda Dobson was top in the class with Ken Ingram second, and Ben Jager third.

The class has had many sporting representatives representing the school. Tom Holt and Rebecca Parker were in the inter-school swimming carnival. The class has produced many footballers such as Robert Simpson, Brian Renfry, Les Shuky, Michael Jez, and Ben Jager who represented the school in the Second Year football team. Dianne McRoberts was selected in the State Lacrosse team but was unable to go.

With a class of thirty-seven,
We all hope to go to heaven
But as you know,
We'll all go to the place below.

Angels that we might be,
We all mumble like bumble bees.
Teachers, that we adore,
Really get a bore (or vice versa).

Exams we all know, are near,
And all of us are full of fears,
Science and Maths too,
Really get us in a stew.

Now we must close this happy note,
(Which we all wrote),
To wish you all Good Luck.
And a sweet Good Day!

Two Bee Oone, or not Two Bee

W.B.—an enthusiastic lacrosse player.
A.C.—lovely girl.
L.D.—the "quiet one".
J.F.—as quiet as a mouse—a "BIG" mouse.
P.J.—she's the "Brain" (D.S.)
K.J.—typical girl "defect" (Prefect).
S.K.—"the little one".
J.Mc.—Mkackta—puss (Jul).
C.N.—the quietest angel of them all.
G.O.—member of the ladies "sewing circle".
R.P.—she's not a "bad" girl.
S.P.—"twiggy".
A.R.—what's the matter—Maths or Mr. Daw?
L.W.—a normal girl—"backward".
K.A.—Jack, the giant killer.
S.Ba.—great science brain.
S.Br.—hockey player.
J.C.—quiet member of the class.
T.D.—class radio and T.V. repair man—"Astro Boy".
B.Ha./B.Ho.—our terrible twins.
D.J.—he owns "David Jones" in Perth, and pigeons.
S.La.—another hockey "nut"—"square".
R.Mc.—one of our rugby nuts (the girls' game).
G.M.—"Goosie"—also plays rugby.
M.P.—"Athletic Nut".
C.Ri.—plays footy.
D.Ro.—sleeping beauty—er "puddles".
B.Ru.—the "whisperer".
G.Sh.—Mad South Supporter—"Garn South".
A.St.—the class "devil".
D.S.—flipped, cracked up, or rather—"dug up".
P.T.—hates P.E. but his initials say physical torture and he is.
G.W.—the "flee".

2C-1 Class Notes

Our class 2C1 is very active in sports as we have Barry Hughes who has been selected in the State Schoolboys' Football Team. We also have Jill McKell who was selected as "Non-Competitive" captain in the "A" Gymnastics' team.

Our first term prefects were Margo Peterson and Rodney Williams. Now we have Sheena Robinson and Gordon Brown—Highly commended by all—we hope!

2D-1 Class Notes

Yes, we're the class of 2D one.
And we're the ones who have lots of fun.
We drive and strive to do our best.
But we can't remember answers in a test.
On Monday morning we don't feel bright.
But Friday afternoon we feel all right.
At 3.15 we watch the clock.
And towards the door we're ready to flock.
The teachers stop us in our RACE
And remind us of homework we have to face.

By THE CLASS CLOWN.

Because our class has many a star:
Our class list stretches very far.
Sheryl and Julie did Gym against schools.
Penny and Lee play International Rules.
First term Prefects were Sue and Penny.
Sue swam in the Carnival
And Kerry is very Athletical.
Rhonda O'Bree is our class Brain
Whether it be sunshine, snow or rain.

2D1.

2D-2 Class Notes

To write notes, on a class, is a difficult task to do,
So I'll attempt to write a poem—simply called 2D2.
Each day we toil endlessly to improve our little lot;
But I'm afraid for some of us, we're stuck with what we've got.

As far as we're concerned, commerce is the subject for us;
But over all the subjects, that we have, the teachers make such a fuss.

We shall attempt to do our best, of that you can be sure,
And hope that when our papers are marked—they'll give us a little more.

It is said we dress quite smartly, and in our appearance take great pride;
But up till now, we've still not been shown just how a knot is tied.
Sport is not our strong point. To this we must confess,
But our representative in the swimming certainly did her best.

In the first term Jenny Westall took pride of place in class;
But Jenny'll find there are a few out to make a pass.
Lyn, Mary, Bernadette and Gay, are knocking at her door;
And who knows when the results come out,
Who'll make the final four?

We, are a very generous lot—give credit where it's due.
In charity collections for each month, each one of us shines through.
Not only are we generous, courteous, neat and keen,
But we sometimes let words slip out, we confess, we do not mean.
The year is passing quickly as each new year appears to do;
And who knows what our thoughts will be when all our school days are through.
One thing you can be sure of—and listen, I'm telling you,
We'll not forget the fun we had, at school in 2D2.

2E-1 Class Notes

Recently into 2E1 came two boys, Tony Peklevich from Yugoslavia and Tony Costilly from Italy. They go to English classes every Tuesday. It is interesting having them in our class and watching them gradually learn English. They have started off by reading grade 1 books, but are progressing all the time.

2E-2 Class Notes—"Our Class'

Our class 2E2 consists of 36 students, 18 girls, and 18 boys. Our form teacher is Mr. D. Eddington.

We are a well-mannered class at times but sometimes get up to mischief. Otherwise we would be a very good class for we always get on well with the teachers.

The prefects for this term are Dianne Wallis and Robby Richardson, who are very reliable.

We sometimes have a few jokes with Mr. Eddington before we get on with our work and then we settle down to our work till the bell goes.

We always keep our desk clean, and, sometimes even the floor in case Mr. Stokes might happen to come in.

1A-1 Class Notes

PHYLUM—1A1.

SPECIES—A Remote, Undisclosed Species of Mammalia.

DENS-ITY (As of last Census)—39 Fabulously, Fantastic Students.

HABITS—Very Immodest.

BUILD—Large in some places and thin in others according to individuals.

POPULATION DISTRIBUTION—Densest along side windows with a few odd bods scattered through the internal regions.

LANGUAGE—Many unknown dialects.

HABITAT—A modern room situated in the luxurious Princess May High School. Room complete with hot and cold running water (Leaky Roof).

CHARACTERISTICS—
(i) Usually a head.
(ii) Mostly carnivorous feeders (steak, chops, etc.). A few omnivorous (cake, ice cream, etc.).
(iii) Colour varies, ranging from red on the front to a bright yellow down the back.
(iv) Main source of locomotion—Feet.

EXAMPLES OF GROUP—Peter Tickle, Kevin Lewis, Greg Reid, Ulrich Muco, Janet Blackley.

RESPONSE TO OUTSIDE STIMULI—Usually a shriek of Pain.

ENEMIES OF PHYLUM—Most prefects, Tests, Golden Persuaders (CANES).

RELIGION—Flower Power.

USES—We are delving into this, but so far UNKNOWN.

COMMON NAME OF GROUP—Idiot—by two Idiots.

U.M. and G.R.

1A-2 Class Notes

Tune in now and hear a little about 1A2.

The Prefects for first term were Corinne Meydam and Malcolm Edinger. For the second term Gay O'Malley and Michael Davis were selected. During the year so far they have done a pretty good job.

It is rumoured that we are the best class at Princess May, and we are inclined to believe we are, particularly under the guidance of Mrs. Gurr our form teacher.

Everybody in the class is just about bankrupt because of the charity fund and the brilliant urgings of Michael Davis who has managed to rake together quite a large amount.

Raymond Fawkes.

1B-1 Class Notes

In our class we have a number of talented people. Dianne Potts, a competitor in the schoolgirls' championships for Gym, gained ninth position. Janice Parkinson was a silver spoon winner in this year's swimming carnival. John Pearce is a good runner (although we did not know it) and came second in the cross-country race, his time being 16 minutes and 33 seconds. Heather Blackman and Glen Stevens were respectively top girl and boy of 1B1 for first term. Jeff Cahill and Kerry Oggare are also good swimmers. Tricia Weir plays the guitar and dances. Lina di Carlo is a talented artist, and Lesley Oakman plays the violin. Susan Smith throws together a good composition, plays the guitar and sings. Jenny Hopkinson plays the piano.

1B1 basketball players are Glenda Walsh, Jenny McDonald, Heather Blackman, Linda Kelly, Janice Parkinson, Beth Langoulant, Lorraine Woolmington and Randy Severin.

The prefects for first term were Dianne Potts and Ron Knight and the second term prefects are Randy Severin and Lawrence Hebard.

Bruce Johnson, Jeff Cahill and Albert Menegihello play hockey. Glen Stevens, Ron Knight, Kevin Miles, and John Pierce play football. Pat Quinn plays rugby.

If nothing else, 1B1 are always giving to charity and composing plays.

1D-1 Class Notes

Foundation recipe for the coming High School years:

Head Cook: Mrs. O'Sullivan.

Ingredients: 22 girls, 18 boys, pre-blended with chewing gum. Sweetened with the keenness to learn. Spiced with a variety of athletic activities, namely:

Marilyn Williams, Susan Hughes, Lois Abbot—basketball, Wilson and Palmyra Junior Clubs.

Elaine Howe, badminton, Melville Club.

Trudie Mulligan, lacrosse—Fremantle Juniors.

Jill, softball—Fremantle Rebels.

Lydia Kryneu, calisthenics—Fremantle Club.

Tam Murphy, Rugby union—Palmyra under-14's.

Brian Byran, soccer—Caledonians under-14's and over 12's.

Neil Nicholas, hockey—School Team, "B" Grade.

First term's prefect, George McDonnell and second term's prefect Jim Sackett both play football for East Fremantle under-14's. Girl Prefect: Norma Bull.

Method: Shake occasionally throughout term.

Result: When taken out of form 1D1 in December, should be golden with promise. Leave untouched until February, 1969 when tasting should be tried.

J. Berry.

1D-2 "About Our Class"

Our class is light and bright and the children are always happy. The prefect in our class is Florence Sutherland. Our form teacher is Mrs. Richards. Our class is 1D2 and we are all good students. Our class number is 31. For science we have Mrs. Gurr. She is very nice but she makes you work very hard. Our art teacher is Mrs. Richards. We have a display of art in our room. Mrs. O'Keeffe is our Headmistress at Princess May and she takes us for news and social studies. Mr. Taylor is our Headmaster and he is in charge of all the boys. Mr. Ellis is a nice teacher but is very strict with the boys and girls. Mrs. Curtain is our music and H.Ed. teacher. She is also very strict with the pupils of J.C.C. Mr. Clark is a teacher of English. Last week he brought a coconut to show us.

Princess May School was named by H.R.H. The Duchess of Cornwall and York on July 26, 1901.

In 1D2 we have two Portuguese children. Their names are Joe Abroo and Maria Florenca. We look out of our class window and see the big cranes working on Elder Bros. Wool Stores.

On Friday we have a period longer on that day only. We have nine girls in the class and the rest are boys.

• •

Social Jottings, 1968

Apart from the academic side of school, pleasure is found in the many social functions held each year.

We have enjoyed several socials, which are organised by the prefects. The decorations set an atmosphere of gaiety, and praise is due to our prefects for their efforts, considering the limited time they had to prepare the hall for these functions.

Venus de Milo was the central figure of our Roman theme, for the school ball in August. Inspired by such a classic setting many fifth year girls arrived in long gowns. The imaginative decor of the hall again showed the versatility of our captain, David Young.

Another outlet for students is to be found at the school camps. These provide weekends of enjoyment, from which, many fond memories are retained.

The Athletics Carnival is a sporting highlight which encourages young athletes to prove their worth. Many a battle was fought on the oval, and the victors deserve our sincere congratulations. The senior boys' and girls' 880 yards were run (or walked) in a fine sporting spirit! The day ended with another successful social.

Many students, find outlets for their capabilities in our end-of-term concerts. These are enjoyed by the stars as much as the audience, and are a grand finale to a happy academic and social term.

POEMS and CREATIVE PROSE

Why Don't the Children Laugh?

With drooping heads and downcast lips
they walk around the streets,
they don't want to go back home,
to fighting parents and unwanted babies,
to their cold, hard beds and smelly gutters,
the leaking roof and lumpy porridge,
watered-down soup and smoky fires.
Is this home?
No, the streets are their home,
the company of friends free and easy.
Run all night and sleep all day.
Surely this is the easy way.
To sleep beneath the stars with whom you
please, with whom you love.
Everything becomes wonderful when there is a
small, leaking flat.
It does not matter when you are in love
if you fight and have unwanted babies,
or if you give your children cold, hard beds
by smelly gutters,
lumpy porridge and watered-down soup.
No, it does not matter if your children
leave this to seek a better life.

ELIZABETH STOUT. 4D1 (Literature).

Sunrise

The sun lazily stretches its long, yellow fingers.
They grope;
Then touch the clouds and descend to the mountains,
To the trees and the flowers,
Flooding the hills and the valleys
With golden, glorious, glowing light.

M. CLARKE,
Fourth Year (Literature).

Morning

As the sun's golden arms reach out to the sky
Each morning,
And lift the veil of darkness from the earth,
I lie awake in bed, and behold the dawning,
Another day has come, bringing with it
Happiness, joy, sorrow and mirth.

SALLY CONGDON. 2A1.

"Saturday Morning"

As I lay there listening to the soft-strumming in the gentle quiet,
My mind wandered back to that Time:
That Time that was only the night before;
The night when all appeared perfect;
A perfection in atmosphere unparalleled by any other occasion.
An atmosphere which, though lasting for only a split, seraphic second of retrospection,
Encompassed some of the searching beauties of life . . .
In but a few hours of Friday night.

JOHN TOMASICH. 5A.

The Worm

He travels along in a world of his own,
Of towering plants and leaves.
While high above where the mountains have grown
The magpies chatter and tease.

And he knows that one day
His fate will be sealed
By the birds that are pretty and gay.
So he wriggles along, oblivious to song,
With an eye for perhaps his last meal.

PETER LEES. 4D (Literature).

Australian Bush at Dawn

The sun comes up,
Bringing with it life for a new day.
And the birds shriek
As the light, ray by ray,
Penetrates the dense, damp scrub.
And it sucks up the dew,
And the animals begin to move,
So many there, but you see so few.

Creatures set about their toil.
The bush brims with activity.
The sun climbs westward
Across the sky, so slowly.
And all above is a perfect blue.
And a tall gum-tree full in flower,
A mass of delicate scented blooms,
Comes to life at dawn, a great floral tower.

MERYL MALACARI, 1A1.

"The Coming of the Evening"

There is not a sound, but the playful breeze
Twisting and turning and teasing the trees.
Birds whistle and fly from branches to boughs
And the Bees hum tunes while working on flowers.

There is not a cloud in the clear blue sky.
As the people slowly wander by.
An old man, bent and grey,
Goes inside, for it is the end of the day.

BARBARA LINTON, 1A3.

The Great Evil

Relief. A sigh.
What great burden
has been lifted from my heart?
I can hear it
Pounding,
Pounding heavily
in this God-forsaken breast.
I gather together
A sheaf of papers.
Scrawled with blue writing.
Footsteps.
A supervisor
strolls past with roving eye
and passes.
I replace my pens
and look,
not daring to breathe,
At the people around me,
Writing.
A short man,
the supervisor,
as he mounts the platform
to speak,
"Time please. Stop writing.
Pens down."
And so with laughter
ringing in our ears,
and fear
in our hearts,
We finish the exam.

PRETZ, 5C.

The Blow-holes near Albany

Two dogs in a fight
clashing, gnashing their teeth,
leaping sky high
higher than the bel-fry
and in slow motion drifting down again.

They depart—gather strength,
ruffle themselves, and monotonously
repeat, continuously biting
away at each other
like the waves at the ever-starting black rocks.

EVA FEHER, 3A2.

The Wind

The wind blows strong;
The wind blows long;
Carrying its message to all with song,
The wind it blows the restless leaves;
The wind it blows the violent seas;
Carrying its message to all who breathe.

It carries the yachts across the waves,
It deposits leaves on numerous graves,
Carrying its message during restless days,
The wind will sneak,
The wind will weep,
Carrying its message to all who sleep.

A. POORE, 2A3.

Return to Liverpool

I lean on the rails and throw down a stone,
Into dirty brown waters that once were my home.
The seagulls they cry in a Liverpool tone
And I wonder and think, "Is it really my home?"

I think of the days by the River Dee,
And I think of the salmon and trout, fresh for tea.
Then I think of Scarborough and South Coogee Beach,
And the tailer and schnapper I took home with me.

I think of a hike in the hills of Old Wales,
And remember the night of the storms and the gales.
Then think of the blackboys, the jarrah, and pines.
I remember the beaches that glimmer and shine.

I dream about Liverpool, and New Brighton too,
But I think about Perth and the places I knew.
There's Liverpool, the old, and Perth, the new,
And I wish for a place of my own 'tween the two.

By PHILIP BOGGIN, 2A2.

Night!

A sudden stillness falls, a feeling hushed, a pause,
As though some voice had said: No More!
And nothing moves. The crimson sky, still flushed,
Waits as for the opening door.

Then nature stirs and the first star appears,
Bravely and brightly, the sky its own,
As if at a given signal the darkness falls,
And the star is no longer alone.

Other stars appear there, one by one,
As though to counteract the fading light,
The shadows long, somewhere a bird calls,
We listen, look again and it is night.

HEATHER PATON, 1A1.

Perfect Day

Quiet flows the river
Down to the sea,
Where the gulls fly
Happy and free.
Blue are the skies
Gentle the breeze,
As with hardly a whisper
It moves through the trees.
Just a summer's day
Calm and serene—
The most beautiful day
I have ever seen.

B. LUCAS.

Motion Study

A plague of locusts swarming crops—
A football match when everyone's playing—
A bit of excitement at the back of class—
And swimming carnivals with waving and booing.

Anonymous, 3A2.

Mad Mob

Multitudes through turnstiles teeming,
Sirens howling, whistles screaming,
Running, jumping, voices jeering,
Kicking, punching, mouths appealing,
Yelling, clapping, tempers steaming,
Twisting, turning, white flags streaming,
Final sirens victories screeching,
Dejected faces and smiles all gleaming,
Engines roaring, car horns blaring,
Home again the horde returning.

Reverie

While I was dreaming one rainy day,
I thought of the days we had in May;
Of how we used to frolic and play
And sing and dance as we went on our way.
But all those days seem far away,
As I sit here dreaming on this cold winter day.

CAROLE BENNETT.

Kingfisher

His mocking call fills the air,
As skyward he climbs from the creek.
For soaked feathers he does not care,
Jubilant, with fish in his beak.

When upon a branch he perches at last,
The fish becomes his meal.
Content after such a repast,
His sombre plumage he preens.

STEPHEN TREFRY, 2A1.

The End of Life

By Max Margetts, 3A1.

The skies darkened across the fading Horizon;
A lonely figure stood stark against the land;
The bird community appeared motionless,
As though waiting for the inevitable to happen.

Suddenly from nowhere, came a volley of
Rifle shots, and the nondescript dropped where
He'd been standing.

A clatter of hooves and clouds of dust were
The only reminders of enraged men who'd
Performed their task.

Once again all was quiet, except for the
Piercing death cries of the scavengers.
The undertakers moved in, to add another shell of
Crumbling bones to the finished soil.

Then without prior warning, the unappreciated
Mourners moved on to another beckoning corpse.

Twilight passed on, giving way to darkness,
And all was still.

The Almond Tree

Alone it stands, but not with courage,
This tree of fruit and beauty.
It has no weakened man to hide,
No need to withhold the rushing tide
Of onslaughting winds and the Deity
As a mighty fortress, it has no use.

But strength and endurance are not powers
Given to this humble tree.
Small white flowers and sweet hard nuts
Are the essentials of its duty
To Mankind and Nature; for them it provides
Baskets of life and strength.

So thus you see, that what this tree
Does not itself possess.
To others it does freely give
Without seeking reward or gain.
Even so the almond tree possesses
Beauty in its leafy tresses.

By J. COLLINS, 4A1.

"Picture of the Past"

Rump muscles tense, strong shoulders straining
Against the collars and the harness,
Tails held high, and great feet tramping
Deep in dust of the paddock's bareness,
Three heads in time, as one, are nodding,
The brown, the black, the dappled grey.
Farm horses working, striving and pulling
The plough and harrow, till dusk of day.

By ALISON CLARK, 2B1.

They were Men

They were convicted men;
Dragged from tranquility for a petty crime,
Transported as prisoners and treated like animals,
And still they are regarded as criminals.

They were brave men;
Pushed on by the threat of the whip and the lash,
Being punished by men of ruling ranks,
Yet did they receive any thanks?

They were tough men;
While blood dripped from the bite of the whip
And sweat fell from their brow;
But what do we think of them now?

They were weary men;
Forced to work while the sun could be seen,
And when it was dark, like birds to the nest,
They retired for what seemed an interminable rest.

They were desperate men;
Filled with hate for those who ruled them;
Even under the lash they dared not cry,
They only desired one thing—to die.

They were working men;
And work they did, for though men
They were denied a vote, a right and a say,
But they made this land what it is today.

RICHARD SKEAD, 2A1.

Their Country

A barren waste of desert,
A tangled tropical forest,
Sparkling, refreshing rivers caressed
By their touch.

This was their country,
Moulded in their hands
Who created a nomadic civilization
That still stands.
They should have continued their way,
But the British came to pave another way.

This was their land,
Yet foreign nations made a stand
And claimed their land upon demand.
Stripped, used, exhausted,
Their land was stolen.

Their land, their homes, their wealth,
All was removed,
Yet no subsidy was approved
Until a century and half had lived and died.

Still today, their land decayed
Australia's aborigines have not been fully repaid.

NEIL STINGEMORE, 2A1.

"A Man Before his Time"

Over the frothy waves of the sea,
Came a white-sailed ship; sailing in a lee.
With it came a remarkable man,
Along with a purpose and a plan.

Lithe in mind and in hand,
He left the ship; from New Zealand,
He came to Fremantle this our port,
Where for his schemes and dreams he fought.

Every time he faced a throng,
They would cry, "You're wrong! You're wrong!"
They scorned his plans and shattered his dreams,
A man born before his time it seems.

He ended his life on a morning ride,
His body was found on the lapping tide.
A shame they laid this man to rest,
With a broken-heart replacing his zest.

Railways, a harbour and a water scheme,
Are some of his works that are still to be seen.
Our admiration for him will always remain,
C. Y. O'Connor was his name.

JANETTE HILL.

The Whip

The whip was an animal,
A cruel, vicious animal.
Even more so than the beast who wielded it.
Many a poor, forsaken brute felt its cruel bite,
A bite with a thirst for blood,
Cool, red blood.
Innocent or not they received it
The whip
From which there came no mercy.
They built our country, made it great,
But the whip, the task-master, repaid them
With flowing blood, their blood.
But our country became strong, and
The whip was deposed.

ALAN WILLIAMS, 2A1.

"I'm a Cat"

Teasing bats on Moonlight nights,
Feasting on rats and lying on mats—
I'm a cat.
Prowling the night with sharp yellow eyes,
Lying flat on my back and eating till I'm fat—
I'm a cat.
My claws can scratch
When I jump to attack,
But sometimes I miss,
Yet life's like that,
For after all;
I'm only a cat.

LEE DAVY, 3F1.

Les Oiseaux Du La Guerre

They fly across the flickering night;
Apocalyptic birds of war.
Some will tell but only some,
will tell the hell they saw.

Everywhere that they had bombed;
Those places far behind.
Fire, bodies, death,
Were left for one to find.

Years, Years, futile years,
Have gone since they first saw,
That first one blinding flash,
That marked their futile war.

Here, now, peace has come
To rule our hearts and minds
But never more can we forget
The hovering birds of war.

LYNNE ELLEMENT, 4D3. (Literature).

Troubled World

In this world where I live and breathe,
In this time with its wars and blood,
I must seem like a speck of sand
In a raging, roaring flood.

The white begins his selfish war
Where the black is treated like scum.
Detroit moans like a rebellious boy,
Waiting for what must inevitably come.

The rich enslave the helpless poor
With jobs that are hard and crude.
A dictator tries to "convert" the slave,
When all he wants is food.

Vietnam roars on like a restless lion,
And the lion sups with the dead.
We think we are helping this sorry place
Where our men are killed instead.

The World must seem a shame to God,
Who began it with peace and quiet:
But how was He to know that in time,
Eve was to extend her diet.

V. GRAY.

Verse from Beethoven's—"Ode to Joy"

Build a road of peace before us;
Build it wide and deep and long.
Speed the slow and check the eager,
Help the weak and curb the strong.
None shall push aside another;
None shall let another fall.
March beside me, oh, my brothers—
All for one, and one for all.

L. L. CALHOUN.

The Snake

Poison bite!
Slimy. Slithers, twists and hisses around.
Slides and worms its way across the table.
Poised to attack.
Strikes, coils its body around the victim and sinks its fangs into the soft flesh.

GAIL BERCLUND, 1A1.

Drought

What foe is this that no great army follows after?
This scourge which bears no sword yet pierces the heart just as cruelly?
Drought! The awesome verification of the earth's supreme right
Over all that bask in her tolerance and cower beneath her scorn.

In these regions of the earth's contempt,
Blackened trees lift their gnarled fingers skyward
Imploring the lethargic element to return them life's blood unspent,
While the soul which was once their sustenance
Serves only to hold the trees erect.

Life in its entirety shrinks before the fiery torment,
Leaving an overpowering feeling of the supernatural,
Which alone permeates the incalculable emptiness,
The emptiness which comes when all else
Has succumbed to the tyranny of drought.

WENDY JENKINS, 4C1.

"Drought"

Dry dust devouring all.
The horizon a mist of red,
red grit that clogs the crevices
of mind and head.

Not a breath of wind to break the strain
Not a drop of vapour
to ease the pain.
The stockman, stationman, children,
the cattle, the gums with leaves
upheld wait,
breathe and wait.

As night falls the rumour flies,
as the throat that dries
foretells with longing.
But by morning the sad news dawns—
Rain has not come—another day
and other year
to live, to long,
to fear.

SARAH BLACKLEY, 4A2.

"Frogs"

Small frogs, big frogs, slippery frogs,
"Jumpy" frogs, "croaky" frogs, fat frogs
Skinny frogs they're all the same to me.
All one big "slimy" mess,
A glob of calloused warty "goo";
That slips and slides everywhere,
No matter what you do.

Yet some people like them,
Biologists and such like.
Not for me, thanks,
I'll keep my opinions to myself.

And if you were me,
I'm sure you'd agree,
That a frog isn't your "cup of tea",
Because, you see,
I'm a Fly (cousin to the common Flea).

STEPHEN BROWN, 2A1.

"Tradition"

It was said, a man's home is his castle
Which means in his home he's a King;
But today a man's wife dominates him
And she won't let him do a damn thing.
Everyday he comes home to a miserable wife
Who tells him to sit and keep out of strife;
But not to smoke in the house 'cause it smells very bad
Or "don't walk through the kitchen in working shoes clad".
The days of tradition have long passed us by,
Where the women were gentle and sweet—
So the men will just have to try and get by
Walking through kitchens—bare feet.

JOHN WEBSTER, 2A2.

"For Services Rendered"

The days of my life are numbered,
The bones in my body creak,
I've got by, though how, I've wondered,
On only a pittance a week.

The days of my life are numbered,
I've given this country my best.
I've starved while Parliament slumbered.
In old age I'm considered a pest.

The days of my life are numbered,
As on my death bed I stay,
Yet the pleasures of death are encumbered,
By the funeral bill my kin pay.

Oh, the days of my life are numbered,
I can't take the heat or the cold.
Better days in the past I've remembered.
Lord! Take heed of the plight of the old.

By P. CARMAN, 3A1.

Black, Black as the Ace of Spades

Black, black as the Ace of Spades is he;
He walks with his head held low
Wanders from ghetto to ghetto
With never a place to call his own,
With never a place to go.

No place where he can lay his bones
At the end of another day.
No place to go at the end of the day,
When the white men laugh and live quite free,
When the white men go to play.

For he is Black;
To be black is a serious thing
To see men die to the K.K.K.
Who will tell you, brother, any day
They are better than you,
"Look at the Skin. See? It's black" they sneer,
While they stab at men's backs with their poisoned spears.

Oh God! If you exist on high,
Do something when you hear men cry,
In pain and mortal agony that come from being,
Black, Black as the Ace of Spades.

ANDREW PATERSON, 3A1.

Dirt

Dirt is found everywhere, especially on the ground,
Where it appears to have been placed by someone or thing,
Who or which wanted to turn the life of the average housewife into a miserable existence.

Dirt is the life blood of all broom-makers who wholeheartedly
Deny that they, for their own profit invented synthetic dirt,
Which was unobtrusively scattered around the world,
To further allow these manufacturers to expand their Business.
Everywhere dirt is fought with drastic means
Such as soap and other man made appliances, which have the
Ultimate aim of making everything spotlessly clean and Sterile.
But, what has been invented dirty? I believe
All this doctrine on hygiene has been invented to promote
Industry, which in itself is a prime example of Pollution. In fact I can find nothing wrong with dirt, but
Everyone opposes it and attempts to eradicate it.

PETER JENSEN, 4A1.

The Fishermen of Fremantle

In the early morn, before the break of dawn,
The fishermen and their boats,
Lay out their nets and floats.
For word has gone around that herring are around,
Beyond the breakers, South in Cockburn Sound.

CHRISTINE NISSEN, 2B.

• •

"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 an 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 seed 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 the 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 aways. 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 out 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 out 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 us 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 out putting our takings in crates which he borrowed also. We was all set. I was for cutting out as fast as I could but Bill weren't finished yet. He seed the boss was not ten feet away so he takes out a fag and goes and asks the boss for a light. 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 there was 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.

Beer, Glass and Sink

It was two o'clock in the early morning. Being particularly careful to avoid treading on the floorboards I knew would squeak, with shoes in hand, and breath restrained as much as possible, I crept stealthily through the house. I could feel the cold floorboards through the cotton socks. I was almost there.

As happens nine times out of ten, my wife was waiting for me when I returned home from a stag party. Slowly relaxing and putting my shoes on I fell backwards into an armchair. I was expecting the worst. "There are two dozen bottles of beer in the cellar," she roared. "Either empty them or have mother stay with us for two weeks." Without further hesitation I ran down to the cellar. Yes, it was clearly a case of the hen-pecked husband for me. Oh well, the beer wasn't mine, so for the next half hour I settled down to steady beer disposing.

With the first bottle, I removed the top and emptied the contents down the sink. So it was with the next five bottles until I noticed a rather tall, dusty glass on the window shelf yonder. On the sixth bottle, I removed the top and emptied the contents down the sink except for one glassful which I drank. Four more bottles I emptied down the sink except for eight glasses full, which I drank. Picking up the next bottle, I removed the glass and

poured the contents down the sink except for one top full which I drank. I pulled up yet another bottle and removed the sink, poured the top down the glass except for one bottle full which I drank. Watching the houses go by two by two, I emptied another glass down the top except for one sink full which I drank. The houses were whizzing by as I took yet another glass, removed the sink and emptied the contents down the bottle except for one house full which I drank.

Well you punny feople, I'd better thoot shrough 'cause the drunker I stand here the longer I get!

Anonymous.

"Today, Tomorow . . ."

At dawn, the blackness in the air of our half of the World is immolated slowly by the penetrating rays of the Sun as it works away from the other half and lets it temporarily forget its woes and problems in the sphere of sleep. However, as the Sun begins its ascent towards its midday zenith its radiations of brilliance awaken our part of the World into another morning of a headlong day—a day, like nearly every other, where the apparent general rules are haste, urgency, speed and con fusion—which all together give rise to problems and conflicts.

Just look at us!

We are hustling and bustling, and all trying to reach the Top. We are becoming too materialistic in our outlooks and we are not cultivating, to the extent that we should, some of the finer things in life. There are conflicts everywhere — from family quarrels to international blood baths as well as civil wars—wars such as those in Vietnam, the Middle-East, the Congo and in Nigeria. Then look at all the other problems we have. There is al most constant worrying about birth control, the Pill, drugs and addition, gun control and so on Problems have also arisen from racial prejudice and its associated discriminations, the Bomb, the universal student upheavals. Violent contention is often aroused simply through someone using his freedom of self-expression. In brief, one could sum-up the present life with one apt word—"ten sion"; and this tension is too unhealthy in the development of the World.

Unfortunately, the World rarely learns from previous experiences—it just progresses along committing the same old mistakes; it is only that these mistakes become, as we can see by delving through the decades and centuries of the Earth's history more complicated, more involved and more difficult to solve.

When will we, who make up this World, mellow into more mature and wiser people and help to make a more positive contribution to the endeavour of creating a World which will have a certain indescribable, but tremendous fullness which it almost completely lacks at present? Or will this life continue as it is with the Sun, each morning, heralding a new day of golden opportunities, only to see that day continue the tensions of yesterday and the problems of days before it, with it all building up and finally culminating in a great, violent uproar?

JOHN TOMASICH, 5A.

Threshold of Manhood

The morning sun's rays filtered through the make-shift humpy until they fell upon the closed eyes of the sleeping boy. Responding to their "knock" Gunda returned hastily from the dreamtime land into the world he had grown accustomed to since birth. As he rubbed the sleep out of his eyes with the back of his hand his mind seemed to race ahead of him planning his day.

Carefully he stood up as he was nearly as tall as the humpy was high. Gunda's body was a perfect specimen of physical build although to him, his body was flawed in the fact that he was still a boy and did not possess the initiation scars of manhood. The curly hair hung on his forehead like bunches of dark grapes. As well as the hair on his head, there was also a start of growth on his face which was starting to look like a crude beard. There were numerous flies around his naked body but from childhood he had learned to sometimes accept them or ignore them, so even now flies didn't worry him at all.

Walking outside he was dazzled slightly by the intense glare of the sun. After his eyes adjusted, he stretched himself and surveyed the horizon. The heat waves could be seen quivering in the distance and where the lone tree was, there was a flock of crows singing their morning songs to the sun. The smell of one of his mothers cooking their first meal of the day drifted into his wide nostrils and made them flare. Gunda licked his lips and walked over to the fire where his three younger brothers played with the ashes of last night's fire. From out of the ashes of the morning fire protruded the tails of a couple of goannas and a few small lizards. These were to constitute the morning meal. Gunda moved closer to the fire to get a good smell of the cooking flesh.

In the other humpy Gunda's father and his new mother were just returning from dreamtime land themselves. As they stretched, Gunda grew impatient for them to leave their earthen bed and to come and eat. It was tribal law for the father and any elders to eat first then the women and children. Even while travelling on walkabout in a small family group such as they were now, the tribal laws were always upheld with no allowances for a slight breakage of these rules.

In the family group there were his father, his two mothers and three young brothers. As yet the father had not had any woman children by the first wife—only man children. So at the last tribal gathering he took this new young wife in the hope of her bearing his woman child.

His father finally left his other wife and came out into the ever-growing stronger sunlight. He came over to the fire and pulled a cooked goanna out and commenced eating. Gunda raced to the fire and picked out a choice meaty lizard. He saved the other goanna for his mothers. While eating, Gunda's father called to him and instantly he obeyed. When he sat down his father offered him some of his goanna and told him that today he would go out hunting with his father instead of grubbing for food with the women and children.

Gunda's heart seemed to stop. He couldn't believe what his father's lips just uttered. Gunda had heard secret stories that as a usual procedure before an initiation the father or another elder sometimes would take the person to be initiated with the hunting parties to learn and to take part in the hunt. This also accorded with the fact that the next time the family group was due at a tribal meeting, at the next waterhole, he would be at the usual age for initiation. Questions arose instinctively in Gunda's mind, questions such as "What experiences would he have to undertake to cross this closely guarded threshold to manhood?"

Gunda's father rose to his feet and Gunda knew he was ready to be off hunting, so he raced over to get their spears and woomeras. He gave them to his father and then turned round to look at the women clearing away the remains of the meal. His thoughts about them were as such to suppose he had already taken this step into manhood and had left their way of life. He remembered all the happy times he had had with the women and other children when they were out hunting for food. His face took on an expression that might be seen on a person looking at a group of prisoners working on a chain gang. This expression was of pity to an inferior people.

Gunda was soon brought out of this line of thought by a short wack across the backside by his father's spear. He turned around, half suspecting that his father had read his thoughts, only to find the warm-hearted smiled on his face and his hand being put on Gunda's shoulder.

Together they walked across the heat-ridden earth to **HUNT.**

DAVID WHITELEY.

What Religion means to Me

Religion is the purpose of life! Everyone, no matter what colour his skin—black, white or yellow, needs someone to believe in—to pray to. This is why some people worship idols as some of the people of India do, or why others worship God.

They worship their God because they are afraid —afraid to die. People need help in all they do and they know they will have God's assistance. Usually they will ask this through prayer, which in my experience brings me even closer to God.

Even if some things go wrong, people who follow their God realize there must be some reason for it. God is not punishing us, but is really helping us.

Religion has helped me to understand life and people. By attending a Christian Endeavour meeting, people, mainly young people, come together to worship God. They all have this one characteristic in common, even though they may be completely different in other ways. But this common thing brings them very close so they are able to treat each other, and others, as brothers. I have found this out for myself by attending a Christian Endeavour gathering.

Unfortunately for me I have never attended an Easter Camp but I have heard a great deal about them. Those who have attended have said they have felt God inside of them, helping them to understand the Christian religion. Even tears have been shed by these young Christians because they felt ashamed for doing wrong, but they came away from that camp feeling God's presence in them.

Religion has made this world what it is today. I believe everyone needs to have a God to worship and to be able to trust in. How could man go into space if the scientists who were endeavouring to do this, did not have faith in someone? In earlier times when modern medicine was in its beginning, the people who invented remedies, trusted in God that they would help to cure people.

To me religion is everything because it is life. Some might say "religion is old fashioned" but this is ridiculous because it is an eternal thing, not subject to the waste of time.

"Migrant Assimilation"

Australia, with her migrants, is like a flask of water with a quantity of salt lying in the bottom. Despite the fact that both materials are composed simply of myriads of tiny, almost-identical atoms, it takes a good deal of stirring to dissolve them into stable and unified solution—in which no residue can be detected.

Invariably, "residue" is left for at least two generations in some nationalities, mainly the Southern and Eastern races, such as Greeks, Italians and Slavs when they become migrants in a new land. The Northerners, such as Scandinavians, Dutch and Germans usually dissolve into the community very rapidly. What causes this relative facility of assimilation?

The key to the answer, and indeed to all assimilation problems is that one word which is the friction preventing the smooth assimilation from moving—difference.

Every immigrant is set in a different mould from that of the "Aussie". The most obvious contrast is physical appearance. Whether the migrant is an olive-complexioned and black-haired Italian, a blue-eyed and flaxen-haired German or a snow-white though more Australian-looking "Pommie", the dif-

ference shows up. After having tanned for a few years, and lost his accent, the Briton is indistinguishable from "the rest of the crowd". Logical is this, of course, since Australians are essentially of British descent.

This fact is the one from which stems most of our migrant problems, the fact that we have ingrained in us British standards and attitudes, if not from descent, then from association. Australians as a race—if they can be called such—are simply "Austracized" Northern Europeans, their features and language Teutonic.

Thus, as far as assimilation goes, the Teutonic races have a natural advantage over the Slavonic and Latin ones. Since culture generally follows the patterns of language, Australian culture is close to that of Northern Europe. Fortunately, Australians are not as limited in their religion and taste as are Northern Europeans as a whole. Religion is, therefore, one of the major aids to assimilation, as is political interest, since the migrants are as varied in their political convictions as Australians are. Thus we have no particular party concerned with any particular national bloc.

Lack of education is one of the major factors contributing to many assimilation difficulties. How can an illiterate be taught another language? It is clearly impossible unless the person can be educated to some extent, and because of his simplicity he does not feel inclined suddenly to change his customs and language. This creates a "vicious circle", and in most cases, such people do not, themselves, assimilate, and rely on their children to convey to them news from "outside". Trying to educate migrants over the age of about thirty (below which they will probably find it necessary to educate themselves for their work) is useless since they generally associate with countrymen and therefore neither want nor need to be Australians.

The two main aspects of society causing assimilation difficulties amongst migrants from certain areas, particularly rural, are their community life, and their attitude to women. Suburban living does not come easily to an immigrant who is used to living in a small town and associating with a limited number of people. This system is sustained and only partly broken by a man's going out to work, since in his leisure hours he is almost undoubtedly occupied with old acquaintances from his homeland. He cannot be justly criticized for this practice, since it takes both the migrants and the Australians to retain this situation, whereas advances on either side would probably promote friendly relations.

Migrant women are not as fortunate as men in meeting the natives, since according to the customs of many European countries, they play a very minor role. A wife's duty is confined to the home, and only if she has outside work has she a chance to become Westernized. The migrant girl, although she has probably associated with Australians if she came out at school age, is not often given the benefit of high education, and is, in many cases, expected to settle down with a man from her family's country—of whom there are no shortages—and until that time lead a very quiet and sheltered life. It is therefore incumbent on us to help these people to settle in to a happy life, in which they feel accepted.

How can we help to make migrants feel "at home?" It is simply a matter of being courteous and unprejudiced, treating them as fellow Australian citizens who can enrich our country with exotic customs and tastes, which we may adopt ourselves; not alien practices to be instantly condemned. Surely, the mere matter of accepting—not patronizing—and keeping our minds open to ideas and customs new to us, is worth the result of a unified and friendly community in which there is a free motion of ideas and participation in common affairs unimpeded by barriers of prejudice and mistrust.

SUE SNELL, 4A1.

"The Fright of My Life!"

The fire burned brightly, casting weird shadows upon Tom's face as he sat crossed-legged at the head of our group. He was in the midst of telling us of his wild adventure with the phantom rider. Every week we sat in the same place by the river's edge while he told us many of his wild stories. Before long it was time to leave, so my three companions and I left Tom and crossed the river in our wooden boat.

As we rowed across my thoughts wandered back to the story Tom had told us a few nights before. I couldn't control myself any longer, I had to laugh. The others glared at me. "Be quiet Sam. Do you want everyone to know that we are out here? If I'm caught my Pa will tan my hide," whispered Jim, as he turned in his seat. I suddenly felt foolish! I daren't tell them what I was laughing at because we had already argued about whether there were such things as ghosts. I certainly didn't believe in them, I knew that it was a lot of nonsense to believe in ghosts.

As I sat daydreaming, Jim shoved my arm. "Surely you're not worried about the ghosts, Sam?" he said. "I thought you didn't believe in them."

"I don't!" I replied sharply. Jim shook his head and said, "I still don't care what anyone says, I saw a ghost in the old mill. You saw it too, didn't you Ned?"

"Yep. An' it was horrible," said the little negro boy, as he sat huddled in the corner of the boat. "He jus' stared at us and wailed. Oh, it was terrible."

"How can you believe in ghosts. There's no such thing!" and with this I jumped from the boat, and began to haul it onto the shore. The others followed me and before long we were parting at the crossroads.

My journey took me past the old mill. As I walked on I happened to glance through the window. "Fancy believing in ghosts. That's a lot of nonsense," I thought. I walked on but something caught my attention. It sounded like a cat's wailing, but I couldn't be sure. My curiosity got the better of me so I turned back to the window. Across the dusty floor streaked a black cat, with eyes as bright as fire. Sighing to myself, I turned away once more, but this time I distinctly heard footsteps upstairs. Slowly I turned towards the door. But then I remembered that "I, Sam Willsby, did not believe in ghosts".

From inside came the sound of creaking boards drawing nearer and nearer towards me.

Transfixed with horror I stood in that eerie doorway, and suddenly from out of the wall emerged a ghostly figure. My hair stood on end, my legs turned to jelly, but I seemed glued to the spot. The figure moved towards me and held out his rattling chains and from deep in his throat came a terrible wailing sound that could have awoken the dead. As he drew nearer I recaptured my senses. I backed away from the approaching arms, tripped down the stairs and tore off through the trees. Never again will I scoff when I hear people declare they have seen ghosts.

JANINE TINDAL, 2A2.

The Dying Soul

The battered wreckage of a hulk lay wallowing in the storm driven by the fury of Life's tempest. Then with a splintering grinding crash it hit the rocks, tearing itself asunder.

Painfully, the lone survivor dragged himself on to the beach. Racked with pain and despair he saw dimly through the blinding spray, a vision, there was hope. He was alive and alone and there was nothing.

My mind is racked with pain and torture, my heart split asunder. Alone I travel through Life's busy ways. Tormented am I through this emptiness and despair. Why is Life so Cruel? Where is the warm sunshine I once knew, the soft gentle breezes which cooled and refreshed me? The Ghost of my Past haunts me, won't let me go. All there is, is a lonely emptiness.

I have known love and ecstasy, hate, jealousy and greed cruelty, savagery and kindness. So has this lonely soul been swallowed into the oncoming Darkness.

One day I shall see the light once again and maybe feel the happiness I seek; and thenceforth my search will end. Don't ever feel sorry for me, for this is my own doing: now my Soul is dying, smashed into tiny fragments by the surging tide. One thing I ask myself. When will it end?

They say Man's Soul is Immortal, but immortality is Infinity to which there is no end.

ANONYMOUS.

The Others Beyond

Science fiction has, in lucid moments of its madness, spoken of the possibility of alien life with chilling portent. It has made us aware of the fact that other forms of intelligent life other than human, may exist, and this realization, in my view, should strike home into one's consciousness with telling force.

Man is a conceited animal. He can't accept the fact that he is not the only life form in the endless emptiness of space. Altogether too many people tend to laugh off even the mere suggestion of other galactic races (with amusement written all over their faces). But they have been too hasty. What right have we to believe that, of all the planets that make up the infinity of space, ours is the only one to support an intelligent life form? Are we the highest form of life in this universe? I hope not, because that would mean that we were the 'perfect' ones, examples for other races to look up to and emulate. No, we are not alone. Mathematics will tell us that, according to such laws of chance there are, on at least some of the multiplicity of planets, other life forms.

The life need not take any form even remotely resembling ours, or even take the obscure shape of anything our minds can conjure up. If there are indeed other intelligent beings, it is more than likely that their thought conception passes along completely different lines from ours. Our thinking is derived from our environment, and our history, from the ages since man first began. Every sight that the first man saw—men who naturally did not even resemble us today, except in a vague anthropological way—every sound they heard, every experience that was theirs, is hidden in some dark pigeon hole of our minds. It is hidden and we are not conscious of it, but our thought patterns form themselves by calling on these secrets of the mind.

Every age of man (every past generation of men), participates in some way in formulating our thinking. But an alien life form would have an entirely different heritage, a history following, to us, a scramble of seemingly unrelated incidents. It's life might have begun so long ago that it seems an eternity. And therefore their thinking would be so much more advanced. Or, sometime in the obscure past, they might have been a mighty race who had fallen, and now were trying to build themselves up as such once more. Whatever that description, their shape would be such as to be unimaginable to us, something totally beyond the conception of our minds. And if this was so, their way of life, their architecture, their science, their culture, all would present themselves to us as meaningless nothings, as something even a child's strange mind could not fathom out. If this was so, then no one of us could even begin to interpret it for the child is the interpreter of man of strange and indefinite masses.

But even being such to us, it would fit the same category as that of our life form, and our culture,

and our way of living would seem to alien. It is merely a matter of environment. This would be the primary difficulty in communication between humans and other beings. A lack of mutual understanding would soon break down the feeble, unless the alien was of such superior intellect as to foresee this, and to take steps to avoid it. It would be futile looking to us.

Man has not always been aware of space. Not so very long ago, he thought of the earth as the centre of the universe, and, in reality, he could not concieve of a universe, dismissing it lightly as the 'rest', the earth being, in his mind, the all of everything. Then men like Copernicus and Galileo shattered this proud view of man, actually daring to say that the earth, the mother of creation, was but a very minute part of such a quantity of space, and of such numbers of similar planets, as to defy the imagination.

The telescope probed its glass eye, at first with blurred and uncertain sight, into our solar system, and human hearts palpitated in excitement as, one by one, the great worlds of Mercury and Venus and Mars and so on revealed themselves to the people on their fellow planet. "Now will be the time. Now we will see another life", were the excited mutterings of the astronomers and the philosophers between themselves. But this muttering dropped to a barely perceptible murmur, heavy with a disappointment no one cared to conceal as the last planet, forlorn, little Pluto, was discovered, and proved to support no life, thus adding to the barrenness of her sisters. For a time interest in alien life slept the sleep of the forgotten.

Then spectacular advances in telescopes, and in science itself, opened the door to space, and many new suns swept majestically into view, with all their escort of companion planets. "Ah! Life, another life can exist" they said happily as the wonders of science showed an ever enlarging panorama of solar systems, and universes, and galaxies. The key to all this had been found.

What is space? A difficult question requiring an even more difficult answer. In itself, space is almost indefinable, but one can say that it is the mass of nothing that stretches on to infinity, and then moves still forward past that. It is like a vast carpet whose edges can never be found, even if one searches until the end of eternity. It is everything and it is nothing. It is space, and must be thought of in the same way as one thinks of time.

As I have said earlier, man is a conceited animal. He firmly and unshakably believes in his own superiority. But he has never faced any real competition. All he has had to test his intelligence, to exercise his intelligence, has been an unequal struggle against the dumb animals which fight back merely instinctively in fear of a threat of their self-preservation. I believe that not only are there other life forms but that these life forms, or many of them at least, have a much higher intelligence than do we.

For all our advances in science, we are just scraping the outer covering of wisdom. We send space craft hurtling into the deepness of space, but these only probe the fringes; we only explore the outskirts. For years past, reports have come into the authorities all over the world of strange flying objects. Crafts of all sizes and designs, and of all speeds, and, in some, of frightening power. Ordinary people have seen them as they whizz through our heavens on what we can only hope are missions of recognition. They have earned the tag of Unidentified Flying Objects, and have won the grudging attentions of great men of science, and experts in the air forces, and such.

If alien beings can send space craft down to look over our little planet, for such it is, if they are so advanced as to be able to direct their rocketships to such an extent, they must be of superior intellect. And how they must laugh, or do at least their method of appreciating humour, to see our puny efforts to consolidate space travel, and to explore the unknown of space. How they must watch with condescension the fumbling hands of a young race trying to follow the path to wisdom, as an adult watches the efforts of a young child to deal with the intricacies of a new toy. And mixed with this condescension is more than likely a rising feat that the child might touch something he shouldn't that he will interfere when he has no knowledge of the potentiality or the danger of what he touches. They probably fear that we will rush in "where angels fear to tread".

As we advance further, making great steps forward in science we will slowly begin to break down the fence that exists between our life form and the others. We will edge closer, and they, perhaps deciding that now is the time to let us into the secrets of the universes, will come to meet us. And when that time comes, our attitude must be reasonable. Again the aliens might take on themselves a militant attitude, and decide to conquer us, either from a fear of our potential or of a selfish, human quality of greed.

There are other life forms, other intelligent beings in the infinity we call space. There must be. I cannot believe that we are the only race in all of space, unless it is to be believed that we were created by an all powerful deity, God, who also created our world, and all others, and all the stars and comets and asteroids, and I do not. Science fiction has made us aware of the possibility of alien life and for this, should be thanked Our eyes must look up for the helping hand that must, and will, come from the others beyond.

"An Evening's Entertainment"

"Harry," Mildred Cromick rapsed lovingly, looking at her husband through the gleaming of her knitting needles. "Turn the television down. I think those new people next door are having another fight."

"For Pete's sake, Millie," Harry Chromick grumbled, his eyes leaving the glass rectangle. "I've been waiting all week to see this show".

"Please, Harry. Am I asking too much? Do I ever ask too much?" she glared at her husband, her eyes demanding.

"All right, all right!" Harry leaned forward and lowered the volume of the television set. "Can you hear now?"

Cocking her head, her sharp ears pricked the sound of screams and shouting. "You know something, Harry? Those sounds are coming from the street."

"It sounds like someone getting killed out there," agreed Harry, listening half-heartedly to the sounds.

"Take a look, Harry!" Mildred suggested firmly.

"For Pete's sake," he mumbled, as he got out of his easy chair. He put his can of beer on the plastic top of the nearby table and shuffled in his bare feet to the window. He opened it and looked out briefly. The sounds grew louder.

"No, agh, No!" a man screamed.

"Take that . . . and that . . . and that!" another voice roared, the words intermingled with dull thuds and wheezes.

Harry frowned and muttered to himself. He closed the window and padded back to his chair.

"Waited all week to see this show," he muttered under his breath. The sounds outside continued.

"Well Harry?" Mildred asked. "What was it?"

"I was right", he growled, his eyes again fixed on the T.V. screen. "Somebody's getting killed out there."

"Oh." Mildred returned to her knitting. After a few stitches she spoke again. "Maybe we ought to call the police or something."

"It's none of our business" Harry snapped, as he picked up his can of beer. "Just ignore it."

"But may be somebody's getting hurt."

"No doubt about it," Harry mumbled, concentrating on the T.V. programme. "He's getting his insides mangled up out there."

"That's a shame," Mildred shook her head sympathetically. "Getting so as a person can't walk on the streets at night. Somebody should do something. They sure are making a lot of noise."

"They sure are," Harry grunted, as he turned the volume back up.

The T.V. announcer's voice rambled on: "And now we continue with the second part of our National Good Neighbour Test . . ."

Down in the street below the Chromick's house two burly thugs with sledge-hammer fists were methodically pounding their fists against the delicate flesh of a small elderly man in a neat blue serge suit. His horn-rimmed glasses were lying on the side walk and the two men were tramping on them as they took turns trying to re-arrange the old man's features. The little man was not taking punishment with much pleasure. He was, in fact, quite hysterical.

"Lousy cheap skate," one of the hoodlums complained as planted a fist into the old man's stomach. "Only a dollar forty cents on your hide, huh?"

"Please," the little man gasped. as he doublec up. "I'll go home and get some more."

"It's getting so that there's no one worth 'rolling in the rotten neighbourhood," the other man observed, as he delivered a well placed karate chop The little man fell forward on his face. The first thug grabbed him by the back of the collar and lifted him like a sack of old rags.

"All this trouble for a miserable dollar-forty! We ought to break every bone in your body."

The little man groaned miserably and slumped forward, hit the footpath and finally ended up as a loose ball of wool in the gutter.

"Harry!" Mildred snapped, turning from the window she had occupied during the scuffle below.

"Yeah, what's wrong?"

"The little bloke lost," Mildred answered. "He's in the gutter."

"Thought he would lose. It would have been a miracle if he had beaten the two hoodlums," Harry commented.

ROGER BULLOCK, 5B1.

A Fifth-year Student Looks Back

After five years at high school, all the "Fifths" will agree:—

BEING A FIFTH YEAR IS:

—Realizing it wasn't that long ago you entered the first frightening day of High School, when the fifth years were "so old".

—Realizing "the good old days" are almost over—too soon.

—Cherishing memories of friends you have met at school.

—Reminiscing and smiling at the past five years.

—Suddenly realizing students you have known for the past five years, can make good **prefect** material.

—Realizing the boys in your class **DO** take out **GIRLS.**

—Realizing all the teachers aren't really the monsters they appear—just some.

—Thinking school will fall into "rack and ruin" because you won't be there next year.

—Standing in front of the mirror putting on your tie—because you're proud to—not because you have to.

—Realizing in the last five years that you have fashioned a key, in order to find out, in the last week, if it will unlock the door for which it was intended.

—Leaving a "Great" school to enter the outside world — remembering to "PERSEVERE and ADVANCE".

—one of the "Greatest Fifths of 1968".

A. NABBS, 5D1.

"The Hunter"

After days of rain, the sun broke through the clouds and in the clearing air the bush smelt sweet and fresh. To the boy, the fine weather was the answer to his prayers, for this was his twelfth birthday, and the wishful hopes of many long months lay in his hands. His happy face glowed as he stroked the treasure, a brand-new .22 rifle.

A sharp whistle to his dog, a brown and white foxie of doubtful breeding, a shouted farewell in the general direction of the house and he was ready to leave. They set off across the house paddock, the dog racing joyfully ahead.

After an hour or so they reached the gentle slopes of the surrounding hills, and now the dog was ordered back, because this was wallaby country and the serious business of hunting began. Together they crept through the sunlit landscape, intent on finding game.

Neither noticed the bush around them, the low hanging wattles in full bloom, the sharp tang of the gums, the red and white heath scattered at their feet. They made a good couple, the bush boy and his dog.

Together they had roamed this section of bushland on many care-free weekends. A brown faced boy, bare-footed, clad in old comfortable clothes and an even older hat, his mongrel dog at his heels. They had found joy in digging out rabbit holes, in exploring deep gullies, and putting up an occasional wallaby.

But today was different—today there was a gun. Out of nowhere the wallaby jumped. With a yell of fright mixed with triumph, the boy jerked the rifle up. An excited dog rushed between his legs and raced yelping after the wallaby. As the boy fell, the sharp crack of the gun echoed through the bush.

Later, searchers carried his body home, with a whimpering dog trailing their heels.

Hearts healed as the years went by, but an old dog often crept back to the quiet bush hillside to mourn his loss. A rusty gun and a battered felt hat bore witness to the tragedy.

By ALISON CLARK, 2B1.

"A Response"

It is night, about nine o'clock, as I sit here and write. The night is still and cool. It is so still and fragile that it seems that too loud a noise would shatter it into a billion fragments. A thousand fairy lights twinkle and sparkle as I look out across the houses and streets and the grey nothing that is night. The night is still, and yet full of sound—the sound of cars on the faraway streets, the barking of a dog. Faintly, ever so softly, a voice drifts through the quiet, and then is gone, as quickly as it came.

A car comes down a street close by—the hum of the motor, the faint squeal of the brakes, the rich sound of the tyres scrunching in the gravel—then it, too, is absorbed by the night. The dog barks again. I look up, up, up, up into the clear empty night sky. It is not really empty. The big, round full moon gazes intently down on the peace of the placid earth beneath it. Here and there a star twinkles, grows, and fades. The lower sky is empty, except for a bank of wispy, pale grey clouds, pushing in from the sea. I feel as if I could touch all these things by just reaching out my hand. A tiny breath of wind whispers across my cheek, and then goes its way. I suddenly shiver and realize that I am cold. It is time for bed.

The pale, beautiful moon sheds her pale light over the peaceful, sleeping earth, as the grey fog creeps slowly over all.

BRUCE CULVER, 4D.

"The Negro and his Song"

For many years musicologists have recognized the importance of Negro slave songs in the evolution of American music. The haunting strains of spirituals have inspired countless composers of our own generation, just as in the past they served as a basis for dozens of backwoods folk songs, or fired the imagination of originators of hot jazz. Yet little has been known of the origins of these melodies, or what they meant to those who first sang them, or of the role that they played in the lives of the slaves.

The Negroes who had been brought from Africa to work on plantations, brought with them the "gift of song". Rhythm was so deeply a part of negro life, that a singer would click the fingernails of his thumbs, and onlookers would pat their feet and clap their hands while bodies swayed to syncopated time.

Negroes sang for joy, and for grief; they sang for love and for hate; they sang to avert calamity; they sang for religion, and for freedom; they sang to ease the pain of work and to drown out the cries of those in misery.

During the hardships of the "slave years" negroes found they could put their trust in God or "Jed'us" and that "he would carry them through". God gives a talent to all people and he truly blessed the Negro when he granted him the gift of song.

Negroes, through their songs, were able to develop a vocabulary and means of expression that was entirely their own. This was done by sprinkling their melodies with symbols, images, and concepts borrowed from their African past and completely unknown to the whites.

By developing the symbolism as a universal language among themselves, they were able to harbour and express thoughts that were not comprehensible to others.

Their masters never realized; instead they ridiculed the Negroes for using a jargon which

apparently made little sense. The Negroes gladly endured this ridicule, knowing by doing so they helped preserve a degree of intellectual freedom.

Little did the whites realize, as they ridiculed the slaves for their "ignorance" that those slaves were enjoying the satisfaction which goes with a sense of superiority. Here, indeed, is a lesson in tolerance.

The vast heritage of songs we now know as spirituals evolved from the American negro's unsophisticated love of singing and his simple desire to express his emotions, his hardships and his joy in song and words.

Many people believe that spirituals are the exclusive property of the negroes. In actual fact the spiritual of today is a white spiritual or folk hymn which often consists of semi-religious verses. Today, the most popular form of spiritual is cast in the folk song mode. However, the truly basic negro spiritual still stirs up indefinable emotions in the listener.

A few songs have come down to us from those years when the negro was truly a slave in America, but it was not until he was freed, that a great body of songs, which we today regard as true spirituals, was produced by the negro.

They were the songs of his emancipation, his freedom and hope for better things. It is at this point in time that the style in Negro music spilits. Those who had accepted Christianity and those who were able to live comfortably sang in the style of the "clean" spiritual.

It was those, who found little work, who found they were socially unaccepted and that Christianity came to nothing, who developed the new style of music.

The music that originated from this state of affairs was the hard, raw Negro "blues". These songs expressed the disappointment that came from being freed from one form of slavery only to be shackled by the ignorance of the white man.

Work was hard to get, whole families lived in rooms no larger than our laundries, and negro sections of cities became overcrowded. The most famous of these negro grottos was "Basin Street", but it has now migrated to the "Missouri Line" (Chicago) and New York City.

Prostitution, gambling, pimping were always open to those who wanted, not easy money, but money. To get away from "harlem" was the aim of many a man. Young children grew up in conditions which branded them for life.

However, although the Negro lost many things he did not lose his "gift of song". From the dance halls and bar-rooms of Basin Street evolved a new form of song. The songs about women and drink and vice reigned supreme, and the steady insistent rhythm of the negroes' life backed the song.

Many negroes were in gaol more times than they were out. Two negro "blues" songs which have been regarded as classics. "Goodnight Irene" and "House of The Rising Sun" were written by a negro called "Leadbelly". This negro grew up in the deep south and he lived the most degrading life known to man, yet he still sang.

Historians believe that the trials this negro went through would have killed any white man in four months. Other songs like "Blueberry Hill" and "Follow the Drinking Gourd" express the Negroes' desire to make the best of everything.

Today as we look at the racial problems in America we see negroes still living in conditions not unlike those of the last century.

Negro "blues" has grown tremendously, and it has told the world of the negroes' suffering, by stirring the soul of the listener. Throughout three centuries a new song has ventured forth and captured the imagination of many.

The talent of song was truly a gift, because although the negro lost his freedom, he did not lose his dignity or pride. The "blues" is his brand of song, of which he is duly proud.

To look at a photo of a negro is to see longing in his face but to look at a negro is to see rhythm in his movements and soul stirring joy in his pride.

"Blues" have immortalized the negro and the slave has immortalized song.

ANONYMOUS.

"Lost in a Cave"

Tony reached out and touched the glistening stalagmite. It was so cold, so smooth and so awe inspiring. To think it had been there for hundreds of years. He was fascinated by the wonders around him; the shallow lake at his feet; the twisted rope-like roots of the ancient gum tree which had snaked down through earth and rock to drink from the icy clear water.

As he watched, a tiny drop of moisture fell from the roof plopped onto an uprising column, adding slowly, but oh, so surely to it's growth. Above him the outside world was forgotten; the sunshine, the noisy picnic ground; his parents, his mates of this day's outing were all forgotten and pushed to the back of his mind.

He was in a dream world of his own. Earlier he had come down with the others, and trailing along behind the guide, and listening to every word the man uttered. But the push of people irritated him. He felt this place should be quiet and peaceful, not spoiled by exclamations and squeals of pretended fright, not littered with lolly papers and apple cores.

Gradually he fell behind, as the guide led the chattering party further along into another cavern. Tony squeezed behind the roots of the tree to where he could see a small opening in the rocks. It was a narrow tunnel, dark but exciting. He crawled along it's twisting path, this way, that way, until confused and rather frightened he came to a large cave.

Looking around he saw many tunnels, all like the one from which he'd just crawled. This cave was beautiful too; glittering like diamonds, but it was too still, too quiet. Only the slithering sound of water, like stealthy footsteps, the shining stalagtites reached down like sharp white teeth.

He turned in panic to the tunnel, but which one, they all looked alike. He searched, but there were no tracks on the wet rock floor. Each tunnel twisted away into blackness and he was afraid to explore any of them too far. Terrors as cold as the air gripped him, for he was lost and buried in this underground cavern.

And now a fresh horror, for out of one of the tunnels a gleaming eye was watching him. It must be the fabled Bunyip. What else would breathe so heavily and grunt so much. Slowly it advanced out of the darkness. A stout and irate guide stood up, flashed his torch over the terrified boy and said, "Why must you youngsters always crawl into the first tunnel you see?"

At this he turned and led the boy back to the main party of people and to the surface of the earth.

ALISON CLARK, 2B1.

Robert Falcon Scott

Honour, glory, victory, comradeship and defeat are all flooding into my mind as the name is mentioned. I do not think of just one man in this word "Scott" but of various other names, great hardship and deep wells of honour and endurance that are indelibly imprinted on the "pillars" which hold this name so high in British History. Scott and his team fought the elements in a quest for knowledge.

Death lurked at every corner, and in every crevasse but they forged ahead defying death yet willingly they bowed to it so as not to hinder their companions. They were loyal to their leader and the men were loyal to each other. They were considerate and eager and enduring, essential to the members of this fearless group. We can not estimate the pains of hunger and exhaustion that they must have known. Scott was a tower of strength; he had to be to lead their expedition; and the men looked up to him and followed his example. He demonstrated his infinite courage and his party accompanied him, nearing exhaustion and passing the point of exhaustion to slog on towards his goal, the Pole.

He was defeated in his ambition by Amundsen, but he had victories in other spheres. Scott and his noble band set down a fine example for his countrymen. His last words "For God's sake save our people", illustrate his unselfishness. He was so close to death, yet his thoughts were not for himself, but for his people. Scott and his men have set the example. Can we follow it?

JOHN NEWING, 2A1.

Driver Training

High School Driver Education is now in its third year at John Curtin. It is available to students in the fifth year only. The syllabus involves, theory, observation and practice and occupies about thirty hours' instruction per student. Its specific objective is to instruct senior students in safe driving habits, to teach traffic regulations and road courtesy and to assist enrolled students to obtain their driving licences. Instruction takes place in the lunch period and after school. In addition, students may devote one private study period per week to driver education.

Student response has been very good once again with some seventy enrolling in the theory side of the course. Because of the shortage of instructors it has been possible to give "behind-the-wheel" instruction to a few only. In most cases, students selected were those who did not have access to a car at home.

It is anticipated that all the following students will be holders of driving licences by the end of this year.

At the time of this article going to print, quite a few were already successful.

Glenis Johnson	Alan Gummery
Janice Hislop	David Whitely
Meryl Birch	Vincent D'Antuono
Evelyn Kotai	Giovanni Petta
Anne Nabbs	Tony Pietro-Piccolo
Leone Moraday	Peter Reynolds
Karen Cooper	Robert Prosser
Glenda Heath	Stephen Hopper
Lindsay Pescud	

A. TELENTA.

Vale—Mr. Howieson

Mr. Howieson was Principal of John Curtin High School from its inception in 1956 to his retirement in 1964. During the nine years he was in office, the school had become integrated; it had established a tradition; it had made its mark in academic and sporting fields; its students had gone out into the world year by year with his wise counsel to guide them, remembering him with respect and affection. He brought to the task great organizing ability, devotion to duty, courage, scholarship, great understanding of human nature and sympathy with the problems of the individual. His death in March this year ended a life marked by scholarly achievement, a genius for imparting knowledge, wisdom in counselling, humility and courage in facing the trials of physical suffering in his later years.

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, This was a **man!**"

CLUB NOTES

TO THOSE WHO ARE IGNORANT OF U.N.C.L.E.

Those who haven't attended our club have sinned,
Why didn't you come when it beginned?
We need members, I assure you,
Other than our faithful few.
Each week we meet at noon Tuesday,
Listening to what our wise ones have to say.
We know about U Thant, whoever he may be,
And we know about the United Nations' General Security.
All lectures are put over—simply grandly,
While our esteemed President sits there blandly.
Some of our members you may know about,
Well, there's VINCE, DANNIELLE, MARY and SUE, so devout.
Then there's SCOTTI and our PRESIDENT too;
All we're missing is SANDRA—keeps the club together with help of CURTIN glue.
Mr. GARRETT, our esteemed Staff Member—may his life be long and trouble-free,
Sits and eats his lunch with the rest of the happy family.
This club is the UNITED NATIONS—if you haven't already guessed,
And with our few members we are eternally blessed.

U.N.C.L.E.

I.S.C.F. Notes

Bring your lunch
And munch with our bunch.

Each Thursday lunchtime our enthusiastic little band meets in Room 34. The committee has been very pleased to see so many people coming to join in.

Our agenda over the past year have been quite varied. Many members were involved in the Leighton Ford Crusade. As a result of the efforts of Mr. Heyhoe, we were to have had the pleasure of hearing Leighton Ford address our school assembly. Unfortunately ill health forced the evangelist to decline the invitation and the school welcomed Reverend Irvine Chambers in his stead. Also as part of the Crusade activities many students attended the Teen Students' reception where we were able to meet members of the Crusade team.

Other activities during the year included the screening of a film, an "eat-a-long" and an area meeting held at Melville High School. At this meeting we were able to meet with other I.S.C.F'ers from other schools. We have also welcomed guest speakers, held discussion groups and heard talks by I.S.C.F. members.

We would like to thank Mr. Heyhoe and Mr. Jumeaux for their service as leaders and counsellors and also to thank all others who have supported our stand.

The I.S.C.F. would like to wish all the best to those who are candidates for the Junior and Leaving examinations and to wish them the guidance of God in their chosen vocations.

MERRY ROBINSON, 5A.

Debating Club Notes, 1968

1968 was a highly successful year for the John Curtin Debating Club. Although it did not reach the semi-final, the team won two out of their three debates—against Presbyterian Ladies' College and Christ Church Grammar School—and lost one, to Iona College.

We would like to extend our grateful thanks to Mrs. Andrews, without whose assistance we would not have done so well. We also thank Miss Hoad, Miss Dods and those Fourth Year girls who helped with the excellent supper.

We hope to see more students at future debates, however, to lend their support to the team. It is rather disconcerting to look around and see few John Curtin supporters among a sea of foreign faces. We do appreciate, however, the support of the faithful few who came to every debate.

Good luck to debaters next year, and we hope that you can do better than us.

"Visionary Power attends to the viewless Minds
Embodied in the mystery of words".

(Wordsworth)
Linda Dann, 5A.

DEBATING TEAM
Left-right): L. Dann, M. Robinson, S. Jorgensen.

John Curtin Music Club

Though started somewhat late in the year (mid-second term, and but for the urging of Mrs. Penny it would have been even later), the Music Club has been very successful—more so than had been hoped. This has been partly due to the varied and attractive programmes offered each week.

Each programme is delivered by a member of the club or one of the staff. The most well-attended meeting up to the time of writing was given by Mr. Haynes, who spoke on Contemporary American Music. The fact that other programmes have included Bob Dylan, Beethoven, Gershwin, Handel and Ravel illustrates the diversity of the music presented to members.

Students from any year are admitted. Younger students, though poorly represented, are particularly welcome for the purpose of carrying on the club in years to come "in order to create, maintain and extend a liking, understanding and appreciation of popular and serious forms of music amongst the students of the school."

D.Y.

Duke of Edinburgh's Award

After four complete years of operation, the Scheme boasts the success of nearly fifty Award winners with the expected presentation of a further thirty Awards. This year, Ray Watson (one of the foundation members) has completed all the requirements of the Gold Award and several others are expected to do likewise in the near future.

The loss of Miss Sippe proved to be a setback to the girls' section of the Scheme although a number are still proceeding steadily with their respective Awards. Congratulations go to former students Lyn Cockle and Pam Balingall who were presented with Silver Awards at the Premier's Office earlier this year.

Because of the large numbers in existing groups, no new candidates were admitted for 1968 although it is hoped that circumstances will allow a new intake for the following year.

Boys' Groups have been very active and already several Test Expeditions have been completed. The performance of the Gold Expedition team during its five day walk from Mt. Cooke to Mt. Keats (50 miles) over rugged terrain and in wet weather was commendable. Canoe expeditions for Series II and Series III will be held later in the year, the former over 50 miles on the Blackwood River, and the latter a proposed survey of the Frankland River and Nornalup Inlet over 70 miles, both of which will entail rapid work and once again provide a worthy test. Cliff scaling at the Boya Quarry earlier this year provided some thrills while the Scuba teams' dive to 115 feet north of Rottnest was an event to be remembered. Athletics and stamina tests will be held some time in third term. Special courses in Youth Service, Life Saving and First Aid have proved to be of great benefit to candidates and activities in all sections of the Award have helped to establish the true worth of the Scheme.

The members are grateful particularly to Mr. Scott and Miss Andre as well as the many interested trainers, assessors and parents for their continual, untiring help and guidance, without which the Award Scheme could never operate.

Cadet Notes, 1968

For some the cadet year began in January, this year. It was in the latter half of this month that 5 Cadet Brigade held promotional courses at Northam Military Camp. There, cadets from units all over the State attended C.U.O.'s, Senior and Junior N.C.O.'s and Specialist courses. These cadets became the instructors needed to train the new recruits for 1968. John Curtin cadets acquitted themselves well in the examination that followed.

Recruiting started early this year at Curtin, probably due to the large numbers needed. The unit has four Under Officers thus permitting the unit strength to be 120. Just under half the required number had returned from 1967 giving us a fairly good head start. Each one was used to recruit cadets, but our numbers were still insufficient after two weeks. C.U.O. Hartzer then organized an exhibition of Cadet activities. This was well attended and with further recruiting our numbers rose sufficiently near the required number.

The next job was to outfit the unit. This was done on a Thursday morning and the army "fitted" the cadets out with uniforms. As usual, problems arose as to how to wear them, but A.R.A. staff and senior cadets soon had cadets wearing them, almost correctly. Their efforts were shown on the first parade. This was on a Saturday and its aim was to introduce the new cadets to basic training. The second year cadets assisted the Platoon Commanders during the instructions. This first parade was followed by a parade every Tuesday afternoon. Gradually the unit began to shape up under the training. Drill lessons decreased later in the term, being replaced by weapons lessons. These were more interesting to the cadets. At the end of term a bivouac was held at Mount Dale. This was attended by second year cadets only. At Mount Dale there was some instruction in fieldcraft, but most of the time was used in exercises.

After only a few weeks back in second term, another bivouac was held. It was held at Northam Camp and was designed to introduce the first year cadets to firing the .303" rifle. At first they had to qualify on the .22" bore rifle before moving onto the .303" There was a great deal of success amongst the new cadets and, in all, the camp was well worthwhile.

After the camp, the unit returned to normal training. The second year cadets who were not N.C.O.'s were put into specialist groups. These included Mortar, Signals and Intelligence. The specialists will show what they have learned in the forthcoming August Camp. At this camp the whole year's training will be put to the test.

I hope we will be successful in the August camp, as the unit has worked for it. Any success we have will be due to the officers of our unit. I would like to thank them for the work they have done regarding the administration and training of the unit. I believe the work done by our Officers and Under Officers and N.C.O.'s will ensure a satisfactory cadet year for 1968.

C.U.O. R. Prosser.

Northam Visitors

On the 9th of July, John Curtin was host to seventy-two students from Northam Senior High School. A most enjoyable day was held by both John Curtin and Northam students.

Our visitors arrived at about 10.00 a.m. and after a delightful morning tea, the Northam students were introduced to their Curtin billets. At about 11.00 a.m. the Northam visitors were taken on a guided tour of the Fremantle Harbour. Sporting fixtures commenced at 1.15 p.m. and many exciting matches resulted.

The two girls' basketball games were very fast, and closely contested, but Curtin managed to clinch a victory in both the "A" and "B" matches, the final scores being: "A" team, Curtin 55, Northam 45; and "B" team, Curtin 35, Northam 24.

The boys' basketball match was also a very good game, Northam defeating Curtin, 31 to 25. Girls' hockey was 7-1 to Northam, both teams displaying a great deal of skill in their game. The boys' hockey was a very close match, the final score being 2-all.

The football match was another spectacle, both teams playing very well. Curtin ran out winners, 11.11 to 10.6.

After the sporting matches had finished, the Curtin students and their respective billets went home for tea, coming back to the Curtin hall at 7.30 p.m. for a social.

This social was the climax of the day and the students from both schools, thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Much to the disappointment of all, the Northam students left John Curtin at about 9.45 p.m. The visit had been a great success, as many new friends and social attributes had been gained by both schools.

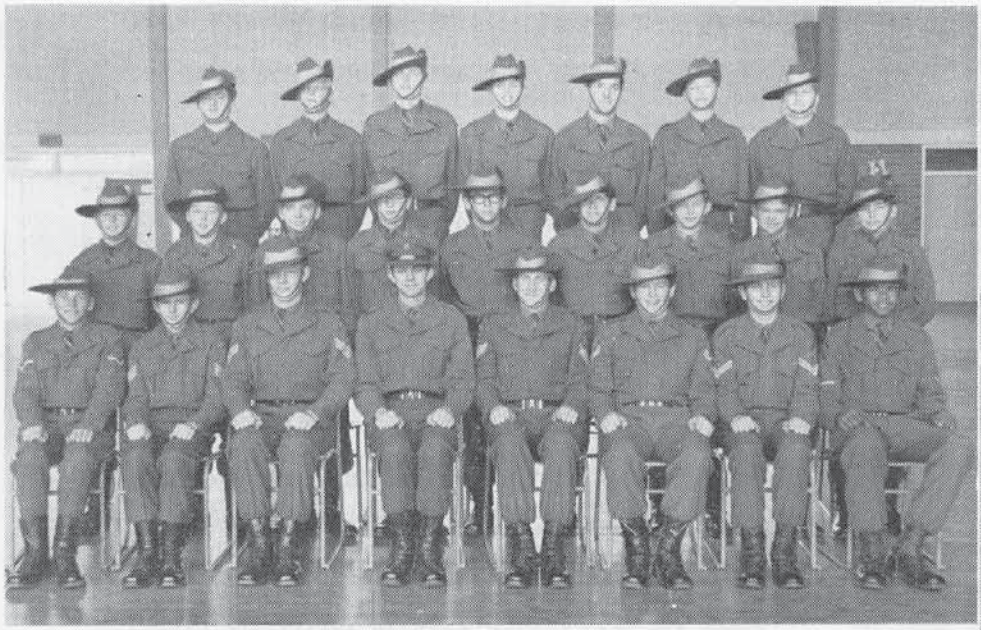
PREFECT'S PARTHIAN SHAFT

By the time this magazine will have reached your hands the Prefects of '68 will have neared the end of their term of office. The cessation of duties will be met with feelings of relief, in that the toil is over, and regret, that time has not permitted us to do all that we would have liked to do.

At this stage we would like to thank all those students and staff members who have given us their unselfish co-operation throughout the year, thus enabling our social activities to run smoothly. Special thanks are also accorded to the Art Department—both staff and students, Mr. Taylor the school caretaker Mr. Williams, the Hall caretaker, and, in particular, Gary Back of 5A, who has worked untiringly throughout the year with us for the carnivals, socials and concerts.

In addition we would like to congratulate the Prefects-Elect, and in wishing them the best of luck, we hope that they will enjoy the same co-operation in their work that has been extended to us.

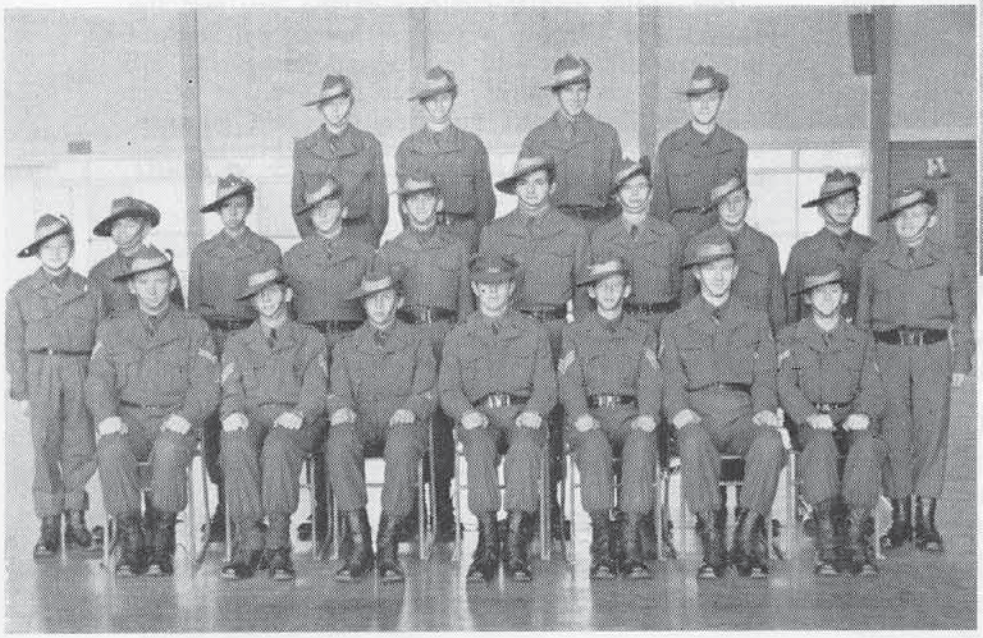
PREFECTS '68.



(above)

SENIOR CADETS

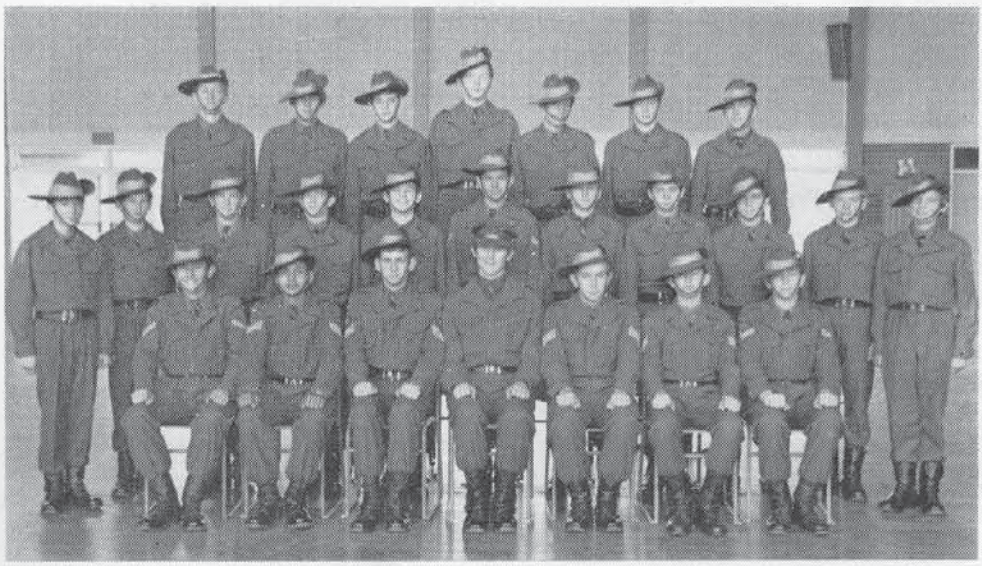
Standing (left-right): S/Sgt. S. McGovern, C.U.O. B. Bowater, C.S.M. S. Terry.
Seated: C.U.O. R. Prosser, C.U.O. A. Hartzer.



(top left)

No. 1 PLATOON

Back Row (left-right): A. Sirna, D. Bruce, K. Russell, B. Scott, R. Glisenti, K. Stewart, R. Knapp.
Middle Row: E. Donker, K. McCarthy, C. Paton, R. McAulay, R. Wairy, R. Wilbraham, N. Gibson, W. Jones, K. Morfitt.
Front Row L/Cpl. R. Barry, Sgt. J. White, Sgt. G. Collison, C.U.O. A. Hartzer (Platoon Commander) Sgt. L. Roy, Cpl. R. Purser, Cpl. R. McDonald, L/Cpl. M. Wallam.



(centre left)

No. 2 PLATOON

Back Row (left-right): D. Paulin, K. Bascombe, K. Waters, J. Carberry.
Middle Row: C. McCarthy, D. Jagers, R. Mangano, P. Jones, A. Barfield, G. Walker, C. Cunningham, K. Parker, D. Gillett, P. Onions.
Front Row: C. Asplin, B. Dowling, S. Terry, C.U.O. B. Bowater (Platoon Commander), W. Martin, C. Lowrie, A. Riach.

(bottom left)

No. 3 PLATOON

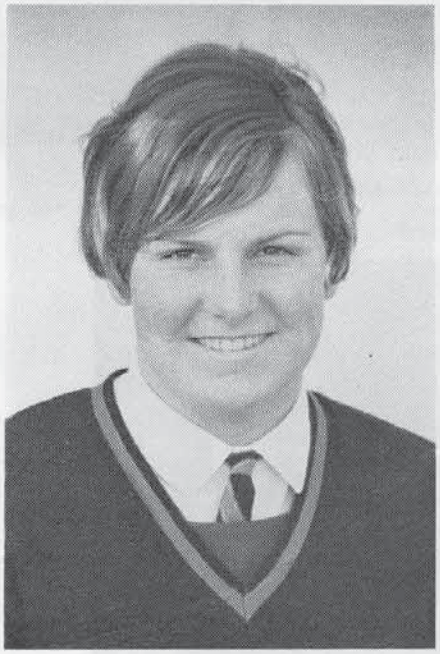
Back Row (left-right): W. Rudge, M. Bascombe, M. Templeman, K. Anderson, D. Walsh, D. McLoughlin, R. Cummings.
Middle Row: G. Morris, M. Shugg, M. Meiers, G. Lacey, S. Moug, S/Sgt. T. Hurst, K. Hawes, K. Hall, I. Walker, I. Kilgour, K. Iddon.
Front Row: Cpl. N. Buhn, Sgt. K. Miles, S/Sgt. S. McGovern, C.U.O. R. Prosser (Platoon Commander), Sgt. P. Ryan (Platoon Sgt.), Sgt. W. Beard, Cpl. R. Bullen.

SPORTS NOTES

An Outline of Lynne Watson (Our Olympian)

Lynne, by being the only schoolgirl in Western Australia to be included in the Australian Olympic team in 1968, has won a very great honour for both John Curtin Senior High School and herself. John Curtin has had the privilege of having Lynne as a student at this school for the past three and a half years.

Lynne left school towards the end of July, with the very best wishes of the students of the school, and at a special school assembly she was presented with a travelling bag, which we hope will let her know that we are with her all the way to Mexico.



Lynne Watson.

Lynne has been training for her chosen sport for the past five years under Kevin Duff, who was, until a couple of years ago, a teacher at this school. He has brought Lynne up through her State Championship successes to being the best woman backstroke swimmer Australia has produced for a long while. Most people will agree that she has deserved her wins through her hard work, but a lot of credit must go to Kevin, her coach. He has been patient with her, as well as being very strict during training, and, as a result, Lynne has reached her own goal, and his, of being an Olympic representative.

Among other major successes, Lynne has achieved the honour of becoming the Sportswoman of the Year for 1968, in this State, because of her marvellous performances in the Junior and National Championships at the beginning of this year. This award is one which has taken pride of place amongst her achievements although a gold medal from Mexico would be even better.

When Lynne returns from her trip, whether she has won or lost, she will have had this school, this State and Australia behind her, and this is what matters. The students of John Curtin wish Lynne the best of luck, and are sure that she will prove to be a distinguished ambassador for her school.

Football Notes

1968 has proven itself to be a very successful year for the John Curtin 1st XVIII.

Suffering only one defeat this year and with our two remaining matches sure victories, we are certainties for the inter-zone final. Our only defeat was to Armadale and in my opinion was due to lack of training and general pre-season disorganization.

The team itself has a great deal of talent, confidence and team spirit with al! members of the side displaying a great deal of courage and determination to win during every match.

The team has all-round strength and starting *in* full back line credit must be given to Lindsay Pescud and Fabio Cavilli, who are ever reliable and always dependable under pressure. The half-back line, comprising Robert Oates, Graham Moyle, Alex Marcinowicz and Greg Treasure, has been a winning line all year. Robert at centre-half-back has been unbeaten all year and has been an inspiration to the team by his fine efforts. Alex Marcinowicz has combined well with Robert all year and his long clearing kicks have put Curtin into attack many times. Graham Moyle and Greg Treasure, both fine footballers, have taken it in turn to fill the other half-back flank and thus complete a very strong line.

The line where most of our attacking moves stem from is the centre line. Robert Spence, Ross Gabrielson and Ken Carratti have put Curtin into a good scoring position on numerous occasions by good use of their speed and by intelligent passing of the ball. The half-forward line is made up of Donald Sloper, Todd East and Arthur Murphy. Don, a very intelligent footballer has outwitted all his

opponents and has been instrumental in kicking numerous goals. Todd and Arthur, two great opportunists, have played their position to perfection all year. Noel Avery constitutes our full forward line. Noel is ideal for the position, being a sound mark and straight.

There are positions in the full back and full forward lines that are not filled. These positions are filled by the rucks and rovers who have done a terrific job this year. Bill Ayling and Brian Chellingsworth, our two knock ruckmen have done a sterling job all year. Also the ruck rovers John Mustard and Ken Nadilo, have turned in good games. Our two fine rovers, John Jenkins and John Roberts have supported the ruckmen expertly this season.

Special mention must be made of John Doig who injured both ankles early in the year and was out for four matches. John, a versatile footballer, has since recovered and has been playing well.

John Curtin is lucky to have many good reserves. Players such as John Looby, Geoff Nicholas, Peter Zaccaria, Peter Carter and John Tomasich all have played for the side and played well. This year the team was captained by John Mustard with Robert Oates Vice-Captain. Mr. Daw is coach of the side and it is due to his guidance and efforts to make us a better football team that Curtin has been so successful this year. Well done, Mr. Daw.

John Mustard.

Tennis Notes

In this year "A" Tennis, our boys were unsuccessful in most matches played, although throughout the competition our players gave strong competition to rival schools, and our captain, Jeff Edwards, always proved to be a strong player for Curtin. Our poor success in this sport was mainly due to a lack of training and practice within the team. The last game of the season against Bentley, proved to be a win for Curtin, After having been defeated in our doubles, we fought back and won all singles played before Bentley departed.

Sadly to say, our Murcell Shield Team was eliminated in the first round by a slightly stronger Aquinas side. At the conclusion of the doubles, both teams were on equal points; but due to careless play in our singles, Aquinas ran out winners, seven sets to five. This destroyed all hope of our senior tennis side having any success this year.

However, our junior team, entered in the Under-16 Herbert Edwards Cup, which was last year won by Curtin, had some success but failed to reach the finals. Even so, they proved to be a strong and dangerous side against any school.

This year's tennis was greatly lacking in success, but the experience gained will help us towards victory next year.

FOOTBALL TEAM

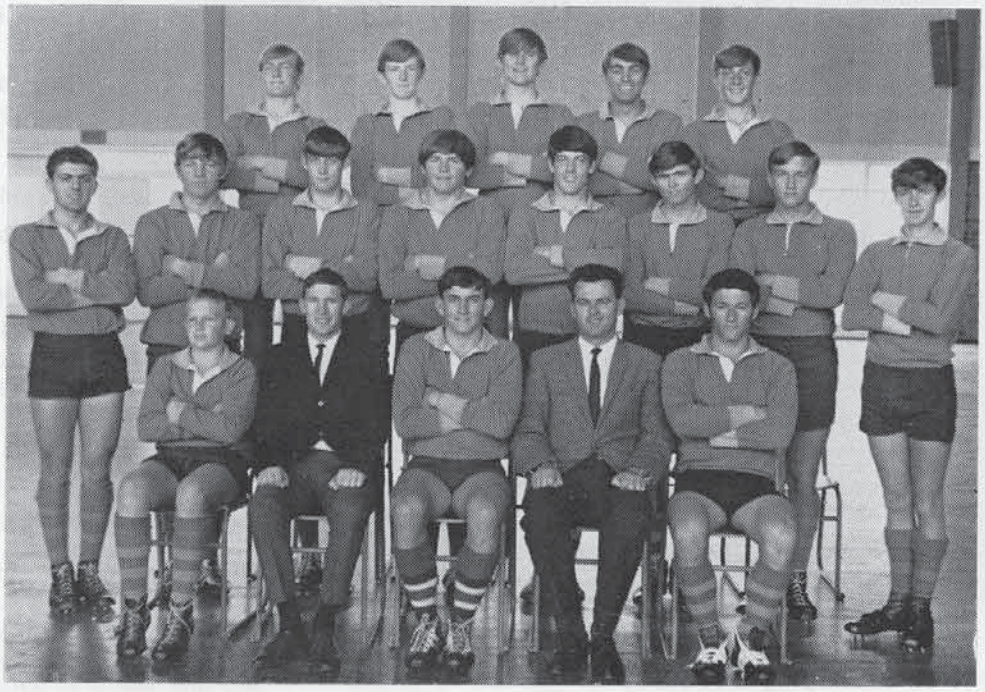
Back Row (left-right): B. Chellingworth, R. Gabrielson, G. Moyle, J. Looby.

Middle Row (left-right): J. Nicholas, J. Doig, L. Pescud, B. Ayling, A. Marcinovich, K. Nadillo, A. Murphy, R. Spence, J. Roberts.

Front Row (left-right): K. Caratti, G. Treasurer, B. Houston, R. Daw (Coach), R. Oates, F. Cavilli, J. Jenkins.

Absent: J. Mustard (Captain), T. East.

TENNIS TEAM
Standing (left-right): S. Doig, J. Edwards, P. Heathcote, T. Green, W. Green, V. Moore.
Seated (left-right): E. Pyatt, L. Whitbread.



RUGBY
Back Row (left-right): L. McDonald, K. True, R. Prosser, M. Griffiths.
Middle Row (left-right): F. Sammut, B. Houston, J. Looby, S. Hope, J. Porter, P. Brown, I. Tester, P. Reynolds.
Seated (left-right): K. Matson, Mr. Garrett (Coach), G. College, Mr. Nolan (Coach), D. Whitfield.

Rugby Notes, 1968

The 1968 rugby team started the year on a note of mediocrity, but is finishing in a blaze of glory. To start the season, we had only four players from the year before, and two others with previous experience as players. With these six as a basis, we first had to round up a bunch of recruits and then mould them into an efficient team.

A team was eventually found and then without much experience, our under-18 and inter-school seasons commenced. With Glen Colledge as captain and Peter Reynolds as vice-captain, we were ready to do battle. Since there were no other rugby union teams in our inter-school division, we were officially top school of the zone. We did, however, arrange two matches during inter-school sport afternoons, but were unlucky enough to be beaten both times.

We got away to a bad start in the 18's because while we were still trying to stabilize our side we played the top three sides and were beaten easily in all three games. After these early defeats things started happening. Our backline in Peter Reynolds, Bruce Houston, Glen Colledge, Ian Tester, Peter Brown, Fulvio Sammut and John Looby started to move as a backline should, and, in the games that followed, the two recruits in Ian Tester and Peter Brown, and the old hand in Glen Colledge, started to get themselves many tries while Peter Reynolds attempted to convert them.

The forward pack, with Michael Griffiths and Ken Maken, the only ones who had played before, had a lot to learn. However, they learnt quickly and we soon had a very tough pack of "pigs." Our pack consisted of Stuart Hope, Ken Maken, Les Sanders, Laurie McDonnell, Ken True, Michael Griffiths. Lately we have also obtained the services of John and Tom Porter. In the four games that followed we scored 80 points and had only 15 scored against us. We were unlucky to lose one game because of the inexperience of a young referee and the decision was that Curtin forfeited and lost 20-0.

Highlights of the season were:—

1. John Looby's successful blend of Aussie Rules cum Rugby made him an invaluable full-back.
2. Ian Tester's slightly suspect palm-offs and Stuart Hope's crash tackling.
3. Les Sanders' and Laurie McDonnell's short plays paid off.
4. A previously mentioned full-back playing half a game in his —— after his shorts were torn off by the Navy.
5. "Santa Claus" Sammut actually scored a try after 20 games or so.
6. Bruce Houston's spectacular conversion of his own try against Palmyra.
7. Vice-Captain Reynolds actually played a game without one single bandage on.
8. The game against the Palmyra Colts where Curtin drew with a much bigger, older and more experienced side.

We would like to express our sympathies to Robert Prosser, who received a bruised liver against Navy and will be out for the rest of the season. On the other hand, we wish to congratulate Derick Whitfield on his selection in the State under 18 Rugby League side which goes to the Eastern States in August.

Finally we wish to thank the many other students who helped us make up a team when our numbers were short. Their help was greatly appreciated. We would also like to thank Mr. Griffiths, who was our only supporter for the season and whose comments on our play were also greatly appreciated. Our special thanks go to Mr. Nolan and Mr. Garrett without whose patience in training we would never have made the progress we have made as a team.

For the first time in three years Curtin has a team capable of winning the zone finals and the 18's competition, and even if we don't win, at least we can say we tried.

F.S. and P.R.

Hockey Notes

The 1968 Hockey teams have improved since the beginning of the season. The "A" team at the present is in a strong position to contest the finals, while the "B" team is not quite so successful.

The "A" team consisted of Gaye Bradshaw, Geraldine Corker, Paula Cressie, Rose Cukela, Sue Duncan, Lyn Earnshaw (Captain), Rosalie Fuller, Marilyn Gill, Pam Henderick, Sandra Richmond and Diane Staton.

The "B" team consisted of Dale Carruthers, Margaret Clark, Jenny Collins, Karen Cooper, Lois Crosby, Linda Dann, Toni Griffiths, Wendy Jenkins, Margaret McKenna, Merry Robinson (Captain), Gloria Ross and Robin Sheppard.

In the annual match against Northam only one team was able to play. Northam won 7 to 1. Best player for Curtin was Diane Staton.

Thanks from all the players must go to Mrs. Bromilow and Miss Andre for their valuable assistance to both teams.

LYN EARNSHAW, 5D2.

Boys' Hockey Notes

Once again the school team failed to win the pennant. However, the team performed reasonably well, although at times we lacked drive in the forward line. In fact, we cannot remember any one game in which the forward line possessed drive! To compensate for this deficiency the backline repeatedly performed well (?).

BOYS' HOCKEY

Standing (left-right): P. Cook, F. Tipping, K. Whalan, Mr. R. Rate (Coach), J. Porter, M. Hatch, T. Green.

Seated (left-right): N. Leslie, P. Martin, S. Hopper, T. Porter, K. Rennie.

GIRLS' HOCKEY

Standing (left-right): G. Bradshaw, S. Duncan, D. Staton, Miss L. Andre (Coach), M. Gill, S. Richmond, P. Cressie.

Seated (left-right): G. Corker, L. Earnshaw (Captain), R. Fuller, R. Cukela.

(Absent: P. Heterick.)

Girls' Tennis

The standard of inter-school tennis has improved over the years, and this year was no exception. The girls of both teams played to the best of their ability and with much enthusiasm and great spirit, winning (and losing) matches. However, both teams failed to clinch important victories to make the finals.

The "A" team consisted of Ricky Pyatt, Sandra Doig, Lea Whitbread and Val Moore, while the "B" team included Christine Stoddart, Nova Sonsee, Sheryl McCorry and Lorraine Taylor. Also, thanks must go to the reserve, Gloria Ross, who supported us at all times.

We wish to extend our thanks to Miss Pierce, who trained us in every way. Her interest was appreciated by all the girls.

Here's hoping Curtin can claim the honours next year.

RICKY PYATT.

I.R.B.B. Notes

This year the Under-18 Team had a disappointing end to a successful season. All games were won convincingly, until the Grand Final, when we were defeated by two points.

Members of this team were R. Pyatt, S. McCorry, N. Sonsee, J. Hislop, G. Heath, J. Uktveris, E. Kotai and L. Smith. The Under-16 team experienced a similar season, winning all games, but also won the Grand Final. All members of this team are to be congratulated. The team includes C. Pyatt, J. Fewster, W. Johnson, W. Knight, J. Stewart, P. Megas and L. Templeman.

Congratulations must be extended to Chris and Ricky Pyatt for their selection in the State Under-18 team, which played in Melbourne earlier this year.

Cricket Notes

The Curtin Cricket "A" had a very mediocre season this year: in fact, we failed to bring up a "major". This, however, was not a true indication of our team's ability. The potential that the team has is abundant, but it failed to materialise during this season. However, since the team was made up largely of third and fourth years, Curtin is bound to have success in the future.

Our team's performance was not an indication of our training habits or the capabilities of our coach. Mr. Scriven gave up much of his valuable time to pass on to us his wealth of cricket knowledge. Our thanks are extended to him. Some team members failed to turn up at training and were dropped from the first XI.

The highlight of the season was the encounter with the Incogniti side (consisting of present and past State players). The Incogniti side batted first. They scored runs at a terrific rate. We were consequently forced to bring on our secret weapon in Stephen Jones. Stephen, with his deadly spinners had previously shown that he was dangerous on this type of wicket.

He was an immediate success in that his first over was a maiden; but Steve received a shattering experience in his next over when he lost his length. Consequently, he was hit for five sixes in a row. Steve's confidence, which was high up to then, was shattered. This loss of confidence was shown when he requested the fieldsmen to spread out, but his plea was not needed as the fieldsmen had taken the initiative to position themselves on, or over the boundary. Credit however, must be given to him as he stuck to his guns and settled down to find once more his length. This boy is a keen cricketer and should go a long way.

Now it was our turn to bat . . . enough said of that!

Final thanks must go to the curator, because of his intense preparation of the wicket, which made it second only to the W.A.C.A's. On one occasion he watered the pitch in the morning before the match. This made the strip very dangerous. Phillip Martin, an over-foot bowler, took advantage of this situation and produced a nasty ball which struck the opposing batsman in the head. Blood was split on the pitch and the batsman required several stitches. We were, however, not spurred on to victory by the smell of blood.

Good luck for the next season.

Soccer Notes

The 1968 season was looked upon with renewed confidence by all. The team this year appeared to have all that was needed to win the inter-zone trophy.

A blend of speed and skill was found in all players especially Saab Cassilli, Glynn Ward, Peter Scotti, Jim McClusky, Sam Tornatore and Frank La Macchia. Reliability was a feature of Philip Vergeer, Howard Davison, Frank La Macchia, Marino Antolovich, Alex Wyllie, Peter Cole and Nicky.

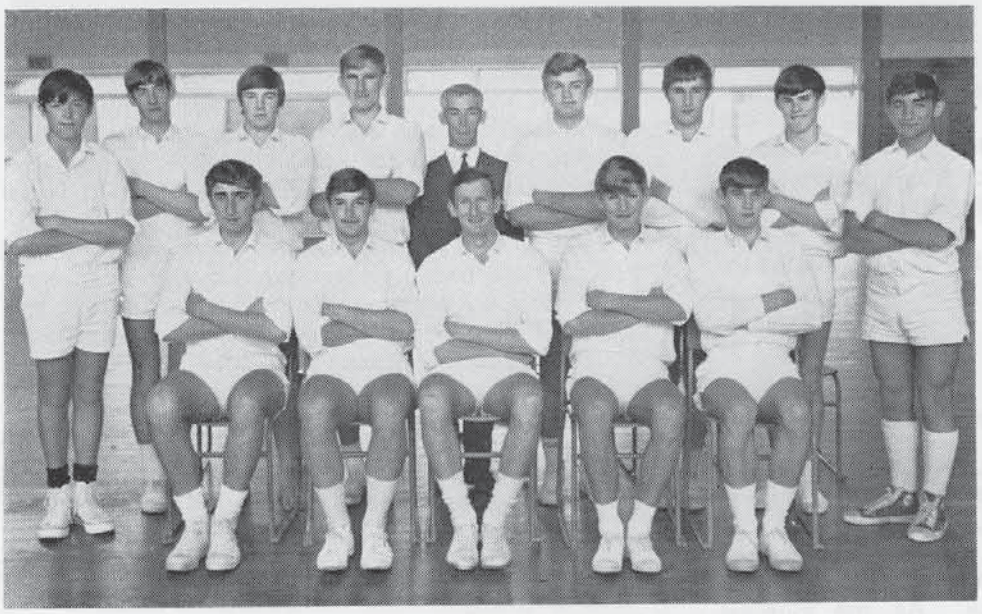
Coach, Mr. Scrivens fully exploited this team's talents by employing a 4-3-3 system of play.

The absence of David Kerr at the full back position was felt by the defence, which had a tendency to look goalwards at times.

Throughout the course of the season the team was grateful for the gracious assistance afforded by Jeffery Probert in acting as linesman for several games.

Results at present are:

John Curtin, 3; Kent St., 0.
John Curtin, 3; Armadale, 0.
John Curtin, 3; Applecross, 2.
John Curtin, 7; Kent St., 0.
John Curtin, 5; Bentley, 0.
John Curtin, 6; Armadale, 0.



CRICKET

Standing (left-right): S. Terry, D. Perry, G. Treasure, A. Marcinowicz, Mr. Scriven (Coach), L. Pescud, S. Gelmi, L. Baguley, A. Croft.

Seated (left-right): W. Ayling, F. Tipping (Vice-Captain), P. Martin (Captain), K. Nadillo, J. Looby.

(Absent: S. Jones.)

SOCCER

Back Row (left-right): J. Edwards, G. Ward, B. Green, S. Tornatore.

Middle Row: M. Antolovich, H. Davison, F. La Macchia, P. Cole, J. Probert, P. Scotti, D. Kerr.

Front Row (left-right): A. Wyllie, S. Casilli, Mr. J. Scriven (Coach), P. Vergeer, J. McCloskey.

Badminton

Badminton was introduced for the first time at John Curtin. There was a pleasing representation of both girls and boys. It was played at the Y.M.C.A. and aided by Mr. R. Williams, president of the F. & D.B.A. A number of players show great promise and could carry on playing at a club. We hope that the game will be continued next year with the students showing the same enthusiasm existing at present.

Don Perry.

School Swimming Carnival

The first race had begun, to commence the thirteenth John Curtin Annual Faction Swimming Carnival at Beatty Park Pool. The day was the seventh of March, 1968. As the day progressed Gold streaked out into the lead, with Blue fighting for a hard-won second place. As the carnival neared the final events Blue began to take an assured second position and even had their eyes on first place. There was a great deal of excitement, but Gold was too strong and that team finally ran out winners with 297½ points, followed by Blue with 264 points. Red and Black swam meritoriously, Red taking third place at 218 points and Black finishing fourth with 166½ points.

The senior girls' champion was **Wendy Watson** who was in her usual brilliant form. The 15-years-old girl champion was our spectacular national swimmer **Lynne Watson.** (I'm sure that all the students of John Curtin wish you every success in your future swimming career, Lyn.) The 14 years champion girl was Merrilyn Hunter, and the 13 years champion Sonja Barrett. The 12 years championship was won by Janice Parkison.

Senior boy champion was **Alan Thompson** and the 15 years champion boy was **Malcolm Mansfield,** who swam brilliantly. The 14 years championship was carried off by **Klaus Zuideveld,** and the 13 years by **John Newing.** The 12 years champion boy was **Peter Ryan.**

Congratulations to these ten swimming stars.

The students of John Curtin would like to thank the Physical Education teachers and the staff for the magnificent effort they contributed to the organization and running of such an enjoyable carnival. Congratulations must also be extended to the staff relay team for their brilliant display of swimming when they managed to clinch a victory over the prefects' relay team.

Lea Whitbread.

Inter-School Swimming Carnival

This year's Interschool Swimming Carnival "A" Division was held at Beatty Park on April 11. Though John Curtin obtained third placing with 116 points behind Tuart Hill and Applecross, the day was very successful and enjoyable.

The star performer of the day was Lyn Watson, who made record time in several events. The school wishes to congratulate Lyn on her selection in the Australian Olympic Swimming Team, and to wish her every success in her swimming career. Congratulations are also extended to Wendy Watson for her superb performance, and to other members of the team, captained by Wendy and Peter Carter.

Since thanks are extended to the physical education staff, especially Mrs. Bromilow and Mr. Rate for time spent training the squad both before and after school. Thanks are also due to the spectators for their encouragement and support and to the cheer-squad whose efforts were both energetic and vociferous.

Let's hope the team continues to keep in good form, and that next year's carnival will see John Curtin the victors.

Men's International Rules Basketball Notes

So far, this year has been the most successful season that John Curtin has ever experienced, the school winning six out of the seven matches played.

This year's captain, "Duke" Radovich, has been an excellent captain-coach. Duke was selected for the Under-18 State Team to play at Cairns, Queenland, this August. Congratulations, Duke, on your achievement.

High scoring and comfortable wins have been major features in the matches played. The team has been beaten once only. This was by Kent Street High, whom we defeated in the second round.

This year's team has had many new members, including: Steven Terry, Allan Barber, Allan Griffiths, Robert Martin, Nigel Craig, Rodney Dixon, and Philip Blacklock.

Steven Terry has been a reliable guard, stopping many of the opposition's scoring attempts. Allan Barber has been a consistent forward, scoring an average of ten points a game. His spectacular long jump-shots are a feature of his game.

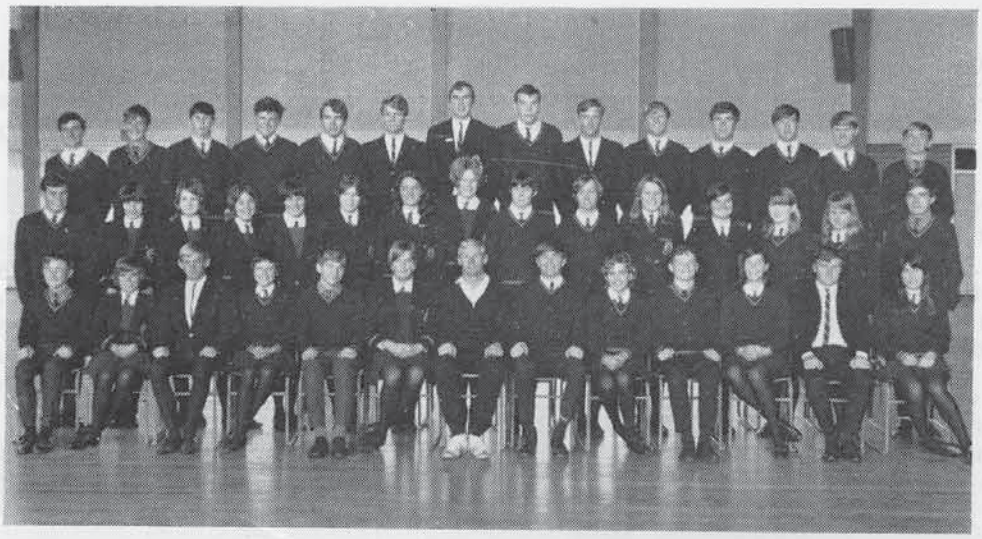
There are a few members of previous John Curtin sides in this year's team, these being Bruce Wynn, Stuart Wilson, Alan Gummery and Duke Radovich.

Bruce Wynn has played exceptionally well and has plenty of experience in fast breaks, which have been a very valuable asset to the side. He is also a valuable defender and an accurate jump shot. Stuart Wilson has been a reliable forward. Robert Martin has teamed well with Steven Terry, helping the team greatly in defence.

Mention must also be made of Bruce Everett, Alan Croft, Wayne Rigol and Michael King, who were unable to gain a place in the "A" side but who were ideal sportsmen.

On behalf of the John Curtin inter-school basketball team, I would like to thank Mr. P. Frizell for his valuable assistance in coaching and also for umpiring many games by himself.

R. DIXON.



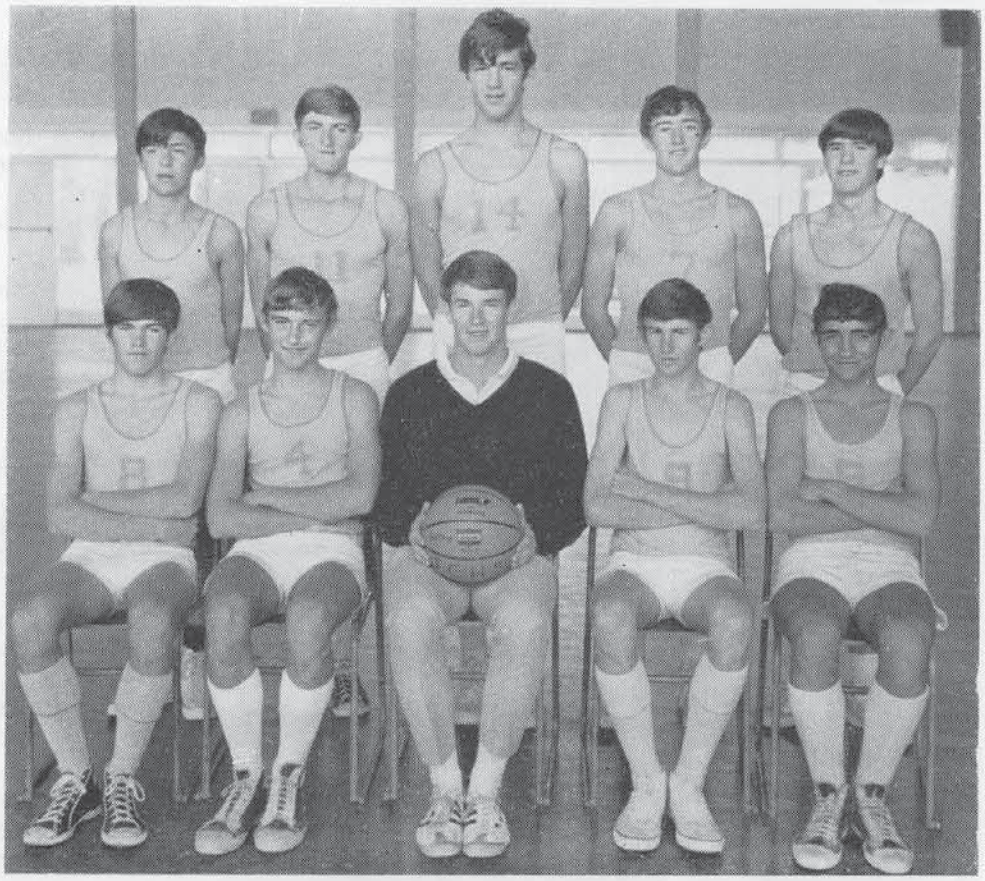
SWIMMING

Back Row (left-right): P. Carmen, C. Lorrimar, M. Pollin, J. Pearse, G. Back, A. Thompson, S. Hopper, K. Opperman, I. Tester, B. Blay, J. Nicholas, M. Mansfield, C. Bridger.

Middle Row (left-right): D. Mustard, J. Cole, J. McRobert, A. Townson, G. Ross, B. Craven, L. Whitbread, B. Anderson, M. Hunter, J. McGrath, D. Cochrane, J. Hislop, T. Griffiths, L. King, P. Coleman.

Front Row (left-right): J. Newing, L. Verco, K. Zuideveld, J. Hill, N. Howe, W. Watson (Girls' Capt.), Mr. Rate (Coach), P. Carter (Boys' Capt.), S. Baxter, T. Holt, S. Barrett, J. Jenkins, R. Parker.

(Absent: L. Watson).



BOYS' BASKETBALL

Standing (left-right): S. Terry, A. Gummery, D. Radovich, B. Wynn, S. Wilson.

Seated (left-right): A. Barber, R. Martin, Mr. P. Frizzell (Coach), A. Griffiths, A. Croft.

Lifesaving Notes

At the Annual Lifesaving Carnival this year, at the beginning of April, John Curtin was successful, for the second consecutive year, in winning the Madame de Mouncey trophy. Since this trophy is awarded for the girls' blue ribbon event at the Carnival it was very inspiring to see the Curtin team repeat their win of last year. Although the team members, Julie McGrath, Janice Hislop, Lynne and Wendy Watson—did not set a new record they performed creditably in a time only half a second behind last year's record.

In the relay event, later on in the afternoon, Curtin managed a close fourth behind Methodist Ladies', St. Hilda's College and Collie High School, and was unlucky not to fill a place.

Our school was also represented by younger teams in the under-14 and under-16 events, the members of those teams swimming very well in their hearts, although some did not reach the finals.

Mrs. Bromilow and Mr. Rate must be thanked sincerely for the time and effort they spent in choosing and helping the teams, and especially Mrs. Bromilow for her patience when training the girls.

W.W.—Captain.

MADAME DE MOUNCEY TROPHY FOR LIFESAVING
Standing (left-right): L. Watson, J. Hislop, J. McGrath.
Seated: W. Watson.

State Representatives

Once again, John Curtin did very well for itself in the sporting field, being lucky enough to have many of its students chosen in State Sporting Teams.

GIRLS

Our most outstanding representative was Lynne Watson, not only a member of the State Junior and Senior Swimming Team, but a member of the National Swimming Team. Her sister, Wendy, and Julie McGrath, were also chosen in the Junior State Swimming Team. Once again, Penny Wales, was a member of the State Junior Diving Team.

Ricky Pyatt has had a very successful run in basketball this year. In May, together with her sister Christine, she represented Western Australia in the under-18 International Rules Basketball Team when it visited Melbourne. In July she was chosen as a member of the Senior State Women's Basketball Team. Another student, Wendy Johnson, was chosen in the State Schoolgirls' Basketball Team

Other State Representatives are Robin Sheppard, who is a member of the State Lacrosse Team, Denise Caird and Nola Dymock, who are both members of the State Calisthenics Team, and lastly, but by no means the least, Suzette Cork, a member of the State Junior Gymnastics Team. Suzette is also the Australian Champion on the high and low bar.

Girls' Basketball

The "A" and "B" teams experienced great success this season, both teams claiming honours for Curtin. The "A" team defeated Mt. Lawley in the Grand Final (63 - 44), while the "B" team, after a hard fight-back, defeated John Forrest by one goal.

The "A" team included Ricky Pyatt, Wendy Watson, Linley Smith, Lynne Watson, Lea Whitbread, Janice Hislop and Julie McGrath, and wishes to thank Wendy Johnson and Jannette Fewster, who supported us during times of injury and absenteeism.

The "B" team included Wendy Meyer, Glenda Newing, Sandra Doig, Dianne Barnden, Liz Caisley, Ann Edgar, Ann Thompson and Marilyn Rowe, their reserve being Kerry Seaman.

The season was very enjoyable and success could not have been achieved without the good team work and school spirit shared by all girls. Our special thanks and appreciation is extended towards Mrs. Harbord, who helped and inspired us during this season.

Our congratulations to Wendy Johnson, who was selected in the State Schoolgirls' Team to play in Perth and who was later chosen in the All-Australian Schoolgirls' Basketball Team.

We wish every success to next year's Curtin basketball teams, and trust they will win the Premiership in the near future.

RICKY PYATT.

STATE REPRESENTATIVES
Back Row (left-right): B. Hughes, D. Whitfield.
Middle Row (left-right): N. Stingemore, K. Rennie, R. Coffey, D. Radovich, D. Sillery, P. Carmen, A. Warburton.
Seated (left-right): S. Cork, C. Pyatt, E. Pyatt, R. Sheppard, W. Watson, J. McGrath, W. Johnson.
(Absent: L. Watson.)

GIRLS' BASKETBALL
Standing (left-right): J. McGrath, L. Whitbread, Mrs. L. Harbord (Coach), W. Watson, J. Hislop.
Seated (left-right): L. Smith, E. Pyatt, J. Fewster.
(Absent: L. Watson.)

Softball Notes, 1968

Although the softballers of 1968 were unable to reach the finals, all games were played with enthusiasm and the girls displayed an encouraging team spirit. Failure to reach the standard set by some of the other competing schools did not discourage players, and they were able to enjoy playing whether they won or lost.

Some of the girls lacked experience, but most had played for a school team before, and this was reflected in the teams' efforts and the victories which were recorded.

As the season progressed, our standard improved, and I'm sure that if this year's fourth-year players play again next year, Curtin will have a more successful time.

The "A" team was well represented by H. Gaskin, G. Corker, J. Hislop, G. Roglich, K. Seaman, G. Olivieri, L. Caisley, L. Watson, P. Wales and J. McGrath.

Members of the "B" Team were D. Park, L. Smith, J. Clark, G. Johnson, M. Robinson, W. Watson, S. Pearman, C. Maidment and M. Steur.

On behalf of these teams I wish to express our gratitude and appreciation to Mrs. Harbord, who gave up much of her valuable time to coach us and to try to improve our standard of softball. Her task was not an enviable one and she did an excellent job in training and selecting the teams for each game.

Janice Hislop, 5C.

Gymnastic Notes

John Curtin was once again represented in competitions by a team of Gymnasts. The Senior Team included Suzette Cork, Sheryl Maffina, Chris Stoddart, Helen Lewington, Glenda Olivieri, and Val Moore, and these girls spent a good deal of time training after school, to gain first place in the Interschool Championships in June. The competition was strong—private and Government Schools were competing—and the girls performed well. Suzette helped us on by becoming overall champion for the night. Suzette, from Hamilton High School, gained recognition when she represented the State in the Junior "A" grade Gymnastic Championships 1968, and won the title of Australian Junior Champion on the high and low bar.

The two Junior Teams also performed well—one team gained third place in the first division and the other came third in the second division.

Our thanks are extended to Mrs. Bromilow and Miss Whyte who spent much of their time coaching and advising us. Without their prompting we might not have done so well. Our special thanks to Mr. Rate who so kindly took the girls' photographs after school—in his own time! Lastly, congrats to the girls who also spent their time and played their part well.

We hope that next year's team will keep up the good work, and we wish them the best of luck.

Val Moore, 5A.

The Inter-Faction Athletic Carnival

The Carnival, held on Tuesday, 24th September, proved, all in all to be quite a success. The general atmosphere seemed to be one of friendly competition not only amongst the participants but also the spectators. The final points were:—

Gold	419½
Blue	355½
Red	350½
Black	319½

Congratulations go to all Gold Faction members, and a "well done" to the others. Credit is due to several consistent athletes who made the day the exciting spectacle it was. The most outstanding runner of the Carnival was Mark Pescud of Gold who broke three records in the thirteen-years-and-under division. He ran the mile in 5 minutes 14 seconds (record), the 880 in 2-19-4 (record), the 440 in 61.1 seconds, the 80 metres hurdles in 13.8 seconds (record) as well as the 220 and 100 yard events in record times. Other records of the day were as follows:

BOYS:

Open long jump, P. Zaccaria (Blue) 20' 8".
16 years mile, K. Rennie (Gold) 5 mins. 14 secs.
16 years 220 yds., D. Chiappini (Red) 25.5 secs.
16 years 100 yds., D. Chiappini (Red) 11.2 secs.
15 years 100 yds., T. Boag (Red) 11.1 secs.
14 years 100 yds., B. Hughes (Black) 11.0 secs.

GIRLS:

15 years 220 yds., W. Johnson (Black) 28 secs.
Open long jump, S. Cork (Blue) 15' 10".

Peter Zaccaria, as well as winning the open long jump, also won the open hop, step and jump, and high jump. Barry Hughes, besides his record in the 14 years 100 yds., won three other events and David Sillery gave a commendable performance in winning four events in the 15 years division. Several of the girls deserve no less a mention for their efforts. Though few records were broken, the competition was hard and fast, and equalled, if not bettered the boys' standard in many events. Jan Fewster (Black), Wendy Johnson (Black), Dianne Cochran (Red) and Kerry Reid (Blue) are but a few who did well. The champions of the various year groups are:

BOYS

Open: P. Zaccaria (Blue).
16 years: I. Tester (Blue).
15 years: D. Sillery (Blue).
14 years: B. Hughes (Black).
13 years and under: M. Pescud (Gold).

GIRLS

Open: J. Fewster (Black).
15 years: W. Johnson (Black).
14 years: K. Reid (Blue).
13 years and under: D. Potts (Black).

Added interest was supplied by the staff and prefects with novelty races. The highlight of the day was the open mile won by Peter Reynolds (Gold) in 5 mins. 12 secs. It was noted that cer-

GIRLS' SOFTBALL
Standing (left-right): L. Saisley, H. Gaskin, G. Olivieri, J. McGrath, G. Roglich, G. Corker.
Seated: J. Hislop, Mrs. L. Harbord, K. Seaman.
(Absent: M. Steur, Penny Wales.)

INTERSCHOOL GYMNASTICS
Standing (left-right): C. Stoddart, V. Moore, G. Olivieri, S. Maffina.
Seated (left-right): S. Cork, H. Lewington.

tain competitors saw fit to adorn themselves and the oval with oddities from the far corners of the earth. Highly commendable! It shows there is hidden talent everywhere crying for the opportunity to express itself.

The final presentation of the shield by the Principal to the Gold Faction Captains, Lindsay Pescud and Ricky Pyatt, and the announcement of the champions proved a fitting end to a memorable day in the school calendar of 1968.

1968 Baseball Notes

John Curtin has had a season of mixed success in 1968, a lack of experience and not a lack of skill preventing our side from taking part in the finals. Only three of the team play baseball regularly and this year no State Colts attended John Curtin; in previous teams there were as many as three or four State players in the side at one time. The games against Kent Street and Armadale we won 5-2 and 6-2 respectively; but against Applecross we could not steady under pressure and lost 5-2. Our coach was not present and this contributed to our defeat.

New players Alan Morley, Peter Reynolds, Ken Whitbread together with Alan Hartzer comprised the outfield. The infield was made up of Mike Hatch, John Mustard, John Payne, Fabio Cavilli, David Whitely and John McGovern. This year Mr. McRobert relieved Mr. Chester of the coaching duties. We did, however, attend Mr. Chester's coaching school after sport and he was kind enough to let us play scratch matches against his third year team.

Honour badges were presented to captain John Payne and first base Fabio Cavilli. Our thanks and appreciation are extended to Mr. B. McRobert.

Calisthenics Notes

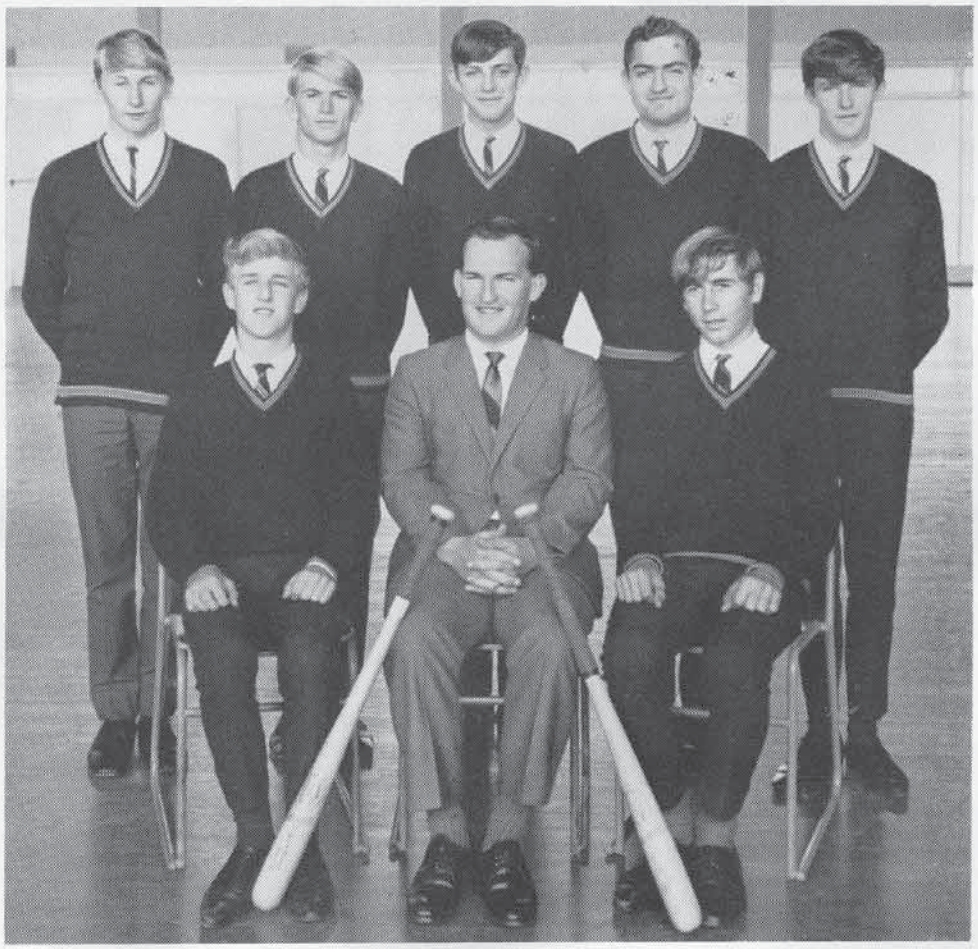
For the second time in two years and the third time in the history of John Curtin High School, the Senior Calisthenics Team has won the inter-school competition. The members of the 1968 team would like to express their appreciation and thanks to Mrs. Bromilow and to Miss Whyte for the time and effort that they put into it. We would have been lost without them.

The competitions (both Calisthenics and Gymnastics) were held at John Curtin Hall on the 29th of June. There were teams from three other schools in the Calisthenics section. Curtin's team this year chose the theme of Natives and Birds. The "Natives" were, Kay Webster, Narelle Cole, Linley Smith, Sandra Freind, Jenny Simpson, Glenda Heath; the "Birds" were, Karen Barfield, Irene Holmes, Lorraine Cadlolo, Kristine Dibb, Lyn Ellement, Leonie Moraday, and Mary De Boni was our reserve.

The pennant for the 1968 winners was presented to the Captain by Mr. Jackson and was later taken to be shown to Mr. Loneragan and Miss Hoad who were kind enough to attend the display.

I. Holmes (Capt.)

INTERNATIONAL RULES BASKETBALL
Standing (left-right): E. Kotai, L. Smith, S. McCorry, E. Pyatt, J. Uktveris.
Seated: J. Hislop, Mr. L. Kowol (Coach), N. Sonsee.



BASEBALL
Standing (left-right): D. Whitely, K. Whitbread, A. Hartzer, F. Cavilli, P. Reynolds.
Seated (left-right): J. Mustard (absent), J. Payne, Mr. McRobert (Coach), M. Hatch.

INTERSCHOOL CALISTHENICS
Standing (left-right): S. Freind, N. Cole, G. Heath, L. Smith, L. Moraday.
Seated (left-right): L. Ellement, I. Holmes, K. Dibb.
(Absent: L. Cadlolo, K. Barfield, J. Sims, K. Webster.)