

SENTINEL



1969



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John Curtin High School

THE SENTINEL

NUMBER THIRTEEN

YEAR 1969

EDITORIAL

In this year's 'Sentinel' we the Committee, have tried to keep to traditional high standards, while at the same time adding some new sections which we hope will be of interest to the students of John Curtin. We have aspired to broaden the outlook of the magazine to encompass more facets of life here at school, and to make it more comparable with other periodicals of today by adding original sections such as cartoons and art. In expanding the scope of our magazine, we hope to create more interest in the school as a whole rather than separate classes or years.

Through publishing articles and works by a wide range of students we hope to emphasize the existence of the many activities of school life, giving a more panoramic view of our institution. We have to think, act, and feel as a whole. This combination is important in any association, particularly so in one where many young people spend their formative years. We have to pull our weight as a team, to enable us all to thrive on whatever the association provides us with in this case, education.

If we have a feeling of unity, it may help us a great deal in preparing for the next stage of our lives, that of going out and earning our living. This feeling of group dependence is inherent in all of us, so let us work together towards a common goal, and who knows, we may win at the next swimming carnival!

The editorial staff would like to take this opportunity of wishing all students the best of luck in third term exams, particularly those sitting for the Junior and Leaving examinations.

H. GASKIN.



STATE REPRESENTATIVES

Front Row (left-right): S. Tornatore, D. Rate, C. Pyatt, W. Giles, S. Cork, G. Rennie.

Back Row (left-right): T. Holt, G. Sullivan, G. Sheehan, D. Radovich, S. Cassilli, P. Coleman, L. West.

(Absent: M. Shugg, S. Beard)

FACTION CAPTAINS

GIRLS

Red:

SUZETTE CORK	V
JENNY COLE	IV
VICKI CARLSON	III

Black:

PAM HETERICK	V
WENDY JOHNSON	IV
KAREN JEFFERIES	III

Gold:

HELEN LEWINGTON	V
CHRISTINE PYATT	IV
JILL MCKELL	III

Blue:

CHRISTINE STODDART	V
KAREN REID	IV
JAN ROBINSON	III

BOYS

BRUCE BLAY (Swimming)
LINDSAY BAGULEY (Athletics)

TERRY GREEN (Swimming and
Athletics)

TOM PORTER (Swimming and
Athletics)

MARTIN MANSELL (Swimming)
PETER ZACCARIA (Athletics)

Prizes for Contributors

As the result of a request by the Magazine Committee, the Principal kindly promised to donate \$5 cash prizes for the best contribution in each of the following categories:

- (a) Articles and Short Stories.
- (b) Letters to the Editor.
- (c) Poems.
- (d) Cartoon.

The editors would like to thank the many students who submitted entries and are pleased to announce the winners as follows:

Article: "C.B.W.", by Roy France.

Letter to the Editor: Pauline McGowan.

Poem: "LOOK BACK", by Wendy Jenkins.

Cartoon: "MOON LANDING", by Anthony Zaknich.

These awards will be presented at an assembly in the near future.

Mr. Halsey who decided the winner of the poetry competition was so impressed by poems comprising the "short list" of three from which the final selection was made that he submitted some comments which should prove useful and helpful to the runners-up.

The 1969 Poetry Award

"Look Back" by Wendy Jenkins wins the 1969 Poetry Award. To me, it provides a soft antithesis to the "In Anger" which would complete Osborne's violent statement. An outstanding merit of the poem is its consistency or imagery and mood. The "Tyranny of Time" finds its echoes in "Ripened the Sweet Fruits of Life for the Fall", "Your Diary's Yellowed Leaves", "Siren Signs of Autumn", the "Swift Senescence Born of Winter" and the "Shrouds of Snow on Your Hair".

The whispering alliteration of the last two stanzas suggests both skilful teaching and the poet's own fine discriminating response to words. That youthful sixteen can project itself half a century into time, "Look Back" and recall is, to me, an exercise of talent. Congratulations Wendy! Is this poem one of many?

"The War of The Red Eye" kept calling me back, and still does, insistent on a greater share of attention and merit. Elizabeth's forte seems to be a feeling for undeclared states of experience. I admire Liz's courage in refusing to meddle with the poem to clear up the obscurity which she felt was essential for the poem; the competition didn't seem to matter. She is an experimental poet, even game enough to coin her own words. Her "Rapelled Harness" is delightful; make of it what you can. If "Look Back" goes back into time, "Red Eye" tends to burrow deep into the mind, operating always beneath the surface of recognition. Liz probably has a much longer way to go than Wendy, but this is because of the material she works with.

"Water" by Sally Congdon, a Third Year, is also a close second to "Look Back". (From where would a fifteen-year-old get such an understanding of sense-realistic cognition?) Sally bestows on her poem something of the soft wistfulness of folk lyricism. This quality never falls off, but ripples through the four stanzas. The Vocabulary range is almost basic, but the poem loses nothing for all that. Sally has more than exploited this limitation: she has shown how a gifted Third Year can negotiate empathy and the music of words.

"SENTINEL" COMMITTEE

Standing (left-right): J. Collins, H. Gaskin, D. Fitzgerald, K. Wesley, M. Clarke.
Seated (left-right): P. Westall, Mr. D. Crock, R. Denholm.



Artful Anderson was asked to leave the stadium—which he promptly did (with the gate money). Mr. Toop was lost somewhere between 1st and 2nd base.

Class Notes

"Kurtin Kalendar"

FEBRUARY—

Back to school—quite a few green fourth years around—plenty of sun-tanned fifth years though. The Staff turned up too—ugh! Mr. Page turns over a new leaf and closes his Summer L.S.D. School—too many blokes gone to pot!

Prefects make their presence felt—a toll was imposed to use ablution blocks.

MARCH—

Revolution! Uprising strangely co-incided with Mr. Bradfield breeding or rather cultivating a pair of freakish side-burns. New military regime headed by a Major-General, Mr. Sullivan. "I will create a master-race", he shrieks. All girls and female staff locked in the gym—an exception was allowed. Miss Dods was offered and accepted post of matron. Mr. H. Heyhoe was told to write—and if necessary create—school traditions.

APRIL—

Long periods of deprivation cause Mr. Sullivan to lose face (and that's not all)—he denounces his subjects and retires to the staff room. All females released (no repeal for good behaviour either). Mr. Kowol's electrical experiment succeeds—he and Mr. Page are appointed to the S.E.C. to co-ordinate all power. State-wide electrical black-out—Mr. Page mislaid the fuse wire. State of emergency declared—militia helps, Mr. Sullivan once again is in his element. Miss Hoad opens her own College for Commerce and Culture for the daughter of gentle folk—Alan Barber is refused admittance.

MAY (Exams (repulsion))—

As a result of over-work the Lone Ranger declares a two week holiday on medical grounds. Baseball season finishes with a Challenge Match—McRobert's Marauders v. School Staff. Game was played over a six hour period—McRobert's Marauders won by 271½ home runs. (Guess who got the half!) Despite 2 homers by Miss White (Captain), staff lost by 268½ runs. The staff's innings were atrocious.

Details :

Mr. Scriven injured his nose—hit by low pitch.
Mr. Stokes lost his bat.
Mr. Cormack lost his pants.

Mr. Gollan got 1 run—a box of matches in his pocket was set on fire by a rising ball.

Mr. Haynes hurt his knee—Mr. McRoberts bit it at third base.

Mr. Rate played at Catcher—must have the wrong game; he tried to catch Miss White on the reserve bench.

Details :

McRobert's Marauders.

Mr. McRoberts: 2½ runs—ran out of legs.

Chateaubriand: 104.

Mao Tse Tung: 101.

Pussy Galore: 61—caught by Mr. Rate.

JUNE—

Nothing much done—Mr. Stokes begins meditation lessons, Staff exam results published—Mr. Crock finally passes his High School Certificate. Mrs. Hunt passes (just) elementary maths, along with a Mr. Gollan.

Mr. Loneragan asks questions of the year, "Fifth years you may ask yourself—why are we still at school?" Fifth year, answer, "B . . . good question".

JULY—

Garry Martin (late 5E3) wins all Aussie under-weight Boxing Title from Duke Radovich (disqualified for low punching.) Garry to fight Lionel Rose in Melbourne. Communists attempt take-over bid—foiled by Mr. Haynes—they complained of the cold. Miss Critch leaves to give private tuition to Johnny Watts and Bradley Smith. Man lands on the moon. Mr. McRoberts and Mr. Crock now have somewhere to go when they run out of leg-room here on earth. Mr. Stokes—leaves—rumours of another school-scandal.

AUGUST—

Mrs. Suraski opens School Travel Bureau—Garry Martin disqualified in the title fight—with Lionel Rose (biting and spraying with D.D.T.) Mr. Haynes heads for China with tape recorder. Leaving and Junior fees paid. Mr. Scott arrested for embezzlement of fees (he lifted them from the office) claims he needs the money to run his "Rolls Royce"—claims Crafty Cormack helped him—a likely story. Mr. Haynes incarcerated in Peking—tape recording of classical Chinese revolutionary phrases confiscated—he is tortured with a sun-lamp. A blue Volkswagen—registration number offered for sale in school auction—withdrawn after

a highest bid of used matchstick (with all the wood peeled off).

SEPTEMBER—

Mr. Haynes accepts apology from Red Guards—he has a horrible scar from torture though (a sun-tan). Upper school cross-country: Mr. Scriven lost down a rabbit hole. Mr. Daw announces retirement from football circles—claims too much competition from legless Derek (Whitfield).

Long Study leave (unofficial) of Leaving candidates strangely co-incides with start of surfing season!

"On the Good Ship 5E-1"

The good ship 5E-1 with Commander Crock at the helm has safely navigated two terms of school. The crew (a scurvy lot!) has amongst it such notable identities as Alan Thompson (who was very nearly lost overboard half-way through the year), Lindsay Baguley (who pulled most water in the popularity polls held last year), and "Jolly Roger" Denholm.

Notables among the girls are Chief Galley Slave, Helen Lewington, and deck-swabbers Nicola, Judy, Diane Guy and Suzette (Who is our Gym. Champ!) Cheryl Bovell has assumed the position of official mutineer—fingers crossed that Commander Crock will not make her walk the plank.

Tymen Wortell (alias "The Nutty Professor") has recently established by use of his abacus, that the earth does not orbit the sun. This, he claims, is an optical illusion, the result of standing upside down for sixteen years.

The rest of the crew, we are glad to say, adopt slightly less radical views. Able seamen, Cook, Hodgkins, Griffiths, Jensen and Terry are the biggest band of cut-throats, known as the "Lunch-Hour surfies". Able seaman Cook has indeed been threatened to be cast adrift upon the cruel sea of life!

One of the female crew, unfortunately, frequently suffers from "D.T.'s" (driver training). Shame upon you Diane Fitzgerald! We are also blessed with another Diane who is an active member of the I.S.C.F. Committee. Several sirens likely to lure the lads from their labours are Kristine Dibb, Robyn Maller and Shirley Weir (all "calisthenicists") who possess both brains and beauty.

On the sports scene, midshipmen Cole and Hardy have helped keep the soccer team firing on all eleven; Jenny Collins has provided ability to keep the hockey team afloat, and Nicky and Judy have battled on behalf of the Volley Ball. When the order is given "all hands on Deck" it is usually Sean "Beans" Bartlett who breaks out the pack of cards. Galley hands Blacklock and Radaich, whilst reduced to the menial task of stirring the

broth, are constantly plagued by a certain bilge-rat by the name of Read. Murray Johnsen, who was promoted to cabin boy in the temporary absence of Alan Thompson, has performed his duties efficiently and with an ever-increasingly toothless grin.

A little bird (it fell out of the Crow's nest) tells me that we have a foreign infiltrator on board from the U.K. Beware of Jackie Jolly! Another to keep at a distance is "C.C.C." Snell (Chief Charity Collector)—a pirate who tries to wrench the last cent from us all.

A final note of thanks to C.P.O. Scott, who tries to teach us about the straight and narrow, and how to steer clear of the dangerous curves. Whether this will keep our heads above water during the November tidal waves, we don't yet know, but thanks to all our maltreated and misunderstood teachers anyway!

"Black Bart" and "Sweet Sue".
(Help he's tying me up!)—5E-1.

5E-2 Class Notes

Come to the wonderful world of 5E2 and observe the most amazing collection of anthropological specimens since King Kong was big enough to grab a ten-foot banana. When you enter this fairy-land (sorry, people) you will be greeted by the greatness of Mr. "FOO" Scott or "MAHAUSHI" Halsey, our class "guru".

Among our inhabitants you will meet Ali Barber and his fatty birds ("girls", Mr. Crock); B. "Goldilocks" Blay; K. Bowden and the "Green Terror"; K. "Scratch" Caratti (see Pat); Terry "She Gyp" Casilli (plays soccer, tells questionable stories); Ken "No Comment" Davies; Martin "Sokittsomi" Finn (known as the "Flying Finn" at 3.15 p.m.); Gary the Fisher-man (see Joy); T. "She Gooze" Green (see G.M.); Stevie Hope (less) —doesn't believe in uniforms; Ray "B.A." McDermott; Graham Moyle (got a nice bird—see T.G.); W. "Moose-mauler" Rigoll; N. "Mighty Midget" Ross;; "Colonel" P. Ryan; R. Scarfe (the class lad); Ivan U. (the wonderful Wizard of Oz) and bringing up the year of the men, B. Wood (takes root and vegetates in English).

If this array of local yokels doesn't make your photo-necessary organs stands out on stalks then the mere sight of the feminine third of 5E2 (known affectionately as "the wenches") won't either. They seem to line the class-room walls away from the knot of fantastic masculinity in the centre. If their squeaks (which pass for voices) weren't heard during the roll-call we'd never know the harpies were there. All the same they deserve a mention (don't they?)

At the head of the infamous list is Janet B. (always worth a good laugh), followed by Judy

Collis (Jude), Lesley E. (far enough), L. Good all the Omni potent, Pam H. (same boat as Ken Danus), Sheryl M. (class vampire), Helen "Blazes" Scott, Lesley S. (D.O.A.), Willamena W. (well, well) and last but not least Kath W., the last word in the worst class of John Curtin history. We wish all the 5th years the best of luck in the exams and in whatever life they choose to follow.

The Walrus.

5E-3 Class Notes

John Curtin, "the prison on the hill", takes prisoners serving sentences from one to five years, after which prisoners are let out or sent to further institutions. The prison is split according to year groups, then wards within the prison, and then again to each prisoner and the subjects studied in prison. May I, in the forthcoming words, attempt to explain the men of year five ward three; their deeds past and present (future undecided) and the prisoners themselves.

Warden of Prison :

Mr. Loneragan.

Our Warden :

Miss Critch.

Sub-Warders :

Miss Sadler, Mr. Cormack, Mr. Scott, Mr. Strahan, Mr. Nolan, Miss Andre, Mr. McRoberts and others.

Prisoners :

5E321: Tin Rear Ant-won: Vandalism of light switches and microphones.

5E322: Sheepy Antolovich: Long-haired hoodlum.

5E323: Tulip Culver: Evil Spearo. Breaking windows using voice. Now sings to prisoners.

5E324: S. S. Davies: Aggravating and Stirring.

5E325: Specs Deercough: Aggravating and Stirring.

5E326: Mike Toilet: Silent Drug Addict.

5E327: Slacker Easter: Thieving Easter Eggs. Also attempted escapee.

5E328: Curls Carrott: Thieving carrots to make hair curly.

5E329: S. S. King: Obscene language.

5E330: Vege King: Loitering and Disturbing the Peace.

5E331: Given Slavery: Loitering and Disturbing the Peace.

5E332: Louie Le Franker: Smuggling on International Market.

5E333: Stew Lockerbie: Starting riots at soccer matches.

5E334: Marcinowizard: Street Brawler.

5E335: Uncle Vege Martin: Described as a second "Errol Flynn".

5E336: Victorious Mucos: Protestor and demonstrator—under Crimes Act prosecution.

5E337: Godfrey Lead Bottom: Thieving footballs and such. Corrupting young girls.

5E338: Tomas Sporter: Charged under Crimes Act for suspected commo.

5E339: Ken Renny: Ex C.K. but recently let out on good behaviour bond.

5E340: S. S. Roberts: Aggravation and Stirring and Attempted Escapee.

5E341: Sponge Spence: Negligent driving and dog bruising.

5E342: Sprossum Spring: Disturbing Peace.

5E343: Joff Story: Junkie and loitering. Attempted escapee also.

5E344: Slam Tornatorry: Attempts to make soccer balls square.

5E345: S. S. Ward: Stealing bleaches.

5E346: Kim Whaler: Hm! Very interesting case.

5E347: Derek de Gannet: Peacing the Disturb.

5E348: Stirling Moss Whylee "Dragging" and negligent driving.

5E349: Jethro Wynnacoff: Thieving lacky-bands for some reason.

5E350: Antony Zackynick: A mad scientist.

Having given primary details, it can only be left to say that all hope to be out soon, possibly on good behaviour bonds like Ken Rennie or temporarily such as Vic. Muco. But whatever, between now and November (Parole time) may all hope to leave a mark in the prison somehow, whether for escapees, or good behaviour bonds, or even on the walls. Well, adios from Ward 5E3.

T. Porter.

5E-4 Class Notes

The Scene: A two-storeyed white-washed mansion of Roman times.

A large balcony overlooking very old, weed-infested fountains.

A general scene of decay.

(Into the sunshine bursts Rosgals.)

RG: Nice sunshine, it pleases my acidic sense. Humm! What can I do today? (Enter Robedge.)

RE: (Hands over face.) Help me Rosgals, I've been in a chariot crash.

RG: Is it serious, anybody killed.

RE: No, of course not, to first question. Second question; no, only a slave, Deannac was her name.

RG: But that was my slave you fool.

RE: Well fight like a gladiator then. (They draw swords, Rosgals gets footy foot cut off.)

RE: (Laughs as Deannac and Rinanod enter to cart Rosgals off.) I dislike selfishness (aside). Pity though! I did like his wine and I love practical jokes.

END OF ACT ONE, START OF ACT TWO.

(Enter Marydels, black hair, holly leaves in it.)

MdB: Ooh! If it's one thing I love its balconies, I think I'll go up there. (Enter Chriswad.)

CW: No you won't, that's mine.

MdB: Yeah, I'll fight to that. (They roll around pulling and tearing at each other, they stop fighting, look at each other, all their hair has been pulled out, both Chriswad's eyes are black, the holly buds have broken—Mary's hair is red.)

Slaves!

(Enter Ricklam and Ganymil to lead them away—one of the slaves drops a hip flask—note dive on flask by cast members.)

FINISH OF ACT TWO, BEGINNING ACT THREE.

(Enter Helgask—on balcony.)

HG: I love balconies! (She leans down on the railing, it crumbles—she falls). Aaaah! Slave! (In a flash Margaclar saves Helegask.)

HG: Thank you, was I too heavy?

MC: No!

HG: Very interesting, a little bit stoopid, but very interesting. (Out rush Christod and Janree.)

CS: Anybody hurt?

HG: No! Only me.

JR: Well then. (They burst into song.) Put your arms around me, honey . . . (They all exit—Enter Billed.)

Ooh mon! If it's one thing I like its balconies (picks it up, runs towards Lancepoo's salvage yard).

END OF ACT TWO, COMMENCEMENT OF ACT THREE

BG: Nice day for tennis, anyone for tennis? (No answer) Rats! Everyone must be out burning Christians. (Enter Janagg, Sumoul.)

JK: Let's go up to the library (S.M. agrees.) (Scene changes to library—scene of books everywhere. Frustrated librarians, silence placards everywhere.) (Librarian is Petewes.)

PW: Shaddup! We want silence. (Room shakes.) (In the corner sits the dreaded Kenmat—studying.)

PW: Et tu Douslop, Toupots, Sherylwoo, Sandra-wair, you Brutes! (Librarian dies violently with a final coup de grace.) Danvanswag says: "It's killed him—study kills!"

THE END.

(Note music: "I told you so"—arranged by Petewes for the nose-flute with Helegas on tambourine.)

IT'S CURTAINS FOR SURE THIS TIME.

All cast comes out and bows, sends a big Cherio to Kathy Green.

(Annsack and Jangray close the curtains with a flourish.) Wenjeuk comes out with sign—"At last! the flippin' end!"

"WARDS FROM THE BARD"

Probable Shakespearean reflections by teachers sighted this year at the "Institution".

MR. STONEHOUSE: (On hearing disastrous news about having 5E1 for a form.) "It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden, like a . . . ("Romeo and Juliet").

MR. CROCK: "Truly I would the gods had made thee poetical." ("As You Like It").

OUR REPLY: "Away with him, away with him! He speaks Latin." ("Henry VI").

MR. HAYNES: "I am determined to prove a vil-

lain". ("Richard 111"). However the aforesaid preferred. "If music be the food of love, play on." ("Twelfth Night").

MISS CRITCH: (Re-digestion.) "Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour." ("Richard 11").

MRS. HUNT (After French party): "They have been at a great feast of language and have stolen the scraps." "Love's Labour Lost".

MR. McROBERT: "Remuneration! Oh, that's the Latin word for three farthings." "Love's Labour Lost".

MR. FULLER: "Come and take choice of all my library, and so requite thy sorrow." ("Titus Andronicus").

MR. HALSEY: "Tear him for his bad verses; tear him for his bad verses!" ("Julius Caesar.")

MR. CORMACK: "A beast, that wants to discourse of reason." ("Hamlet.")

MISS FRAZER (trying to teach): "Though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod." ("Henry V.")

MR. TOOP (defining "marks" in class): "Even there where merchants most do congregate." ("Merchant of Venice.")

MR. SCOTT (professing laziness): "I am slow of study." ("Mid-summer Night's Dream.")

MISS SADLER and MR. KARMELITA: "A pair of star-cross'd lovers." ("Romeo and Juliet.")

TEACHERS AS A (W) HOLE: "'Tis not in the bond." ("The Merchant of Venice.")

THE EDITOR: "An unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd, happy in this she is not yet so old, but she may learn." "Here are a few of the unpleasant words that even blotted paper." ("The Merchant of Venice.")

LEAVING: "Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily." (Henry IV.) (H. Glaskin.)

5E-5 Class Notes

5E-5 is a very charitable and consistent class with many outstanding identities—a scholarly class made up of absolutely brilliant students. We lead the school with dignity, upholding the school tradition, with Miss Dods at our head, to set a good example. As you may have realized we all belong to the "Modesty Club."

Geraldine Corker, Beverley Anderson, Marilyn Rowe, Dale Carruthers, Sandra Richmond, Pam Heterick, Lyn Ellement, Michael Hatch, Nick Camardi, Noel Avery and Branko Vidovich, constitute the sporting life of John Curtin. Our Military representative "Sarge" (Jeff White) went bush to defend the Australian Countryside. Even at assemblies the 5E-5 spirit is maintained by the presence on the platform of our diligent prefect Geraldine. We have in our midst the two great "Balcony Casanovas" Wayne Webster, and Manual Correia to create the romantic flavour in our class. Robert Burns, the brilliant scientist, with his quick calculations keeps himself out of trouble. Clinton Notley, Edgar Rybak, Lyn Lyons and Bernadette Battles are the mice in our class that have lost

their squeak. Lyn our graceful Aztec, has contributed to the beauty and gracefulness of 5E-5. Phillip Roycroft and Brian Dobra share the joy of fast cars. The latter enjoys the company of numerous girls (so many he books ahead), Marilyn, Bev, and Dale form the "infamous three" who provide many lively lunch times. Our influence is world-wide for our class mate Brian Chellingworth has gone abroad as our ambassador endeavouring to spread the 5E-5 goodwill to the natives of Britain, and Germany.

No one could expect a finer group than that which forms our class 5E-5. How will the school manage without us next year?

5E-6 Class Notes

Memorandum

5E-6. Well here we come,
Setting the tradition for the other ones
We love us; though our form teacher thinks we
are dopes.

He thinks of our chances and thoroughly mopes.
We all know differently and sincerely hope,
That we don't end up like his rotten jokes . . . flat!
Any resemblance to persons living or dead is
purely purposeful.

INTRODUCING :

Class Prefects:

1st Term: Lee Simmons, Rod Dixon.

2nd Term: Brenda Young, Mark Fielder.

And others:

Joyce and Sue—Gigglepot and Cuddlepie.

Lee—she talk much—where she get?

Sarah and Marg—Virtue and Vice.

Sharleen—she's our dark horse.

The three monkeys: Jan—do no evil? Lynne—
speak no evil? Tricia—think no evil?

Peter W. and Martin—non-smoking shows re-
sults—along with Martin's quiet parties.

Greg—him so straight-laced.

Jim—all for technicalities.

Duke—star basketballer, slight case of stunted
growth?

Brenda, Gaye, Ross, Dennis—quiet ones, but
knows what evils lurks in the minds of students.

Jeff, Gary, Kim—class fiddlers (musical rulers?)

Rodney—Americanised, departmentalised groover.

Patsy and Peter—They're twins—we don't be-
lieve it.

Mark—who knows?

What are we here for? . . . To STIR. (unquote.)

5E-7 Class Notes

"O Muse of Learning often painted,
Preserve this class from creatures tainted;
Drive away night hags, false preachers;
And please spare a thought for misguided
teachers."

With the close of 1968 the grey-beards of our school met in conference of the utmost importance. They unanimously agreed that something must be done before the problem of certain students exceeding certain teachers in intelligence became a hazard (to teachers). The need to form a select class of students, excelling in all fields was vital and urgent.

Thus in 1969 5E-7 was formed. Special teachers were employed to cope with the brains, brawn and beauty (plus a couple of winoes and a junkie) of our class. 5E-7 is renowned for its beauty but special credit must go to Gail L., Yvonne H., Tina J., and Arthur M. whose sweet laughter and hashy smiles (sorry Arthur) has upheld the morale (not to mention a steady riot) of the class.

Unfortunately every class harbours a few fugitives from the law and 5E-7's excel in alcoholism. Our intoxicated drivers are:—

John E. H. Covic, Arthur F. E. Murphy,

Lynne F. C. Roberts, Paul vive le vino Merlo.

But we must all admit that our most popular attraction is that handsome, muscular Olympian (Captain of the Interschool Cricket Team) Stephen Jones. In between practice he keeps in shape by training e.g. Chasing girls in the quadrangle, pulling out tree stumps and practising runs up and down the bus. The rest of 5E-7 has a full-time job keeping up with the Joneses.

Notorious lovers include Peter Z. and Stephen J. (here he is again girls, scream, scream, faint). But Stephen's love is cricket (tough luck girls) and he is notorious for his runs though we strongly suspect he is something of a con-artist in his spare time. Peter's loves run along a different line. He has other loves in mind (and body). There are other lovers and lovable, but due to press censorship, laws of propaganda, and any competition which may deplore the production of "True Confessions" we shall not reveal their murky stories (oops, sorry Yvonne).

But now we turn to the more serious side of 1969. When "something's rotten in the state of Denmark" and the teachers are on the war-path we bring out our secret weapon, Warrick M. (Cadet Under Officer). Because of his overwhelming hat and unusually large boots he manages to sneak around the school unnoticed and collect valuable information to benefit our participation in the battle. When the going gets too rough and there is a need for violence he takes Brian D. along who knocks out the suspects with his hockey stick. Unfortunately the battle has not been won yet, but secret agents inform me that the teachers are weakening.

We are a very humble, modest class and only boast about ourselves when we are sure someone is listening; for we cannot deny that we have some of the most famous sports men and women in the school.

Firstly there are Brian S. and Arthur M. who compete in Interschool Football. On suspicion we

hid our mini-agent Yvonne H. in one of Arthur's football boots with her mini camera. When the pictures were developed we discovered from the expression on their faces while eating that Brian and Arthur were only after the free oranges at the end of the game.

Gloria S. and Lynne Roberts do Interschool Basketball and Rita T. International rules. Brian D. and our V.I.P. (School Prefect) Liz S. do Interschool Hockey. Janet, Robyn and Kaye are our golfers. Unfortunately Janet likes to compete on horseback which makes it difficult for fellow competitors.

Then there is Gail our slave girl who hangs ten toes over her surfboard in summer and takes a siesta in the stenography room in Winter (that is in between Calisthenics Championships and trips to Spain).

Now let us climb back down the ladder of success to one of our more unfortunate sports-women, Yvonne H. Because of her height she has trouble reaching the key board of her typewriter and often has to be carried to the canteen at lunch time to prevent being trampled by the hungry mob. However, she did manage to win the 2nd division Individual Gymnastic Championship, although the presentation of the cup was delayed while a searcher was sent into the hall to locate her whereabouts.

Despite the perils of the great system all members of 5E-7 have maintained the ultimate of comradeship. Our special thanks go to Mrs. Sanders (Form Teacher), Mr. Halsey (English) and Mr. Karmelita (Maths) without whose patience, co-operation and courage this class would not be what it is today—may they receive all they deserve.

4A-1 Class Notes

If the following notes are not comprehensible (look that up in your Funk and Wagnall) then your mind is functioning normally.

Barry Judge—"Like a late moon—of use to nobody".

David Elson—"He who sleeps longest is happiest".

Andrew Paterson—"Great heights are hazardous to the weak of heads".

Judy Ostling—"Women were made for the comfort of men".

Jane Grundy—"Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen".

Philip Carman—"Great men are too oft unknown".

Debbie Waddingham—"A lady with a terrible tongue".

Leonie Mansfield—"Heaven's heavy artillery".

Peter Kazakoff—"What cannot be cured must be endured!"

John Cowdell—"That great dust heap called his-

tory".

Neil Wilson—"He feasts with gusto, but not with lust".

Marrianne Watts—"God's mills grind slowly but surely".

Phillip McCluskey—"What deep wounds ever healed without a scar".

Bill Avery—"At every word a reputation dies".

Kathy Morison—"A daughter of the Gods—divinely tall".

Wendy Giles—"Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfect".

Margaret McKay—"She blushed at the praise of her own loveliness".

Keith Gilbride—"He is a presence to be felt and known".

Max Margetts—"Beware the fury of a patient man".

Greg McLure—"One ear it heard—at the other it went out".

Garry Middle—"Let them be good that love me, though but few".

Alan Gartland—"Judge not according to appearance".

John Brazier—"Heaven take my soul and England keep my Bones".

Maureen Daniels—"Noiseless as fear in a wilderness".

Ray Barry—"The blind, wild beast of force".

The Forsoothful Adulation of 4A2

BOWLING—Always on the run (after the siren).

COLLISON—"Mr. Sexy Lips 1969".

CHAMIZO—Has to be scraped off his books.

FRIEND—Livid through a bad accident (Fungus Face).

HAMMOND—Suffers from insomnia.

HENDERSON—Got a head like a walloped sand-shoe.

SENTINEL FIVE — — —

HOPE—Walking "shaggy dog" toothbrush.

KARPATKAKIS—Moves with the ease of an elephant.

LOOBY—Only walking point post—very unique?

LETICA—Remainder from Einstein's day.

MANSELL—"HAIRLESS HORROR".

MAFFINA—Alias "Fearless Phang" from the moon.

MORGILLO—Creature from the unknown.

McWILLIAM—Sparkling personality.

RENNIE—Better known as "legs".

STEWART—His brains are overgrown with hair!

SWETMAN—Swims like a tadpole—with a 100lb. weight on it.

TRAWINSKY—Tallest boy in class with his hair set.

TAYLOR—"Mr. Booby Prize 1969".

VICKERS—Outshines Andrew—he's luminous.

ADA—Looks intelligent?

BARBARA—Adds variety to the class.

BEVERLEY—"Miss Ed, the TALKING HORSE".
 CLARE—A Charion crow from Bunbury.
 MARA—The best and only ballerina in class.
 MARY—Looks good with a crew cut.
 MARG.—Grooves in night life of Rockingham.
 SYLVIA—Holds class heavyweight title!
 SANDRA—Holds H.H.'s attention in her hot little hand.

TERRY—Known as "La Femme Internationale". She's been around.

4A-2 would like to extend their thanks to Dazzling Darryl who flashed around Room 30 and did a great job all year.

All would also like to wish all Junior and Leaving Candidates the Best of Luck.

4B Class Notes

Our class of 8 serious girls and 22 noisy boys can be divided into a number of groups.

For the sport minded there is:—

R.B.—Swimming. Loafer from K.H.S.

S.S.—Basketball. Charming Friday morning tax collector.

M.E.—Hockey. Slowly becoming Mr. S's pet worry.

J.P.—Hockey. Should belong to ability crowd.

M.B.—Swimming. The pigtailed and ribbons kid.

To our ability crowd belongs:—

M.F.—'Nar' a word is said. (Genius).

J.G.—New editor of mad magazine.

E.S.—Surveys the class with puzzlement and dismay.

S.M.—Loves discussing how to dissect a frog. (Pest).

D.L.—4B budding artist.

T.T.—Has some (?) intellectual ability.

S.R.—The class librarian.

H.B.—No wonder babies like him.

P.H.—Hardly a word. Marvellous at debates.

There are our strong silent types:—

K.T., D.F., N.H. (When he does not drop his pencil tin) and our heart donor—G.W.

Also we have a super group:—

D.M.—We love English.

D.B.—Big Blond at the back.

R.P.—Who is he?

B.H.—Sleeping Beauty 1969. (Lives in a trance.)

I.R.—The bus was early again he says!

J.M.—Hardest working loafer.

B.Lu.—The laughing rose bud from merry England.

G.M.—Unmentionable.

T.C.—Would have been sadly missed by 4B and Miss Tobin.

Finally a word from those EXCITING THREE at the back—A.G., B.La., K.M.—

"Um . . . um . . . Goodbye!"

4C-1's Trist

Hear Ye! Hear Ye! Court's in session! Here comes the Judge! Here comes the Judge!
 Judge Yates presiding.

The jury for this special hearing included such well known Liberals and Conservatives as local M.P. Miss G. Lyden and prominent businessmen Ian Boyd and Andrew Davies. Others were Peter Sumpton, Roslyn Smith, Jamie Robinson, Johanna Trainor, Michael Green, Italia Formato, Pauline McGowan and Irene Karpathakis.

Prosecuting council was represented by Sir David Sillery S.M.; defending council—Christopher Cunningham.

First prisoner entered, "Mr. Amer, do you plead guilty or not guilty to mental cruelty to the students?" "Basically not . . ." Prosecuting council Mr. Sillery interrupted abruptly: "Would the defendant please give a straight answer?" Silence prevailed . . . judge intervened and pronounced a sentence of one month for contempt of court.

Miss Frazer and her gruesome accomplice Mr. Renowden entered the courtroom and stood before Judge Yates. They were charged with attempted murder, and assault with intent to cause grievous bodily harm to frogs, rats, fish etc., and students! (Especially on Black Wednesday, 30th July.)

"How do you plead, guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, your Honour."

However, due to expert cross-examining by Mr. Sillery, witnesses Wendy Johnson and "Pips" gave sufficient evidence to seal their doom of life imprisonment—Mr. Cunningham quickly flew to his feet and shouted: "I object!" "Objection overruled."

The court called Mr. ("Where are we?") Partington, who sauntered into the chamber. He was accused of attempted treason against the student union and attempting to invent new explosives, poisons etc., etc., to exterminate the student body. However, he was not asked to plead on the grounds that the outcome was evident. Thus he was pronounced guilty and sentenced to life . . .

Mr. Karmelita and Miss Sadler, were partners in the distribution of homework, assignments and TESTS. It seems a "coincidence" that these eventuate in the same week, in fact on the same day! Mr. Sillery presented Chris Pyatt, exhibit A, who had been severely affected and was showing signs of intense strain, mental fatigue and physical exhaustion.

After a short recess, during which time the jury unanimously decided upon their guilt, the pronounced sentence was nine months in a double cell. (Good luck for the future, you two.)

Mr. Crock was pardoned because of his perspicacity of student behaviour. Well done Mr. Crock!

4C-1 Committee.

The Ignominy of 4C2

This worthy and noble body doth verily consist of sixteen students stout and true. Alas! There is a minority of menfolk having only four to speak thereof. And so, to duties of a more pressing nature . . .

Denise Edwards: When she doth get hold of a hockey stick, she doth go berserk and render us all asunder.

Julie Linton: The mad charity collector with a wily mind to boot.

Cherisa Den Breejen: The fiendish, smiling henchman of the wily J.L. (Say cheese!)

Susan Lambert: Forsooth! I cannot jest for words hath failed me.

Christine Hill: Fiery Welsh Dragon with a set of sharp teeth.

Linda Crowe: A fine example of early Haggis architecture believed to be the only one in existence.

Helen Kegel: "Chugalug—doth make one want to holler hi-de-ho."

Heather Crawford: Hath a life beset with marital problems.

Susan Draper: A comely wench of fair proportions who be from the outback.

Cheryl Jones: This sprightly maid hath an aversion to blood sports. i.e. Biology dissections which do verily upturn her.

Merrilyn Hunter: Derives amusement from belting up assorted class members with her ruler when she be either vicious or happy.

Kerry Mitchell: A friendly piece of crumpet with an overwhelming attraction for a male member of the prefect body who doth tickle her fancy.

Life is beset with many trials and tribulations.

Adrian Donovan: This worthy ex-prefect doth perform his ablutions frequently but there are still orange patches.

Gary Byrne: This specimen doth sport a set of long eyelashes which he doth use to great advantage, e.g. fluttering them at the Maths teacher.

Kevin Troff: A source of great consternation as we have not decided whether he be animal, vegetable, or mineral; however, he hath assimilated extremely well.

Philip Capelli: Parting was such sweet sorrow. May there be some corner of 4C2 that is forever Philip.

Local government and administration is carried out by our worthy overseer Miss J. Laing who doth strive to bring out the best in us and who doth also fall over the surrounding furniture.

H.K. aided and abetted by D.E.

Footnote :

Due to an acute shortage of menfolk, recruiting services are now in progress. Prospective members apply to Room 26.

Join 4C2—it's a tough life but the pay is good.
(donated by J.L.)

4D-1 Class Notes

Welcome to 4D1 and Co's annual shareholders' meeting. Everybody out there be quiet and read.

OPENING REMARKS BY THE PREFECT

PRESIDENT—D. Chiappini :

"Howdy shareholders! Our Company has only 22 shareholders but we lost a couple, and a couple are detained or lying low after charity collections. We collected more money than anybody else because of certain tax advantages—like we don't pay them".

ANNUAL SPEECH BY UNION SECRETARY

Miss Joy Smith :

"I'm pleased to say that nearly all unionists complied with union rules. Here are some awards for courageous efforts above and beyond the call of duty. S. McKnight, C. Murray receive the Mr. Fuller award for taking out the most books. Miss S. Gibson and M. Geaney get the "Save your shop" award by keeping the beloved school shop in business by buying various articles. My next award is the "Heyhoe" award for save our souls "samaritans". This goes to K. Reid and a double-header to S. McKnight. A dead-heat resulted in the award for the "McRobert trophy for weak jokes" it was between R. Elmer and D. Booth."

ASSESSMENT OF THIS YEAR'S FINANCIAL

WHEELING DEALINGS by J. Moug (Accountant) :

"We are pleased to announce that our football pools were a success until someone won one and got all the money. Also money was given by almost everyone for an operation on P. Dingsdale's eyes—to keep them from closing between the hours of 9.00 a.m. and 3.15 p.m.

A vote in the House of Students resulted in the complete separation of students from the W.C.C.A.S. (White Collar Crooks of Australian Schools).

4D and Co. merged with 4D2 enterprises for certain subjects due to the W.C.C.A.S. applying pressure."

CLOSING REMARKS by R. Limpis (Vice-Pres.) :

"Thank you Mr. President, Miss Secretary and the accountant. You left out some shareholders, however, so I will briefly mention their names—M. Larson, P. Ollerenshaw, B. Hansen, D. Budd, H. Duguid, M. Brown, J. Dymotrowski, R. Gough, Y. Holmwood, R. Moonen, G. Tom and P. Dingsdale and 4D2 enterprises.

D. Budd moved the meeting be adjourned. She also thanked the President for the way he conducted the meeting. P. Ollerenshaw seconded the motion and the 1969 Shareholders' meeting of 4D1 and Co. came to an end.

Written by:—

Me. (4D1).

4D-2 Ecch

Males—Peter Boskovich.
Mario Buongiorno.
Russell Maynard.
Stephen Shaw.
Ron Trewhella.
Females—None.
Others—Richard Foster.
P.B.—Owns a lunch time discotheque. Starts at 12 and finishes at 1; some school lunch hour.
M.B.—At a party you can always tell who is R.T. and who is M.B. R.T. is the one who puts two cigarettes in his mouth, lights them, and gives one to his girl. M.B. is the one who puts two cigarettes in his mouth and lights his beard.
R.F.—Cadet was classed in A9 condition by the draft board—in event of war to be used as a hostage.
R.M.—Mystery man turns up everywhere but at school.
S.S.—He feels the best form of sport is running away from teachers on Wednesday afternoon.
Our class is the smallest in the school, but our notes aren't going to be, so here we go through again.
P.B.—Raves on that much about "The Cream" anybody would think he was a cow.
M.B.—Is the only person alive(?) who buys records and never plays them (or pays for them).
R.F.—Our Jug Band music fanatic who manufactures musical jugs—he empties a wine flagon and later sells it.
R.M.—The only person who joins record clubs to get the free cleaning cloth—dumb.
R.T.—If you are looking for our prefect any Saturday night, he is at the trots. He looks funny running down the track towing that two-wheeled contraption.
S.S.—Is a self-made cripple somnambulist.
Written by your loyal and devoted friend (who just left the country).

4D-3 Class Notes

Consists of:
11 Boys + Teacher=Dirty Dozen.
13 Girls—Kind, Loyal, Clean, Trustworthy, Dedicated Students.
Vicki—Get Back.
Betty (Prefect)—Sweet Pea.
Edwina—Roll out the Barrel.
Heather—Honey.
Julie—Long Tall Sally.
Georgina—Hey There Georgie Girl.
Betty—Give me Mercy, Mercy.
Ann—Che Sera Sera (Whatever will be).
Sandra—Pussycat.
Linda—Lady Godiva.

Debbie—Sweet and Innocent(?)
Jan—Little Old Wine Drinker Me.
Robyn—What Church (Winchester Cathedral).
Cecil—Help Cecil, Help!
Michael—Surfer Joe.
Glen—He's hairy high and Low, don't ask me why cause he don't know—nothing.
Carmen (Prefect)—The Bl . . . Red Baron (Sock it to Me).
Allan—Guitar—Z—an.
Ivan—The Nutty Professor.
Ian—The Battle of Hastings 1066 (He Lost).
Craig—Let Me . . . (What?)
Robert—Kiss me Goodnight, Sergeant Major.
Ron—Everybody Loves Somebody Sometime?
Ted—I want to be teacher's "Pet".
History—Mr. Garrett—"To Sir With Love" (Perhaps or probably, but don't put your foot in it.)
Economics—Mr. Toop—"Down by the station early in the morning—toop-toop!"
Geography—Mr. Stonehouse—Here Comes the Judge. (Wait for it.)
Biology—Miss Critch—"Dedicated Follower of Students". (Homework.)
P. & H.—Mrs. Bromilow—Life time friend of Oscar. (Them bones.)
English—Miss Laing—Thank you very much for your time and effort.
Class Motto—Do as we say—Not as we do.
Composed by female majority.

"Laugh-In with 4E"

Introducing 10 little typists from 4E.
"That's a Bird joke."
At first there were eleven
"BUT"
"Where art thou gone Cecil."
Now there are 10.
"Boy's Basketball and Calisthenics are Shelley Carbon's line, and they take up a great deal of her time".
"At Swimming and Basketball, Jenny Cole was fast, until she ended up in a Plaster Cast".
"Alison Faulds "Beautiful but Dum"; girl most likely to succeed".
"I'll drink to that".
"Through the Debating Team we have a link, with our own Magret Grimminick".
"Gigi L'Herpinere (our sweet smelling Banana Bender).
very interesting !
"Nancy "LEGS" Loep, our typing star in a mini-skirt, will go far".
"Silvana Sarracini, our Welsh Daffo"dil", thinks school is one big thrill".
"Hilary Redding tall and brown, is our weather and beach girl during the summer's round".
"Here comes the Judge, Sue Jenkin's cries. Lee Petterson is going to jail for writing these lies".

NEWS OF THE FUTURE

January 1st, 1970

"Today girls from 4E visited their teachers, Mr. Eddington, Mrs. Tapley, Mr. Daw, Mrs. Hunt and Mrs. Bromilow, who are now recuperating at Claremont after a year of keeping 4E girls on the track of "learning".

"Well you can't say we didn't try", and so from 4E it's now . . .

"Bye, Bye".

3A-1 Class Notes

On the top floor of this precinct, one may find room 38, headquarters of the infamous 3A-1 mob. Our class consists of a number of unions, some of which are "The Posties' Union"—comprising those masters and mistresses of note-sending: J.H., V.C., S.C., B.K., A.E., and R.S. Another is the Confederacy of 3A1-5, brainchild of A.W. and R.S. Nigel keeps the class amused with his distorted grunts. Rodney the Rebel (R.G.) is usually well-behaved, but once he gets outside, he rips on his leather jacket and jumps on to his motor bike.

Unfortunately he hasn't learnt to ride it yet but when he does he'll have the police in every state after him—for driving without a licence.

If you are ever wandering the dark corridors near 38, you might find a bloke with a satanic smile beneath his small beady eyes. Never fear! It's only our lovable, rugby-playing, long haired (with "sidies"), Social Studies teacher, Mr. Garret, who "hacketh you into small pieces" if one hands in a late S.S. Assignment. Mr. Strahan, the man with the million dollar signature, struggles valiantly to thrust knowledge of Sc. "B" into our crowded little craniums while Mrs. Rowe does her thing in the English and Maths periods with excerpts from "Julius Caesar" and others and corrections to the Maths books. Mrs. Hunt, our courageous "manageress" (?), and 3A-1 form the perfect team to cause the downfall of the charity fund; but besides this has us well on our ways to 35 "good tries" and "near misses" in the Alliance. In music A.E., alias the "Culture Vulture", forms a deadly musical duo with the mistress of the finer arts—Miss Tobin.

A number of star 3A-1 students took part in the swimming, diving, gymnastics, calisthenics, life-saving and the Duke of Edinburgh Award.

That just about describes the 3A-1 mob in a nutshell and we're sure you'll all agree that "3A-1 is the grooviest gang o' guys an' gals what's e'er struck this place."

The Ring Leaders and Others.

3A-2 Class Notes "A WEIRD MOB"

Well here we are—you name it—we've got 'em! Pimple faces, buck-teeth, ear scratchers, head

scratchers, nail biters, brains?

This is the cream of the adolescent age!

Each and every day, we 3A-2, give our utmost and ingenious devotion to our dearly beloved teachers. Each and every two of us strive towards that dreaded goal ahead.

We offer our thanks and condolences to dear Mr. Heyhoe who had the misfortune of being our form teacher throughout this year. Congratulations to you for keeping your sanity.

Thanks to "Fred" our Social Studies teacher, who endeavours to outdo our Social Studies book.

We mustn't forget Mr. Karmelita our very excitable maths teacher.

As for Science "B", or "A" and all other subjects, the less said, the better!

Highlights of the mob—would you believe it? Boys are the weakest ones.

S.B.—Some sort of state player (hockey—I think).

M.G.—One of the squirts—(not a car).

G.G.—Cold ice hockey "sport" (mutant).

L.C.—Another squirt.

R.C.—Where is he?

G.G.—Where is he? With R.C.!

T.G.—One of the brainy few.

A.H.—One of the maddies from a back corner.

M.F.—Where's your tie, "sideburns"?

C.H.—Constant contradictor.

C.C.—Always quiet when it comes to working.

H.L.—One of the "good" ones?

G.B.—Seen but never heard.

K.S.—Long haired lout—had a hair cut.

N.O.—One of the bad good ones.

P.R.—No relation to six.

E.Z.—A simple person.

J.W.—Dumb! (is his favourite expression).

P.G.—Have you ever seen a four-eyed GRUB.

K.I.—Represents the Army?

J.M.—One of the unusual quiet ones.

3A-3 Class Notes

TITLE—The Ballad of 3A-3.

DIRECTOR—Mrs. Rowe.

PRODUCER—Miss A., Mr. G., Mr. P., Mr. B., Mrs. L., Mrs. K., Miss T.

SCRIPT—Class Defects (J.G., C.J.)

ACTORS—T.B., P.C.1, P.C.2, J.G.1, J.G.2, C.deB., C.G., T.H., D.H., K.I., R.G., B.J., M.J., D.M., P.M., G.N., A.P., B.R., R.S.1, R.S.2, P.S., L.S., AND G.S. L.B., K.B., V.C., D.C., L.D., P.G., C.J., G.M., J.P., K.P., M.S., S.S.1, S.S.2, C.T.

AMBITION OF STORY

To over-throw the Education Department, bring law and order back into education. To prevent teachers rioting and last but not least to bring peace to all by removing the P.A. System.

GENERAL

This story involves many humorous and unbeliev-

able scenes with a dash of drama and a splash of romance. It involves the problems of the people living in the educated areas, the hardships they must go through (explosions when the fire is lit, rioting teachers and the hum-drum of modern Curtin).

COMMENTS FROM CRITICS

"A dynamic story but real down-to-earth feeling."

—West Fremantle Gazette.

"A really unfortunate story."

—Student's Gazette.

This dramatic story may be viewed on the wide screen at your favourite educational resort.

3B Class Notes

Who?	Wendy Brewer.
Main Occupation?	Holding a brewery auction.
Who?	Janet True.
Main Occupation?	Kidding the teachers she missed the bus.
Who?	Paulette Jansen.
Ambition?	To own the P.A. System.
Who?	Robyn Pearman.
Ambition?	To conn up every fifth year boy.
Who?	Karyn Jeffries.
Main Occupation?	Sitting on floor between classes.
Who?	Rebecca Parker.
Where?	Good things come in . . . ?
Who?	Dianne McRoberts.
Main Occupation?	Night activities.
Who?	Jacky Nicholls.
Favourite Sport?	Arranging two dates at the one time.
Who?	Shirley Knapp.
Ambition?	To become another Florence Nightingale.
Who?	Lynn Walker.
Main Occupation?	Crawling out of general maths exam.
Who?	Jenny Faulknall.
Main Occupation?	Charging into dances with unsuitable gear.
Who?	Linda Davies.
Main Occupation?	Playing Sherlock Holmes (runs in the family).
Who?	Gail Ollerenshaw.
Ambition?	To be one of the jitterbug twins.
Who?	Anne Ryan.
Ambition?	To be another jitterbug twin.
Who?	Julie Mackay.
Where?	Among paint brushes.
Who?	Christine Nissen.
Main Occupation?	Kidding she never puts those curly locks in rollers.
Who?	Mark Pescud.
Ambition?	To grow sideboards at high

Who?
Pet Aversion?
Who?
Ambition?

Who?
Where?
Who?
Pet Aversion?
Who?
Ambition?
Who?
Pet Aversion?
Who?
Main Occupation?
Who?
Main Occupation?

Who?
Main Occupation?
Who?
Main Occupation?
Who?
Main Occupation?
Who?
Main Occupation?
Who?
Pet Aversion?

Who?
Pet Aversion?
Who?
Where?
Who?
Age?
Who?
Main Occupation?

Who?
Pet Aversion?
Who?
Ambition?

Who?
Pet Aversion?

Prefect wishes to remain anonymous for the above obvious reasons.

velocity.
Bill Rudge.
Willy the Conqueror.
Steven Luff.
To find man on the moon is a lady.
Steven Penny.
Smoking Compartments.
Stephen Lambert.
The truth.
Stephen Brown.
To become Fred Bear.
Frank . . . ?
Francis.
Graham Morris.
Turning up his hearing aid.
Colin Richardson.
Attracting attention from you know who.
Garry Sheehan.
Trying to conn up a rooster.
Douglas Robertson.
Avoiding female students.
Garry White.
Dieting.
Barry Hooper.
Hanging from rafters.
John Carbery.
After SPELLBOUND never to wear a kilt.
Jim Baker.
Bacon (Watsonia Rib Rashers).
Greg House.
Following Midgets.
Ray Griffiths.
Experienced.
Danny Surine.
In female company has problems with shoe laces.
Rodney McCarthy.
Falling off gutters.
Bruce Hardie.
To become another Francis Chichester.
Mr. Chester.
Unappreciative art covers.

3C-2 Class Notes

3C-2 is a class of some renown; that is we are ever in our teachers' minds. And not because of our good behaviour. No, putting all joking aside, the class has a majority of well-mannered students. Of course as in any class there are a few fools, but even these people are now settling down.

In our class we have three State representatives. These three persons represent the State—in Rugby, Garry Sullivan and Lance West, and in Hockey,

Geoff Rennie. Our class prefects are Bill Jagers and Lynne Cox. Our teachers are:—Form and Social Studies teacher, Mr. Webb; Maths, Mr. Daw; English, Mrs. Waddell; Science, Miss Frazer; Art, Mr. Bradfield; Woodwork, Mr. Hatch, Mr. Amm and Mr. Ferguson; Metalwork, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Fielding and Mr. Doyle, and Technical Drawing Mr. O'Donnell, and for Home Science, Mrs. Foster (dressmaking) and Mrs. Kemp (cooking).

As you can see we have quite a few teachers but this is because our class is split up for Manual Arts. This is about all I can write about my class. I hope you enjoyed reading it.

Yours sincerely,

Bill Jagers (Prefect).

Classy Notes, 3D-1

Sonia—Enquire C.C.

Mary—Has unlimited talents (in art).

Ellen—Seen but not heard.

Sue, Dianne, Vicki—Angels with black haloes.

Maria, Barb., Keryl—DUMB!

Barbara—Good mate for T.D.

Julie—Keeps hair spray factories in business.

Robin—Chuckled a baldy.

Lynne—Birdbrain!

Gay—Imported from pommie land.

Rosalie—Loves "crows".

Marva—She's a honey (blonde).

Ann—3 stone 10 lb. and rising.

Lesley—Human dynamo.

Sheryl, Pam—Little faggots.

Dianne—Beware or she'll claw you.

Rhonda—BIG BRAIN!

Karen, Pat—Maxi's are out.

Nola—Just too noisy for words.

Julie, Carol—Electronic fingers (when typing).

Lynn—A crow eater (South Aussie).

Jenny—Darling (guess who wrote class notes).

Janine—So quiet I nearly missed her.

Between frequent reminders of our forthcoming ordeal (Junior) and threats, we have managed so far, to accomplish a remarkable feat in the scholastic world. In other words, we intellectuals, boy lovers, nuts, stirrers and sports stars of 3D-1 are rearing to go (we know not where.)

Thanks to our wardens we are now prepared for the big world outside and ready to face the forthcoming crises of which we are sure there will be many (according to Mrs. Taylor).

While on the subject of teachers our most sincere thanks must go the way of Mrs. Tapley who has continually roused our school spirit throughout the year in an attempt to raise money for charity. She is so enthusiastic that after 12 miles in the pouring rain (our Walkathon) she could still manage to stand at the finish line and cheer the stragglers in. By this I mean she left us all for dead!

Luv and Kithez,

from little ol' us.

3D-2 Class Notes

Oh we're the class of 3D-2,

Studies and work we have much to do:

We have English with Mrs. Lake,

And heaven help us if we make a mistake.

We have Commerce with Mrs. Tapley,

When we work, then she is happy.

We have Typing with Mrs. Sanders,

When we talk she really can't stand us.

We have Social Studies with Mr. Jones,

And when we're good he never moans.

Now we have Maths with Mrs. Taylor,

We might play about but we'll never fail her.

So here we are all thirty eight,

And really we're the best in the State,

Although we make an awful noise,

There is only one remedy . . . BOYS!

3E-3 Class Notes

We are a class of young ladies, and I do mean young ladies.

In our class, we have a Judo enthusiast, whose name is Lauree Edger. We also have a young girl, hoping to be a model, whose name is Deborah Holt.

Our class clown is Sherryn Holmes, she has quite a sense of humour. The rest of our class are model students. I am sure Mr. Jones is glad that he chose us for his form.

Margaret.

2A-1 Class Notes

PRISON—John Curtin High School.

CELLS—No. 44, 15, 16, 8.

HEAD WARDER—Mr. Taylor.

TORTURE CREW—Mrs. Taylor, Mr. Partington, Mrs. Suraski.

SENTENCES—Between 3 and 5 years.

CRIMES—Playing hooky, supposed to have brains.

TYPES OF PUNISHMENT—Maths, English, Physical Education, Social Studies.

CHIEF CRIMINAL—Jose Chamizo.

SUNDAY ENTERTAINER—Meryl Malacari.

2A-2 Class Notes

The students of 2A-2 are very clever, polite, studious and very modest.

Last term the prefects consisted of Sharon Wellburn and Ken King and for second term they were Claire Cummings and Mario D'Antuanno.

We are fairly sport-minded with Peter Watson as our champion swimmer, also a gymnast. Peta Corish who plays basketball is also a champion swimmer. Vanessa Farrington is a keen hockey

player who is captain of the Saturday morning school hockey team.

At the beginning of second term we held a Walkathon in which we raised \$120 for charity, thanks to the good organization of our form teacher, Miss Fraser.

2A-3 Class Notes

Our class comprises thirty-five students, the boys easily outnumbering the girls.

Thanks must be given to our form teacher, Mrs. Suraski, for "driving" us so in English and Social Studies. The hearts of 2A-3 bleed for Mr. Taylor, who tries desperately to teach us maths. Unfortunately, we are not all mathematically inclined.

The class prefects for first term were Patricia Weir and Glen Stevens, and they were succeeded by Randy Severin and Des Stagg, in second term.

Congratulations to Greg Sheehan on being selected to represent the State in the Under-14 Baseball Championships to be held in Sydney in August.

2B-1 Class Notes

Our class is certainly blessed(?) with a preponderance of males (Lucky Girls). We have many cadets who enjoyed their postponed weekend, even though some of the rations seemed inadequate for "Growing Boys".

Mrs. Taylor, our form teacher, is "groovy".

First Term Prefects were Kerry Ogg and Kim Davey. Second Term Prefects are Norma Garratt and Neil Smith.

We have some sportsmen in our class: M. Jennings, K. Davey and P. Crow are hockey players; C. Wilkinson, T. Polce play in the soccer team; K. Nickolas, I. Townson, T. Polce, C. Wilkinson and M. Cuff make up the class basketball team (what there is of it) and Megan Morris was picked to be in the gymnastics team at the interschool gymnastics competition.

2B-2 Class Notes

Here is the tragedy of 2B-2,
Under the guidance of Mr. Daw,
'Tis said to be true,
We learn and learn a whole lot more,
Terrific looking,
And bright as well.
It's the girls—
And can't you tell?
Who are the talkers?
There are a few:—
Karen, Lynette, Marg.,
Mandy and Sue.

Now to the workers,
This could be funny,
There's only Leonie
Collecting the money,
Good at sport,
Essentially gym,
Are—Rose and Beth,
It keeps them trim,
As has been said,
"Better late than Never."
Irene and Lisa,
Say it ever.
Susan H. is good at art,
Susan F. can really laugh,
So it just goes to show,
We are the better half.

We have a few sportsmen,
Andrew, John, Barry and Clive,
Footballers, cricketers and horsemen,
Team spirit well alive,
The brains are well hidden—
Most do not show,
John, Frank, Michael and Les;
Should there be more, I do not know.
Many accents are heard,
From all over the world,
Lorenzo, Felix and Geoff,
Other countries have left.
Albert, David and John are quiet,
While Ron, Evan and Peter heard with clarity,
Robyn is our prefect,
And Eric donates to charity.

I said this was a tragedy;
This poem proves it true,
I can not write poetry.
Need I tell you?

2D-1 Class Notes

Our class 2D-1 consists of 32 girls.
Some girls are very good at sport.
Namely:—Diane P., Kerry H.
Most of the girls play Hockey and Basketball.
Hockey players are:
Debbie R.—State school girls' team. Metropolitan.
Jill G.—School team 2 years, also Applecross Clinic.
Leonie O.—School team for 2 years.
We had some girls in the swimming carnival, they were:—
Jan De Passey.
Kay Chamberlain.
Jenny Downing.
Diane Potts.
Some girls are doing a new experiment for Public Schools throughout Western Australia; it is for the English Speaking Board (E.S.B.) We do a project and a poem or drama and a passage from a novel.
One girl in our class has left us, she has gone to

Balga High. She was top of the class in first term.
Her name is Julie Pollock.

TWO DEE TOO

Our class is two dee too,
And the task that is set is difficult to do.
Each day we come to school fresh and bright,
Each day we leave full of spite?
Most girls come just to see the boys!
And others for their joys?
Before we drive them 'round the bend,
Upon "them" comes a long weekend.
And our form teacher, Miss Bradbury,
Helps keep us in shape;
No make-up is to be worn at school,
So if you do, you break a rule.
Everyone in the class is quite all right!
Friendly, gentle, and full of spite.
So if you need some hip-advice,
Two dee too you'll find all right!

2E-3 Class Notes

HEAD CHEF—Mr. Bradfield.

CHEF—Marilyn Crabbe.

COOKS—Michelle Teague, Lyn Thompson, Dot Wale, Pam Cochrane, Trudy Pluktych, Anna and Tresa Peromalli, Lyn Scrimgeour, Pat Jones, Kay Pengel, Florence Sutherland, Kathleen Valli, Wendy Welding, Wendy Nind, Sally Meek, Julie Molone, Elaine Howe, Rosalde Caple.

MENU—2E-3 is an all girls class of 20. Being a small class has its advantages, we work together as a group and really get to know our teachers. Our form teacher is Mr. Bradfield, with whom we get along quite well, most of the time. Mr. Bradfield also teaches us Social Studies and Art.

For cooking our teacher is Mrs. Thompson who takes us for interesting lessons.

We find English is very good with Miss Brophy as she gives us new work and makes it interesting. We have fun in Physical Education and Miss Whyte also makes maths lots of fun.

In science Miss Frazer uses films and other diagrams to make the subject interesting.

Our class prefect (Marilyn Crabbe) is very popular with the class. We think she carries out her duties well and is a terrific prefect.

1A-1 Class Notes

O is Our class—33 is our number.

N's Number 3—The room we encumber.

E's for Exams when all the class tries.

A's for achievement—Exams in disguise.

O is for One—One and all is our call.

N is for Neil who's not very tall.

E is for English through which we all zoom.

J is for Judy there's two in our room.

O is the oval on which we excel.

H is for Henderson, Hudson and Hay as well.

N's if we're naughty we get to write lines.

C's Calisthenics at which J.F. shines.

U is for "Up"—the way each of us goes.

R is Raelene, Richard, Ron, Rus, Ringrose.

T is for Trish a poet of repute.

I is for Ian and Ireland to boot.

N is for Nil—We hope not to get it.

H is for Homework—ditto—

I is for interests we have such a lot.

G's Glenda, Gibson and swimmer Geoff Trott.

H is the history some love and some hate.

S is for Stringer who influences our fate.

C is for Carol, Cleo and Clive.

H is for Howard—A chess champion—live!

O is for Orful—Our spelling you bet.

O is for on which we hope we will get.

L's all those left for whom there's no Letter.

To make up a class that no one can better.

Our class comprises fairly ordinary students although some have moved into fields, other than academic ones.

Robert, our last term's prefect and top of the class, is the State Under-14 chess champion and the last term's girl prefect Judith, represented the State in calisthenics. Our swimmers are Jeff and Glenda who swam for the school. The entertainer is Judith Forrest who appeared on T.V. and won her way into the finals.

School hockey stars are Michele and Bernie while the remainder, Debbie, Lee-ann, Patricia, Carol, Raelene, Robin, Gina, John, Clive, Peter, Greg, Philip, Graham, Brian, Richard, Neil, Ian, Martin, Steven and Peter Gibson make up a jolly lot of classmates.

A special mention for Lee, the wizard at breaking eggs.

Prefects of 1A-1.

1A-2 Class Notes

Our class consists of a fairly happy bunch of students. Although we're not all brains, we have some pretty good sportsmen. Jack Jager and Susan Hill swam well at the faction carnival much to their faction's delight. However, you can't win all the time, as Lew found out.

Julie Harrison competed in gymnastics. There were ninety-five competitors of whom Julie managed to come first. Last term's prefect was Kim Schur. This term's prefect is John Calhoun.

1A-3 Class Notes

The boys and girls of 1A-3,

Geniuses all we try to be,

Social Studies, Science, Maths,

English, Italian we try to pass.

Homework is a dreadful bore,
But a most necessary chore.
At games and sport we all excell,
If only we could learn to spell.

Our backs are strong,
Our brains are weak,
Knowledge, all we try to seek.

Although our class is rather small,
We are the GREATEST of them all!
"A"—A Supposedly intelligent class.

"B"—Backward in Studies.

"C"—Christines we have two!

"D"—Densies—In Exams.

"E"—Extra Ordinary Talents:

Branes—Nic Gianfrancesco, J. Crow, R. Wilson
(who deserted us).

Swimmas—W. Berglund, T. Daws.

Hockey Players—J. Semple, C. Durnin.

Basketball Players—T. Daws, S. Rauchle, N. Gianfrancesco, K. Hall, P. Murray.

"F"—Fabulous Fantastic Class.

"G"—Garry Shug—Likes to shoot little apples from
classmates' heads (NOT VERY SUCCESSFUL).

"H"—Honours in Charity Collection Yuk! Yuk! Yuk!

"I"—Innocents—R. Willis, L. Mashall, C. Pine, A.
Duncan.

"J"—Juvenile Delinquents.

"K"—Kevin Hall—Loves to have a Ball.

"L"—Love'n all of you.

"M"—Micky Mouse fan Club.

"N"—Nic Gianfrancesco and Nic Goode—Opposites
(brainwise).

"O"—Olways in trouble.

"P"—Ray Pink—A coin collector.

"Q"—Peter Quin—"Mummy's Boy".

"R"—Rauchle—The school athlete.

"S"—Sick—Steven Hill in hospital with Rheumatic
Fever.

"T"—Miss Tobin—Is our Music, English and Form
teacher.

"U"—U must take pity on us.

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

"W"—"WORK!" You must be joking.

"Y"—X-Students S. Terry, R. Wilson, P. Paulin.

"Z"—Z is for ZOO where we all belong.

HERE ENDETH OUR CLASS NOTES

1B-2 CLASS NOTES

Our class, 1B-2, is an individualistic class; they like to do their own work and not have to worry about other peoples' work.

The most improved student in the class would be John Scrimgeour who, unfortunately, lost one of his eyes in the May holidays. John missed five weeks of school but has practically caught up to the class. Congratulations John!

Most of our members are proud of the class they are in. What makes our class proud would probably be our teachers as they teach us well and help us to enjoy school.

The funniest person in the class is David Park. When it comes to a lesson he plays like a baby bear and can get very confused.

The prefects are Robert Anderson and Margaret Anderson who are both excellent at performing their duties. The class as well as Mrs. McGillick (our form teacher) decided to keep Robert and Margaret as the prefects for the rest of the year because of their efficiency.



The test of a vocation is the love of the drudgery it involves.

—L. P. Smith.

HIT PARADE

Hair—Some of the 5th year boys need less of it
Dizzy—Altraphobia from the balcony

Love Me Tonight—Social

Oh Happy Days—Holidays

Let Me—Drink at the socials

Ballad of John and Yoko—peace.

Mercy Mercy—When parents see report cards

Goodbye—End of third term

Boom Bang a Bang—Heart beat.

You Made Me So Very Happy—Ribbons for girls

In these Bad, Bad Old Days—During exams

Get Back—to first year you nincompoop!

The Boxer—Johnny Famechon!!!

Big Ship—View from the windows on to the harbour

Nothing But a Heart Ache—Coming to school

Californian Girl—Our exchange student (Or was
she from Cal?)

I'm a Drifter—From class to class

Tomorrow Tomorrow—1811 bring my absentee note
Picture Book—Sentinel

Warmth of the Sun—Lunch on grass on a sunny
but cold winter day

Anonymous (4E).

Rotary Exchange Student

It was in July, last year, that John Curtin came to know Kathy Green, an American Rotary exchange student. Kathy spent ten months at Curtin, which would have been during her final year of high school back home in Pennsylvania, before entering college.

Upon leaving college, Kathy hopes to become a school librarian. Those who knew Kathy found her to be a very independent person, fitting in well with her fellow students and taking part in the class and social activities of the school.

Having made many firm friends, Kathy found it hard to say goodbye, especially at the airport, where her friends gave her a memorable send-off.

"WATER"

They led me there to feel it,
That cold silken wave.
And said—this is water, Helen,

POEMS AND CREATIVE PROSE

"LOOK BACK"

Look back, through the vague veneer of years,
To the warm ephemeral flush of childhood.
To the thirsty spring that drank of your youth,
So an hour was never an hour,
And a day not a day at all.
Look back in wonder and recall.

Look back, through the tyranny of time,
To the dawning of your independence.
To the summer passions that beat in your breast,
And ripened the sweet fruits of life for the fall.
Look back in wonder and recall.

Look back, through your diary's yellowed leaves,
To the vapid climax of your life.
To the subtle siren sighs of autumn,
That lured you closer to the fall.
Look back in wonder and recall.

Look back, through the dire doors of death,
To the swift senescence born of winter,
To the wind's bitter breath, that froze up your
logic,
And swept shrouds of snow on your hair.
Look back in wonder, not despair.

W. Jenkins 5E-4.

"THE WAR OF THE RED EYE"

The sound of the drum does not thrill the ear,
When a man stuck his thumb nail into the skin
So what for the flower cultivated in rows,
For reapers of the universe to pick and blow?
What then for the mountain shivering in the sky?
Man's defeat again shivering in the sky.
A rapelled harness twined for the day,
Waiting for man to turn the other way.

Elizabeth Stout 5E-7.

Helen, this is water.

Oh, for that touch
To feel that liquid spider web!
They called water, water, water—
Oh! Helen—you know water!

I still remember that tingling feeling
As my palm filled with that icy waterfall:—
For although I could not see it,
I, Helen, knew water.

And even now, when I am older
And know the feel of many things,
I can never forget the veil unlifted,
As I felt that cool, cool water.

Sally Congdon 3A-1.

"THE HIGH JUMP"

Parched, snorting, thudding, swinging they stride,
And, as beasts of prey, spring wildly from the
dirt, hurtle and dive headlong,
Exceeding the spars, to collapse a sprawled bundle
Midst the padding strewn the other side,
Then, spontaneously recovering, they return to
repeat their course.

Trevor Burwood 3A-3.

"WAR"

The destruction, devastation.
The unnecessary death.
The fierce, bloody war
Man and his death machines.

The enemy no-one knows,
The truce is called
Friends made to kill
Kill or be killed.

The endless stream,
The stream of blood,
Of all nations,
Joining as one.

Yet at home Mothers
Weep for their sons;
Still they allow this
Legal murder to continue.

by L. Smith.

LONELINESS

My world, my quiet world of peace;
No-one to question me:
Devoid of the demanding, prying, ever-tormenting
souls, who would destroy my lease
on this sweet isolation.

Here, I remember the wrongs they do:
The deep hurtful wrongs,
That destroy a man's very soul and mind,
conquering his belief too,
in the love of his brother.

I absorb myself in my world,
with sweet thoughts of love and life
as it should be,
for in my world, my quiet world,
I find this life, and need not
the pity of others.

My world is safe. But hark!
I feel the strong hate
of my own thoughts penetrating my mind,
and revealing unto me the stark
reality of my life.
My world, my once safe paradise,
is nothing.
Too full of my own disillusion and confusion.
The hope in the hearts of others will entice
my heart to love, once more.

Then, I will live again,
without loneliness,
For loneliness is just a state of mind,
The cause of much pain
But love is eternal life.

by Lynne Haskell 5E-6.

"LISTEN TO ME BROTHER"

Listen to me Brother,
I'm crying out in pain.
Listen to me Brother,
I'm starving once again.
How fine those footprints look,
Scattered on the moon,
How big those missiles are,
Leading us to doom.
Listen to me Brother,
I'm hungry once again.
Listen to me Brother,
I'm living in a den.
How expensive are your Wars,
Your missiles and your planes?
I only ask for rights,
I only ask for grain.
Listen to me Brother,
I can only ask,
Listen to me Brother,
Am I your shame?

J. Karpathakis 4A-2.

TREES

Green leaves, rain drop sparkling,
Silver-grey bark, like metallic rock:
The wind is blowing, gently, gently,
Trying in vain to shake off the droplets of rain.

But this tree is a happy tree
Each year leafing, flowering and fruiting
In the same slow way.

Gareth Griffiths 3A-2.

THE SANDS OF TIME

The sands of time ever widening,
Across the limitless beach,
Here and there a ripple forms,
Some in great numbers, some by themselves.

The sands of time ever widening,
Washed by the water of life,
The water reaches many places,
Sometimes taps on strife.

From a breach the water comes rushing,
Covering, pulling,
Leaving a space to be filled in the future,
Leaving a space to be filled in time.
by S. McNight 4D-1.

"THE CAVERN"

An uncanny stillness reigns,
A silent, clear, perfect world,
Unspoiled by man,
Lies before the explorer.

A roof of twisted greenery,
Blocks out all but a faint glimmer of sun,
Wet, pulp fern trunks jostle for space,
On the rich red-brown earth,
And the mosses, the creepers and fungi,
Cluster over rotting plants and logs.

The explorer stands, gazing,
At the unreal world before him,
But already, its fate is sealed—
Destruction by man.

David Holmgren 2A-1.

"CANOE"

Stealing softly over still waters,
Glided the sacred canoe.
Painted by the hand of anguish and sorrow
For one, whose earthly life is through.
Filled with paternal memories
And gifts, from one forsaken sore.
Creeping over timeless water,
For evermore.

Sally Congdon 3A-1.

"THE RED FELT HAT"

The red felt hat lay on
the chair, forgotten
Where it had been,
And the dust of years and
last week's too
sat on its battered brim.
Its band removed
it played no more,
No cherry head to cover,
It's faded now and
its fate will be, to
just lie there and smother.

Jeff Glass 4B.

OUR TIES

Of the great Commonwealth are we,
Of the Queen we serve.
For the Australian flag we are proud of Justice
and our heritage!
We are proud to be of the land of our birth,
Australia.

Des Stagg 2A-3.

"THE QUEEN"

Across the white capped waves she rides,
A proud and haughty queen.
With black flag flapping in the breeze,
An awe-inspiring scene.

Her silky white sails billowing,
Her ensign hoisted high.
Not one would dare defy her,
Unless they wished to die.

Inside the hull a ghastly scene,
Of blood and sweat and pain,
As slaves are carried by this queen,
Across the Spanish Main.

Carolyn Collins 3A-1.

"FISH SHOP"

The hissing screech of fish in boiling oil condemns
our presence,
As I regard the mute, fly-spotted walls cringeing
from swirling confusion,
And wishes rising 'mongst smoke and sickening
stench only to fall and scuttle away like cock-
roach
though indelible as the lingering taste of grease.

Seeing ourselves, we don't look,
Knowing, we do not guess why we stand here,

Tableaux, our sorrows shrouded in choking mist
— 85 thanks
— taa.

And the fly still nudges at the old naked globe
printing it out in black and white,
But the mist still hangs, not dissipated by the
light.

Susan Snell 5E 1.

"A CANDLE"

With a cherished love and sorrow;
I entered the door before me;
I had no power before thee;
But your faith I wished to borrow.

There in the corner a candle lay;
The prayer I said was for faith;
Then lighting the candle to form a flame;
I watched as my sorrow was taken away.

Then as the candle slowly faded;
My grievances were gone;
For in your faith in which I waded;
God and a candle had won.

R. L. Le Franc 5E-3.

"CONSCRIPT TO HELL"

A dock in a frosty port of England,
A dock filled with sorrow and regret—
As a shipload of convicted criminals sets sail,
For a journey, and such a long journey.

Waves crashing! Wind howling!
As insane gods overpower this floating hell,
The lucky are dead, and free from misery
While others lie in intolerable pain—
Tormented by the whip and the in-human cries
of others.

Space on this piece of hell is a God-sent miracle;
They are chained animals—
Not living, merely existing, for a life of no im-
portance.

Six months have been like eternity,
Their journey of hell-sent agony almost ended—
Scenes of hard and bitter agony;
All around lie the dead;
Death is a gift, a glorious gift—
For pain and suffering lies in wait for those left.

Never has been such acts of human cruelty;
The only comfort for pitiful wretches—
Knowing they are creating a start;
For the fortunate ones who were not caught.

Garry Williams 2A-1.

COUNTRY TRAIN

The station is filled with the smell of the steam,
As the first train prepares to depart.
The crew are all ready and the passengers too,
With a chug and toot they start.

She slows down a little as all signals clank,
But then she is off once again.
She runs through the shunting yard, then out of
town,
Switching to the south country lane.

Wild daisies dance in the wind of her wheels,
And a proud stallion shakes his mane.
Though mares may neigh and foals may run,
He is not afraid of a train.

Across a bridge and then down a hill,
As birds chirp and herald her way.
Whistle and chug through tunnel and town,
Till she's come to the end of the day.
by Janette Hill 3A-1.

GHOST GALLEON

There was no sound but that of the sea,
And the screech of a snow-white gull.
The wind, the waves and the spray,
Had ceased in a ghostly lull.

Though the sea was tranquil and calm,
The night before a storm had raged.
Crashing, roaring, pounding,
Like a wild beast uncaged.

Then with a creak and strain of ropes,
A galleon came sailing through.
With polished brass and brilliant sail,
Red and gold against the blue.

How it could sail with the wind so low,
And the current so weak in the sea.
And not a seaman on any deck,
Was sinister and strange to me.

When a man's life ends, his spirit still roams,
With ships it is the same.
Though dead they lie on the ocean bed,
Their ghosts will sail again.
by Janette Hill 3A-1.

"FROM SCHOOLDAYS TO TEACHERS"

When we are five we go to school,
And learn to write our names,
And if we do not spell them right,
We have to try again.

At seven we're still in Primary school,
And learning to write quite well,
And when the end of term comes round,

We think that it is swell.

When thirteen we start at high school,
And we are sad,
But when we've been here for a while
We find it's not so bad.

We want to leave when we're fifteen,
Our parents they say "NO", "NO",
We stay and pass all our exams,
It gives us quite a glow.

At university it's great,
And growing up is fun,
And when we get a high degree,
We think our work is done.

It's back to school for us once more,
The circle's now complete,
To teach the things that we were taught
Is really quite a feat.

Margaret Chambers 2A-3.

"WAR"

All about
Bullets fly
And
All about
Young men die.

Far in the distance
Massive guns rumble
And
In an instant
Buildings crumble.

All about
Machine guns blaze
And
Homes to the floor
Bombs doth raze.

The curling swirling
Sulphury
Stinging smoke
Blinds the eye.
The river of life
Is so short
If we buy the bomb
Our fate may be bought.

And the river of life
Is stained blood red
In the mud and slush of
Vietnam
Johnny lies dead.

His people are slashed with grief,
Because of man's insane belief.

We all may be turned into radioactive sod.
One day we will learn;
"The wrath of man bringeth forth not the will of
God."

J. A. Clay.

TWILIGHT—THE MAGIC HOUR

I remember a day when my sister was small, and my mother took her to a fair, where she got lost. After searching without finding Mum, she set out for home by herself. She walked up one road, down another, expecting to stumble on something recognizable. But everywhere the unfamiliar houses seemed unfriendly and forbidding. Afraid to knock on any door, she crept close to a tree in an empty corner block and fell into a sleep of exhaustion.

At dusk she awakened. The first of night was seeping into the neighbourhood, shadow by shadow. A pale wash of sunset pinked chimneys and rooftops. As she watched, the sky darkened to the deep, translucent blue of almost evening, and a brilliant first star appeared—her own reliable wishing star, right where it belonged.

Suddenly her world was righted. This was the magic time when wishes were made and faces washed, when daddies appeared and babies had baths—a friendly time. Without hesitation, she ran to the nearest door and banged on it. Within an hour she was safely home telling me excitedly of her experience.

My parents asked why she had waited so long to seek help. She could not explain. She cannot now, except to say that the enchantment of dusk is still upon her, still smooths away her fear and lifts her spirit. She does more at dusk.

The lights come on, for one thing—the companionable lights. Have you ever walked home on a late winter afternoon and been surprised by the silent coming-on of street lights? All in a moment, they line the road like transforming angels, and you go the rest of the way guarded and at peace.

Dusk is for homecoming, a wonderfully hollow-and-hungry-for-dinner hour. But almost as good as returning home at a day's end is the exhilarating business of faring forth then. There is no better time to take a train to the city than in the precious interval between day and night, when the blue air seems strung with excitement, almost tasting of adventure. Or walk in a quiet country alone as the finches cheep sleepily, and night insects awaken to begin a fine musical clamour.

What happiness for a child to burst from the house to play in the hide-and-seek dusk! As the hour grows later, the games become marvellously harder. "I see John". But is it John? Or is it a figment, a witching shadow?

Lovers wander hand in hand, paying no attention to the packs of children. A favourite place in our suburb is a wooden bridge over a little rocky

waterfall. Young couples meet there. They lean on the rail and toss a pebble into the falls, or a leaf. Or they walk slowly by the river, under the trees; and when the bridge is nearly swallowed by darkness, they cross it again, heading back.

In the measure-less blue of twilight, one glimpses, perhaps, a mystery and meaning beyond the turn of this trivial whirling stone in which we live.

R. H. Le Franc.

MONTMORENCY'S REVENGE

The drumming of horses' hooves echoed strangely through the misty dawn as I stumbled along the hard cobbled road. The dreaded sound gave new strength to my limbs, and fear lent wings to my feet.

Within seconds I had gained the cover of a large briar bush. The thorns rent my clothes and gashed my skin, but offered protection from the merciless Sheriff of Nottingham.

Suddenly, all around my hiding place were the sounds of horses and men. Trampling feet passed my haven of safety and once a pudgy hand was thrust within an inch of my nose. An agonized howl rent the air, and the hand, bristling with thorns, was quickly withdrawn.

At last the din ceased and I thankfully extricated myself from the brambles only to see a group of silent men all dressed in Lincoln Green.

"Well my friend!" cried a jovial voice, a tall, handsome man stepped from behind a tree.

"Who is it that seeks Robin Hood?"

With a start, I realized that this was Robin Hood, the famous outlaw of Sherwood Forest. Would he not help me?

Before I could speak, I was being escorted through the forest, and before long we had reached a large glen. After a delicious meal Robin and I had a long talk.

"Now my friend, tell me your plight. Maybe I can help you," invited Robin.

After a slight pause I poured out my story.

"I am Andrew Montmorency, son of Lord Montmorency of Lovecross Grange. My father has been murdered by the lily-livered Sheriff of Nottingham, and I have sworn revenge. The Sheriff heard of my vow and succeeded in outlawing me for three days."

Robin paced the floor for a few minutes, then turned to me with a wide grin.

"I happen to owe the Sheriff a few blows myself. Now here's my plan."

—oOo—

The dusk had fallen softly and white moonlight fell coldly across the gardens as two stealthy figures climbed the wall of Nottingham Castle.

The amazed Sheriff barely had time to think. First two shadowy figures dropped from out of nowhere, then he was being challenged to a sword

duel by an insolent young puppy. Angrily he grasped his sword. The battle raged back and forth across the large room and each deadly thrust was met with a lethal parry. Furniture was upset and crockery smashed until at last with a lightning movement, Andrew flicked the Sheriff's sword from his hand.

As Andrew's sword hung threateningly above the villain's heart, Robin cried.

"Mercy, Andrew. You have your revenge. Let us take him out into the forest and leave him there. Don't kill him here."

The plan was carried out, and for many years after Andrew still chuckled at the memory of the half-naked, blindfolded Sheriff of Nottingham shivering with cold in the middle of Sherwood Forest.

Judy Tye 1A-1.

"THE ERUPTION OF A VOLCANO" SACHA AND SAMOHT

As on any other night the village of Sacha was silent; the children were sleeping and dreaming their innocent dreams unaware of the troubles of the world. In the half light that comes before dawn few people were awake. Only the sick or those who had troubles that worried them excessively felt the first slight shake of the earth. They were not worried, Samoht often grumbled and groaned, but this earthquake seemed stranger than the previous ones. Suddenly the whole earth reeled in a series of convulsive movements just as the sun peeped over the horizon. The whole village came alive quicker than usual. The men were unwilling to leave their wives and children to go to their work on the farms. Even the elders were worried about the force of the earthquake at dawn; it had seemed unusually strong.

At this time of indecision fear was something that would spread like wild-fire. A feeling of unrest spread through the village, all of a sudden everyone panicked and chaos broke loose. There were cries of "Escape! Volcano erupting! and We'll all die!" Not far distant from Sacha was a mountain of a reasonable height for which everyone was heading. Mothers were herding their children around them while fathers were grabbing hastily the few precious possessions they owned. The desperate mob proceeded towards their only hope of safety. The old, the sick and the very young were carried by the strong men of the village. One feeling was very strong in the hearts of these "half-civilised native", no-one must be left behind to perish.

Behind this escaping crowd a gigantic black cloud in the shape of a pine tree rose from the summit of Samoht. This dreadful sight put extra energy into the steps of the natives and the feeling of self-preservation increased. People who fell or stumbled were put back on their feet again by eager helping hands. Everyone who understood what was happening had one thing in common;

they did not want to die. Many of the small children did not know what was happening but they all sensed the urgency with which they must leave Sacha a long way behind and deep down they all felt that they would not see Sacha, their home village, again. The chaos which had reigned previously had now been smoothed out and most were too shocked to have any feeling whatsoever.

Immense quantities of ash and dust in the cloud blotted out the sun; and the darkness was eerie. Flashes of lightning sliced through the cloud with a threat of worse to come. Tremendous amounts of steam and gas in the volcano burst through the confining rocks and one side was blown away. It was the side facing Sacha. The eruption of Samoht was beginning with a vengeance.

Lava oozed over the side of the volcano that had been blown out and slithered down the side. The mass of gold spread its deadly mantle over everything in the path. The molten lava was spectacular against the ominous black cloud. Slowly but surely the lava descended on the village till the latter was completely engulfed by it. A deluge of hot ashes and glowing rocks continued to fall in the surrounding region.

The natives had eventually reached the summit of the mountain safe from the lava's greedy clutch. They all crowded into caves to shelter from the descending ash, dust and rocks. The feeling of despair was common to all.

As the rain fell it turned into mud as it mixed with the ash and dust of the big cloud. This mud provided another layer to the earth. The lava had set hard and entombed the deserted village of Sacha. The whole landscape had been transfigured from one of thick forests and bush grass with neat fields of wheat and maize, to a barren, deserted, desolate waste land.

The next morning, after the worst of the cloud had dispersed, the stark truth hit the still-dazed natives; they would have to start from the very beginning and build everything again. Man is no challenge for the elements of nature; he has never won and he never will.

Sue Lambert 4C-2.

"WHO LEADS THE BETTER LIFE, MAN OR DOG?"

Who can say that man leads a happier life than a dog? Man is cuddled from babyhood, fed on pre-digested foods, steadily learns the art of internally killing himself through the agency of tobacco. A dog is not hampered by men preaching freedom of speech and thought and prepared to slaughter those who speak out against it or men of differing doctrines or "isms."

A dog doesn't have to strive to be the best scholastically to ensure a certain amount of domestic bliss nor does a dog have to clamber desperately up the status ladder.

Yet, I feel that undoubtedly man leads the happier life.

Greg Reid 2A-1.

JOEY—THE CLOWN

Joey was his name. I met this most interesting character at the circus, which we attended last Tuesday. Joey was the clown of the circus and the only clown needed, as his ways of making people laugh was extraordinary.

When I met Joey I was fascinated by his appearance. He wore a bright orange shirt which was colourfully finished with the addition of a purple and white polka dot tie. His trousers were quite enormous, as they far from fitted him in any way. These were a very dark green with white stripes. Joey was wearing a pair of huge black shoes, which were covered with sawdust and looked as if they had never been cleaned. His feet were so large that they reminded me of a big clumsy platypus. To suit his appearance, he had a mop of tangled hair which stuck out in every direction possible.

His face was like an enormous button with rosy cheeks and a large protruding nose. His eyes lit up his face like two bright stars. Joey's mouth wore a happy expression at all times during his act. His features were very typical of the part which he played.

Joey is a very happy person and had the natural ability to make other people laugh. He was very happy with children and spent most of his time entertaining them. I could never imagine Joey ever hurting a person as he was very gentle in all his ways.

To me Joey will always be a most unforgettable character as his happy attitude to life will remain with me for many years to come.

D. Vaughan.

COUNTRY SPRING

What is an ideal holiday to you? Probably a two-weeks' vacation in one of the many, many Pacific islands. Well I'm going to tell you what my ideal holiday is. Not a great trip round to the far countries or holidaying in the Pacific islands. Before I ever dream of seeing the world as many would like to do, I wish to see all of Australia the country that I live in.

In spring time the young birds are learning to fly and the hills are covered in green, a soft green that lingers when the gentle east wind goes humming by, making every blade of green stand at ease. The flowers are in full bloom and the busy bee is gathering his honey, the snow white lambs, running in the sun light, are playing and making the joyous noise of spring. The sheep are grazing and watching their young. It would bring joy to your heart to see the country in spring.

The farm life is a happy one and a clean one. In the city there is smoky and stale air and there is no room for the children to run and play freely, but in the country the air is fresh and clean and the children have many, many miles to run free.

In the country life you rise with the sun, you then work with the sun and at night you sleep when the sun goes down. All the work is done by the sun.

I was born and raised in the country and I have seen the country side of the Australian wheat land and it is there for all to see and enjoy. If you ever have a chance to go to the country in spring, then if you love a colourful garden, go to the country in spring because that is what it is, a garden in full bloom.

That for me would be an ideal holiday even if only for two weeks; but the memory of the country in spring time bloom, that I would see on my two weeks' holiday would truly last a lifetime in my thoughts and my heart. It is a sight that all should go and see and enjoy—the country in spring.

Grace McPherson 3E-3.

"ATTACKED BY AN ANACONDA"

The noisy chirps of million of insects, the density of lush vegetation and the dangerous tropical creatures were the signs that we had reached our destination. After three hard weary weeks we had arrived at the home of the world's largest snakes, in the jungles of South America.

Along with my two Brazilian guides, I entered the thickest part of the jungle. We cut through enormous vines and bamboo until I was certain that I could find the snakes that I was after.

Suddenly my guides began squealing in some foreign language and then sped off into the jungle. Dumbfounded I stood there. In that next instand I realized why they had acted so strangely. Around my neck the largest anaconda I had ever seen was curling itself.

Under the monster's weight I sank to the ground with the anaconda constricting me more and more. I was ignorant of the fact, that if I couldn't get the snake off, in a very short time I would be a mass of pulp.

I strained with every ounce of energy I had, but all to no avail. My arms, by this time, were clamped against my body and the anaconda's coils were clamping my legs together as well.

Just then the guides came running back with spears and guns for they evidently anticipated my doom. Being careful not to injure me, they killed the snake.

After the incident the snake was measured at thirty-two feet in length and three feet in girth. Overall, a rather terrifying encounter with a dangerous foe—an encounter that one would not wish to experience again.

Robert Howard 1A-1.

"ATTACKED BY A BULL ELEPHANT"

It was in the stinking hot jungles of Africa that it happened.

A severe drought had hit the village of the Bansutos killing the herds of cattle on which they depended. David Fitzgerald, Michael Montgomery and I headed a party of natives to bring medicines, food, and other supplies to aid them.

David and I (while Michael pitched camp) went hunting one afternoon. The heat was almost unbearable, the insects were twice as bad as the heat and worse still was the number of animals we saw: NONE.

The night enveloped the dense jungle and as quickly as if someone switched off a light, and as we returned from the unsuccessful hunt we heard a scream of terror. Then out of the bushes charged a bull elephant.

Screams, shouts plus the shrill trumpeting of the elephant echoed in the once still night. The elephant charged everything that moved and all the members of the safari charged out of the camp in terror, leaving me standing petrified in fright in the middle of the camp.

At last everyone had left the camp, except me, that is, and the elephant with a bellow of victory began to trample the still standing things.

Then I was the only thing standing, only me against this oversized steam roller, only me. How could I escape—would he catch me?

Where was the nearest refuge? These were the thoughts that welled in my mind as he advanced towards me.

Just then a miracle occurred, for without warning a flash of lightning split a tree which was only one hundred yards behind me and the elephant bellowing with fright turned and ran crashing through the jungle.

Sadly I began to clear the wreckage and tend to the injured. Now I knew we would have to go back and start from the beginning and that more people would die, all because of that bull elephant.

Martin Rees 1A-1.

"OUT OF PLACE"

Oh yeah! He was a big boy now. Getting pretty good at his . . . job. Outsmarted the best of them and got away with it. Yeah! He's pulled off six of them and got away without a question or answer and not a clue left behind. Not one . . . clue. Pretty confident by now, huh! Yet he was so right in his own mind . . . yet oh! So wrong.

As always there was rain. But somehow the silhouetted eyes of the clouds were different, wrong somehow, in a language he couldn't quite understand. The same old usual, lingering hang-over was gone and the mysterious figure moved uneasily tonight. Shadow after shadow passed, yet none seemed right. Someone was calling . . .

"What's the use? Why? What will you get out of it? Those lumps hanging over the mirror of a haunted bedroom." No that's not for you. He knew himself he was wrong, but why? He had no answer.

It was as if the hand of the devil had clutched his body with a force no power on earth had control of, and his sub-conscious had turned wild within his palm.

Then the voice had gone, the silence was stricken. The drizzling rain continued to annoy the puzzled brain of the stick figure lurking beneath the shadows of the corner. Without notice a disturbing shadow came, lightened, bright, clean and pure, different from the others, out of place.

A sharp tug, a push, squeezed fingers under the muffled scream of another innocent victim. Once more the clouds lifted, the moon fell into place, a figure was gone, another replaced, the noise of the corner continued yet something was missing, another knotch of hair upon a misted mirror.

Sherryll Poole 3B-1.

"CHEESEVILLE'S CRATER SNACK BAR"

It's a cheesey place near the dark side of the cheese; all the big cheesies hang out there. It has a variety of cheeses and drinks to suit the average traveller.

Cheeseville itself is an up and coming town of about seven hundred and fifty cheesies. There are two sides to the town, a light (white) side and the dark (black) side.

The white side thinks the dark are lazy good-for-nothing layabouts. All they do all day is go around having fun, messing around and watching the whites do all the work.

The Mayor (the biggest cheese for miles) is a half black and a half white cheese and he settles any disputes arising.

Lately, from the Cratersville Observatory, sightings have been made of unidentified objects floating around outside the Cosmos Atmosphere.

The Craters Snack Bar is always the centre of attention on Fridays and Saturdays, as stars from the other side of the cheese come over on invitation visits.

Far away on the other side of the cheese live the enemies of the cheesies, the chaves. They are dreaded enemies of the cheesies; they live in the holes made by the cheese itself many years ago.

Fighting has been going on for many years now and many casualties have been noted. The cheesies have threatened to drop a cheese bomb on Chivinia and cut the big cheese in two, with an enormous blast which will send both sides million of miles apart. This cheese is mainly made of explosive limburger cheese with a high neutronic conductor core to set it off.

After that the cheesies tend to burn their side

towards the sun to receive heat and make things grow more, so you see life will be better with the disappearance of the Chaves.

After that is completed Black and White will be separated into two sides so discrimination won't start and then the Cheese Bomb Commission will think of better ways to use the cheese power development!

James Gow 3A-3.

"THE CHANGING MOODS OF THE FOREST"

It was a peaceful night. The moon shone brightly down on the lagoon and the stars danced in the sky to infinity. There was a gentle breeze blowing through the trees and the moonbeams caressed the petals of the dandelions and daffodils as they softly swayed to and fro. The gentle breeze carried the fresh smell of pine which lingered in your memory.

It was a wonderful night for walking and it gave me a refreshing feeling to walk in the forest alone. But strangely enough, at times, it frightened me.

This particular night I had wandered too far into the forest and I was unaware of what was about to happen. Not being able to find the path that I had taken when I had entered the forest I finally came to a decision that I would have to camp for the night, by the lagoon.

As I walked down to the lagoon, I felt as though I was being watched by a thousand eyes. The gentle breeze suddenly became a howling wind, the lagoon was now like the ferocious ocean, and as the thundering clouds rolled in front of the moon, this peaceful night had been transferred into a fierce storm. With a strong clap of thunder down it came. The rain came splashing down, breaking in-two Mother Nature's most feeble creations.

In between the tree trunks I saw a light flashing and I heard a faint sound coming from the same direction. For the first time I really became frightened. I didn't know what to think or do. My reactions were slow and I just stood there petrified. As I was just about to turn around to run, a figure approached me calling my name. It was my kid sister who was worried about me and decided to come looking for me. Thank goodness she found me and knew her way out of the forest.

Elaine Cummings 2A-2.

"SEA DISASTER"

With all the majestic grace befitting her symbolic name, the "China Heritage", sliced through the gentle hull-caressing water as her huge canvases, now released, cascaded deckwards, bucking errati-

cally. The sails lurched convulsively forward finally billowing out evenly and thrusting the bulky schooner ahead to her final destination and repository for her cargo of tea.

On the horizon she could be seen, her white columns of sails, crowning the vast expanse of water, as if in recognition of its majesty.

Suddenly its coronation robes slung across the sky, and the sceptre fell! The Captain, till that moment was unaware of the storm looming upon them and had been conversing with the first mate in engaging colourful nautical metaphors.

Now the enraged monarch with all the energy it possessed gnawed into the hull. Then the storm beast lashed out with its blazing tongue, licking the mainsail clean and splintering the sturdy teak deck. There was immense turmoil as the stern was heaved zenith-ward by the colossal force behind the waves, and slowly submerged killing the whole crew.

All that remained of that mighty vessel was tattered canvas and driftwood for some romancing child to pick up and dream about.

Greg Reid 2A-1.

"THE DOG NEXT DOOR"

(Written by the Cat next door)

Two years ago to this very day our neighbours bought a boxer puppy. For about the first ten weeks I couldn't pass through the fence without being barked at, bitten on the leg, or chased up a tree, all because of this silly dog, who thought it was fun.

All this went on in the day, so I had to confine myself to travelling by night. This scheme went very well till one night I was sneaking through the fence when I received the fright of my life. To my surprise I came face to face with this ugly creature. A few seconds later I was up the tree with the dog barking steadily below. I only just managed to make a steady jump to the fence from the tree. From here I made my escape as fast as I could.

The next morning I tried a different approach; I tried to be friends with him. This was the biggest mistake I ever made and resulted in my losing half my fur, being bitten about the ears and head in numerous places.

This is the dog next door I have to put up with. I don't like what he does to me but I get revenge in our mortal combat battles.

Phillip Crow 2B-1.



He who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare. And he who has one enemy, will meet him everywhere.

—Emerson.

The result of this "stroll" on the moon could have drastic consequences on young people. When will courting lads propose to their lovers if the moon does not supply the atmosphere? The ro-

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

30 Staines Street,
VICTORIA PARK, W.A. 6100
20th July, 1969.

The Editor,
"The Sentinel",

Dear Sir,

Because of the recent publicity concerning the moon and moon walk, I feel that as a responsible citizen of earth, I really must protest at this hazardous use of public property by private concerns.

The moon is common to the whole world. Who is to say that it belongs to anyone? I feel that the American astronauts were totally unjustified in mounting the "stars and stripes" on the lunar surface. If every country did this the moon would resemble a meeting place for the Olympic Games!

It is not only the use of the moon by the Americans that is irksome, but I feel that the actual removal of materials from the moon's surface, is almost as bad as removing the monument from monument hill in Fremantle! Such practices are selfish and inconsiderate. The astronauts have not even momentarily contemplated the existence of intelligent life on the moon. If this thought had crossed their minds they might have thought twice about removing material, perhaps as sacred as the Weebo stones are to the Australian aborigines.

To add insult to injury, the astronauts have made the uncompromising exchange of machinery for rock, dust and etc. I mean, the actual deposits and various types of debris, valuable and otherwise. I wonder how we would feel if a space craft from the moon circled around earth, ogling at everything and anything and then actually left half of its equipment in the middle of Perth!

Another point of major importance stems from my great affection for romanticism in poetry. Which poet can now peruse the mysterious moon and her secrets writing verse? "Mars" and "Saturn" not only breach euphony but I personally would be amazed if a poet found a romantic word to rhyme with either Mars or Saturn!

A poet can no longer appeal to his readers' imaginations in reference to the moon as there is no longer any mystery surrounding the moon. We all know now what the moon looks like. I now assume that we will be inundated by unemployed poets!

mantic aura has disappeared from around the moon. Ladies will be most amused but most unimpressed when their lovers declare that for their love, they would go to the moon, because this is no longer an impossibility it seems.

Lovers and children will no longer be able affectionately to contemplate the friendly face of the man in the moon as the surface may become so cluttered up with capsules or perhaps even built upon, that this friendly face will be hidden from view.

And may I ask; what about my favourite nursery rhyme? That lovable cow will no longer be able to jump over the moon, due to the acute danger of high flying lunar modules.

I consider myself to have the foresight which is lacked lamentably by American Space authorities, to see that it is obvious that the moon will most probably turn out to be useless so, rather than let the rest of the world implant their standards on the lunar surface, they will devise some dastardly plan and drop a bomb on my beloved moon! Alas it will be no more.

So, you see Mr. Editor that I indeed have a considerable cause for complaint at this careless use of such a beautiful and symbolic piece of property as the moon.

Yours faithfully,

Pauline MacGowan, (4C).

A CRISIS FROM DEVELOPMENT: JUNE, 1969

Dear Sir,

Being an old-timer of the general Fremantle district, as well as a great observer, I have finally deduced from years of observation and close study, that Fremantle and all places along the river front of the Swan-Avon River system will, in the near future, be flooded. This may come as a great shock, but as you know, the level of the river has risen markedly in the past few weeks and the old Riverside Drive in East Fremantle, has been for quite a number of dips in the river water. You may also have observed the increased tonnage of ships using the port facilities, the great land development along the river banks, and the greatly increased number of vehicles on the road over the past five years.

My theory is that the development along the river, plus the increased number of cars, has been too great a weight for the land to hold up, and consequently, the greater number of ships berthing in Fremantle harbour has (due to Archimedes' Principle and a few of its applications) displaced enormous amounts of water, and it is this water that will ultimately cause the flooding.

Having put forward my theory, I hope that it will be considered with due seriousness, and it is my suggestion that people should begin moving to high ground immediately. Thanking you for letting me express my feelings to the public through the medium of your paper.

Yours distressfully,

An Observer.

P.S. May I suggest you change the name of Riverside Drive to River Drive.

"APPLICATION FOR EXTENSION OF LEAVE"

Site Foreman,
Olympic Builders.

Dear Sir,

On Sunday I went out to the building site, (Job No. 318AJ), to see what damage the cyclone had done. I found several bricks had been blown off the top, so I decided to fix it. A beam and barrel system was already there to take the bricks

to the required level. After hoisting up a few loads of bricks I went to the top and began to work.

When I had finished I found that there were still many bricks unused. So I soon found that the bricks and barrel were much heavier than I was, therefore I was shot up into the air. The easiest thing to do was to hang on. So up I went. About half-way up I met the barrel coming down. I received many painful cuts and bruises to my shoulders. At the top my fingers were jammed into the pulley and my head was bashed against the beam. At the same time the barrel hit the ground and the bottom fell out of it allowing all of the bricks to fall out. Now I was heavier than the barrel, so I started on a rapid descent. The barrel and I met again at the half-way mark; this time I got it on the shins. I kept on going down and at the bottom I received more cuts and bruises when I landed on the pile of bricks.

At this point I must have lost all presence of mind because I then let go of the rope. The barrel, which was now at the top, began to fall, right on top of me, landing me in hospital for three days.

I therefore respectfully request three days' extension of leave.

(signed)

A. G. Williams.

J. Pearse (4B).

Roget's Thesaurus — A Useful Classroom Aid

Reprinted from "The Educational Magazine",
June, 1968

For the benefit of my colleagues who have little acquaintance with the humanities, I will explain that Roget's *Thesaurus* (to give it its usual title) is a list of words and expressions grouped by meaning. It could most easily be described as a "Dictionary of Synonyms", and as such, it is a very useful aid to good writing. If you know what you want to say, but can't find the right word, refer to Roget; it will be listed there.

In my little attempts to write, I have found the volume very useful. I always commended its use to my sixth form classes, and urge them to use the copy in the library. However, a few weeks ago, and quite by chance, I discovered a new use for Roget; a use available to all classroom teachers in the practical, everyday classroom situation. I can best explain this use by giving an example from my own experience.

IVb enter my room in their usual hearty manner, knocking over furniture, throwing their cases on the desks, tripping one another up, and exchanging playful punches. I reach for my trusty Roget.

"You oafs, louts, lubbers, swabs, slobs, yokels, clods, blockheads, numb-skulls, wooden-heads, bone-heads, chumps, boobies, dolts, dunces and dullards!" I scream. "You make me feel sick, displeased, dissatisfied, revolted, disgusted, irritated, riled, nauseated, exasperated, griped, provoked and peeved. Unless you cease that horrible noise, racket, din, clamour, clangour, clatter, jangle, rattle, uproar, tumult, hubbub, hullabaloo (here I pause for breath), "bobbery, fracas, brawl, rumpus, ruckus, ruction, rowdydow, cat's concert, pandemonium, and bediam let loose, I will personally punish, chastise, chasten, discipline, castigate, bring to book, call to account, deal with, and make a lesson of the whole lot of you; to be more specific, I will lambaste, clobber, lick, larrup, welt, trim, belabour, blister, batter, beat, tear limb from limb, and dismember you all, one by one, singly, individually, severally and one at a time."

IVb are silent. I can see the admiration written on their faces. One or two are making notes. The lesson begins. All goes well; the class is atten-

tive and well mannered. At one stage, when I detect a hint of restlessness, I merely say, "Silence, keep quiet, shut up, keep your traps shut, hush, shush, pipe down, and button your lips." Order is restored.

This is the approach I have been using with invariable success for some weeks now. I have as yet barely scratched the surface of this remarkable book (tome, work *magnum opus*, etc.). There are countless thousands of words that I haven't yet used.

Fellow teachers, preceptors, mentors, dominies, and educators, I hope I have convinced you of the value of this compilation, handbook, manual, guide-book, and thesaurus. You cannot afford to be without such an invaluable aid, help, assistance, succour, relief and benefit! You, too, can experience the magic of well-chosen words, terms, expressions, locutions, vocables and utterances. Try Roget and see.

W. J. Fletcher in the "New Zealand Post-primary Teachers' Association Journal."

"Safety First on our Road"

Every year the volume of traffic on our roads continues to grow. Today Australia ranks high in the world as far as the ratio of cars to population is concerned. This growth of traffic highlights the need for extreme care and alertness at all times by those who use our roads. Whether you are a motorist, motor cyclist, cyclist, or pedestrian, you have many responsibilities and obligations to ensure not only your own safety but also the safety of others using the roads.

Crossing the streets is sometimes dangerous especially at night—the motorist or cyclist must give way to you on the crossing, but be sensible and wait for a gap in the traffic—at night, cross near a street light. At all intersections, watch for traffic which may be turning the corner.

No one should be driving with alcohol in his blood stream. You should know that alcohol, even a little alcohol, will have the double effect of making you drive worse, yet making you think that you are driving better. The best rule is—"Don't Drive After Drinking."

You must not drive in a reckless, careless or dangerous manner. This is what the law states. There are special penalties, for instance—for dangerous driving a fine of up to \$200 or three months' imprisonment.

In addition the court may suspend your licence for both first and second offences. The penalty for manslaughter is up to imprisonment with hard labour for life. There is also a saying: "Let not any action of yours endanger others."

Winter driving demands extra care. Slow down at night.

Dirk Jager.

THINK

Keep a rock on your desk,
Someone told me or did I read it?

"To have a substantial proof of permanence and time

To sometimes touch or hold the ageless silence
The stony sound and wonder and wonder . . .

It is more shameful to mistrust your friends
than to be deceived by them.

—La Rochefoucauld.

Nature is but a name for an effect whose cause
is God.

—Cowper.

Never cut what you can untie.

—Joseph Joubert.



"It's not my intention to work you
into a state of mass hysteria . . ."



John Curtin High School

THE OFFICIAL OPENING OF

"The Jack Howieson Memorial Library"

The official opening of John Curtin's fine new library was held on Tuesday, June 5th, 1969. A large party of invited guests attended the function, the Guest of Honour being Mrs. R. Howieson. Other members of the official stage party were Mr. E. H. M. Lewis, Minister for Education; Mr. H. W. Dettman Director-General of Education; Mr. J. Dolan, M.L.C.; Mr. K. Beazley, M.H.R.; Mr. J. Down, District Superintendent of Education; Mr. F. Dimond, President of John Curtin Parents' and Citizens' Association; Mr. Loneragan, Principal; Mr. Stokes, Deputy Principal; the School Captain, Lindsay Baguley and the Senior Girl, Helen Lew-

ington. As well as official guests, members of John Curtin Staff and about six hundred parents attended the opening.

The speeches necessary at such a function were made and Mr. E. H. M. Lewis declared the Jack Howieson Library officially open. Mrs. Howieson, assisted by her son, unveiled the plaque which is now to be seen affixed to the wall at the entrance to the library.

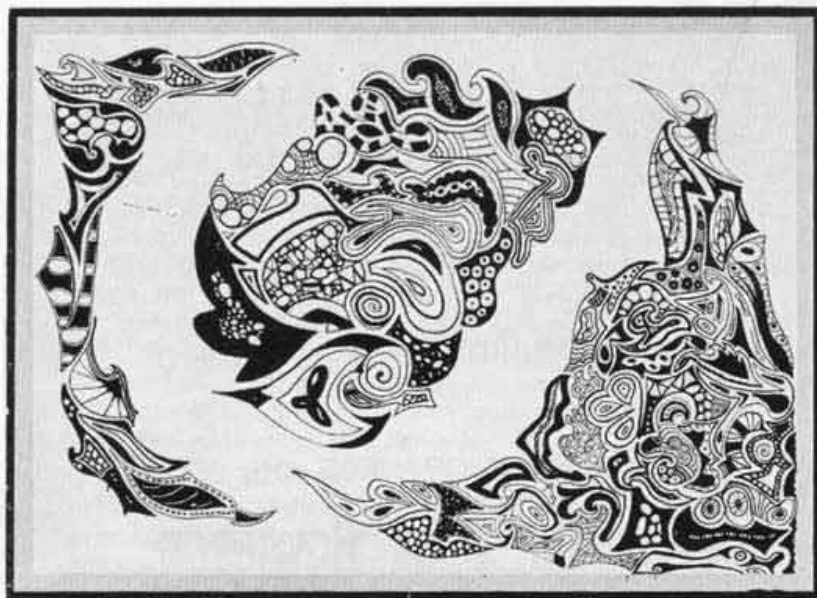
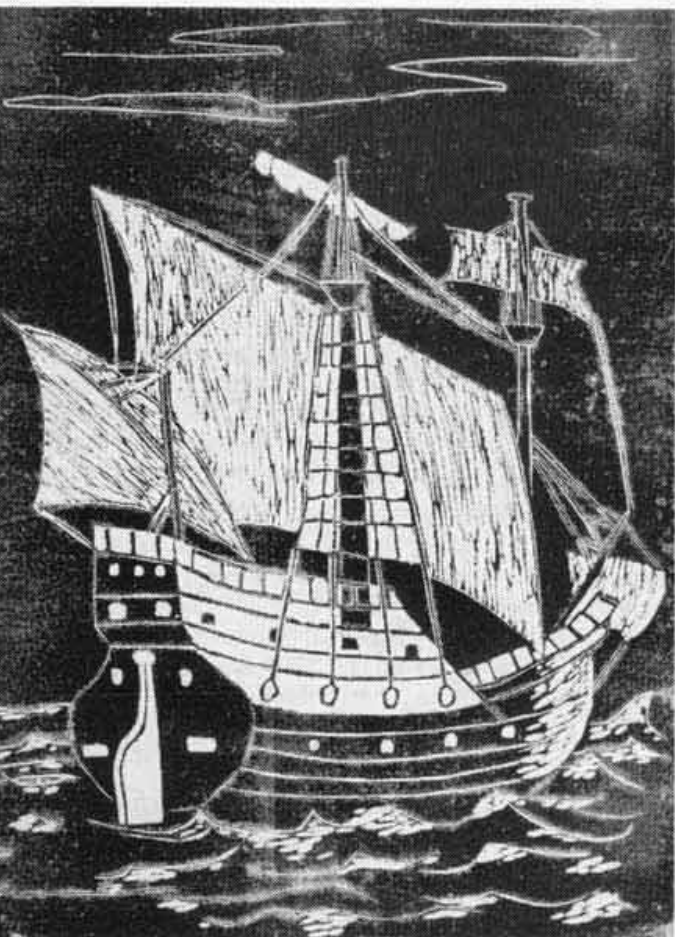
With the formal side of the opening complete, all present were entertained by various items by the students. Mr. Telenta, although still on long service leave ably compered the show and helped to fill in the inevitable lapse between items.

Under Miss Tobin's direction the school choir sang a delightful selection of numbers. Two exhibitions of calisthenics were given by, firstly, the third year girls in their "Doll Dance" and then by the upper-school girls' team in "Aztec Sacrifice". These girls were assisted in the crash-course in the finer arts by the women phys. ed. staff—Mrs. Bromilow, Miss Whyte and Miss Mowday. The upper school boys gave a spectacular vaulting display under Mr. Rate's watchful eye and never failed to stun the audience. The entertainment was well enjoyed by everyone present.

The library was open for inspection and so great was the crush of parents, that it was quite a while before everyone was able to inspect this fine addition to John Curtin. An enjoyable supper was provided by the canteen for the official guests and parents who attended. Overall, the evening was a great success with many thanks due to those who worked very hard to make it so.

A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE NEW LIBRARY





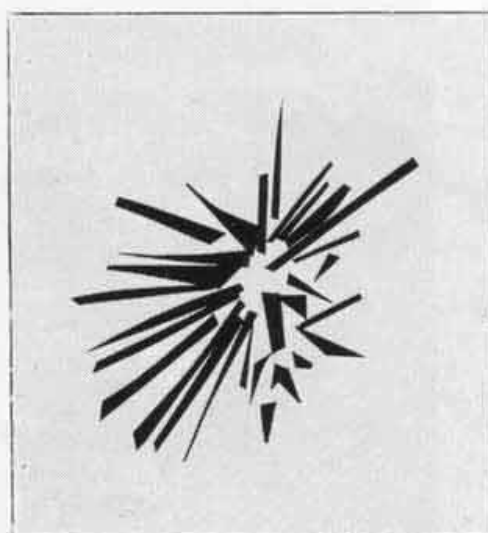
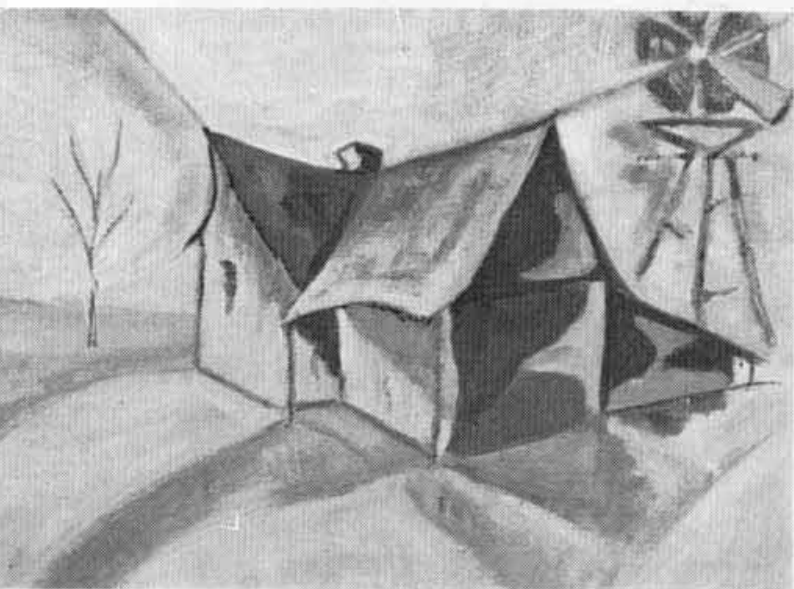
Above: Lino-cut by Margaret Larssen 4D1.

Above right: Ink pattern by Ann Sackett 5E4.

Right: Still-life painting by Tina Jezewski 5E7.

Below: Landscape painting by Christine Stoddart 5E4.

Below right 'Explosion'—paper-cut composition by Deborah Birch 1A1.





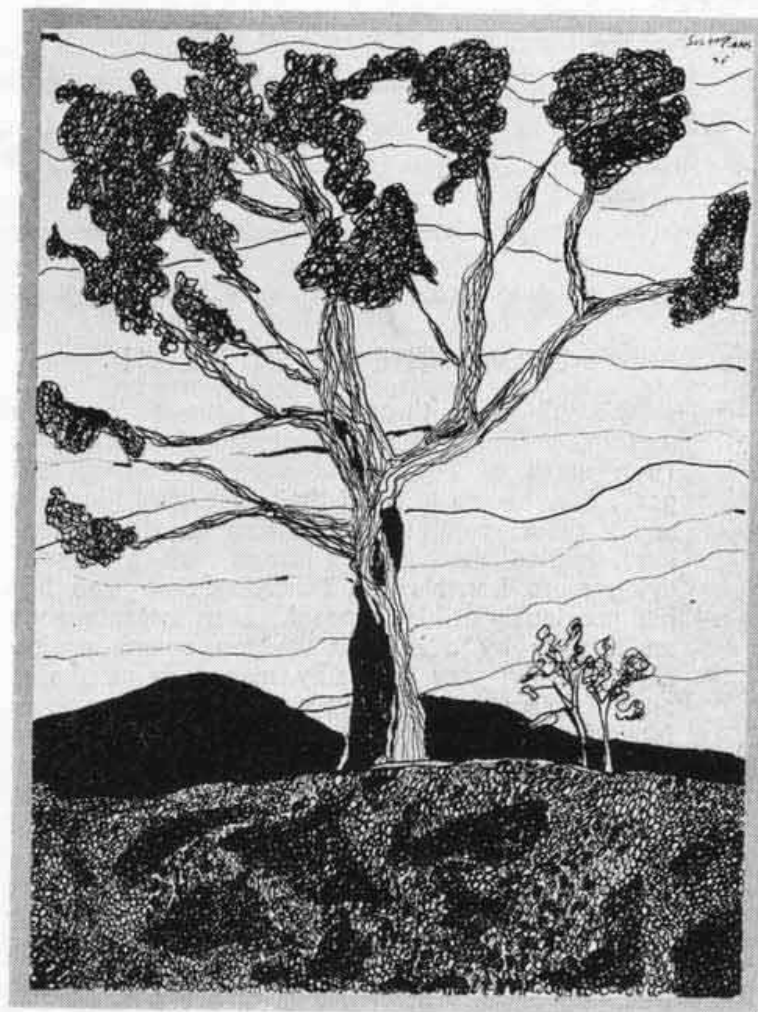
Above: Ink composition by Mary Bennett 3D1.



Above: 'Clown'—a painting by Marise Worley 1A1.



Left: Lino-cut print by Tricia Crawford 2A1.



Above: Pen drawing—Landscape by Susan Park 3D1.



Above: Seascape painting by Mary Bennett 9D1.

portions will be a titanic fight to the finish. The desolation will be much the same as that forewarned in the book: "Silent Spring".

Pause for a second to ponder the scene of such a nuclear and chemical—bacteriological deluge . . .

There is nothing moving. The wasted bodies of humans and animals rot in the greenless fields. Some bear the signs of a long and painful death while others appear to have died quickly, wallowing in their own vomit and diarrhoea. Over all settles a fine white ash, continually falling from the dark, unfamiliar clouds overhead. On the shores dead shrimp are washed ashore and after them, the whiting, their predators. The shark swims out to his deepest waters and broods in the cold, clean currents. He is very hungry this season . . .

Is this what man has worked for over 7,000 years of progress? Unless the Great Powers obtain a reasonable basis for agreement this could well be the scene one could expect to find, even tomorrow, on one's doorstep.

How true were Thomas Edison's words that science must be governed with humanity, or science will wipe out humanity. Faced with such an eventuality the powers—that be—must try to obtain a mutually acceptable dis-armament programme. "But if we fail, then the whole world . . . including all that we have known and cared for, will sink into the abyss of a New Dark Age made more sinister, and perhaps more protracted, by the lights of perverted science".

(WINSTON CHURCHILL IN THE BROADCAST OF JUNE 18, 1940.)

Roy France 5E-2.



STUDENT UNIONS

Judging by the fuss stirred up by the epithet "Student Union", one could be excused for thinking that the words were pregnant of something sinister. Obviously the State Authorities (with a capital A), firmly believe this; otherwise why would they order the Australian Security Intelligence Organisation to keep a close check on the development of the W.A. Secondary School Students' Union a few months ago.

Ironically, however, when the second of the student tracts appeared in April, 1969, Education Minister Lewis took the line that anonymous documents were not worth taking seriously. The venerable Director-General of Education, Mr. H. W. Dettman was fatuous enough to emphasize the minor problems (very minor problems) of trespass and litter. To quote him:—"No-one is greatly disturbed, but copies of 'Mull' left about will naturally be cleared up and destroyed."

However, neither of these attitudes represents a sensible, considered appraisal of the full meaning

of student unions. At the most simple level, they mean just what they say—an organisation to protect students' interests and to better their status. But obviously they intend to be more than that. Their aims are to encourage students to question various aspects of society in general and the present education system in particular.

At several meetings in W.A. the following specific aims were formulated:—

1. To study and understand the existing education system.
2. To obtain and maintain support for the reform of the education system.
3. To uphold the human rights of the students and other persons involved in the acquisition of reforms of the education system.

Let me consider these one by one. Firstly, a study of the existing education system, whether parochial West Australian, or national, reveals that it is poorly endowed compared with other facets of expenditure which are not comparable in importance, and that its position is stagnating compared with other Western countries. Australia spends 4.3% of its G.N.P. on education as compared with 8.5% in Canada—a country which could be considered parallel to us in many ways. "Iceland, that great industrial giant of the North Atlantic, is about the only European country we can beat, and she spends 4.2% of her G.N.P. on education."

Secondly, it is these young intellectuals (and believe me, they do a great deal more thinking and reasoning than the great mass of older people)*, who can appreciate the importance of the quality of any nation's education, and who wish to influence others to think about the social structure, and perhaps change traditional schooling, moves and notions. Whether their criticism or appraisal is constructive or destructive, valid or invalid, it will have served its basic aim if it has made students and the general public think. Certainly any outburst by students is understandable after we hear our erudite Minister for Education say:—"There's no crisis in education, but if there is, it's been there for years." But if there is no crisis, why will you not permit an independent investigation into the system? Why are you prepared to go to such lengths to suppress views which encourage students to think about the system? WHY? Mr. Lewis.

This brings me to my final point, and the one which I consider to be most important. That is, the right to dissent, whether physically, verbally or on paper. The Victorian Minister for Education, Mr. Thompson, says that he is in favour of encouraging students to take responsibility through interest in student affairs and through positions as prefects and in student representative councils. "But let us have progress and reform through the proper channels and not in underground newspapers", he said. Perhaps he means through the

channels which Mr. Court suggests. I quote:—"This right to protest must be expressed through freedom of expression, through a free Press, and in the ballot". Through what channels Mr. Court? Mr. Thompson? You must be joking!

We are all(?) quite aware that the right to protest is severely inhibited by current laws—school rules (there is a great lack of tolerance and sympathy by education authorities towards student activities), Crimes Act, and so on; that freedom of expression and of the Press is a farce, because the Crimes Act is capable of silencing any honest critics of the Government (any recent eggs?); and that democracy is hypocritical in Australia because: "The two main parties are like two bottles—the same, but with different labels, and both empty." So: "We tolerate student dissent, so long as it does not become effective." Incidentally, that was our honourable P.M. speaking.

This clamour for attention, this assertion of the right to be heard, is a movement which might be expected to continue as the demand for more and better quality education extends and as young people begin to realize their strength in national affairs. Students' unions are no more than a vehicle for this dissent, and, like other unions, they focus their attention on something that vitally concerns them—in this case, it is education, their future, and the nation's future.

Alan Thompson 5E-1.

*Editor: This is a matter of opinion of course.

THE "NEW MATRIC"

In November, we Vth Years wishing to extend our education to University, will be the "guinea pigs" to attempt the Matriculation Exams, introduced this year, to the horror of us all. Previously, eligibility for Matriculation has depended only on the candidates' performances in the Leaving Examination. Now, however, we have been told by various people (who seem to know little more about the system than we ourselves), that we must sit for an extra paper in three or four subjects, and pass in at least three to matriculate. These subjects must be known and understood to a greater depth than is normally required at Leaving standard.

Generally, this revision of the system has been regarded sceptically by students and teachers alike. It seems to place an even greater strain on candidates, which may cause a deterioration of their performance in both sets of exams. Furthermore, since there's no official syllabus for matriculation, students have little idea of what course of study to follow. If teachers attempt to emphasize, in class, an aspect of the subject relevant to matriculants, the others must "grin and bear it". Another difficulty arises from the necessity to choose four subjects from the five or six available, and students can seldom be completely sure

about which four are their best subjects in which to matriculate.

Of course, the new matric does have some advantages. It encourages students to look into their work more closely, think about it more, and carry out research on their own initiative; and gives the really talented an opportunity to advance themselves more while still at High School, and derive benefit from it. Possibly the system will present advantages for students doing the Leaving only. Previously, this exam had to include sections sufficiently difficult that only potential University students could cope with them. This meant that an average student, no matter how hard he had worked, could not attain the high marks of one having the capability to matriculate. Now, though we can hope that the Leaving exam may be set at true Leaving standards, so that any capable, diligent student can obtain the mark he deserves.

The only consolation available to us whose heads are on the block, is the fact that even if the Matriculation Exams are so difficult that no-one passes, it is unlikely that no-one will be permitted entry to University. Basically, the criterion is the same as before—those scoring the higher marks may matriculate. The only difference is that this exam is of a higher standard and of a slightly different nature; and whether the minimum mark to matriculate is 30% or 90% (depending on average marks for the papers), generally the same people should be chosen as would have been chosen by the old system.

I didn't really want to go to University anyway!
Susan Snell 5E-1.

SCIENCE AND THE HOUSEWIFE

I should imagine that one of these days I will suddenly realize that I am in the midst of a very common dilemma—the tangled mess of a scientifically-equipped kitchen. Science has gallantly come to the aid of the distressed damsel, the modern housewife. However, this has not always been the case and as I sit amongst my fused electric iron and complicated stove and frying pan I will wonder how my medieval counterpart ever survived.

The housewife of yester-year had to cook her own bread, pickle her own fish, salt her own meat and scrub her own floor boards. With these tedious tasks she must, indeed have suffered a great deal of fatigue and being in this state, could not enjoy the fruits of her labours. She could not commit herself to many occasions of afternoon tea parties of extra help at the school canteen. Indeed, her spouse would have suffered minor shock had he arrived home from the pit for his mid-day meal, only to be greeted with the frosty suggestion that he remove the pre-cooked T.V. dinner from the refrigerator and place it in the

electric oven for fifteen minutes. Oh yes, the tea bags are in the pantry, along with the powdered milk.

Mrs. Housewife, 1969, is only a finger-tip from every possible convenience she could desire. Polishers gloss her vinyl tiles, a carpet sweeper freshens her carpets while the fully-automatic washing machine does the washing and the cake-mixer prepares a commercial dish for afternoon tea. Having been engaged in extra parental duties all afternoon she rushes to the kitchen, places a tin of soup on to heat up while she prepares a second course of frozen peas, tinned carrots, instant potatoes and chops which will all be given an extra flavouring by the addition of a packet of onion sauce. Tinned pears and commercial ice cream will complete the menu. What a rush? She has barely had time to take her energy tablets and to remove her nylon stockings and imitation leather shoes.

Science has definitely placed a new slant on the perspective of the housewife. Her herbs are cut and dried for her, the television occupies her children while any housework to be done can be done in a matter of minutes. This efficiency has led to greater freedom in time and energy of the housewife. Science has altered the pattern of family living. Generally, the wife supplements the income for the household, so that the children "can have things that they never had." The use of telephone, radio and television have given her a broad sense of being, as she has become conscious of world events and she has been in regular contact with a friend who may live thirty miles away.

Because the efficiency of the housewife has been maximized, her role as a wife and mother should not be allowed to deteriorate. The increased time at her disposal should be regulated to suit the demands made on her especially in the crucial period when the children are between two and seven years.

As I sit back and comment on the confusion of electrical wiring and synthetic rugs, materials, and foods, I congratulate you, mother, on your coolness to operate in a crisis (when the power fails, or the can opener is jammed) and the relative sanity you have maintained throughout my years as a child.

K. Wesley 5E-2.

"THE 'FLYING SAUCER' FARCE"

Ever since World War Two, thousands of sightings have been made of unidentified flying objects by people all over the world. These objects have ranged from lighted dishes floating over the ground at night, to large, fast moving, silvery objects flying high up in the sky during the day. Such objects have stirred the imagination of many people and a great many people have even dared

to say that these unidentified flying objects have contained men from outer space!

Now what is a man from outer space? He is an extra-terrestrial being, that is, a person claiming to have come to earth from either our solar system or the solar system of another star. In other words, the believers in man from outer space assume that intelligent life exists in either the solar system, or in the solar system of another star and that it also has access to the planet Earth. I wish to speak against the above possibility.

Since the 1950's, it has been known that no intelligent life exists in our solar system. (Excluding Earth of course.) Mercury, the closest planet to the sun and also the smallest planet is like a chicken being fried in a rotisserie. Venus is very much the same. Mercury contains no appreciable atmosphere to support life while Venus lacks water but is abundant in carbon dioxide. Mars has greater chances for supporting life but, the only life that could exist is plant life in the form of lichens—certainly no intelligent life. The remaining planets are too cold to support life and they have poisonous atmospheres of methane and ammonia anyway. It appears that the "men from outer space" must come from outside the solar system.

The nearest star, Proxima Centauri, is 4.214 light years away. This star is known to have bodies moving around it. However, Proxima Centauri is a subdwarf and, therefore, is hardly capable of giving off enough heat and light to support life on any of the planets which may revolve around it. It may even have been a red giant and then it would have destroyed all life on any of its planets.

Alpha Centauri is slightly further away and is a double star but the components resemble the sun. Life can exist on planets here! Now look at its distances from our sun. Intelligent beings travelling to Earth would use planet swing-bys to increase their spaceship's velocity to, say, 100,000 miles per hour. In that case, it would take about 17 thousand years for the space ship to reach us. Now, no life span is this long and certainly not enough oxygen could be contained in a ship to keep beings alive for so long a period. Also, there is no such things as suspended animation—too much science fiction has helped to make this idea of suspended animation very popular for space flights.

Of course, the whole problem could be solved simply by building a spaceship that could travel as fast as, or faster than light. However, this is much easier said than done. I feel that absolutely no-one has the right to say that men can come from outer space in a ship that travels as fast as light unless he or she can disprove the mathematics of Einstein in his theory of relativity. Any person can simply say that intelligent beings could

have invented marvellous electro-magnetic fields which create time warps and by some means (possibly a strong gravitational field?) project a spaceship through it at a tremendous speed without increasing its mass. Any person can say things like this. Most people, however, including scientists, will not accept such rubbish unless it can be demonstrated or proved possible. The physical laws of space are thought to be the same throughout the Universe. Therefore, in due course, mankind should be able to see whether the means of propulsion which are proposed by believers in flying saucers are really possible.

Finally, I would like to say that the stars in our stellar neighbourhood evolved at about the same time. Therefore, any life existing on planets should be advanced to about the same level on each planet. Since mankind is incapable of reaching other stars it appears that other forms of life could not reach us because of evolution rate.

It appears, therefore, that the chances of extra-terrestrial life reaching Earth are extremely remote. There is no doubt about the existence of extra-terrestrial life but I think that people should seek a better model to explain the existence of the "flying saucers." (The reader may now tear out this page!)

Tymen Wortel 5E-1.

A VISIT TO THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE OF AUSTRALIA

In April of this year I was fortunate enough to be one of five West Australian schoolboys selected to be a guest of the Corps of Staff Cadets at the Royal Military College of Australia, in the Australian Capital Territory. We left Perth airport at a quarter to one on a Thursday morning and arrived at Essendon airport at four o'clock in the morning Perth time (six o'clock Eastern Standard Time.)

After having breakfast at the airport we caught a bus into Melbourne. After having walked down one of the main streets, just looking at a few of the shops, we crossed over the Yarra River. We also saw the Myer Music Bowl and the Shrine of Remembrance. After a very full morning we returned to the airport, and after having lunch, boarded the plane for Canberra.

The flight from Melbourne to Canberra was a very beautiful one. It was a bright sunny day and we could see the various rivers and mountain ranges below. Also the flight over Canberra itself was breathtaking. On arrival at Canberra airport we were taken to Duntroon by army bus. At the College we met up with the other seventy-five schoolboys, from all states of Australia, taking part in the visit. That afternoon we just settled in and had to look around the building we were in, which contained billiard tables and a lounge room,

with a television set for the relaxation of the cadets at the college. That evening we were given a talk by the commanding officer of the college and saw some general interest films before turning in. "Lights out" was at a quarter to eleven.

Reveille was at half-past six and, after having breakfast and watching the daily parade of the Corp of Staff Cadets, we were given a lecture on the academic courses at the college. We were then shown over the various chemistry, physics and engineering laboratories, and saw the very modern equipment there including their electron microscope. During our morning tea break we went down to the "shopping centre" at the college, which contains a delicatessen, a self-service food store, an electrical goods store and a clothing store as well as a post office and barber shop. After morning tea we were shown through the college hospital, which has the equipment to perform major operations if necessary.

After having lunch in the cadets' mess, we were taken to the National War Memorial in Canberra. The two-and-a-half hours we had at the memorial was not nearly enough to see and read all that there was there. We saw the Japanese midget submarine and the various World War I and II aeroplanes. We also saw the various models of famous battles the Australians took part in, and V.C. corner. After an unforgettable afternoon at the Memorial we returned to the college just in time for dinner. The evening programme had been cancelled so we just watched television and talked with the cadets before "lights out."

We were up again at half-past six the next morning and, after having breakfast, saw a demonstration of the various weapons used by the Australian army, at the infantry wing of the college. We saw machine guns, pistols and rifles as well as the different radio sets used and the different methods of constructing bridges by the engineers, who also demonstrated a Viet Cong booby-trap. We were taken for a ride in an Armoured Personnel Carrier and saw a motor demonstration and an artillery display, including the firing of blank ammunition.

On returning from the infantry wing, we boarded buses and were taken on a bus tour of Canberra. We were driven through the civic centre and the Australian National University to Black Mountain Lookout, which overlooks the whole city. Then we went to another lookout, Red Hill Lookout, and were treated to a different view of the city and surrounding country side. On the way back to the college we passed all the various embassies of the different countries represented in Canberra. When we returned we had lunch and relaxed in our rooms.

The afternoon's programme was watching the various sports played by the cadets at the college. However, four of us decided to go into Canberra and have a better look around. We began walking

along the road into the city when a car stopped and gave us a lift right to the steps of Parliament House. We went inside this magnificent white building and were taken on a guided tour of the house, seeing where the Senate and the House of Representatives meet. On leaving Parliament House we went to the National Library, which is situated on the shore of Lake Burley Griffin, before crossing over the lake to the civic centre. As it was a Saturday afternoon, all the shops, except for an occasional milk bar, were closed. We wandered past the Canberra Court House and the Reserve Bank of Australia before stopping at a milk bar for a drink. After strolling around all the shops and places of interest we could find, such as the very modern-looking Canberra Playhouse and Picture Theatre, we decided to head back to Duntroon, which was about two-and-a-half miles away. It was getting late and we were not feeling very energetic, so we hitch-hiked back. We arrived there just in time for dinner.

There was nothing planned for the evening, so we went to the college cinema and saw a couple of interesting movies. When they had finished we went back to our rooms and talked with the cadets, some of whom had gone into Canberra (on Saturday nights they are allowed to go into the city until half-past-one in the morning), but we were informed that the Canberra night life was fairly dead. We went to bed at about one o'clock, ready for the flight back to W.A. the next day.

The next morning we were allowed to sleep in an extra hour, as it was Sunday. After breakfast, we attended the church parade, after which we had a question time with the commanding officer and the adjutant. When this had finished we had lunch and packed our gear. As our plane did not leave until about 6 o'clock that evening, we had all afternoon to amuse ourselves watching television and playing billiards.

When we took off from Canberra for Melbourne it was relatively dark, and as we flew over the city I could see the National Library and Parliament House very impressively lit up. As the lights of Canberra disappeared I sat back and thought about my trip. It was the most memorable experience of my life and one I shall never forget.

Patrick Ryan 5E-2.

"SHARKS"

In the past two years I have been gathering as much information on this subject as possible and the following are some basic facts.

The whaler shark is timid, and with this shark as with all others it is dangerous to surface, thus offering them the tasty proposition of your legs. The majority of sharks are just curious and if given a jab with a speargun will often zoom away.

Usually it is the old shark who cannot get easier prey or the "rogue" shark who has tasted human flesh that will attack man. Another interesting fact is that if you kill half a dozen or more sharks in one area others will vacate that area forever.

Sharks are divided mainly into two categories those who are able to kill man, and those who are capable of only inflicting a wound. Into the category of the killer comes the whaler, white pointer, great blue shark, blue pointer and tiger shark. Into the other comes the wobbegong, Port Jackson and leopard sharks. The best thing to do if you run into a shark is to treat him like a mad dog; never turn your back on him or he might bite.

Peter Elliott, 1A-1.

A SNAKE STORY

I don't know how long I slept, but this I do know, that my dreams were most uneasy; I was continually in dangerous and appalling situations; stairs that I tried to ascend seemed to crumble beneath my feet, and in short, I went through all the phases of a murderous nightmare; but above everything, I seemed to feel a pressure on my breast, a cold clammy weight that seemed to stifle me, and crush out my very existence.

At last I awoke with a start, but the instinct which promoted me to spring from my bed was checked by a sight of horror. Rising from a mass of coils on my chest was the flat, green head of a snake, its eyes gleaming and its quivering fangs vibrating within inches of my face.

As I gazed in agony, a kind of hood around the snake's head gradually expanded, and I knew immediately that my terrifying visitor was a cobra, a snake whose bite was inevitably fatal, usually within a maximum period of eleven hours.

Berit Hansen 4D-1.



Man does not easily begin to think, but when once he has begun, he does not leave off.

—Rousseau.

To do nothing is the way to be nothing.

—Dr. N. Howe.

A pleasant possession is useless without a comrade.

—Seneca.

Committee is a noun of multitude, signifying many; but not signifying much.

—C. H. Spurgeon.

parade, on a Saturday morning, gave the new cadets their first taste of cadet life and they were taught some of the basic drill movements. The weekly parades were held after school each

CLUB NOTES

CADET NOTES

This has been one of the most difficult years the unit has experienced. The main reason has been the lack of trained N.C.O's due to the limited numbers of cadets being able to attend the promotional courses in Northam in January. This was something all cadet units experienced, and was unavoidable.

This disadvantage, however, did not prevent the cadet year from beginning as usual. After an earnest recruiting drive we were one of the first units to be issued with uniforms. Our first



SENIOR CADETS

Front Row (left-right): Lt. Telenta, Lt. D. Eddington.
Back Row (left-right): W.U. R. McDonald, C.U.O. W. Martin,
C.U.O. P. Ryan, C.U.O. J. White.

Tuesday.

The first public appearance of the unit was on Anzac Day when a platoon of first and second year cadets took part in the ceremonies at Monument Hill. The second appearance was on Foundation Day, when a platoon of John Curtin cadets took part in the march through Fremantle.

The first Bivouac of the year, which was to have been held in June, was postponed until July, because of the bad weather. It was held at Mount Dale and for the first time, first year cadets were taken into the field along with the second years. The main purpose of the Bivouac was to introduce the first years to living in the field and fieldcraft. On the first night the cadets were taken to the top of Mount Dale after an ambush by number one platoon, which was not appreciated by some, and treated to a view of the surrounding area. The lantern stalk, which was planned for the last night, was cancelled because of rain. After the majority of the unit had gone to bed, some of the senior cadets slept in a railway bus after having a "quiet get-together". The climax of the Bivouac was a battle between the platoons in the bush.

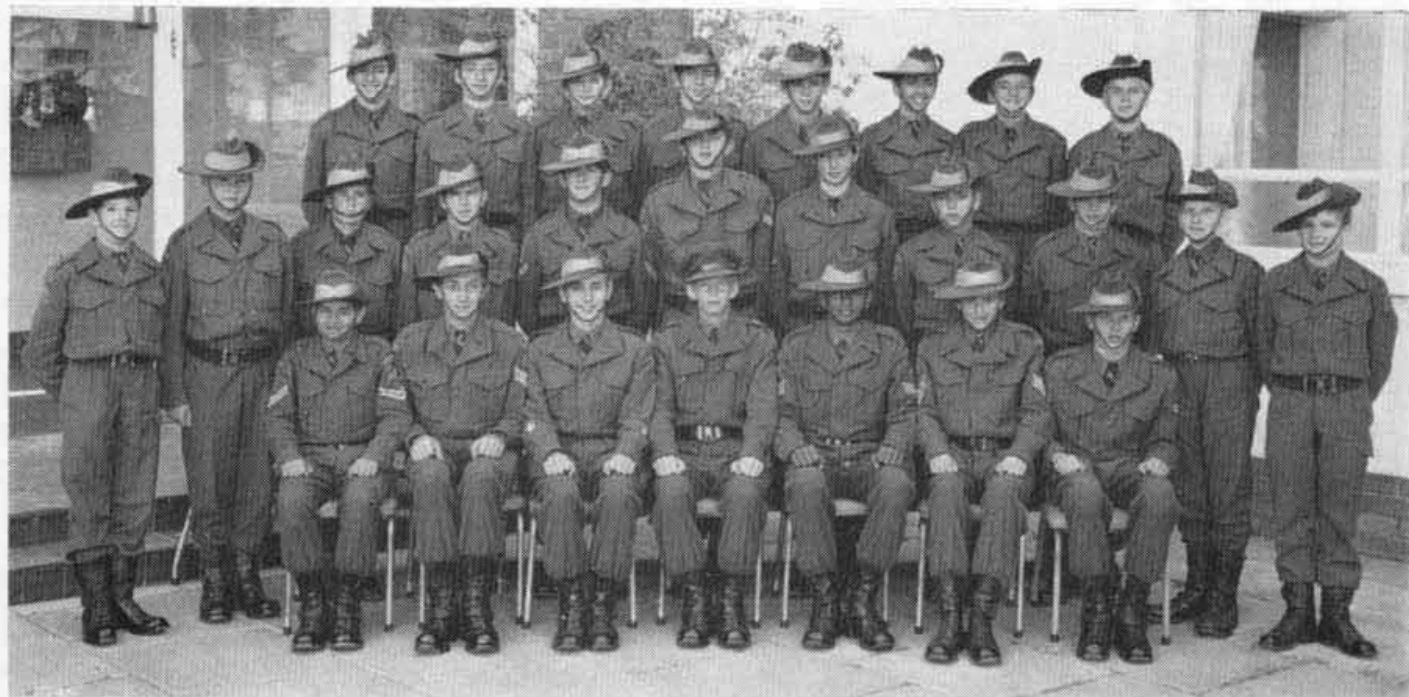
The unit moved into Northam in the first week of the August holidays for their annual eight day camp. This year the second year cadets spent five days living in the bush, while the first years had two full days in the bush.

During the first half of this year we were unfortunate in being without the service of Leut. Telenta. Then, in the second half of the year we suffered another blow when our O.C. Captain Sullivan left. I would like to thank on behalf of the John Curtin Cadet Unit, Captain Sullivan for his magnificent job in commanding the unit. Thanks must also go to Leut. Telenta, who is now in charge, Leut. Eddington, who has had to battle in the Q. store without the aid of a C.Q.M.S. and Lieut. Bossleman for his enthusiasm and work at the Bivouac and range parade. I would also like to thank my fellow C.U.O's and N.C.O's for their work in training and supervising the unit.

A.C.U.O.

No. 1 PLATOON

Front Row (left-right): G. Gazzone, P. Onions, B. Jagers, C.U.O. P. Ryan (Platoon Commander), M. Templeman, C. Paton, P. Clayton,
Centre Row (left-right): S. Bartlett, P. Woollams, C. Pryer, K. Hall, R. McCarthy, K. Miles, G. Lodge, F. Klinkert, J. McDonald,
Back Row (left-right): J. Culverhouse, S. Olsen, P. Harris, R. Knight, B. Wells, G. Snary.



No. 2 PLATOON

Front Row (left-right): D. Jagers, R. Rudge, R. McDonald, C.U.O. W. Martin (Platoon Commander), M. Wallam, R. Foster, B. Scott,
Centre Row (left-right): S. Snowden, N. Johnson, K. Lewis, M. Davis, M. Meiers, K. Russell, E. McLoughlin, L. Beilkin, L. Brown, K. Portwood, C. Brown.

Back Row (left-right): M. Wrenn, K. Collison, C. Wilkinson, P. Milovanovk, T. Murphy, V. Paparella, L. Hower, G. Stock.

No. 3 PLATOON

Front Row (left-right): G. Henry, G. Lacey, S. Penny, C.U.O. J. White (Platoon Commander), J. Moua, K. London, C. McCarthy.

Centre Row (left-right): J. McDonald, D. Green, K. Silver, T. Murray, D. Brown, C. Curedale, S. Wright, J. Marchesani.

Back Row (left-right): I. Skinner, I. Townson, J. Clay, T. Morgan, L. Culverhouse.



DEBATING SOCIETY NOTES

Last year they had a debating club; this year it was the "Debating Society." This is not only a sign of the times but it shows that John Curtin people are becoming more sophisticated.

Sophistication is definitely the word for it as the first team of John Cowdell, Chris Waddingham and Peter Westall prepared to crush their opponents—their first opponents for the year—Iona Convent.

Poor Chris Wads. was so worried that all her hair fell out and Pete Westall, the ignoramus, misquoted the Bible in his speech. He now sends a public apology to all the shocked sisters.

The next debate was against Swanbourne. The team mentioned before was ready to kill the opposition this time . . . After the debate we had tea and biscuits—I love soft biscuits, but not so soft that they fall into the tea before I have dunked them.

We debated at Northam—positively squashed them with our wit—Roger Denholm with his funny faces and sarcasm, Helen Gaskin's wit and charm, and Pete's magic tricks.

Our last debate was in home territory against Tuart Hill . . . After the debate an impressive array of tea, cakes etc . . . was revealed.

Note:

The debating society makes its public acknowledgment to Miss Hoad now with a big THANK YOU, for the supper arrangements.

You may have noted that I have not mentioned the results—by the time you read these, I won't be here, so here goes . . .

1. Lost; 2. Lost; 3. Won against Northam. 4. Pulped! However, you must admit that we did our best. And now it's "thank-you" time.

1. Thank you to the staff for their support (excluding Mrs. Howe).

2. Thank you to the office-bearers. Lee Simmons—beaut. devout president, Pete Westall, and Glynn Ward for his marvellous handling of the funds—so marvelous we still haven't found them.

3. Thanks to all the kids who went to the debates.

4. Thanks and a smile to all those who helped with transport.

5. Thanks and handshake to Mr. Bradfield.

6. Thanks and handshake to Mr. Crock.

7. Thanks and a pat on the back to Alan Thompson for his co-operation.

8. Biggest thank you we could scrape up from all the kids for Mrs. Howe. THANK YOU.



DEBATING

Front Row (left-right): H. Gaskin, Mrs. Howe, C. Waddingham.
Back Row (left-right): J. Cowdell, R. Denholm, R. France (adj.), P. Westall, W. Rigoll (adj.), A. Thompson.

DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD SCHEME

1969, the fifth year of the Scheme's operation at John Curtin, sees yet another group well on the way to attaining the Bronze Award. Since 1964, the year of the Scheme's inception at John Curtin, three groups have been presented with their Bronze Awards. Recently, two of the Scheme's foundation members Ray Watson and Spencer McKenna, were presented with their Gold Awards—a most commendable achievement. Those now proceeding at Gold level, last year's fifth Students, have also been presented with their Silver Awards.

The Scheme is graded into three levels; Bronze, Silver, and Gold, with each successive level at a higher degree of difficulty than the one before. Each level itself is divided into four distinct sections—Pursuit, Service, Expedition and Fitness.

Of this year's Bronze group (3rd year students), nine are doing skin-diving as a pursuit, two archery, one reading, one sailing, one football umpiring and one music. All have undergone expedition training in preparation for their two-day, 15 mile test expedition in remote country. The Service section has been completed by passing either an examination in First Aid, or the Bronze level in Life-saving. The Fitness test has so far entailed only swimming, one of five sub-sections and this was also passed fairly easily.

Those presently working at Gold level include Bruce Blay, Terry Green, Michael King, Tom Porter, Alan Thompson and Bruce Wynn, plus others outside school. Practically all sections have been completed, and only unfavourable assessment would preclude those six from receiving their Silver Awards. All, but Michael King, who plays table tennis, do Scuba diving for their pursuit. Each has undergone the rigours of preparation for, and the execution of two dives in excess of 100 feet near Rottneest Island. Soon, after an oral examination, we will be rated as 3rd Class Divers.

Fitness tests have been completed, with many showing an aptitude for swimming. Thus, we easily fulfilled the requirements for Second Series Service, by getting our Bronze Medallion in Life-Saving.

Although the successful completion of Test Expeditions is arduous and exacting, it is the most rewarding section in the Scheme. Last year B. Blay, M King and B. Wynn underwent their 3-day, 30 mile foot expedition in rugged State Forest east of Harvey. T. Green, T. Porter and A. Thompson canoed more than 50 miles on the Blackwood River, which has its mouth at Augusta.

On the long weekend in May and the following weekend in June, we trudged nearly 40 miles with 40 lb. packs in preparation for our 5 day, 55 mile Test Expedition in the August vacation. The exact course has yet to be planned, but plans of execut-

ing the expedition in the Murchison area were shown to be unfeasible.

As a consolation, Mr. Scott, the Group's Coordinator at John Curtin, has offered to bear most of the expense and effort to take us for a jaunt in the area in the other week. All participants are very appreciative of Mr. Scott's efforts to mould us into decent citizens. Also, to those helpful teachers, parents and instructors, we are grateful.

WEIGHT LIFTING CLUB

Venue:

School gym, change rooms, oval.

Time:

Any day after school, although periods of work tend to be off and on.

Genuine Participants:

Alex Marcinowicz, Derrick Whitfield, Tom Porter.

Blows-Ins:

Louie Le Franker, Bob Scarfe and Geoff Friend (junior).

A Typical Schedule:

Generally slack.

3.15—Pack books into bag from locker.

3.25—Arriving change rooms, prepare for a hard session of concentrated work.

3.35—Get out weights.

3.45—Start weight training in concentrated bursts with slacking in between.

3.55—Exhausted from great bundles of strenuous work, get out rugby ball (with Mr. Rate's permission), run a few laps to warm up and then play kick to kick.

4.05—Return to replace weights and hot showers.

4.25—Having showered and changed, jog down to Freo to catch the bus.

Comments:

1. Ungenuine attempts by certain members of the club are a definite drag on those wishing to work.

2. Future meetings will not be the same without Alex who recently fractured a bone in his arm during a heroically fought fight.

3. Interested members for the future should come along to meetings but will probably be subject to means test in order to determine attitudes to work.

Well, must sign off now, but may I extend my best wishes to weight lifters for 1970. I may be there again to join you.

Tom Porter.

JOHN CURTIN FILM SOCIETY 1969

This has been a very successful year for the film society. Many interesting films were screened, most attracting fairly large audiences.

Such features as: "Lawrence of Arabia", "St. Elizabeth Square", "No Laughing Matter", "Man-hangar", "Stirling Story", "The Unlucky Land", and "The Vampyr" were very popular.

"Snow", our first film for the season, was very popular as was one of the finest documentaries ever produced, "Louisiana Story". The Philadelphia Philharmonic Orchestra provided original background music, this being one of the highlights of the film.

The committee for this season was made up of Helen Gaskin—President, Rod Dixon—Secretary-Treasurer, Kathy Wesley, Helen Lewington, Wendy Jenkins, Shirley Weir, Philip Blacklock, Ken Matson and Sean Bartlett. Sarah Mackenzie "billboard" writer, must be thanked for providing us with some er . . . stunning (if not often overdue) movie posters. Of course we must make a special mention of Mr. Haynes, not only one of Australia's chief film critics but an actor in his own right. (He is seriously thinking about banning all Czechoslovakian films from the society!) Seriously, the society is indebted to Mr. Haynes for his great assistance in screening the films. On behalf of its members the committee of the society would like to thank him for the help given us.

Film society membership has so far totalled 54. However, door takings have shown many more students who have seen our films. With our shifting from room 4 to the new science blocks auditorium we hope to see a greater attendance at our showings, and a greater increase in membership (\$1). Enquiries should be made to Rod Dixon or any members of the committee.

Finally, the committee and members of this year's society would like to wish next year's members an even more successful season than we have experienced.

Rod Dixon,
Secretary/Manager.

I.S.C.F. NOTES

Although our attendances are small, they are consistent, and each Friday at lunchtime about twenty-five students from first to fifth year come together in Room 34. This year we have been addressed by some gifted speakers including Gordon Moyes, Barbara McPherson, the I.S.C.F. travelling secretary and Jim Hylton (U.S.A.). We have shown two films, which have proved very successful, and we have had bible studies and discussions.

On behalf of the committee and I.S.C.F. I wish to thank Mr. Heyhoe for his help and counsel during 1969. The committee has endeavoured to help the Counsellor as much as possible. Elizabeth Stout was our president this year and the other committee members were Jenny Collins, Margaret Clarke, Diane Guy, Diane Fitzgerald, Dianne Kilminster, Judy Byrnes and Peter Westall.

The '69 committee wishes the new committee all the best for their stand next year, and prays for God's guidance and help for them. To all Junior and Leaving Candidates we wish examination success, and trust that they will know that help and strength can be obtained from God in times of worry and strain; and His presence can share their joy.

SOCIAL NOTES

Weekend camps held through the year included a winter sports camp at Point Peron which toughened up those sport-minded students for the active winter ahead of them; and a Biology Camp, at Bickley, conducted by Miss Critch and Miss Fraser. However, the Athletics Camp which was to be held on final weekend before the end of the second term was cancelled because there was a lack of response.

Socials during the year have been well attended and very successful. The prefects are to be congratulated for their ingenuity in the variety of decorations and choice of bands.



FILM SOCIETY

Front Row (left-right): H. Gaskin, Mr. Haynes, K. Wesley.

Back Row (left-right): P. Blacklock, S. Bartlett, W. Jenkins, S. McKenzie, S. Weir, R. Dixon, K. Matsen.

SCHOOL BALL

The Eleventh Annual School Ball was held on Tuesday, the nineteenth of August. There was a record attendance of over five hundred people including seventy students from Esperance High School and many of last year's fifth years and prefects.

The colonial theme was enhanced by a fountain in the centre with lanterns suspended from a wagon wheel, hanging above it. Reward posters of Ned Kelly completed the touch.

A happy balance of old time and modern music was provided by the excellent band, a programme which pleased both students and teachers.

Altogether the evening was enjoyed by all and its great success must be attributed to the efforts of our prefects and all of those who helped them.

NORTHAM VISIT

The biennial visit to Northam High School by the more sportive members of John Curtin got off to a bustling start on the clear, sunny morning of July 4th. After dog tags had been issued and the swapping of some male and female members on the buses, we set off in typical Curtin style—a half an hour late.

Two hours later after quite a sedate trip we arrived at the chilly salt mines of our country counterparts. First we were served with tea and some concoctions from the home-science centre that were termed "scones." These were to anchor us for a more daring step to follow which entailed coming face to face with our billets in front of a large crowd. As the pairing off began, surprised expressions could be detected on the faces of some Curtin students, especially when coupled with members of the opposite sex, for this guaranteed partners for the dance to follow in the evening.

Happily settled with our billets, we next munched our lunches in the surroundings of Australia's natural flora and then did a tour of the school structure, taking fine note of the position of the school library, the situation of the ladies and gents, and also exchanging addresses.

At one o'clock the rival schools were to meet in almighty battle and bravely to drag off the prizes of sport. Keen competition was in force and it took much heel-digging, elbow-swinging and ear-bashing for Curtin to be victorious at football, soccer, hockey (boys') and basketball (boys' and girls'). Unfortunately, we must lament the loss of female endurance on the hockey field as they, having a gentler nature, allowed themselves to be mutilated. While this milder form of promoting interschool relations was being endured, a debate was in progress. Amid heckling from the judges,

waving of fists from the debaters and cries for blood from the spectators, Curtin crawled home to victory, strongly stating that six foot tall, green rabbits would be preposterous.

A period of rest followed these activities as each billet and his companion retired to the home ground where many a dainty morsel was devoured. Here the students were refreshed and made ready to return to the school to carry out more physical endurance tests by "grooving it" at the social. The band the "Down Towners" was composed of five members, the lead male and female vocalists were both teachers at Northam High School. At ten o'clock many weary students boarded their buses and after an affectionate farewell on the part of some and just a nod of the head and the grit of teeth by others, we began our homeward trip to our beloved Curtin.

The trip home was not exactly quiet, but with the lights out and a chocolate biscuit throwing contest no-one could be blamed for anything, could they King, Cook, Moyle or Nicholas? Arriving back at Curtin at twelve o'clock, we saw the bus left like a wind swept rubbish tip and a hundred Curtin students disembarked tired but completely satisfied with the day out-of-doors in the exhilarating country air.

K. Wesley 5E-2.



SCHOOL QUIZ

J. Cowdell, B. Taylor, A. Paterson.

a balance room, and a seminar room suitable for tutorial work or as a reading room for smaller groups. The research laboratory is situated between the physics and chemistry laboratories and

Department Notes

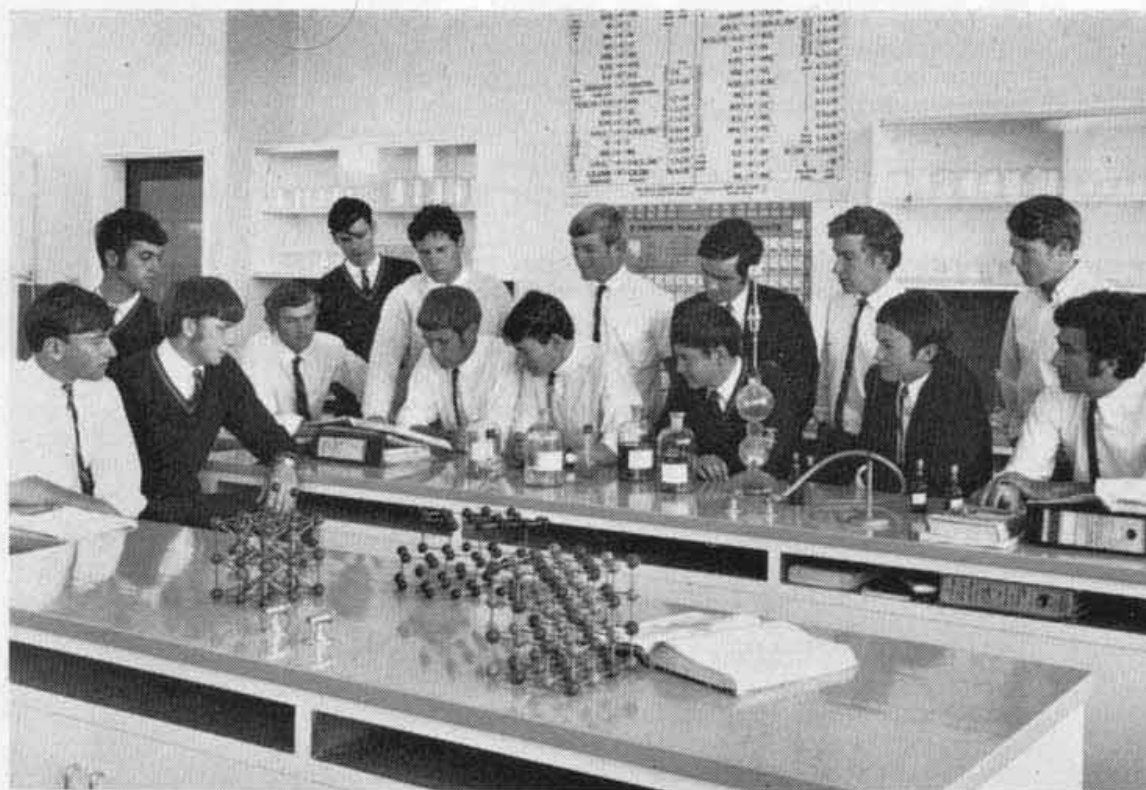
SCIENCE DEPARTMENT NOTES

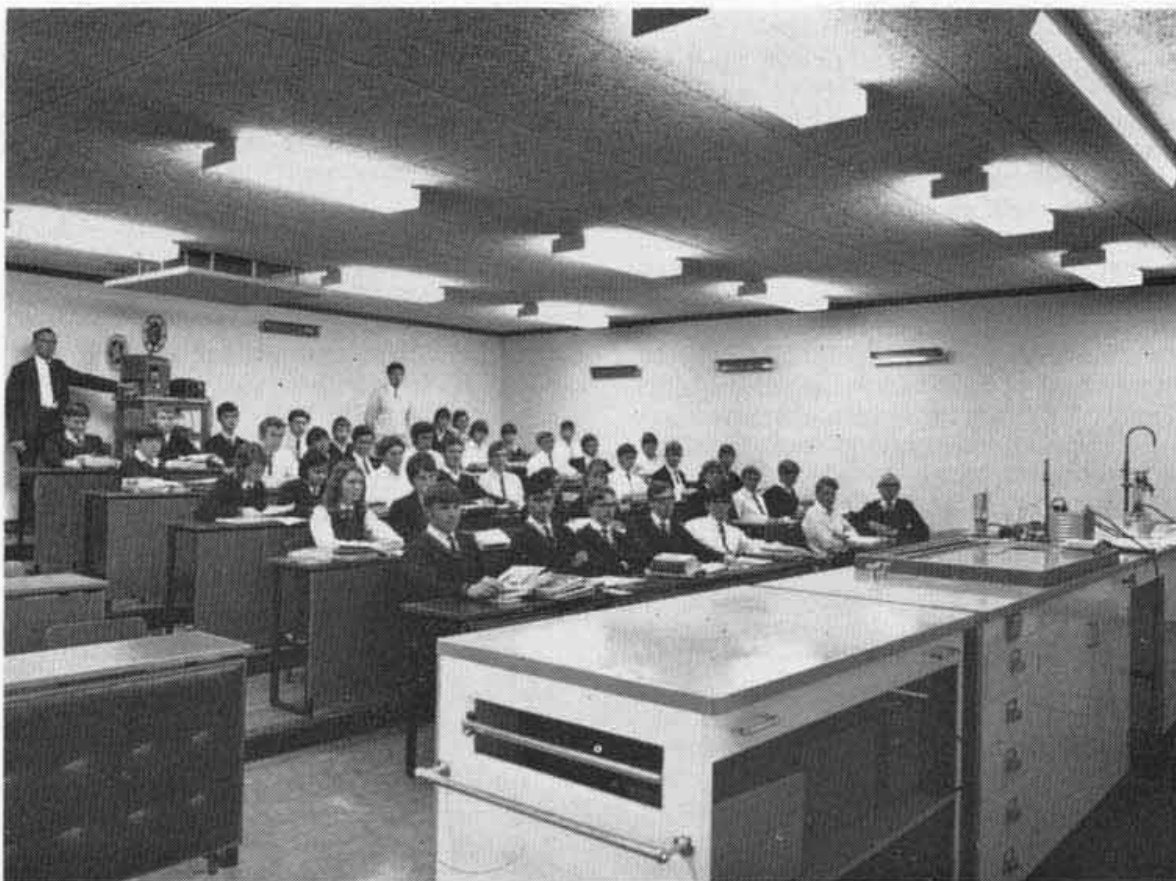
The Science department has spent most of 1969 anxiously waiting to see if the opening date of the new Commonwealth Science Block would precede man's first lunar landing. But, alas! The moon men won easily. Perhaps no one person has been more anxious to see its completion than Mr. A. Page, the laboratory technician. Since joining the Science staff early in 1968, Mr. Page has worked cheerfully and unselfishly under terribly cramped conditions. It is only now that Mr. Page, in his "spacious" work area can feel free to operate an electric drill, use an electric saw, make "scientific" noises—even drop a beaker(!) without the fear of disruption to classroom activity.

In addition to a more elaborate preparation and working area for staff, the new Science block, despite its modest external appearance, incorporates all the latest features of laboratory design. It consists of a physics laboratory, a chemistry laboratory, a lecture theatre, a research laboratory,

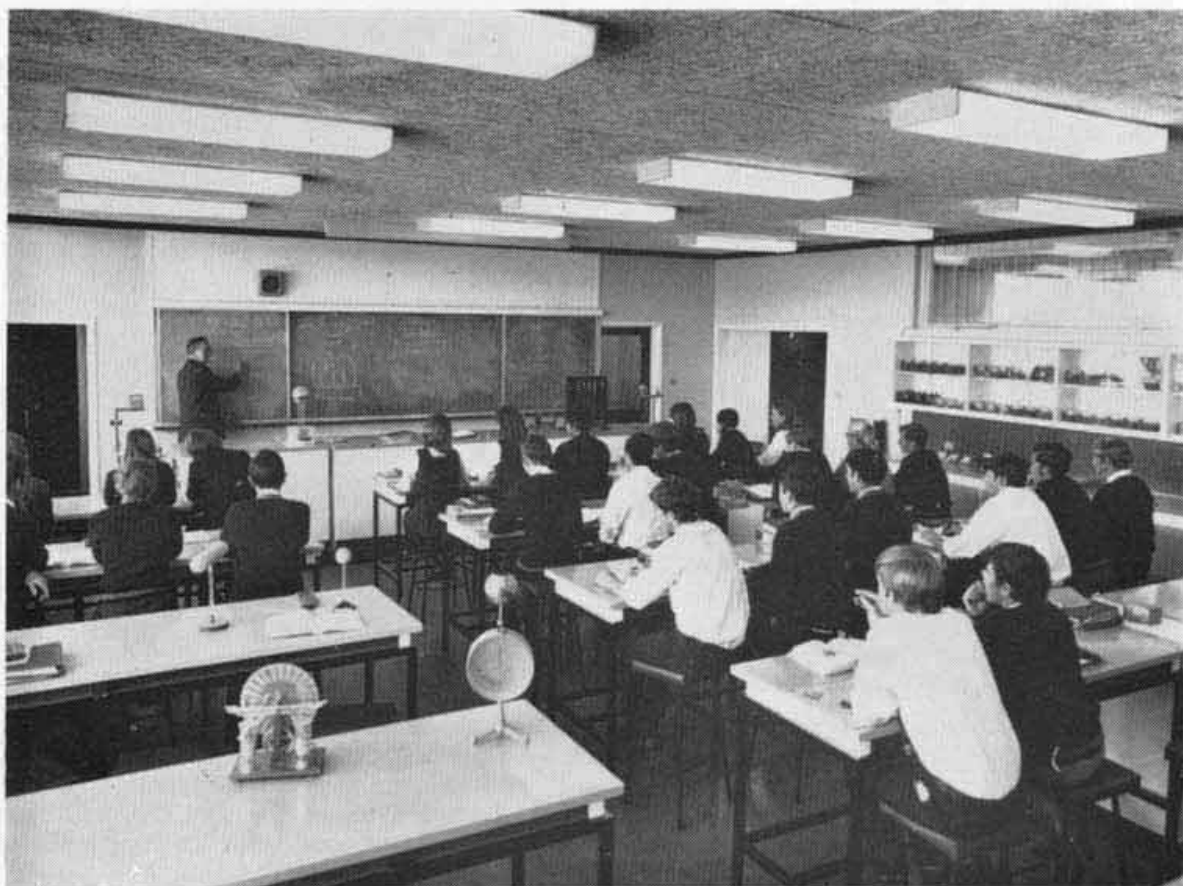
as such can be used by students doing either subjects. It has complete black-out facilities, making it suitable for optical and photographic work. The physics laboratory features centrally placed service points for gas and electric power, with movable benches that can be positioned alongside these service points. This will enable greater versatility with regard to experimental work where a large floor area may be required. Also situated between the physics and chemistry laboratories is a balance room in which students can make use of precision electric balance for rapid and accurate weighings in experimental work. The lecture theatre has a seating capacity in the vicinity of 80, which makes it a very valuable acquisition not only to the Science department but also to the school in general. The theatre can be blacked out completely and has facilities for overhead, still and movie projection. Portable trolleys can be wheeled into the theatre and attached to the front of the lecture bench, which enables experimental demonstration work to be set up separately and

IN THE CHEMISTRY
LABORATORY





THE LECTURE THEATRE



THE PHYSICS LABORATORY

The "B" team isn't having as much success as the "A" team, but its members are showing promise. This team which consists of Vicki Aggett, Edwina Fitzgerald, Sharleen Edwards, Jan

SPORTS NOTES

INTERNATIONAL RULES BASKETBALL

Our apologies are extended to Mr. Kowol and Mr. Haynes for giving them such an easy time(?) It is becoming very noticeable that Mr. Haynes is losing more and more hair and Mr. Kowol is greying rather rapidly. Guess why?

The "A" team which consists of Bev. Anderson, Shelly Carbon, Leslie Evans, Wendy Johnson, Chris Pyatt, Linda Sinclair, Rita Thaine and Debbie Waddingham has won every match so far, and we hope to be able to present the school with another pennant. Even though the "A" team is winning their games, there is plenty of room for improvement, especially in the skills of the game. The main scorers in the team are Linda Sinclair, who has the highest point score in the competition (48 points in one match) Chris Pyatt, Leslie Evans and our centre Bev. Anderson. But these players would be unable to score without the strong support of the guards, Wendy Johnson, Shelly Carbon, Rita Thaine and Debbie Waddingham.

Hale, Berit Hansen, Lynne Haskell, Yvonne Holme-wood, Julie McColl, Tricia Meehan lack match practice and experience, but are to be admired for their determination. Keep plugging kids! This determination was shown when, with the help of Julie McColl's height and court play, they won their first match against Scarborough High.

Unfortunately due to the lack of competing teams, the Under-16 Competition was combined with the Under-18 Competition, making it very hard for our younger players. John Curtin's Under-16 team which consists of Susan Berglund, Linda Knapp, Kay Macpherson, Pam Matsen, Penny Negus, Kerry Reid, Robin Trezona is doing very well despite this coalition. Penny Negus has proved to be a strong and helpful player to the team.

Congratulations are extended to Christine Pyatt for her selection in the State Under-18 Women's International Rules Basketball Team and also to Linda Sinclair who was chosen as one of the reserves.



GIRLS' INTERNATIONAL RULES

Back Row (left-right): L. Evans, B. Anderson, Mr. Kowol, L. Sinclair, S. Carbon.

Front Row (left-right): R. Thane, C. Pyatt, W. Johnson, D. Waddingham.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL NOTES

After last year's "A" and "B" teams had become premiers and with only Marilyn Rowe left from these two teams, poor Miss Whyte was really scratching her head. However, by teaming Marilyn with Wendy Johnson, Deborah Budd, Charisa Den Breejan, Helen Lewington, Christine Pyatt, and Julie McColl, a new combination, so far unbeaten, has resulted as the "A" team. As if this wasn't enough John Curtin had more superb basketballers left over, and another "A" team of Gloria Saditch, Bev. Houghton, Kathy Wesley, Suzette Storry, Judy Collis, Linda Sinclair and Marilyn Hunter was formed.

Unfortunately, the other schools would not allow us to field two "A" teams, so this team had to play in the "B" division. Other great players like Shirley Weir, Barbara Vernon and Lynette Roberts had to be fitted in as best they could when there were vacancies in the "A" and "B" teams.

It seems almost unnecessary to mention that the "B" team hasn't been defeated yet, either. Credit for the success of our teams must go to Miss Whyte who hasn't stopped coaching us for

a moment, even when she's umpiring! Thank you Miss Whyte. We are hoping to give you two premierships this year.

Congratulations to Chris Pyatt! We all thought she was a bit of a green basketballer, but she proved us wrong by being selected in the State Junior Women's Basketball Team to go to Adelaide in August.

One of the most exciting moments this year was during our visit to Northam when things were pretty close between the two "A" teams. Miss Whyte was showing signs of great strain; we thought she might have kittens (gold and blue ones of course!) but we managed to win by two kittens—oops, I mean, two goals. It was just as well Miss Whyte wasn't umpiring—she might have swallowed her whistle! The "B" team were kinder to her, however, and won quite convincingly.

Luckily, there will be most of this year's superb players available for next year's team when we hope we will be able to keep John Curtin's name at the front.

Wendy Johnson.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Front Row (left-right): W. Johnson, Miss White, C. Pyatt.
Back Row (left-right): C. Den Breejan, D. Budd, J. McColl, S. Weir, H. Lewington.

SOFTBALL NOTES

This year the school's softball team experienced moderate success. All games were played with enthusiasm and valuable experience gained. As there were only three teams competing in our zone, the season was relatively short.

The "A" team included Gloria Sadick, Mary-Ann Bresser, Wendy Johnson, Marilyn Rowe, Kristine Dibb, Judy Collis, Helen Gaskin, Lee Simmons and Geraldine Corker. The team wishes to thank Judy Byrnes who assisted us during times of injury.

The "B" team included Robyn Whitchurch (captain), Julie McColl, Julie Linton, Kath Wesley, Suzette Storry, Sue Gibson, Jamesie Clark, Betty Cameron, Barbara Hoffman and Edwina Fitzgerald all of whom played to the best of their ability.

The season, though short was very enjoyable. "A" team defeated both Melville and Hamilton Hill by a very good margin but were unfortunately beaten in the deciding game by Applecross who then, went into the inter-zone finals. The "B" team defeated Melville and were unlucky to lose to both Hamilton Hill and Applecross. The teamwork was admirable and I am sure next season will be one of enjoyment and success.

Special thanks and appreciation are extended to Miss Mowday for her inspiring efforts and valuable advice. We wish every success to next year's Curtin Softballers and trust they will claim top honours.

BOYS' BASKETBALL, 1969

Basketball wise, this year has been the most successful experienced by any John Curtin team. The team has played the zone-competition games with confidence, never giving the opposing teams a sniff of victory. Comfortable wins of at least fifty points (with the exception of the Melville game when we had rain and strong winds) have shown that the sport is developing at Curtin. This year is the first time Curtin has reached an inter-zone final in basketball. We hope to see this continue and also see teams from Curtin compete in the junior A.B.A. competition.

The major factor which contributed to the success of our team was the presence of Australia's top Coach, Mr. Majors, as our coach. A sincere vote of thanks to Mr. Majors whose knowledge and time has been given unselfishly to develop a fine basketball side. He has tried to impart some of his vast knowledge to us through the "high post" and "one" plays he has taught us.

The team consisted of Duke Radovich (Captain), Bruce Wynn, Philip Blacklock, Alan Barber, Sean Bartlett, Steven Terry, John Hodgkins and Garry Middle. The first five consisted of Philip Blacklock, Alan Barber — guards, Bruce Wynn, Sean Bartlett — forwards and Duke Radovich at centre.

Top scorers for the team were Duke Radovich 123 points, Bruce Wynn 91 points, Alan Barber 51 points and Sean Bartlett 46 points.

The school entered the interzone finals against Tuart Hill. We then became the first Curtin basketball team ever to play in an interzone final.

Duke Radovich a player from this school team was selected in the State Under-18 basketball team which is to play in Ulverstone, Tasmania during the August vacation.

On behalf of the coach and players of the team, I would like sincerely to thank an ideal sportsman, Rodney Dixon, who, after just missing out on selection did not give up. He came along and unselfishly helped with officiating and was our number one supporter. Thank you, Rod.

Duke Radovich.

FIRST ANNUAL BASKETBALL COMPETITION

This competition, which was launched this year, has met with great interest and success. We had participating, nine class teams from first year, seven teams from second year and five teams from third year. The twenty-one teams represented approximately 150 basketballers.

Games are played on Monday (2nd and 3rd years) and Friday (1st year). Thanks are extended on behalf of the organizer, to the numbers of the upper school basketball squad who officiated at all games.

The competition was launched by Mr. Majors. The aims of starting a competition were to help young basketballers from the Fremantle area to improve and in turn to establish John Curtin as a power in Junior Basketball. Mr. Majors has worked very hard to run the competition, sometimes staying back as late as 6.00 p.m.

During the course of the competition certain players have been outstanding and it was decided to name a first, second and third year all-star team. The first year team is Peter Radovich, Steven Rauchle, Brian Kazakoff, Steven Barrett, Mario Turoo and Lindsay Carter. Second year team is David Birch, Felia Correa, Ron Knight, James Correar, Ian Innes and Peter Harris. The third year team is Ken Ingram, Colin Lorrimar, Bruce Scott, James Cow, Les Sheeny and Ron "Bulldog" Patterson.

Further help will be given to this group of "all stars". In third term Mr. Majors may conduct a basketball clinic in basketball fundamentals for these players. This coaching will greatly assist these players. There is a possibility that a combined 1st and 2nd year "all star" team will be entered in a competition and we wish them the best of luck.

Duke Radovich.



GIRLS' SOFTBALL

Front Row (left-right): G. Corker, Miss Mowday, K. Dibb.
 Back Row (left-right): G. Sadik, W. Johnson, J. Byrnes, J. Collis, H. Gaskin, M. Bresser.
 (Absent: M. Rowe.)



BOYS' BASKETBALL:

Front Row (left-right): P. Blacklock, G. Mettje, A. Barber.
 Back Row (left-right): R. Dixon, S. Bartlett, B. Wynn, Mr. Majors, D. Radovich, J. Hodgkins, S. Terry.

GIRLS' HOCKEY NOTES

The Girls "A" hockey team had a reasonably successful season. We won four of the six inter-school games played, losing two to Applecross. The "B" team played only four games—Hamilton Hill did not field a "B" team—won two, drew one and lost one. Both "A" and "B" were unfortunate in that they missed the inter-zone finals.

The "A" team consisted of and are well supported by Gaye Bradshaw, Margaret Larson, Sandra Richmond, Leonie Mansfield, Sue Corser, Pam Hetterick and Denise Edwards. Elizabeth Stout captained the "B" team and was supported by Marion Watts, Margaret McKenna, Anne Peterich, Dale Carruthers, Sue Lambert, Georgina Nye, Lee Peterson, Janet Knaggs, Margaret Ferguson, Barbara Hoffman, Kerry Mitchell and Jenny Collins.

In the first game of the series the "A" team defeated Hamilton Hill. The second game resulted in a win for both teams against Melville, while the final game of the first round resulted in losses for both teams. The second round was a repeated performance of round one except that the "B" team instead of losing to Applecross, managed a draw.

Many thanks to Miss Mowday and Miss Andre for their valuable assistance to both teams. Congratulations to Wendy Giles and Deborah Rate in

gaining selection in the Metropolitan team. Both are good prospects for next year and future Curtin hockey teams.

BOYS' HOCKEY NOTES

In contrast to previous seasons, the "A" Hockey team showed early promise with several convincing victories against comparatively weak opposition. In the annual fixture against Northam, we maintained our unbeaten record with a 5-2 win. However, in our final match, we lost 1-4 to Applecross and thus failed to reach the finals (by goal average).

Although we did not qualify for the finals I would like to thank all the team for their sportsmanship and determined efforts in every match.

Several features of this year's representation were G. Byrnes (reached last trial for State team), P. (Reg.) Cook (Captain), K. Whalan (leaning tower of Curtin), M. Hatch and T. Green (main goal scorers), and J. Pearse (Goalie) who scored about four forwards. The remainder who played are M. King, M. Margetts, J. Garrett, K. Gilbride, M. Johnsen, P. Jensen, P. Kazakoff and B. Dowling.

All members of the team extend their appreciation to Mr. Rate, for his patience, guidance, and unbiased umpiring throughout the season.

Good luck to the team next year!



GIRLS' HOCKEY

Back Row (left-right) : S. Richmond, M. Earnshaw, Miss Mowday, W. Giles, S. Corser.
Front Row (left-right) : M. Larson, G. Corker, D. Edwards, L. Mansfield, G. Bradshaw.



BOYS' HOCKEY

Front Row (left-right): G. Byrne, M. King, P. Cook, J. Pearce, T. Green, M. Hatch, B. Dowling.

Back Row (left-right): J. Garrett, M. Johnson, K. Whalan, Mr. Rate, P. Jensen, M. Margetts, K. Gilbride.

LIFESAVING NOTES (GIRLS)

At the annual lifesaving carnival held on the 30th March the girls, although trying hard, could not repeat the wins of the previous two years.

Three teams were entered in the carnival. The Madame de Mouncey Cup team (open event) consisted of M. Hunter (Captain), M. Bresser, S. Edwards and J. Cole; T. Hawkins and J. McColl being the reserves. In the under-16 years event,

the Halliday Shield, Curtin was represented by J. Hill, L. Verco, R. Parker and S. Barret; S. Wallis being the reserve. In the under-14 years event, the Bunbury Cup, the team consisted of B. Gilbride, G. Reveson, P. Verco and S. Hill; K. Ogg being the reserve.

Training this year was supervised by Mrs. Bromilow and Miss Mowday to whom must go special thanks for the sacrificing of valuable time in the training of the teams.

S. Edwards 5E-2.

GIRLS' LIFESAVING

Front Row (left-right): B. Gilbride, S. Hill, M. Hunter, G. Devison, P. Verco.

Centre Row (left-right): J. Cole, J. Hill, S. Barrett, R. Parker, J. de Passey, L. Verco, M. Bresser.

Back Row (left-right): T. Hawkins, J. McColl, S. Edwards.



THE INTER-FACTION SWIMMING CARNIVAL, 1969

(Held on the 13th of March at Beatty Park)

The day started off with Red taking the lead straight away, after the first race in fact, which Red won. This lead was never relinquished all day, for Red ran out easy winners from Gold, Blue and Black, respectively.

Although the end was inevitable from the beginning, the hopeful spectators did not lose their enthusiasm throughout the day, and for that the competitors are thankful.

The superiority of Red faction is clearly shown in the number of individual champions who were from Red.

GIRLS

12 years: Barbara Gilbride—
13 years: Peta Corrish—
14 years: Sonia Barrett—Red
15 years: Marilyn Hunter—Black
Open: Mary-Anne Bresser—Red

BOYS

12 years: Jackie Jager—Red
13 years: Peter Ryan—Gold
14 years: John Newing—Gold
15 years: Robert Bigwood—Black
Open: Bruce Blay—Red

Another would-be swimmer, in Keith Swetman, was unlucky enough to break his leg the day before the Carnival. However, we were glad to see him back in action for the Inter-School Carnival, where he swam well.

The Prefects were very thoughtful in their race against the teachers. They realised that to obtain good marks they should let the teachers win!

(B.B.)—Red Faction Captain.

THE INTER-SCHOOL SWIMMING CARNIVAL, 1969

(Held on the 11th of April at Beatty Park!)

The School had a wonderful year at swimming: we managed to get the School down-graded to the "B" Division for next year.

We had an exciting one win, day—the win incidentally was by a female, how disgusting boys! Especially when the boys did all the training. However, our sincere congratulations go to Sue Hill.

Of course, if you have not already guessed, or did not know, Curtin finished last out of the eight schools competing in the Carnival. We had a marvellous, grand total of 48 points, compared with the winning School's total of 300 points. Both Captains Mary-Anne Bresser and Bruce Blay tried hard as did the whole squad, but it was to no avail. Some of the outstanding swimmers were Marilyn Hunter, Bruce Blay and Julie McCall.

Ah! well! so much for the Carnival itself, the better part of it was the preparation that went into it, that is, the training, which was well done by the boys, but not nearly so well done by the girls.

Each morning bright and early, about 6 a.m. or before, the would-be swimmers crawled out of their nice, warm, comfortable beds, half asleep, and trundled off to training.

Of the boys in training there were about six to eight regulars who went once a day or more, every day; of the girls there were two, or was it one? who trained fairly regularly once a day!

Finally, I would like to extend many thanks, on behalf of the squad, to our trainers, Mr. Rate (head trainer), Mr. Bradfield ("C.G."), Miss Whyte,

SWIMMING

Back Row (left-right): J. Newing, P. Coleman, K. Swetman, J. Pearce, T. Porter, R. Bigwood, A. Thompson, C. Lorrimar, J. Nicholas, P. Watson, N. Howe, C. Bridger.
Third Row (left-right): P. Sullivan, J. Trott, G. Stephens, R. Patterson, J. Cole, C. Pyatt, B. Anderson, J. McGill, M. Hunter, T. Hawkins, J. Jager, G. Rennie, L. Carter, P. Onions.
Second Row (left-right): G. Devison, P. Corrish, S. Baxter, S. Barrett, S. Edwards, D. Carruthers, B. Hansen, R. Parker, J. de Passey, J. Hill, M. Williams.
Seated (left-right): P. Verco, B. Gilbride, S. Hill, B. Blay, Mr. Rate (staff), Miss Whyte (staff), Mr. Bennetts (staff), Mr. Bradfield (staff), M. Bresser, B. Haynes, L. Verco.



Mrs. Bowe, Mrs. Cormack, and other members of the P.Ed. Staff. I would like to send a special thanks to Mrs. Cormack, who spent much valuable time in the morning down at training, when she could have been home, making Mr. Cormack's breakfast.

There is a rumour that Fremantle will be getting a much-needed swimming pool in the near future. We are not sure how near this future is, but

when the pool is built it will be a valuable adjunct to up-and-coming swimmers of John Curtin.

To the swimming squad of 1970 and later years I extend best wishes and I hope you have a more successful Carnival than this year's. 1969 a year to remember.

Your not-so-lucky, Captain.

Bruce Blay 5E-2.



TENNIS

Front Row (left-right): L. Mansfield, S. Rummelink, C. Stoddart, H. Lewington.
Back Row (left-right): W. Green, J. Edwards, Mr. Bennetts, T. Green, R. Barry.

TENNIS NOTES

In our usual style, the tennis team this year stepped out confidently (?) on to the courts to battle with the opposing schools of Hamilton, Melville and Applecross.

Our first match dealt a crushing blow to the Hamilton team and boosted our confidence in ourselves as potential Davis Cup champions—it was a pity though, that Hamilton's team was comprised of mostly second and third years. The result was 12 sets to 0 (nil).

We then pitted ourselves and our two week's experience as a team against quite formidable-looking opponents. This, however, proved to be an affront on Melville's part and we again won 10 sets to 2 sets setting our feet, you could say, towards the courts of Wimbledon.

Our turn then came to play the 'Cross, the nomenclature used by supporters for that particular institution. It happened that rain failed to wash out the play as we had hoped, and in our grand style we pitted most of our strength against the gale force sou'wester. Chris Stoddart could distinctly be seen to rise some inches off the ground on several occasions. Despite our heroic efforts we were defeated 3 sets to 9 sets and thus ended our rise to fame.

Our courageous little band consisted of Christine Stoddart (Captain), Helen Lewington and imported stars from Kwinana, Leonie Mansfield and Sue Rummelink. In the number 2 team there were Pam Heterick, Shirley Weir, Christine Pyatt, Margaret Clarke and Suzette Cork.

H. Lewington 5E-1.

SOCCKER NOTES

The school soccer team has once again upheld its outstanding record of being undefeated in the qualifying rounds of the inter-school competition.

This year's team is a well-balanced one and plays a very fluent game blended by skill and speed. Mr. Scriven has developed a system suiting the players available, which has brought about our success. Several new players have shown talent both in defence and attack.

Carmine Fiorentino has played well in goals and has made some fine saves. New defenders Harry Bowling and John Brazier have both played extremely well along with Sam Tornatore, Glynn Ward and Alex Wylie, who have always managed to contain the opposing attack. A feature of our

defenders play has been solid tackling and clever clearances. Mid-field players Terry Casilli, Peter Cole and Bill Green have played well with Terry Linking the defence and attack extremely well. Speed and versatility are two of the qualities exhibited by strikers, Marino Antolovich, Don Chiappini, Jeff Edwards and John Dymotrowski. The team has shown strength and reliability in all positions and has an excellent record for the season, scoring a total of 48 goals and conceding nil in six games.

SQUAD:

T. Casilli (Captain), P. Cole (Vice-Captain), C. Fiorentino, H. Bowling, J. Brazier, G. Ward, A. Wylie, W. Green, S. Tornatore, J. Edwards, M. Antolovich, D. Chiappini, J. Dymotrowski, R. Hardy, R. Vickers.



SOCCKER

Front Row (left-right) : J. Edwards, D. Chiappini, S. Cassilli, Mr. Scriven, P. Cole, H. Bowling, M. Antolovich.

Back Row (left-right) : W. Green, G. Ward, C. Fiorentino, J. Brazier, J. Dymotrowski, R. Hardy.

FOOTBALL NOTES

Once again, as usual, the football team had a highly successful season. Of the six matches played so far, all were won convincingly. This fact shows the calibre of the players since the players did not have a training run together.

The pattern of play was verbally set by the coach Roly Daw and then, brilliantly led by the Captain and Vice-Captain, the team carried out his instructions to the utmost and in doing so trampled on every team that got in their way.

The beginning of the season saw a slow start to the teamwork adopted by Mr. DAW, but with each game, every player came into his own and

the team settled down to playing intelligent football. The last game of the qualifying round provided a thriller, for those that saw it, with Curtin winning by a point. Due to unforeseen circumstances Alan Thompson, generally known as Paddy O'Shea, was in control of the game and thus his vocabulary was considerably enlightened by the Applecross players. During the last stages of the game, play became hectic which resulted in Ken Caratti being taken to hospital with a bruised kidney. (From reports received, he was rather reluctant to come home.) After a controversial decision given by the boundary umpire, Ross Gabrielson, a goal resulted for Curtin, thus giving them victory.

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SOCCKER

Front Row (left-right) : J. Edwards, D. Chiappini, S. Cassilli, Mr. Scriven, P. Cole, H. Bowling, M. Antolovich.

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The Applecross players (forever stirring) gave him a few well chosen words, but Ross keeping cool as a cucumber, soon quietened them down with his philosophical manner.

Having won all games, Curtin now play in the inter-zone finals and both Coach and players are confident of victory.



FOOTBALL

Front Row (left-right) : J. Roberts, J. Nicholas, A. Marcinowicz, Mr. Daw, D. Sloper, B. Avery.
 Centre Row (left-right): A. Thompson, A. Maffina, R. Trehella, R. Spence, G. Moyle,
 B. Sumich, A. Murphy, R. Scarfe, T. East, I. Unkavich.
 Back Row (left-right) : D. Byfield, N. Avery, A. Paterson, R. Gabrielson, D. Sillery.

JOHN CURTIN RUGBY LEAGUE, 1969

Rugby Fans,

This year's brilliant team consisted of 15 regular players and a few "blow ins". The 15 were—Nigel Hall, Max Henderson, Jeff Glass, Mike Grif-

fiths, Stuart Hope, Ric Lombardo, Ken Matson, Gary Miles, John Moig, Rod Moonen, Vic Mucó, Robert Limpus, Tom Porter, Gary Wenn, Derek Whitfield.

At this point a brief summary of each player would be beneficial.

RUGBY

Front Row (left-right) : N. Hall, M. Henderson, D. Whitfield, J. Moug, K. Matsen.
 Centre Row (left-right) : J. Glass, R. Moonen, G. Wren, R. Hope, R. Lombardo, G. Miles, M. Griffiths.
 Back Row (left-right) : T. Porter, S. Hope, V. Mucó.



Nigel Hall—Showed great courage in all games and will be a valuable player next year. HALF BACK.

Max Henderson—A solid attacking player who used his weight to advantage, and was very penetrating. INSIDE CENTRE.

Jeff Glass—A good defender at awkward times. Will improve with experience and self confidence. SECOND ROW.

Mike Griffiths—Was one of "Hokey's" offsidiers in the scrum. Delivered good constant games. FRONT ROW.

Stuart Hope—"Hokey"—Had some difficulty in arranging his ideas on Rugby Union to suit those of Rugby League (which is the better of the two). When he managed to see the ball he turned in a good game. Had loads of fun with the tackling machine. FRONT ROW—VICE-CAPTAIN.

Ric Lombardo—In conjunction with Gary Miles was of great value to the team. Not a bad snooker player. WING.

Ken Matson—Showed good form throughout the season. A valuable source of entertainment in the scrum. HOOKER.

Gary Miles—A consistent player during the season. Was the instigator of many attacking wing movements. Also a good SNOOKER player. WING.

John Moig—Will be a valuable player next year. HOOKER.

Rod Moonen—Found the conversion from League to Union a bit tough but this did not stop him playing extremely well. SECOND ROW.

Vic Muco—Ran hard all day—and all night. WING.

Robert Limpus—Had he not sustained a shoulder injury early in the season he would have shone—better luck next year Bob. OUTSIDE CENTRE.

Tom Porter—Showed very good aptitude and skill for a relatively new player. The team will miss this player next year. LOCK.

Gary Wenn—Suffered from isolation while standing deep in defence but occasionally came into the play. FULL BACK.

Derek Whittfield—"Stump"—Caused some gossip in the scrum over his knee length "baggy" shorts and "knee length" socks. (To any maths student it is obvious that this combination leaves very little leg visible). Is the player most looking forward to the "staff versus students" match. FIVE-EIGHT. CAPTAIN.

At this stage mention must be made of the gallant coach.

Bob Hogue—A prominent member of the FREEMANTLE RUGBY LEAGUE CLUB gave many hours of his valuable time in a stirring effort to tame the above mob. However, under relentless pressure he cracked and gave up. The team is grateful for your work, Bob.

The team had no trouble in annihilating Melville on numerous occasions but could not quite topple Applecross. Despite this, Derek tells me there is no doubt in his mind as to who will win the Staff versus Students' match—THE STUDENTS.
P.S. Good luck, Mr. Garrett.

Yours in Rugby League,
Silent Observer.

CRICKET NOTES

This year the "A" cricket side failed by one run to make the finals. The story is even worse when it is seen we beat the top side and lost to the bottom side. That's cricket!

The season was highlighted by a number of performances. The batting limelight was stolen by Noel Avery who came up consistently with good scores. Just as consistently, however, he runs partners out. It's a standing joke that when we are given a target we always allow for a couple of run-outs when Noel's batting. He was not alone in this field, however. Alan Maffina, hooking everything from the off stump to the leg stumps, showed promise while he was there. I don't think Noel likes Alan outscoring him by so much because both times Alan batted he was run-out by—guess who? Stephen Terry chanced his arm and hit a few sixes on the spacious Curtin oval.

It is not usual to highlight a batsman for his lack of runs but this year Lindsay Baguley takes the cake. Things were looking grim when Lindsay went out to bat. He took guard and with a confident glint in his eye faced up to the first ball... perhaps he was a little over-confident. We saw the graceful arc of his bat as he went through the motions of a swipe. We look for the ball out near the boundary—no ball, we look back at the wicket—no Lindsay. He told us later that he was hiding under a bail. I'd like to offer an excuse though, if I may. You see, Lindsay's colour blind and perhaps the red ball mingles into the green wicket. It's only speculation, of course. Lindsay definitely redeemed himself as a bowler, although a few sixes were procured from his deviating balls. But as he says: "When they start hitting them in the air, I know I've got them rattled".

No-one can talk about bowling feats without mentioning "Head" Jones, our skipper. After last year's debacle with his spinners, "Head" decided to bowl fast. While the other bowlers took turns at one end Steve held down the other end. Against Hamilton Hill Steve took eight for ten including a hat-trick! But this wasn't a flash in the pan, he consistently took wickets against all-comers. While on the subject of "Head" I'd like to mention his eloquence. Steve is normally a fluent speaker but I think he was a little nervous at afternoon tea.

CRICKET

Front Row (left-right): M. King, L. Baguley, Mr. Scriven, A. Maffina, A. Murphy.
Back Row (left-right): A. Warburton, G. Yates, S. Terry, A. Marcinowicz, N. Avery, B. Judge, A. Donovan, N. Stingemore.



Arthur Murphy surprised us all with his "keeping". He actually took about 80% of the wickets with his catches and 50% of the remainder with his stumping. A future Wally Grout in the making.

Curator Barry Judge did an excellent job on the pitch but not so well in the game. When he left this vocation the pitch sadly deteriorated. I think the curator should swap with Barry; I believe he

bowls a good wrong'un.

Finally a word of thanks to our coach, Mr. Scriven. On a hot day, the only reason we stayed on our feet was to mangle him after the game, for he was sitting at square-leg, fresh and cool, sipping an icy cold Coke between overs. Great psychology!

S.M.T.



GIRLS' GYMNASTICS

C. Stoddart, R. Maller, S. Cork, H. Lewington, S. Maffina, Y. Hughes.

CALISTHENICS NOTES

The Senior J.C.H.S. team certainly had an eventful year. Our "Aztec Sacrifice Theme" began at the May Phys. Ed. Camp. We worked out a "stage version" by June 5th and successfully did a display for the Library Opening. The following Tuesday we repeated our performance at a lunchtime charity concert. It was then that our film career was launched as the Education Department filmed our "Aztec Ritual" for their Newsreel at this year's Royal Show. With Mrs. Bromilow's help we changed the plan to suit a floor pattern for the Championships on June 28th in which we were placed 3rd.

However, we won in spirit and our sincere thanks go to our sacrificing manager Mrs. Bromilow and to Miss Whyte and Miss Mowday for their inspirational help. Our appreciation also goes to Mr. Chester who designed and made our practical and striking Aztec Headdresses.

Our sacrifice was Diane Guy, the Indian slaves were Vicki Aggett, Gail Lapham, Mary-Anne Bresser, Terry Hawkins and the Priestesses were Kristine Dibb, Lynn Element, Nicky Birch, Shelly Carbon and Shirley Weir.

S. Weir 5E-1.

JUNIOR CALISTHENIC NOTES

This year John Curtin entered two teams in the Championships.

The second team's theme was based on a toyshop being animated.

Twelve girls were in this sequence. Jan Hill, Dev. Kierath, Vicki Carter, Sheridan McKay, Anne Jenkins and Matilda Unkovich from 3A-1. The 3A-2 girls were Joanne Wales, Anne Cadlolo, Denise Carter, Lynne Lillywhite, Carole Bennett and Susan Baxter.

This dance was also done for the opening of the new school library.

Thanks must go to Mrs. Bromilow for the time and effort taken in training us.

Susan Baxter 3A-2.



CALISTHENICS

Front Row (left-right): K. Dibb, S. Carbon, S. Weir (Captain), N. Birch, L. Element.
Back Row (left-right): M. Bresser, G. Lapham, V. Aggett, D. Guy, T. Hawkins, L. Haskell.



VOLLEYBALL

Front Row (left-right): R. Whitchurch, J. Byrnes, N. Birch, S. Carbon, J. Linton, M. Bresser.



BASEBALL

Front Row (left-right): S. Lockeby, M. Hatch, P. Carmen.
 Back Row (left-right): A. Davies, R. Hope, Mr. Majors, T. Zaknich, L. Poore.
 (Absent: A. Wyle, M. Correia.)

Financial Contributions

The editors gratefully thank the following business houses and associations of Perth and Fremantle, for their generous response to our appeal for financial aid in printing "The Sentinel". Without their support the publication would have been almost impossible.

Our thanks, therefore, go out to:—

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E. & D. Culley
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Dodd's Booksellers
Edward Moore & Co. Pty. Ltd.
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Society Ltd.
Fremantle Gas & Coke Co. Ltd.
Fremantle Providoring Co.
Fremantle Steam Laundry Co.

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Swan Brushware Ltd.
Warrens Mercers
Watsons Foods Pty. Ltd.

and others whose donations arrived too late for acknowledgement in the publication.



Message to our Writers

The Editors thank warmly all contributors for their generous efforts but regret that not all contributions could be published. The reason for most rejections was simply lack of space.

It would be appreciated if those whose work was crowded out would try again next year.

Meanwhile the following hints are offered, with respect to all contributions whether published or not.

1. Length is important. Try to cut out all unnecessary words.
2. In the interest of justice do not publish personal comments likely to be hurtful. Remember your victim has no chance to answer back.
3. The Editors try to cater for all tastes, but cannot publish articles, even clever ones, where the language used is offensive.
4. Work should be original or the source of knowledge mentioned "Straight" writing has, on the whole, more appeal than the consciously incorrect. We do have room for one or two of the "Use guys don't no arf," variety; but one or two is the limit. A magazine full of this would be most boring.

We strive to please, and with your help, contributors, we hope we have done so.

EDITORS.

SENTINEL

1969