

BOGONG



VOL. 12 DEC. 1969

CAVANOUGH CUP



The Cavanough Cup which was won by Tumut High this year for the first time

BOGONG

THE MAGAZINE OF THE TUMUT HIGH SCHOOL

EDITOR: Miss D. L. Dodd

LITERARY EDITOR: Miss I. M. T. Auchinachie

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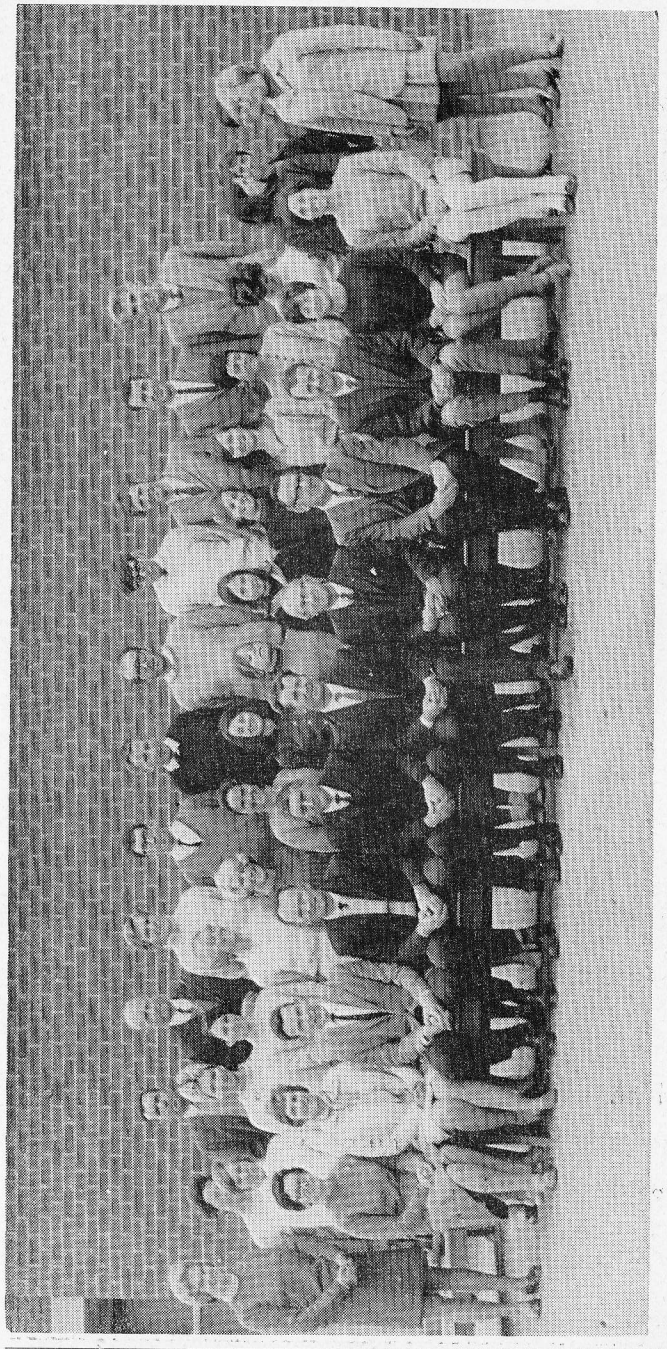
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TYPING:

A special word of thanks from the Editors and Committee to the 5th Form Commerce Class for their willing assistance



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VICE-CAPTAINS: Sue Tod, Mark Jones.

SCHOOL PREFECTS: Cheryl Ballard, Gail Cork, Sharyn Duncan, Megan Fowler, Marie Jamieson, Jennifer Kelly, Narelle Kingwill, Janet Thatcher, Richard Arentz, Roderick Boyd, Grant Dunkerton, Graeme Ford, John Hillier, John McRae, David Wallace, Peter Ward.

Principal's Message



When ex-students of Tumut High and visitors who have not been near the School for some time visit the School they are enthusiastic about the physical changes in the planned development of the buildings and the extensive additional equipment, which is constantly being purchased.

The programme of education requires continual planned expansion and, looking over the past year, we must pay tribute to the assistance given, in this regard, by local service clubs, parents associations and businesses in the town.

Because of the encroachment of the new buildings on the playing fields, an area was set aside in the School Forest for the much needed additional playing fields in close proximity to the School. Plans have been prepared and submitted to the Education Department, after having been approved by the Public Works Department. It is pleasing to see that the Tumut Shire Council has accepted responsibility for supervising the work.

On the playing fields this year Tumut have acquitted themselves very well by winning both Inter-school fixtures against Queanbeyan (Freebody Cup) and against Blakehurst (Cavanough Cup). The thing that has impressed me most was the keen manner in which all sporting contests have been played and the good sportsmanship shown, whether the result was a win or a loss.

Whilst on sport, I must make special mention of the two outstanding teams of the year, the hockey team, defeated in only one match, and the six-stone football team, who were undefeated.

Both on the sporting field and in the classroom, the student who does his or her best and fights on to the finish, wins the respect of all and brings honour to the School.

—L. H. BONNOR, Principal



SCHOOL CAPTAINS AND VICE-CAPTAINS

(l. to r.): R. Matchett, A. Morris, S. Tod, M. Jones

Captains' Message

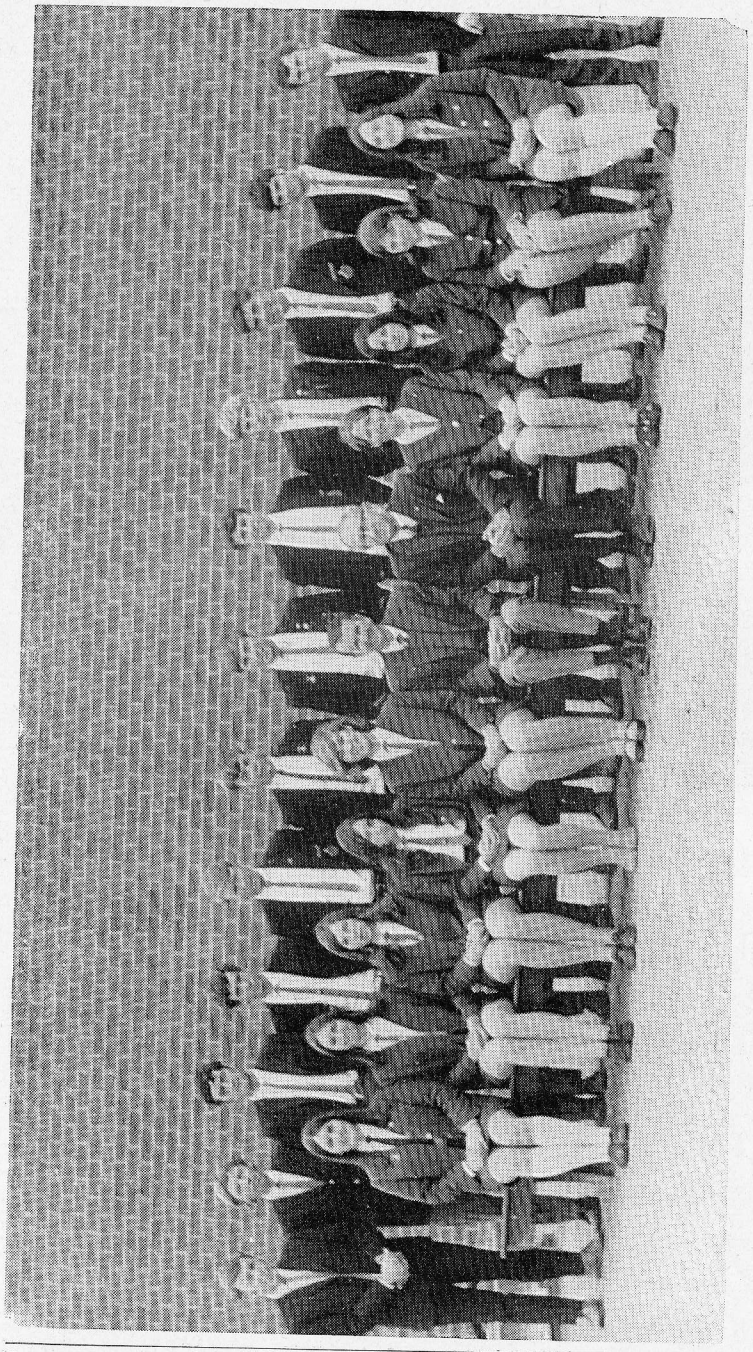
Being members of Sixth Form, 1969 is our last year as school students under the Wyndham Scheme, which has now been in operation for seven years. This, the construction of the Talbingo Dam and the increase of primary industries around Tumut, has led to a rise in population. This has reflected on the school in the form of an increased number of enrolments. Due to this a new wing has been constructed and is now in use for the Junior and Senior School.

This year we have been successful in winning both the Inter-School visit sporting Cups.

As the Captains, we express our gratitude to Mr. Bonnor, Mr. Gray, the Prefects' Master, Mr. Graham, and the Prefects for their co-operation and support throughout the year.

We hope we have been able to continue the School tradition in sportsmanship and scholarship for those of the future.

—ROBERT MATCHETT and ALISON MORRIS



PREFECTS

BACK ROW (l. to r.): D. Smart, M. Jones, I. Dehnert, G. Dunkerton, R. Arentz, J. McRae, R. Matchett, P. Ward, D. Wallace, J. Hillier, R. Boyd, G. Ford.

FRONT ROW (l. to r.): M. Fowler, J. Kelly, J. Thatcher, C. Ballard, S. Tod, Mr. R. H. Graham, Mr. L. H. Bonnor, A. Morris, M. Jamieson, N. Kingwill, G. Cork.

SCHOLASTIC SUCCESSES

COMMONWEALTH SECONDARY SCHOLARSHIPS, 1968

Alison Brougham, Lynelda Hampstead, Alison Kell, Coral Piper

COMMONWEALTH UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIP

David Barlow (not taken)

UNIVERSITY TEACHERS' COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS

David Barlow, Scherie McDonell, Kerry Piper

TEACHERS' COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS

Stephen Murray (the following students were awarded Scholarships, but did not accept them: Leonie Hargreaves, Christine Wilkinson)

ROTARY SCHOLARSHIP, 1969

John Roddy, Gary Blacka

M. H. COLYER SCHOLARSHIP, 1969

Michael Nowlan

SPEECH NIGHT AWARDS

FORM 1:—

Dux of Form 1: Jeffrey Coombes, Rodney Webb.
Third Place in Form: Barbara Venables.
First Place 1B: Dorothy Grinly.
First Place 1C: Owen Murrell.
First Place 1D: Glenys Byrne.
First Place 1E: Gary Stubbs.
Application 1A: Norma French.
Application 1B: Christine Cory.
Application 1C: Piri Dudas.
Application 1D: Jane Richmond.
Application 1E: Christopher Myatt.

FORM 2:

Dux of Form 2: Michael Carey.
English: Joyce Bradley.
Mathematics: Michael Carey.
Science: Michael Carey.
History: Michael Carey.
Geography: Michael Carey.
Commerce: Heather McGruer.
Agriculture: Heather McGruer.
French: Michael Carey.
Art: Diane Mumbler.
Needlework: Judith Hoad.
Home Science: Lynette Piper.
Woodwork: Paul Weston.
Metalwork: Rex Davies.
Technical Drawing: Eric Vickery.
Class 2D Application: Vicki Bellette.
Class 2E Application: Cheryl Oddy.

SPEECH NIGHT AWARDS

FORM 3:—

Dux of Form 3: Keith Contessa.
English: Yvonne Ching.
Mathematics: Keith Contessa.
Stephen Everard Prize (Science): Keith Contessa.
History: Andrew Acland.
Geography: Keith Contessa.
Commerce: Keith Contessa, Yvonne Ching.
French: Rae Free.
Needlework: Jennifer Smith.
Home Economics: Yvonne Ching.
Metalwork: John Wilkinson.
Woodwork: Ian Archer.
Technical Drawing: David Cameron.
Agriculture: Keith Contessa.
Music: Julie Gray.
Class 3D/E Application: Robert Watson.

FORM 4:—

Dux of Form 4: Alison Kell.
J. & H. Kell Prize (English): Lynelda Hampstead.
Mathematics: Alison Brougham.
K. L. Meyer Prize (Science): Robyn Lindley.
History: Coral Piper.
Geography: Alison Kell, Michael Byrne, Robyn Lindley.
Commerce: William Bloomfield, Elizabeth Stathis.
French: Robyn Lindley.
Art: Sharyn Duncan.
Needlework: Judith Hargreaves.
Home Science: Elizabeth Stathis.
Woodwork: Colin Wilkinson.
Metalwork: Colin Wilkinson.
Technical Drawing: Roderick Bonnor.

FORM 5:—

Dux of Form 5: Susan Kemp.
English: Susan Kemp.
Mathematics: Peter Green.
Modern History: Susan Kemp.
Ancient History: Susan Kemp.
Geography: Fay Hickson.
Economics: Marie Jamieson.
French: Graeme Ford.
C.W.A. Prize (Textile and Design): Josje van der Vliet.
Industrial Arts: Robert Matchett.

FORM 6:—

Dux of Form 6: David Barlow.
R. R. Knox Prize (English): Leonie Hargreaves.
Trevor Gill Prize (Mathematics): David Barlow.
James Tod Prize (Science): David Barlow.
R.S.L. Prize (Modern History): Dawn McDonald.
Ancient History: Scherie McDonell.
Geography: Ivan Dehnert.
J. H. Barlow Prize (Economics): Marilyn Buckley.
French: Christine Wilkinson.
Art: Christine Wilkinson.
Industrial Arts: Robert Denbesten.

SPEECH NIGHT AWARDS

SPECIAL PRIZES:—

Rotary Prize, Senior Citizenship, Annette Shedden.
Apex Prize, Junior Citizenship, Sue Riley.
Principal's Prize, Ivan Dehnert.
Mary Elizabeth Gordon Prize for outstanding merit: Boy, Stephen Potts; girl, Lynette Byrne.
Book Week Prizes: Nicholas Matinca, Lance Tucker, Dorothy Grinly, Raymond Beckett, Stephen Mahony.
Health Week Prizes (donated by Tumut Shire Council): First, Jeffrey Coombes; second, Anne Paton; third, Robert Arden, Margaret Sharp.
Troy Roche Literature Awards: Literature: Senior Prose, first, Alison Kell; second, Dawn McDonald; Senior Poetry, first, Sue Kemp; second, Margaret Carter; Junior Prose, first, not awarded, second, Brett Pfeiffer. Oratory: Public Speaking: Senior, Megan Fowler, Gail Cork; Junior, Robert Arden.

SPORTING BLUES:—

Girls' Basketball: Caroline Cork, Annette Shedden.
Hockey: Jill Sephton.
Boys': Cricket: Phillip Rosetta.
Rugby League Football: David Smart.
Athletics: Stephen Potts.

HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE, 1968

KEY: 1 English, 2 Mathematics, 3 Science, 4 Agriculture, 5 Modern History, 6 Ancient History, 7 Geography, 8 Economics, 9 French, 10 Art, 11 Industrial Arts, 12 Textiles and Design, 13 Home Science, 14 General Studies, 15 Music. 1 first Level, 2F second Level Full Course, 2S second Level Short Course, 3 third Level.

BALLARD, D.: 1 L3, 7 L2, 13 L2.
BARLOW, D. A.: 1 L2, 2 L1, 3 L2F, 7 L2.
BELL, C. A.: 1 L3, 2 L3, 8 L2, 7 L3.
BUCKLEY, M. A.: 1 L3, 2 L3, 3 L3, 5 L2, 8 L2, 13 L2, 14.
BYRNE, L. G.: 1 L3, 2 L3, 5 L3, 4 L3.
CORK, C. L.: 1 L3, 5 L3, 7 L2, 10 L3.
CRAMPTON, K. J.: 1 L3, 2 L3, 3 L2S, 8 L2, 7 L3.
DEHNERT, I. P.: 1 L2, 3 L2F, 8 L2, 7L1, 14.
DENBESTEN, R.: 1 L3, 2 L2F, 3 L2S, 7 L2, 11 L2.
DOWELL, J. L.: 1 L3, 2 L3, 3 L3, 8 L3, 7 L3, 10 L3.
EMERY, M.: 1 L2, 2 L3, 5 L2, 7 L2, 10 L3.
ERPIC, T.: 1 L3, 2 L2S, 3 L2F, 8 L2, 7L2.
GERDELAN, R. V.: 1 L2, 5 L2, 6 L2, 7 L3.
HARGREAVES, L. M.: 1 L3, 2 L2S, 3 L2S, 5 L2, 9 L2.
HARGREAVES, L. N.: 1 L3, 2 L3, 5 L3, 12 L3.
HARGREAVES, R. B.: 1 L3, 2 L2F, 3 L2S, 5 L2, 7 L2.
JOHNSON, G. A.: 2 L3, 3 L3, 5 L3, 4 L3.
KELL, N. F.: 1 L3, 10 L2, 11 L2.
McDONALD, M. D.: 1 L2, 2 L3, 3 L3, 5 L2, 6 L2, 7 L2.
McDONNELL, S.: 1 L2, 2 L2S, 5 L2, 6L1, 9 L3, 15 L2.
MURRAY, G. G.: 1 L2, 5 L3, 7 L3, 10 L2.
MURRAY, R. J.: 1 L3, 7 L3.
MURRAY, S. C.: 1 L2, 2 L2S, 3 L2F, 8 L2, 7 L2, 14.
O'KEEFFE, K. L.: 1 L3, 5 L3, 6 L3, 7 L3.
ODDY, T. J.: 1 L3, 2 L3, 3 L3, 8 L2, 7 L3.
PIPER, K. F.: 1 L3, 2 L2S, 3 L2F, 5 L2, 4 L1.
POTTS, S. W.: 1 L2, 2 L2S, 3 L2S, 8 L2, 7L2, 14.
SHEDDEN, A. L.: 1 L2, 2 L3, 5 L2, 6 L2, 7L2.
SMART, D. J.: 1 L3, 3 L3, 6 L3, 4 L3, 8 L2.
WALKER, D. B.: 2 L3, 3 L2S, 8 L3, 7 L2.
WILKINSON, C. A.: 1 L2, 3 L3, 5 L2, 9 L1, 10 L2.

SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 1968

R. T. Arentz, M. J. Baker, T. J. Baker, V. R. Bakes, P. J. Bartell, C. M. Beegling, K. Bell, B. J. Blacka, W. L. Bloomfield, R. J. Boekelaar, R. H. Bonnor, R. C. Boyd, B. J. Boyle, H. M. Bridle, A. Brougham, P. D. Butler, H. M. Bye, M. D. Byrne, P. J. Carolan, S. L. Constance, G. C. Cork, C. Cribb, K. W. Davies, B. D. Dehnert, G. R. Dowell, S. J. Duncan, A. D. Farrelly, S. A. Fenton, D. J. Flynn, B. G. Ford, T. Fryett, S. M. Garner, W. E. Gill, R. A. Griffiths, P. M. Halloran, L. J. Hampstead, J. A. Hargreaves, D. F. Hartshorn, J. T. Hillier, K. R. Hogan, M. A. Holdsworth, A. J. Kell, G. J. Kell, W. J. Kell, G. R. Kelly, R. Kelly, G. Klaus, D. G. Le Fevre, R. A. Lindley, G. M. Lubke, C. M. Magann, M. J. Mahony, W. H. Masters, J. L. Maybury, R. J. McAlister, R. G. McAlister, Y. M. McCulloch, P. McDonell, B. F. McGrath, J. M. McRae, P. J. Molineaux, H. W. Oliver, H. M. Paton, B. R. Penrith, C. J. Piper, J. W. Pollard, K. M. Pollard, M. J. Preinbergs, G. O. Purcell, A. P. Roddy, V. Saunders, J. Sephton, L. F. Sheather, J. M. Shedden, E. A. Smart, S. C. Smith, V. G. Spence, E. A. Stathis, R. M. Sturt, S. L. Thatcher, J. H. Van Es, D. F. Vickery, I. G. Wallace, G. J. Watson, M. M. Weeden, G. C. Whatman, C. A. Wilkinson, I. Withers, R. Withers, P. Zdjelar.



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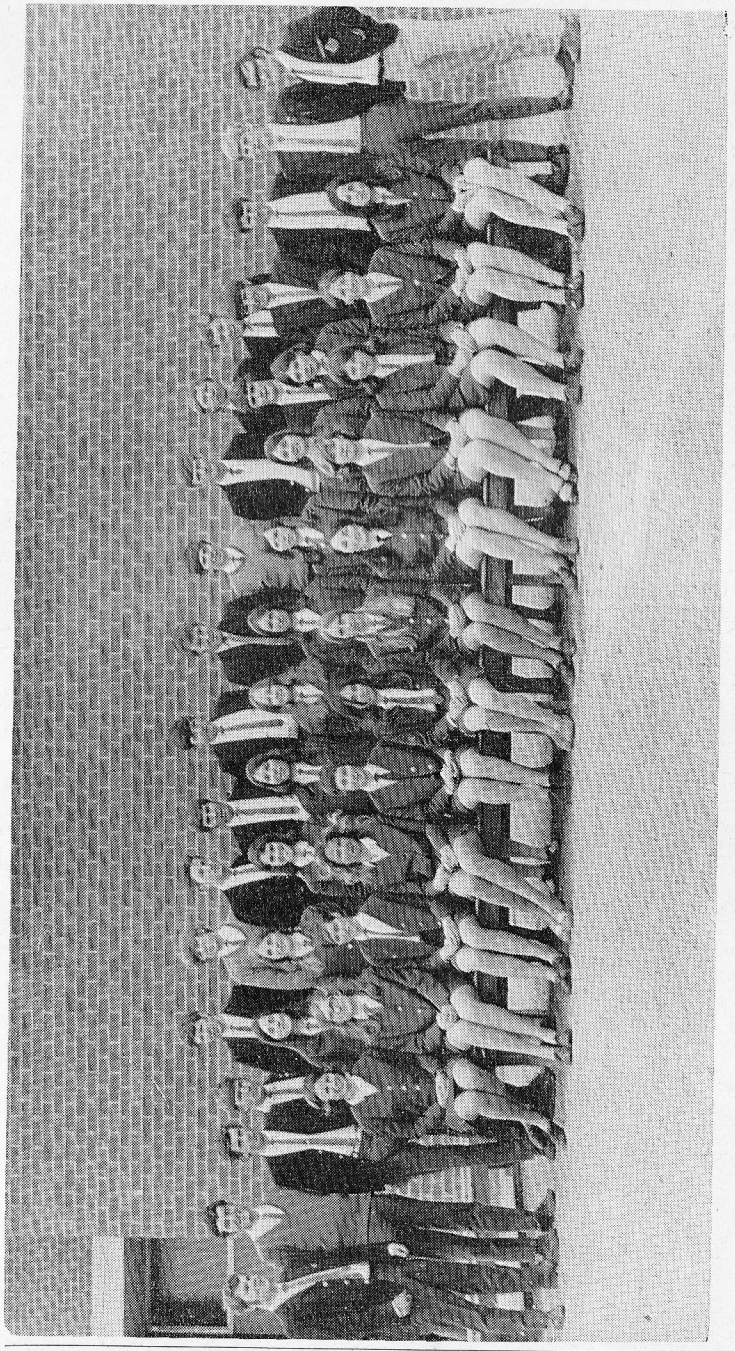
FRONT ROW (l. to r.): R. Kelly, M. Bridle, N. Bloomfield, C. O'Sullivan, B. Bloomfield, H. McGruer.

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FRONT ROW (l. to r.): J. Maybury, A. Kell, E. Smart, L. Hampstead, C. Arragon (absent).



SIXTH FORM

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MIDDLE ROW (l. to r.): G. Cork, M. Orr, M. Watson, L. Cruise, J. McLeod, J. Kelly, J. Thatcher, M. Fowler, S. Kemp.

FRONT ROW (l. to r.): I. Van der Vliet, A. McGoldick, J. Johnson, J. Van der Vliet, J. Reid, C. Ballard, F. Hickson, K. Hoad, S. Tod, N. Kingwill, A. Morris, M. Jamieson.

SIXTH FORM GIRLS

O that way madness lies; let me shun that. (Lear)

CHERYL BALLARD: "I have full cause of weeping" (Lear).
GAIL CORK: "O- She will sing the savageness out of a bear" (Othello).
LYNETTE CRUISE: "So young, my lord, and true." Lear)
MEGAN FOWLER: "The wealthy curled darlings of our nation." (Othello)
FAY HICKSON: "She that was ever fair and never proud
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud." (Othello)
KAREN HOAD: "Her voice was ever soft—gentle and low,
An excellent thing in woman." (Lear)
MARIE JAMIESON: "I am not what I am." (Othello)
JANENNE JOHNSON: "Fortune, smile once more." (Lear)
JENNIFER KELLY: "There is something about her." (St. Joan)
SUSAN KEMP: "A maiden never bold of spirit so still and quiet." (Othello)
NARELLE KINGWILL: "I am not attached to the soil in a vulgar manner, like a serf. Still, I have a feeling about it." (St. Joan)
ANNE McGOLDRICK: "Down, thou climbing sorrow! Thy elements below." (Lear)
JUDITH McLEOD: "I will be the pattern of all patience." (Lear)
ALISON MORRIS: "Keep me in temper." (Lear)
MARGARET ORR: "She's not a farm wench. Her father came here last year to represent his village in a lawsuit." (St. Joan)
JACQUELINE REID: "I will a round unvarnished tale deliver." (Othello)
JANET THATCHER: "The stars above us govern our condition." (Lear)
SUZANNE TOD: "She is so positive, sir." (St. Joan)
INGRID VAN DER VLIET: "I am tied to the stake and I must stand the course." (Lear)
JOSJE VAN DER VLIET: "The weight of this sad time we must obey." (Lear)
MIRIAM WATSON: "These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us." (Lear)

SIXTH FORM BOYS

The injuries that they themselves procure must be their Schoolmasters (King Lear)
GRAHAME BURMEISTER: "Speak what we feel; not what we out to say." (King Lear)
IAN CRAIG: "But I'll play the game as good as any of 'em." (Major Barbara)
IVAN DEHNERT: "Not so young sir to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for anything." (Lear)
GRANT DUNKERTON: "A still-soliciting eye." (Lear)
GRAEME FORD: "I will play the swan and die in music." (Othello)
ALLAN FREE: "Now listen to me. I am going to assert myself." (St. Joan)
PETER GREEN: "Villain by necessity. Fool by heavenly compulsion." (Lear)
ANTHONY GULLIFORD: "Gawd! There's no justice in this cantry." (Major Barbara)
PHILLIP HALLORAN: "Why haven't I got a heart the same as anybody else?" (Major Barbara)
MARK JONES: "I never asked to be a king. I am not built that way." (St. Joan)
RICHARD KNIGHT: "If ever I utter an oath again may my soul be blasted to eternal damnation." (St. Joan)
GEOFFREY McGUFFICKE: "I don't like marriage. I feel intensely afraid of it....." (Major Barbara)
ROBERT MATCHETT: "Let us seize this unspeakable moment. Excuse me just a moment." (Major Barbara)
MICHAEL NOWLAN: "Oh, sir! You are old. Nature in you stands on the very verge of her confine." (Lear)
JOHN RODDY: "A knave; a rascal." (Lear)
PHILLIP ROSETTA: "First, I'm intelligent." (Major Barbara)
DAVID SMART: "Striving to better, oft we mar what's well." (Lear)
DAVID WALLACE: "Ay, every inch a king." (Lear)
PETER WARD: "I stand by my class and do as little as I can so's to leave 'arf the job for me fellow workers." (Major Barbara)



SCHOOL DEBATING, 1969

The school debating team of 1969 consisted of Gail Cork as first speaker, Megan Fowler as second speaker, Graham Burmeister as the "whip", while Robert Arden was the helpful fourth member of the team.

With the help of Mrs. Everall and, having several teacher versus school team debates behind us, we were quite prepared to meet the Queanbeyan team at Queanbeyan during our annual visit. The topic was "That Personalities, not Principles, move the Age", and we drew the opposition. Although Queabeyan was initially declared the victors, it was not until later that Tumut was declared the "unofficial winners". For the next debate, however, Graham Burmeister promised that he would stick to debating and would not revert to spelling!

Our next and final debate took place during the Blakehurst visit. The topic this time was "That the Best Australians are Sheep" and once again we drew the opposition side. However, Blakehurst triumphed.

Although it was not a highly successful year for the Tumut debating team, we managed to maintain a high standard during the two inter-school visits. We wish the future debating teams better luck.

—MEGAN FOWLER, 6th Year.

THE SCHOOL CHOIR

For the first part of this year the School Choir was mainly involved in the production of the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "Patience".

Following this performance, the Inter-School Choral Group competed successfully against Blakehurst for the third time.

During Education Week the choir sang for a concert held at the school for the benefit of the parents.

The school choir will once again participate in the Eisteddfod at Wagga during the month of October.

The choir activities of this year will be terminated by a performance at the annual Speech Night.

We regret, however, that many of our senior choir members will be leaving at the close of this year. Our appreciation goes to Mr. Gray and Mrs. Gray for their patient tutoring of the choir activities throughout the year.

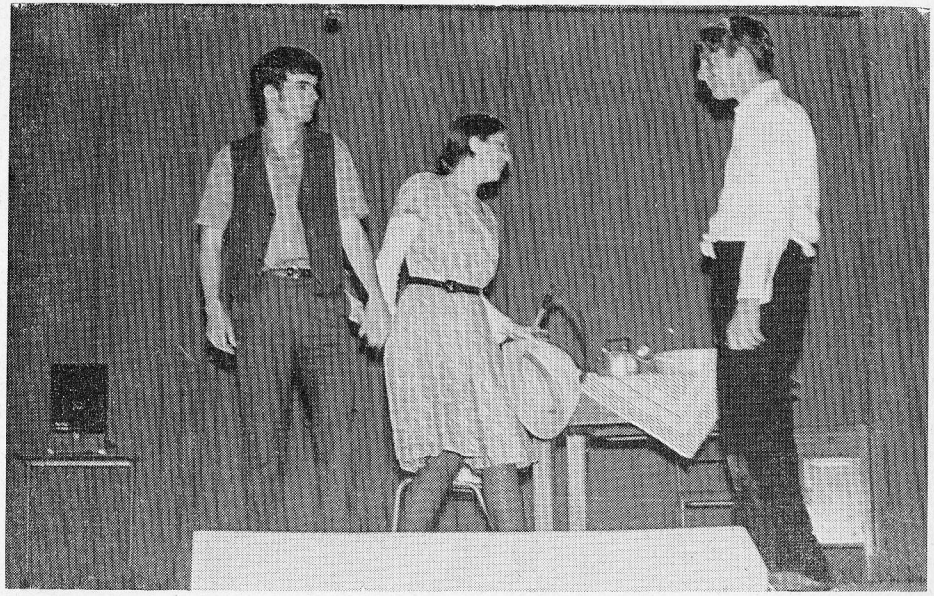
—PAULINE BARTELL.

SCHOOL PLAYS

In order to give a greater opportunity for pupils to take part in a play production on stage, class plays were introduced this year, with all plays presented to an audience, the better ones being produced on Play Night.

The production voted best senior play was "Ride a Tiger", presented by 5A, and the best junior play was 2A's production of "Man is Omega".

The play entered by the school in the two inter-school competitions was Sean O'Casey's comedy, "The End of the Beginning", with Judy McLeod, Sue Tod, Rod Boyd and John Hillier comprising the cast. The school play was unsuccessful in both competitions, making it three years in a row this has happened. We must try hard to remedy this state of affairs next year.



SCHOOL PLAY

(l. to r.): R. Boyd, J. McLeod, J. Hillier

"PATIENCE" OR "BUNTHORNE'S BRIDE"

In June this year the school presented four performances of this Gilbert and Sullivan comedy, based on the Hippies and Flower People at the turn of the century. Matinee performances were given for the schools in Tumut and the surrounding districts on Monday, 16th, and Wednesday, 18th. The evening performance took place on Thursday, 19th, and Saturday, 21st. Both nights were well attended and everyone enjoyed the production, especially members of the cast.

This year we will lose a number of the most experienced members of the cast. Gail Cork, Graeme Ford and Margaret Weeden will be particularly missed as they have sung the leading roles in the past Gilbert and Sullivan productions.

The 6th Formers of this year's cast will leave a vacancy, which, I hope, will be filled by new recruits from both the junior and senior school.

This year's cast was very large, totalling approximately 75.

CAST:

Soloists: Patience, Gail Cork; Angela, Margaret Weeden; Lady Jane, Pauline Bartell; Ella, Joanne Stanfield and Christine McKenzie; Saphir, Sandra Docksey; Bunthorne, Graeme Ford; Grosvener, Rod Boyd; Duke, Hans Bohlscheid and Andrew Acland; Colonel, Colin Wilkinson and David Wallace; Major, Raymond Doon.

Chorus of Rapturous Maidens: Sopranos, Louis Baker, Leonie Burmeister, Jan Cork, Jenny Crampton, Karen Djeric, Sandra Docksey, Lyn Ford, Dorothy Grinly, Judith Hoad, Helen McInerney, Margaret Osis, Maria Petriella, Adrienne Ross, Magdalena Simonis, Christine Smith, Jenny Smith, Anne Stubbs, Diana Thatcher, Patricia Thomas, Anna Van der Vliet, Barbara Venables, Helen Wallace, Pat Watson, Joanne Wellham, Janice Whiting.

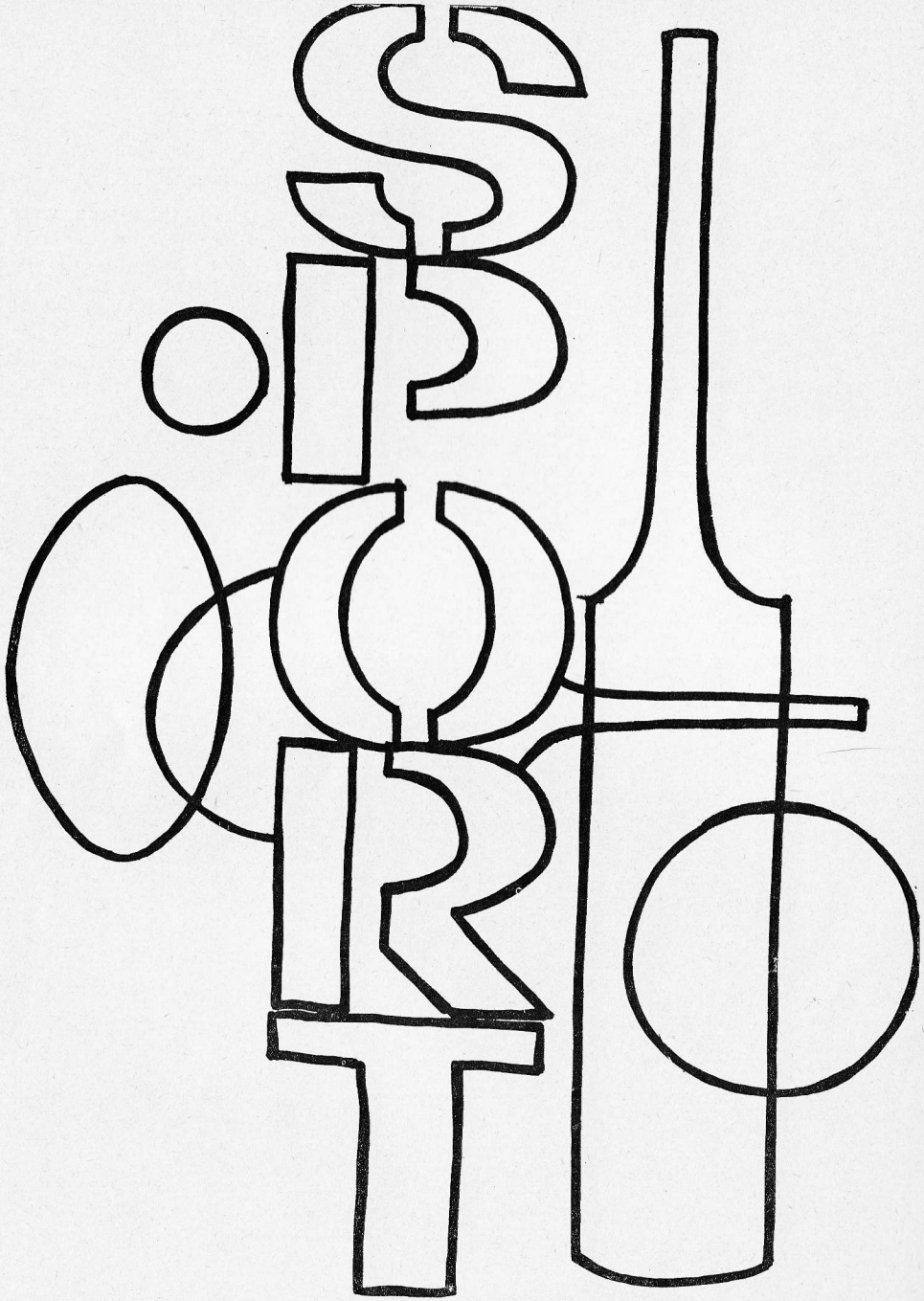
Altos: Zeta Bennetts, Gloria Blacka, Norma French, Julie Gray, Judy Grimes, Sue Grimes, Denise Kell, Sue Kemp, Christine Lohse, Judy Maybury, Barbara McLennan, Janice Mulvihill, Inge Petermann, Kay Rigney, Anne Seaton, Josje Van der Vliet, Ruth Vickery, Miriam Watson.

Dragoon Guards: Matthew Acland, Ken Aspinall, Richard Barlow, Joseph Barry, David Cameron, Michael Carey, Peter Clee, Ivan Dehnert, Ross Dick, Alan Giles, Richard Gray, Stephen Hoskins, Chris Miller, James Miller, Dirk Van der Vliet, John Watson, Gary Webb, Howard Wren, Gary Ferguson-Smith.

Acknowledgments: Sets, Mr. R. Johnson; decor, Miss K. Edin and Miss P. Flynn; lighting, Mr. G. Cox; programme cover and advertising, Mr. H. Wellham; business manager, Mr. M. Nettle; stage manager, Mr. E. Evans; stage make-up, Miss D. Dodd and helpers; costumes, Mrs. M. Gray and helpers.

On behalf of all members of the cast I would like to especially acknowledge the work and time put in by Mr. and Mrs. Gray as Musical Directors.

—JUDY MAYBURY



THE QUEANBEYAN VISIT

This year the trip began rather well, with over 70 students being seated in a "48-seat" bus, however, this did not seem to impede the performance of our teams.

The debates were the first competition event and, although Tumut won officially, an error was made in the addition of scores, which led to a Queanbeyan triumph. Our debaters, Gail Cork, Megan Fowler, Graeme Burmeister and Robert Arden, spoke really well, with our second speaker, Megan Fowler, gaining the highest number of points of the two teams.

Our actors were unfortunate enough to lose, too. Their performance was to be commended, especially that of our two basketballers, who showed us some of the rigorous exercising that is necessary to maintain a good physical condition.

The sporting trophy was won comfortably by Tumut, who won every event except the ladies' netball and the boys' volley ball.

The visit was brought to an interesting close with the social. It was a great success, with Queanbeyan High playing the part of the perfect host.

—JACKIE REID, 6th Form

BLAKEHURST VISIT

For the first time since the visits began four years ago, Tumut won the Cavanough Cup from Blakehurst High School. The visit took place on July 24 and 25 and, although the weather was variable, the spirits of the competitors were not dampened and competition was keen. A survey of the results is given below:

GIRLS' SOFTBALL: This match was played on Thursday afternoon in rainy conditions. Both teams were well-matched, as the score of 16 runs to 13 in Tumut's favour indicates.

GOLF: Again our boys' golf team was successful in defeating Blakehurst, with a score of three matches to two. This competition, like squash, was begun on Thursday afternoon and finished Friday morning.

MIXED SQUASH: For the first time Tumut won the squash, with a score of 7—1. However, we will be anxious to see next year's results with a completely new squash team as the members of the present team will be leaving school at the end of this year.

BOYS' BASKETBALL: This match was won most decidedly by Tumut with a score of 69—20. However, the game was fast and well played by both sides and it was the poor goal-shooting of Blakehurst which was their downfall.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL: This was the first sporting event won by Blakehurst with a final score of 38—20. This was a much more exciting match than last year, as the closer scores show.

HOCKEY: Again good teamwork and constant practice enabled Tumut to win the girls' hockey, the final score being one goal to nil. It was a very fast and energetic match, with Blakehurst striving to equal the score.

TENNIS: The tennis proved to have a surprising finish. Although Blakehurst won in sets, on a count back on the number of games Tumut won by the narrow margin of 29—27.

RUGBY LEAGUE: The prestige match of the day, the football, was played on Friday afternoon and a win was needed by Blakehurst to regain their dignity and pride. They were lucky and defeated Tumut by 13—10. For Tumut, "Trigger" Roddy scored a try and David Smart score one try and two goals.

DEBATING: This took place on the Thursday night, together with the choral item and the drama. The topic was "The Best Australians Are Sheep". For the first time in three years Tumut lost the debate by a narrow margin.

CHORAL ITEM: Once again the Tumut choir won the Choral item, 93 points to 80. With the constant practice, which the Choral group had had, this result was expected.

DRAMA: Blakehurst again won the drama contest by quite a convincing

score of 190 to 171. Tumut's play was called "The Beginning of the End" by Sean O'Casey.

CHESS: This was also won by Blakehurst 4—1, but as this is not competitive, it is not counted in the final score.

FINAL SCORE: Tumut won the Cavanough Cup from Blakehurst by fourteen points to eight.

—ALISON KELL

NATIONAL FITNESS CAMP

We, the Tumut students, went to the camp so our knowledge of occupations would expand and because occupational interviewers are not available in country towns such as Tumut.

We left Tumut at 7.40 p.m. on Saturday, April 12. There were approximately 70 students, chaperoned by Miss Dodd, Miss Trudinger and Mr. Wellham, who we might add, had a most thrilling week.

The camp is situated on the edge of Lake Narrabeen, 15 miles from Sydney. The mess hall is in the centre of eleven huts. There were about twenty of us in each hut. The facilities were excellent.

Along with us at the camp, there were students from Harden, Murrumburrah, Batlow, Adelong, Bowral, Crookwell and Holbrook schools, bringing the total of students to about 200.

The camp programme began each day with a visit to one of the occupations in which we had expressed interest. The girls, for example, could choose from psychology, banking, nursing, computing, air hostessing etc., while the boys went to such jobs as architecture, engineering, printing, mechanical trades etc. When we returned from the visit we had gymnastics, softball, basketball, football or dancing. Each night we had films on various jobs, followed by a short talk and then social activities.

It was of great benefit as it widened our view of jobs available.

—LINDA GARNER and MERRYL ELLIOT

VOLLEY BALL

Volley Ball was played in the Inter-School visit against Queanbeyan for the first time. Both teams were obviously inexperienced, but still managed to entertain the spectators.

Tumut went down two games to one after giving Queanbeyan a good start in the early stages of the game, where it was obvious that they were suffering from nerves.

Team members were P. Rosetta, D. Smart, B. Boyle, G. McGufficke, S. Pfeiffer, G. Burmeister, J. McRae.

—G. BURMEISTER

ATHLETICS

This year's Athletic Carnival at Yass found Tumut in second place with 78½ points, behind Cootamundra with 143½ points. This achievement was due to some fine individual performances and wins were recorded by J. Atkins, F. Williams, G. Mumbler, I. Peterman, C. Kingsbury, the 13-year girls' relay team, G. McGufficke, the open boys' relay team and the 13 years' boys' relay team. New records were established by the 15 years girls' relay, C. Kingsbury and G. McGufficke.

Macquarie was the victorious House at the School Athletic Carnival. The competitors were all A1 in performance and are to be commended for their enthusiastic support of their individual Houses.

Next year should see Tumut upholding their excellent exhibition of athletics with such young competitors full of potential as J. Atkins, D. Williams, D. Mumbler, C. Crane, R. Thatcher, R. Doon, W. Webb and J. Barry.

Mrs. Hart and Mr. Sharpham trained the athletes and all who participated are grateful for their assistance and co-operation throughout the season.

C. KINGSBURY

TENNIS



BACK ROW (l. to r.): Mr. Gray, R. Gray, J. Hillier, R. Arentz, T. Powell, Miss Strachan.

FRONT ROW (l. to r.): C. Turner, A. Wortes, P. Halloran, J. Gray.

This year the tennis team participated in the two inter-school visits. We were fortunate to win both. At Queanbeyan we won 11 sets to 5. The junior players, who have improved tremendously, made possible our victory. We won 29 to 27 games in a much closer match against Blakehurst.

We are very fortunate to have Ricky Arentz as a member of our team as, throughout the years, he has proved very valuable.

We give our thanks to Miss Strachan, who has given her time and energy in training us.

—JULIE GRAY

GOLF

Junior golf has continued to flourish with the encouragement of the Tumut Golf Club and all golfers are indebted to the Club.

Since golf has been included in the inter-school visits some three years ago the school team is, to date, undefeated. The team, comprising Paul McRae, James Learmont, Andrew Acland and Rod Boyd, played two matches this year, defeating Queanbeyan 2/1 in a very close contest where the decision rested on the final hole, and a very strong Blakehurst team, which had a State schoolboy champion, Robert Smith, 3/2.

Within the team, James Learmont, Paul McRae and Andrew Acland excelled themselves and, with further practice and application, will develop into top-class players.

The team captain, Rod Boyd, made the surprise of the year by winning the Riverina Schoolboys Championship and being selected in a State junior squad, from which the N.S.W. junior team is to be selected.

In the schoolgirl ranks, Tumut has two very promising prospects, namely Sue Riley, who won the Riverina Schoolgirls Championship, and Yvonne Jones, who was the runner-up.

The standard of golf can improve with the amount of coaching and encouragement available. Three up-and-coming players, who are showing improvement and dedication are Robert and David Willey and young Kerry Gulliford. Players like these should be the basis of a strong school team in the near future.

—ROD BOYD



(l. to r.): R. Boyd, Y. Jones, S. Riley

SWIMMING



BACK ROW (l. to r.): S. Tod, M. Jones, C. Porters, M. McAlister, Raymond Doon, Robert Doon, G. McDonell, B. Pearce, C. Riley, K. Davies, I. Eggleton, P. McDonell, R. Bonnor, C. Den Besten.

MIDDLE ROW (l. to r.): D. Sturt, I. Peterman, J. Mulvihill, J. Crampton, W. Riley, E. Ryan, J. Hargreaves, S. Carolan, D. Arentz, R. Sturt, H. Davies, N. French.

FRONT ROW (l. to r.): D. Willey, M. Nugent, A. Giles, G. Dent, S. Hoskins, B. Fairbairn.

This year was particularly successful as the school returned from the Area Carnival at Cootamundra as the champion school. We narrowly defeated Cootamundra by half a point, the results being Tumut 91½, Cootamundra 91 and Temora 83. At the closing stages of the carnival Tumut was still trailing Cootamundra, the decisive points being won with successive sterling efforts by the relay teams. Tumut gained places in most events.

New 1969 records were established by Janelle Hargreaves, Brian Pearce and Bill Fairbairn at the Area Carnival. Good performances were also recorded by Dianne Sturt, Inge Peterman, Jenny Crampton and Michael McAlister.

Two of our swimmers were selected as members of the Riverina team to compete in the Combined High Schools Swimming Carnival in Sydney.

The annual school carnival was held in February this year. With enthusiasm high and keen competition between the competitors the carnival was well worthwhile. It concluded with King House in first place with 205 points, followed by Macquarie.

Many competitors swam good times for these events.

A feature of the carnival was the close finishes in the relay races and the enthusiastic barracking by the spectators.

The diving was most entertaining, with some competitors performing dives that were unrecognisable, confusing the judges.

—BILL FAIRBAIRN

SQUASH

Once again squash was a very fast and exciting competitive sport. Miss Trudinger conducted the squash activities and all who participated are grateful for her assistance.

At last, Tumut managed to defeat Blakehurst High, the score being six matches to two.

Both Narelle Kingwell and Cheryl Beegling drew with their opponents one-all.

Both boys played very impressive games. Graham Burmeister won 4-nil and John Roddy won 3—1.

—CHERYL BEEGLING



(l to r.): J. Roddy, C. Beegling, N. Kingwill, G. Burmeister, Miss Trudinger

SOFTBALL



(l. to r.) : C. McLennan, J. Maybury, J. Gray, L. Hampstead, K. Cribb, I. Peterman, N. Kingwill, K. Knight, H. Byrne.

The softball team has only played three matches so far this year. The first game, against Gundagai, showed the Tumut team's superiority when it won 21—8. However, the other two matches proved a real test for Tumut. Against Queanbeyan we finally emerged as vistors, 12—10, after a very close and tense struggle. It was the accurate timing and catching of Inga Peterman that finally dismissed Queanbeyan in the last innings.

By winning 16—13 against Blakehurst the softball team recorded the first win of the visit, thus raising the morale of the other teams, who eventually won the Cavanough Cup. All players in this match excelled themselves, with Chris McLennan, Narelle Kingwell and Lynelda Hampstead gaining home runs. Several good catches were taken by Inga Peterman, Heather Byrne, Sharyn Duncan and Judy Maybury.

Many thanks go to Mrs. Hart for her patient coaching during the year and also to Mr. Bonnor for his help as coach at Queanbeyan.

—LYNELDA HAMPSTEAD

BASKETBALL

The 1969 basketball season was one in which there was strong competition from all teams who participated.

The A team started the season very confidently by winning the minor premiership in the Directorate Basketball Trials at Junee. They continued to do well in the Combined High Schools Competition by winning three out of five matches played, losing only to Yass by two points and to Cootamundra by four points.

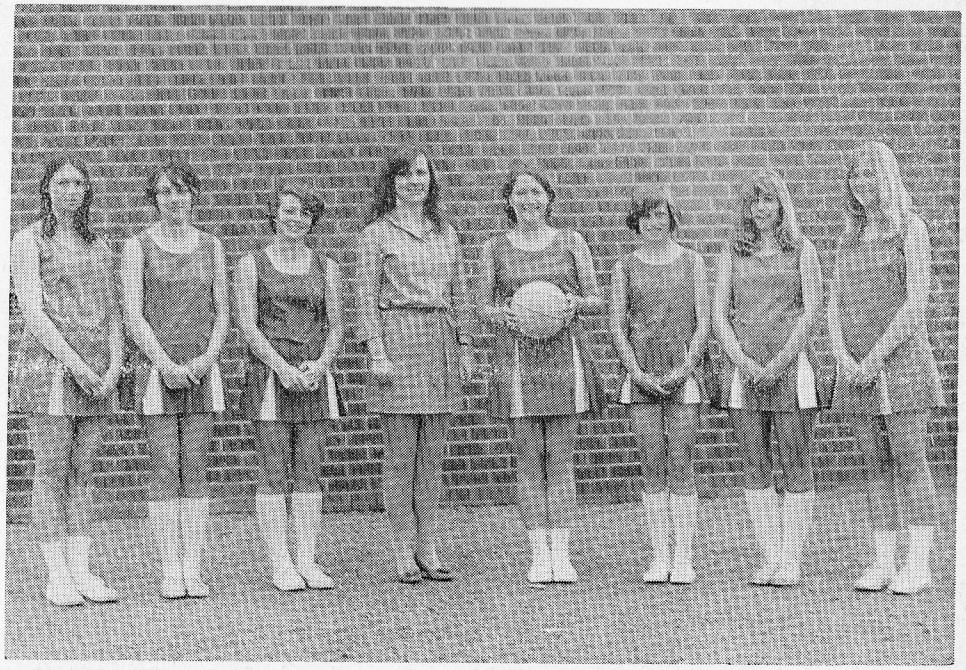
In our annual encounter with Queanbeyan, Tumut was beaten by the margin of 19 to 28. This was an even, but hard-fought game and it was not until the last quarter that Queanbeyan began to get an edge on us.

In the other inter-school game against Blakehurst, Tumut was again defeated by a much superior and more experienced team, but, despite this, Tumut fought courageously to the end. The final score was Blakehurst 38, Tumut 20.

This year our team contained four new players, who competed for the first time in A Grade competition. These players, Janice Mulvihill, Sue Bulger, Ann Stubbs and Josie Atkins, were all prominent in attack and defensive play, thus proving to be very worthy assets to us.

Finally, on behalf of all the A Grade players, I would like to thank our coach, Miss Knox, who did a wonderful job and who also gave us courage when we needed it.

—JENNY KELLY



(l. to r.): J. Kelly, I. Peterman, J. Atkins, Miss Knox, A. Morris, A. Stubbs, J. Mulvihill, L. Hampstead.

GIRLS' INTERNATIONAL RULES BASKETBALL



(l. to r.): S. Tod, A. Morris, C. Ballard, N. Kingwill, Miss Trudinger, L. Hampstead, J. Thatcher, J. Mulvihill.

After being defeated by only one point last year against Queanbeyan, Tumut was determined to reverse the position and succeeded, the victory being 37—19. With the score being 12—4 at half time, both teams made a considerable effort to attain the final point score.

Narelle Kingwill, who gained 17 points, was the highest point scorer for Tumut. Lynelda Hampstead also proved herself to be an excellent attack for the Tumut side.

The team was playing very well indeed and owe their success to their coach, Miss Trudinger. A special thanks to Peter Ward for acting as coach on the day due to the absence of Miss Trudinger.

—JANET THATCHER

UNDER 14 TEAM

The under 14 team played approximately six games during last season. Out of the six games we were successful in defeating Temora 18—17, this being our only win. The game, being a very exciting one, kept everyone on their toes.

The under 14 team consisted of five permanent players, who were Faye Pearce, Christine den Besten, Shirley Kell, Jeneane Roddy and Helen Davis. The remaining two players and the reserves were First and Second Formers. The

Second Form girls who took turns in playing with us were K. Morris, C. Cameron, K. Jones, A. Wortes, E. Ryan, J. Stanfield, W. Wild, C. Turner, W. Riley, S. Brennan and Piri Dudas. Jeneane Roddy was the closest of all our players to being chosen in a Riverina team. She was chosen to run for the team, but was unfortunate to miss selection.

On May 28 a number of the players in the team were chosen for an under 16 team to play in the Directorate Basketball Trials held at Junee. There we played three games and won two of them, which made us Minor Premiers.

Although all players played extremely well the best and fairest players all season were Jeneane Roddy and Faye Pearce. Honourable mention should also go to the two goalies, Shirley Kell and Helen Davis, who threw some excellent goals. A mention should go to Kathy Morris and Wendy Riley, who, although being in First and Second Forms, played good games.

Our thanks go to Mrs. Hart, our coach, who gave up valuable time and patience to teach us new techniques and rules. To sum up, we played our best all season round and it was just unfortunate we weren't more successful.

—CHRISTINE den BESTEN

UNDER 14 HOCKEY TEAM

Our first game of the season was at Wagga on Saturday, May 31. The first, which we won, was against Young. We were defeated in the next two, which were against Wagga and Turvey Park.

On Wednesday, June 4, we travelled to Gundagai, where we played Yass, whom we defeated 13-nil. All the team played well and this win was well deserved.

On Wednesday, June 18, we again travelled to Gundagai, where we were defeated by Junee.

We met Cootamundra on June 30, when we were defeated 4—2. The team tried hard, but our opponents proved too strong.

On Wednesday, August 13, we travelled to Gundagai to play Gundagai, who defeated us 3—1.

Our last match was at Gundagai, where we met Temora, but were defeated 4—2. We began the season well, but could not keep it up.

Some of the younger members played well, but could only go away once a month. These were Kerry Knight and Julie Sullivan.

Our best player, who has saved the team on numerous occasions, is Janelle Hargreaves.

—LORRAINE STUBBS

A HOCKEY

This year's "A" hockey team, which included seven new players, managed to maintain the high standard set by former hockey teams, with only one defeat for the season.

The two hardest games played were in our two inter-school visit matches. Against Queanbeyan, Tumut won 3—2, Maria Petriella and Linda Jones being the goal scorers. Against Blakehurst, Tumut was again the winer, one-nil, with Jackie Reid the sole scorer.

In our fortnightly inter-school matches we managed to win four games out of five, with our very last game resulting in our first defeat when Junee defeated us 2-nil. In the other matches we defeated Yass 6-nil, Gundagai 10-nil, Cootamundra 5-nil and Temora 6-nil.

Many of the team's newcomers have shown great promise and should, with experience, prove to be great assets to the team.

The team's sincerest thanks go to Miss Strachan, our coach.

—CHERYL BALLARD



(l. to r.): Miss Strachan, C. Ballard, J. Reid, A. O'Keefe, H. Byrne, R. Free, N. Kingwill, M. Sharp, L. Jones, A. Van der Vliet.

OPEN FOOTBALL



BACK ROW (l. to r.): J. McRae, P. Ward, B. Boyle, G. Burmeister, G. McGufficke.
MIDDLE ROW (l. to r.): Mr. Sharpham, I. Craig, P. Halloran, R. Matchett, J. McAlister.
FRONT ROW (l. to r).: J. Roddy, D. Smart, P. Rosetta, R. Knight, I. Eggleton.

The Open Football team had a very successful year. The team played twelve matches, winning eight, drawing one and losing three.

The University Shield match against Wagga High School was very close. Tumut led for most of the game, but lost when Wagga scored a try after the full-time bell. In this match Phillip Rosetta scored two very good tries, the score being Wagga 9, Tumut 8.

The Open Team won the Cootamundra Football Carnival, defeating Temora 5-nil and Young Christian Brothers 2-nil in the final.

The Queanbeyan visit saw the Open Team in excellent form, defeating Queanbeyan 15—11. The whole team played really well and the victory was thoroughly deserved. Phillip Rosetta scored two tries, Graham Burmeister one, David Smart two goals and one field goal. This victory was the first in six years against Queanbeyan.

The match against Blakehurst resulted in a 13—10 victory for Blakehurst.

Tumut staged a great fight-back after being down 13-nil to bring the score to 13—10.

In the inter-school competition Tumut High was undefeated, playing five games, winning four and drawing one. In these matches the Open Team scored 75 points and had only 23 scored against them.

In conclusion, the entire team wish to thank Mr. Sharpham for giving up a great deal of time to coach the team. He was an inspiration to the team and won their respect.

—DAVID SMART

INTER-OPEN FOOTBALL

Despite the absence of match practice in the Combined High Schools Competition, the Inter-Opens gave a good showing throughout the season, particularly at the Cootamundra Carnival, where the team was successful in reaching the final. In all other matches during the season the team turned in worthy performances.

Indicative of the high standard of individual play during the year, a number of players found themselves selected in the Open Division for a number of games.

Special thanks to Mr. Sharpham, who had the unenviable task of coaching, not only the Opens, but the Inter-Opens as well, into the formidable combinations they proved to be.

—MARK JONES

8.7 FOOTBALL

Although the 8.7 team did not have a very successful season this year, it was pleasing that they played all games well and always tried their hardest.

The first game played was against Yass, who beat us by a considerable margin of 16-nil, this team being a much larger and experienced team. The next game was again Gundagai, being perhaps the best of the season, but we were defeated 10—8. The next game we played was at the Cootamundra Carnival against Cootamundra High in the semi-finals, where we were defeated 8—4.

Our first victory came against Adelong when we won 6—3 after Adelong had led 3-nil at half time. At the Junee Carnival we defeated Leeton 8—4 in the first game, but were defeated by Temora in the semi-finals 6-nil. Our first game of the season was against a very strong and well trained Junee team, who defeated us 12-nil.

On the whole, all the team members played well. Tries were recorded during the season by R. Doon, G. Horsley, R. Bonnor, J. Gulliford and M. Mulvihill. The most improved player this season was B. Free.

Thanks go to Mr. Wellham, our coach, for keeping us fit with his long running, excercises, improving our tackling and giving everyone a game during the season, despite their size or ability.

—GARRY GULLIFORD

7.7 FOOTBALL

This team played in the Zone Competition and District Competion, but did not have the best of luck, being narrowly defeated on several occasions. They only managed to win one game in the Zone Competition.

At Junee Carnival the team was defeated 6-nil by Temora in the grand final. This Carnival is the biggest Schoolboys' Football Carnival in the Southern Hemisphere.

The team was successful in winning the District grand final against Gundagai by 5—3.

Top point scorer for the season was Frank Roddy, who was also one of the star players. Other players who were outstanding were Tony Roddy and Mark McGrath in the forwards and Robert Halpin and Robert Thatcher were outstanding among the younger players.

Mr. Writer took over the coaching midway through the season due to Mr. Bruen's transfer. Credit is due to Mr. Writer for coaching us to victory in the District grand final.

—WARREN WEBB

6.7 FOOTBALL

The 6st. 7lb. team played approximately 28-30 games this season, while only being defeated twice. We were narrowly defeated in the grand final at Cootamundra, but we were beaten 11-nil at the Junee Carnival. We won the local competition and were undefeated in the school competition.

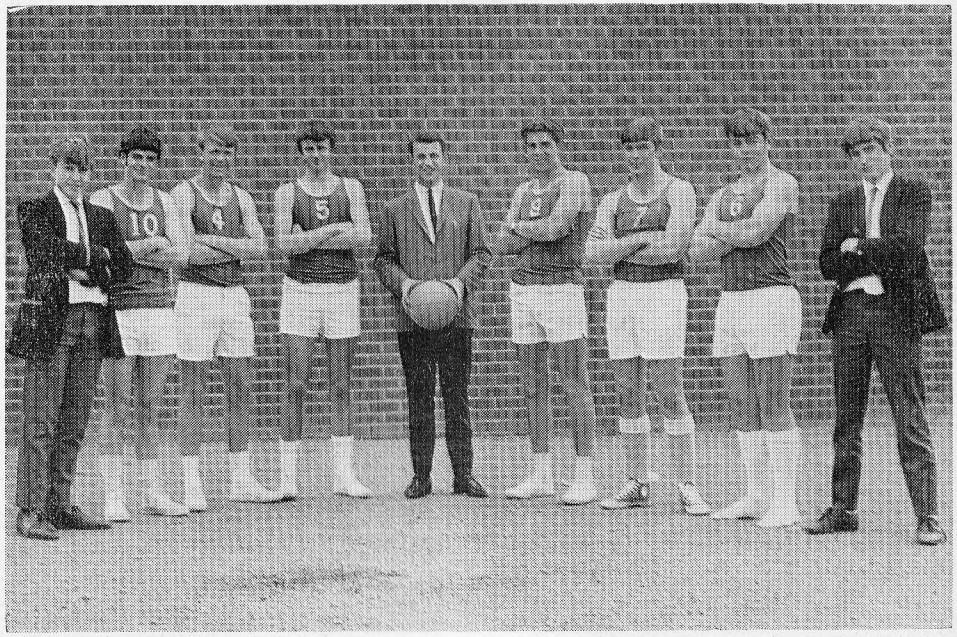
The 6.7's have four players who have represented the Riverina. They are Roy Manns, Greg Cullen, Wayne Annetts and Peter McLennan. Our biggest win was against Temora, 39—3. Our top try-scorer was Michael Williams and our top points scorer was Michael Williams.

Our best and fairest are Michael Williams, David Wellham and Brian Roddy, while Roy Manns and Murray McGrath showed good improvement and potential. Captain of the backs was Brian Roddy and captain of the forwards David Wellham.

Mr. Inman was our coach and his coaching led us to victory. Mr. Inman gave up much of his spare time to coach us and we thank him very much.

—BRIAN RODDY

BASKETBALL



(l. to r.): P. McRae, R. Boyd, R. Arentz, P. Ward, Mr. Johnson, J. Hillier, R. Matchett, J. McRae, R. Bonnor.

This year has been the year of "success" for the basketball team. This reward has been achieved after many years of playing and training as a team.

In the first match of the season the team were unlucky to be beaten 33—31 by Finlay in the zone game of the Shell Cup.

In June the team, after many weeks of preparation, beat Queanbeyan 44—22. This game was full of excitement, with some brilliant displays of long-range shooting by John Hillier and Dick Arentz. Tumut led from the start and never looked back. Robert Matchett and John McRae were continually breaking Queanbeyan's defence and bounding up for some great goals.

In July the team played at home against Blakehurst. Tumut had a very convincing win of 69—20. John Hillier was again prominent in attack. Using his typical barging breaks and a variety of long-range shooting, he scored the grand total of 40 points. Dick Arentz and John McRae both rebounded well and scored excellent goals. Robert Matchett had a good game, using his size and strength to an advantage in defence. Although Rod Boyd, Rick Bonnor and Paul McRae did not have the chance to excel themselves, their ability in the game should hold success for them in the future.

Then last, but not least, a word of gratitude must be given to our coach, Mr. Johnson, who gave up many hours of his leisure time for our benefit. This coaching was of immense value to us all.

—PETER WARD

CRICKET

Tumut High's First XI had one of their worst seasons for some time. During 1968-69 we played only two matches, one of these being against a greatly weakened Staff side; and we couldn't even win that.

Batting first, the students just managed to total a little over 100 runs, J. Pollard top scoring with 27. Although our fast bowlers troubled the Staff batsmen early in their innings, they managed a comfortable win via Mr. Wellham's bat.

In the only inter-school fixture we played, Gundagai inflicted a humiliating defeat. Our two innings totalled 48 and 9 for 54. P. Rosetta top scored on both occasions with 20 and 18. Our bowling and fielding were as good as our batting. Gundagai were able to declare their innings closed at 3 for 118 and almost defeated us outright.

The juniors had a very successful season, which is an extremely encouraging sign. They have an abundance of skill and talent. Next season's First XI should be a team in a real sense, especially as many of the juniors will be gaining vital experience with district Clubs.

The Staff versus Student match at the end of 1969 should be a genuine "grudge" match and prove very entertaining.

On behalf of our two sides I would like to thank Mr. Wellham, Mr. Sharpham and Mr. Inman for their assistance during the season. We are fortunate to have three coaches with so much ability.

—MIKE NOWLAN



BACK ROW (l. to r.): B. Dehnert, R. Boyd, I. Craig, G. McGufficke, J. Pollard, M. Pollard, M. Nowlan, Mr. Wellham.

FRONT ROW (l. to r.): I. Hillier, R. Matchett, P. Rosetta, P. Ward, I. Eggleton.

Prose and Poetry

TROY ROCHE AWARDS

The school is again indebted to Mrs. Troy Roche for the donation of prizes for student contributions in prose and verse. Winners of the senior prose and verse awards will receive $6 each, those awarded second prize will receive $4 each. Winners of junior prose and poetry awards will receive $3; those awarded second prize will receive $2.

FIRST PRIZE TROY ROCHE AWARD

WILL YOU KNOW THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY?

Vietnam. This word has become trite in our everyday usage. Visions of death, politics and confusion appear, along with the conclusion that sometime, someday it all will end; we will mourn for our dead for a socially-accepted length of time, then every April we will stand in the rain in Martin Place and cheer.

Do any of us claim to worship murderers? The answer is negative. However, the fact remains that ninety-six Australians have been awarded the Victoria Cross "for bravery over and above the call of duty". Few of us give any consideration to the fact that these people have been responsible for the casting of one or more souls into eternity.

Medals of valour are seldom awarded to people who destroy only one life, several being preferred for this honour. Yet our society demands that a person be hanged or imprisoned if he kills another within the boundary of the Australian coast. Apparently it is justified when a government snaps its fingers, cries "War" and hence converts men into animals. Why? At any other time one is told that homicide is a crime offending the laws of God.

I find great distaste in living in a hypocritical world in which the killing and maiming of thousands of children in North Vietnam is considered a sound move by the Western world, both politically and, of course, economically, while such an event in the South is considered an atrocity. The discrimination is farcical if one cares to ponder a moment.

We have all been brainwashed by excellent United States propaganda to believe that this action is preventing the cancer of communion from eating South Vietnam. It is time therefore that we renewed our values. People are basically the same universally, it is only governments that have conflicting views. Would it matter so terribly if the bread a Vietnam child ate was Communist or Western? No. He would go to bed with a full belly each night without the present fear that he may awake with it shot full of lead.

"Theirs not to reason why," wrote Tennyson. Perhaps, if man in his constant struggle for peace and happiness is to reach the year 2000 it is time he asked himself the reason why. Why should South-East Asia be plunged into fear and depression with the stench of death retracing the map? Morally it is wrong, with Orwell's 1984 having arrived sooner than we expected. However, it appears that politically and economically the war is justified as this running sore is responsible for the affluence of the U.S.A., with Japan fast becoming the industrial power of the East.

When the world finally becomes so disenchanted with the U.S.A. that a total withdrawal is imperative, or more likely, when the U.S.A. has gleaned all possible spoils from the affair and wishes to act as policeman elsewhere, then in black and white in every history book will appear the account of the war. Cold facts and figures concerning the number of dead, the valour of the soldiering and the ghoulish methods of warfare will be briefly read by the disinterested history student of the future. Let us remember that happiness is the blank pages in history, pick up the pieces and try again.

—MARGARET ORR, 6A

Gail Cork and Graham Burmeister have both been prominent in school debating circles during the past few years. Here they present the case for and against the way in which the mass media interpret world news.

BEWARE—OUR INTELLECT IS BEING KILLED

Joseph Stalin claimed that he organised a great democracy, one where any person could demonstrate his views except, of course, when the demonstration was against the government. Our mass media (newspapers, television and radio) regard this as oppression, but ignore John Gorton's statements such as, "Demonstrations are alright—within the limits I set."

Joseph Stalin's political opponents met some "accidents" known as purges. The mass media have condemned this as Communist political intolerance. Yet McCarthy's "witch hunt" in the U.S.A. is easily a democratic equivalent to a Stalin purge. Australians are a little more civilised—they simply employ troublesome government back-benchers as Ambassadors or, in a specific example, appoint Paul Hasluck as Governor-General. Incidentally, it was Paul Hasluck who opposed John Gorton's bid to be Prime Minister, but the political motive of his appointment was "hushed-up" by our mass media.

The mass media condemn Communist conscription. They made a big point of the fact that the Soviet forces in Czechoslovakia were conscripts. But they do not condemn Australian conscription openly—they prefer a neutral or pro-government stand even though we have conscription in Vietnam and that conscription blatantly ignores our freedom and that we could be imprisoned if we refuse to serve.

The whole point I'm trying to make is that our mass media have falsely glamourised democracy to a considerable extent and at the same time have created a monster when talking of Communism. It is strange that in the above examples there is a distinct similarity in both our systems and yet the mass media make democracy seem like a sanction of heaven and Communism a witches' cauldron.

Our mass media systematically persecute any Communist suspect such as radicals in the Teachers' Federation or ultra-socialists in Trade Unions. They also constantly feed us derogatory information about demonstrations—creating an impression that demonstrators are either Communist, publicity seekers or stirrers out for kicks. This sort of publicity can only antagonise us because people are very gullible. An indoctrinated person is dangerous, insipid-minded and pathetic as Hitler easily proved after he seized control of the mass-media.

I sincerely believe that the mass media should drop its present biased and nationalistic attitude because "what the world needs now is love, sweet love, for it's the only thing there's too little of." The mass media's present propaganda has made us want guns, not handshakes; and trading of harsh words and bullets instead of ideas and friendship.

—GRAHAM BURMEISTER, 6th Form

SECOND PRIZE TROY ROCHE AWARD

IN DEFENCE OF MASS MEDIA

Do not let the above dissertation mislead you into making a condemnation of our mass media. The arguments put forward by its writer are all vulnerable to criticism.

The first complaint offered by the writer is that our mass media ignore such statements as that of Mr. Gorton, quoted above. Since they are "ignored", we are indeed fortunate to hear of them from what must have been an immediate source. The writer seems to resent the attitude of Mr. Gorton and regards such statements as threats to our democratic liberty. What he seems to overlook is that without certain limits, demonstrations have proved to be violent and even more threatening to the democratic rights of citizens who are unnecessarily and involuntarily involved. Thus, I fail to see why our mass media should be criticised for not condemning the attitude of the government.

Next, the writer implies that our mass media are in favour of McCarthy's "witch hunt". If not through mass media, how did the derogatory term "witch hunt" come to be generally applied to McCarthy's policy?

I would like to remind the writer that the duty of the great majority of mass media is not to enforce their opinions concerning "political motives" such as that which, according to him, underlied Mr. Hasluck's appointment. No matter how logical the conclusion drawn by the writer seems, it can still be classed only as an opinion and not an actual fact. The mass media are merely obliged to report such incidents and leave their followers to form their own opinions.

For a newspaper to blatantly state such opinions as that of the writer, it would not only be illegal, but also serve as an aggravation for otherwise disinterested readers, who know little or nothing of background factors. It is interesting to note that if the writer were to have his way his opinions would perhaps be "indoctrinated" into us, through mass media.

Just as stress was made on the conscription of Soviet forces, so it is made on conscription in Australia. This, and all controversial subjects which concern Australians, such as State Aid, are constant topics for debate in television documentaries and newspaper columns which are reserved for this very purpose.

Surely the writer does not still maintain that mass media must go further than this. The implications of this point of view are that followers of mass media are incapable of forming their own opinions, given basic facts to guide us. Ironically, this is the very attitude for which the mass media are condemned, as they supposedly indoctrinate their unsuspecting followers with the infallibility of our system.

So, if this is the way our intellects are to be "killed", may they be left to die peacefully.

—GAIL CORK, 6th Form

NEW LIFE

He sat rigid in the old fashioned chair. He appeared motionless, staring at nothing in particular. His face was devoid of expression. Empty. Empty because the full realisation of his loss had not yet struck him.

He was shabbily dressed. His suit unpressed, tie crooked and hair ruffled. His appearance reflected the hours of worry and anxiety through which he had passed.

Someone had loved him, loved and cared for him. Who was this person, where was she?

She lay inert upon the high hospital bed beside him. This bulk, this hunk of lifeless human flesh, which had been his wife.

Only three years ago, three short and happy years, they had been married. Now she lay before him, dead! Dead and cold.

His mind moved dully, recalled all the enjoyment, the anticipation of happiness the future had in store for them.

His eyes rested on her body covered by the white, coarse gown. Then he turned his strained face swiftly away. Why had it been her? Why not another, someone who did not deserve to live. Why did it have to be his wife? He loved her! These questions, which scorched his mind, would always remain unanswered.

Slowly he rose from the chair. Taking one last look at his wife, he shuddered, then pulled the white sheet over her body. He lifted his head unseeingly.

A slight movement in the corner made him turn his head in that direction. Slowly, realisation spread over his face—realisation and recognition of the new life he had helped to create. A new life to replace the old. Then he heard it—the cry of a lusty child. His healthy new-born babe.

—ALISON KELL, 5A

ECSTACY

His toes curled in the black soil. It was marvellous to feel the good, cool earth beneath his feet again. Tenderly he bent down and crumbled a piece of sod between his fingers.

A man was a fool to leave the land. He thought of the city with loathing. All it had brought him was unhappiness and sorrow, but that was all over. He was back to his first love—the earth.

For a while he was motionless in silent contemplation; a prayer of thanksgiving rose from his heart. Once more he was of nature and not just a shadow in the city.

A voice called, "Dinner's ready." Slowly and reluctantly he took his foot out of the flower pot.

—JOHN RODDEN, 4A

FIRST PRIZE TROY ROCHE AWARD (JUNIOR PROSE)

A DOG BARKS AT 2 A.M.

Was I dreaming? No. Once again loud, howling noises echoed through the otherwise silent night. Looking out I realised it was no longer night, but the hills were shrouded in a tattered, slate-coloured mist, hiding the peeping light of dawn. Still, the mongrel continued to bark, making all attempts to sleep impossible.

Everything was fresh. The turf on the lawn was like a smooth green plush. Water was rushing down the road leaving deep ruts and heaps of mud and gravel, which threatened to choke the gutters.

Somehow the mournful sound kept reminding me of the grim scene which took place only yesterday. Yesterday, so long ago it seemed, when I had a mother. Maybe if the dog had not howled it would not have seemed so melancholic, but the dog seemed to be crying out just as if he knew what had happened. My sight was blurred when I fought my motions to come to my senses. Once again I looked out.

There a bent figure in oilskins was shovelling away at the refuse in the gutter. The wind had risen again and was tearing around the house with a thousand fearsome voices. The mist was replaced by rags of dirty black clouds, which hung low over the hills, pouring their contents down on the saturated land.

Still the dog barked!!!

—LEE PIPER, 3A

SECOND PRIZE TROY ROCHE AWARD (JUNIOR PROSE)

DRAGGIN' ON THE DUNES

Dust flew up from the more than 100 competing vehicles and drifted over the spectators, who did not seem to mind. Many of the spectators, contestants and their families had come in campers and caravans and camped overnight during the two-day event.

Early morning, hours before race time, wives cooked bacon and eggs on outdoor grills and stoves while husbands checked their race vehicles. Spectators gathered early along the race lanes to find choice viewing spots, pitch tents or set up large umbrellas to shade themselves from the 100 degrees desert sun. Kids crammed with lollies and excitement, played barefoot on the sand, the races were about to start.

Just a suggestion on the accelerator and the fat wheels spin and the sand flies thick and fast. The madly spinning wheels dig for grip and the straining dune-stormer leaps into the thick sandy air and pounces for the finish line. It comes quickly, in fifteen seconds, and the tumult and shouting dies as contestant No. 1 completes his drag. Then it rises and dies again as contestant No. 2 churns up the sand; and so it will for the next ninety-eight contestants.

Now, on Monday morning, not a sound stirs the air, for everyone has gone and nothing is left, except for the rubbish, the sand and the empty coke cans. And, left on its lonesome, the wind remains to blow the sand as a beer bottle clanks on a laminated table and the last soul leaves.

But! Next year the pilgrims will be back and the sand buggies, beach buggies, dune-stormers or call them what you will, will be back to prove their worth.

Everybody loves them and the fun, but I'm sure Lawrence of Arabia would have been green with envy.

—THOMAS ACLAND, 3A

LITTLE BIAFRAN BOY

Why do the faces around me look so grim? The camp is quiet except for the occasional sobbing of a woman. The children walk slowly with their heads down and look at their skeleton frames. I look down too and I see my bones protruding through my skin. Why does my stomach ache so?

The older men pass me by with a scowl. Is it that I am a burden to them? I trudge through the mud in search of my friend. Why has he not come as he always does? Many of the children seem to have gone away.

Where is the laughter that I heard in that distant past? Where are the smiles I saw? I feel the gloom and sadness of those around me. I see and I know for I am one of them.

These ways of men seem strange. They carry guns and knives. Why must they hate? Why must they kill? I do not understand.

I trudge home to my brothers and sisters, but even here there is no refuge from this strange sadness. My father shakes his head worriedly to my mother.

It is evening now and my stomach aches even more. "When will the food come?" I ask my mother.

"Tomorrow", she says, but I know she has said this many times before. I settle down to rest on my straw bunk. Why does my mother weep when she thinks I am asleep?

I lay down my head and listen to the outside sounds and I think, "What will tomorrow bring?"

—ROBERT ARDEN, 4A

LEAST EXPECTED

It was just the ideal day for a picnic so after we had gathered our food and swimming gear and loaded our aluminium boat on the trailer, we set off with the highest of hopes. Soon we were driving through the bush with huge green pines and gums on either side of us. The smell of the bush and the sight of the wild flowers and of the animals running and playing made me want to stop here. After telling Dad, we sighted a very clean little spot amongst the trees, clear of shrubs and prickles.

With the sun directly above us and a slight breeze blowing, I changed, while dinner was being prepared, for a quick dip. The enjoyment of my swim made me feel excited and refreshed. After dinner, feeling more relaxed, I tried to take a nap.

Suddenly, as if it were put there by magic, a black, thick canopy of smoke flung up above the trees. Staying calm was not easy at a time like this so I arose quickly and ran to tell the others. Soon the crackling of dry leaves and grass was heard and the smell of smoke made one feel sick. Everyone was confused and alarmed as I tried to explain. Soon the boat was crammed with our belongings.

The sight of the red, yellow and orange flames told us that the fire was approaching at an incredible speed. As Mum rummaged through the back of the car for a thermos I tried to get her away, but all in vain. Closer and closer came the lurid licking of flames. Half staggering and half running we made our way to the river. A great fork of orange flame shot out in front of us and crowned the nearest tree with great roaring balls of flame. Another tongue of flame flung itself out as if it had been waiting to ambush us and licked up the thick, dense undergrowth.

When we arrived in town we were all singed, burnt and blistered by fire. We did not find the cause of the fire, but we will never go for another picnic in the bush.

—GARRY WEBB, 1B

MARATHON

Averaging speeds of nearly 100 miles per hour, entrants from thirteen countries, including the Soviet Union, made a 10,000-mile, history-making dash across the world from London to Sydney—a route that took in eleven countries and three continents, traversing some of the roughest country known to man.

For eleven days and nights the London-to-Sydney Marathon held the attention of the world as the cars covered the fantastic distance. Many of the cars and drivers never reached the finish-line. Some of them met with disaster. It was one of the greatest endurance tests of all time, in which both man and machines were tried to the very limits of their abilities.

The cars careered past snow-covered peaks and sweltered through hell-holes of the world and the drivers met with both triumph and frustration. Then, after Lucien Bianchi's crash south of Nowra, Andrew Cowan, Brian Coyle and Colin Halkin, in a Hillman Hunter G.T., won the event, followed by the sporting Paddy Hopkirk.

—MATTHEW ACLAND, 1A

THE OLD TRAMP

A sharp wind blew and the sleet fell almost horizontally. An old tramp was huddled up under a tree on the side of a street. His small grey, black and brown mongrel pup, which he had rescued from starvation while wandering in the bushland near by, nuzzled his hand and snuggled in underneath his coat to receive a comforting pat.

The tramp's clothing was rather wornout, consisting of a second-hand overcoat, which was given to him for mowing a lawn, and an old scarf, riddled with holes, drooped about his neck. He also had a shabby hat and boots which were worn out. White hair peeped out from under his hat and white bristles protruded from his cheeks and chin.

Sammy, the small pup, whined as lightning flashed and the rain poured down more heavily. Man and dog huddled closer together awaiting the hunger of the morning. The tramp would probably find someone for whom he could work and earn a meal for him and Sammy. The old tramp looked sadly down at his only friend and companion. No one wanted them. They were shunned, away from the crowd. No one wanted them. No one cared for or about them.

Their only companions were each other in the cold lonely night.

—SUSAN PIPER, 1A

GENERATION GAP

The blaring transistor ceased. For once silence was golden: a very rare occurrence. Mother sat reading a book, while her daughter was presumably in her bedroom. However, she had also spent a considerable time in the bathroom.

Footsteps sounded along the hallway and the daughter paraded conceitedly across the room as if the whole world were at her feet. Her mother momentarily ignored her, but later noticed a change. Her daughter's hair! Before it had been natural brown, but now it was an appalling shade of red. Mother stood aghast. Friction soon mounted and they proceeded into a surprisingly heated argument, shouting simultaneously at each other. Both were bitter with no sarcasm or unpleasant words spared. Mother began to criticise her daughter. She accused her of being typical of the younger generation, who, in her mind, were insolent, wild, lazy and idiotic.

In return, the daughter called her mother a hypocrite, old-fashioned and overprotective. Nothing she did could satisfy her mother and she refused to listen to her any more. Finally, she defied all reasoning and angrily stormed out of the room, slamming the door.

It was hard to say who had the last comment or who bit the hardest, but both remained hostile for the following day or two.

—JOYCE BRADLEY, 3A

MY FIRST CONCERT APPEARANCE

Backstage, my name was announced and I rose, stiff and gaunt, from the chair in which I had been sitting. With every movement of my body an ounce of my strength drained away and I became more nervous than a small child waiting for her first tetanus injections. With every whispered word of encouragement, I managed a weak smile and then I turned, taking a last glance backwards.

As I stood near collapse in front of the thick, velvet curtains, I suddenly threw my head high, gritted my teeth, clenched my fists and amazingly forgot my nervousness for a short time only. When I opened my eyes hundreds of people glared at me—hundreds of eyes glinted in the pale light, waiting for me to make the slightest mistake.

Horror seized me and my head spun before I collapsed lifelessly on the cold floor—much the same as a wild teenager after injecting a lethal dose of narcotics.

—LYN FORD, 1A

TUNGLE ROCK

I have come to the conclusion that our third week at Tunglerock was the most exciting. We arrived at the Pony camp on Wednesday for four wonderful weeks of pony trekking, schooling, horseback games, swimming and to wind it up there would be a gymkhana.

Settling in took up most of the first few days, with half an hour's swimming each afternoon.

As the new week dawned a tingle of excitement trickled down practically everyone's spine, for today things would start to happen. Firstly, we were all graded into groups, either going up or down in the next few weeks, depending on our abilities in the activities.

Our ponies, Chime, Jingles, Parody and Sovereign, took a while to adapt themselves to the every day and all-day riding, as the older twins, Fiona and Nigel, aged fourteen, went to boarding school so their horses were only ridden in the holidays, while Mike's pony and mine were only ridden over the week-end.

The second week flashed by as things always seem to do when you are enjoying yourself and, in no time, the third week had arrived. It seemed the same until breakfast, when our main instructor announced that we would all be going on an overnight trek.

We would begin after lunch at approximately two o'clock. After breakfast everyone tore off to their dorms to fling into provided knapsacks what they would need for the overnight journey.

By three o'clock that afternoon we were well on our way. We had jumped several small creeks and logs, though there was a deep waterhole yet to cross and, knowing Jingles' hatred of water, I knew I was in for trouble.

Within minutes the leaders were already plunging through the deep muddy water. One after the other the horses plunged through the putrid stream. When my turn came Jingles played up in an alarming manner.

After much trouble we finally forded the creek and clambered on to new adventures in the following week, which included falling in the creek, being caught in a thunderstorm and becoming lost on one of our treks.

—BELINDA BROUGHTON, 1A

SCENE ON A BEACH

I was lying on my back looking up at the many people on the beach beside me.
The people looked hot and sweaty.
I had no energy, so I just lay there gazing out to sea.
Small children were enjoying the water, while others just lay spread out along the beach, getting burnt.
Fumes of heat were rising from the hot sand into the sunny sky above.
I just lay there getting burnt, with sweat pouring down my forehead and cheeks.

—DAWN DOWLING, 2E

36 Peyton Place,
Bellbird,
Ohio.
7/7/1977. B.C.

Dear Sir,

I would like to apply for your position as head shrinker and wart remover. I have had previous experience in cannibalism and sadism and have references from my local undertaker.

I have dentist-approved fangs and ate my mother at the age of three. My hobby is growing man-eating plants. My mother was a meal.

My father was a sanitary engineer.

Yours maliciously,
FRANK N. STEIN

P.S.: I am excellent for disposing of wives, mothers-in-law and unfaithful sweethearts.

—SUE ASPINALL, 3B

A CITY DURING A HEAT WAVE

The massive steel structures of the buildings in the city, mercilessly reflected the sun's burning rays onto the buildings and streets around them. Massive waves of heat rose off the solid concrete paths that were like boiling lava to touch.

Cruelly the sun shone steadily down onto this boiling inferno, the heat spreading everywhere, escaping no one. This heat-infiltrated city clearly told of the crudeness and harshness of the Australian weather.

—KIM MARSH, 1A

FROM DAWN TO DUSK

The sun rises over the snow clad mountains,
To spread her rays of gold and orange across the valley:
The small town Beckit awakens
To the shrill cry of birds in the nearby wood.
Dew lies on the green meadows,
Time is not needed here;

The grave sun walks across the heavens,
To take up her position in the sky.
Her rays beat down in fury over the obscure mountain peak,
She has no mercy for man or beast.

As the sun slowly sinks below the horizon,
Darkness falls.
The sun in all her splendor produces a beautiful panorama of colour across the sky.
Sunset!
Darkness now spreads her star-studded canopy over the heavens like a blanket of hessian,
It is night.

—JENNIFER DOON, 2A

DAWN IN THE AUSTRALIAN DESERT

Across the silent, windswept sands,
The earth becomes alive with tiny life,
Of creatures small and scurrying around.
Beauty!
The magnificent ball of fire walks the lands.
Like a master of all, every living thing cowers before his gaze.
Only the strongest survive his touch,
To bring on more of its kind.
Magnificence!
All things here bow to this great one,
But he bows to a mightier.

—MARGARET MARY KOZLOWSKI, 2A

THE SMOKER

The smoker is a funny man,
He smokes, and smokes, as much as he can.
He smokes because he likes to show off,
And in a couple of years he gets smoker's cough.
Even, when they are young they have a go,
They don't worry about all the tar and nicko.
They don't realise the trouble ahead,
For in the years to come they will probably be dead

—NICKI MATINCA, 2D

SECOND PRIZE TROY ROCHE AWARD (JUNIOR POETRY)

THE SNOWY MOUNTAINS

Fiercely howling winds
Circle wall of rugged mountains,
Sweeping through peaceful valleys.

Soft silent snow, settling aimlessly
Form a white patterned blanket
Freezing tufts of thickly bladed grass.

Spring thaws heavily laden snow
Rushing creeks form and foam
As Alpine flowers burst and bloom.

Joyous tunes of birds in misshapen trees
Blend with branches of rustling leaves
Stirred by a cool evening breeze

Blasting and drilling spoils afternoon's peace;
Cutting, carving, damaging
The helpful, harmful bushland.

Towns bud and blossom
While transmission vine and tunnel roots
Stretch and reach.

Man's mechanical monsters, soon gone
Leaving mountains criss-crossed
By human invasion.

—PIRI DUDAS, 2B

FIRST PRIZE TROY ROCHE AWARD (JUNIOR POETRY)

DESTRUCTION

Thunder in a darkened sky,
An alien projectile roaring by,
A change in trajectory,
Towards the ground,
People watch and gather round,
Soon they will know, so well, so true,
That it will be useless to pursue,
A course, or method, of escape.

On it comes, in strength depleting,
To its goal of life defeating,
Fear and panic, of pain and death,
Fill the crowd with tears unsheathed,
For they now know, so well, so true,
That it is useless to pursue,
A course, or method of escape.

The monstrous agent of death
Speeds upon its way,
An escapee from alien wars,
Will destroy a world today.
A great grey cloud of dust and debris,
Where once did stand a city,
The Lord's salvation with our death,
Oh wasn't this a pity?
For they did know, so well, so true,
That it was useless to pursue,
A course, or method, of escape.

PAUL GARDINER, 1A

FIRST PRIZE TROY ROCHE AWARD (SENIOR POETRY)

THE LEOPARD

Leopard, you remind me of a man,
so proud and fickle are you;
power is yours to wield above others,
and you do; on the plain of life
you see death—you see it and hear
it, and you pass it by with nonchalance.
Your fellows you despise if betterment
be theirs, but if it be your betterment
then they are unworthy of your company.

The gleaming coat of personality and
wealth you will not cast aside.
So surrounded by the fields of artificiality
are you that you cannot see your own
destruction in the sky of truth.
This in your youth were you.

"But I have changed," says the leopard.
"I am aware of my fellows—my heart
feels for them; their betterment is mine.
My knowledge do I share.
My grasp unto the constellation reaches.
In my joy and happiness I run,
I leap, I sing; and with me no longer
is my past.

The world sings, all is good and happy.
Surely thus I am different?" But no:
through your nature, leopard, you
cannot change your spots.

—ROBERT ARDEN, 4A

THE WEEK-END GARDENER'S HYMN

From the ants in his petunia bed,
To the crabgrass on his lawn,
He'll fight them off with chemicals,
Till the bugs and weeds are gone.
He'll use quarts and quarts of poison spray
And he won't stop till he's through.
All the bugs and weeds are dying now—
But the plants and trees are too.

—DAVID RIVERS, 2A

THE NEW GENERATION

(with apologies to A. B. Paterson)

There was movement at the disco—for the word had passed around,
That a chick from school had gone completely mad.
She had battled with her mother—and had let her dresses down,
And had started off the newest maxi fad.
All the queeries and the moderns, from their pads all over town,
Were glaring at the quite unsightly clothes.
And the mini-skirted dancers from the go-go clubs did frown,
For this unsightly kind of dress they loathed.

There were oldies at the disco when they heard about the fad,
The old man who had dyed his hair bright red.
And few would dance beside him 'cause they all called him a cad,
But he mashed away no matter what they said.

And Granny of the "Apple Tree" came down to do her share,
No better masher did this disco see,
For when the Bosonova's on the people stop and stare
As Granny does the twist down on her knees.

—JAN CORK, 1A

NATURE—THE HUMILIATED VICTIM

I got on a train this morning
Of a strange and musty smell.
I disembarked in a strange, strange land
Of flowers, love and peace.

Floating on love, I viewed the scene
Nature unhindered, everything at peace,
Man with beast,
Beast with man.

Even the ants were safe
Avoided by the numbers,
For to kill was to be re-absorbed
Re-absorbed by the creator-victim, nature.

The air smelt sweet
—of engulfing tranquility
—of scented flowers
—of free and pure minds
—of nature, uncaged and natural

Surely this is UTOPIA!

As I wandered in a daze, the atmosphere was overwhelming
—pure nature in its unhindered state.
There was no need to communicate—
Love was here, peace was all-powerful.

Surely this was the true intended world.
To kill is to be slowly re-absorbed
by nature—the humiliated victim.....

—L. PIPER, 3A

JEST FER FUN

As I walked along the beach,
I saw a dead man die,
I saw a man go gliding,
Through the cloudy sky.

A cat was swimming in the sea,
Looking for some sand,
And gulls were flying high and low,
Looking for some clams.

Bats were sleeping in the reeds,
Lying wide awake,
And then I saw some monkeys,
Eating home-made cakes.

What a beach to have such fun,
Watching things that are rarely done,
All this I think is loads of fun,
But now it's time this poem was done.

—MAREE BRIDLE, 1B

SEA SHORE STROLL

Shells, sharp and wrinkled.
Blunt rocks cast aside.

A fishy smell, unpleasant odour.
Warm shelly sand.

Crabs scatter, scurry.
Water life in sandy, cool rockpools.

Long dark shadows grow.
Sundown, shadows fade.

Night's gradual crawl,
And seagulls cease their noise.

Friendly, lapping waves.
Softly sighing trees,
to end my sea shore thoughts.

—PIRI DUDAS, 2B

THE PLEDGE

My tender roots are taking hold as in this virgin town and now I give you of my solemn pledge: that you and I shall grow on honesty and truth and our fates shall be entwined.

I am half grown—my boughs are stronger now as is your heart.
As I spread, so do you.
We will prosper along this chosen path of righteousness.

Maturity is ours and I am proud,
As we have mastered adversaries
Our strength has been nurtured by honesty and goodness.

My trunk and limbs are festering with a rot, as is your heart with your industrial might: depravity and crime have robbed you of your beauty and I must share your fate as I have pledged.

Now I have willed myself to die
as you have died, without knowing, for life without true values is a living death.
In death, my countenance is ugly as is yours and I mourn for all the good things that might have been.

—ROBERT ARDEN, 4A

OUR SENTIMENTAL FRIENDS



—M. Byrne, J. Van Es

INVOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS

2nd FORM HISTORY—

Henry VIII married six times. On the fourth or third marriage he had a son, but he liked it, so married twice more.

2nd FORM HISTORY—

Parliament, consisting of a House of Lords and a House of Commons, had very little power over the King until we come to Charles I, who was stupid enough to let Parliament execute him.

The Gunpowder Plot, consisting of mostly Roman Catholics being not very popular in England, set out to destroy Parliament and King, but luckily, at the last moment they were discovered. The only result was Roman Catholics becoming slightly less popular.

Henry VIII got special permission to wed Lady Jane and they had a pleasant little marriage until Henry started drinking and became a vicious truant.

4th FORM—

The adjective from ox is oxal.

3C—

"The girl I want to marry". I want a girl who can cook like my sister, fish like my mother and look like Jane Mansfield.

3C—

"Things I value": What I value most is probably my fitness and my health—these are most valuable to me. Then comes my ferret.

3C—

"The girl I want to marry." I wish her to drive a car good because if there's one mark on my car I will kill her.

2nd FORM—

Question: Briefly describe the kind of life led by Louis XIV.

Answer: A very fun life.

1C—

"At the School or Art a broadsheet lies
Sprayed with the sarcasm of flies."
"Sarcasm" is fly dirt.

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