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**1966**



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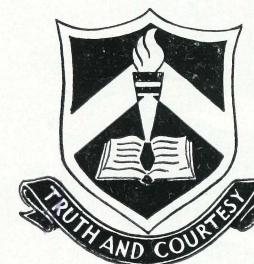
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## *Mt. Lawley Senior High School*



### STUDENT OFFICIALS

*Head Girl*  
Stephanie Withers

*School Captain*  
John Brett

### PREFECTS

#### *Girls*

Valerie Bevan  
Wendy Brewer  
Helen Brindal  
Christine Corbett  
Philipa Docwra  
Gail Ferguson  
Rhonda Jenkins  
Deanna Ronchi  
Jenny Willner

#### *Boys*

Peter Daniel  
John Garnaut  
Kim Hoff  
Neil Keene  
Phillip Krasnostein  
David Macoboy  
Robert Toia  
Alan Wright  
Louis Zekas

### MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

Jack Courtis (Editor), Frank Cordova, Geoff Daniel, Stephen Dellar,  
Janice Kaye, Betty Nile, Donald Robertson, Monika Waldner.

### DUX OF THE SCHOOL

John Brett





SCHOOL PREFECTS

Back Row: Neil Keene, Helen Brindal, Peter Daniel, Christine Corbett, Alan Wright, Jenny Wilner, Valerie Bevan, David Maca-boy, Wendy Brewer, Louie Zekas, Deanna Ronchi, John Garnaut.  
Front Row: Rhonda Jenkins, Kim Hoff, Gail Ferguson, John Brett, Mr. W. Walker, Stephanie Withers, Phillip Krasnostein, Philippa Docwra, Robert Toia.

## EDITORIAL

Once again, the "Lawley" has arrived on the school scene. Its purpose is to provide the students with a record of their school's achievements—academic, sporting, and social—so that in the years ahead, they can look back on their stay in this school with pride.

Our school has been in operation for several years now, and within its boundaries, every student interested in chess, debating, social activities, sport—and in learning, can find satisfaction and pleasure. Such things as sport and social life, are just a few of the factors, which have made this year the enjoyable experience that it has been.

This year, as always, the Teaching Staff has been most enthusiastic and helpful in their various fields. We would like especially to mention Mr. Tannock, a very fine teacher, who has unfortunately left us to study for a Doctorate of Philosophy, in America. We wish him all the success he so richly deserves. A well-known personality who is also leaving us, is Mr. Walker. Our school has gone far since he became Principal, and we hope that it will carry on in the best traditions set up by him.

We, the Committee, wish to thank the student body for its enthusiastic support. Without its many and interesting contributions there would have been no magazine. Furthermore, we wish to thank Mr. Love and Mr. Grono for their invaluable assistance, and Mr. Godfrey for his excellent photography. We have enjoyed producing this magazine, and we hope that you will be pleased with the result.

The Editor.





MR. WALKER

Mr. Walker is retiring at the end of the year, after a long and rewarding career as a teacher. Mount Lawley High is one of the biggest schools in the metropolitan area with a large staff. It is to Mr. Walker's credit that the school has run so smoothly and efficiently over the years.

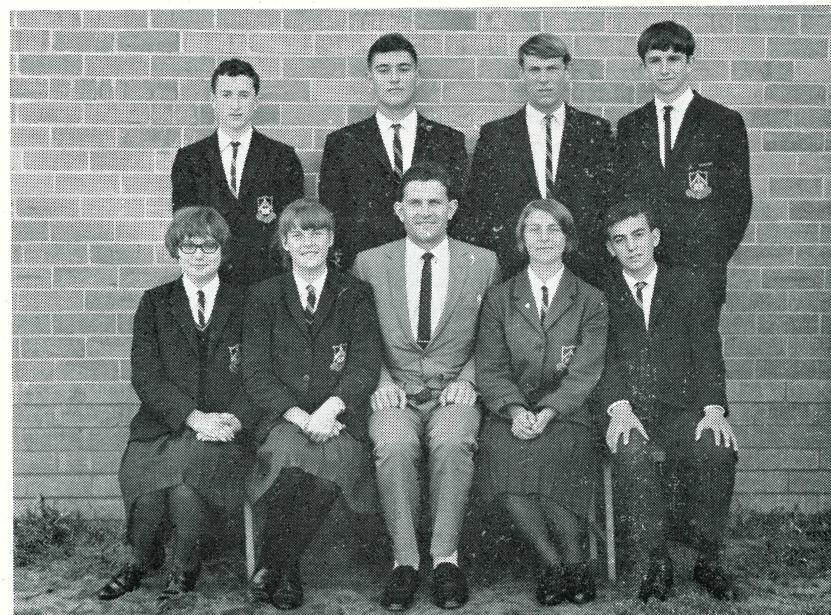
He was educated at Fremantle Christian Brothers' College and the University of Western Australia. After three years training at Claremont Teachers' College he was appointed to Perth Boys' as a teacher. From there, he spent many years at Northam and other country centres. His speciality was mathematics and he became senior master in that subject. He was also sports master. The first school he took charge of was Narrogin. The last seven years he has spent at Mount Lawley, his biggest school. Under Mr. Walker, it became a Five Year High in 1960.

Mr. Walker's home is Perth but he has travelled extensively through the Eastern States. A few months ago, he visited R.M.C. Duntroon and was very impressed with the educational facilities there. Mr. Walker is a member of the Mount Lawley Rotary Club and a former director of that club. Sport has been a major part of his life since his University days, when he was very successful in athletics. At present, he plays bowls and was a member of the team which won the State Fours title four years

ago. He has always seen the value of sport, and therefore has been very keen for the people in his charge to have similar experiences.

Our school has grown significantly under Mr. Walker since 1960. Each year has added something to achievements in academics, sport, debating, in school life generally, and above all, in students' attitudes towards their responsibilities. It is our hope that the school will carry on with such high standards. We appreciate the work Mr. Walker has done for us, and hope that he will have a most enjoyable and fruitful retirement.

The Editor.



THE "LAWLEY" COMMITTEE

Back Row (left to right): Donald Robertson, Jack Courtis (Editor), Geoff Daniel, Stephen Dellar.

Front Row: Janice Kaye, Elizabeth Nile, Mr. Love, Monika Waldner, Frank Cordova.

## SOCIAL NOTES

Murdoch's first term social was on April 15th. Though numbers were small, the evening was socially successful and an enjoyable time was had by all present. The second term social was a roaring success owing to the completion of second term exams. Attendance soared into the hundreds, and those present were propelled around the floor by the music of Ron



Jenkins' Band. Sincere thanks are extended to the Student Council who worked so enthusiastically to make the evening a financial and social success.

With hard work from O'Connor's Student Council, the House was able to provide two very successful socials. The second term social, at which the Ron Jenkins' M.L.S.H.S. Dance Band provided the dance music, was highlighted at supper with folk-singing-by-candlelight. Special thanks go to Mark Wolinski, Phillip Krasnostein, Irma Lange, Katrina Ivanow and Peter Finkelstein, who formed the Folk Group, and to Mr. McKell whose permission and assistance made this possible.

The Hackett first term social was the first time that any House had provided a completely modern band. The Times and the students were unanimous that it should not be the last. The second term social was also a great success, mainly because of the dancing classes introduced in second term.

Of significance was the roaring success Forrest had with her social. Many thanks to Mrs. Albutt, Mr. Melrose and the prefects, for assisting the first and second years with their dancing classes. Because of the hard work of our zealous Student Council, the second term social was a traditional Forrest House success; a welcome refreshment after the toil and labour of second term exams.

## JUNIOR RED CROSS

Since its inauguration two years ago, the Junior Red Cross Club has made its presence known both in the school and to some extent in the community.

This year, the club's activities have been concentrated on social work in the community. This has ranged from serving teas at a charity occasion held by Channel Seven, to visiting old people in hospitals, running our own stall at the annual Red Cross Fête and helping staff at Lady Lawley Cottage.

As in previous years, activities such as the collecting of magazines for hospitals, the making of toys, and the assembling of a Friendship Album—which is our contribution to the promotion of International Friendship—are being carried out.

On the social side, Mt. Lawley High was well represented at the Junior Red Cross Camp, held during the May holidays at Caversham, and also at the very successful Secondary Schools' Annual Red Cross Conference held in Perth during the September vacation.

Thus it can be seen that the club is an active one, with its members taking part in a worthwhile cause. Special thanks must go to Miss Raymond for her efforts to encourage members in their efforts, likewise thanks are extended to Duky di Ruyter, the club President, for her untiring efforts and enthusiasm.

## LIBRARY COMMITTEE

The Library Committee was formed with the intention of relieving Mrs. Mulligan of numerous routine tasks which can be entrusted to students. The members of the committee perform such duties as replacing returned books to the shelves each morning, and preparing requested books for the weekend. Some members have also done a great deal of filing of cards and also typing of new cards. In the latter, they were assisted by the commercial students to whom we would like to extend our thanks.

Besides this main library, there are two others which are operated by



## LIBRARY COMMITTEE

Back Row (left to right): Monika Waldner, John Montgomery, Ian Evans, Robert Thornton, Marilyn Blight.

Front Row: Laraine Ovens, Miss Gunn, Mrs. Mulligan, Sheryl London.



students, for the benefit of students. These are the Science Library and the Biology Library. They contain such books that deal with their respective subjects at a deeper level than those of the main library, the information often being more specific.

Finally the committee would like to thank Mrs. Mulligan and Miss Gunn for their assistance and advice throughout the year. We would also like to thank those science and biology teachers concerned with the effective functioning of those libraries.

M. Waldner.



#### MT. LAWLEY CADET UNIT

**Back Row (left to right):** S/Sgt. Pierre Pougault, Sgt. Peter Ure, Sgt. Peter Krasenstein, Sgt. Ian Robertson, Sgt. Jack Courtis, Sgt. Ian Evans, Sgt. Don Robertson.

**Front Row:** C.U.O. Alan Everington, C.U.O. Alan Wright, C.U.O. Phillip Krasenstein, Capt. R. Gibbons, Lt. G. Diggins, C.U.O. Robert Toia, C.U.O. David Macaboy, C.S.M. Kim Hoff.

### CADETS

Nineteen sixty-six has provided for the cadets of the Mount Lawley Senior High School Cadet Unit another year of intensive yet enjoyable and rewarding training. The Unit has continued to improve with an increase to one hundred cadets and the establishment of two new specialist sections.

The Cadet Year commenced in March and the new cadets embarked on a revised syllabus, incorporating a larger scope than dealt with last year. Training for the existing signals section was placed in the hands of Sgt. J. Courtis, who came top of his course, and the new intelligence and infantry sections, in those of Sgts. Evans and Robertson respectively.

In order to gain promotions, these cadets had to attend instructional courses run by Five Cadet Brigade, and as usual, Mount Lawley acquitted itself well. Other promotions included C.U.O. Krasenstein to Training Officer, C.U.O. Toia to Administration Officer, Sgts. Wright, Macaboy and W.O.II Everington to C.U.O. and Cpl. Hoff to W.O.II.

Five Cadet Brigade also ran an advanced training course at Collie in the May vacation, and C.U.O.'s Krasenstein and Toia were invited to act as instructors. Members of the Signals and C.U.O. Macaboy section also attended.

One of the highlights of the year was the bivouac in April at Northam, where cadets put theoretical knowledge into practice.

Viet Cong guerrilla tactics were employed by a harassing party, and this added a new twist to the exercise (until three a.m.). Most cadets thoroughly enjoyed themselves when they visited the Swanbourne Rifle Range but no outstanding shots were discovered this year.

Undoubtedly, the most beneficial part of the cadet year is the Annual Camp at Northam, and this year was no exception: apart from an exercise in which one platoon "died graciously in battle" the camp on the whole was an outstanding success. Another highlight was when a group of cadets were invited to go through a "Viet Cong Village" constructed by a W.O.II who had returned from Vietnam. This incorporated many of the Viet Cong booby traps, and the party was completely obliterated.

The camp was finished with an indoor barbecue and Lt. Diggins acted with great competence in the role of chef.

Nineteen Sixty-Six also marks the marching out of the six remaining cadets who were among those who formed the nucleus of the unit in 1963.

In conclusion, thanks must be given to Captain Gibbons, Lt. Willis and Lt. Diggins who have contributed much time and effort to make the year the success it has been.

### CHESS

Mount Lawley High was again the dominant school in this year's Junior League and State Junior competitions. School teams gained second place in both "A" and "B" divisions of the Junior Chess League



and team members brought home the trophy for the best performance by a school in the State Junior Chess Championships.

North Suburban Chess Club won both divisions of the Junior League this year. The strength of Mount Lawley's teams and the closeness of competition is illustrated by the match between Mount Lawley and North Suburban. A draw in this match, which Lawley lost  $1\frac{1}{2}$ - $2\frac{1}{2}$ , would have given the school a percentages win in the competition. The school was confronted with a formidable team which included both the current Australian Junior and State Junior Champions!

All matches were enjoyed by team members and provided social contact, in a friendly atmosphere with students of other schools. The experience gained is sure to be valuable to all and will help the players in concentrating at their studies.



#### CHESS CLUB

Back Row (left to right): Roland Sevreque, Nathan Potaznik, Kim Cornish, Many Stul.  
Front Row: David Bensky, Kim Hoff, Mr. Slusarczyk, William Hilbert.

In closing, mention must be made of the contribution by staff members. Mr. Slusarczyk was ever ready to provide transport and to attend matches; Mr. I. Melrose and Mr. Hammond are also to be thanked in this regard.

Kim Hoff (Captain).

#### DEBATING CLUB

*President: Melville Sharbanee Vice-President: Stephanie Withers*  
*Secretary: Sue Strickland*  
*Committee: Mark Wolinski, Peter Daniel, David Macoboy, Kim Hoff, Colin Hawke.*

Although Mount Lawley was not successful in the Inter-School Federation, enthusiasm towards debating was increased considerably throughout the school.

Interest in debating has spread from the fifth years right down to the first years. So much so, in fact, that a special division of the Debating Club has been allocated to first and second years. They hold debates nearly every week, and the enthusiasm, interest and promise shown by these debaters indicates that Mount Lawley will again be at the fore in debating in years to come.

Fourth year students have also played an active part in debating this year, and in first term an inter-House competition was run, in which the majority of participants were fourths.

In the first Federation debate Mount Lawley were the guests of Perth College. The topic was "That Australia is the Land of Opportunity" and unfortunately our team of Stephanie Withers, Mark Wolinski and Melville Sharbanee were defeated.

In the second Federation debate, against St. Phillip's High School, Mount Lawley notched its only victory for the season with a team consisting of David Macoboy, Mark Wolinski and Melville Sharbanee, debating "The Art of Conversation is Lost".

"That we are Grateful to our Weather Forecasters" was the topic of the third and final Federation debate, and as guests of Governor Stirling, Peter Daniel, Mark Wolinski and Melville Sharbanee were defeated.

Special thanks must go to Mrs. Huston, who coached and assisted our senior debaters, and Miss Boyle, who devoted much of her time to the juniors. Without the encouragement and guidance of these two staff members we would have been at a complete loss.

Finally we wish future debaters every success in their efforts to regain the shield for Mount Lawley.

Melville Sharbanee.





#### DEBATING TEAM

Back Row (left to right): David Macaboy, Melville Sharbanee, Peter Daniel, Mark Wolinski, Kim Hoff.

Front Row: Sue Strickland, Mrs. E. Huston, Stephanie Withers.

#### INTER-SCHOOL CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

The Inter-School Christian Fellowship meetings have continued steadily this year thanks to the help of our counsellor Mr. Devenish, though numbers have been disappointing. Our aim has been to provide a varied programme to aid the presentation of the Christian Gospel. Experienced speakers such as Mr. Michael Lush from the Scripture Union, have visited us. Discussion groups, Bible studies, and record sessions have also been included in this year's programme. Thanks to the availability of the Science lecture theatre, slides and a film were shown. Many students were attracted by the film which proved to have good scientific and spiritual qualities.

Gatherings of different schools at camps and area meetings have provided fellowship, which is an essential feature of the I.S.C.F. movement.

Seven students this year received badges for fulfilling the requirement of attending regularly for four terms. It is hoped that in the next year even more students will strive to achieve this same standard.

#### JUNIOR PLAYHOUSE

The Junior Playhouse is an organisation to provide third, fourth and fifth year students from all schools with the opportunity to see the plays produced, at a very much reduced rate.

About forty students from Mount Lawley belong to the organisation. It is a pity there aren't more. Miss Cook is in charge here, and all the members unanimously thank her for her efforts. To help the junior audience appreciate the plays more, the producer, Edgar Metcalfe, comes on stage after the performances to discuss the play and to answer any questions.

The plays seen so far this year by the members have been: "Any Wednesday", "Dear Delinquent", "Fings Ain't Wot They Used To Be", "J.B." and "Richard II".

The Interstate Festival provided four plays of great variety: "The Killing of Sister George", "The Night of the Ding Dong", "Altona" and Eugene O'Neil's "Moon of the Misbegotton".

Belonging to the Junior Playhouse Club is an enjoyable experience, which enables those high school students who may not have had the chance to see good plays, to relish top class entertainment.

#### SECOND TERM DANCING CLASSES

Professional dancing classes were held over a period of eight weeks of the second term this year. They were extremely successful with an attendance totalling over 303 people. The classes were divided into two sections: the upper school classes, which were held on Tuesday afternoons, and the lower school classes, which were held on Thursday afternoons. The instructor, Mr. Robert Gilkison, and the instructress, Mrs. Kenny, kindly donated four trophies for the most improved dancers over the course of eight weeks. The winners of the upper school trophies were Marilyn Blight and Donald Robertson, both of the fourth year. The winners of the lower school trophies were two first year students, Bradley Mays and Peta Clare.

This is the first time that formal dancing classes have been held at the school. The dances taught ranged from old-time dances and Latin American dances to the more modern dances such as the lively "March of the Mods". As a result many teachers have remarked upon the great improvement in the standard of dancing at the school socials. It is only hoped that if dancing classes of this nature are to be held at the school in future years, they will be equally successful.

Marilyn Blight.



## SCHOOL PLAY

This year Mt. Lawley High is endeavouring to produce a play, the first in four years. The previous play, in 1962, was "Trial by Jury".

The play chosen is the Australian musical "Reedy River" by Richard Diamond and is being presented by the fourth year students. This musical has been very successful in the Eastern States and our presentation will be W.A.'s premiere.

The play is set in the 1890's in the outback town of Reedy River, and is concerned with the after affects of the Shearers' Strike in 1891. The action varies from light comedy to drama. Joe Collins (Ian Robinson), a shearer who was gaoled for his part in the strike, returns to Reedy River after an absence of five years. There he meets up again with his old shearing-team mates, and with his wife Mary (Elizabeth Nile) with whom he had quarrelled and had not seen for those five years. Some of the very colourful characters in the play are Thomo (Geoff Daniel), a shearer/philosopher/story teller; Irish (Liberio Pensalfini) obviously a hot-headed Irishman, Miss Andrews (Sandra Barnett), the local schoolmistress; Rose (Gloria Butler/Romaine Coleman), the barmaid; Brodie (John Godfrey), the squatter; Dixon and Alf (Mark Levin, Steven Liblich), drovers, and Widgeegoweera Joe (Frank Cordova), a shearer, *born* unlucky. The rest of the cast includes Aaron Bilczewski, Ian Rockman and Max Ptak, plus the chorus.

The whole play is definitely Australian and is played with an easy informality. It swings along at a lively pace which is aided by the choice of songs, among which are Charley Mopps, Eumerella Shore, Reedy River, My Old Black Billy, Wild Rover No More, Click Go The Shears, Reedy Lagoon and Lazy Harry's.

Full credit for this play goes to Mrs. Perich and Mr. Conochie, our producer and musical director, respectively. Both have put many hours into this play out of their busy time, and all the cast thanks them sincerely. Thanks also go to Mr. Walker, who has helped in every way possible. A special mention goes to Ian Robinson who, apart from taking the part of Joe Collins, has designed many beautiful sets and costumes.

Although no definite date has been set for the production, it is hoped that it will be performed in either November or December, and we feel sure it will receive the full support of the school.

Elizabeth Nile.

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## SCHOOL CAPTAIN'S REPORT

School captaincy is a position both demanding and rewarding. It demands a good deal of work, responsibility, and sacrifice, but it rewards generously. One meets people—for instance this year I attended a Commonwealth Day Youth Rally, an address by the Queen Mother, and the occasion of Lord Casey speaking in Perth. One has practice in presenting things and in making speeches and in mixing with others. I am grateful to have been given my opportunity and, for me, it has been both edifying and enjoyable.

Stephanie Withers has been of great assistance as head girl. She has a certain flair for social activity and I do not know how we would have organised the school socials without her. I extend my gratitude to the rest of the prefects for their help and great encouragement throughout the year.

This is Mr. Walker's last year as Principal: he is retiring, and taking a well deserved rest. Mr. Walker embodies Mt. Lawley High and under his guidance Mt. Lawley has gained a very creditable image.

I would also like to thank Mr. Quinn and Miss Aldridge, who as Deputy Principal and Principal Mistress, have been a very good influence upon the students of the school.

I wish all the best to the new Principal and the incoming prefects.

John Brett, School Captain.

## *Literary Section*

### *Senior Prose Prize:*

## BROWN BERRIES

Logan Street was a quiet backwater where old people lived out their lives, undisturbed in the shadows of ancient, big-boled street trees. Mrs. Sedley had come to live there when Dan, her husband, died and she had parted with the sprawling family home to take up a small, neat bungalow which brooded amidst a garden of privets and roses in a row of counterparts. It had become her habit to take tea regularly with one of the retired couples, to chat with her neighbours and nod cordially to the people further up the street when she went shopping. Sometimes she would watch television with Mrs. Cooper.

When Mr. Hibble died, and his wife went to live with a daughter, Mrs. Sedley missed the company of the afternoon-tea times. She was also

disquieted by the "For Sale" notice, stark and incongruous against the cream palings of the fence. It was the first she had seen in Logan Street. When she had come, the people had seemed so established and secure.

A gradual exodus took place, almost imperceptible at first, then seeming to gather momentum. Some of the old people drifted into sunset homes; some died; others, younger, were drawn back into their families as nannies and baby-sitters. The estate agents' boards became common. At last, Mrs. Sedley, Mr. White, and the tweedy spinster from up the road were the only ones left for six or seven houses on both sides of the street.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Sedley noticed one evening that the sign which had marred the hedge opposite was missing. Next day, the Italians moved into that house and the one next door to hers. A few of the homes were occupied by other old people, but the majority of the newcomers were swarthy New Australians.

At first, she resented this intrusion with old age's aversion to change. The strange words, the strange voices rising and falling, rich and curious. The men, dark and stocky, whose clothes always seemed too small for their vigorous bodies. The black-clad women, birdlike, hooded with dark scarves, whom she sometimes caught sight of slipping in or out of their homes and gardens. Seeing them used to disturb her: she retreated into herself, away from the foreign women. They and their husbands had violated the privacy of the place of her old age, yet her being they could not violate: she would cherish it complete, hard and cold as a diamond within her.

It was some time before she became aware of the children, hearing first their shriller cries and then their laughter mixed with those of their elders. Then she began to distinguish them from the straggling troop who passed by going home from school. There were the dark-haired girls with thick, long plaits which caught the light in each twist, and honey-coloured skin, who were plump in their woollen pinafores, and whose knitted jumpers recalled both her childhood and motherhood. And the boys, stocky and defiantly dark and brown and warm, even in winter, when they kicked a football along the street, slipping on the loose stones on the wet, black path. Sometimes they fell over, and the young ones howled lustily, vibrantly; the older ones bore it stoically and treasured up the scars and bruises on their legs, squatting down on the verge to inspect them, as her own sons had done.

In spring, there were the lilac berries, small and orange, hard as marbles spun in pulp inside their crinkled skins. The boys had 'berry fights, chasing one another and shinning up the ridged boles of the trees to snatch at the hanging branches, sliding down so that their knees were



green and dirty from the moss and lichens which spattered the trunks. Sometimes she saw them squash the berries between their fingers to see the seed squeeze out of its case, and, run after the girls to make them sniff at the sickly smell. Peter and Mike used to do that, and wave the berries before her nose so that she wrinkled it and chided them for their impertinence.

Once, as she sat on the verandah and listened to their cries next door, a ball fell over the hedge. Immediately it was quiet. Mrs. Sedley's hearing was impaired now, but she could imagine them whispering, conferring. Then the youngest girl came suddenly around the end of the side path, as if pushed from behind. She sidled up towards the ball lying on the lawn, her manner a question. Mrs. Sedley nodded and smiled reassuringly. Her hand moved nervously across her lap as she sat watching. The child ducked shyly to pick up the ball, and one black curl slipped behind her ear so that the sun glanced off a small gold earring. The others called her from over the dividing hedge: "Rosi, Rosi!" The girl retreated, then smiled slowly and ran away. Suffused with warmth, Mrs. Sedley went inside.

"Rosi . . . Ruby." Her child had been small and plump like Rosi, when she was five, but she hadn't been bathed in the Italian sun. Her face had been pale against her black ringlets; but she had had something of the same smile. Even when Mrs. Sedley and her husband had gone to see her off on the boat to South Africa with her new business-man husband, Ruby had smiled slowly like that, shyly proud of her new responsibilities, a little afraid. In her bedroom, Mrs. Sedley looked over the carefully preserved photographs once more; and they were now but a pale shadow of her memories. The four girls were so prim and earnest, staring straight at the camera. Yet the younger ones had been no more serious than Ruby. They had come later, after the depression years, and their only suffering had been their love affairs. Somehow she had never felt as close to them. She hadn't even regretted it when married, with families of their own, they didn't come to visit her.

Her favourite photograph was the one of Michael which she kept on her dressing table. He was laughing, almost impudently, not stiffly self-conscious like the girls, and his blond hair was just beginning to darken so that, at the temple, there seemed to be a shadow, where he had tilted his head back and a little to the side. She remembered it being taken. The boy had been sitting out on the lawn beside the geraniums, teasing his sisters. When his turn had come, Michael hadn't been able to compose himself; he was only twelve then, and when his father's threats did little to control him—Dan had been itching to clout his son, but had abhorred a fuss at such a time—the photographer had had to take it any-

way, muttering into the folds of his dark hood that it was "highly irregular".

"Killed in action". She hadn't cried at first; her grief had been choked back while the relatives came to commiserate, briefly, restrainingly, as the occasion demanded. Then one night, a few days later, the tears came; dry sobs that shook her lean mother's body. She had stood at the French windows in her bedroom, and only the cold sensation beneath her eyes and the touch of the breeze on her cheeks had made her aware that she had any tears left.

That night she stood at her bedroom window, and listened to the rush of a passing car in the empty street, saw its headlights boring through the darkness. A dog barked. A few leaves rattled up the side path. Then she went to lie under that counterpane on the big double bed, to sleep with her memories.

Mrs. Sedley heard the car pull up and the doors slam and she drew the rug back from across her knees and went to the window to look from behind the lace curtains. Her youngest daughter had made a good match. A dark Mercedes was parked at the curb in front of her home. Preceded by her young son, Hilary was walking up the side path. She was tall and big-boned with rather wide hips in her cotton dress; her naturally brown hair had been burnished with a rinse. Behind her was her smaller, darker husband, ruddy and thick-set. The boy had taken after him.

Mrs. Sedley saw them disappear at the side of the house and watched the Italian children run out delightedly to inspect the fine car. Franco gave the little Rosi a lift up to let her see the splendid dark upholstery, and even Elide came shyly out impelled by a giggling Titania who was as interested as the boys.

The back door slapped against its frame, and rhythmic thudding proceeded up the worn carpet of the hall, interrupted at intervals, as if someone was looking into the rooms on either side. The door was opened again, but not banged. There was a murmur of conversation, then she heard them calling her. She had been going to wait; have them come to her. Now she responded, unwillingly, and moved slowly through without shuffling to the bedroom door. Her grandson, seeing her, slipped down from the hallstand and awkwardly swung one leg, staring at her.

She stood at the door of her room and her dress fell loosely on her dry, lean body which old age had shrunken not by wrinkling, but by drawing her brown skin taut, so that her cheek-bones seemed chiselled, her lips thin lines and her green eyes bright and intent, though deeper set now than they once had been, a small frame which enclosed her motherhood, her authority, her suffering, in which her being smouldered,



ready to flame up and partake of experience again. Within, her age distilled the past and gave it meaning.

Hilary was walking up the passage, shadowed by her husband. She was so full of what she had to say that she was talking even as she approached her mother.

"Hello, Mother. You couldn't have heard us calling you—you're becoming deaf you know." Here she pecked at Mrs. Sedley's face. "We've come to tell you that we've had a family conference. We — all the family — have decided that it's time you stopped living alone, Mother. It's not good for you." She spoke confidently, decisively. "We're sure you'll like the Anglican Autumn Home. . . ."

The words fell, brittle, and shattered on the air

Valerie Bevan, 5-2.

### Senior Poetry Prize:

#### INHUMANITY

*The grey skies cry bitterly  
Showering tears like leaden bullets  
To the yielding defenceless earth.  
Safe, in my free country,  
I sit by the window  
Watching the rain  
And thinking  
of young boys (scarcely men)  
Lying face down in mud  
Their life's blood slowly draining  
and mingling with the heavy, sodden soil.*

Ilana Shub, 5-1.

### Junior Prose Prize:

#### ME

Eversense I was bored, I have bean growing rapidly. My murder had to bye me knew cloves every weak. It was tearable. People kept saying "One day you'll get so big, you'll boost." I didn't bereave them at the lime, but laughter awhile I did. When I was still going too prime—airy stool my wait was fifteen stone. They even had too give me two chairs too sit on! My murder realized I wood have to sea a doctor. On seeing I couldn't fit threw the door to his off ice, the doctor came too my insistence. In half an hour I was free. Laughter-wards he said he couldn't do anything for me. He also said I was pound too stoop growing in awhile. Of cause I didn't bereave him. It went to a sage that I didn't bereave anything that people said about me stooping from growing. However, one day I didn't grow atoll. I didn't grow atoll for the next weak. Hurray! I had stooped growing! Just becord off this we had a partly on the next day and everybody was happy becord I had stooped growing. In my grate delight I eight so much that I boosted!

Peter Smith, 1-1.

### Junior Poetry Prize:

#### THE SEA SPRITE

*The wind sang its song.  
The waves tossed about.  
Winter is here,  
And the sea sprite is out.  
  
He laughs at the wind.  
He teases the waves.  
Everyone knows how the  
Sea sprite behaves.  
  
His home is the ocean,  
And he loves it there.  
He plays with the fishes,  
The plaits reeds in his hair.  
  
But when summer comes,  
And the wind has gone home.  
The sea sprite comes shoreward  
To play in the foam.*

Rachel Webster, 2-4.



*First Year Contributions:***ANZAC DAY '66**

*Light gradually came from the dark,  
There were thousands gathered at the park,  
Monday again brought Anzac Day,  
With many hearts far from gay,  
The bugles sounded loud and clear,  
Bringing back memories of those not here.*

Gregory Sharp, 1-2.

*There a sailor, where a sea?  
Gone the creaking mast.  
No more the call of a mountain tall  
All the hills are climbed at last.*

*There a hunter, where a kill?  
Gone the thrill of chase  
For cattle are bred in slaughter shed  
To live is vain and base.*

*Seas are sailed, life extinct  
Life's wine is thick encased  
And stars will shine on that ancient vine  
For a dead and a dying race.*

Sue Den Emm.

*The sky is black, as black as jet,  
The moon is shining, is shining yet,  
The stars peep out from behind the clouds,  
Who cover the stars with death-like shrouds,  
The wind is blowing, is blowing fast,  
The clouds above are flashing past,  
And I on a hill, on a hill of green,  
Ponder about the things I have seen.*

Anon.

**THE SHELL**

*I see a shell upon the beach  
and scrape it up; into my reach  
I put it close up to my ear  
and hear the waves, crashing near.*

*As I walk further away  
I notice that there is no day  
I look into the sky above  
and there I see a single dove.*

*I put the shell up to my ear  
and hear the waves are still quite near.  
Even though we are far away  
we'll hear the waves another day.*

R. Henville and T. Yiakalis, 1-8.



**"MATCH STICK SCULPTURE"**—Centre piece by Susan Lane, 1-4.  
Assorted pieces by various first year students.





### FORREST

As is traditional with Forrest, both the prefects and the students have exercised their House 'spirit' to the full, and, as a result, have enjoyed a year enriched with success and good, healthy fun.

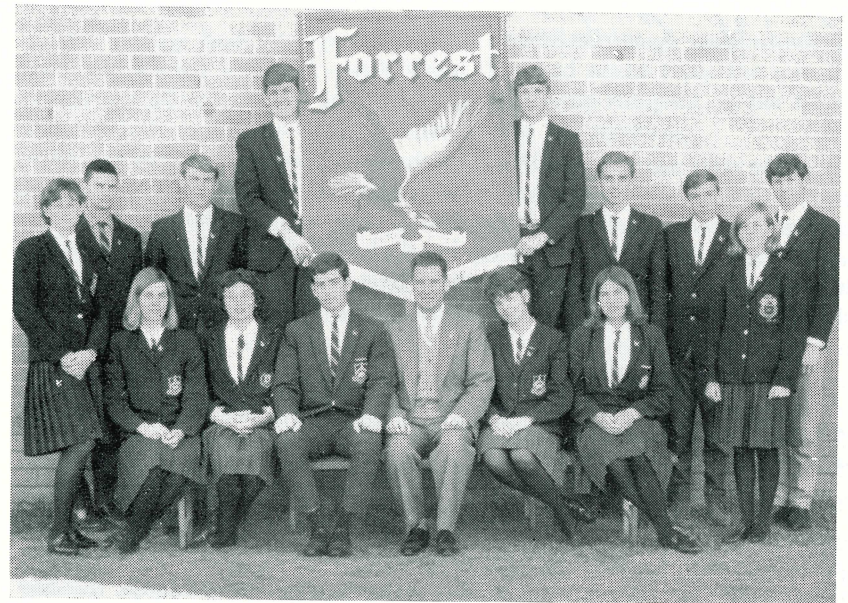
One of the features most paramount in our minds for first term is the success we had with our inter-House swimming carnival. Gaining first place in the carnival enabled Forrest to be out in front in first term in the race for 'Premier House' of 1966. But success only came through the admirable effort from all those who participated, and additional thanks must go to Mrs. Sinclair, Mrs. Albutt and Mr. Hudson for the time and effort they expended in training programmes. Congratulations to Zigrida Gulans and Geoff Jarvis in their success.

Jenny Atherton and Allan Thorniley led the House for academic praise in first term. Allan topped the first year and Jenny succeeded in gaining second place in third year.

In inter-House sporting activities of second term, although we did not finish in front, we enjoyed more success than in recent years. It is also very pleasing to see that inter-school teams have not been deficient in Forrest representatives. Special congratulations must go to those selected in State teams.

Much co-operation and participation from students of all Houses went into the presentation of the Forrest Concert. The proceeds from the concert were donated to the "Save the Children Fund".

Second term unfortunately closed with the departure of Mr. Tannock. The Forrest House student body wish to gratefully acknowledge the valued experience, knowledge and encouragement of one of our most ardent supporters. Forrest would also like to welcome Mr. McAleer to the House, and we hope he will enjoy his participation as a House member.



### FORREST COUNCIL

**Standing:** Val Rudinger, Enrico Rossi, Geoff Daniel, Neil Keene, Bill Forster, Harold Werner, Russell Parham, Jenny Atherton, John Eaton.

**Sitting:** Zigrida Gulans, Naomi Fischer, Melville Sharbanee, Mr. H. Mann, Rhonda Jenkins, Jean Brennan.

Once again, because of the hard work of our zealous Student Council, the socials were a traditional Forrest success: a welcome refreshment after the toil and labour of examinations.

Finally, we would like to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Mann, who is completing his last year as House Master, for the infinite amount of hard work, encouragement and understanding he has given throughout this year, and in recent years, to all those concerned with Forrest House.

Melville and Rhonda.

\* \* \*

A bore is a person who is here today and here tomorrow.

\* \* \*

Servant: "The doctor's here, Sir."

Absent-minded Man: "I can't see him. Tell him I'm sick."



*Second Year Contributions:***THREE HAGS**

There were three ugly, deformed shapes, silhouetted against the dark and starless sky of night. Their crooked, horned talons clutched the edge of the crag; their whole bodies seemed cloaked in a blanket of misery and despair. The moon shone, casting dark and gloomy shadows over the lifeless rocks and cliffs, bathing the whole scene in cold, meaningless, shafts of silver light. The atmosphere was one of deplorable, menacing hatred.

The ugly brutes!—Fashioned in God's darkest hour; outcasts of the world. Their hateful eyes glinted mercilessly on the small child, living on in a better world than this.

There was a dog—Oh yes, a dog. What a brave loyal beast. For seven days and seven nights, he had stayed by the small one, watching over him, protecting him all the time, never moving from his side, except to look in vain for food. Weak from hunger, thirst and physical fatigue, the dog clung grimly to life—what was left of it.

He had seen those filthy, mis-shapen hags watching, always watching. Both day and night, their harsh outlines could be seen on the crag overlooking the gully; watching as though they enjoyed seeing him tortured in this way.

In vain the doomed tried to fight or at least delay the inevitable. Yet one could see the end was close. Even as the hours, the minutes went by, life was slowly ebbing out of his pitiful body. He felt himself growing weaker. Edging closer to the body of the boy he had loved so much, and resting his warm black nose on the cold stiff hands of the small one, he died.

The early morning sun threw a warm glow, strangely out of place, over the earth, as though beckoning the world to rejoice and live life to its fullest extent.

One radiant redeeming shaft of light shone down from the Heavens; past the trees, the hills and valleys. Past the rocky gullies and the caves; and fell silently on the head of a dead dog, bathing it in a halo of golden glory.

Gail Hepburn, 2-4.

**THE BODY**

The young body lay grotesquely on the hard, rough ground. The once white scarf was sticky with blood that had oozed from the wound on her shapely neck. Her usually neat clothes were rumpled on her body and her hair, yellow as corn, gleamed in the hot sunshine.

A tall, rough looking man stood gazing intently at the body. His unkempt hair hung limply around his ruddy and deeply lined face, matted in places by days of unwashed sweat and dirt. Beads of cruel-looking sweat rolled profusely down his face in the hot sunshine. His slightly protruding upper lip scowled and his beady eyes were drawn together. His suit was torn and dirty and his shoes were worn and muddy. In his dirty and scarred hands was a knife, which gleamed in the sunshine.

His small sinister eyes wandered searchingly at the surroundings and fell on a nearby cliff. Taking the body up, he slung it over his shoulder and trudged over to the cliff. Without a twinge of conscience he let it drop to the rocks below. It landed face up, the eyes wide open were staring at him. It sent a cold shiver down him. It was as if the body could see through him and read his thoughts.

He broke out in a cold fearful sweat. Glancing once more at the crushed body, he turned and nervously ran to the nearby trees and off into the distance.

Judith Baker, 2-4.

**BACK AT THE TEACHER**

*"When will the bell ring?" you ask Mr. Lawrence,  
Well let me tell you this:  
We are not your "pack of unruly hounds";  
for when on the desk our teacher pounds,  
We sit and listen to it all,  
Though there's a lot of uncalled for drawl:  
All through English, Maths and Science,  
it's worse than a lawyer listening to mixed up clients.*

*And if you thought of your lovely wage,  
Would you scribble on each page,  
of our neat book,  
After all the effort it took:  
But "keep your strength, and wait for the bell";  
For playing our part is tiresome as well.*

L. Cantell, 2-7.

(An answer to "Last Lesson of the Afternoon", by D. H. Lawrence. "Off the Shelf" page 87).



## THE DARK DOMINION

*It's always stretched above us,  
Like canvas over drum,  
No man can understand it,  
THE DARK DOMINION.*

*We look at it through lenses,  
We picture it on slides,  
We try to understand it,  
The place beyond the skies.*

*We long to tread its pathways,  
To find out where it ends,  
But always we do fear it,  
For on it life depends.*

*A speck of white in endless black,  
The earth itself is lost,  
But still we try to conquer it,  
And through it men are tossed.*

*Someday, perhaps, we'll beat it,  
The land of stars and sun,  
And then we'll know the secret  
OF THE DARK DOMINION.*

Ian Stevens, 2-5.

## THE PILOT'S LAMENT

*A great silver 'plane flies from the sea  
Its mission is to kill V.C.  
A napalm bomb falls from the sky  
It hits the ground and people die.*

*The ground guns blaze  
And, with his mind in a daze  
The pilot bails out  
For his 'plane has flamed out.*

*As he reaches the ground  
He sees all around  
All the death and destruction  
He has caused on instruction.*

*"O why did I do it  
What good is it for  
Is it worth all those lives  
For the sake of a War?"*

Robin Dewar, 2-4.

## THE END OF THE WORLD

*Crumbling mountains,  
Roaring seas,  
Volcanoes erupting,  
The sound of falling trees.*

*People screaming  
And collecting their gear,  
Others running  
And full of fear.*

*The earth's a-tremble  
Fire everywhere,  
Buildings falling  
And smoke in the air.*

*The splitting ground  
The lava flow,  
It is no use  
There's nowhere to go.*

*God has the power  
And makes his trend,  
The time has come  
This is the end.*

Chris Dudumas, 2-4.

## MINI LEGS

Wow!

*Those mini-skirts are really in,  
The boys are making such a din,  
And the girls are proper flirts,  
When wearing their new mini-skirts.*

Cor!

*The mums and dads really rave,  
Don't care about the cash we save,  
They say we're wrong and we shouldn't oughta,  
But those mini-skirts get shorter and shorter.*

Gee!

*They're made in red, white and blue,  
Sky blue pink, and primrose too,  
Black and purple, colours galore,  
That's what the mods wear them for.*

Oh!

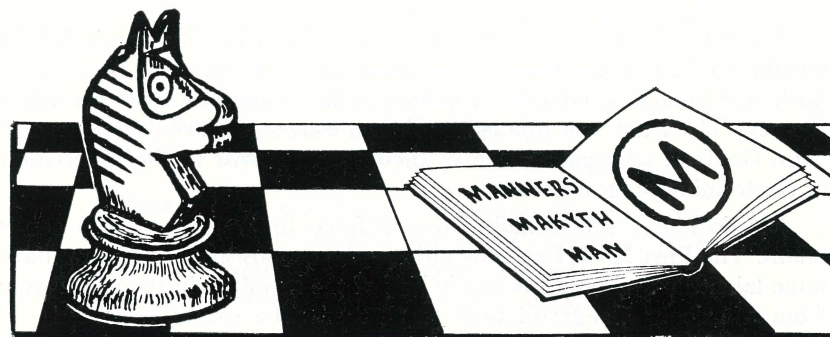
*Just one thing that's not quite right,  
Our knees get cold late at night,  
And in winter it's bleak and blue,  
So our knees match our blue skirts too.*

Kathy Daniels, 2-7.





"STORM!"—Andra Parups, 2-1.



## MURDOCH

As 1966 draws to a close, Murdoch can look back on a quiet but eventful year, throughout which the House has once again competed vigorously and consistently in sporting, academic and social fields.



### MURDOCH COUNCIL

Standing (left to right): Margaret Macaboy, Dawn Pearse, Brian Anderson, Ian Kevan, Doug Ridley, Kevin McCarthy, Malcolm Bennett, Ian Green, Peta Bennett, Linda Tassicker.

Sitting (left to right): Alicia Forsztadt, Alan Simpson, Gail Ferguson, Mr. Flynn, John Garnaut, Barbara Holtzman, Bernice Lerner.



The first major event for the Houses was the swimming carnival. The members of our team trained enthusiastically but, unfortunately, Murdoch was unable to completely overcome the opposition from the other Houses. The team was ably led by Robyn Faigen, Malcolm Bennett and John Godfrey, who gave much of their time to assist in the supervision of the training programme.

Murdochians, traditionally, were a force in the inter-school sports teams. The First XVIII and the girls' hockey teams showed that we have some talent in the House, as nearly half of the members in the teams were from Murdoch. Congratulations to all those who gained selection!

This year, Murdoch is confident of doing well and, with the shield within our grasp, the incentive to succeed will be strong during the final term of 1966.

Our sincere thanks go to Mr. Flynn for the advice and guidance that he has given to the Student Council in the various facets of House life.

Gail Ferguson.

### *Third Year Contributions:*

#### **FIRE**

*Leaping, licking, higher and higher,  
Burn the logs upon the fire.  
Up and round the flames do curl,  
In an endless, sweeping swirl.*

*Enveloped in their fiery hell,  
The chunks of wood their stories tell;  
Of windy nights and freezing snow,  
When bitter chills and cold winds blow;  
Of shivering people huddled together,  
In front of a fire during stormy weather.*

*Tales of many crippled days,  
And times of trouble as cruel frost plays  
On a person's bones, and the garden's flowers,  
But I know something that has healing powers.*

*A warm-hearted fire that crackles and glows;  
This rids a soul of his wintry woes;  
Bare toes towards an open hearth—  
What more would one want on a cold,  
Frigid earth!*

Lynette Berkavicius, 3-3.

#### **THE SAD PLIGHT OF A TEACHER**

*"Excuse me, Sir, what does xylobalsamum mean?"  
An inquisitive student of Mount Lawley High screams.  
"Cor, beats me!" the teacher, he thinks,  
"Wait till the next test boy, I'll too be a jink."*

*"Have you not a dictionary?" he says out aloud.  
"Fraid not, Sir," says the student, "it's not to be found."  
"You're an imbecile boy, a complete idiot;  
To say the extreme, I believe you're a clot."*

*The master he searches, in frantic distress  
For his dictionary, amongst confiscated mess.  
Relief as he finds it; the heavens he bless.  
In the drawer of his desk, he skilfully turns  
The pages. Finds the troublesome word.*

*"I'll tell you this time." (with supreme condescension)  
Unholy glee of the pupil's expression!  
This changes to horror, however, and dread,  
For a tall stooping figure looms over his head.*

*But, what is this, not the expected blow,  
The teacher is jumping, giggling. Oh woe!  
And through the wall, laughing, he goes.*

Jenny Beard, 3-1.

#### **T.V. COMMERCIALS**

*When silently watching my favourite show,  
Admiring the characters come and go,  
Suddenly without letting you know  
A commercial breaks through with a bugle blow,  
Who cares if cars go fast or slow.  
Just give back my favourite show.*

*Who wants cream to prevent grey hair,  
Stronger shoes that show no wear,  
Aspro that banishes every care.  
Tougher jeans that will not tear,  
More of these I cannot bear.  
Just give me back my favourite show.*

Noreen George, 3-2.



## THE FREMANTLE DOCTOR

*Tonight, when the sky is dark and the moon is bright,  
I'll watch the wild west wind  
Play havoc among the mystic trees.  
No longer the gentle doctor wind;  
But a roaring tide that asks no fees  
For its energy spent in the light of the moon  
Skipping, dancing, bending and playing  
Until the first rays of the new day dawns.  
Oh, I envy the wild west wind  
Its freedom, spirit and joy;  
For although it serves us—  
I know that it serves us—  
It's free to bend, break and devastate  
For it owes no alliance to man.*

Lorraine Adler, 3-1.

## SPRING

*Spring is a mischievous child,  
Full of pranks, of spirit and energy,  
He hurls large pots of delicate dyes  
Reserved for primrose, daisy and rosemary,  
When he is wild.  
He scatters the oval with golden daisy,  
The shabby old house has caught his spirits,  
With one wall painted in verdant green.  
All is ablaze and full of life, under a sky of blue,  
When he is free.  
Ever the long legged lambs frisk and run,  
In paddocks, so lush and green,  
To the tune that the gay little songbird sings,  
Under the warmth of the gold sun's beam,  
Then Spring has fun.*

Anon, 3-2.

## JUNK SCULPTURE

*If you want to make a dime,  
Surely then it's not a crime,  
To visit a choice rubbish dump  
And from its innards you can thump  
Lumps of steel and old barbed wire,  
A kettle blackened by the fire  
And various other rubbish rare,  
"Junk Sculpture" is your aim.*

*In a quiet secluded corner,  
Lay the objects in disorder,  
Twist them, turn them,  
Biff and bash them,  
Weld them, squash them  
And rehash them.  
Let the muse work. This is ART.  
Take a whisky, don't lose heart.*

*Mount your piece on a hunk of stone  
And ring the gallery on your 'phone,  
When the grand result is seen,  
It should arouse the public's spleen.  
T'will draw the crowd, some may think it funny,  
The name? Of course, is "search for money".*

R. Sivewright, 3-1.

## THE PORTRAIT

Jonathan was ten years old and such a child hadn't lived before and it was a wonder that he did. He was a pitiful sight to look at but had one good feature. That was his amazing eyes. He saw through everything with those magnificent brown eyes. Aunt Amanda, who, as her name implies, played the part of the lovable guardian. Jonathan's whole life was centred on Aunt Amanda's antagonism and restrictions. He lived in the drawn out dullness of life and was shadowed from the world as an anaemic.

His intensely happy moments were his matching of wits with Auntie. Often he would make her angry by hiding the paint brushes from the small gallery near the stairs. This made up for days of missing the fresh air and the joy of his life, the shed. In this shed was a portrait of himself, painted by an older friend. It showed a slight likeness to Jonathan. The extraordinary thing about the painting was the eyes. They glared from the painting with an exaggerated size and grew bigger when one concentrated on it. The painter of the prized portrait had been thought more mad than eccentric and that was the reason for no one knowing of it.

Why the tragedy happened no one knows, but it was thought to have been a dispute. Many times had Jonathan put Aunt Amanda in a mad rage, but this was the worst. She began to quiver all over and out of spite, like on a small child, pushed Jonathan off the stairs. Aunt Amanda didn't show any emotion but at once began to think of where to bury the body.



The digging of the grave was simple because the land for the rose bed had been turned previously. No one could spot Auntie because of a high fence on one side and a desolate house on the other. It was a morbid deed burying the body and as the child was rolled into the hole that was to do for his grave, a smile spread over his lips and his dark now glazed eyes frigidly gazed at Aunt Amanda.

Auntie had to leave for a few days and make up an excuse for leaving Jonathan behind. It was necessary for Aunt Amanda to go to the shed for a suit case, and she brought a small lamp so as to see into the dismal shed.

Entering the room, cobwebs and dust greeted her. Objects weren't very recognisable because of the poor light but she made her way to the chest on which the cases were placed.

On removing the cases, the well hidden picture slipped from behind the chest and the eyes were illuminated eerily by the small lamp. Aunt Amanda was hypnotised by those eyes and stood frozen to the spot. She couldn't scream, only stand there in terror while the eyes magnified themselves and quickly pulsed. This hit Aunt Amanda with a shocking force.

Aunt Amanda was found the next morning, dead. The washer woman who found the body saw the weird sight of the lamp still focussed on the eyes. Were those eyes smiling, or was the older woman being deceived?

M. Zaplital, 3-3.

## KARATE DEMONSTRATION

News Item from the "Weakly Chronic":

Sydney, Friday: Mr. Icor Sorhund, a star pupil of the Pong school of Judo, Karate, Kendo, Boxing, Wrestling and Flower Arranging, today gave a demonstration of Karate at the West Moreland Ladies' Tennis Club. For an hour, Mr. Sorhund lectured to the ladies on Karate and its principles. At the conclusion of the lecture, Mr. Sorhund gave a demonstration of the power of Karate by breaking in two, a six-inch thick brick with the side of his hand.

Later, on arrival at the hospital, Mr. Sorhund made a statement to the press. He screamed, "Yow!" three times and added various other phrases consisting of well-known Australian adjectives and nouns which, for obvious reasons, cannot be printed.

Other pupils of the Pong school say that the course there is a real stinker.

Rod Herbert, 3-3.



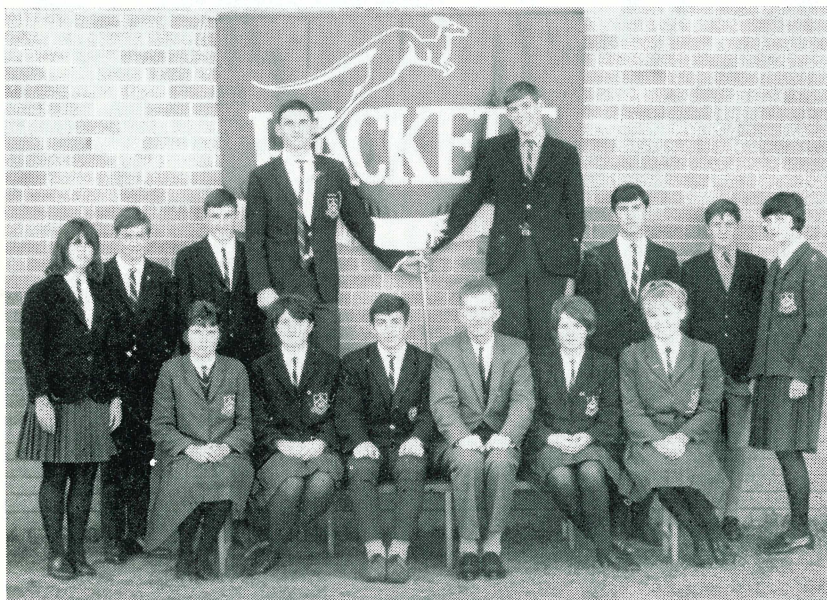
"NUTS AND BOLTS"—Anne Kemeny, 3-1.





## HACKETT

In the first of the inter-House competitive events, the swimming carnival, Hackett did very well to come second. Academically, Hackett did extremely well in first term to gain the highest academic score.



### HACKETT COUNCIL

Standing (left to right): Joanne Burrows, Kim Hoff, Ken Polla, Jon Dadd, John Daniel, Peter Christou, Rosemary Hawke.  
Sitting (left to right): Shirley Temple, Jenny Willner, Phillip Krasnostein, Mr. Willis, Wendy Brewer, Stephanie Withers.

Hackett has done more than its share this year in supplying members for school sporting teams, and two of our students, Geoff Brown and John Daniel, represented the State in sport.

Both Wendy and I have been proud to have been heads of Hackett House during a year in which inter-House competition has been keen and House spirit so strong. We thank Mr. Willis, Miss Cook and all other staff members who have given assistance to us and all the students in the fields of both sport and academics. The academics and the athletics points in third term will decide the winning House.

Finally we wish all Leaving and Junior candidates the best of luck in November, and we would also like to wish next year's "Hacketteers" the best for 1967.

Phillip Krasnostein.

### *Fourth Year Contributions:*

#### A TRIBUTE

To a Clown That Answers to the Name of Humanity,  
That Destroyed Itself.

*For what purpose do you strive  
Collecting coins and wasting breath  
And voicing music, that no harmonious  
scale corresponds,  
To achieve your own ends.*

*Why reject time, death's silent helper  
That fades all things.  
'Tis like an ocean upon infinite sands,  
But they accept their fate and voice no protest.*

*Your babes are born but to die,  
To what avail you ask,  
The query that soils the life between,  
All is answered too late,  
For the walls pierced, irreparable.  
Like the crumbling of an empire,  
The honey trickles like the hopes that fade,  
The tears you cried  
The horizons you conquered  
Were all in vain  
The circus is soon to collapse.*

Peter Finkelstein, 4-2.



## INNOCENCE

*Draw back the cover of darkness  
Let light uncover the veil  
For that that one sees after  
Is that the pure fleece of now.*

*Brighten the room with light  
Show us the figure in view  
Here, clothed in innocence he stands  
Innocent by sight, what says the soul.*

*Dance the floor and show yourself  
Don't act, but be your self  
Do by day, what do by night  
Open your soul to the crowd.*

Ken Rose, 4-2.

## POLITICIANS

*Today the world is run by politicians,  
Gigantic, ugly creatures with fancy positions,  
With huge protruding noses and beady eyes,  
Our own sweet earth they attempt to summarise.  
Their flabby fat compressed in one tight suit,  
They dream of their one great ambition of playing the flute.*

*They sit unceasingly in conference,  
Discussing and arguing their beloved country's defence.  
The whole brilliant, magnificent result is chaos—  
Another election and the penny they flimsily toss.  
Sequor and laughs, and curses, and they're all back again,  
To sit, and play the flute, and cackle like hens.*

Sandra Barnett, 4-4.

\* \* \*

Wife: "Why do you walk outside every time I start to sing?"

Husband: "I just want to show the neighbours I'm not beating you."

\* \* \*

Teacher: "Now, children, who can tell me what comes before March?"

Johnny: "Forward?"

## THE WAR IN VIETNAM

Thin wisps of steam rise slowly to mingle silently with the oppressive blanket of air that lies like a pall over the green jungle. Indistinct sounds lazily penetrate the motionless leaves that conceal sleepy-eyed creatures, lulled by the hot sun. As if in respect for the inertia of the day, a group of soldiers appears with their weapons slung carelessly at their sides, the smoke from their long-awaited cigarettes curling upwards and disappearing into nothingness. From the opposite direction another group wanders aimlessly through the heat, their thoughts far from their surroundings.

Suddenly their paths cross. An interminable moment passes when weariness and fear unite the enemies in a common bond—and then a shot, and the bond is severed. The sun is obliterated by a more deadly fire as the bullets trace their swift paths through the thick air. Sharp cries of pain fill brief silences. Then the cries are no more—death delivers all men from their suffering.

Nearly three thousand miles from this free land, "... where summer skies are gleaming with a thousand eyes", a thousand more sleepy eyes peer from behind the motionless leaves and watch the thin wisps of steam rise slowly to mingle silently with the oppressive blanket of air that lies like a pall over the blood-stained jungle.

Janice Kaye, 4-5.

The Staff Manager,  
Flintstone's Quarries,  
Heir's Rock.

Mansion Park Estates,  
London W.C. No-water.  
25th September, 1966.

Dear Sir,

Owing to an excessive number of slow horses and fast women, I am forced into the undesirable position of applying for work. I require a job which is within the scope of my talents, which are negligibell.

My qualificayshuns is that my english is bute and my spelling is sup-  
perb. And as wel las that, me old man, who suggested I apply for this  
job, is Chair Man of the Bored.

In view of this last fact, I want at leest 11 months leave purrr year  
and my celery must be more than enough. So chew that over!

Hopping 4 your sake that I get this here job.

I am,

Yours sincerely,

I. M. Spoilt.  
(Son of the Chair Man).

P.S. I will be reporting for work on Monday.

Lee Hemsley, 3-1.





"HARD TIMES"—Dianne Segal, 4-5.



### O'CONNOR

*House Captain: Colin Hawke      Head Girl: Phillipa Docwra*  
*Student Council: Leonie Balcombe, Deanne Ronchi, Pat Lafferty, Lyn Zeo, John Brett, Gary Summerton, Bill Hilbert, Marcus Rosenwax.*



### O'CONNOR COUNCIL

**Standing (left to right):** Lyn Zeo, Marcus Rosenwax, Bill Hilbert, Pat Lafferty.  
**Sitting:** Deanna Ronchi, Colin Hawke, Mr. J. Mackell, Phillipa Docwra, Leonie Balcombe, John Brett.  
**Absent:** Gary Summerton.



1966 has proved a very eventful year for O'Connor House as all students must agree. Last year, at the time the "Lawley" went to press, it was stated that we had third place securely in our grasp and second place within our reach. This year, we can do even better and say that we have first place in our grasp and will not readily relax until we have our name in gold.

The swimming carnival was once again an O'Connor affair, for, although we were beaten to second place by only a few points, the enthusiasm that the students showed in supporting their House swimmers was well noted by all in attendance. Our congratulations go to Forrest, but we would like to point out to them that the Dolphin surfaced once again, as can be seen by looking at the high ratings we achieved in many of the events. Our swimmers performed creditably, and much of their success can be attributed to the efforts that were put into training. This year again, we had the use of the Dryen's pool and our thanks go to Mrs. Dryen for inviting us to use it. Many thanks also go to Mr. Richards, Mr. K. Mann, Mr. Pearce and Miss Limb for their time and effort in training teams.

O'Connor's winter sport teams did well, and many of O'Connor's members represented the school in various fields.

The success achieved this year is largely due to the encouragement, support and hard work of our new House Master, Mr. Mackell. We wish him continued success with the House in the remainder of the year and further success next year.

The Student Council this term purchased a new banner with the profits from socials, and it was decided to have a motto to give an even greater meaning to the great House, O'Connor. "Excelsior" was chosen and so the spirit of O'Connor is now expressed in the words "Ever higher".

Last, but not least, we congratulate the O'Connor House student body on their performances, both academically and on the sport field.

Best wishes are extended to all.

Colin and Phillipa.

### *Fifth Year Contributions:*

#### THE MAN

*"Very well," they said. "We will take your body  
And put it away in a cave on a hill,  
Until you need it again.  
And untie the knot that binds your soul  
To let it free to float and fly  
And sweep and dive on the wind.*

*So they touched his eyes with long, cold fingers  
And he slept a long cold sleep.  
When he awoke, his body was gone.  
He said "And now?" They replied  
"We must go away for a time."  
They smiled, and went away.*

*For many moons, his soul was a part  
Of the joyous song of the hills.  
And he looked, and drank the mellow wine  
Of beauty deep and deep again.*

*Until some vague memory floated  
Like a bubble to the surface of his dream.  
He turned and saw below the range  
The windows of a city shining gold  
Reflected in the setting sun.  
Held and troubled by the faint memory  
He turned again and floated down the range.*

*He flew around the town, and heard  
The laughter, and saw the tears  
Till all the joy and love and pain  
Like a wave of light broke over him.  
And he wept and turned away.  
Knowing he was neither one of them  
Nor yet free of them.*

*A thousand miles away across the night  
They heard his last despairing call.  
They halted in their singing and listened still  
And flew back over the world to where he lay.  
He lay and wept at their feet and cried  
"I cannot stay like this. I am not dead  
Nor yet alive. I cannot live without my body."*

*"Thou hast learned wisdom," they said.  
For man is not immortal and may not have  
The joys without the pain.  
Sleep now and we will bring  
Your soul back to your body.  
When you awake the memory will go  
But the wisdom will remain."*



*He slept long and deep and awoke alone  
On the side of the hill in the morning.  
He smiled at something he could not remember  
And walked down to the city  
With a small song in his soul.*

L. Weir, 5-2.

*The night had finally come,  
After many weeks of waiting.  
Everyone looked so smart,  
Though deep in their hearts,  
Someone was missing.*

*Well groomed and so smart,  
We prepared for our task.  
The boys had marched on,  
And all looking on,  
Remembered the missing one.*

*The music began our walk,  
And four girls were presented.  
So loved and so dear,  
Through all her years,  
She should have followed on.*

*The remaining seven, to make eleven,  
Completed their walks down the carpet.  
Now into our dance, all in a trance,  
None of us dared to glance,  
At the place that she should have filled.*

*The ballroom looked so empty,  
As two hundred had not come.  
She who was so popular,  
So gay and yet so young,  
Why was she taken?*

Anonymous.

Poem (written after reflection on "Jabberwocky" by Lewis Carroll).

*A Shinnacheez with toe of gold  
Went stromping backwards on the wold.  
He greezed the grubs from the Jambik trees  
And ate them whole—except their knees.*

*Grubs' knees that are greezed from the Jambik trees  
Are no use to the gremulent Shinnacheez,  
So with spade and hoe, and his little gold toe,  
He buried the deceased grubs' kneesees—oh!*

*The moral to this (or so I'm told),  
Is, that if you're a grub both brave and bold  
And should espy the Shinnacheez,  
A speedy flight could save your knees.*

Sandra Sullivan, 5-1.

## DAFFODILS REVISITED

*I wandered lonely in a shroud,  
And floated high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of withered daffodils;  
And with them I an hour spent—  
Their heads towards me they had bent.*

*I told them of my life on earth;  
Of sweet and tender, beauteous things,  
I told them of their beauty's worth—  
The joy to many which it brings;  
But when I stopped to think again,  
Nought came to mind but vivid pain.*

*But they knew not of blood and war;  
Of hate, and scorn, and prejudice;  
They only lived by nature's law,  
And lived and died in peaceful bliss.  
So what cared they of man's mistakes?  
For man alone, his wars he makes.*

*And so I left the daffodils  
To sleep serenely, in the night;  
But now my soul with sorrow fills,  
For I have lost another fight—  
A different fight for which, I fear,  
The bell of judgement I must hear.*

Sue Gillies, 5-1.



*Can this be democracy?  
 Or is it I am wrong?  
 No doubt they have their reasons,  
 Sending us to war.  
 Causing others pain is not their concern.  
 Risking our lives; but for what?  
 I sit and contemplate.  
 Perhaps I'm wrong, perhaps they're right,  
 They believe that we should fight,  
 In doing so, I'm left no choice,  
 Obviously, they can't hear my voice;  
 No-one wants to kill, especially those he doesn't hate.  
 Australians; do you hate the Vietnamese?  
 No reason why you should.  
 Don't tell me they have hurt you in some way.  
 Vaingloriously, we'll trudge through swampy lands.  
 Intent with getting blood upon our hands.  
 Every day filled with pain and death,  
 'Till there is no opposition left.  
 No; I don't want to kill.  
 After all, what have they done to you?  
 Menzies brought the issue in, but where is he?*

A. Proffitt, 5-7.

## SURRENDER TO THE RISING SEA

*He stands there, tall against the sky  
 Upon a sandhill, watching the waves  
 Below and around the sea-gulls cry  
 And echoes resound from the caves.  
 Night brought peace and all was still  
 The waves lapped gently all  
 The moon serene foretold no ill,  
 And the sea spoke not of fall.  
 But morning changed the peaceful scene  
 And mighty rose the sea  
 He strained his eyes and ears so keen,  
 But thought "'tis death for me."  
 Too late had been the flight delayed  
 Too late to save himself  
 He looked again at what before him lay,  
 Knowing how soon he'd join its wealth.*

L. Croxton.

*Once again we've been asked to write  
 Contributions to the School Magazine.  
 I racked my brain with all my might—  
 (I wanted to look as if I'm keen!).*

*I was going to write an ode to my teacher,  
 Or reel off some stanzas about our school.  
 I had hopes that they'd perhaps even feature  
 My memorable sonnet of a desk and stool.*

*Oh what can I write on, what form shall I pick?  
 Should I be bold and attempt a ballad?  
 I'll have to hurry, I must be quick.  
 I think I'll settle with something quite mad.*

*Gone were thoughts of metre and feet,  
 Even rhyme and rhythm can scarcely be seen.  
 So although this might not be too neat,  
 At least I've contributed to the School Magazine.*

Pat Briggs, 5-1.

## HAPPY ENDING

*The jump was very, very high  
 Just three foot six in fact.  
 I scrambled up upon my mount  
 And steadied for the act.*

*I judged my distance carefully,  
 Then squeezed my horse's sides  
 On, on we flew; it was the most  
 Nerve-racking of my rides.*

*The long white pole loomed up ahead,  
 It was just as I feared.  
 My "trusty" steed stopped in his tracks,  
 And 'twas but I that cleared.*

June Thipthorp, 5-1.



## NIGHT IN THE CITY

*Clusters of jewelled light  
 Splashes of gaudy colour—red and green of flashing neon signs  
 Merge with white pavement severed from black road.  
 The dusky skinned scuffy misfits  
 Stand huddled in dark gaping shadows—  
 —Outcasts  
 Hidden from the pallid white fingers of rain and cruel  
 Intolerant stares of gay white people  
 Hurrying past (as if intentionally) carefree, laughing  
 While the ebony shadows stand excluded  
 Watching, sadly, silent  
 Melting into the black night.*

Ilana Shub, 5-1.

## LIFE

The night was typical of most winter nights, with the moon peeping intermittently through the heavy damp looking clouds. There was an early dew, and she could feel the wet brush clinging to her legs as she made her way carefully through the thickets towards the fields ahead.

It was the first time that she had ventured out at night alone, and her senses strained against the silence of the still night, as she listened for imaginary dangers which may have been lurking in the shadows. An hour had passed, and she could feel the dampness seeping through her coat. She realised she was cold, and with this realisation came fear, fear such as she had never felt before.

What was she imagining to herself. There was nothing to fear, for she had trodden this way many times with her brothers and sisters, both during the day and at night. Why should anything happen tonight just because she was alone.

Reassured within herself, she pressed on and entered the field near one of its corners. The way was brighter now, as the moon freed itself from the cloud layer, and if she strained she could see the dark shadow which was her beloved's home. For a moment she forgot the cold and the damp, and thought with eager anticipation of the hours ahead.

The bullet struck her as she was running across the fields. It had been a good night for the sportsmen, five rabbits in two hours.

Alan Wright, 5-1.

## BLACK INNOCENCE

The police launch chugged sedately along the lake fringe, just clear of the tangle of water lilies and drooping papyrus which grew in the shallow margin. The muddy water, forced aside by the sharp prow, gurgled gently along the curving bilges, and eddied astern as she passed on her way. The drowsy silence encircling the launch was broken now and then by the gentle "plop" of a lungfish breaking the surface. The launch was out on a routine check of all the fishing centres in the area and to register all new boats. In the bay, just round the rocky promontory, was a little cluster of huts. In this village, sitting down at the water's edge, was an old man, painstakingly examining his net for rents. Suddenly the beat of the throbbing diesel forced itself on his consciousness. His shout of warning sent several of the younger men into instant action. They leapt into the canoes, conspicuous for their lack of registration letters, and paddled them swiftly and silently into a nearby papyrus thicket. When the launch slid around the headland into the bay, nothing could be seen that did not coincide with a picture of legitimate industry, and innocence, in the village.

As the launch's dinghy grounded softly on the sand of the shore, the young inspector saw that the village had changed not at all since he had been there last. As a fishing village it was fairly prosperous, although it was isolated by surrounding tsetse fly control areas. The even tenor of the ways of such villages had been changed in the last two thousand years only by the compulsory registration of boats by the local authorities. The huts, constructed of saplings, interwoven with creepers and reeds, and roofed with banana leaves, had rather the shape of inverted sugar bowls. There were about twenty or thirty gregarious huts arranged in irregular lines and huddled so close together that the eaves of one almost touched its neighbour. There had been a fall of rain the previous night, and the ground around the huts was churned up into a glutinous mud.

When the clearing had been cut to accommodate the village originally, the planners had left several tall trees scattered here and there. These gnarled veterans now provided shade for a number of scrawny goats which supplemented the villagers' diet. One or two almost bald chickens also scratched around pecking in the mud. Children between the ages of two and ten crawled, mud bespattered, in all sorts of unexpected places, generally contriving to get under the feet of busy adults. No women could be seen just then for it was the important event of the calling of the police launch and they were huddled in the smoky atmosphere of the huts.



Down by the lake was a narrow strip of sandy beach, on which was drawn up the villagers' long canoes. All of them had long painted stakes jutting forward from the keels. These stakes were a relic of less peaceful days, when the canoes would have doubled as war canoes and they provided an extremely effective ram if an opponent was caught broadside. Spear-shaped paddles lay in the bottom of the canoes while the more prosperous members of the community had adapted their canoes for out-board motors. Nets lay stretched out drying on the shore or piled in bundles. Men who had been sitting on their haunches, painstakingly mending their nets, now stood to greet the policeman. The catch of the past week had been gutted and hung on long racks in the sun. Dried fish, made into bundles and done up with string, lay in a great stack by the water's edge, awaiting the call of a passing dhow. The whole village was permeated with the penetrating smell of dried fish.

With the business completed, and there was little, since the policeman was assured that there were no new boats to be registered, he prepared to leave. Looking back, the policeman saw the little huddle of huts bathed in sunshine, and contemplated the somewhat lazy, but quietly happy air of industry which lay over the village. He smiled as he thought how much like innocent children the natives were. The steady beat of the diesel launch had faded slowly away before the hidden canoes were brought out of the papyrus.

B. Lichtenstein, 5-1.

### FOR THE FIFTH YEARS, BY THE FIFTH YEARS, ABOUT THE FIFTH YEARS

John B.: "To be or not to be?"

Stephanie: "We will fight them on the beaches. . ." (the prefects).

Alan: To be caught in a gale.

Gale: To be (W) righted.

Phil K.: To become Admiral.

Mel: To be bald and grow a beard.

Zig: To marry zag.

Peter D.: To be a successful bigamist.

Kerin: To the death!

Robert T.: Drive safely.

Wendy: "The washer that every good housewife chooses."

Rhonda: To drive a hot-rod.

Louie: Love and let love.

Kim H.: Playboy.

Strick: Peter Piper Picked.

Betty: Search for intellect.

David Mac: To be a Beatle.



"STILL LIFE"—Lolita Galinski, 5-6.



Leaving School  
or coming back next year?

# WORTH'S

HAY STREET — NEXT DJ's (EX FOYS)

AND IN EAST VICTORIA PARK, Mt. HAWTHORN AND MIDLAND

Have the **RIGHT** clothes for the **RIGHT** occasion



A business suit; an office outfit; work togs; casual togs; a school outfit for 1967 . . . you'll be pleased with what you buy at Worth's.



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## SPORT



### STATE REPRESENTATIVES

Standing (left to right): Paul Cook, Ian Greene, John Daniel, Ian Barras, John Hastings.

Seated: Cheryl Meinick, Dawn Atherton, Dawn Pearce, Jenny Atherton.

### SCHOOL CRICKET

Mt. Lawley experienced a very successful cricket season this year. The school team defeated all opposition soundly, excepting the strong Governor Stirling team. A feature of the season was the outstanding form shown by the third and fourth year students, among them being Geoff Daniel, Bill Forster, Vincent Pishos and Rex Knuckey.

Our success this season in school cricket can be attributed to a strong batting line-up led by Geoff Daniel, Vincent Pishos and Tony Kosterlaris, and strong bowling by Bill Forster and John Cresswell.

Although the team did not make the finals, a most enjoyable season was experienced by all who participated. The team would like to express its appreciation to Mr. Vukman for his interest shown and time sacrificed in coaching.

John Garnaut.





#### SCHOOL CRICKET TEAM

Back Row (left to right): Laurie Bennet, Tony Kosteralis, Laurie Stanley, Geoff Daniel, Alan Simpson, Terry Morgan.

Front Row: Geoff Ingram, Vincent Pishos, John Garnaut (Capt.), Mr. Vukman, Bill Forster, Rex Knuckley.

Absent: Ian Kevan.

#### INTERSCHOOL SOFTBALL

The "A" and "B" teams had an enjoyable round of games this season, with the "A's" winning the zone competition against Tuart Hill, Scarborough, John Forrest, Hollywood and Governor Stirling, losing to the latter by one run. In an inter-zone competition, Mount Lawley unfortunately, were defeated by Kent Street.

The "B" team were not so successful but a splendid team spirit prevailed throughout.

Our sincere thanks go to Miss Switch who showed such keen interest in our practices and games.

Dawn Atherton.



#### GIRLS' SOFTBALL TEAM

Back Row (left to right): Erica Hall, Maria Ronchi, Deanna Ronchi, Jenny Willner, Wendy Brewer, Jenny Atherton.

Front Row: Susan Burrows, Dawn Atherton, Dawn Pearse.

#### SCHOOL TENNIS TEAM

Throughout the season, the inter-school teams played good, consistent tennis. Mt. Lawley entered two tennis teams this year, both doing extremely well. The boys' "A" team comprised of Rod Atkinson, Alan Everington, Kim Charlton and Mervyn Same. The team played consistently throughout the season and failed by only three games to qualify for the zone final.

The boys "B" team, consisting of Mike Bermann, Geoff Sanders, Peter Krasnostein, Colin Hawke and Nathan Potsnic, met with greater success. After winning their zone final, they were narrowly defeated by Kent Street in the final.

The girls "A" team consisted of (1) Joy Chittleborough, (2) Philipa Docwra, (3) Nola Wasley, (4) Joanne Charlton.



The "B" team consisted of (1) Helen Kennedy, (2) Helen Brindal, (3) Rhonda Jenkins, (4) Lorraine Nicholls.

Helen Kennedy and Helen Brindal also contributed to the success of the "A" team, for the first part of the season.

Special credit must be given to Nola, Joanne and Rhonda, all of whom remained undefeated throughout the season.

In the first match, the "A" team lost to the more experienced players from Tuart Hill. This defeat proved fatal in that team, although they did not lose another game, they did not reach the finals.

The girls' "B" team did however reach the finals, but Modern School, their opponents, proved to be the better team.

Many thanks go to Mrs. Barrett and Miss Polfreman, for their expert coaching and encouragement, and it was only through their assistance that the teams were able to do as well as they did.

Joy Chittleborough, Captain.



#### SCHOOL TENNIS

Back Row (left to right): Alan Everington, Kim Charlton, Rhonda Jenkins, Helen Brindal, Lorraine Nicholls, Mervyn Same, Rod Atkinson.

Front Row: Joanne Charlton, Nola Wasley, Mr. Diggins, Mrs. Barrett, Phillipa Docwra, Joy Chittleborough.

## SWIMMING REPORT

The interschool swimming carnival saw Mt. Lawley rise from last to second last. Zigrida Gulans, our swimming captain, swam inspiringly to win several events, but the Mt. Lawley boys in the open divisions found the competition too stiff.

Nevertheless, our performances assured us of a place in the "A" grade next year, and I hope our younger swimmers can push us up that little bit nearer the top.



#### SCHOOL SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row (left to right): George Lakey, Dan Shub, Geoff Jarvis, Victor Finklestein, Peter Edelman, Neil Bryant, John Hastings, Stephen Curgenven.

Centre Row: Delise Houston, Linda Tassicker, Lyn Yeo, Michelle Edwards, Malcolm Bennett, Bill Forster, John Brett, Alan Wright, Aaron Bilczewski, Kaye Barnett, Kerry Robinson.

Rear: June Tassicker, Shirley Temple, Gail Dryen, Christine Corbett, Zigrida Gulans, Jean Brennan, Alla Sakalo, Dieuwke de Ruyter, Barbara Hastings.

Absent: John Godfrey.

## SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM

The school football team experienced its most successful season of interschool competition this year. Six out of our eight games were creditable victories and only against Governor Stirling did we taste defeat.

Results:

Mt. Lawley 6.12, defeated Tuart Hill 6.11.

Mt. Lawley 8.8, defeated Scarborough 3.5.



Mt. Lawley 9.8, defeated Modern School 0.2.  
 Governor Stirling 7.6, defeated Mt. Lawley 1.3.  
 Mt. Lawley 8.11, defeated Tuart Hill 7.7.  
 Mt. Lawley 11.9, defeated Scarborough 2.7.  
 Mt. Lawley 10.3, defeated Modern School 5.1.  
 Governor Stirling 8.14, defeated Mt. Lawley 1.6.

Great spirit was shown by all players during the season. Although the majority of players were fifth year students, it was by the ability of the fourth and third year players blended into the team which resulted in our success. Congratulations must be extended to Laurie Bennett for winning the fairest and best trophy this year. Other good players were Bill Forster, Geoff Ingram and G. Daniel. I would like to thank Mr. Tannock for the stirring job he did as coach and Mr. Vukman who substituted for Mr. Tannock during his illness.

John Garnaut.



#### SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM

Back Row (left to right): Geoff Ingram, Peter Rose, Ken Polla, Geoff Bennetts, Bill Forster, Laurie Stanley, Bill Schofield, Alan Everington.

Centre Row: Alan Simpson, Louie Zekas, Michael Robertson, Paul Robinson, John Brett, Neil Keene, Geoff Daniel, Michael Pronko.

Front Row: Peter Daniel, John Garnaut (Capt.), Mr. P. Tannock, Peter Christou, Vincent Pishos.

## SCHOOL HOCKEY TEAM

The senior boys' hockey team met with limited success this season, despite the enthusiasm displayed by the team members.

Mr. Richards kindly offered his services in coaching and umpiring inter-school matches, and without his assistance, the team would have fared worse.

Although success was not forthcoming, several promising young players were discovered, especially in the third year. The future of the team should prove more successful owing to the predominance of younger players in the school squad. Indeed there were no more than four fifth year players in this year's team, so consequently the future years should prove more fruitful.

It is doubtful, however, that true success will be achieved unless a more positive and enthusiastic approach is adopted to senior boys' hockey, and we hope that in future years, this will be the case.

David Macoboy.



#### SCHOOL HOCKEY

Back Row (left to right): John Montgomery, Ian Evans, Rex Knuckey, Ian Robertson, Stephen Hoath, Michael Bermannn, Bruce Michelli.

Front Row: Pierre Pougnauld, Les Pearce, Robert Toia, Mr. Richards, David Macoboy, Kim Hoff.





#### SCHOOL HOCKEY TEAM

**Back Row (left to right):** Mary Zissis, Margaret Macaboy, Cathy Searle, Karen Ashdown, Paula Francis, Erica Hall, Jenny Atherton, Peta Bennett, Dawn Pearse.

**Centre Row:** Maureen Plues, Lyn Broomhall, Helen Morrison, Dawn Palm, Helen Brindal, Joy Chittleborough, Vicki Harford.

**Front Row:** Stephanie Withers, Gail Ferguson, Miss Neal, Mrs. Sinclair, Lorraine Nicholls, Dawn Atherton.

#### GIRLS' INTERSCHOOL HOCKEY

This year Mt. Lawley entered two teams, "A" and "B" grade, in the inter-school hockey competition against Perth Modern, Scarborough, Governor Stirling and Tuart Hill in a two round series.

The "A" team defeated Perth Modern in a thrilling last round match to become winners of the division. Then, after two exciting drawn matches in the challenge round of the inter-zone finals against John Curtin, both teams decided to share the shield. Congratulations to all team members for a splendid effort throughout the season, with special thanks to Dawn Palm who did so well as goalie in the last two matches.

The "B" team had a most successful season also, finishing second to Governor Stirling on points. Well done "B" team, especially Kerin Ashdown and Rhonda Jenkins for consistently good play, and Paula Francis who improved greatly throughout the season.

I should like to thank all for their full support and enthusiasm shown

at training and in all matches during 1966. As a result, the standard of hockey at Mt. Lawley High has never been higher.

Both teams wish to thank Mrs. Sinclair and Miss Neal for the time and energy spent with us this season.

Lorraine Nicholls.

#### GIRLS "A" AND "B" SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAMS

The 1966 basketball season proved very successful for Mount Lawley High School when both the "A" and "B" teams won their divisions in the north of the river basketball competition. The "A" team lost 2 games throughout the season while the "B" lost only one.

Both teams later went on to contest the interzone final against Kent Street High School. Although Mount Lawley did not eventually win the shields, the efforts given by the players were praiseworthy.

Many thanks are extended to our coach, Miss Switch, for the time given to coaching the teams thus enabling them to do so well.

Christine Corbitt.



#### SCHOOL BASKETBALL

**Back Row (left to right):** Judy John, Lyn Yeo, Maria Ronchi, Eluie Champion, Kerry Ferguson, Thelma Voskos.

**Front Row:** Margaret Atkinson, Nola Wasley, Pat Lafferty, Val Rudinger, JoAnne Cross, Jean Brennan.





#### BOYS' BASKETBALL

Back Row (left to right): Alexander Lutkewich, Jon Dadd, Harold Tuurenhout, Terry Taylor.

Front Row: Evan Hill, Lyndsay Wortlehook, Robert Wiegand.

### MOUNT LAWLEY RUGBY UNION

In the Senior High School rugby competition Mt. Lawley has completed a very successful season, topped off by winning the high schools inter-zone grand final by obliterating Kent Street High.

Players who had an exceptionally good season are Guiseppe Lacerenza, Peter Naumoff, Bob Trott and Kim Henriks. Although the open side squad was mainly inexperienced, congratulations go to Don Koernitzs, Michael John, Barry Myers, Rob Handyside, Bill Traynor and John Godfrey for playing a greatly improved game.

In the Saturday morning competition both Under 18 and Under 16 teams had good seasons, being unlucky in the semi-finals where both teams were defeated by the narrowest of margins.

Congratulations go to Peter Naumoff who was selected to play for the State Under 18 rugby squad, which journeyed to Sydney to take part in a rugby carnival.

Special thanks go to our supervising coach, Mr. Webb, and all those chaps from the Perth Rugby Union who came down many times to assist the rugby side in attaining the standard it has reached today.

G. Lacerenza.



#### SCHOOL RUGBY

Back Row (left to right): Kim Henrik, Alan Bender, Max Ptak, Bob Trott, Ian Johnson, Ian Scott.

Centre Row: J. White, John Godfrey, Barry Myers, Tim Paice, Bill Trainer, Alf Kuhaupt.

Front Row: Bob Keally, Tony Kosteralis, Jack Hondros, Mr. Webb, Guiseppe Lacerenza, Michael John, Robert Noble.

### 1966 SOCCER REPORT

This year proved to be another very successful season for the Mt. Lawley senior soccer team.

This youthful and very talented side finished undefeated after having played eight games. The final against the South of the River champions,



John Curtin Senior High School, was played on August 17th, and the Mt. Lawley team won convincingly, five goals to one goal. This is the second year in succession that Mt. Lawley has won the soccer trophy.

The success of the team can be attributed to the great enthusiasm and fine team spirit which existed throughout the season. It would be very difficult to pick the best player, however. G. Topalis, P. Krasnostein and C. Lavatsis, all played exceptionally well. The leading goalscorer was C. Lavatsis who scored seventeen out of a total of 48. Also in the side we had two State schoolboy representatives in L. W. Marochi and Gus Formato who have a very bright future ahead of them. The players I have mentioned are but a few and without the able support of the rest of the team the outcome of the competition would have been a lot different and as the majority of this year's players will still be attending the school in 1967, I am confident that they will form the core of another premiership side.

Paul Trichilo, Captain.



#### SCHOOL SOCCER

Back Row (left to right): Phillip Krasnostein, M. Deluca, Archie Duropolous, Mark Wolinski, Nick Trendos, Chris Lavatsas, Leo Marocchi, George Topalis.

Front Row: Terry Brinkishurst, Gus Formato, Paul Trichilo, Mr. Slusarczyk, Aaron Bilczewski, D. Millman, Ben Kooperman.

## SCHOOL BASEBALL TEAM

1966 proved to be a season of mixed success for the school baseball side. All of the zone qualifying games were won in no uncertain fashion with the team rarely being pushed to any extent.

This success was a result of fine batting and sound defence instigated by experienced players in Jon Dadd and Geoff Bennetts backed up by reliable newcomers in Bob Trott, Harold Tuurenhout and Peter Daniel. Unfortunately this success did not show out in the interzone final.

In this game John Curtin defeated Mt. Lawley's fourth. Hence they scored their runs on errors made by the Mt. Lawley in-fielders. However, Mt. Lawley was definitely a superior side and was only beaten on the scoreboard and thus is to be congratulated on a successful season.

Mr. Love's encouragement was appreciated by all and we feel quite sure that this sporting appreciation has been vastly extended to the point that he is now a very capable umpire.

Neil Keene.



#### BASEBALL

Back Row (left to right): Alf Kuhaupt, Harold Tuurenhout, Jon Dadd, Geoff Bennetts, Robert Trott, Louie Nedkoff.

Front Row: Bill Hilbert, Neil Keene, Mr. Love, Peter Daniel, Robert Wiegand.



## EXCHANGE STUDENT'S REPORT

### Vestal Versus Mount Lawley

As you already know, schools are not always exactly alike. They vary according to climate and number of children attending the school.

You may be under the impression that if those are equal, then schools would all be the same, but there are still differences. These show up in a normal day at school.

In a normal day the students at Vestal arrive at school from 7.30-8.00, unless something goes wrong. They all go to their lockers, which are free, and pick up the books that they will need until they pass their lockers again. At 8.10 they all report to their Form rooms for attendance, the morning announcements, pledge to the Flag and report cards. At 8.30 the bell rings and they have four minutes to go to their first period class. Some may go to Maths, to Science or to English, etc.

After that 40 minutes class, each class breaks up at the bell and has four minutes to go to their next major subject. Each class is dispersed, maybe one or two go to the same second period class.

This goes on every day of the school week. If a person has Maths first period on Monday, he has it first period every school day.

There are other differences between the school, like: Not everyone has sport at the same period of the same day.

Some of the children have lunch daily at fourth period, others fifth period and still others sixth period.

Text books are free, paper is not; if the principal enters the room, the children quieten down and sit in their assigned seats; a course is taken for only one year, like one year for Algebra, one year for basic Physics, etc.

School ends at 3.00, not 3.30.

Even though these are not all the differences between the schools, they are the differences that stand out the most.

### ADVERTISEMENTS

Missing.—A little tot. It's rum where it's got to.

Business For Sale: Mess orderly will sell good will of flourishing business for a box of fags.

To Let: Nice dugout on skyline. Owner leaving for field hospital.

### WARNING!!!!

Men are advised to keep their eyes open for an individual wearing pink pyjamas, green glasses, straw hat and khaki mackintosh. It is thought that this is a spy in disguise. —Miss Fitt.

## THE CASE OF THE MISSING JOULES

Inspector Sherlock Ohms of Standard International Yard was driving across the Wheatstone Bridge in his '09 Maxwell. He was trying to remember Ava Gadro's number so he could call her and data for the Policemen's Ball, when suddenly he blew a tyre.

"OH-Nernst," said Sherlock, "I don't have a tyre ion with me but luckily ammonia a short distance from the Ideal Gas Station." (This business was handled by Saul Vent, who at the moment was freon bail).

Just as the Inspector emerged from the station a rubber policeman whizzed by on his Carnot cycle. Ohms knew he was deuteride by but wondered watt made him rush so. He shouted atom but he was gone. Ohms' reaction was instantaneous. By radioactivity he learned that Micro Farad, Recipro City's top ranking rookie was chasing a joule thief.

Ohms chased Micro down Elect road, around the Elastic Modulus back over Salt Bridge and up to Farren Heights. He turned left at the Old Ball Mill, went past Mono Clinic, the Palladium and all the way to the Liquid Junction at the Endothermic Street.

He was almost across the city line when Sherlock's car swerved and crashed into a Van der Waal. The impact splintered the Plancks and punched a big hole in the hydrolysis system. "I node this was going to happen," said Sherlock, "but I beta catch him." Quickly he volted out of his rect ilinear and took up the chase on foot.

He soon came across Micro standing in a magnetic field holding Ann Hydrate and Al Dol at bay. "Watts the meaning of this?" queried the Inspector, and the copper was quick to explain.

"Well, Sir, I stopped at the Invar Bar, a local dyne and dance spot, for a couple of quartz of Lambert Beer, when I noticed Ann Hydrate sitting alone at a four place log table. I knew that some joule thieves have mad a radon Ethyl Benzene's country estate and I spotted on of Benzene rings on ther along with a para Ethyl's earrings. Anode an explanation of this but before I could torque to her, she was in her coat of rust and out of the door. Being true to the Kopp's Rule I was quick to follow but when she got into her Monochromatic 8, I knew I was infra tough case. Fortunately her engine started Fehling just beyond city limits and I caught her. She had led me to the missing joules and also to her accomplice Al Dol who was about to barium in a hollow common log, under the square roots in this isolated magnetic field. While we were waiting for you, their other partner Cal Orie tried to rum me down with his Mercury. Did that make my blood Boyle! I dodged and hit him with a bag of Boltz-man. Did that change his molar concentration!



But really, Inspector, there wasn't any Trig in catching these joule thieves. I just Van't Hoff on a normal lead—don't you zinc that explains it?"

Inspector Ohms beamed. "Son, you'll go on nights for this." In effect this was a promotion, for in Recipro City nitrates are much Mohr than those Faraday man.

—Miss Fitt.

\* \* \*

Love starts when she sinks in your arms and ends up with her arms in the sink.

\* \* \*

Blondes are not as smart as brunettes—they don't have to be.

\* \* \*

Sweet little girl: "Where do you do most of your skating in winter time?"

Wise old man: "Oh, just about where I do my horseback riding in the summer time."

\* \* \*

Saidt he parachute instructor to his pupils: "And if the parachute does not open—well, gentlemen, that is what is called 'jumping to a conclusion'."

\* \* \*

A wolf is a beast with the habitat of a bachelor and the habits of a benedict.

\* \* \*

Horse sense is something a horse has that keeps him from betting on people.

\* \* \*

A woman places her husband on a pedestal and then devotes the rest of her life to covering up his clay feet.

\* \* \*

If all the world loves a lover, how come they have cops in every park?

Just because his wife crowns him, does not mean that a man is king in his own home.

\* \* \*

Hear about the man who was tricked into marriage? The gun wasn't loaded.

\* \* \*

A bird in the hand is bad table manners.

\* \* \*

Many men only respect old age when it comes in bottles.

\* \* \*

Some people eat so fast that they start on their dessert before the echo of their soup dies away.

\* \* \*

A smart man is one who hasn't let a woman pin anything on him since he was a baby.

\* \* \*

Everything is foolish—even the dollar hasn't the same sense it used to have.

\* \* \*

The nurse entered the waiting room and said softly: "It's a boy, professor."

The professor looked up. "Well," he said, "what does he want?"

G. Mitchell, 4-3.

Timid man (over the phone): "Miss Simpkins?"

Woman: "Yes, Miss Simpkins speaking."

Man: "Well—er—will you marry me, Miss Simpkins?"

Woman: "Yes! Who's speaking?"

\* \* \*

I love life,

And life loves me.

A happier man nowhere exists,

I think I'll go and slash my wrists!



— Autographs —

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