

*M. Evoy*

**PORT PIRIE  
HIGH SCHOOL  
MAGAZINE**

*98*



DECEMBER 1960  
VOLUME 4 No. 8

*School Hymn*

We build our School on Thee, O Lord,  
To Thee we bring our common need:  
The loving heart, the helpful word,  
The tender thought, the kindly deed.  
With these, we pray Thy Spirit may  
Be present in our School today.

Hold Thou each hand to keep it just,  
Touch Thou our hearts and make them pure.  
If Thou be with us all we must  
Be faithful friends and comrades sure.  
Dear Lord, We pray Thy Spirit may  
Enrich and bless our School alway.

Amen.

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# Editorial 1960

"All things have rest: why should we toil alone,  
We only toil, who are the first of things,  
And make perpetual moan".

How true these lines often seem! Most people must sometimes feel that they are the only ones who are working hard; everyone else in the world seems to be relaxing and enjoying himself and only they toil on. And to no-one else does this feeling come more often than the student. Often, his lot seems very hard.

Sometimes the student arrives wearily home after a hard day at school. But can he rest? No, there are two tests the next day and mounds of books to be 'waded through' besides. And it is then, when the midnight oil burns, that we are inclined to think that it all seems so unfair. Only we, we think rebelliously, are working. Everyone else is asleep or enjoying himself. Or we may sit in school and think how marvellous it would be to have nothing to do, or to be able to do what we like. Yes, sometimes it seems as if we might as well be working in the salt mines of Siberia.

At other times, however, we think more rationally. After all, nothing is really gained without effort. Someday it will be worth it all. We are learning much which we may use some day and when we do pass our examinations, all this work will serve us in good stead; it will enable us to obtain good jobs. And, too, all the learning we do at school is not academic; we learn something of morals and helpfulness and team spirit. Thus our toilsome days aid us in becoming decent, responsible citizens. And we enjoy many good times at school. We have our friends, our outings, our sport and much laughing and talking.

Thus, although it is often easy to groan miserably about our toil, it should be remembered that there is much truth in the statement 'school days are the best of your lives'.

Pam Black, Leaving

### THE PREFECTS



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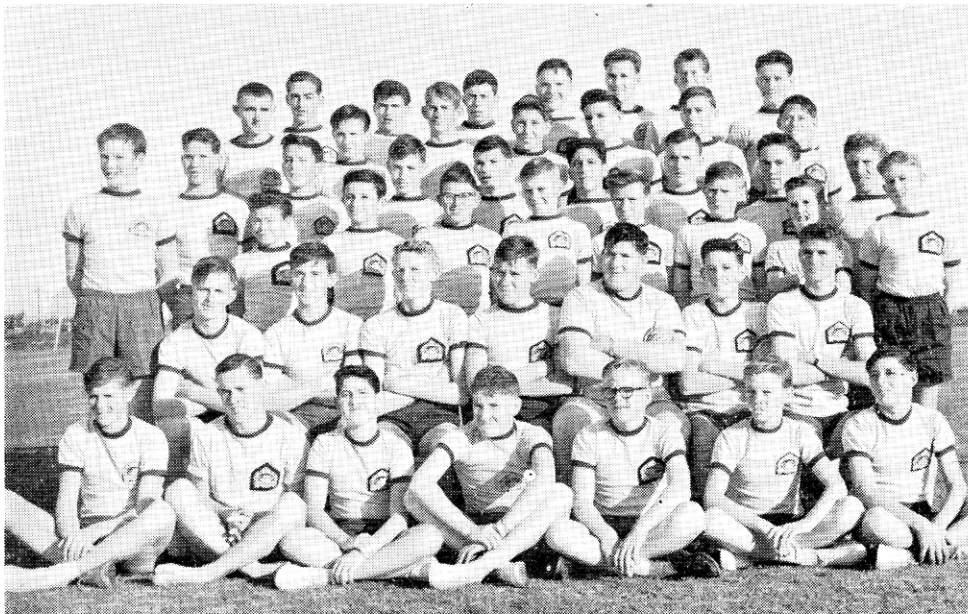
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# Retrospect 1960

## TRANSFORMATION

How many students have noticed a 'new look' about the school this year? It's being transformed over our very heads as the painters are working on the roofs, but that is not all. Classrooms and corridors have been painted inside and out in light, gay colours and louvre windows have also lightened them. Four new classrooms have provided accommodation for the ever increasing number of students, but they have also swallowed up the tennis and basketball courts and new ones are still to be completed.

The reference library has been improved with new curtains, varnished tables, and additional shelves while a number of new books have been presented to the school. The 'tuck-shop' has been brightened, with heavy curtains removed and a fresh coat of paint, while a new refrigerator is an added amenity for the hot weather. The Domestic Arts centre, too, has been modernised.

But, perhaps, most of all, the school has changed outside. For the yard has been repaired, trees have been planted in various places and Miss Donaldson's rose-garden will add life and colour to the front of the school. Other assets are the new toilet facilities and girls' dressing room, while even greater improvements are just beginning. £6,850 have been approved for work on the recreation area, which will include the building of a proper road, with a sealed surface and sides curbed, from Wandearah road into the school; levelling and sealing north of the oval as far as the old tennis courts; filling and raising low lying land surrounding the grassed part of the oval to allow realigning and extending of the oval to the correct size; and replacement of a cricket pitch and three tennis courts.

With so many changes around the school it is obvious that Mr. Coward has not been idle and it is up to the students to keep their school progressive.

B. Wood, Leaving

## DEBATING

During the second term a series of five debates were held by the Leaving class, with some Intermediate students also taking part.

The first topic for discussion, 'That a pass in English Literature be required at Leaving level' touched on a subject which concerned every member of the class only too well, and resulted in a narrow win to Eyre over Barker. Flinders defeated Stuart on the subject, 'That capital punishment should be abolished' but later lost to Eyre in a close and interesting final on the

much debated topic 'That decimal coinage be introduced into Australia'.

On the following Wednesday night when the parents and friends were invited to attend, Flinders and Barker debated for second place. The subject, 'That a Scientific and Technical education is most important than one in the Humanities in Australia today' was to be debated at Kadina also, and on both occasions the negative side was successful, Flinders defeating Barker and Pirie defeating Kadina High.

The victorious Pirie team, chosen from the house teams, was ably led by Maxine Connor who was assisted by Richard Smith, Beverley Wood and Gail Madigan, reserve, but credit must also go to the team's energetic coach, Mr. Ford, whose assistance was greatly appreciated.

The regaining of the shield climaxed a most successful debating season and our thanks must go to all the teachers who acted as adjudicators, and in particular to Mr. Jones for his organisation and assistance.

Beverley Wood, IV.

## CRUSADER REPORT

Again this year Crusaders have been held in the Central Baptist Hall. It has been very pleasing to see the steady increase in the numbers present.

During the year it was decided to separate the boys from the girls, as it was thought that this would induce more people to attend the meetings. The girls' day was altered to Tuesdays, two girls led, one announcing the choruses and the other giving the Bible reading. This provided variety to the meetings. Elizabeth Davies and Janette Webb both gave talks.

We have been fortunate in having several guest speakers, among whom were a headmaster elect; Miss Barby, a missionary from French West Africa and Mr. Ellidge, a local minister. The groups also have been ably led and conducted by Miss C. Hawke and Mr. D. Denton who have given the students a series of very interesting talks.

Under the librarianship of Marjorie Kelly we have a Crusader Library operating in the school. Many girls have spent pleasant hours reading these interesting books.

In boys' meetings, as a result of discussions and other meetings, we have had several decisions.

It is easy to see that all students who have attended these meetings have received great blessing and have enjoyed themselves immensely. A cordial welcome is extended to those wishing to attend the group next year.

Janette Webb, Leaving.

# The Swimming Carnival

Once again, Port Pirie High School students went out to the Airport pool for their Annual Swimming Carnival on Friday, February 29th.

There were many starters and because of this the heats were run on Monday, four days before the finals which were to be held on the following Friday afternoon. Unfortunately, only the swimmers competing were allowed to go out to the pool because of the large number of students at the High School.

The day was quite warm and conditions for swimming were really great. The organization of the carnival was well done and so the finals went under way without any fuss and bother.

## Results

### Boys

#### Freestyle:

Under 13: Eyre (J. Richens), Eyre, Flinders.  
Under 14: Eyre (D. Madigan), Eyre, Flinders.  
Under 15: Flinders (R. Viner Smith), Flinders, Eyre.

Open: Eyre (R. Ayliffe), Stuart, Eyre.

#### Breaststroke:

Under 13: Flinders (C. Kilgallon), Eyre, Eyre.  
Under 14: Stuart (D. Gillies), Flinders, Eyre.  
Under 15: Flinders (R. Viner Smith), Stuart, Eyre.

Under 16: Eyre (B. Bowes), Stuart, Barker.

Open: Eyre (R. Ayliffe), Flinders, Eyre.

#### Back-Stroke:

Open: Eyre (R. Ayliffe), Flinders, Eyre.

#### Butterfly:

Open: Eyre and Flinders (R. Ayliffe and S. Whelan), Flinders.

### Girls

#### Freestyle:

Under 13: Flinders (D. Beyer), Eyre, Eyre.

Under 14: Flinders (P. Martin), Flinders, Flinders.

Under 15: Flinders (P. Martin), Eyre, Barker and Barker.

Open: Flinders (P. Martin), Eyre, Eyre.

#### Breast-stroke:

Under 13: Flinders (D. Beyer), Eyre, Eyre.

Under 14: Barker (J Tyndale), Flinders, Flinders.

Under 15: Barker (J. Tyndale), Eyre, Eyre.

Under 16: Eyre (P. Francis), Eyre, Eyre.

#### Back-Stroke:

Open: Barker (J. Beyer), Flinders, Eyre.

#### Butterfly:

Open: Barker (J. Richards), Flinders, Eyre.

Junior Boys' Relay: Flinders, Barker, Eyre.

Junior Girls' Relay: Flinders, Barker, Eyre.

Senior Boys Relay: Eyre, Flinders, Stuart.

Senior Girls' Relay: Eyre, Flinders, Barker.

Just as in last year's carnival, Eyre and Flinders drew well away from the other houses, but as the day progressed, Eyre went further ahead winning quite comfortably. The house totals for the day were:— Eyre 126 points, Flinders 108 points, Barker 47 points, Stuart 31 points.

There were many good swimmers competing, but the two most brilliant on the day were Rodney Ayliffe of Eyre House and Pauline Martin of Flinders House.

The following week at school, Mr. Coward presented the Bruse Shield to the Eyre house captains, Dennis Ashman and Pamela Black.

Our thanks must go, of course, to Mr. Bawden and Mr. Paul who did such a grand job in preparing the carnival. We must also congratulate all of the other teachers, in particular, Miss Adams and Miss Gray, who made their debut into the teaching profession only this year. Without the help of these people, the Carnival would never have been a success.

S. Whelan, Leaving.

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## 'MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL'

As our car screeched to a halt in front of the railway station, I craned my neck through the window and heaved a sigh of relief. I had not missed the train. I was not even late. For there in the early, morning sunlight stood the gleaming, blue and silver body of the Bluebird railcar and there, rushing about, were my fellow students. It was Wednesday, the twenty-third of March, and the Leaving class of Port Pirie High School was journeying to Adelaide to see T. S. Eliot's famous play, 'Murder in the Cathedral'. We had all been looking forward to the event for some time and now at last we were at the station. The train was due to leave at nine o'clock and so, soon after we arrived, we boarded the train, chose seats and settled down for the long trip to the largest city in South Australia.

The journey to Adelaide was quite enjoyable. We were entertained by the practising of some singing enthusiasts, card-games were played, magazines circulated freely and toffees and barley sugar were crunched with great gusto; and, of course, everyone talked. The train stopped at Bowman's and we were able to buy refreshments. Then the car raced on southward, through salt-lake country, past dried fields and through towns and sidings. Altogether, the journey took about four hours, for we arrived in Adelaide at ten minutes to one o'clock. Straightening berets and grasping bags, we stepped onto the platform of the Adelaide Railway Station and streamed toward the gates.

From then until the play began, we were left to our own devices. Most of us first bought lunch. Some other girls and I wended our way to Rundle Street where we intended to have lunch. We became lost because we confused Rundle Street with Grenfell Street but eventually we pushed our way through the crowds and stood, literally gasping for breath, in the foyer of Myer's Emporium. We began to make our way to the cafeteria on the fourth floor and after one of us had accidentally taken the escalator to the basement instead of the second floor and lost herself among the hat counters down there, we reached the lunch-room. After a delicious lunch we wandered through the shops until it was time to go to the Bonython Hall on North Terrace where the play was to be held.

We arrived half-an-hour too early and so we toured the art gallery where some fine pictures were being exhibited. Then we went across the lawns to the Hall; bells were ringing from the tower as we walked up to the front door and with the green lawn and the bright clothes of the people and the clear, sunny air, it was a very attractive scene. We were ushered to our seats in the gallery and just as I finished studying the interior of the Hall with its golden wood panelling and carved angels on the ceiling, the play began.

'Murder in the Cathedral' tells of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Thomas A'Becket, who was once a good friend of Henry II, King of England. As Chancellor he had made a great display of his wealth and power. When, how-

ever, he was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, he had entirely changed his mode of life and conduct. After supporting the Church against Henry, he had finally been forced to flee to France. Later, he came back to England and it is with this period that the play deals. Trying to lead a good life and help his people, he is tempted by four tempters and bewildered by other things. The climax of the play comes when Becket is finally murdered in the Cathedral itself by four knights who had overheard an impatient remark by the king.

'Murder in the Cathedral' left different impressions on different people. Some enjoyed it immensely while others were bored. I thought it had various good points and various bad points. The acting was quite good but it seemed to me that the actors did not really 'live' their parts — they seemed more interested in pronouncing their words perfectly than acting them as though they really were those people. I thought the play was a little too solemn; one lively scene would have been appreciated. The setting was impressive and the dramatic entrances of various characters through different entrances were effective. The grouping of the characters on stage was very pleasing to the eye; it was perfectly symmetrical and with the graceful folds of the actors' robes, the scenes often looked like paintings in the dim light which surrounded the players. The actor who played Becket acted well; the scene where he preached to the congregation was superbly acted by him. But the setting, although excellent, tended to become monotonous and the speeches of some of the characters were so long as to become tedious. From where our class was, it was often quite difficult to hear the words spoken and we could not see the features of the players. In my opinion the play was rather disappointing.

We had time to have tea in a small cafe and then we raced to the station. We were just in time to catch the train. We reached Port Pirie late at night, all looking very tired and then went home.

The day in Adelaide and 'Murder in the Cathedral' are both experiences which I am sure everyone will long remember as constituting a most enjoyable day.

Pamela Black, Leaving.

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## PORT PIRIE VISITS GLADSTONE FOR SUMMER SPORTS

At 9.00 a.m. on Tuesday, 25th March, two buses containing tennis, cricket and softball teams left Port Pirie High School to compete against Gladstone. The trip, although noisy, was enjoyed by everyone, with Mr. Paul, the driver of the boys' bus, being pestered with requests for speed. Miss Bree, the other accompanying teacher, followed behind in the girls' bus.

On reaching Gladstone we were welcomed by the headmaster of our old rivals, Mr. Strange, after which the tennis and softball teams immediately got under way while the cricket team was kept slightly longer, waiting to be driven to the town oval.

The rather warmish morning apparently did not bother the boys' tennis team, which started off in fine form, but the heat must have had more effect on the girls' tennis and boys' cricket teams from Port Pirie, for they did not do as well.

At a quarter past twelve dinner was served, and hungry students wasted no time in doing justice to the sumptuous spread before them. At the meal, the cricket and tennis captains from Port Pirie informed the rest of the teams how those sports were progressing, while the softball captain for Gladstone did likewise, after which Mr Paul thanked our hosts for their hospitality.

After dinner, the tennis was played off while the Gladstone cricket team was sent into bat. Although our bowlers did their best, the batsmen finished with a very good total of 136 runs which easily beat our score of 84 runs. Gladstone's best bowler was Stevens who took 6 wickets for 25 runs while Pirie batsmen, Mick Dempsey and Fred Noble, shared the batting honours for Pirie.

In the boys' tennis, Pirie scored their only victory over Gladstone, beating them 9 sets 79 games to 7 sets 63 games, while Gladstone had their revenge in the girls' tennis, beating Pirie 11 sets to 1 and in the softball, again beating Pirie 32 runs to 18.

At a quarter past three we were farewelled, arriving in Pirie at a quarter to four after a very enjoyable day for all concerned.

Dean Hedley, Leaving.

## THE CHALLENGE

The Kadina students arrived by bus at the school and after being introduced and allotted to their billets, were hurried off to the change-shed to dress for the sports.

At eleven o'clock the tennis at the school and Pirie courts and the cricket at the Memorial Oval started. In the cricket Pirie was in a commanding position from the start and the bowling brought a continuous fall of wickets. For Pirie the boys' tennis was also going well, but in the girls' tennis the reverse was seen from the early stages.

At 12.30 p.m. the Kadina students and hosts were called to lunch which had been prepared by Miss Donaldson and some of the upper-school girls. Having finished the well prepared and organised lunch the sports resumed, this time with an addition, the girls' softball, which was also played on the Memorial Oval.

In the cricket Kadina was dismissed for a low score of sixty, and started their attack on the Pirie batsmen who batted well throughout. Credit must be given to Jensen, Reichelt, Tonkin and Hewitt, who all contributed much to Pirie's success.

Pirie boys scored a big win in the tennis, defeating the visitors by thirteen sets to two. Only one double and one single were lost by our players. In the girls' tennis there was an upset to the run of victories, the Kadina girls winning ten sets to three.

A high scoring game of softball resulted in a win of thirty four to sixteen runs to Pirie. Kadina had trouble in finding a pitcher who could keep the run scoring down. As the scores indicate, the Pirie infield and outfield combined much better than the Kadina fields.

That night the Kadina students were entertained at a Social run by the prefects.

The bus departed again from the school at nine o'clock on Saturday morning, so ending another friendly annual summer visit.

E. Nunan, Leaving.

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## THE INDUCTION OF PREFECTS

The annual induction of prefects was held on Friday morning, 1st April, in the Town Hall. This year was the 50th anniversary of the school and a special ceremony was conducted to mark the occasion.

The singing of the school hymn was a prelude to the proceedings. Miss Hawke, the school's music teacher, conducted, and the young pianist was Beth Bentley, a second year student.

On the stage were seated the 20 boy and girl prefects and the audience was the school students while the gallery was occupied by proud parents of the honoured students and the Mayor and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Welch.

The manager of the northern and western district of the Shell Company of Australia Ltd., Mr. W. Lawson, presented the prefect badges to the 20 selected students. This year, Pamela Black and Stephen Whelan were chosen head prefects by their colleagues while the deputies were Gail Madigan and Edward Nunan.

To add variety, Elizabeth Venning, a talented pianiste, played 'Petite Variations' by S. Maikapar. Following her item, Mr. Lawson presented the Shell Scholarship award to Alan Burgess for his excellent Intermediate results.

In commemoration of the golden anniversary of the school, Mr. Lawson made a presentation of 100 books. After having been shown to the students, the books were placed in the reference library.

Before the conclusion of the induction, the prefects were given advice by both Mr. Coward and Mr. Lawson, who then addressed the school and parents.

This occasion will be ever remembered by this year's group of prefects as a big day in their life when they were chosen to bear many school responsibilities.

Janette Webb, Leaving.

## SPORTS DAY

April 9th, 1960, dawned cloudy and overcast with a bitter, blustery south-west wind.

Nevertheless, the events went on. The first event started on time and the rest just followed in order, to the precise schedule arranged beforehand by Mr. McCarthy.

The announcer Mr. Barnes, did this job very well using the amplification system of Mr. Bottrall's 'Televan'.

The major event for the day, the House Parade, was at 3.10 p.m. and with the school drawn up in front of the grandstand, Dr. R. D. Hammill declared the Sports Day open, after a short speech. This year a cup was donated to the school for the winning house of the House Parade. Mrs. Allchurch, the donor of the cup, presented it to its first winner, Stuart House, after the Sports Day had been declared open. In the House Parade, Flinders was second, Barker third and Eyre fourth.

Again this year previous records were broken. The new records set were:

T. Thompson — Senior boys 880 yards (2 mins. 14 secs.)

G. Saint — Boys under 14, 75 yards (9.1 secs.)

J. Jobson — Senior Girls Broad Jump (15' 6½")

J. Dingle — Open Discus Throw (137' 9")

R. Timms — Open Shot Putt (33' 6¼")

J. Jobson — Senior Girls 75 yards Hurdles (11.4 secs)

R. Heller — Junior Boys 440 yards (61.2 secs.)

The Davis House Shield was won by Stuart House with 125 points. Barker came second with 119 points, Flinders third with 115 points and Eyre fourth with 90 points. The Shield was presented to the Stuart House Leaders by the Inspector of High Schools, Mr. A. E. Wood, at the end of an exciting day.

Mrs. V. Potter presented the cups to their respective winners. The cup winners were:

Senior Boys Cup — T. Thompson

Senior Girls Cup — J. Jobson

Junior Boys Cup — K. Bessen

Junior Girls Cup — K. McDonald

A. Burgess, Leaving.

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Standing: P. Martin, J. McDougall, J. Burford, A. Wood.  
Seated: P. McManus, A. Mudge, H. Pettman (Capt.), M. Ashman.

**BASEBALL**



Standing: D. Matters, D. Burford, J. Dingle, R. Jones, G. White, T. Evans.  
Seated: G. Scarman, E. Nunan (Captain), D. Hedley, G. Nichols.

## CUP WINNERS



Standing: T. Thompson (Senior Boys)  
Seated: K. McDonald (Junior Girls), J. Jobson (Senior Girls).  
Absent: K. Bessen (Junior Boys).

## THE FIGHT WITH STICKS

The hockey match between the staff and school was both interesting and well-played from beginning to end. The school managed to get the first goal before half-time and put up a good battle against the staff. During the game many humorous things happened. Mr. Floyd whilst playing lost his shoe and played the rest of the match without it.

In the second half of the match the game became very rough, both sides playing to win, but although the students struggled, the staff playing very well, began to get the better of them. The final score of the match was three to one, in the staff's favour.

Although the school was beaten they played an excellent game and should be successful in further matches.

Sandra Strachan and Pat Pine, 2C2.

## THE WHYALLA TRIP FOR THE INTER-HIGH SCHOOL SPORTS

Wednesday, May 11th, the day of our Inter-High School Sports to be held at Whyalla, arrived at last.

The day was miserable and wet, but it took more than rain to dampen our spirits, as the four buses pulled away from the school at approximately 7.45 a.m.

The trip over was not, I am sure, very quiet for the drivers, but they took it all in good part. After stopping at Port Augusta for about ten minutes, we set off and arrived at Whyalla about twenty minutes late.

We were shown to the change-rooms, where we quickly changed, and then after lining up, marched around the oval opposite the officials' stand. Here the Sports were opened by Mr. Ryan, Chairman of the Town Commission. I am sure it made us all the more determined to win, when he said that he was sure Whyalla would retain the shield.

The sports went smoothly and all was managed despite the bad weather. The best athletes for our school were Jewell Jobson, Karyl McDonald, Geoff Magor and Gavin Saint, who all won more than one event. Other good athletes, who won one event, were Trevor Thompson, Rodney Fowler, Rodney Heller, Geoffrey Gibbons and Gail Madigan; but of course there were many others who contributed towards our excellent win.

The final scores: Port Pirie 233½, Whyalla 136½, Port Augusta 151, Quorn 84 and the shield was presented to our captains Jewell Jobson and Trevor Thompson by the Director of Education. To finish off the day, all the schools demonstrated their war-cries, which, Quorn's in particular, proved to be most interesting.

After one bus had been taken to a garage and mended (the other buses going down the main street) we set off for home.

A stop of about ten minutes was made at Port Augusta once again and then we travelled the final 59 miles to Pirie, arriving at 8.15 p.m.

I am sure everyone enjoyed himself and that many, the following day, had sore throats from yelling and singing.

Thanks go to the teachers who trained the athletic and ball game teams and also to all others who helped in any way. All the students will be proud to know that it was the fifth win by their school. Next year we will try our best to make it six.

Judy Magor, 2G1.

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## THE ANNUAL TRIP TO KADINA FOR THE WINTER SPORTS

On Friday, 22nd July at approximately 8.15 a.m., a small bus loaded with yelling students, left Port Pirie for Kadina on the annual visit.

The bus trip was reasonably uneventful, but most people shouted themselves hoarse with the school war cry, and various 'pop' songs. Mr Ford, travelling with us, warned the debating team not to screech or they might be rendered speechless at the debate.

We arrived at Kadina at about a quarter past eleven, and were joined by our hosts, who presented us with attractive programmes, containing all details of the visit. We inspected the Kadina High School until noon, when we were taken to a delicious luncheon, which we really appreciated, as we hadn't eaten much on the bus. Jan Prouse, the Kadina Head Prefect, welcomed us, and Gail Madigan, our Deputy Head, thanked Jan for her welcome.

After lunch the sports began, with the hockey, basketball and football on the school fields, and the baseball on the town field. The basketball was a very close match, both teams playing well, but the second half was played in pouring rain and Pirie finally defeated Kadina 18 goals to 16 goals. The boys played very well in the football and managed to defeat Kadina 6 goals 6 behinds to 3 goals. The Pirie hockey team put up a good fight, but unfortunately Kadina defeated them 4 goals to nil. In what seemed a rather one-sided match the Pirie baseballers forged ahead to defeat Kadina 21 runs to nil. After the conclusion of the sports we all dispersed to the homes of our hosts for tea.

We all met at the Town Hall at seven o'clock for the debate and social. The subject of the debate was 'That there should be more emphasis placed on a Scientific and Technical Education than one in the Humanities in Australia Today' and Pirie, who took the con side, won. After the presentation of the Risby Shield for debating, the social began. The Pirie students enjoyed themselves extremely and were most disappointed to leave at eleven o'clock and to go home to bed.

The next morning at 9 o'clock the students assembled in front of the bus. Brandishing the shield and waving the school mascot, 'Herbie', we departed from Kadina with much shouting of the war cry. At quarter to twelve we arrived in Pirie still yelling furiously, and very happy.

I am sure everyone greatly enjoyed the trip, and would like to thank Mr. Hamann, Mr. Ford, Mr. Cronin, Miss Lawes and Miss Treloar for accompanying us.

Maxine Connor, Leaving.

Fourteen

## ANNUAL WINTER SPORTS AGAINST GLADSTONE

At 10.15 a.m., 22nd July, the students of IG1 welcomed the Gladstone basketball and football teams who competed in the Annual Winter Sports. After being shown to the change room the girls changed and began to play their match. Mrs. Trotter umpired the first game and it started very well, with the Gladstone team being the first to score a goal. The teams seemed equally matched and as the game proceeded it proved they were. Kay Atherton played well and Marilyn Reichelt scored many goals. Gladstone lost a good player when she fell and twisted her ankle, but their play was excellent. Towards the end of the last quarter, bad weather made the courts slippery but our team was successful, scoring 30 goals to the other team's 29.

The captains were, Port Pirie — Marilyn Reichelt; Gladstone — Elaine Steele. The best players were, Jenny Searle, Kay Atherton, and Carol McDonald. Marilyn also played well.

The girls and boys enjoyed a delicious luncheon prepared under Miss Donaldson's directions. It was a magnificent meal and everyone ate as much as he could.

The second match was played immediately after lunch and the Gladstone girls should have won, but our team struggled hard against a strong team, slippery courts and strong winds. Miss Adams umpired the game and Judy Schrader and Christine Connor gave Port Pirie High School a good start. Christine scored the first goal.

As the game proceeded our goalies became better and we scored very well. For a while it looked as if Gladstone would catch up, but after a hard struggle our team won with 33 goals to 27 goals.

The captains were, Port Pirie — Jennifer Arnold; Gladstone — Jenny Hill.

The best players were, Jill Errington, Judy Schrader and Christine Connor.

After the game was finished the teams were congratulated and the Gladstone team went home.

Raelene Atkinson, Class IG1.

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### PORT PIRIE VISITS GLADSTONE FOR WINTER SPORTS

The bus bearing the Pirie basketball and football teams left Port Pirie on July 22nd at 9.00 o'clock — bound for Gladstone.

The sky was overcast and threatened to rain before the day was through. This did not, however, deter the Pirie teams, who left in very high spirits, arriving at their destination one hour later.

The Gladstone students met the teams at the front of the school when the bus arrived, and the football teams immediately organized themselves. A bus took them direct to the town oval where the football was to be played.

The Pirie team took the lead almost immediately the game commenced, and managed to hold their lead throughout the game, in spite of the muddy condition. The final scores were Pirie 5 goals 3 points to Gladstone 4 goals 6 points. Among the best players for Pirie were W. Bonner, E. Mathews and K. Mark.

After the game, basketballers and footballers (now somewhat cleaner), were taken by their hosts into dinner. Before the multitude, pasties, sausage rolls and cakes disappeared rapidly.

After dinner our basketballers felt that they were sufficiently fortified to play against the Gladstone team. They did not, however, have the success of our football team, being defeated in a hard fought battle by 22 goals. The final scores were Gladstone 37 goals, Pirie 15 goals. Among the best for Pirie were V. Durbridge and J. Hutchinson.

After the match the Gladstone hosts took our teams into afternoon tea, where the remainder of food quickly disappeared, and by that time it was ready to leave. We finally departed at 3 o'clock arriving in Pirie one hour later, tired but happy in the thought that Pirie had at least gained one victory.

Judy Hutchinson, Leaving.

### UNDER 14 FOOTBALL AT PORT PIRIE

Port Pirie High School scored a 49 point victory over the visiting Gladstone High School team on Friday, 22nd July. Mr. Davey umpired the match.

In the first quarter Gladstone was the dominant team. Pirie tried hard to score but could not get past Gladstone's back-line. At the end of the first quarter the scores stood at 2—1 to nil, in Gladstone's favour.

Soon after the beginning of the second quarter, Pirie scored a point, which soon followed by five more points. Almost straight afterwards Magor scored a goal for Pirie. Another point for Pirie evened the score. A goal from Jones, a point and another goal brought the second quarter scores to Pirie 3—8 to Gladstone 2—1.

Halfway through the third quarter it was all Gladstone, but no results came from their good play. Kretschmer goaled for Pirie. Madigan, Pirie, went off at three-quarter time.

Soon after the beginning of the last quarter Pirie kicked a goal. Gladstone's captain was

hit in the face and Saint, Pirie, got the cramp. Gladstone tried hard but could not stop Pirie. Pirie goaled. Venning scored two more goals for Pirie. These were followed by a goal from Saint, almost on the siren. The final scores were Pirie 9—8 to Gladstone 2—1.

Best players for Pirie were, Saint, Jones, Magor, Matters and Gillies. Gladstone's best players were Millard, Woolford, Fahey, Osman, Winnen and Gigney.

Christopher Beauchamp, Class IG1.

### AN EVENING OUT

On August the 3rd, the Leaving class and seven teachers went to the Hoyts Ozone Theatre to see Ernest Hemingway's 'Old Man and the Sea'.

Most of us were in our seats on time and the others arrived just after the newsreel. Before the first film we saw a very interesting, but short, film on underwater exploration; the couple who did the exploration must have had access to a large amount of money.

The first film, 'Copper Sky', was a great disappointment. From its title I had prepared myself for an action-packed, coloured 'western'. It was 'western' all right and the further west it goes the better. As for real action, that was in the row behind me. The 'Copper Sky' was a 'cement grey'. To us the action and situations were rather humorous although I know the director meant the atmosphere of 'man and woman alone in the wild west' to be serious and breathtaking.

After Interval there were only a few seating changes; most of us kept our original seats, knowing we would be more able to concentrate on the story to come. The lights went out and packets of sweets passed, conveyor belt style, up and down the rows.

Then came 'Old Man and the Sea'.

The story tells of a good fisherman who has grown very old. He is loved by 'the boy' who looks after him as well as he can. The old man, not having taken a fish for many days, goes out further than he should and hooks a huge fish. He is strong; not as strong as he was as a young man, but strong enough to kill the fish after three days of agony and patience. Although very much alone in his boat he was frequently comforted by his memories of his happy past and inspired by his thoughts of the boy.

The film followed very closely to the novel although it didn't seem at first to be a very rewarding venture. James Wong Howe, Director of Photography, must be congratulated on his striking effects, especially with the fisherman setting out in the early hours of the morning. The frequent changes in colour depth were wonderful. The shark scenes were spectacular, both under and above the surface.

Because it is virtually a two-man film, it could be covered by the word 'unusual'. I will always remember Spencer Tracy as 'The Old Man' and a very good actor. 'The Boy', too, will linger in my mind because of Felife Pazos' acting in this part.

Jim Dingle, Leaving.

## WINTER SPORTS AT GLADSTONE

On 1st September at 11.45 a.m the top football and basketball teams left Port Pirie by bus to try their skill against that of the Gladstone teams. With Mr. Hamann in charge we departed, a group of sixteen girls and twenty one boys.

We ate our lunch on the bus and, after an uneventful trip, arrived at Gladstone to be greeted by Mr. Strange, the headmaster, and other members of the school.

The weather was perfect and everybody felt fit and ready to play. We found out from a Gladstone teacher that we should have brought two basketball teams to play instead of one, and the girl spectators began to try to see if they could make an extra team to give the Gladstone 'seconds team' a game.

Fortunately there were seven spectators and these girls, E. Nyman, B. Wood, G. Madigan, M. Connor, J. Hutchinson, M. Smith and D. Scott offered to play. Despite their encumbrance of long, thick tunics and heavy shoes, these girls played bravely and well and were beaten by only three goals, the final score being Gladstone 26 goals, Pirie 23 goals.

The top basketball team for Pirie High was more successful than the 'scratch team', and beat their opponents by one goal. All the girls played well and they thoroughly deserved this victory. Final scores were Port Pirie 25 to Gladstone 24.

Unfortunately the Gladstone footballers were superior to our own and they beat our team by a considerable amount. The final score was Gladstone 7 goals 11 behinds, Port Pirie 2 goals 7 behinds.

We left Gladstone at 3.45 p.m. after we had been given afternoon tea by the staff and students, with two defeats and only one victory.

Dorothy Scott, Leaving.

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## PORT AUGUSTA VISITS PORT PIRIE HIGH

The day of the Port Augusta visit, Wednesday, September 7th, dawned in a rather overcast sky, the weather soon becoming rather windy. Our visitors arrived at the school at approximately 12.45 p.m., a little ahead of schedule and by 1.30 p.m. all sports had begun. Shortly after the visitors' arrival a short, but heavy, shower of rain fell, much to the dismay of both teams. The shower, however, soon ceased and the sky brightened considerably, though the earlier, gusty conditions of the day returned and remained throughout the afternoon.

The Port Augusta basketball team soon proved to be too strong for ours and their fast play and more accurate goal-throwing gave them a lead of 11 goals to 2 goals at half time. The wet, windy conditions proved adverse to the accuracy of both teams and resulted in a few falls, but no-one was badly hurt. After half time the visitors returned to the attack and managed to maintain a good lead, the scores at the end of the last quarter being 21 to Port Augusta to 8 to Port Pirie.

The football, played on the Memorial Oval, proved to be a game of varying successes. Although the Port Augusta team, its ruck in particular, proved to be somewhat stronger than ours, play remained at the South-West end of the oval, held there by the wind. By half time Port Augusta had scored 1 goal 3 points, while Port Pirie had scored 1 goal 2 points, and during the third quarter, when Port Augusta had the wind in its favour the visitors scored a total of eight points and managed to hold us scoreless at the same time. We, in turn, however, when favoured by the wind, added a total of nine points to our score while Port Augusta scored an extra two points. This made the score at the end of the last quarter 2 goals 7 points to Port Augusta to 2 goals 5 behinds to Port Pirie.

Baseball began on the school oval with the Pirie team on the diamond and the visitors batting. No great progress was shown by either team in the first, and in the second, pitcher Nunan and second baseman Hedley changed positions. The Pirie team at length began to show their superiority, and although the score was 4-3 against Pirie at the end of the third, we took the lead soon after and retained it through the match, the final scores being 13 to Port Pirie to 7 to Port Augusta.

Thanks are again due to all the teachers who helped train the teams and make the day the success it was.

R. Smith, IIG1.

## Port Pirie visits Jamestown

### . . . for Winter Sports Carnival

Whilst our 'A' grade teams were engaged playing against Port Augusta, the school's second basketball and football teams journeyed to Jamestown to join with the latter in its Golden Jubilee celebrations.

We left at 8.00 a.m. on Wednesday the 7th September in one of Pirie's buses, and after a rather noisy trip, we arrived at Jamestown at 9.45 a.m. We were the first of the five competing schools to arrive and were ushered into a room in which to change.

Unfortunately the day was wet, cold and windy and this made conditions very difficult. However everyone was very keen and did not let the terrible conditions upset them.

Before the matches commenced, the competing schools, Jamestown, Peterborough, Port Augusta, Gladstone and Port Pirie, assembled in the assembly room where we were welcomed by the headmaster of the host school and were told the arrangements for the day by the Jamestown sportsmaster.

The sports were in the form of a lightning carnival and each football match was in progress only 35 minutes. The football was played on the school oval and a little oval across the road from the school while the basketball was played on the town courts.

Unfortunately, as far as Pirie was concerned, we were not very successful winning only one match in football and none in basketball. In the first football match, against Peterborough, we were defeated by 6 points after a rough, close game. In the second match, against Jamestown, we were defeated by 20 points but we at last 'broke the ice' against Port Augusta, winning by 9 points. After dinner we again took the field, this time against Gladstone, and

were defeated by 32 points after being held scoreless. Best for Pirie were I. Brighton, R. Sawyer, G. Jones and E. Mathews.

In the basketball matches, which, like the football matches, were marred by terrible conditions, the same sad story of our defeats continued. Our girls were defeated in turn by Port August, Jamestown, Gladstone and then Peterborough. We were, however, by no means disgraced as some of the matches were quite close; the scores only differing by 2 goals in several matches. Best players reported by coach Miss Lawes were J. Hutchinson and B. McGregor.

After the third match, we had dinner which was obtainable for two shillings. Immediately after the dinner there was another assembly during which the headmaster of Jamestown High School, Mr. Tiller and the Mayor of Jamestown, Mr. Stratton unveiled a plaque commemorating the Golden Jubilee of the school.

At the conclusion of the matches there was another assembly which the captains of the Gladstone football and basketball teams were presented with the cups for the winning teams.

After the assembly we boarded the buses and at 3.30 p.m. we left for Port Pirie, arriving back at Pirie after a relatively quiet trip at exactly 5.00 p.m.

In conclusion I would like to thank Miss Lawes, Miss Auzins, Mr. McCarthy, Mr. Floyd and Mr. Quinn who accompanied us on the trip and our thanks are extended towards Mr. Floyd and Miss Lawes for the coaching and encouragement they gave us.

David Mitchell, Leaving.

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# House Notes

## BARKER HOUSE

This year, the captain elected for the boys was Trevor Jensen, with Trevor Thompson as vice-captain. In the girls, Gail Madigan was chosen as captain, with Judy Hutchinson as vice-captain.

Barker started the year with determination and the will-to-win, and this spirit has carried them through, to be closely following Flinders, the team in front.

Although Barker did not do very well in the Swimming Carnival, it made up the loss in the Annual Sports Day. The girls tried hard, but most of the points were gained by the boys. The outstanding athletes for the day were Trevor Thompson and Trevor Jensen, who came first and second respectively in the Senior Cup. At the end of the day, Barker finished second to Stuart. The Barker debating team came third to Eyre and Flinders.

In the studies Barker had many ups and downs but on the average, came around the second position.

I would like to thank the House Mistresses, Miss Hawke and Mrs. Dodd and the Masters Mr. Burdon, Mr. Cronin and Mr. Ford for their help and encouragement during the year. Through trying hard and showing keen interest in house events Barker has achieved good results.

I would like, on behalf of the captain, to thank all Barkerites for their help.

Keep up the good work !

Gail Madigan, IV.

## EYRE HOUSE

Throughout this year the members of Eyre House have been making an all-out effort to move to top position.

Again we started the year off well by winning the swimming carnival. Although the competition was greater this year, we still won by a safe margin from the nearest house, Flinders. Congratulations go to Rodney Ayliffe, Pam Francis and Dianne Francis for their great help in gaining valuable points for the Rigby Shield and in gaining the Bruse Shield.

Sports Day found us wanting athletes and as a result of this we were placed in fourth position. Nevertheless, we had a few good athletes as well as triers and these fought on to the very last event. Karren McDonald performed very well and as a result she was successful in winning the Junior Cup. Congratulations are also offered to the other cup winners, T. Thompson (B), J. Jobson (S), and K. Bessen (S), and all those from Eyre House who by competing, endeavoured to make their house successful are also congratulated on their efforts.

During the winter both upper and lower school Eyrites combined well to earn many valuable house points.

This year saw an improvement in studies and also in our debating team. This team, Beverley Wood, R. Smith and Dorothy Scott, won all their debates and must be congratulated on their very fine efforts.

Finally, on behalf of Pamela Black, the girls' house captain, and all other members of the house I would like to record our appreciation of the support and assistance given by our three House Masters, Mr. Jones, Mr. Floyd and Mr. Denton and our House Mistresses, Miss Lawes, Miss Auzins and Mrs. Fuller.

Keep trying Eyre !


D. Ashman, House Captain.

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## FLINDERS HOUSE

From the beginning of the year Flinders has maintained top position and a high standard in both studies and sporting activities, encouraged by the keen competition of the other houses.

We were unfortunate to lose our house captain and head prefect, Steve Whelan, at the end of the first term, when he left to take up his career in Adelaide. Robin Franks, our vice-captain, was then promoted to leader of the house, and Rodney Timms became vice-captain, while Maxine Connor did a great job as vice-captain of the girls.

The first main athletic event of the year for house competition was the Annual Swimming Carnival in March. Eyre House kept the Bruse Shield and Flinders, owing to the great efforts of all who took part, earned second position. Here special mention must go to Pauline Martin, Richard Viner-Smith and Steve Whelan for their outstanding performances.

The highlight of the year, the Annual Sports Day, took place in April. This was rather a disappointing day for Flinderites, for after a runaway start we held the leading position most of the day, but finally finished third. A slight compensation, however, was the surprise we received in being chosen second in the House Parade. The outstanding Flinders athlete for the day was Gloria Hewett who came runner-up for the Junior Cup.

Our debating team is to be congratulated, for it was narrowly defeated by Eyre in the final. Those concerned were Maxine Connor, George Potter, Robin Franks and Angela Mudge.

Keeping up the good tradition, the upper school and first year A grade basketball teams went through the season undefeated. In the other winter sports, the boys' football and baseball teams gained their share of the points for the house.

In conclusion, thanks must go to our House Mistresses and Masters on behalf of all Flinders students, and finally thanks to the students themselves for their co-operation throughout the year.

Keep it up Flinders!

Marlene Swinburne, IV, House Captain.

## STUART HOUSE

Top last year, bottom this year. Next year . . . . . ?

Although all Stuartites have made a determined effort this year, things have gone against them.

Early in the year, the annual swimming carnival was held. The Bruse Shield was again won by Eyre House, followed by Flinders, Barker and Stuart. This left Stuart trailing the other Houses and they have not been able to make up the lee-way since.

All summer sports were keenly contested, the honours being shared evenly between the four Houses.

Stuart House, as they were last year, were again successful in winning the Annual Athletics Day. Outstanding athletes for Stuart were Jewell Jobson, who won the Senior Girl's Cup, and Ken Bessen, who was successful in winning the Boy's Junior Cup.

Thanks must go to Mr. and Mrs. Allchurch for presenting a beautiful cup for annual competition in the Grand Parade of the respective Houses. This cup was won this year by Stuart House.

During the winter sports the boy's football teams combined well to win practically every match. However, the girl's basketball teams were not so successful.

The debating competition was won by Eyre, followed by Flinders, Barker and Stuart. Although last in this competition, the Stuart team was by no means disgraced.

I would like to thank Helen Giles and Lyndall Kershaw who have done a great job in captaining the girls, and Jim 'Jerry' Dingle for his support with the boys.

Finally, on behalf of all Stuartites, I would like to thank our House Masters and House Mistresses for their helpful work throughout the year.

Rod. A. Fowler, Leaving, House Captain.

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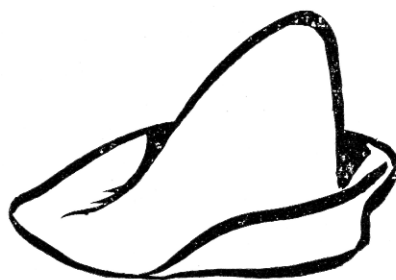
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## THE DEBATING TEAM

Standing: R. Smith.  
 Seated: B. Wood, M. Connor (Leader), G. Madigan (Reserve).



**Pamela Black**

T.S.: "Pussy Cat"  
App.: Placid  
A.: Nobel Prize for Literature.  
P.D.: Feature writer for "Man".

**Rodney Timms**

T.S.: "The Shape I'm In."  
App.: Ay! you're blocking my view.  
A.: To lose weight.  
P.D.: Wrestler, Tiny Tim(ms).



**Beverley Wood**

T.S.: "How can I get one more mark."  
App.: Spec-tacular.  
A.: Teacher, B.A., Dip Ed.  
P.D.: D.O.L.L.

**Trevor Thompson**

T.S.: "Girls were made to love and kiss."  
App.: Mr. Universe (Jun.)  
A.: To Pole Vault 16ft.  
P.D.: The Moon, (we hope).



**Gail Madigan**

T.S.: "Happy Talk"  
App.: See'in is Believ'in.  
A.: Prima Ballerina.  
P.D.: Theatre Char-Lady.

**Richard Smith**

T.S.: "Beatnik Fly".  
App.: Smooth.  
A.: The top.  
P.D.: The Hops (booze).



**Maxine Connor**

T.S.: "Exclusively Yours"  
App.: Cool and Collected.  
A.: Teacher.  
P.D.: Shephardess.

**Dennis Ashman**

T.S.: "Pub with No Beer."  
App.: Toughy  
A.: League footballer.  
P.D.: Dustman.



**Judy Hutchinson.**

T.S.: "Don't Dilly-Dally."  
App.: Promising.  
A.: Air Hostess.  
P.D.: Test Pilot in a Broom Factory.

**Terry McCarthy**

T.S.: "Straight down the Middle."  
App.: Slick.  
A.: Professional Golfer.  
P.D.: Caddy.



T.S.: THEME SONG

APP.: APPEARANCE

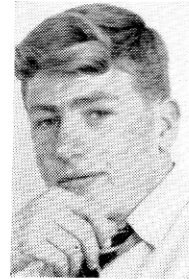


**Jewel Jobson**

T.S.: "Gone with the Wind."  
App.: Greased Lightning.  
A.: Olympics or Bust.  
P.D.: Dog Catcher.

**Ted Nunan**

T.S.: "White Sportscoat."  
App.: Neat.  
A.: Short-stop for the Yankees.  
P.D.: Bat boy for the Out-Backs.

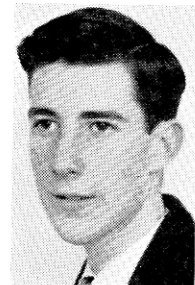


**Margaret Smith**

T.S.: "I'm Gonna Get Married."  
App.: Bonny Lassie.  
A.: To get up late and to go to bed late.  
P.D.: 35-23-35.

**Alan Burgess**

T.S.: "Anything you can do, I can do better."  
App.: Tall, tall (that's all).  
A.: Bachelor (of Science).  
P.D.: Model for Tall clothes.

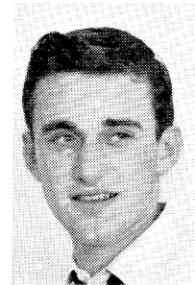


**Angela Mudge**

T.S.: "Mona Lisa."  
App.: Angelic.  
A.: Any outstanding occupation.  
P.D.: Beatnik.

**Jim Dingle**

T.S.: "Makin' Whoopee."  
App.: Wolfish.  
A.: Disc Jockey.  
P.D.: Grease Monkey.



**Elizabeth Davies**

T.S.: "5' 2", Eyes of Blue"  
App.: Demure Blonde.  
A.: Nurse.  
P.D.: Bed-pan Carrier.

**Rodney Fowler**

T.S.: "Hound-Dog Man."  
App.: Ask him.  
A.: Draughts Man.  
P.D.: Checkers Champion.



**Laraine Diggins**

T.S.: "Dig me Pigmy."  
App. Not Big.  
A.: 3' 6".  
P.D.: As big as anyone - sooner or later.

**Robin Franks**

T.S.: "Happy-Go-Lucky Me."  
App.: Cute.  
A.: Sheep Farmer.  
P.D.: "Bar" man.



P.D.: PROBABLE DESTINATION

A.: AMBITION

FIRST XVIII



First Row: G. Cockshell, D. Mitchell, R. Fowler, D. Ashman (Captain), R. Reichelt,  
D. McDonald, T. Mathews.  
Centre Row: F. Noble, W. Rawlins, T. Thompson, G. Cheesman, B. Wood, K. Bessen,  
G. Hewett.  
Back Row: T. Jensen, N. Atkinson, K. Turner, P. Evans, R. Timms, D. Hobbs,  
T. Coligan.

GIRLS' HOCKEY



*Patty Hards*

Standing: J. Farrell, C. Theologou, V. Arbon, B. Moore, J. Jobson, I. Sandercock.  
Seated: P. Hards, L. Kershaw, K. Hutchison, D. Hammond (Captain), J. Magor,  
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# The Creative Urge . . .

## ON, ONN TO THE MORG (mainly skool)

(With appologeez to n. molesworth orther of such littere masterpeesz as "How to be Topp" an "Back in the Jug Agane".) about 7.45 a.m./p.m. (plees X owt wich wun not applikable) the trane pools in at the stashone an we all pyl on (with the eksepshun of the gurls whom gett on lik yung laydez hem, hem). wen we ar arl got on she (trane) blo er wisl an sumtimz we thenn start of then.

arfter aboute a few mils, thre paypa cupp fytz an approx. a thowsand lins from the pre-fex, whom are all good boiz (hem, hem) we pik up a cuppl of boyz an soon after that recht Woarnertoune. Hear their is a men hooz is offen the viktum of meny catcals, yahs, booz etc. (not nou tho coz e hav dobbd us inn wun daye an kno we not aloud to do thiz).

Sumtymes to anutha man (hem, hem) whom we kal "Doole" (cos we thinc he shood orta bee hungt ass he hav dobd uss in) gets on here. He tel boyz storeez respektibl an uthawyze (mostlee uthawyze) all bois larfe an kluch sydz (eksept me an prefecz whos ar orlwayz upp utha endd pollishing owr halloz). wen dooly not on we has wako good tyme an arefter moor cupp fytz, pichd wortu batlz (this meen yoo chuk worter at first hed apeering abuv seets, as long as it not gardz coz then we al go four a six), to moore lynz an fyve casooltees (thes ar allways the prefix whoom ar uterle wet and weads an yoosyoalley get in whey off cups an uther miss-aisle) we reech the stashun yardz and then evrebode shut up, quite, shsh yuo mug! so that stayetionmarstars not se us an put uz inn.

Whyl goeing thro yardz we tel al new bugs, weads, etc. wot nott too tell Ned if we get copd, dobed or utherwiz expoizd.

i cood goe on four howers but i hav knott got tyme an enyweigh will get skragd iff i tell yoo much more. Enewhey we gett off jus be-forr Skotcher's Corna, fool arownde in the mud foure a wile an allweys mannage too get to scool reezonible lat. (this esay hem, hem is baised on fax but fore those whom mite get into trublle EVRETHING is ficshush).

R. V. Smith, IIG1.

## ALMOND BLOSSOM

Almond blossom, snowy and white,  
The sparkling dew lovely and bright,  
The soft, white centre, the pink petals too;  
All blended together, make a beautiful view.

Shirley Roberts, IC2.

## THE DOLPHINS

We sat on the stair-like rocks.  
Beneath us boomed the green sea,  
Restless, foaming,  
Swirling in its ancient, endless swirls,  
Sucking at the great, old rocks;  
With white-capped waves  
Rearing,  
Tossing,  
Breaking in turmoils of glistening froth.  
And then we saw them,  
The three great fish,  
Their backs gleamed wetly,  
Grey,  
Smooth.  
In great arcs they leapt,  
Disappearing,  
Reappearing.  
The green mountains hid them  
And we thought they were gone;  
But they rose up from the calm depths  
And met the sunlit air,  
With huge, graceful bodies twisting.  
Together, all three,  
Going ever further away  
Through the turning water.  
Leaping,  
Cavorting.  
A great, turquoise wave broke,  
White spray towered.  
And they were gone.

Pamela Black, Leaving.

## THE LONELY ONE

He stood out of the crowd,  
Leaning on a fence,  
Counting his share  
Of meagre shillings and pence;  
The man who was a stranger,  
Was standing all alone;  
Myself, I felt like him,  
Tired and on my own;  
But in a while he was gone,  
And the memory of him today  
Lingers on and on;  
I still remember as he walked  
Towards the setting sun,  
This was the man I named  
The lonely one.

Barry Sanders, IIG2.

### TIE ME KANGAROO DOWN, SPORT.

During the May holidays, I visited my uncle who has a farm on the West Coast. While there, we listened to some stories told by his brother, a typical old bushman.

He told us how, one day, he had shot an old man kangaroo, and thinking that it was dead, he began to skin it. The kangaroo, however, had only been stunned by the bullet, as my uncle soon found out. He had just finished skinning it when it jumped up and hopped away. A few weeks later he saw the same kangaroo with little tufts of hair all over its body where it was growing a new skin.

He also told us about another remarkable kangaroo that he had had the pleasure of meeting. He was out cutting fence posts one day and had two of his sheepdogs, Lassie and Glen, with him. They wandered off into the scrub near at hand and my uncle started to chop fence posts. He was soon disturbed, however, by a torrent of excited barking and he saw a very big old man kangaroo burst from the scrub, with the two dogs in pursuit, and charge straight at him. My uncle says that he was very stiff that day with arthritis, and before he could move out of the way the kangaroo was upon him. He was knocked to the ground with the kangaroo on top of him and the dogs on top of the kangaroo. After a short struggle, uncle broke free and started to run away. Before he had gone far though, he tripped over a fence and fell into a prickly porcupine bush. He spent about half an hour pulling the prickles out but meanwhile the kangaroo had shaken the dogs off and once more chased him. Again, man, kangaroo, and dogs fell and fought in the dust, but this time when uncle struggled free he decided the fun had gone far enough. Looking the kangaroo straight in the eye and telling him to take pity on an old man, he reached over picked up his axe and killed the kangaroo with one blow. He tried to skin it but the hide was so tough it blunted the knife.

Another night he described with great detail, a dust storm which had occurred several years before. It came on very suddenly and all the rabbits ran for their burrows. Some, however, could not find them and had to dig new ones. It was not until after the storm that some of

them found that they were ten feet up in the air.

Uncle told us these stories and others around his stump fire every night, and although he swears to their truth, I will leave you to form your own opinions.

Anthony Orchard, IIGI.

### A VIEW FROM A HIGH PLACE

I am standing on top of the Empire State Building, gazing down on a completely new world, with the feeling that I am looking at it through the wrong end of a telescope. It is a world of great, matchbox buildings, serpentine roads and tiny, insignificant people.

On one side, the Statue of Liberty, the symbol of freedom and democracy, holds her torch aloft, guarding the harbour's entrance, while toy ships lie anchored at her feet. Along the waterfront, majestic skyscrapers stand silhouetted against a pale blue sky. Others rear upwards at alarming angles, struggling towards the sunlight, and Wall Street yawns like some dark chasm, splitting the island in two. Between these miniature giants wind narrow, snake-like ribbons covered with multi-coloured dots but, when examined more carefully they prove to be crowded, four-lane highways.

On the opposite side lies Times Square, a hub of activity. People scurry ant-like between its billboards, taxis hurtle round its corners, and pigeons rise from its heart in flocks, whenever they are disturbed. But at night the scene is even busier when a blaze of lights illuminates the theatres on Broadway, "the great white way."

Further on, however, Central Park's greenery lends a cool relief to the hustling thoroughfares, a small river wends its way lethargically between the trees and visitors loll in row boats, in the shade.

Beyond this haven, towards the west, the suburbs begin, and across the river, Brooklyn and New Jersey sprawl endlessly in a giant maze, until they merge into the distance. And in the evening their lights, and those of the city itself, twinkle together like thousands of stars, brighter than the heavens themselves.

Beverley Wood, Leaving.

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## OBSERVATION

Have you ever been to a cafe in a large city and just been content to sit and watch the people going past the window? It is a pleasant and amusing occupation if one has nothing to do. This takes my mind back to a certain cafe in Adelaide, last May holidays, when I was lounging in one of the seats at a table unoccupied except for myself. After dreamily staring into space for some minutes, idly playing with a half cold cup of coffee, I became conscious of the people hurrying past the window.

Mrs. Bustle is, of course, a familiar figure in every busy city street. Her ample dimensions take up half of the foot-path and her parcels the other half. Bringing up the rear are a dozen or more of her children, sucking lollies, washing their faces in ice-cream and amusing themselves by walking headlong into any unsuspecting persons they meet who either do not see them because they are somewhere down in the region of their shoelaces, or because they expect the well-bred brats of today to politely step aside. What a sudden awakening for them when a small and sticky figure tries to mould itself into that person's solar plexus.

Who's this bespectacled character behind Mrs. Bustle? It looks as if he's trying to get to the bus-stop. He certainly is a queer card, and almost as thin as one too. After disentangling a small boy from between his legs and straightening his bowler (a bowler, mark you) he reaches the bus-stop, looks at the person on his left, looks at his fingernails and finally being at a loss for things to look at, reaches for a packet of cigarettes. He takes one, lights it, has a few quick puffs and looks at it, apparently wondering why he lit it. As he stands there undecided his bus comes. A crowd dives for the door. The perfect example of politeness, Mr. Timidity waits for them and helps an old lady on. The bus starts and moves on leaving our friend bewildered on the footpath.

Hmm! What's this swaying up the street? Honey coloured hair falling to her shoulders, a figure to make Sabrina jealous, a softly dimpled face and . . . . . Oh well, can't sit here all day. I straighten my tie, take a hasty look in the mirror, gulp down the remains of my coffee and bolt for the door. Ah. perfect timing. "Oops, sorry miss. I didn't see you. Here, allow me to help you across the street. What did you say your name was . . . . .?"

Dean Hedley, IV.

## SKATING

This is a sport,  
Which attracts very few.  
The reason being,  
I think, don't you?  
It usually injures one or two.  
My advice to the skater inferior,  
Is always be sure to pad your posterior.  
And if you are learning,  
Please don't lament  
If you find yourself lying upon the cement.

Grant Simes, IIG1.

## GRAN'S DRIVING

When we go to Adelaide  
For our school vacation,  
Our Grandma always meets us  
At the railway station.  
Driving to her home  
She never sees the lights,  
So we sit in the back seat  
Having forty frights.  
When home at last she reaches,  
(To our relief or so we think),  
Then the front gate whizzes past us  
Close enough to make us blink.  
"We won't be here for very long,"  
Are the words we hear her utter,  
As she, by NO PARKING signs,  
Parks the car against the gutter.  
Does she ever slow the car down  
When we reach a bumpy street?  
No, not she! We always find  
Our teeth stuck in the foremost seat!  
Enough to stuff a mattress  
Are the tickets she's collected,  
And the stickers sticking there  
Make the windows look infected.  
Driving along the main road  
She looks in all the shops,  
And seeing something she might want  
Suddenly she stops!  
When our nails are chewed to the quick  
She asks us, "What's the matter?"  
We find that we can't answer her  
Because our teeth all chatter.  
Now you've heard of ladies driving  
So take a tip from me —  
Never ride with our Grandmother  
Or nervous you'll always be!

Penelope Barnes, IG1.

## CARGOES

(with apologies to John Masefield)

Skipper Fred of IIG1 from distant Solly town  
Sailing home to haven past sunny Pirie docks  
With a cargo of sciences  
And weights and vectors  
Kinetics, potentials and tests of rocks.  
Stately Senior Mistress coming from the garden  
Struggling through the mazes of a schoolboy's  
mind  
With a cargo of adverbs,  
Declensions, conjugates  
Subjunctives and ablatives and all such kind.  
Mighty Aussie leader with stern faced  
intentions,  
Bustling through the schoolroom in the mad  
March days  
With a cargo of Euclid,  
Straight lines, circles  
Cosines, parallels and hard won praise.

George Potter, IIIG1

## WORKING IN A STORE

In the period just before Christmas, last year, I decided that I needed some extra money, as my glass piggy bank was rattling mournfully, telling me it contained only a few coppers. My mother suggested that I should perhaps take up baby sitting, or mowing lawns, or cleaning cars. None of these 'occupations' particularly appealed to me, and I suddenly decided that I should like to have a try at being a 'shop-girl'. Shaking in my shoes, I went to one of the departmental stores in Port Pirie, was given a test, and then, to my amazement, accepted, and told to begin work next Saturday morning. "Oh boy!" I thought, as I walked out, "They don't know what they've let themselves in for."

On Saturday morning I reported five minutes early and was told to go to the Girls' Room. I hadn't a clue where this was, and finally asked one of the 'old hands', who pointed it out. Once in the Girls' Room a lady showed me how to work the cash register, which appeared to be reasonably simple. I was then sent into the shop and placed at one of the counters. I was terrified, and desperately wanted to hide, but a customer came up to me and handed me some goods she wished to buy. I managed to wrap them up and find their prices, but when it came to working the cash register, and giving back change, I was completely stumped. Fortunately one of the older girls came to my aid, and I tackled the next customer with a little more confidence and a little less disastrous results.

Being afraid of everyone in the store with more experience than me, I was absolutely petrified by the 'Bosses'. There were about four of them, and one would come to me and say, "Miss Connor, would you mind doing this job for me?" and then the other three would follow, in rapid succession, all giving me different jobs to do at the same time. I soon solved this problem by doing the job which the most senior man had given me, first, and then the next, and so on.

The most wonderful day of the week was 'pay day'. The morning usually dragged, and the lunch hours simply flew, but on 'pay day' the morning seemed longer, and lunch hour shorter, than usual. Finally the buzzer would go, and everyone would line up at the office to receive their precious envelope, and, in my case, rush off and immediately spend it. One day I was in such a hurry to spend my earnings that I rushed out of the shop, and banged into the metal fire extinguisher hanging on the wall. The force of the blow knocked me down and a large bump immediately appeared on my forehead, but I picked myself up and rushed out, not daunted in the least.

I worked for six weeks, and during this time came into contact with many people. Some of these I liked, but many I heartily disliked. I liked the people who were polite, and said "Thank you" when given their parcels, and those who sometimes asked my advice on which article to choose.

Those who I disliked fell into many 'types'. Firstly there was the customer who came in,

messed up the counter which I had tidied, and obviously did not intend to buy anything. People who were deliberately bad-mannered and rude aggravated me, and those customers I knew would say in a wondering voice, "Well fancy YOU working in a shop!" making me feel hopelessly inferior. The customer who bought an article which was difficult to wrap, but waited until it was wrapped to decide to take another colour, made it hard for me to stay sweetly smiling and polite. The 'last minute shopper' infuriated me, for she would wander around the shop until closing time, when the money in the tills had been tallied up, and then decide to buy something worth 1/7½, with a £10 note.

My chief worry while working was trying to interpret the mumblings of many of the customers. I could hear the middle, and for a while I worried that I might be going deaf. However, upon enquiring, I found that the other girls had the same trouble, and my worries vanished.

I am afraid I would not make a very efficient permanent 'shop girl' as the four things I remember most about working are clock-watching, short lunch hours, pay day, and aching feet.

Maxine Connor, Leaving.

## "SKOOL"

SKOOL'S 'n 'orrible place t' go,  
A sorrowful place wot's fulla' woe;  
Y' slave away in a room all day  
An' wot 'happens? — teachers allus get the  
pay.  
Things like latin, english, maths —  
All enough t' drive y' bats.  
Even when y' git art at fora clock (y' mite),  
Ther's arf an 'istry test t' lern f' yet.  
When I say 'mite' for lines abuv,  
Y' get kept in, an' not fer luv;  
Some week excuse like 'talkin's used,  
They'd 'av' some excuse if you'd, say, boosed,  
Ore even smoked or evin swore.  
If teacher finds some chork groun' in 'roun'  
bl d dore —  
"Oo's bin throwin' ruddy chalk?" she'll roar;  
We accors act all innocent —  
An' say some other teacher dropped it there  
by aksident.  
Frid'y arvo's good time t' duck  
Into a shed and play 'two-up',  
While other kids, they slave away  
Playin' football 'arf the day.  
'Cors you know wot the parents say,  
"It's th bes' part uv yer day."  
Don' take no notice, there up a creek  
Wouldn't know th' day uv der week.  
An' Allwus in y'r ear y'r 'ear,  
"Wen I went t' skool . . . . .," odere!  
Year after year y' sit ararn'  
Y' standard a' work goin' darn an' darn,  
Yus! rottin' away in . . . . .  
SKOOL!!!!

Geoffrey Barnes, IIIG.

## LEAVING WORK

I am quite sure that this heading should be entitled 'leaving for work' when one reaches the Leaving class. Leaving work may be rated as a battle of cunning — what hope has a student got?

One of the most liked subjects in our class is mathematics — the simple course of Leaving mathematics is just another way of showing your common sense and understanding of various types of problems. I would now like to quote a famous, immortal saying, 'mathematics is common sense at its best'.

A typical, simple leaving algebra problem is usually enjoyed by the keen students, for it is a means of livening their spirits and keeping alert. Here is a typical problem:

"A rope ran over a pulley; at one end was a monkey, at the other end a weight, and the two remained in equilibrium. The weight of the rope was four ounces to every foot and the ages of the monkey and the monkey's mother together amounted to four years. The monkey's mother was as old as the monkey was when the monkey's mother was half as old as the monkey will be when the monkey is three times as old as the monkey's mother was three times as old as the monkey. The age of the monkey's mother exceeded the age of the monkey's brother by the same amount as the age of the monkey's brother, by the same amount as the age of the age of the monkey's brother exceeded the age of the monkey . . .

What was the length of the rope?

Of course Leaving students do a very easy form of chemistry; just enough to understand the basic principals of the fascinating subject. For example, did you know when benzonaphtylamide is treated with nitric acid two isomeric mononitronamidobenonaphtylamides are formed one yielding mononamamidobenzonaphtylamide and the other adydrobenzodiamidonealin? — N.B. this statement is correct.

I would also like to give some advice to students who wish to successfully pass examinations. The chief factors to remember are—

- (1) write as little as possible—examiners love this because it gives them little to mark and so they are immediately put in a good mood.
- (2) do not write on the subject—examiners will be pleased to have a little variation in several thousands of papers.

Believe it or not, these two fundamental points have always brought me success, and I can only hope that they will be of no use to others.

In ending I would like to add the sincere congratulations of the Leaving class of 1960 to all teachers on having taught during the year and come through the ordeal safely.

E. Nunan, Leaving.

Thirty

## 'FOOTY'

Now Football's back I'm much dismayed  
On Monday is each match replayed.  
Now some will let their fancies run  
With proud descriptions how they won,  
While others, chilly as a frost,  
Make lamentations why they lost.  
The ones who won smite swelling chest  
Describing why their team is best.  
While those who lost, (and loud they sobbed)  
Will fiercely claim that they were robbed.

The victors, if you heed their plea  
Will buy you buns and morning tea.  
And steadily on your ear they'll pound  
On how their team controlled the ground.  
But then with grim and gloomy view  
The mournful loser corners you  
With drooping mouth and moistened eye  
And on your shoulder starts to cry.

But Monday is a day I dread  
With football arguments I'm fed  
The victor boasts, the loser's mean,  
And I'm the guy who's in between.

P. M. Strachan, IIG2

## PIRIE

Gather round and a story I'll tell you  
Of a town with strange smells in the air;  
The atmosphere's full of Sulphur,  
And there's big piles of ore everywhere.  
The roads are all full of great hollows  
That cause many axles to bust.  
The cars are all full of great rattles  
Because the poor things are lousy with rust.

A stranger would wonder what happened,  
When a strange sight he happened to meet,  
He sees an old horse pulling cans round,  
And a train belting down the main street.

If he goes for a walk to the station,  
He's in for a shock once again  
When he sees a lady of ninety  
Climb a ladder for boarding the train.

But these here damn Pirie mosuitoes  
Would suck upon you till you're dead,  
Then cart you away to the mangroves,  
And come back and sleep in your bed.

Noel Smith, 1T2.

For the Best in . . .

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**WHAT'S IN A NAME**  
(A lot if it belongs to S. P. W.)

I will not mention his name just yet, but maybe you will guess it before you complete reading this passage.

He's about knee high to a grass-hopper in height and unless you look very closely, you could quite easily miss seeing him. Usually he is found amidst a group of boys telling them of the maths test or physics test he has just failed. Poor little fellow, I feel sorry for him. Not because of the tests he fails, I'm in the same position myself, but for the way he has to tilt his head backwards so as to be able to look into the face of the person to whom he is speaking. The world must appear a mass of legs, socks and shoes to him. Oh well, it can't be helped, it takes all kinds, shapes and sizes to make up this complex world of ours. He has a cheery voice which, when heard, seems to lighten everyone of their troubles. Whenever \_\_\_\_\_ is near, there is never a dull moment, for if he is not 'cracking' a joke he is doing something else which lightens our spirits.

Today however, he is with us no longer. I don't mean that he has died or anything drastic like that, but simply that he has left school and has taken up a job in Adelaide. Days at school are not quite the same, for that little cheery voice and up turned face are missing. He is sadly missed by all that know him, which is practically everybody. Although he is gone he still seems to remain with us, not in body but in soul.

Someday, no doubt from out of the blue,  
This voice that we know may be heard  
calling you;  
"This is 5AD Adelaide,  
5PI Central  
5MU Eastern  
5SE South Eastern, South Australia.  
Here is the News read by Steve Whelan."

Oh! Now I have let it slip. You won't have to guess who it is now, for I have already told you.

Seeing that his name has been revealed, I hope that each and every one of you will join with me in wishing Steve, our old buddie, every success and happiness in the future.

Best of luck, pal.

R. A. Fowler, Leaving.

**INSPIRATION**

The evil hour has come! The hands of the clock move relentlessly onwards, while I sit in the depths of black despair. Sheaves of writing paper, covered with doodles, are strewn over the table, while a varied assortment of pencils lies in the last states of respectability, having been chomped and chewed until they no longer look useable.

What is the reason for this disorder? My dilemma begins approximately twenty four hours ago . . . The school had been assembled for the usual Friday morning assembly when the dread news was announced. Immediately, wild and improbable thoughts raced through my head, and then were replaced by a blank which still remains.

Thus, here I am, with still another chewed pencil to add to my collection. What is it that I am worried about? A super-size Maths problem? No! I am faced with the task of having to think of a subject to write on for our School Magazine!

Rosemary Black, IIG1.

**THE DEGRADATION OF MAN**

Now here is a story that should have been told  
Before men grew faint-hearted and women,  
more bold,

When the males ruled the household and meant  
what they said,

And females donned aprons to wash dishes  
instead.

In the days of King Arthur, a knight rode his  
horse

In search of adventure (and women of course),  
Slaying the dragons to rescue the squaws  
Who walked unsuspectingly into their jaws.

When the cavemen of yore wanted a wife,  
They grabbed by the hair the first woman in  
sight,

Swinging their clubs in a business-like way  
As a warning to women that MEN had the 'say'.

Males, lend me your ears. Should we live in  
dread

Of a creature like woman who once did what  
we said?

The fate of the female lies with you men,  
And with that reminder, this poem must end.

Dean Hedley, Leaving.

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## THE EARLY DAYS OF PORT PIRIE

From about 1860 Port Pirie was known as 'Samuel's Creek', after its discover, Samuel Germein, who was master of the Government schooner 'Waterwitch'. The native name for the place was 'Tarparrrie' which means 'muddy creek'. The first vessel to navigate what was then a creek, was the John Pirie in 1845. Governor Robe rechristened it Port Pirie.

For many years after its discovery the place remained one of the most primitive spots on the South Australian coast and its present importance was achieved only by the big expenditure of money in dredging the harbour and reclaiming the land near the creek. Because of troublesome tidal flooding on the early days, the original buildings were constructed on piles, and the residents often had to row from place to place. The primitive, three-plank jetty was, at very high tide, completely submerged. One of the earliest pioneers, Mr. Nicholas Simons, came to Port Pirie to build a store and was completely bewildered when a boatman showed him the site for the building by jabbing an oar down at a spot covered with two feet of water.

Port Pirie's first water supply, when the town attained any magnitude, was drawn from the Nelshaby Reservoir, situated nine miles from Pirie, from where the water was carted into the town. In 1888 the Beetaloo Reservoir was constructed and was adequate until the arrival of drought conditions. A four inch main was put in from Baroota Springs to Port Pirie. The water supply was still inadequate and the town was connected with Bundaleer Springs. When the Baroota Reservoir was constructed the water supply was at last adequate. Today the pipeline from Morgan supplies Port Pirie with most of its water.

The Corporation was not happy in its relations with the Electric Light Company during the early stages of the innovation. The plant first installed was found to be incapable of successfully coping with the burden placed upon it, since the public demand for electricity had grown greatly in 1936. The supply of electricity has been a prolific source of revenue to the Town Council.

The smelting plant of the Broken Hill Associated Smelters was built in 1888 and a refinery in 1889. The first consignments of ore from Broken Hill were conveyed to Port Pirie by horse wagons, although the railway lines between Peterborough and Port Pirie had been opened. Until the outbreak of the First World War only a portion of concentrates was treated at Port Pirie. After the war the lead smelting was extended considerably and brought up to date by the introduction of the latest methods. It is the most complete and largest Lead Smeltery within the British Empire.

Port Pirie has advanced from a primitive settlement in the very early days, to one of the largest South Australian country towns. It is one of the principal ports of Australia and has the largest lead smelting industry in the British Empire.

Margaret Jensen, IIG1.

## FIZZ IKKS

Away with your maths books, physics is next,  
Here comes Mr. Finger to give back your test.  
Fifty-nine out of sixty — he's a swot,  
Seven out of sixty — that's not so hot.  
Pay close attention and avoid all your jest  
Because now I am about to go through the test.  
The first of the questions was all about mass,  
'Twas such an easy question I thought you'd

all pass.  
The definition of mass, you should know that,  
We've had it so many times you should know  
it off pat.

The next was Boyle's Law, an answer I got  
Was mass over density, what absolute rot!  
What is the Plimsoll Line, was question two,  
And the commonest answer was, I haven't a  
clue.

What is a lever? It's all in your book;  
Pages and pages, open and look.  
How does a balloon work, it's easy as pie,  
Just throw off a sand bag and up you will fly.  
Hydrogen is light and therefore you rise  
Higher and higher into the skies.  
One little caution when you descend;  
Don't strike a match or it will be the end.  
There's many more pages before you can rest  
And tonight's homework is — learn for a test.

Godfrey Evans, IIG1.

## "AUSTRALIA ALL THE WAY"

"I came, I saw, I conquered," said Caesar when  
he came  
To England many years ago,  
For power and for fame.

"I have taken seisen," said William when he  
came  
To England many years ago,  
For power and for fame.

"All the world is a stage," said Shakespeare  
when he came  
To England many years ago,  
To write himself to fame.

When Cook came to Australia, I don't know  
what he said,  
And what about Matt Flinders,  
What about old Ned? (Kelly)

Well, those famous fellows didn't have much  
to say  
But I'd rather live in Australia  
Than England or Cathay.

For we've got aborigines, in their little huts  
out-back,  
Kangaroos and Koalas,  
These, other countries lack.

And what about the Aussie talk,  
And the famous Aussie smiles?  
Nothing more welcome you'd ever find,  
If you went a million miles.

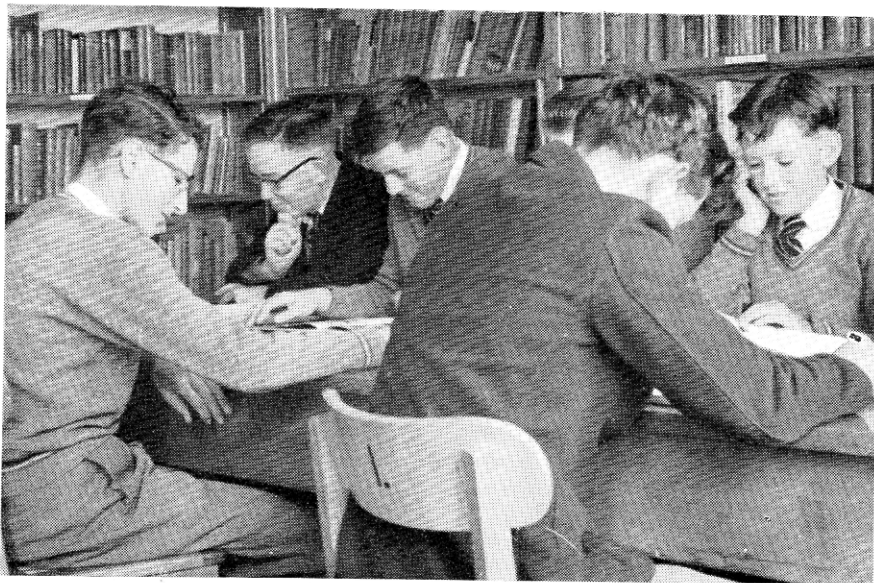
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Peter Hanna, IIG1.

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### A BUSHFIRE

The sun beat down upon the hard dry ground;  
A tiny wisp of smoke twirled round and round,  
As inch by inch it drifted slowly upward,  
Curling and creeping through the low dead  
grass.

A crackle and a pop, and a bright red flame  
appeared  
Spreading round the tall hot trees  
That stood, so naked, in the blazing heat,  
The flames licked round their old, grey trunks,  
And the curling leaves did wither  
In the hot dry heat.

The air was filled with stifling hazy heat,  
And sqawking birds now fled from tree to tree,  
While snakes slithered swiftly through the dry  
undergrowth.

So still and dead it all had seemed,  
But now there was scurry and fright,  
As birds and animals fled from the terrible  
heat;

The flames roared and crackled, and at every  
moment, Crash!

As trees thundered to the ground,  
Trapping in their boughs the terrified animals  
Fleeing for their lives.

Through gullies, creeks and streams  
The flames leapt and swept and fought,  
For in their path could nothing stand,  
No matter what its might.

Elizabeth Davies, IV.

### SOUNDS AT NIGHTFALL

One unusually warm winter evening I was  
standing at the side of the house, listening.  
Many sounds came to my ears: sounds which I  
had heard hundreds of times before but of  
which I was not, until then, acutely aware. It  
was becoming dark, just after six o'clock, and  
children and parents both were going home to  
tea and a quiet and peaceful evening.

Did I mention a quiet evening? Perhaps it  
would become quieter, though at the time it  
seemed that the noise would continue through  
the night. It is strange how deaf children  
become when they wish.

Mrs. Worried, next door, was calling her ten-  
year-old son.

"Billy, Billy! Come home at once! B-I-L-L-Y!"

Mrs. Irritable was also looking for her little  
boy. She was trying to persuade Jimmy, her  
youngest son, to go to the corner and see if his  
brother was in sight. She was becoming very  
angry.

"You go t' the corner an' see if Johnny's  
comin'," she cried.

"No! It's too dark. I'm not goin', so there,"  
yelled Jimmy tearfully.

"Go an' see if 'e's comin' home or I'll put the  
strap around your legs, an' then you'll be  
sorry."

The footsteps of the boy sounded slow and  
reluctant as he proceeded towards the corner to  
look for his brother.

Further down the road a man was trying to  
repair his motor horn. A very feeble sound with

a very slight resemblance to a motor car's  
sounding device was heard.

"Darn! I'll never fix the stupid thing," cried  
Mr. Fixit.

"Come in for tea," someone was calling.

I could not see anything except the street-  
lights which were already burning. Cars were  
still hurrying by. Someone was whistling  
merrily.

"Honk, honk, honk."

"B-I-L-L-Y!"

"Come in to tea, George!"

"Tra - la - la - la - la."

"Will you quit bawlin'?"

"Rosalie, your tea is on the table, dear.  
Rosalie! Roses! Where in the name of heaven  
can that girl be."

My thoughts were broken and I was hungry;  
consequently, my eaves-dropping ceased for  
that night.

Rosalie Craddock, Leaving.

### THE OLD BUCCANEER

With his three-cornered hat, and his long, worn  
pipe,

His scarf bright and gay, and his faded, blue  
coat,

The old buccaneer sits.

His wrinkled, bronze face lights with joy,

Remembering his life as a lad

When he played in rock pools and fished.

He remembers this and more.

He shines his old, buckle shoes,

And says maybe a word or two, to a passer-by,

"The weather is fine" or "Good-day to you."

Nothing more, nothing less.

He puffs his pipe and dreams a little more

Of battles won and lost,

Of roaring seas tossing their mane to the  
heav'ns,

And how he conquered all.

With his three-cornered hat, and his long worn  
pipe,

His scarf bright and gay, and his faded, blue  
coat,

The old buccaneer sits.

M. Burgess. IIC1.

### HUSBAND AND WIFE ABOUT THE HOUSE

Help me shift this closet here,

And hang these curtains, will you, dear?

And tack this tack when you are through,

And mend this drawer, and this one too.

And, while you are about it Don,

I wish you'd put the kettle on.

And set up the cups, and make some tea.

While I make some cakes for you and me.

Now help me wash-up will you, dear?

And wipe up too, while you are here.

And clean the grate of last night's fire,

Then when you've finished, we'll retire.

Grant Simes, IIG1.

## LEARNING TO DRIVE

Although this cannot be classed as a terrifying experience, it is certainly an exciting one. For a week I 'swotted' the questionnaire and then one night after school, shaking with nerves, I went to the police station, answered the twelve questions, and passed. Quite easy! For the following nights I would look eagerly in the letter box, until one night I received an official-looking letter with a "little window" in front. At last my licence had arrived.

My father consented to take me for a drive and he was very patient, but when I forgot to give a hand signal and turned the corner in fourth gear at forty miles an hour, he at last lost all his patience and decided that we had better return home. The last few times that I have been driving were with my mother, but never again! I was told to drive out to the brick kiln and then cut on to the bitumen road by the airport. This was a really enjoyable drive, but when we neared Port Pirie I felt Mum stiffen. "Watch that bend," she ordered. I was peering to see what she was talking about, and saw a small curve in the road, but just to please her I slowed down. We crawled along Wandearah road at twenty-five miles per hour and came to an intersection where I gave a perfect hand signal, stopped, changed to a lower gear and turned smoothly around the corner. At the intersection of Balmoral Road and The Terrace I disgraced myself. For a hundred yards before the corner I had been given a running commentary on the rules of the road. "Give a clear hand signal; slow down and stop; look to the right; keep your eyes on the road."

"Yes Mum," I answered, quite sure I was all right. As I approached the intersection I appeared to be a perfect driver but when I changed into first gear to cross I nearly stalled the car, but not quite, and 'jumped' over the intersection. My mother, I think, must have been so frightened that she lost her voice. However, the drive from here to our home, was quite uneventful, but when we reached our gate I saw Dad talking to some men friends. I became flustered, nearly scraped the gate, slammed on the foot brake and stalled the car. All the men laughed, much to my embarrassment.

I have progressed since then, but I am quite sure that the saying, "We learn by our mistakes," is absolutely true.

Evelyn Nyman, Leaving.

## 14" x 14"

A handkerchief is a wonderful thing to my young brother.

When tied around arms or legs, it creates a wounded soldier, around the lower half of the face, a bandit, over one eye, a pirate, or tied to the end of a stick, it signifies a flag of truce or battle.

It gives a last minute shine to muddy shoes and it's wonderful for polishing an apple or for secreting an unfinished sweet.

If nothing else can be found, it is wonderful for blowing his nose.

Denise Johns, IIC1.

Thirty Six

## SHIPWRECKED

The sea, no longer the blue, sparkling sea in which I so enjoyed swimming on a hot summer's day, friendly, cool and refreshing, had become an angry, grey, heaving mass of water and tremendous waves.

I had sailed my small yacht from the harbour on a day of blue sky and sunshine, with a brisk breeze filling the sails. Feeling contented and happy with the joy of skimming over the waves, I failed to notice the clouds which were gathering until they had completely hidden the sun. I turned the yacht about and headed for shore, but the wind rose quickly and the storm had broken upon me before I reached the safety of the harbour. The wind tore at the sails and the waves tossed and pounded my boat until at last it capsized and left me struggling in a sea which seemed intent upon destroying me as it had destroyed my yacht.

Swimming towards the beach, I knew I was almost exhausted and would soon be able to do no more than try to keep myself afloat, when a great wave caught me up, swept me shorewards, and tossed me into the shallows. The screaming of the gulls, diving and swooping overhead, suddenly became the ringing of my alarm clock as I awoke from a dream.

C. Beauchamp, IG1.

## HISTORY DATES

Dressing and eating were far from easy,

Even in thirty five thousand B.C.

You might have seen Julius Caesar arrive,

If you'd lived in B.C. 55!

"It's William of Normandy up to his tricks!"

Cried Harold at Pevensey — 1066.

King John was anything but keen

On the Magna Carta in 1215

The English thought the Scots unsportin',

At Bannockburn, in 1314.

Columbus discovered horizons new,

In fourteen-hundred-and-ninety-two.

The Spanish ships were much too great,

In the Channel in 1588.

Cried the Pilgrim Fathers. "A land of plenty!"

(Scene: America, 1620).

Very Uncivil, and naughty too,

England's war of 1642.

"Gosh!" cried the sparrows, "who thought we'd


See the Wright Brothers fly in Nineteen-

three?"

Pam McManus, IIG2.

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<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Leaving</b> No. in Class: 50</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Alan Burgess . . . . 88.8 S</li> <li>2. Beverley Wood . . . . 88.6 E</li> <li>3. Edward Nunan . . . . 85.0 B</li> <li>4. Jonathan Steele . . . . 83.3 E</li> <li>5. Maxine Connor . . . . 81.7 F</li> <li>6. David Mitchell . . . . 81.3 S</li> <li style="padding-left: 20px;">Ray Adams . . . . 81.3 S</li> </ol>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Class IIG2</b> No. in Class: 42</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Michael Kiosoglous 78.1 E</li> <li>2. Rodney Green . . . . 74.3 E</li> <li>3. Kayelene Murdoch 72.7 F</li> <li>4. Barry Baver . . . . 71.5 S</li> <li>5. Barry Smart . . . . 69.2 F</li> <li>6. Victor Palumbo . . . . 68.6 S</li> </ol>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Class IG2</b> No. in Class: 56</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Faye Svigos . . . . 85.2 B</li> <li>2. Helen Murdoch . . . . 82.1 F</li> <li>3. Rosemary Willson 80.8 B</li> <li>4. Peter Adams . . . . 79.5 F</li> <li>5. Jill Errington . . . . 79.1 F</li> <li>6. Garry Button . . . . 78.6 B</li> </ol>
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Class IIIG1</b> No. in Class: 39</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Angela Mudge . . . . 90.4 F</li> <li>2. Terry Evans . . . . 90.1 S</li> <li>3. Richard Smith . . . . 88.4 E</li> <li>4. Tony Banytis . . . . 85.9 E</li> <li>5. Geoffrey Barnes . . . . 85.0 S</li> <li>6. Elizabeth Venning 84.1 S</li> </ol>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Class IIT1</b> No. in Class: 41</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. George Neagle . . . . 82.0 F</li> <li>2. Graham Gransden 77.0 S</li> <li>3. Robert Good . . . . 76.0 F</li> <li>4. Barry Pearson . . . . 72.0 E</li> <li>5. Philip Smart . . . . 72.0 F</li> <li>6. Philip Price . . . . 70.0 S</li> </ol>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Class IT1</b> No. in Class: 40</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. B. Couzner . . . . . 81.5 F</li> <li>2. M. Gallant . . . . . 76.5 S</li> <li>3. T. Turner . . . . . 76.3 B</li> <li>4. D. Murdock . . . . . 75.0 B</li> <li>5. A. Reed . . . . . 74.6 S</li> <li>6. D. Key . . . . . 74.3 S</li> <li style="padding-left: 20px;">D. Dahlenburg . . . . . 74.3 S</li> </ol>
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Class IIIG2</b> No. in Class: 36</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Desmond DeDear . . 72.4 S</li> <li>2. Peter Strachan . . . . 72.3 E</li> <li>3. Graham Markham 71.9 B</li> <li>4. Geoffrey Gibbons 70.6 F</li> <li>5. Terry Lamshed . . . . 69.9 B</li> <li>6. Geoffrey Lines . . . . 68.4 S</li> </ol>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Class IIT2</b> No. in Class: 40</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. M. Polmear . . . . . 66.5 B</li> <li>2. W. Byrnes . . . . . 66.0 F</li> <li>3. W. Hards . . . . . 63.0 S</li> <li>4. D. Eiffe . . . . . 61.2 S</li> <li>5. T. Higginbottom . . 60.8 B</li> <li>6. R. Heller . . . . . 60.7 F</li> </ol>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Class IT2</b> No. in Class: 37</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Paul Turner . . . . . 84.0 B</li> <li>2. Kevin Gowan . . . . . 74.0 B</li> <li>3. Norman Thomas . . . 70.0 E</li> <li>4. Noel Smith . . . . . 67.0 F</li> <li>5. Brian Eiffe . . . . . 67.0 S</li> <li>6. Ian Roberts . . . . . 66.0 E</li> <li style="padding-left: 20px;">Wayne Warwick . . . . . 66.0 E</li> </ol>
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Class IIIT</b> No. in Class: 21</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. D. Cunningham . . . 69.2 E</li> <li>2. W. Johns . . . . . 67.8 E</li> <li>3. J. Tonkin . . . . . 66.0 B</li> <li>4. W. Antonias . . . . . 65.5 E</li> <li>5. R. Boath . . . . . 65.0 B</li> <li>6. G. O'Dea . . . . . 64.8 E</li> </ol>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Class IIC1</b> No. in Class: 37</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Ailsa Jensen . . . . . 88.1 E</li> <li>2. Alison Bowley . . . . 85.1 B</li> <li>3. Denise Stark . . . . . 84.7 F</li> <li>4. Jeanette Richards 81.8 B</li> <li>5. Barbara Franklin 80.4 E</li> <li>6. Kerry Axon . . . . . 79.8 F</li> </ol>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Class IC1</b> No. in Class: 41</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Christine Gledden 86.0 F</li> <li>2. Margaret Webb . . . . 85.2 F</li> <li>3. Janice Maxwell . . . . 80.2 S</li> <li>4. Margaret Stigwood 77.5 E</li> <li>5. Barbara Walker . . . . 76.3 B</li> <li>6. Meredith Craddock . . 75.0 B</li> <li style="padding-left: 20px;">Rosanne Johnson . . . . 75.0 B</li> </ol>
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Class IIIC</b> No. in Class: 36</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Margaret Reynolds 85.0 B</li> <li>2. Pamela Crispin . . . . 80.1 F</li> <li>3. Christanthy . . . . . 76.8 B</li> <li style="padding-left: 20px;">Theologou . . . . . 76.8 B</li> <li>4. Helen Lawlor . . . . . 76.0 E</li> <li>5. Marjorie Kelly . . . . 75.8 B</li> <li>6. Dianne Gum . . . . . 73.9 F</li> </ol>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Class IIC2</b> No. in Class: 34</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. R. Dixon . . . . . 73.1 F</li> <li>2. S. Strachan . . . . . 72.6 S</li> <li>3. P. Williams . . . . . 72.4 B</li> <li>4. P. Milburn . . . . . 72.0 F</li> <li>5. J. Farrell . . . . . 71.7 F</li> <li>6. M. Burgess . . . . . 71.3 B</li> </ol>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Class IC2</b> No. in Class: 35</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Ann McDougall . . . . 66.0 S</li> <li>2. Beverley Slaven . . . . 66.0 E</li> <li>3. Ann Politis . . . . . 64.0 E</li> <li>4. Christine Sherry . . . 63.0 F</li> <li>5. Ruth Pointon . . . . . 62.0 S</li> <li>6. M. Lamont . . . . . 62.0 E</li> </ol>
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Class IIG1</b> No. in Class: 46</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Judy Magor . . . . . 88.1 E</li> <li>2. Margaret Jensen . . . . 87.9 B</li> <li>3. Tony Orchard . . . . . 84.3 E</li> <li>4. Shirley Burgess . . . . 82.9 S</li> <li>5. Grant Simes . . . . . 82.4 B</li> <li>6. Godfrey Evans . . . . 78.7 E</li> </ol>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Class IICx</b> No. in Class: 23</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Judith Dixon . . . . . 74.0 B</li> <li>2. Pamela Francis . . . . E</li> <li>3. Rosemary Sly . . . . . 71.0 F</li> <li>4. Margaret Nickels . . . E</li> <li style="padding-left: 20px;">Anne Schebella . . . . 70.0 S</li> <li>6. Karyl McDonald . . . . 69.0 E</li> </ol>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Class IC3</b> No. in Class: 32</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Marlene Wilson . . . . 78.0 F</li> <li>2. Moira Brown . . . . . 72.0 B</li> <li>3. Helen Evans . . . . . 70.8 S</li> <li>4. Mignon George . . . . 70.8 E</li> <li>5. Pauline Manners . . . 69.7 B</li> <li>6. Rosemary Fridd . . . . 69.1 B</li> </ol>
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Class IIG1</b> No. in Class: 46</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Mary Potter . . . . . 88.7 F</li> <li>2. Penelope Barnes . . . . 88.0 S</li> <li>3. John Harmer . . . . . 84.7 B</li> <li>4. Laraine Diggins . . . . 84.0 B</li> <li>5. Neville Joyce . . . . . 83.6 S</li> <li>6. Christopher . . . . . 83.1 S</li> <li style="padding-left: 20px;">Beauchamp . . . . . 83.1 S</li> </ol>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Class IG1</b> No. in Class: 46</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Mary Potter . . . . . 88.7 F</li> <li>2. Penelope Barnes . . . . 88.0 S</li> <li>3. John Harmer . . . . . 84.7 B</li> <li>4. Laraine Diggins . . . . 84.0 B</li> <li>5. Neville Joyce . . . . . 83.6 S</li> <li>6. Christopher . . . . . 83.1 S</li> <li style="padding-left: 20px;">Beauchamp . . . . . 83.1 S</li> </ol>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Class IC3</b> No. in Class: 32</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Marlene Wilson . . . . 78.0 F</li> <li>2. Moira Brown . . . . . 72.0 B</li> <li>3. Helen Evans . . . . . 70.8 S</li> <li>4. Mignon George . . . . 70.8 E</li> <li>5. Pauline Manners . . . 69.7 B</li> <li>6. Rosemary Fridd . . . . 69.1 B</li> </ol>

## TERM II RESULTS, 1960

**Leaving**  
No. in Class: 45

1. Beverley Wood ..	90.8	E
2. Alan Burgess ..	87.5	S
3. Edward Nunan ..	82.0	B
4. Jonathan Steele ..	78.7	E
5. David Mitchell ..	78.0	E
6. Raymond Adams ..	77.0	S

**Class III G1**  
No. in Class: 40

1. Richard Smith ..	90.3	E
2. Terence Evans ..	88.6	S
3. Geoffrey Barnes ..	86.9	S
4. Tony Banytis ..	85.0	E
5. John Svigos ..	84.9	B
6. Russell Malcolm ..	81.0	B

**Class III G2**  
No. in Class: 36

1. Desmond DeDear ..	72.0	S
2. Geoffrey Gibbons ..	69.0	F
3. Terry Lamshed ..	68.0	B
4. Brian Lawrie ..	65.6	F
5. Geoffrey Lines ..	65.5	S
6. Peter Strachan ..	64.5	E

**Class III T**  
No. in Class: 18

1. Jeff Tonkin ..	64.5	B
2. Ron Roberts ..	63.5	E
3. Warren Johns ..	63.0	E
4. Anthony Rogers ..	62.0	S
5. John Wiercinski ..	61.1	S
6. Bill Antonias ..	60.8	E
David Cunningham	60.8	E

**Class III C**  
No. in Class: 33

1. Margaret Reynolds	81.4	B
2. Pamela Crispin ..	76.7	F
3. Helen Lawlor ..	76.6	E
4. Marjorie Kelly ..	75.0	B
5. Janice Henschke ..	74.7	F
6. Dianne Gum ..	74.4	F

**Class II G1**  
No. in Class: 44

1. Margaret Jensen ..	93.1	B
2. Shirley Burgess ..	87.1	S
3. Grant Simes ..	87.0	B
4. Judy Magor ..	86.9	E
5. Anthony Orchard	84.9	E
6. Kathryn Masters ..	83.5	B

**Class II G2**  
No. in Class 38

1. Michael Kiosoglous	79.3	E
2. Barry Bauer ..	71.9	S
3. Rodney Green ..	69.3	E
4. Kaylene Murdock	66.6	F
5. Barry Smart ..	65.1	F
6. Victor Palumbo ..	63.0	S

**Class III T1**  
No. in Class: 40

1. George Neagle ..	82.0	F
2. Robert Good ..	81.0	F
3. Howard Munro ..	79.0	B
4. Philip Smart ..	79.0	F
5. Graham Gransden	75.0	S
6. Barry Pearson ..	75.0	E

**Class: III T2**  
No. in Class: 38

1. D. Eiffe ..	65.2	S
2. W. Hards ..	64.0	B
3. P. Polmear ..	63.8	B
4. W. Byrnes ..	63.5	F
5. K. Bee ..	61.7	B
6. R. Heller ..	61.3	F

**Class III C1**  
No. in Class: 33

1. A. Jensen ..	89.7	E
2. D. Stark ..	87.0	F
3. A. Bowley ..	85.7	B
4. J. Richards ..	77.2	B
5. D. Kershaw ..	75.5	S
6. K. Axon ..	73.8	F

**Class III C2**  
No. in Class 30

1. J. Farrell ..	69.8	F
2. L. Heneker ..	69.1	B
3. P. Williams ..	68.2	B
4. M. Burgess ..	68.1	B
5. R. Dixon ..	67.5	F
6. P. Martin ..	66.5	F

**Class: III Cx**  
No. in Class: 19

1. Pamela Francis ..	73.0	E
2. Judith Dixon ..	72.0	B
3. Christine Connor	71.0	B
4. Francis Sly ..	69.0	F
5. Corrine Woolman	66.0	E
6. (Three tied for 6th pos.)		

**Class IG1**  
No. in Class: 46

1. Penelope Barnes ..	90.4	S
2. Neville Joyce ..	87.0	S
3. Laraine Diggins ..	86.3	B
4. Allen Simmonds ..	80.7	S
John Harmer ..	80.7	B
6. Gavin Saint ..	80.6	B

**Class IG2**  
No. in Class: 54

1. Faye Svigos ..	83.9	B
2. Helen Murdock ..	81.6	F
3. Rosemary Willson	79.9	B
4. Peter Adams ..	78.8	F
5. Gary Mathews ..	77.9	B
6. Jill Errington ..	77.6	F

**Class IT1**  
No. in Class: 40

1. Barry Couzner ..	85.5	F
2. Denis Murdoch ..	78.7	B
3. Wellesley Smith ..	77.6	B
4. Michael Gallant ..	77.0	S
5. Philip LaForgia ..	76.6	B
6. Kenneth Millard ..	75.6	E

**Class IT2**  
No. in Class: 34

1. Paul Turner ..	83.0	B
2. Kevin Gowan ..	75.0	B
Norman Thomas ..	75.0	E
4. Trevor Hubert ..	71.0	E
Wayne Warwick ..	71.0	E
Brian Eiffe ..	71.0	S

**Class IC1**  
No. in Class: 37

1. Margaret Webb ..	83.8	F
2. Christine Gledden	80.5	F
3. Meredith Craddock	79.8	S
Janice Maxwell ..	79.8	S
5. Rosanne Johnson	73.3	B
6. Margaret Stigwood	73.2	E

**Class IC2**  
No. in Class: 33

1. Anne Politis ..	70.3	E
2. Marilyn Lamont ..	70.2	E
3. Margaret Lines ..	66.9	E
4. Bev Slaven ..	65.3	E
5. Ruth Pointon ..	63.5	S
6. Christine Sherry ..	63.5	F

**Class: IC3**  
No. in Class: 30

1. M. Wilson ..	77.0	F
2. H. Evans ..	73.0	S
3. B. Foster ..	70.1	F
4. H. Schmerl ..	70.0	S
5. R. Fridd ..	69.0	B
6. M. Brown ..	68.1	B

## PUBLIC EXAMINATION CERTIFICATES 1959 — LEAVING

<p>ASSER, D. A.; Eng., Mod.H., M1., M2., Pc., C., Spec. M.</p> <p>ASHMAN, C. R.; Eng., Mod.H., M1., M2., Pc., C., Spec. M.</p> <p>BRANFORD, A. G.; Eng., M1., M2., Dr.</p> <p>BROUGHTON, W.; Eng.(Q), Mod.H., M1., M2., Pc., C.</p> <p>CADDY, P. M.; Eng., Mod.H., M1., M2., Pc., C.</p> <p>CHIVELL, M. E.; Eng., Mod.H., M1., M2., P., C.</p> <p>COLMAN, F. J.; Eng., M1., M2., Pc., C.</p> <p>DAVIES, I. M.; Eng., L*, M1*, M2*, Pc*, C., Spec. M.</p> <p>DOYLE, A. N.; Eng., Mod.H., M1., M2.</p> <p>FRANKLIN, L. R.; Eng., M1*, M2., Pc*. C., Spec. M.</p> <p>GIBBS, J. B.; Eng., L., M1., M2., Pc., C*.</p> <p>GUM, R. D.; Eng., Mod.H., M1., M2., C.</p> <p>LEANE, R. E.; Eng., Mod.H., M1., M2., Pc., C.</p> <p>REICHEL, W. M.; Eng., M1., M2., Pc.</p> <p>SIBLY, J. M.; Eng., L., M1., M2., Pc., C., Spec. M.</p> <p>STANLEY, I. G.; Eng., L., M1., M2., Pc., C., Sp.M.</p> <p>VENNING, D. J.; Eng. (passed in supplementary), M1., M2., Pc., C.</p> <p>VINER SMITH, C. G.; Eng., Mod.H., M1., M2.</p> <p>WALTER, H. J.; Eng., M1., M2., Pc., C., Spec M.</p> <p>WILLIAMSON, G. A.; Eng., M1., M2., Pc.</p> <p>ADAMS, D. S.; Eng., Mod.H. M1., M2., Pl.</p> <p>GARDNER, P. R.; Eng. Mod.H., G., A*, Bk., Shd.</p>	<p>GOODRIDGE, A. J.; Eng., M1., M2., Pc., C*, Spec. M.</p> <p>LEAHEY, J. M.; Eng., Mod.H., A., Pl., Bk.</p> <p>MADIGAN, A.; Eng. Mod.H., M1., M2., C.</p> <p>MAGOR, L. M.; Eng., L., M1., M2., C., Pl.</p> <p>MANSON, R. J.; Eng., Mod.H., M1., M2.</p> <p>MILLBANK, A.; Eng., Mod.H., M1., Pl.</p> <p>NANCARROW, D. J.; Eng., Mod.H., M1*, M2., Pc., C., Spec. M.</p> <p>POTTER, J. M.; Eng*, L., M1*, M2*, Pc., C., Spec. M.</p> <p>SPECHT, K. E.; Eng., German, A., C., Bk.</p> <p>WELCH, D. H.; Eng*, Mod.H., M1., M2., C., Pl.</p> <p>WHITE, E. K.; Eng., Mod.H., M1., M2., C.</p> <p>WHITTLE, A. M.; Eng., Mod.H., M1., M2., C., Pl.</p>
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### Leaving Students sitting for Intermediate Subjects

CHANDLER, B. E.; Eng. (completed certificate)

DOYLE, A. N.; Gen.Sc. (completed certificate)

KIRK, K. B.; Eng.

WILLIAMS, D. M.; Pc. (completed certificate)

BYRNES, J. P.; -Typing.

SPECHT, K. E.; Eng. (completed certificate)

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## SCHOLARSHIPS GAINED IN 1960

### **BURSARY:**

DAVIES, Ian M.; POTTER, Judith M.

### **COMMONWEALTH SCHOLARSHIPS:**

DAVIES, Ian M.  
GIBBS, John B.  
NANCARROW, Dianne I.  
FRANKLIN, Lindsay R.  
POTTER, Judith M.

### **INTERMEDIATE BURSARY:**

BURGESS, Alan S.  
NUNAN, Edward E.,  
STEELE, Jonathan N.

### **GEDDES SCHOLARSHIP:**

WEBB, Janette I.

### **SHELL SCHOLARSHIP:**

BURGESS, Alan S.

**BOYS' TENNIS**



Standing: J. Dingle, D. Matters, T. McCarthy (Captain), A. Craigie.  
Seated: C. Mackey, T. Chandler, G. Croser, G. Simes, B. Brown.

**GIRLS' TENNIS**



Standing: J. Hutchinson, D. Gum, A. Mudge.  
Seated: B. Bessen, J. Davey, B. Olsen (Captain), J. Magor.

**SOFTBALL**

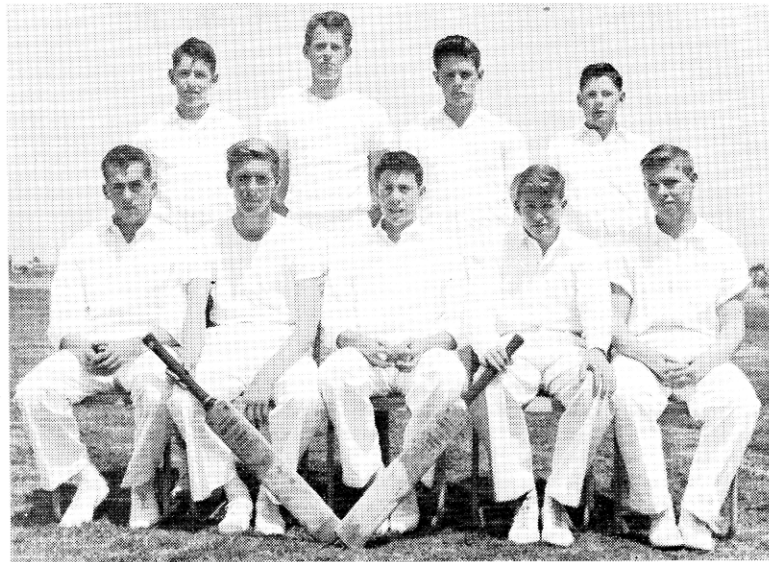
*John Reichelt*



*Patty Hards*

Standing: M. Reichelt, G. Sleep, B. Evely, M. Scarman,  
J. Farrell.  
Seated: D. Stark, K. Hutchison, J. Jobson (Captain),  
P. Hards, C. McGuire.

**FIRST XI**



Standing: G. Scarman, K. Turner, D. McDonald, G. Hewett.  
Seated: T. Jensen, J. Tonkin, R. Fowler (Captain), E. Nunan,  
R. Reichelt.  
Absent: D. Ashman, G. Cockshell.

## PUBLIC EXAMINATION CERTIFICATES 1959 — INTERMEDIATE

### Intermediate IIIT

BUTTON, A. L.; Eng., M1., M2., Pc., C., D., ShM.  
 COOMBLAS, J. N.; Eng., M1., M2., Dr., Sh.M.  
 MATTERS, D. J.; Eng., M1., M2., Dr., Sh.M\*.  
 PEARSON, I.; Eng., M1., M2., Pc., C., W.W.  
 TWINING, H. J.; Eng., M1., M2., C., Dr.  
 WATERS, C. A.; Eng., M1., M2., Pc., C., Dr., Sh.M.  
 WHELAN, S. P.; Eng., M1., M2., Pc., Dr., Sh.M.

Completed Certificate:  
 STEVENS, R. A.; Dr., W.W.

### Intermediate IIIC

AFFORD, L. M.; Eng., G., A., Bk., Shd., Typ., Nw.  
 BATTY, A.; Eng., G., A., Bk., Shd., Typ., Nw.  
 BLIGHT, E. R.; Eng., G., A\*, Bk., Shd., Typ.,  
 Nw\*.  
 CALVERT, P. A.; Eng., G., A., Bk., Shd., Typ.  
 CRADDOCK, R. J.; Eng., G., A\*, Bk., Shd., Typ.,  
 H.Sc.  
 HOGBEN, M. A.; Eng., G., A., Bk., Shd\*, Typ.,  
 H.Sc.  
 HONNIBALL J.; Eng., G\*, A\*, Bk., Shd., Typ.,  
 Nw.  
 HUTCHINSON, J. A.; Eng., G., A., Bk., Shd., Typ.  
 LESKE, G. J.; Eng., G., A., Bk., Shd., Typ.  
 MATTERS, C. F.; Eng., G., A., Bk., Shd., Typ.,  
 Nw.  
 SAINT, K. J. M.; Eng., G\*, A., Bk., Typ., Nw.,  
 Music.  
 STANYER, M. A.; Eng., G., A., Bk., Typ., Shd.,  
 Nw., Music.  
 STORER, M.; Eng., A., Bk., Typ., Shd., Nw.  
 VAN DER GIESSEN, M. W.; Eng., A., Bk., Typ.,  
 Shd., H.Sc.  
 WEBB, J. I.; Eng., G., A\*, Bk., Shd., Typ., H.Sc.,  
 Music.  
 WILLIAMS, L. A.; Eng., G., A., Bk., Typ., Nw.

Completed Certificate:  
 CHRISTOFIS, S. A.; Eng., A\*, Shd\*, Typ.

### Intermediate IIIG

ADAMS, R. L.; Eng., Fr., H., M1., M2., Pc., C.,  
 W.W\*.  
 ASHMAN, D. J.; Eng.(Q), L., H., M1., M2., Pc.,  
 C., ShM.  
 BURGESS, A. S.; Eng., L., H., M1\*, M2\*, Pc\*,  
 C\*, Sh.M., Music.  
 CHEESMAN, G. F.; Eng., L., H., M1., M2., Pc.,  
 C., ShM.  
 CROSER, G. K., Eng., Fr., H., M1., M2., Pc., C.  
 CUNNINGHAM, H. O.; Eng., H., M1., M2., Pc., C.  
 DINGLE, J. S.; Eng., His., M1\*, M2\*, Pc., C.,  
 Sh.M.  
 ELLIS, J. C.; Eng. Fr. H\*, M1., M2., Pc., C\*,  
 Sh.M.  
 EVANS, P. J.; Eng.(Q), H\*, M1., M2., C., W.W.  
 FRANKS, R. M., Eng., M1., M2., Pc., C., Bk\*,  
 W.W.  
 HEDLEY, D. O.; Eng., H\*, M1., M2., Pc., C., W.W.  
 HALL, N. D.; Eng., H., M1., M2., Pc., W.W.  
 McDONALD, B. J.; Eng., H., M1., M2., Pc., C\*,  
 Bk., W.W.  
 MITCHELL, D. S.; Eng., Fr., H., M1., M2., Pc.,  
 C\*, Sh.M.  
 NUNAN, E. E.; Eng., Lat., H\*, M1\*, M2\*, Pc.,  
 C., W.W.  
 PARIS, A. J.; Eng., H., M1., M2., Pc., C\*, W.W.  
 PRICE, D. E.; Eng., Fr., M1., M2., Pc., C., W.W.  
 SANDERY, D. L.; Eng.(Q), H\*, M1., M2., Pc\*,  
 C., W.W.  
 SHERRY, W. J.; Eng., H., M1., M2., Pc., C., W.W\*.  
 SORENSEN, J. R.; Eng., M1., M2., Pc., C., W.W.  
 STEELE, J. M.; Eng., H., M1\*, M2\*, Pc., C., Bk\*.  
 ARNOLD, G. J.; Eng., Fr., M1., M2., C., H.Sc.  
 BLACK, P. J.; Eng\*, H., M1., M2., C., Pc., Bk.,  
 H.Sc.  
 CONNOR, M. S.; Eng., Fr., H., M1., M2., C., Pc.,  
 H.Sc.  
 DAVIES, E. E.; Eng., H., M1., M2., C., Pc., Bk.,  
 H.Sc.  
 MADIGAN, G. F.; Eng., H., M1., M2., Pc., H.Sc.  
 NYMAN, E. N.; Eng., Fr., M1., M2., Bk., Music.  
 SCARMAN, M. I.; Eng., Lat., M1., M2., H. Sc.  
 SWINBURNE M. J.; Eng., His., M1., M2., Pc., H.Sc.  
 WILLSON, C. A.; Eng., Fr., H., C., Pc., H.Sc.

### Intermediate IIIGT

MACKEY, C. J.; Eng., H., M1., M2., El.Sc.  
 SCARMAN, W. M.; Eng., Fr., H., El.Sc.\*

**Autographs**

J. D. Day

J. M. Adams

J. Farrell

Daniel Quinn

J. Farrell  
Jewell Johnson

B. Bayley

Pam. McManus

A. Hutchinson  
M. C. Wall

Blhatman

Devil Luther

Maria Connor

M. Wilson  
A. Lawler

Shore

Mr. Morell

D. Beyer  
Kiddler

M. Reynolds

Fay Russell & Co.

Stard

Kathleen Key

Stevens

Schmerl

June Bunney

Charley F. Lockett

W. Lambert

R. Mudge

Over the water

Robert  
Steed  
Rodgers

Slib Sly

Pauline Stanton  
Gay Wanchore  
Leanne Palmer

~~9/12~~

Jan Wieranski 28  
Barbara Stanek  
2 C,

Raelene Atkinson

P. C. Pappmann  
Kay Atkinson  
Judy Magor

L Nelson  
Shelton (219)

M. B. B...

Beverly Foster

E. Walker

S. Duddy (?)

J. Burford

Gail Madiga

Barlene Scam...

R. Timms  
P. Whelan

4th Street

Black Patricia Buckley  
Bike  
Chris Theologian  
Pam  
M. Barnes

Bar. Burton

Jan Kempcke

Julia Jensen

Joe Mathews

Dorothy Scott

Nicky  
Patricia

Janette Webb

M. Wanchore

P. Wanchore

B. L. O...

Judy Hutchinson

Margaret Lewis

Ruth Pontre

Alvin

Bally

B. Epp

W. W. W...

Patricia Harris

Raelene Atkinson

~~Boys~~  
Miss Ann Price

