



S. FEWSTER — Seamstress



J. TREMAIN — Sir Joseph Porter



J. BIRT — Sweet Little Buttercup



V. PYERS — Musical Director



S. McCASKER — Producer

H.M.S. PINAFORE





C. SMITH — Carpenter



H. HATCH, I. McLAREN — Ralph and Josephine



J. DOOLEY — Dick Deadeye

9.35: We're lucky, get some recess. Dum-da-dum-dum!

9.36: Mr. Elace has the mike. He complains, "somebody has been rubbing all the dirty marks off the walls; I don't like it," he says. It made him feel cold. Dum-da-dum-dum-dahhHH!

10.00: Science! Room 9. Mr. Gyro has us for science. Dum-da-dum-dum-dahhHH! He takes a few test tubes, pours in a few chemicals and says, "abrica-dab-rica." "BANG!!" Goodbye Mr. Gyro. No more science!

10.20: There's a cop at the school, it is the "crime squad." Police search for cigars, jack-knives, cigs., etc. Vicitor has cigars and a bikechain; he is taken into custody. Dum-da-dum-dum! Dum-da-dum-dum-dahhHH!

10.45: Everybody is sorry to see him go.

10.55: Vicitor breaks down, "I want my mummie!!" Dum-da-dum-dum!!

10.55½: "Can't av'er boy." "I am innocent." "All right, boy, you can go back to school now."

11.15: Vicitor runs back to school, "nobody can break my love for school."

11.18: "Look, mum, I like it! Hurrah!! I like it."

11.59: Vicitor is back to routine, driving teachers mad. Dum-da-dum-dum!! Dum-da-dum-dum-dahhHHH!!

12.00: "Lunch."

12.45: All children are back at school, except Vicitor!

12.48: All teachers start crying. Very sad. But Mr. Doole, he is glad and he wishes a few more people would get lost.

12.50: All teachers mourn while Mr. Doole celebrates.

1.40: Vicitor returns. Dum-da-dum-dum-dahhHH!

1.42: All teachers celebrate while Mr. Doole mourns.

1.44: Vicitor is glad that Mr. Doole is mourning. Dum-da-dum-dum!! Dum-da-dum-dum-dahhHH!

1.59½: The pupils of Ila are having Mr. Doole for French. Most of the children in Ila speak English, but Mr. Doole he tries to make us speak French and he gets annoyed if we can't or don't, usually he tosses somebody out.

1.59¾: Recess! But Mr. Doole keeps us in. Dum-da-dum-dum!

2.20: "We don't like it."

Dum-d—Take the key! Turn the key!! Drive the mighty "Volkes-Wagon" for better motering—a-dum-dum!! Dum-da-dum-dum-dahhHH!

2.25: Mrs. Moecaskar has Ila for English; she has a policeman with her so that when she turns to write on the board MacRald can't throw chalk at her; he does not like this "'t'ain't fare!!" Dum-da-dum-dum!! Dum-da-dum-dum-dahhHHH!!

2.26½: Cop starts to cry. He goes and tells Mr. Elace how cruel she is. But like any other woman she gets away with it. Dum-da-dum-dum!!!

2.30: Cop was taken home to bed. He told a lie and now has Fibrositus. Dum-da-dum-dum!! Dum-da-dum-dum-dahhHH!

2.35: Mrs. Moecaskar leaves the room; MocRald and Vicitor have a scruff and they knock over a few desks; they like to fight; they're mad.

2.40: Mrs. Moecaskar returns and pulls them apart and shouts at them. "Get up!! Get out!! Get to the office!" Dum-da-dum-dum!

2.45: Vicitor and MocRald return, "we've been to the office and Mr. Hoemun gave us a block of Chocky." "Why?" "Because he doesn't like us fighting, so he gave us a block of chocky." Dum-da-dum-dum!! Dum-da-dum-dum-dahhHHH!!

2.50: Mrs. Moecaskar goes to the office for some chocky, too! But Mr. Hoemun won't giv'er any 'cos she wasn't in a fight. Dum-da-dum-dum!!!

2.55: She commits suicide. Dum-da-dum-dum! Dum-da-dum-dum-dahhHHH!!

2.59: The dog crys!

3.05: Cops are back at school again. Inspector Sham-rock Bones is after Vicitor again; suspicion of hitting Mr. Knicklersun with a bone. Dum-da-dum-dum! Dum-da-dum-dum-dahhHHH!!

3.10: Vicitor is in the clink. Dum-da-dum-dum!!

3.13: He doesn't like it.

3.15: He breaks out, jumps on his horse and rides into the west. He was never heard of again!

3.16: Mr. Doole is the happiest man in the world; he celebrates. Dum-da-dum-dum!! Dum-da-dum-dum-dahhHH!

3.17: Teachers cry for the rest of their lives. Very sad.

3.30: School is out!!! Hurray! Dum-da-dum-dum! Dum-da-dum-dum-dahhHHH!!

3.32: Slam!! locker-doors shouting!! Dum-da-dum-dum-dahhHHH!

3.35: All teachers have a headache.

3.37: Mr. Doole catches a boy without a cap on. "Where's your cap, boy?" "Don't need one, sir." "Why?" "'Cos I ain't in school uniform sir" "Why not!" "'Cos I ain't got a cap on."

3.40: Mr. Doole faints for a week!

3.50: The school is deserted and quiet and anyone passing the school would not know the things that could happen there.

END.

CRICKET

You have two sides, one out in the field and one in. Each man on the side that's in goes out, and when he's out he comes in, and the next man goes in until he's out. When they are all out, the side that has been out on the field comes in, and the side that has been in goes out and tries to get out those coming in. Sometimes you get men still in and not out. Then when both sides have been in and out—including the not outs—that's the end of the game.

Simple, isn't it?

—J. Spackman, IIIb.



... and does anyone claim this?

A TYPICAL FORM V INCIDENT

Mr. Gearing: "What is the formula for water?"

Form V Chem. Student: "HIJKLMNO? sir."

Mr. Gearing (Rage, Rage, Hair-pulling Stunts, etc.): "Are you trying to be funny?"

Student: "No sir, yesterday you said that the formula for water was H to O."

—lggle,V.

SOUNDS I LOVE

I love the sound of a babbling brook,
Racing down the glen.

In search of rest in a quiet nook
Far removed from men.

I love the sound of the wind and rain,
Lashing around my home.

My mind goes back to the ocean main,
Storms and spraying foam.

I love the sound of the mighty sea,
Breaking on the sand.

Its voice cries out in the night to me,
Beckoning like a hand.

I live the sound of the bumble bees,
Flitting to and fro.

In search of honey in the flowers,
Buzzing as they go.

I love the sound of the nightingale,
Singing loud and clear.

The notes they carry o'er hill and dale,
They are music to my ear.

The pitter patter of children's feet;
Mother's voice so dear.

I know that they are the sounds most sweet,
These I long to hear.

—Lorraine Graham, IVc.

THE KIDS WITH NO SCHOOL

(To the tune of "The Pub with no Beer")

Verse 1

OH it happened one night
What a wonderous sight,
Some school kids were playing
With some strong gelignite.
OH the teacher yelled out
"Don't do it you fool,"
But down went the gelley
And up went the school.

Verse 2

OH it's restful away
From the teachers and all,
Amongst a jungle of desks
Where the wild leather falls.
The teachers could whack us
Like the kick of a mule,
But we don't worry now
As we ain't got no school.

Verse 3

Then we all lit a bonfire
With schoolbooks for fuel,
There's no one to stop us
Gee man this is cool.
Other schools are all smitten
With envy and awe,
Revolution's in progress
The teachers withdraw.

Verse 4

The teachers are beaten
This they've realised at last
They're old and they're slow,
But we're young and we're fast
Our motto is "Freedom, and Fraternity"
The teachers are crushed,
That's a certainty.

—Kilday and Young Operatic Co. Pty. Ltd.



GIRLS' ATHLETICS

(Back row): G. Morgan, P. Stones, M. Fuentes, M. Poole, L. Dupree, M. McLaren, E. Jones, N. Butt, J. Grant, A. Abrecht, A. Theobald, N. Huguenin, W. Hine, M. Kitney.

(Front row): R. Jeffreys, L. Davis, E. Verey, I. Ortalja, V. Kolomyek, J. Bawden, M. Fastenrath, L. Sloan, L. Duder, M. Locke, A. Vincent, L. Loft, I. McLaren.

—Block donated by Yallourn and District Co-operative Society.



JUNIOR VIGORO

(Back row): T. Slusarczyk, L. Dupree, L. Maddern, Miss Sims, B. McInnes, S. Green, D. Bollen,
C. Sultana.

(Front row): M. Kitney, S. Wallace, N. Huguenin, W. Hine, L. Guy.

—Block donated by Elin's Shoe Store.



SENIOR VIGORO

(Back row): B. Abbey, M. Laker, M. Staiger, J. Bawden, Miss Sims, V. Steffen, M. Poole, D. Robson,
J. Humphries.

(Front row): L. Loft, M. McLaren, M. Bakker, E. Verey, L. Davis.

—Block donated by Miss E. M. Rose.

THE PURPLE PEOPLE EATER MEETS SELVIS BRESLEY

Once upon a time a flying saucer landed in a large tree on earth. A small friendly character with a horn protruding from his head above his one and only eye, emerged from the saucer, swaggered on to a limb, stretched his wings, rubbed his pigeon-toes together, then flew to the ground.

From the depths of a nearby city came the violent sounds of Selvis Bresley twanging on his guitar. Purple People Eater began to work himself into a frenzy with a real cool beat. He did back flips, forward flips, side flips and egg flips as he rocked his way to the city, leaving a trail of holes that his horn made when he spun on his head.

Purple wanted to be on television so he found his way to channel C-R-A-Z-Y 2 where, after convincing the operators that he was only a friendly Purple People Eater, he was given an audition. Very soon he was a star and all the hepcats tossed away their teddy-bear chains and bought slinkinkers that fitted around their feet, giving them pigeon toes. Even the grandmothers were buying Purple People Eater wings so that they could have a bit of a fling before they turned a hundred.

One day a broken-down and broken-hearted Selvis Bresley went to see Purple and, sobbing violently, told him not to be cruel, because ever since Purple had hit the headlines nobody had bought Selvis records, so that now instead of driving Cadillacs, he was pushing a scooter. Tears were streaming out of the soft-hearted Purple's eyes, and his horn shook with emotion when he told Selvis that for his sake, he would return to his own planet.

They both shook hands and made their way to the saucer. Purple looked sadly at the quiet scene, and then with a sad "tequila" he flew into the starry sky.

—Lindsay Tavner, IVa.

A HYMN TO HIM—BY YOUR FAIR LADIES OR FORM VI BOYS AT A GLANCE

CHENEY—"The Sheik of Scrubby 'Cheek'" (Sorry, upper lip.)
DUPREE—"There's Always Be An England." (While Aussie's on the map.)

FROMMES—"Come in, Stranger." (Long time no see.)

HAYES—"A loyere, and a lusty bachelor." (With apologies to Chaucer's Squire.)

LAWTON—"Never, never, never going to speed again." (Ain't Misbehaving—after the ball is over.)

McCARRICK—"Chances Are." (They'll compose a good one soon.)

POOLE—"Want a Lotta Lovin'?" (I've got a date with the prettiest girl in Burwood.)

ROSS—"Seven o'clock, eight o'clock, quarter to nine." (Lazy Dennis, will you get up!)

SCOTT—"Straight down the middle." (Watch the nineteenth, Hic!)

SLATTERY—"A White Sports Coat." (Where's the pink carnation?)

TAYLOR—"Oh Lucky, Lucky Me." (Ed. Note: Shouldn't it be—"Oh Lonesome Me?") (Only boy in Geography class.)

WINTERS—"Short Shorts." (Oh man! Dig those legs.)

—"Leave it to the Girls.

AN AUTUMN MORNING

An autumn morning is usually very cold and frosty, and the yellow, gold, red and russet leaves tumble to the ground like a leafy curtain of coloured lace. From the stiff twigs spider webs hang with sparkling dew clinging to them as if they were diamond necklaces. Every blade of grass looks as if it is frozen with the cold. As the sun peeps through the clouds it puts a warm glow on the grass, the flowers and the trees that once looked as if they were wax figures standing on a frosty field of grass.

—Sandra Lucas, Form Ia.

THE STEAMING, SCREAMING DEMON TEACHER

(Sung to the tune of the Purple People Easter)

Verse 1

I saw a creature come into our room,
It had a strap and a voice that boomed,
Our class which had been in such a riot,
Had suddenly turned to a place so quiet.

Chorus

It was a pet-lover, talker hater,
Steaming, Screaming, Demon teacher.
Pet-lover, talker hater,
Steaming, Screaming, Demon teacher.
Pet-lover, talker hater,
Steaming, Screaming, Demon teacher,
Terrifying to see.

Verse 2

He entered the room with such a stare,
And started piling notes on the blackboard bare,
He heard a voice and turned around quick,
And whacked the kid with the end of his stick.

Chorus

It was a _____ Terrifying to see.

Verse 3

At the five-minute siren he said to us,
If you haven't got the notes finished I'll make a fuss,
He praised his pet for being so fast,
But of all the notes, she'd only done the last.

Chorus

It was a _____ Terrifying to see.

Verse 4

At the end of the period he told his pet,
To come home with him because it was wet,
He left the room with such a smirk,
Because we had to do a ton of homework.

Chorus

It was a home-worker giver, Note Piler,
Steaming, Screaming, Demon teacher,
Homework giver, Note Piler,
Steaming, Screaming, Demon teacher.
Homework giver, Note Piler,
Steaming, Screaming, Demon teacher
Every pupil will agree.

SCHOOL HIT PARADE

ARITHMETIC—"Answer me."
HISTORY—"Tell me a story."
GEOGRAPHY—"Istanbul not Constantinople."
FRENCH—"C'est Magnifique."
SCIENCE—"Crashi Bang! Alakazam!"
ENGLISH—"If."
COOKERY—"If I knew you were coming I'd have baked a cake."
C.P.P.—"Let's do it again" (groan).
SHORTHAND—"Little things mean a lot."
MUSIC—"Kitten on the keys."
TYPING—"Woodpecker's Song."
R.I.—"He."
DETENTION—"They didn't believe me."
ASSEMBLY—"The more we are together."
9 p.m.—"Work! Work! in Moderation."
3.30 p.m.—"Oh happy day."
SCHOOL SOCIAL—"Put your shoes on Lucy."
MATHS—"Why don't we understand."
RAG APPEAL—"Take your glad rags off."
SWIMMING SPORTS—"Splish! Splash!"
FORM ASSEMBLY—"Yaketty Yak."

CAUGHT BY THE TIDE

In the growing dusk I stood hesitant wondering whether to seek shelter among the treacherous rocks overhead, or chance the raging sea. Below, the thrashing waves crashed relentlessly upon the crags. The tide had caught me unawares, and was slowly creeping up towards my ledge of safety.

I glanced desperately around again as the sound of voices above me, striving to talk against the anger of the sea, awoke me to action. I called frantically with little hope, but was gratified when shouted words were flung down to me.

"Help is coming."

Within a moment a rope slithered to my feet. I fastened it securely to a great boulder and started the treacherous ascent. One false movement and I would be floundering in the sea.

It was hard work, but at length I reached the top where willing hands pulled me to safety.

—Jennifer Harrison, Form Ia.

LIMERICKS

There was a brave girl of Connecticut,
Who signalled the train with her petticoat,
Which the papers defined
As presence of mind
But deplorable absence of eticut.

There was a young fellow of Lille,
Who ate far too hearty a mille,
He said: "*Parce que j'ai fait
J'ai pris trop de pain—*
And it's chiefly the *pain* that I fille."

There was an old man of Calcutta,
Who coated his tonsils with butta,
Thus converting his snore
From a thunderous roar
To a soft, oleaginous mutta.

—With thanks to Ogden Nash.

LYING IN BED

I often think what a pity it would be if we didn't have beds in which to lie, sleep, relax and think. Many people, I am sure, have determined new theories and ideas while just lying in bed relaxing. I, for one, lie in bed and think out all the duties I must perform that day, and also of foreign lands and their people, and how much I would like to visit them.

It is at night that I think of strange places, and as the wind whistles through the nearby pines, I can visualize old salts of "Tudor England" hoisting sails to the blustering winds and sailing off to find the land of spice, gold, and plenty. Then there are the nights when it is hot, and although the windows are wide open, not a breeze moves the lace curtains which hang in front of them. It is when there is a night such as this, that I can see the Romans drinking from golden goblets, eating juicy grapes, and laughing heartily as a bright young lass in long flowing drapes walks past. Also I can see natives in darkest Africa weaving through the trees, carrying long knives and spears, to kill a tiger that has been menacing the local villagers, or to hunt young deer and wild pigs to roast upon a spit outside their hut. Rain on the roof leads to another train of thought, and I pass through fogs and marshes, seeing great crocodiles, old ships lost on the sea, and Egyptians paddling their long, low boats through the reeds. I also think what a loss not to be able to hear the pitter-patter of light rain on the corrugated roof, or a great down-pour hitting the soft ground beneath.

Upon waking in the morning and hearing the unique song of the magpie, I want to rise quickly from my bed and proceed into the fresh, morning air. Often upon realizing that at school exams await me, I feel like throwing something at the bird, for wakening me up to such an unpleasant prospect. However, when examinations are over and it is time for holidays, I praise the magpie for telling me the glad news that it is time to wake up for the happy times ahead. But in the winter when the mornings are cold and wet, there is no cheerful bird to tell me of future happiness, only the dull patterings on the roof to tell me to wake up, dress, and hurry to school to freeze.

—M. Forbes, Form V.



SENIOR CRICKET

(Back row): I. McCarrick, D. Ross, Mr. Sherman, M. Porter, C. Smith.
(Front row): J. Scott, P. Hayes, A. Poole, J. Lawton, A. Spaul.

—Block donated by Mr. R. Hamilton.

A SUCCESSFUL DIET (Guaranteed)

B.—Weak tea.

L.—1 bouillon cube in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diluted water.

D.—1 pigeon thigh, 3 ounces prune juice (gargle only).

B.—Scraped crumbs from burnt toast.

L.—One doughnut hole (no sugar), one glass of dehydrated water.

D.—3 grains of oatmeal, broiled.

B.—Shredded eggshell skin.

L.—6 poppy seeds.

D.—Bees' knees and mosquito knuckles sauteed in vinegar.

B.—Boiled out stains of old table cloth.

L.—Belly-button of navel orange.

D.—3 eyes of Irish potato (diced).

B.—2 lobster antennas.

L.—1 tail joint of sea horse.

D.—Potesserie broiled guppy fillet.

B.—4 chopped banana seeds.

L.—Broiled butterfly liver.

D.—Jelly vertiba a la centfpede.

B.—Pickled hummingbird tongue.

L.—Prime rib of tadpole, aroma of empty custard pie plate.

D.—Tossed paprica and clover leaf salad.

NOTE.—A seven ounce glass of steam may be consumed on alternate days to give you something to blow off!

—Anonymous.



STEFANIA HORBACZ
FORM 3B

IN THE TREETOPS

In a thick and leafy tree,
Sheltered safe from you and me,
Fashioned with such loving care,
Swaying in the scented air,
Hangs a nest so soft and warm,
Hidden away from every storm.

On her nest as still as stone,
Sits the mother bird alone.
Dancing shadows now she sees,
Glimpse of sky above the trees,
Through the leaves, the wind astir,
Makes a gladsome song for her.

Calls of birds are in the air,
Singing of a day that's fair,
Murmuring of a distant stream
Comes to her as in a dream.
Children's laughter loud and gay,
Echoes down the woodland way.

Scent of wattle, hum of bee,
Call her from the sheltered tree,
Whispering leaves and dewy grass,
Tell her of the hours that pass.
But the mother sits alone,
On her nest as still as stone.

—Elizabeth Guy, Form IVc.

POTTERY WORKS — LAUNCESTON

We had heard about the pottery works in Launceston and we were recommended to go there.

When we pulled up outside, it appeared a dilapidated old building, not at all as we had expected, and it didn't look very inviting, but when we went inside, there were shelves of beautiful pottery set up around this eighty-year old building. There was no one in the shop, so we went right through to the back and there we saw the middle-aged potter at his wheel. He told us that his grandfather and his father had worked in this building before him and little had been done to alter it, except for the building of a modern oil-fired kiln.

He showed us the clay pit, from which he dug his clay, right behind his works. When the clay had been brought in he puddled it to the consistency he required, being careful to remove any gritty material.

After that he showed us the potter's wheel, which is a flat revolving disc. He threw the clay on to the disc and moulded it to the required shape with his hands, and some simple tools.

When it was completed, he put it in the larger bricked-in furnace. Each piece was supported on small stands to allow it to bake evenly. When the oven was full, and just before he sealed it with bricks and fire-clay cement, he would put in some test pieces which he could hook out when he thought that the pieces would be ready. When they were sufficiently baked, he would take them out and allow them to cool, and then paint them with a basic colour. This colour must then be baked on, after which he puts further coats of paint on them to suit his design. After the next and final baking, he waits till they cool, and then puts them on the tables.

We had a difficult and happy time trying to choose what we should have, and we were shown how good china would ring like a clear bell when struck lightly.

We left the potter after a very pleasant and interesting morning with our minds filled with a picture of all the lovely shapes and colours we had seen in the quiet of this old building, where one of the most ancient crafts is carried on by a man who so clearly loves his work, and the things he creates.

—E. Parsons, IIa.

REVIEW OF "THE SHIFTING HEART"

The aim of Richard Beynon's play, "The Shifting Heart," is twofold. He tries, while creating an entertaining play, to present the difficulties faced by migrants trying to adapt themselves to the ways of their adopted country. Because he has succeeded in fulfilling his aim, "The Shifting Heart" has proved a success with Australian audiences.

The play depicts the situation of the Bianchi family living in Collingwood, and shows a situation which must arise in every community where people with different backgrounds are trying to understand each other. For this reason, "The Shifting Heart" should be an appealing play, not only to Australian audiences interested in it as an Australian play, but of all communities in which the situations described in the play arise.

While the plot of "The Shifting Heart" is a simple but entertaining one, it does carry out the theme of the play to the greatest extent. Joy, sorrow, anger and remorse are woven into the lives of the characters in the play. While the trials of Leila Pratt and the situation of the Bianchi's with their other neighbours provide humorous moments, they set the atmosphere of the back-yard scene and the friction between the Bianchi family and the surrounding community. The author lost no time before introducing his theme. From the moment when the slimy, slippery fish is hurled at Poppa Bianchi who is contentedly playing his mouth organ, the friction between the Bianchi family and one of their neighbours is apparent. The fears of Maria and the attitude of Clarry to them, develop this theme, and the death of Gino, and Maria's reaction, bring the theme to a climax. The reason for Gino's death does, in itself, illustrate the theme of the play. His killing in a brawl which developed when he, although naturalized, wasn't allowed to enter the dance hall because of his foreign name, illustrates the attitude towards New Australians. So the theme of the play is firmly established at the beginning of the play and developed steadily throughout. This is, however, done in an entertaining way. The simple happiness of Momma at Gino's present, the unconvincing sorrow of Donny Pratt, the touching grief of the Bianchi family at Gino's death and the ultimate joy when Maria's baby is named Gino, all combine to create a stirring and very human story.

The dialogue of the play was very appropriate. The rough Australian speech of the Pratts, the awkward Italian accents of the Bianchi's, the ordinary natural speech of Clarry, and the abrupt, frank speech of Sergeant Lukie all aided in the creation of character. Leila Pratt's crude oaths and Donny's equally crude pleas establish the uncouth characters of that couple. The limited stumbling speech of the Bianchi family create them as a group of people feeling their way in a strange country, slowly becoming accustomed to their new language and way of life. The speech of Sergeant Luckie gave the impression of an ingenuous, unsympathetic man who felt that the Italians were inferior to his race. In all characters the dialogue aided in creating their individual personalities.

In general the production of "The Shifting Heart" was well done. The scenery was excellently designed and made. A typical slum backyard, the old verandah and back walls of a house which badly needed painting conveyed the atmosphere of poverty at first glance. As the glance turned into a critical scrutiny, the bare interior of the house which was visible, a dish cloth hanging on a nail, an old iron bed covered with a faded quilt on the verandah, an old wire door, faded curtains and the generally poor, dull, unhappy outlook of the scene established the impoverished atmosphere for the whole of the play. The broken fence palings which served as a gate, the overflowing dustbin which one could almost smell, and an old wooden bench completed the wretched picture.

Backed up by this excellent scenery, the characters of the play generally followed the established pattern and acted excellently. Leila Pratt was acted to perfection by Diane Bell. Leila's anger, misery, anxiety and general humorous though rough character was developed well and the crude humour of her words and actions

added entertainment to the play. Momma and Poppa Bianchi were excellently portrayed by Nita Parnell and Tom Farley. The simple touching feelings of Momma and the devoted antics of Poppa conveyed a homely trusting couple and their Italian accents were maintained without lapse throughout. Although Reg Lye, as Donny Pratt, played only a minor role, he, too, handled it with skill. Having been created by his wife's description before he appears, he proved worthy of that description when he did appear, and his few minutes on the stage established him as a sorry, hopeless figure, dominated by his wife while he was sober, and feeling for her in a rough way despite his actions during his drinking bouts. Walter Brown as Clarry Fowler was inclined to seem stilted and unrealistic in the opening scenes but he gradually improved until in some of the heated scenes after Gino's death he carried his part very effectively. Eve Hardwick as Mario, Clarry's wife, tended to forget her Italian accent and her lines were sometimes not audible. The part of Sergeant Lukie was not as well done as it could have been. While the amusing idiosyncrasies of Leila and Danny Pratt effectively created their "character" roles, the straight official part played by Lukie was more difficult to create convincingly. Because of the unconcerned attitude of his character, Lukie appeared to be a hard, unrealistic policeman. Broadbent was unable to convince the audience that his heart was behind his words and that it was not his lack of acting ability, but the unusually unrealistic character which he acted that was the cause of this. Because of the excellent acting of Momma, Poppa, Leila and Donny, any weaknesses which did occur were very noticeable.

The characters' costumes also suited their roles appropriately. The faded black dress of Momma's, covered frequently by a large print apron, and Poppa's creased trousers and old worn shirt were worn appropriately. Mrs. Pratt's cheap but clean, cotton skirt and blouse, obviously her best, Donny's untidy, uncared for appearance, the tidy every-day dress of Maria and Clarry were all well suited to the parts these particular characters played.

Although these were minor faults these were covered by the generally excellent production and presentation and "The Shifting Heart" proved itself to be an entertaining and valuable play.

—J. Scott, Form VI.



GERMAN SHEPHERD.

E STANDLEY 2 B



JUNIOR FOOTBALL

(Back row): C. Lawton, M. English, B. Garret, G. Dibsedale, P. Allford, Mr. Dooley, J. Carlisle, D. Haeyes,
L. Standley, R. Finlayson, R. Bush, J. Duncan.
(Front row): R. Robertson, F. Abbey, B. Kilday, R. Knight, I. Fleming, E. Mylechrane, I. Brown,
A. Smith, T. Smith.

—Block donated by Rockman's General Store.



SENIOR FOOTBALL

(Back row): D. Ross, A. Crilly, A. Milner, K. Selwyn, B. Quirk, G. Wigg, Mr. Tremain, T. Van Der Meche,
J. Lawton, B. Wallace, R. Poole, D. Rodgers, G. McHenry.
(Front row): R. Williams, T. Griggs, A. Spaul, D. Wallace, A. Poole, D. Farley, P. Hayes, R. Rawiller,
L. McCarrick.

—Block donated by Mr. R. Hamilton.

SPEAKING OF SCHOOL

The week before our term exams
We work with might and main,
Then sit for them in agony,
Some miserly marks to gain.

The weeks that follow term exams
Are just about as bad,
We wait for marks until we've lost
What hope we ever had.

And then one day the teacher gives
Our marks to us at last,
For those who aren't so good at school,
The happy days are past.

But when the holidays arrive
Our sadness goes away,
We laugh and shout and sing and dance
And happy games we play.

The holidays are o'er again,
And we return to school,
Our teachers try again to make
A genius from a fool!

—Rosemary Jeffreys, Form IVb.

I WISH I WAS A BIRD

I wish I was a little song bird
Happy as a king,
Soon I will tell you truly
Why it is I sing.

Early in the morning,
At the break of day,
High up in the blue sky,
In sweet tones I'd pray.

I'd pray to God the Father,
Every time I sing,
I'd pray and pray my homage,
To the great High King.

—Lena Debono.

ON GUARD

The night was cold and the wind was blowing hard from the south-east, whilst scud and nimbus were passing very rapidly past the moon.

I knew that tonight of all lights the sheep must have protection from the packs of wolves which nightly roamed the fields searching for easy prey to appease the gnawing pangs of hunger.

I prepared myself to face the bitter weather, clothed in leather jacket and helmet, long fur-lined boots and warm gloves. I picked up my rifle, already loaded and ready to fire at the first glimpse of a dark grey shaggy coat, and went out into the night.

The slip rail was down as I moved towards the east, behind the Bluff where the animals always headed for shelter.

A large dark cloud passed before the moon and the night grew dark. I could hear the uneasy bleating of the frightened sheep, for they knew that some sort of danger lurked near. Unconsciously I began to run, my breath coming in great gasps and then I saw them—eight huge grey shadows, their leader a magnificent brute almost as big as a horse. The sheep were bleating and running hither and thither as the scent of the wolves blew down upon them.

The leader stood silhouetted on the horizon. He lifted his great head and howled a long, low, blood-curdling howl. My aim was good. The wolf leaped high into the air, fell and lay still. The craven pack turned and fled, the clouds passed behind the moon and I knew that my flock was safe for yet another night.

—Cath Jansen, Form IVc.

LITTLE RED DRIVING HELMET

Once upon a time there lived a little girl called Little Red Driving Helmet. She lived with her mother in their own plastic bubble in sector thirty-six.

One day, her mother said, "Here, my daughter, take these vitamin pills to your grandma. She is feeling rundown lately." "Alright, Mum," said Little Red Riding Helmet. Soon she was driving along the super highway, well under the 300 m.p.h. limit. Suddenly, a low, sleek jet-car roared up alongside her. "Whar' is yo' going, chick?" said the wolf. "I'm going to my grandma's with these vitamin pills," replied Little Red Riding Helmet. "Yo' don't say," said the wolf, with wicked thoughts forming in his mind. "Well, so long, chick. See you later."

The wolf sped along to grandma's and pressed the door-bell. "Come in," said grandma, and the wolf jumped into the room, firing a reducing ray at the old lady. When she was about the size of his thumb, he put her in a test-tube in a rack on the desk.

Standing in front of the mirror, the wolf did a quick plastic-surgery job of his face, then he put on the old lady's clothes and climbed into her sleeping compartment.

When Little Red Driving Helmet came in, she looked at the fake grandma. Then she began to notice certain things. "Grandma, what big arms you have!" she said. "All the better to hug you with, my dear," said the wolf. "Why, Grandma! what makes you wear those X-ray glasses?" she asked. "All the better to see you with," said the wolf, drooling. "Why, grandma! What big lips you have," she said. "All the better to ———. (Ed.'s Note: Hem! CENSORED!). Come here!"

"Help," screams Little Red Driving Helmet, and a handsome uranium prospector ran in and disintegrated the wolf. Then he freed grandma, and Little Red Driving Helmet was so grateful that she married him and they lived happily ever after.

—J. Robert, IVa.

DRAB AND DREAR

The City is supposed to be glamorous and gay, but on this night it looked only dismal and drab. Though it was still early, there were very few people about, and those that were, were huddled in coats, hats, scarves, gloves and boots, along with umbrellas, so there was very little of them visible.

The rain made little haloes round the street lights and the traffic lights shone like iridescent bubbles. These were the only things to be seen. The gutters were overflowing and in their headlong journey swept everything before them. On their rushing waters sailed strange vessels such as orange peel, newspapers, boxes, and old shoes, even a bottle. Did it have a message in it like the bottles on the high seas? I wondered.

With a shriek and a skid a taxi came hurtling round a corner, slewing on the wet surface of the road and swishing in the puddles, sending water flying up over the windscreen. I pitied the passenger and remembered the quotation St. Peter is alleged to have said, "Taxi drivers have frightened hell out of more people than most ministers." This I could well believe. The roar of the engine as the car gathered speed floated muted up to my ears along with a squealing of rubber on the watery surface.

Rivulets ran down the walls of the buildings on the opposite side of the street and their darkened windows were like closed eyes. One light was on, but as I watched, even this blinked out. Raindrops chased each other down my own window and my warm breath smeared the cold glass. As I polished it clean I wondered how many others were sitting in the cosiness of their rooms gazing out into the night. With this thought I pulled down the blind and returned to my book and only the steady drumming of the rain on the roof kept me company.

—Ruth Brown, V.

JOHN FRIPPS GOES TO ?

John Fripps yawned, blinked and frowned at the road in front of him; it just wouldn't come into focus. He certainly had had a few too many tonight. The car hummed on; miles of slippery road passed quickly by.

John Fripps blinked again—there was a sharp turn floating in front of him. His foot groped clumsily for the brake-pedal; he didn't find it. The car crashed into a tree; John Fripps cannoned out through the windscreen, and crashed to the ground.

John Fripps was sprawled over soft, red cushions. He was in a carriage of red. Little flames seemed to dart out from everywhere. Perhaps it was only his imagination. There was a little red bell at his side. He rang it. Something clad in red appeared. "Yes, sir?" The man in red said it smoothly, too smoothly. "Where are we going?" The man in red did not answer. John Fripps asked a second time. The man in red looked past him and said, "A cigar, sir?" John Fripps's cigar was lighted. He puffed peacefully. "A beer, sir?" droned the voice again. "Why, yes." The liquid gurgled into the glass.

John Fripps looked out of the window. By the side of the road people were crawling. They looked "awfully uncomfortable." John Fripps frowned, closed his eyes, and thought hard. "Why didn't those people get a coach? 'Heavens' there were certainly enough of them. He, John Fripps wasn't crawling by the road—why?" Then slowly it dawned on him that he was dead. He put two and two together and concluded that he was in heaven. This was his idea of heaven alright. Well, it wasn't so hard to get there after all. John Fripps was happy; he rang for more beer. The coach rumbled on.

The coach had stopped on the brink of the raging inferno. "Why has the coach stopped," asked John Fripps slurringly. No one answered. John Fripps rang the little red bell. The man in red appeared—he seemed to be on fire. "Why hash we stopped?" asked John Fripps. "This is where you get out," said the man in red, with an evil smile of satisfaction over his face. "Where ish we?" asked John Fripps, beginning, for the first time, to fear that he was not in heaven.

The whole coach was on fire. The man in red broke into an evil cackle and shrieked "Hell!"

—Peter Van Hoot, IVa.



Arthur Poole at Drouin.

A POLICEMAN'S LIFE IS NOT A HAPPY ONE

The general impression is that the life of a policeman is one of great excitement and adventure; that he is forever chasing gangsters, murderers, car thieves, etc. I can assure you that this is far from true.

From time to time some extraordinary criminal case does happen, but generally, a policeman's lot is rather dull. Let me tell you of a typical day in the life of a policeman.

He reports for duty to his officer-in-charge, at a time specified by what is known as a duty roster. He then peruses a sheet setting out any specific duties for the shift. For instance several people may have appointments to go for a motor car driving licence. During peak periods or at special sporting fixtures he may be required to assist in controlling traffic, or he may have to act as an escort for a firm which is drawing its payroll from the bank.

He is expected to keep a look out at all times for flagrant breaches of traffic laws, and in this capacity assists the public in preventing accidents. Occasionally, he may be called on to arrest an intoxicated man, break up a disturbance or investigate a reported stolen car, but these occurrences only happen occasionally.

Before completing his turn of duty, he must make a written report, setting out what has taken place and sign it.

Usually a policeman's day does not end when he signs off at the station. He is invariably associated with police boys' clubs, or youth club organizations and so plays his part in moulding the characters of future citizens.

It may not be as exciting a life as some people imagine, but it is interesting and there is sufficient variety to prevent his life being monotonous.

—Lorraine Graham, Form IVc.

ACTION AT BUNKER HILL

"Keep still," said a voice.

Captain Johnson's warning came just in time, for as Gilbert came suddenly to a stop a bullet whined past his ear. Instantly the scouting patrol of Australian soldiers for "B" company were flat on their faces hugging the rough ground. The sixteen soldiers were pinned down by Japanese fire at the foot of Bunker Hill, which was their objective. The enemy fire was becoming very accurate and the Australians could not see the enemy.

Word was passed to the soldiers by their captain that their only hope was to make a dash for temporary cover behind some rocks which lay to the right of the men about one hundred yards distant. On order the patrol was on its feet and running desperately for cover. Immediately the bullets ripped the ground about running feet. Three men fell to an enemy hand grenade. The rocks were reached in what seemed to be a record-breaking run to the panting soldiers. The air was now still, and only at short intervals did it fan the men's faces. A plan was made that the patrol should split up, one under Captain Johnson and the other Private Thomas's group. Thomas's group were to crawl up the hill on the enemy's left flank and at zero hour, 2.30 p.m., John's half were to expose themselves to the enemy so that it could be possible for Thomas's men to jump the Japs.

Thomas's group left and it seemed ages to Captain Johnson before zero hour was reached. The decoy was given, followed by the surprise attack of Thomas and his men. It was literally hand to hand fighting, with men rolling around, gasping and struggling, each trying to destroy the other—then the attack was over and victory lay with the Australians, of whom there were seven left out of sixteen.

The sound of "13" Company approaching drew the soldiers away from the scene of battle and death. They were congratulated by the Company on having smashed a nest of Japanese soldiers, captured guns, and ammunition and having wiped out one dozen of the enemy. But above all, they were congratulated for the capture of Bunker Hill.

—Graeme McHenry, IVb.



JUNIOR HOCKEY

(Back row): M. Wood, G. Morgan, B. McInnes, M. Fuentes, M. Kitney, Mrs. Robertson, S. Green,
D. Bollen, S. Martin, T. Slusarczyk.

(Front row): C. Sultana, N. Huguenin, S. Wallace, D. Stevenson, L. Guy.

—Block donated by Elin's Shoe Store.



SENIOR HOCKEY

(Back row): M. McLaren, E. Verey, M. Laker, J. Bawden, L. Milne, J. Arbrecht, M. Poole, E. Jones,
G. Hulbe, L. Loft.

(Front row): E. Tait, S. Doxford, L. Smith, M. Bakker, L. Godridge.

—Block donated by Rockman's General Store.

MIDNIGHT ENCOUNTER

Jim crept out of bed at precisely eleven-thirty-five p.m. This may have appeared strange, but to see him fully clothed was even more strange. The window was silently pushed up and Jim hauled himself over the sill. He made his way to the garden shed for a piece of stout rope and a torch. He silently closed the garden-gate behind him and walked warily along the small bush track, stopping at intervals to listen intently to the noises the bush sent forth at night.

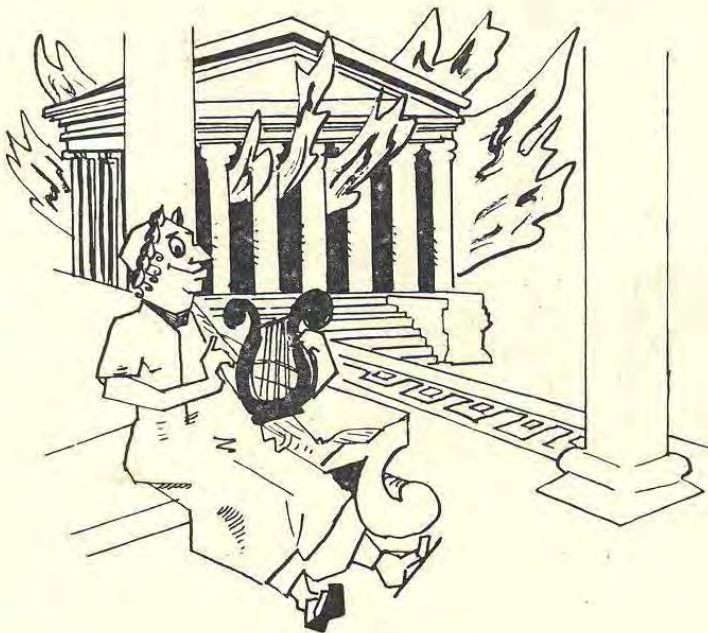
He began to wish he hadn't agreed to this engagement. A dare! His friend had to meet him in an eerie place at midnight. What was the sense in it anyway? An owl screeched. Jim clutched the rope tightly and stared fearfully about him. He then proceeded to clamber over the rocky path to the quarry, a large gaping hole with tunnels issuing from the west cliff. It was in the main tunnel of this old tin mine that Jim was to meet his friend, John, at midnight.

Suddenly he stopped; a joke formed in his mind. Instead of going to the opening of the tunnel, he would climb to a ledge which was about five feet above the entrance. From there he would try to frighten John. He made his way to the ledge. Unbeknown to him, his friend, John, was at this moment crouching behind a rock slightly to the left of the tunnel. But John was so busy settling himself with his apparatus, which consisted of a whistle, a jar of worms, and a length of rope, that he missed seeing Jim.

All was set. A figure appeared at the entrance. John put the whistle, which was supposed to emit an owl's call, to his mouth and blew. The hoot startled the figure in the tunnel and as if in answer to it, a cascade of dirt and water rolled from the ledge, seemingly making the other run into the throat of the tunnel.

John stepped up laughing, and looked up amazed to see Jim also laughing. The puzzle was soon explained and it was not till the boys were walking home that they suddenly thought about the mystery figure, which at that moment was scuttling into bed. It was merely Jim's younger brother, who, having seen Jim creep out, had decided to follow. He had blindly walked into the boy's trap and, immediately afterwards, being greatly scared, had removed himself hastily and hurried home to the welcome warmth of his bed.

—Leola Loft, Form IVa.



WITCH HUNT

The moon, which had been hidden behind big, menacing clouds, peeped down on the dark and rocky hillside of the country of Tamara. Far below, like a swarm of tiny ants, was assembled a great crowd of men.

Until now they had kept a deadly silence, but at the command of a leader hundreds of swords were lifted, a shout went up through the quiet air, and the assembly moved forward.

In bands of sixty, the Tamarians moved up the hill, amongst the tall crags, until they came to the entrance of the witches' grotto. Hern, the main leader, now raised his arm as a pre-arranged signal, and, accompanied by his staunch followers, he led the way into the dreaded caverns.

Almost immediately two witches were sighted in the gloom. They were bent over a tiny flame, from which arose the suffocating stench of scorched bats, and an eerie light was given off, which reflected back from the cold, blue walls of the cavern. Red spiders raced up and down the walls, and horror elves danced around the witches. On seeing these terrible beings, even the strongest of men felt afraid, but Hern led them undauntedly on after the witches, who had fled at the sight of him. Hern shouted to the men to separate as, with four men, he gave chase. The witches were crafty, doubling back through the caverns whenever they had a chance. Onward they fled, their long tangled hair streaming out behind them and their claw-like fingers reaching up to put out the fire-flies that lighted the caves. Hern snatched up a burning brand that had been placed on a wall, and with this to light their way, they raced after the hags.

Into the cavern of death they went. Here, scattered all round the floor, lay the horrible skeletons, while more danced about a pit in the centre of the floor, from which shot roaring flames. Next was the cave of hate, in which were thousands of bottles for herbs, to make people hate.

Finally, the witches lost their heads, and turned into a dead-end passage. Hern and his men grasped the screaming, struggling menaces, and carried them with difficulty back through the winding passages, through huge caverns, past bats, fire-flies, and skeletons, until, nearly dropping with weariness, they reached the entrance of the grotto. Here the rest of the Tamarians were assembled, having caught forty witches altogether.

The moaning hags had realized what was to happen to them, and they writhed on the ground, begging for mercy, but they were ignored.

They were tied securely with ropes, and fastened to rocks, so the morning sun would shine directly on them it rose.

Hern raised his spear for silence, and began to speak. "Fellow Tamarians! As you all well know we have been sorely pestered by these witches for the last three months." A shout of agreement arose from the men. Hern continued, "You also know that, today being Friday, the thirteenth, if these witches face the rising sun they will disintegrate, and nothing will remain. That is for the chase, and now brothers, I ask for silence while we wait for the sun."

The men stood silently while the dim sky became streaked with colours, the earth was lit, and the sun rose majestically.

The witches vanished, and the ropes hung limp, where they had been.

Scampering, dashing, running, walking.
Shouting, laughing, yelling, talking.
Dropping books and pencil cases,
Children hurrying to their places.
Work begins with noise and clatter,
Desks are banged and papers scatter.
Spilling ink, and flying chalk,
They settle down and cease their talk.
So now it's work for everyone,
Another schoolday has begun.

—Jennifer Gibby, Form IIa.

WITCH HUNT

The telephone rang in the office of Professor Gotcha, ghost-catcher, spirit-exterminator extraordinary, and president of the W.L.C. (Witch Liquidation Company). The conversation at our end ran something like this: "Hallo! Vot? . . . Yes, dis is Professor Gotcha . . . Vot, a vitch, you say? . . . Yes, I will come right now. And your address? Billingsgate Manor. Ja, gootbye, mine friend."

Professor Gotcha then ran to a cupboard, opened the door, and took out a spell-proof suit made for him by the Ozzard of Wizz. After dressing, he went out into the garden to where his super-charged, high-powered, low-slung, streamlined, rocket-assisted broomstick was being refuelled by two gnomes. While the job was being completed, the Professor began to pack his equipment into his amazing broomstick. With everything completed, the Professor pressed the starter and zoomed up into the sky, following a direction beam for Billingsgate Manor.

Meanwhile, at the Manor, Mr. Dagsure-Smythe was trying very, very hard to get rid of a small, annoying dragon created by the witch who was hovering above him, cackling horribly at his attempts. (With a fire-extinguisher, I don't suppose one would have much chance of putting out a dragon.)

Mr. Dagsure-Smythe entered the Manor. "Jeeves," he called. "Confound it, man, where are . . ." "Under the table, sir," said the worthy butler, who had no desire to be concerned with any dragon, no matter how small. "Ah, there you are!" said Mr. Dagsure-Smythe. "Did you send for a witch-catcher, Jeeves?" "Yes, sir. As a matter of fact, I sent for Professor Gotcha, who is known as the witchiest witch-snicher which ever bewitched a witch." "Ah, here he is now! Good evening, Professor," said the worthy servant. "There's the witch; please get her," added his employer.

The witch, seeing our hero, roared off into the stratosphere, closely pursued by the Professor. In his modified broomstick he soon overtook her, but the witch was not to be outdone. She muttered a few magic words which made her invisible. The Prof., however, put on his trifocal glasses, and took up the pursuit. The witch tried every trick she knew, but she was out-spied, out-maneuvered and out-matched. Being a woman, however, she didn't give up; she swallowed a pill which disintegrated her.

When he arrived back at Billingsgate Manor, the Professor was duly rewarded, but, as he said, "It's all in a day's work." Hence, if you are troubled by witches, do not hesitate. Send for Professor Gotcha!

—John Robert, Form IVa.

THE RESCUE

"Ship on the rocks!" the cry was caught up through the village, and soon the cobbled streets were bobbing with newly lit lanterns, as the fishermen hurried through the furious wind to where the lifeboat stood, prepared for such an emergency. The boat was run down to meet the surging rollers, and the men climbed in, twenty of them, all ready to risk their lives for the stranded men in the wreck.

Out in the raging blackness of the sea the small yacht was being flung about on the jagged teeth of the rocks, discernible only by the pinpoint of light from the one lantern, which defied both wind and water, and stayed alight. On its tossing decks clung a few tiny figures, battered and swept by the rushing tumult of the grey-green water. Now the waves flung it higher on the rocks, then they dipped, and the twisted wreckage heeled over and the mast snapped off as it struck the cliff.

Guided by the tiny light of the lantern, the lifeboat clawed its way slowly through the whining wind, despite the battering of the pounding waves. It moved slowly past the yacht, which could be seen every time they rose to the top of a roller. Soon they were well past, and oars were shipped, as the lifeboat drifted towards the yacht. The spray swished past them, and a big wave carried them on. A rocket was fired from the boat in a final desperate attempt, and it was caught and held.

The line jerked the drifting boat to a halt, a thin taut rope, the only thing that could save the sailors. It sagged, and drew the lifeboat forward, as the black figure of a man clambered over the rail of the yacht, and began to drag himself through the turbulent sea, hanging desperately to the rope. He reached the boat and was dragged in by powerful arms, to drop exhausted to the bottom of the boat. Six men reached safety in this way, amid the fury of the storm.

The last sailor now started his journey. He came rapidly across, hand over hand. Perhaps he was very heavy, but the strain on the rope was too much, for it snapped, and the sailor was swept away by the waves, but he was extremely fortunate, for, as he went past the boat, he managed to clutch the oar that was thrust out to him. He was lifted bodily in, and he collapsed as soon as a fisherman grasped his shoulder. Then, with their panting exhausted passengers, the rescue squad placed its oars in the rowlocks, and headed for the beach.

—Anonymous.

HERE

Poppies in the garden bed,
Fishes in the pool,
Cattle in the milking shed
Miss Muffet on her stool.

Birds in the swaying trees
Rabbits on the plain,
Ships on the stormy seas
Ducks in the rain.

Mice in the cornsack,
Swimmers in the pool,
Needles in the haystack,
And us in school.

—Girls of IIb.