

Bogong '72

Bogong

TUMUT HIGH SCHOOL
MAGAZINE
VOLUME 15 — 1972

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE: The English Department and Form 5.

BUSINESS COMMITTEE: Mr. Bonnor and Form 5 Commercial Class.

TYPING: Members of Form 5 Commercial Class.

COVER DESIGN: Lynette Brewis, Barbara Venables, Ruth Vickery.



Principal's Message

In today's complex society the traditional approaches to education, particularly in schools, needs a careful and thorough revision.

The "solid citizen" has been he who kept his job, who accepted the society with few reservations and who conformed. Our schools encouraged this acceptance of the status quo by a conservatism that was forced on them by a highly centralised system and by the restrictions inherent in external examinations.

Such a citizen will soon be almost a historic oddity because it is widely accepted that most of the younger generation will have to change their jobs three or four times. Social issues can be ignored no longer and an acceptance of inequalities can no longer be tolerated.

The message to educators is clear—changes must come. Not merely for the sake of change, but because the state of society needs it.

Schools must concentrate on training persons to adjust to change, to desire further education, to actively work to improve their community and their nation.

These changes are coming slowly, too slowly, I fear. As they come, don't look back and long for the "good old days", but, after critical consideration, welcome any worthwhile change as a wise investment in the future.

F. D. PURCELL

Captains' Message

Having completed thirteen years of school, thirteen years of definite routine, we can now look back with nothing but pleasure.

This pleasure stems partly from the fact that we know we have attended one of the best High Schools in the State. We know that our school not only possesses many material assets of which other schools are deprived, but also it has a record of scholastic, cultural and sporting successes of which any school would be proud. Hence we have witnessed the development of an outstanding school character.

Besides proving themselves in regular school activities, the students of Tumut High have also proved their worth in other areas. Indicative of this was the response that the

Stewart House Appeal drew this year. This year our school donated \$106.32 to Stewart House, thereby exceeding past records. We hope that such support continues in the future.

Thus, with the standards of Tumut High in mind, being elected Prefects when in Fifth Form was a great privilege for us both; being elected Captains this year was the ultimate attainment for which either of us could have wished.

As captains we have thoroughly enjoyed fulfilling the tasks expected of us. Not only have we represented the school with pride at the public functions, we have enjoyed leading the student body in school activities.

Obviously we would not have derived such satisfaction from carrying out our duties, had we not been backed by such a competent prefect body. The commendable regularity and efficiency with which the Prefects carried out their duties, directly reflected the attitude Mr. Cox, Prefects' Master, took toward the Prefects. We thank him for his efforts.

In conclusion, we thank Mr. Purcell, Mr. Bothwell and the staff for their co-operation and wish the students of Tumut High every success in the future.

JULIE JACOBS
ERIC VICKERY



1972 School Captains being congratulated after their investiture by the Principal and Prefects' Master.

SCHOOL DIRECTORY

Principal: Mr. F. D. Purcell, B.A.

Deputy Principal: Mr. N. J. Bothwell, B.A.

Department of English and History: Mr. R. H. Graham, B.A., Master; Miss I. M. Auchinachie, M.A.; Mrs. S. M. Johnson, B.A., Dip.Ed.; Miss L. E. Moore, B.A., Dip.Ed.; Miss S. T. Neal, B. A., Dip.Ed.; Mrs. B. T. Orr, B.A., Dip.Ed.; Mrs. J. M. Paisley, B.A., Dip.Ed.; Miss B. L. Stroud, B.A., Litt.B.; Mr. R. G. Writer.

Department of Mathematics: Mr. M. A. Nettle, B.Sc., Dip.Ed., Master; Mrs. H. K. Gilhome; Mr. R. Gilhome, B.A., Dip. Ed.; Mr. R. G. Johnson; Mr. B. Ritten, B.Sc.

Department of Science: Mr. G. Cox, B.Sc. (Ind. Arts), Master; Mr. K. D. Brown, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.; Mr. D. E. Inman, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.; Miss F. J. Orchiston; Mr. K. P. Swann; Miss S. Williams, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.

Department of Modern Languages: Mrs. G. Boorman, B.A., Dip.Ed.

Department of Social Sciences: Mr. M. Norman, B.A., A.A.S.A., Master; Mr. R. Ayliffe, B.A., Dip.Ed.; Mr. C. R. T. Bonnor, B.A. Hons., Dip.Ed.; Mr. N. J. Bothwell, B.A.; Mr. P. D. Cone, B.A. Hons., Dip.Ed.; Mrs. S. A. Kenny; Mrs. R. M. McAlister.

Department of Industrial Arts: Mr. W. N. Giles, A.S.T.C., M.I.I.A., Master; Mr. J. A. Deacon; Mr. N. J. McDonough; Mr. H. T. Wellham.

Department of Home Science and Needlework: Mrs. B. Archer; Mrs. A. Cameron; Mrs. H. A. Hoad; Miss S. A. McLuskie; Miss D. K. Moore.

Department of Music: Mrs. P. Bothwell, L.Mus., Dip.Mus.Ed.; Miss L. Muzyka, Dip.Mus.Ed.

Department of Art: Miss J. Stephenson, A.S.T.C., Dip.Ed.

Department of Physical Education: Mrs. B. F. Hart, D.P.E.; Mr. R. D. Sutton, D.P.E.

District School Counsellor: Mr. L. Haris, B.A.

Girls' Supervisor: Mrs. S. M. Johnson, B.A., Dip.Ed.

Librarian: Mrs. B. T. Orr, B.A., Dip.Ed.

Sportsmaster and Sportsmistress: Mr. R. D. Sutton, D.P.E.; Mrs. B. F. Hart, D.P.E.

Careers' Advisers: Mrs. B. T. Orr, B.A., Dip.Ed.; Mr. H. Wellham.

School Clerical Assistants: Mrs. E. C. Barlow, Mrs. M. Thatcher.

Library Clerical Assistant: Mrs. B. Coleman.

Laboratory Attendant: Mrs. J. Oddy.

Part-time General Assistant: Mr. A. Clee.

School Captains: Eric Vickery, Julie Jacobs.

Vice-Captains: Kevin Pendergast, Josie Atkins.

School Prefects: Sue Aspinall, Peter Boyle, Sue Bulger, Ramon Doon, Linda Garner, Wendy Giles, Philip Hahn, Michael McAlister, Sue McKenzie, Lynne Mulholland, Michael Mulvihill, Diane Mumbler, Chris Riley.

A NOTE OF THANKS

The staff and students of Tumut High School appreciate the efforts of Mr. Hillier and the cleaning staff in their maintenance of the school buildings and grounds.

STAFF



Back Row (l. to r.): Mr. Inman, Mr. Johnson, Mr. McDonough, Mr. Writer, Mr. Wellham, Mr. Cone, Mr. Ayliffe, Mr. Ritten, Mr. Gilhorne. Third row: Mr. Brown, Mr. Deacon, Miss D. Moore, Miss Orchiston, Miss L. Moore, Miss Stephenson, Miss Williams, Miss McLuskie, Mr. Bonnor. Second row: Mr. Swann, Mrs. Orr, Miss Stroud, Mrs. Paisley, Miss Auchinachie, Mrs. Gilhorne, Mrs. Boorman, Miss Neal, Mrs. Hart, Mrs. Kenny, Mrs. Bothwell, Miss Muzyka. Front row: Mrs. Johnson, Mr. Norman, Mr. Graham, Mr. Nettle, Mr. Purcell (Principal), Mr. Bothwell (Deputy Principal), Mr. Cox, Mr. Giles, Mr. Sutton, Mrs. Cameron.

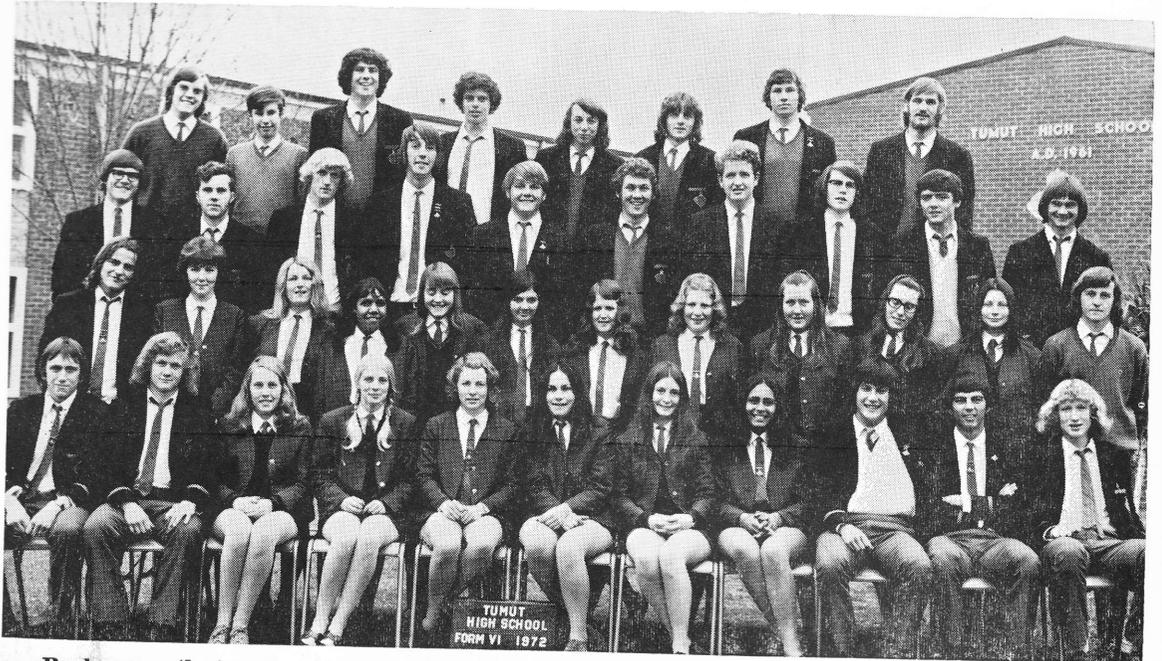
STAFF CHANGES

At the end of 1971 and during 1972 we said goodbye to: Mr. L. S. Mulholland (to Secondary Inspector), Mr. M. N. Peters (returned to America), Miss L. G. Rostron (to Fort Street Girls' High), Mrs. B. Everall (to Campbell High School, A.C.T.), Mr. A. E. Jodar (resigned), Mrs. Clappett (to Cootamundra High), Mrs. P. R. Taylor (resigned), Mrs. C. M. Ryan (resigned), Mrs. D. G. Mulholland (to Wiley

Park Girls' High School), Miss R. Fallowfield (to Oak Flats High), Mr. Knivila (to Cootamundra High), Mr. R. G. Johnson transferred from the Industrial Arts Department to the Mathematics Department.

This year new arrivals have been Miss L. Moore, Mr. Ritten (from Dulwich Hill High), Mr. K. Swann (from Yanco Agricultural High), Miss Williams, Mr. N. J. McDonough (from Leeton High), Miss D. K. Moore, Miss L. Muzyka, Miss J. Stephenson, Mr. D. Bolton (from U.K.).

FORM VI



Back row (l. to r.): Andrew Acland, David Lindley, Robert Willey, David Willey, John Myers, Barry Blundell, Peter Boyle, Niall Waterhouse. Third row: Andrew Brougham, James Whatman, Michael Mulvihill, Eric Vickery, Chris Riley, Brian McInerney, Michael Carey, Thomas Acland, Chris Ellis, Stephen Webb. Second row: Kevin Pendergast, Sue McKenzie, Gillian Ross, Diane Mumbler, Heather McGruer, Lynette Piper, Merryl Elliot, Linda Garner, Joyce Bradley, Margaret Oddy, Judy Hoad, David Wellham. Front row: Michael McAlister, James McAlister, Ruth Morris, Wendy Giles, Josie Atkins, Julie Jacobs, Marea Magann, Sue Bulger, Ramon Doon, Phillip Hahn, Stewart Archer.

Below: The same group outside their Student Embassy on October 13.



ACADEMIC AWARDS (1971)

FORM 1A

Dux, James Kell; 2nd place, Virginia Carey; Application (equal 1st), Wendy Wyatt and Christine Le Fevre.

FORM 1B

1st Place, Con Stathis; 2nd Place, Raymond Green; Application, Trina Cruise.

FORM 1C

1st Place, Barbara French; 2nd Place, Laurence Aspinall; Application: Peter Hogarth.

FORM 1D

1st Place, David Campbell; 2nd Place, Colin Brevis; Application (equal 1st), Jennifer Baker, Debra Stuckey and Andrew Dredge.

FORM 1E

1st Place, Cheryle Harper; 2nd Place, Paul Sturgess; Application, Barry Boyd.

FORM 2

Dux: Warwick Arden; English, Warwick Arden, Raelene Lockeridge; Mathematics, Jutta Dziwnik; Science, Jutta Dziwnik; History, Raelene Lockeridge; French, Raelene Lockeridge; Needlework, Jutta Dziwnik; Home Science, Patricia Prienbergs; Art, Deborah Dowell; Music, Debra Coleman; Metalwork, Ray Brunson; Woodwork, Peter McGrath; Technical Drawing, Ian Mulholland; Agriculture, Warwick Arden; Geography (equal 1), Anne Bothwell, Roger Prowse; Commerce, Heather Dickson; Indonesian, Jenny Jacobs; Application 2D, Felicity van Helvoirt; Application 2E, Patricia Halpin.

FORM 3

Dux (Rotaract prize), Brian Bothwell; English, Brian Bothwell; History, Geoffrey Dark; Mathematics, Brian Bothwell; Science (Stephen Everard prize), Brian Bothwell; Agriculture, Richard Garner; Geography, Brian Bothwell; Commerce, Brian Bothwell; French, Christine De Caluwe; Needlework, Roselyn Kelly; Home Science (equal 1st), Beverley Hargreaves and Garry Webb; Art, Susan Piper; Metalwork, Walter Gross; Woodwork, Mark Wilkinson; Technical Drawing, Alan Kemp; Music, Sandra Crane; Application 3D (equal 1st), Carol Buckley and Jenny Hampstead; Application 3E, Lesley Potter.

FORM 4

Dux (special P. & C.), Norma French; English (J. and M. Kell prize), Julie Gallard; History, Norma French; Mathematics, Wayne Back; Science (K. L. Meyer prize), Gregory Boyd; Agriculture, Howard Wren; Geography, Wayne Back; Commerce, Adrienne Ross; French, Julie

Gallard; Needlework (A. J. Holmes prize), Ruth Vickery; Home Science, Adrienne Ross; Art, Barbara Venables; Metalwork, Peter McDonald; Woodwork, Wayne Back; Technical Drawing, Michael Lindley; Music, Norma French.

FORM 5

Dux (Rotaract prize), Michael Carey; English, Lynne Mulholland; Modern History, Julie Jacobs; Ancient History, Julie Jacobs; Mathematics, Lynne Mulholland; Agriculture, Kevin Pendergast; Science, Michael Carey; Geography, Frances McCormack; Economics, Margaret Oddy; French, Lynne Mulholland; Textile and Design, Suzanne McKenzie; Home Science (C.W.A. prize), Josie Atkins; Art, Merryl Elliott; Industrial Arts, Eric Vickery.

FORM 5 COMMERCIAL

1st in Class: Judith McDonald; Typing, Judith McDonald; Shorthand, Judith McDonald.

FORM 6

Dux (P. and C. prize) equal 1st, Robert Arden and Keith Contessa; Modern History (R.S.L. prize), Robert Arden; Ancient History, Gerhard Purcell; English (R. R. Knox prize), Robert Arden; Mathematics (Trevor Gill prize), Keith Contessa; Science (James Tod prize), Keith Contessa; Agriculture (A. and P. Assn. prize), Keith Contessa; Geography, Robert Arden; Economics (J. H. Barlow prize), Peter McDonnell; Art, Sharyn Duncan; Industrial Arts, David Cameron.

SPECIAL PRIZES

Rotary Prize (Senior Citizenship), Andrew Acland; Apex Prize (Junior Citizenship), Christine McLennan; Principal's Prize, Kevin Pendergast; Mary Elizabeth Gordon Prize for Outstanding Merit, boy, John McRae; Mary Elizabeth Gordon Prize for Outstanding Merit, girls, Gloria Blacka, Gillian Ross; Lions' Club Prize for School Service, Peter Clee.

BOOK WEEK PRIZES

Susan Piper 3A, Amanda Bowley 2B, Gail Baguley 2B, Gary Noble 1A.

TROY ROCHE AWARDS

Senior Prose, 1st, Robert Arden; 2nd, Stephen Prowse. Senior Poetry, 1st, Jennifer Smith; 2nd, Susan Aspinall. Junior Prose, 1st, Joanne Wellham; 2nd, Warwick Arden. Junior Poetry, 1st, Raelene Lockeridge, 2nd Warwick Arden.

TROY ROCHE AWARDS FOR

PUBLIC SPEAKING

Senior, 1st Julie Jacobs, 2nd, Lyn Mulholland. Junior, 1st, Graeme Archer; 2nd, Brian Bothwell.

SCIENCE COMPETITION WINNERS (1971)

Senior Research, Robert Arden (6th Form) 1; Thomas Acland (5th Form) 2. Junior Research, Brian Bothwell (3A) 1, Mathew Acland (3A) 2, Kim Marsh (3A) 3. Open Project, Warwick Arden (2A) 1, David Shedden (4A) 2, Laurence Aspinall (1C) 3.

FORM V COMMERCIAL CERTIFICATES

Louise Baker, Ann Blundell, Jeanette Boyd, Shirley Bridle, Janine Crain, Theta Dwyer-Gray, Jennifer Gaydon, Janelle Hargreaves, Helen Harmer, Mary Harris, Judith McDonald, Linda Stokes.

SCHOOL CERTIFICATE (1971)

W. R. Back, R. H. Barlow, G. R. Barton, G. Bell, H. M. Blacka, L. J. Boekelaar, G. S. Boyd, L. M. Brewis, V. J. Bridle, N. L. Brooks, W. V. Bulger, P. J. Butler, C. M. Cameron, M. V. Cameron, D. A. Castles, C. Cory, I. J. Crampton, D. L. Crowe, G. J. Dickson, J. Doon, R. J. Doon, J. F. Dowling, S. J. Dredge, P. L. Dudas, M. A. Eglitis, G. S. Flynn, J. J. Forrest, B. J. Freeman, N. K. French, L. B. Fuller, J. A. Gallard, J. Y. Grimes, D. R. Grinly, I. W. Gulliford, R. N. Halpin, A. M. Hartshorn, C. A. Hetherington, R. R. Johnson, R. V. Johnstone, D. A. Kell, J. M. Kingsbury, K. E. Knight, J. A. Lees, M. R. Lindley, L. W. Lucas, D. C. Lunt, D. B. Martin, N. P. Matinca, I. Matuszewski, A. J. McAlister, P. A. McDonald, A. W. McGrath, G. M. McInerney, L. J. McInerney, C. McKenzie, C. A. McLennan, C. J. Miller, P. Miller, K. Nakamura, R. C. Nielsen, R. Niemann, D. J. Owen, G. J. Peel, J. A. Petriella, M. Petriella, S. P. Prowse, R. R. Purcell, G. Y. Reed, H. L. Reid, W. A. Riley, D. K. Rivers, P. F. Rodden, A. J. Roddy, D. A. Roddy, F. C. Roddy, A. L. Ross, D. C. Shedden, J. Stansfield, R. A. Stuart, D. K. Sturt, L. J. Sturt, R. C. Sturt, D. M. Thatcher, G. L. Thatcher, B. Venables, J. R. Vickery, J. Walsh, W. J. Webb, M. R. Weston, C. W. Whiting, J. W. Whiting, D. Williams, A. M. Wortes, H. D. Wren, L. Zdjelar.

HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE (1971)

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

Second Level Short Course 2S, Third Level 3.
ACLAND, A. K.: 1 L2, 3 L2F, 4 L2, 7 L1, 14.
ARCHER, I. M.: 1 L2, 2 L2S, 3 L2F, 4 L3, 5 L2.
ARDEN, R. L.: 1 L1, 3 L2S, 5 L1, 6 L1, 7 L1, 14.
BLACKA, G. K.: 1 L3, 2 L2S, 3 L2S, 5 L2, 8 L2, 14.
CAMERON, D. H.: 1 L3, 2 L3, 3 L2S, 8 L3, 11 L2, 14.
CAMERON, S. V.: 1 L3, 2 L3, 3 L3, 4 L2, 7 L2, 8 L3.
CONTESSA, K. B.: 1 L3, 2 L2F, 3 L2F, 4 L1, 8 L1, 14.
CRAMPTON, J. A.: 1 L3, 3 L3, 5 L2, 7 L2, 14.
DAVIES, K. W.: 1 L3, 5 L3, 7 L2, 14.
DUNCAN, S. J.: 1 L3, 3 L2S, 5 L2, 8 L2, 10 L1, 14.
FERGUSON-SMITH, G. D.: 1 L3, 2 L2F, 3 L2F, 8 L2, 11 L3.
GULLIFORD, J. F.: 1 L3, 2 L3, 3 L2S, 7 L2, 8 L2, 14.
HENDERSON, K.: 1 L3, 2 L2S, 5 L3, 7 L3.
JAMIESON, P. J.: 1 L3, 2 L2S, 3 L3.
KINGSBURY, C. P.: 1 L2, 3 L3, 7 L2, 10 L2, 12 L2.
LEARMONT, J. W.: 1 L2, 3 L3, 4 L2, 7 L2, 8 L2, 14.
MAGANN, T. P.: 1 L2, 5 L1, 6 L2, 7 L2, 9 L2, 14.
MARTINOLI, M.: 1 L1, 3 L3, 5 L1, 7 L1, 9 L2, 14.
MATINCA, G. J.: 1 L2, 2 L3, 3 L2S, 7 L1, 8 L2, 11 L3, 14.
McDONELL, P.: 5 L2, 6 L2, 7 L1, 8 L1, 14.
McINERNEY, H. A.: 3 L3, 7 L1, 14.
McKENZIE, B. A.: 1 L3, 2 L3, 3 L2S, 5 L3, 7 L3, 8 L2.
McRAE, J. M.: 2 L3, 3 L3, 7 L2, 11 L3.
McRAE, P. R.: 1 L3, 2 L2S, 3 L2F, 4 L2, 7 L2.
PORTORS, C. J.: 1 L3, 3 L3, 4 L3, 7 L2, 8 L2.
REID, T. F.: 1 L3, 2 L3, 3 L2S, 7 L2, 8 L2, 11 L3, 14.
RODDEN, J. M.: 1 L2, 5 L2, 6 L2, 7 L1, 8 L3, 14.
ROSS, G. E.: 1 L3, 6 L3, 7 L2, 8 L3, 9 L2, 14.
SMITH, J. K.: 1 L2, 3 L2S, 5 L2, 7 L1, 8 L2, 14.
STUART, K. A.: 1 L3, 3 L2S, 5 L2, 7 L1, 8 L2, 14.
TOD, L. E.: 1 L3, 2 L2S, 3 L2S, 5 L2, 7 L2, 8 L2, 14.
WHITING, G. J.: 1 L2, 2 L2F, 3 L2F, 11 L2, 14.
WILKINSON, G. J.: 2 L3, 3 L2S, 4 L2, 7 L2, 8 L2, 14.
WILLEY, R. S.: 1 L3, 2 L2S, 7 L2, 11 L3.
WORTES, G. C.: 2 L3, 3 L3, 4 L2, 7 L2, 8 L2.
WURL-PURCELL, G. O.: 1 L3, 3 L3, 5 L2, 6 L2, 8 L3, 14.

SPORTING AWARDS 1972

Sportswoman of the Year, Josie Atkins, Sue Bulger; Sportsman of the Year, Kevin Pendergast; Honours Blue, Christine McLennan; Golf, Keith Dehnert; Rugby League, Stephen Webb; Swimming, Michael McAlister; Hockey, Denise Williams.

SOUTHERN SLOPES ZONE AWARDS

Swimming, 15 years, Linda McGrath; 13 years, Allan Davey; 14 years, Warren Dark; open, Michael McAlister. Athletics: 14 years, Neil McDonald (equal).

Athletics: Girls, 13, years, Christine Howe; 14 years, Cynthia Hargreaves; 15 years, Debbie Cullen; 16 years, Margaret Osis; Open, Josie Atkins. Boys: 13 years, Mark Thomas; 14 years, Roger Prowse; 15 years, Raymond Willey; 16 years, Geoff Dark; Open, Kevin Pendergast.

Swimming: Girls: 13 years, Jan Nolte; 14 years, Janet Stubbs; 15 years, Linda McGrath; 16 years, Dianne Sturt and Norma French; open, Wendy Giles. Boys: 13 years, Alan Davey; 14 years, Garry Noble and Warren Dark; 15 years, Ian Aylward; 16 years, Geoff Dark; open, Michael McAlister.

PREFECTS



Back row (l. to r.): Peter Boyle, Sue McKenzie, Phillip Hahn, Wendy Giles, Michael McAlister. Second row: Linda Garner, Chris Riley, Sue Bulger, Ramon Doon, Diane Mumbler, Michael Mulvihill. Front row: Kevin Pendergast, Mr. G. Cox (Prefects' Master), Julie Jacobs, Eric Vickery, Mr. Purcell, Josie Atkins.

EXCURSIONS

Apart from excursions which have been described in individual reports, pupils from the school have been taken to the following places to enrich their educational experience:

Third Form went to Gocup and Adelong, Fourth Form to Wee Jasper and Fifth and Sixth Forms to Black Perry on geology excursions.

Agriculture students watched shearing at Wilkinson's property.

Commerce students visited the central business districts, the Pyneboard factory, the Commonwealth Bank and conducted a shopping survey.

Geography students visited Billalaloola Forest, Goobragandra and Tumut Plains and an excursion to Jindabyne is planned.

History students visited the Canberra War Museum, Pioneers' Cemetery and the Agricultural Research Station at Wagga.

Music students went to see Pergolesi's opera, "La Serva Padrona", and Donizetti's opera, "Rita".

To comply with the new English syllabus students went to see these films: "Dr. Zhivago", "A Man For All Seasons" and "Jane Eyre". The Pageant Theatre Company also produced "The Fire on the Snow" and "Antigone".

EXCURSION TO MELBOURNE TELEVISION STUDIO

Thirty-one of us—enthusiastic Third Formers—accompanied by Mrs. Paisley and Mr. Bolten, left Tumut at 11 p.m. on Tuesday, October 24. We were going to see live production of television drama in Melbourne.

During the year we had studied television techniques and the effect of mass media and now were going to see behind the cameras.

We drove through that night of sleepless hours with frequent stops, arriving in Melbourne in the rain.

As we were not expected at the ATV Channel O studios before 12.30 p.m., Mrs. Paisley led us to the huge Melbourne store of Myers. We went there by train—a new experience for many of us.

We arrived at Channel O just in time for lunch in the canteen. Our first thrill was seeing Michael Pate, who portrays Sergeant Madern in "Matlock Police". During that afternoon we were scheduled to see "Matlock" being filmed live at the studios.

We were first shown over the huge television complex, which is the most modern of its kind in Melbourne.

We saw how commercials were put into programmes, video tapes, inside huge and expensive cameras. How a visual picture is converted into electronic impulses as well as just where the actual television leaves the building on its way to the receiver. We saw props and costumes, designs and sets and everywhere television screens.

At last we climbed the stairs to the control room where the executive producer, Ian Crawford, and his producer, director and assistants were working on a segment of an episode of "Matlock Police". They were sitting before a control panel organising unseen actors and crew who were being observed through television screens and cameras.

It was very interesting to watch rehearsal followed by the final take and then to visit the actual studio where the crew and actors were working. They were making scenes from "The Hero", which we were told we would see some time next June on Channel 2.

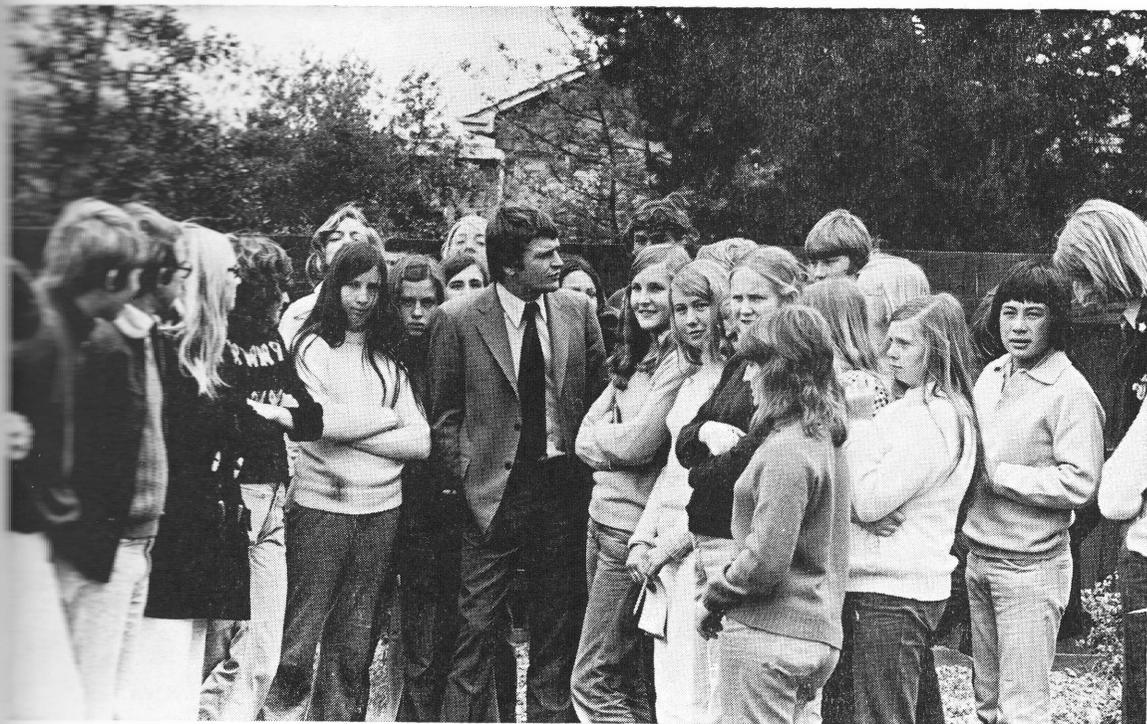
After the girls' heart throb, Grigor Taylor, and Michael Pate had finished that scene we all got their autographs.

That night those who were still awake went to see a live play on its opening night. With us were Sue Pritchard and her father, who have just left Talbingo and moved to Melbourne.

Next morning we headed for a rural area in Melbourne, where outdoor scenes of "Matlock" were being filmed on location. We spent a memorable day talking to the actors and watching the slow and tedious process of filming outdoor shots. It takes five long days to film twenty minutes of one episode. Because of the tension involved the actors and crew are very casual and relaxed when not actually making a scene.

Grigor Taylor was the favourite with the girls. Although he was very shy at first, the girls soon drew him out and took many photos of him. We found all the actors very friendly and approachable. Michael Pate even gave one of the girls his jumper to keep her warm.

We stayed longer than we had planned, to watch a stunt act in the afternoon. At a Trotting Stud Farm we watched three men take the part of one actor to create the illusion of an "accident". This was thrilling to watch and we were amazed when the stunt man sauntered away chewing gum. Alistair Smart, Rowena



Grigor Taylor (Detective Curtis of "Matlock Police") met some of the students from Tumut High School recently when they visited the filming location of a forthcoming Matlock episode, "Cup Fever", to be seen in Melbourne on March 8, 1973, and soon afterwards in N.S.W. Matlock Police is produced by Crawford Productions for the 0-10 network.

Wallace and Sydney Conabere were the actors in these scenes.

We finished our trip with a bush barbecue. Gathered around the campfire we sang traditional Australian songs, while Mr. Bolton gave us a few choruses of English songs.

We arrived home at 7 a.m. after another all night drive by Mr. Goode. We had experienced two exciting days that we shall never forget.

6th FORM TATHRA EXCURSION (MAY, 1972)

The night of Thursday, May 25, saw the arrival of a group of exuberant 6th Form Tumut High students at the Wambira youth camp at Tathra. The purpose of the visit was to survey the beach scene and this is what happened immediately after the bus arrived at 10 p.m. After "frolicking" on the beach until about 2 a.m. the students, plus sand, finally settled into the dorms.

Awakened at 4.30 a.m. by one of the more "conscientious" students, the group had breakfast and decided to complete their work as soon as possible. This consisted of a study of a sand dune cross-section, involving the shape of dunes; the study of plant life and the study of animal and bird life. The students observed the wave motion and effects and, on the Friday afternoon, studied the life and formations on a rock platform.

After working hard from 8 a.m. until 2 p.m. the rest of the afternoon was left for "doing your own thing". Some played football on the sand, but the main attraction was the surf.

A barbecue tea was had on the Friday night, followed by card playing, discussion groups and other "assorted activities" until midnight. A large fire was lit on the beach and most students spent the night waiting for the sun to rise. Saturday morning was spent studying rock platforms and after a barbecue dinner the bus left for Tumut.

Thanks must go to Mr. Cox, Mr. Inman,

Mr. Purcell and all the organisers: it was a memorable occasion in my school life and I would advise all future students to attend the excursion planned for next year.

—THOMAS ACLAND, Form 6

FUND RAISING ACTIVITIES

Fund raising activities within the school this year were mainly confined to the continental and the Stewart House Appeal. Both of these were very successful. Stewart House Appeal realised a total of \$106.23. The appeal was in the form of "donation envelopes" and a flag appeal.

The continental was very successful with the gross takings being \$1697.43. This total was a result of coverted class efforts combined with the P. & C. stalls.

Many thanks go to all those who helped in these important fund raising activities.

—WAYNE BACK

STATE SCIENCE COMPETITION

This year no school Science Competition was held, but students were encouraged to sub-

mit entries to the State Competition. Our entries proved to be the most outstanding from any State school and we won 14 prizes, more than doubling last year's effort.

Successful students were:

- (1) Junior Section: Daphne Foley, Peggy Fuller, Michael Raymond, Carol Vine (Commended).
- (2) Intermediate Section: Brian Bothwell (3rd in State), Debbie Bridle and Jenny Jacobs, joint entry (4th in State), Roslind Day, David Johnstone, Anne McComb, Debbie Dowell and Leonie Hogan (joint entry), Beverley Hargreaves, Jutta Dziwnik (Highly Commended).
- (3) Senior Section: Andrew Acland, Tom Acland (Highly Commended).

ADELONG SCIENCE COMPETITION

Entries from Tumut High proved to be the most successful in the recent Adelong Science Fair. The excellent results reflect the enthusiasm and encouragement given by the Science staff in this venture. A total of eight prizes were won out of a possible nine, with Greg Boyd achieving the highest honour with a prize of \$50 in the Senior Section of the competition.

—JULIE GALLARD, 5A



1972 State Science Competition winners

CHORAL, DRAMA AND DEBATING GROUP



Back row (l. to r.): Michael McAlister, Ann McCombe, Lyn Ford, Jan Cork, Tracey Bruce. Second row: Jenny Jacobs, Debbie Coleman, Michele Henrick, Lynette Hillier, Anne Bothwell, Peter Clee, Howard Wren. Front row: Mathew Acland, Niall Waterhouse, Adrienne Ross, Julie Jacobs, Lynette Piper, Merryl Elliott, Thomas Acland, Brian Bothwell.

INTER-SCHOOL DEBATING (1972)

The school debating team for 1972, consisting of Julie Jacobs as first speaker, Tom Acland as second speaker, Niall Waterhouse as "whip" and Christine Kingsbury as fourth member, was faced with the problem of total inexperience in inter-school debating, yet despite this the team went on to do very well in inter-school visits.

Our first debate, at Blakehurst, in which we were the Government, was won by Blakehurst, the topic being that "Self Interest is the Main Spring of Life". Tumut acquitted themselves well and were beaten in a controversial decision in which no points were tallied.

At Tumut, against Queanbeyan, the topic was "That the Government Should Take the Initiative Move in Affairs Concerning Australia's Future", and we again drew the Government. This was obviously the best side and

Tumut debated more confidently and strongly to secure victory by 246-240.

It is interesting to note that in both debates Niall Waterhouse top scored out of the six speakers.

We must thank Mr. Graham for the time, preparation and confidence he gave us this year, and with his "shadow" team from 4A the highly successful debating record of Tumut High will be maintained in future years.

—THOMAS ACLAND, 6th Form

JUNIOR DEBATES

This year Sister Benedict from the Sacred Heart School suggested that debates be held between members of each junior form from the two schools.

This was carried out in second term and all of the teams, plus their respective audiences, benefited from the exercise.

The Sacred Heart School won the Forms 1 and 2 debates, while the High School won those for the 3rd and 4th Forms.

It is hoped that the debates will become a yearly event.

The High School teams and their topics are set out below.

Form 1: Scott Herron, Lee Vickery, Sue Eggleton. "It is better to live in the country than the city". Won by the Sacred Heart team.

Form 2: Kerrie McCarthy, Carol Vine, Trina Cruise. "Advertising today is a menace". Won by the Sacred Heart School.

Form 3: Jenny Jacobs, Raelene Lockeridge, Gillian Kemp. "Women's Liberation is a storm in a teacup". Won by Tumut High School.

Form 4: Lyn Ford, Graeme Archer, Brian Bothwell. "Heredity is more important than environment in determining intelligence." Won by Tumut High School.

CHOIR ACTIVITIES

EISTEDDFOD

The Tumut High School junior and senior choirs' efforts were rewarded amply with excellent results being obtained at the annual Wagga Wagga Eisteddfod.

The junior choir was placed first in their section, singing "Gypsies" and "Wild Mountain Thyme".

The senior choir's rendition of "Abram Brown" and "Sing We And Chant It" gained them a second placing in the school choir contest.

An excellent performance of "Now Is The Month of Maying", followed by "In Silent Night", gained the open choir a first position with favourable comments from the adjudicator.

Of the "Handsome Butcher", sung by the folk ensemble, the adjudicator remarked: "Beautifully controlled singing. Free diction and a good sense of rhythm, first rate performance." This gained us a first place.

Our sincere thanks and congratulations are extended to the music staff for their tuition and encouragement throughout the year.

—JULIE GALLARD, 5A

BLAKEHURST VISIT

Tumut High School Choral Group performed two works, "In Silent Night" Johann Brahms and "Seven Locks", a Hungarian Folk song by Martyas Seibe, at their recent visit to Blakehurst High.

The group, comprising of twelve members—

sopranos, tenors, alto and basses—won the Choral Section and were commended on their pleasing tonal balance, excellent harmony and ability to sing unaccompanied. A favourable mention was also given to Student Conductor, Tracy Bruce.

FESTIVAL OF MUSIC

The second annual festival of music was held this year in the Montreal Theatre and again was an outstanding success. The Festival was divided into two sections, senior and junior, both of which were well patronised. There was diversity of items, ranging from choirs and folk groups to percussion and instrumental ensembles.

The climax of the evening was undoubtedly reached with the rendering of the Pilgrims' Chorus by the mass choir consisting of all members of choirs of the district.

Thanks go to all concerned with organisation and presentation of the Festival.

—ADRIENNE ROSS, 5A

INTER-SCHOOL DRAMA

A production of George Bernard Shaw's melodrama, "Passion, Poison and Petrification", was Tumut High's effort in inter-school drama this year.

The plot follows the title closely. An eternal triangle leads to the jealous husband poisoning the lover. He regrets his action and tries to make amends with humorous results. Adolphus, the poor lover, is fed plaster of paris as an antidote to the poison given him. The plaster sets inside him, providing the petrification.

At Blakehurst, the play was presented without enough rehearsal and nerves were very much in evidence. Despite this, the actors and actresses put up quite a creditable performance, though it didn't always follow the script and ad-libbing was needed to keep the plot on course.

Blakehurst's "For His Brother's Crime" was too good for Tumut and the decision in their favour was correct.

Queanbeyan's trip was all Tumut's way. Thanks to the efforts of our play's two directors, Miss Moore and Miss Williams, the play was much better rehearsed and the cast more confident. All actors and actresses gave good individual performances with Michael McAlister standing out in his role as Adolphus. The play won by a reasonable margin.

Members of the cast were: Michael McAlister, Adolphus the lover (who can ever forget that costume?); Sue Aspinall, Lady Magnesia

(wife of villain); Niall Waterhouse, Sir George Fitzdrammache (villain); Lyn Piper, Phylis the maid; Merryl Elliot, the landlady; Tom Acland, the doctor; Mathew Acland, the Police Constable; Peter Clee, special effects.

It was a lot of fun for all. The cast would like to thank Miss Williams and Miss Moore for their assistance, encouragement and patience in getting the play on stage.

—NIALL WATERHOUSE

ART EXHIBITION

In November and early December, 1971, the second Spring Art Exhibition was held at the school. Many parents, as well as the students, showed a keen interest in the exhibits displayed.

The works of many elective and craft pupils were shown. This included large paintings, sculptures, copper jewellery, screen printing and tie dyeing.

An art exhibition was put on at the Bakehouse Gallery from October 3 to 9 for the first time by Tumut High students. This consisted of mainly paintings and a great interest was shown by the public in the various items.

On October 6 to 9 a travelling craft exhibition visited Tumut. These magnificent works of art displayed at the Boys' Club Hall included pottery, tapestries, embroidery, leather work, metal jewellery and various different techniques and types of sculpture.

—RUTH VICKERY

ANNUAL SWIMMING CARNIVAL

Umbrellas were up, tents were pitched, rain poured down, but still the swimming carnival which had been programmed for February 16, carried on.

The carnival was expected to get under way at approximately 9.15 a.m. However, before there was time to complete roll call, the rain started and thus began a day of misery as far as spectators were concerned. By 11 a.m. the number present had dwindled drastically for those who had been soaked in the early downpours were unwilling to sit around.

Despite the undesirable conditions from the spectators' point of view, the competitors were not hampered. A clear indication of this is the fact that no less than twenty records were broken throughout the day. Linda McGrath must receive special commendation in this respect for in all she managed to slash five records, thus making her the star of the carnival.

Of course, the vast majority of the swimmers swam purely for "fun" and from these people most of the points were gained.

Although Macquarie led on total point score during the early stages of the carnival, the seemingly invincible King House again forged forward to victory. Second place went to Philip House and third and fourth to Macquarie and Hunter, respectively.

The climax of the carnival came with the last race, which was a relay of teachers versus students. As usual, the teachers were unable to refrain from cheating and thus came home first.

—JULIE JACOBS, 6th Form

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO WHATSISNAME?

REPORT ON THE ACTIVITIES OF LAST YEAR'S 6th FORM

- P. McDonald: Australian National University.
- M. Martinoli: Sydney University.
- A. Acland, 6th Form, 1972.
- B. McKenzie: Assistant Health Inspector, Tumut.
- R. Arden: Australian National University.
- G. Whiting, Metallurgy, A.I.S. Port Kembla.
- R. Willey: 6th Form, 1972.
- J. Wilkinson, National Wildlife/State Park.
- K. Contessa: Australian National University.
- D. Cameron: Surveyor, D.M.R. Wagga.
- G. Ferguson-Smith, Teachers' College.
- J. McRae, Wollongong Steelworks.
- C. Portors, P.M.G., Sydney.
- S. Cameron: Bateman's Bay.
- I. Archer: Armidale University.
- J. Rodden: On the Buses.
- G. Wortes: Trainee Electrician.
- K. Davies, Personnel Office/A.I.S. Works, Port Kembla.
- J. Gulliford: Public Service.
- P. McRae: Wagga Teachers' College.
- G. Matinca: National Wildlife/State Park.
- J. Learmont: Apprentice Professional Golfer.
- T. Reid: Field Construction, S.M.A.
- G. Purcell: Public Service.
- G. Ross, 6th Form, 1972.
- G. Blacka: Public Service, now married.
- S. Duncan: Art Course, Canberra.
- G. Kingsbury, 6th Form, 1972.
- P. Magann: Wagga Teachers' College.
- K. Stuart: Nursing.
- K. Henderson: Nursing.
- H. McInerney: Shop Assistant.
- L. Tod: Nursing.
- P. Jamieson: Hamburger Queen.
- J. Crampton, 6th Form, 1972.

NEWS SCOOP

Friday, October 13, proved to be a lucky day this year for one person in Tumut.

Sixth Form students from Tumut High School were barbecuing breakfast in the school grounds after having studied all night for their approaching exams., when they detected someone skulking in the nearby scrub.

The man turned out to be a member, believe it or not, of the Japanese Imperial Forces, who had not realised that World War 2 was over. It is difficult to ascertain just how he got to Australia in the first place. He may have been a survivor from the midget submarine raid on Sydney Harbour in 1942, but there are physical reasons for doubting this. He may have escaped from the P.O.W. camp at Cowra.

In any event his weak and emaciated condition wrung the hearts of the pupils present and they gave him the food they were at the time cooking. It is thought that it was the smell of the cooking that had attracted him to the playground in the first place.

Although it was difficult to communicate

with the man, not only because of language difficulties, but because he had his mouth full of food most of the time, it is not hard to imagine the wretched condition under which he had lived for so many years. His replacement of his long worn out clothing with a grass skirt which he had painstakingly woven himself for the sake of modesty, plus his long matted hair, which hung over his face, were clues to this. However, his pride had never deserted him and this was evidenced by his reaction to having his photo taken by a local newspaperman under those circumstances.

Although it is difficult to believe, this pathetic piece of humanity's flotsam could be able, with sympathetic treatment, to take his place in, and perhaps even make some contribution to, society in the future.

No doubt he will for many years look on Friday, October 13, 1972, as a highlight of his life and remember the students of this school with considerable gratitude.

The accompanying photograph shows students supporting their guest and offering him a barbecued sausage.



TROY ROCHE AWARDS

Since 1966, Mrs. Roche has encouraged written and oral expression in the school by donating prizes for prose, poetry and public speaking in both the junior and senior levels. The school is indebted to Mrs. Roche for her generosity and support.

TROY ROCHE AWARD: FIRST PRIZE, SENIOR PROSE

COLOUR THE WORLD

Red is a most unusual colour: It is the colour chosen by the people we (in the West) have chosen to call enemies, or at least potential enemies, yet, ultimately, at the end of the fight it is the overabundance of this colour that really shows, once and for all, that all mankind really is equal.

Red to the western world is all right provided it is mixed with white and blue. If not it is the "done thing" to hate it.

How, then, is it that this one colour has come to represent both unity and the ideological rift in so-called "educated" mankind?

Red in the eastern world is completely overdone—giant red posters, little red books. Red is beautiful, but unfortunately the beautiful red (and the red of the Party) is also the colour of blood.

Why must man always overdo things? Couldn't the world do as an old popular song suggests and—

"Take the green from the grass and the blue from the sky up above" and simply "colour the world with the sunshine of our love".

This, unfortunately, then brings up another problem—blue. It appears that no-one can decide exactly what blue means. The division of opinion is not confined to the world's political power blocks, for east and west are split internally as to whether blue is something sad or something happy. (It just goes to show that too many of us are too blue blooded).

It is hardly worth mentioning black or white. Scientifically it is found that black is total absence of colour and white total presence of all colours, the two are as incompatible as cheese and chalk. We find that the two colours, while only going skin deep, are vying for total supremacy. If the trouble was taken to look further than skin deep, red blood would be found. Even with all the colours of the rainbow to choose from, man will not (not cannot)

choose a shade of grey or pink.

I could go on for ever in the absolutes, Black, White, Red, Blue.

There are solutions, of course, we could rely on the marvels of modern science to come up with a dye that will stain us all the same colour. Even given such a dye the problem of what colour to make it becomes the major problem—how to make every one use it becomes minor.

Let's look at a few colours and it will bring the problem to light.

Orange is too much like a cross between red and yellow for many people. The whole western world has been at different times afraid of the "Little Yellow Peril" and the "Red Peril". When the "yellows" become "reds" it is too much. A small bunch of religious fanatics also makes us discard orange as a colour to be.

Brown: But one-third of the world is white and brown would be too much like becoming a blackfella or nigger. No good. Lighter shades of brown make Wogs and Wops out of the white and is too much like becoming a white pig for the black. Brown should be struck from the spectrum.

All educated people know that purple is only a mixture of the two absolutes red and blue; if we can't agree on those how can we agree on purple?

Green is a colour which appears to have a lot going for it. There is (except for another bunch of religious fanatics) as yet no green peril. In fact the only peril appears towards green (too much pollution). If we decide on green the already mentioned oranges will surely cause trouble so we have to exclude green.

We find that one major western power has labelled its best groups of trained murderers, "Green Berets", and another western power its best murderers, "Red Berets". The world cannot even agree what to label its murderers.

Not being able to find a solution on what colour to dye ourselves, we must then turn to the much more logical intermarried and inter-breed, a coffee coloured world with almond-shaped eyes. This only asks a very small and gradual colour change for each succeeding generation. It is not too much to ask for.

This brings us to a logical conclusion. If man cannot see and agree that he must end up coffee-skinned almond eyed and RED BLOODED how on earth is he going to keep his little satellite running with smooth internal consistency?

—NIALL WATERHOUSE, 6th Form

**TROY ROCHE AWARD:
SECOND PRIZE SENIOR PROSE**

**MILITARY CONSCRIPTION
FOR OVERSEAS SERVICE**

Military conscription for overseas service should be abolished.

The first argument to support this statement is the basic question, "Why should we be fighting in other countries?" It is true that we should help our allies in their time of trouble, but should we become involved in the war and perhaps create for ourselves new enemies?

Should we be sending a large number of men away from the country and leaving ourselves vulnerable to attack? Certainly not, and this could have proved fatal to Australia in the Second World War when Japan was on the offensive. They had planned to attack Australia, but one prominent Japanese General decided that they should attack Burma and Thailand first and, luckily for Australia, they were defeated.

Another basic question is, "why should men be dragged out of their jobs to serve overseas?" They chose a certain occupation, so why should the Government be able to do what it likes with them? This is supposed to be a free country, but obviously not regarding jobs. Also, many men will jeopardise their future life when called up.

One factor which is important is whether a person should be forced to shoot people. Certain people haven't got the will to do this and others believe that it is wrong to do so because of one of the Ten Commandments, "Thou Shalt Not Kill".

It has been said that one soldier in the Regular Army is as efficient as six National Servicemen, and if the latter have been trained during a period of peace they will still find it hard to adapt to the conditions if they are needed in active service.

Finally, is the method of conscription fair? Why should some men have to go and others not? Why should they have to endanger their lives? A matter of a few seconds at childbirth could shape the future of a man when the ballot has been drawn.

Should military conscription for overseas service be continued? I certainly don't think so; men should not be dragged from jobs and forced to do something they don't like to—kill—

and chosen under an unfair system. We should be able to live our own life without the Government dictating to us what we should be doing.

—BRIAN BOTHWELL, 4A

**TROY ROCHE AWARD:
FIRST SENIOR POETRY**

QUELQU'UN

Those heavy water drops try to fall
But are withheld by an even stronger force
So gentle, so soft, and full of meaning.
I remember mandarines and white jeans and
Aznavour
Saying something yet revealing nothing outside.
Full of warmth I listen to your personal
philosophy
The faceless faces and empty minds composing
those around
Moulding, to suit only themselves.
But deep within there is an even greater bond
A spirit, living in us both
Growing—
I associate poetry and oysters and Sundays
With isolation, so fresh and significant,
Leaving such fulfilment and images.
But around every corner one knows
The fear of people,
Though this is outweighed by "tres-bien" and
time;
Yes, only the moving time watches
Their world, their welfare and morbid drowsiness.
While that misty rain falls, the sun is concealed
But will always reappear after the cloud passes.

—GILLIAN ROSS, 6th Form

**TROY ROCHE AWARD:
SECOND SENIOR POETRY
—NOT AWARDED**

**TROY ROCHE AWARD:
FIRST JUNIOR PROSE**

BABY-SIT—(?)—ER

Alone again; pondering again; dreaming again and sleeping again; and woe, eating again. There's no point trying to explain why, when all of a sudden as the room empties, the door opens, and the car pulls out of the driveway, I become a compulsive eater, an uncanny dreamer and an obvious sleeper. I simply can't help it! Without warning, my fingers delve into the nearest biscuit tin, off come the lids of all the cake containers and "poof"! The latest diet dissolves in a constant "hand-to-mouth" action.

This compelling habit is especially prevalent whilst babysitting.

I start scratching around the kitchen like a mouse, poking at this, nibbling at that and sampling the next. And, then, with a very full and satisfied stomach I retire to the couch, determined to stay awake and keep guard over my proteges.

But, unfortunately, any time or anywhere where I'm solitary I can be relied on to sleep. I don't need a pillow or a good book or a cup of tea or cocoa or a string of sheep to count. The eyelids just start to slide down over my eyes; my thoughts drift into dreams and echoes of my proposed undertaking turn to fantasy in my mind.

In a last struggle to stay conscious, I jerk myself into an upright position, shake my head and grimace stupidly: "I am going to stay awake and..." But it is useless and I've slumped into oblivion ten seconds later.

Why this only when I'm alone? Who knows? I certainly can't figure it out. Perhaps I feel safer and more protected when "stuffing" myself. Perhaps I possess a weird inner compulsion that works only when I'm alone—"Eat Sleep". Maybe I'm one who doesn't really pursue any activity whilst alone. Even in my wildest imagination, I cannot see myself alone, avidly collecting stamps, intently studying a history book or remotely writing a letter.

Oh no! Aloneness, to me, doesn't involve any real activity; aloneness is cramming in all the consoling drinks and snacks; aloneness is one big yawn.

—R. LOCKERIDGE, 3A

**TROY ROCHE AWARD:
SECOND JUNIOR PROSE**

BEFORE

The winds blow through my dark hair blowing it into my eyes. It is sad how it blows away what is left of the old house. I can picture Mama's poppy beds and the green grass and Papa's stock grazing. But that was before.

I walk away with all my memories behind me, my tears blowing in the wind.

I remember how I played in the fields with the wind and lambs and other placid things, but I was young and life was worth living.

But that was before.

—JEAN THATCHER, Form 2

**TROY ROCHE AWARD:
FIRST JUNIOR POETRY**

BLACK AND WHITE TENSION

Darkness,
A sudden streak of white,
dark, irregularly shaped
patches.
Razor sharp daggers
enclosing a rough,
pink formation.
The bursting onto the scene
of two brilliant,
golden orbs.—
The black and white cat
yawning,
opening his eyes,
arching his back
and strolling from view.

—ANNE BOTHWELL, 3A

**TROY ROCHE AWARD:
SECOND JUNIOR POETRY**

PERFECTION

Who said that perfection does not exist,
When I can find it any day?
Simply by gazing at any flower,
Along my imperfect way.

COLOURS:

And Madam said in her clear loud voice
That blue and green should never be seen,
"Dear Madam, have you never gazed upon
A natural, blue-green scene?"

UNIQUENESS:

If man were to live a thousand years
And paint the sunset every day,
I'm sure in the end he would not find
Two pictures the same in every way.

TREES:

Trees have their own personalities,
Told in the positioning of every branch;
The old stand straight against the wind,
The young are tossed in frantic dance.

SOUNDS:

Take that transistor from your ear.
Can't you hear
The music of the wild?

The brooks are there,
All gurgling gay,

The wind is there,
All howling away.

The birds are there,
All chirping bright.

The thunder's there,
All crashing might.

WARWICK ARDEN, 3rd Form

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Here I am on a Christmas Day, sitting in
the lounge room of my eldest's daughter's home,
looking through some old photo albums with
my grandchildren.

"What was it like when you were a little
girl, Grandma?" asked my granddaughter.

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"Well, I'll tell you my life history, if you
like.

"I was born in 1892 in Tumut and have
remained here all my life. I enjoyed my younger
years, which were very different to the way
that you have spent yours. My school days were
spent at Tumut Plains. The school is still stand-
ing and has been converted into a private home.

"After I left school I remained at home
helping my mother because in those days young
country girls didn't go out to work because
there was no transport. Young girls weren't
permitted to walk the streets alone. I can re-
member having a great deal of fun at home,
playing tennis, going to dances and parties held
in private homes.

"In 1909 I met John and we became very
friendly. I can remember that we used to go
to dances, go on picnics, play tennis together
and do a lot of other things. I really enjoyed
myself then.

"In 1914 war broke out and John had to
join the Army. When he got his leave he used
to come and see me. In 1916, when he was on
his final leave he asked me to marry him. He
was then sent to France, Belgium and other
parts of Europe. When the war ended in 1918
he was sent back to England, where he took
up his tailor's trade and in 1919 he came back
to Australia. We were then married in 1920.
The wedding was only small and was held in
my home at Tumut Plains.

"During the war I helped raise money, packed
food parcels and knitted for the men in the
army.

"John and I had five children: Louise, who
is 51 and had three children; Suzanna, who is
49 and who had three children; David, 47; James,
45, and Jason, 43, who each had four children.

"In my own family I had one sister, Liza,
and one brother, Steven.

"While my children were growing up I
worked as a housewife and did some dressmak-
ing. While my children were only young, World
War II broke out as well as the Depression.
During the Depression life was very difficult;
we were issued with coupons for food and any-
thing else we wanted. I can very plainly re-
member the dresses we used to wear. They
were made out of muslin and viole and we
used to wear "bloomers" and three or four very
stiff petticoats underneath.

"In November, 1961, John died and I have

been alone ever since. I spent 41 wonderful years with him.

"Well, children, that is the story of my life and I can tell you it has been a happy one."

"Thank you for telling us, Grandma," was my granddaughter's reply.

"I have enjoyed telling it to you," were my final words.

—CHRISTINE DOWLING, 4B

THE FORGOTTEN ONE

Alone and unwanted, the old man sat, eating the stew that he had cooked on the old stove. He had spent that afternoon gathering firewood to make the most of what food he had left. No one ever visited him in his lonely hut and he didn't ever visit anybody except to collect some food from the town about ten miles away.

No one would guess that he had once been the idol of thousands of Australians—that this old man eating a poorly prepared stew had been a star musician. He used to tour the country and play to packed audiences in most towns. People used to queue up to see him, but not any more.

No longer do they shout out for him—times have changed, and this has spelt doom for him. The chances are that if you mentioned his name to someone they would not recognise it—he has been forgotten.

His wife died some years ago and since then he has lived a meagre existence, shut away from everybody in his hut. His children have forgotten about him and probably wouldn't recognise him if they saw him. He receives no mail—a far cry from his boom days when he received two hundred letters a week.

Now he wanders about the bush near his hut, his only friends the animals that scurry about, and even though he is cut off from the rest of the world he enjoys his primitive existence.

—BRIAN BOTHWELL, 4A

THE PRICE YOU PAY FOR PROGRESS

The word, "progress", as defined by the dictionary means development, advancement, improvement.

We live in an age of progress. Man is constantly inventing greater and more involved

machinery, which can work wonders at the touch of a button. The fact that serious side-effects are caused by his inventions apparently doesn't matter.

Clouds of dangerous smoke continually billowing out of factory chimneys and car exhausts, industrial waste being dumped in once clean rivers and aeroplanes screaming as they take off are all steadily ruining our natural environment.

Pollution is a word which everyone discusses and at the same time condemns, but does the average person worry about how much he is polluting the air when he leaves home in his car each morning? No. His only worry at this stage is whether or not he will be late for work.

Nature is not the only area which is being destroyed by progress. What about ourselves? Our lives are being wrecked by a faster moving world. Little time is left for family communication—each member is tied up watching TV, relaxing after a tiring day at the office or studying hard in order to pass a competitive examination.

Will our hectic way of life ever slow down to be like it was when the word progress meant development, advancement, improvement, instead of pollution, destruction and confusion?

—RHONDA McDONALD, 4A

COUNTRY TOWNS

You drive along
the road,
You come to a
deserted old town.
The streets are
Dead — there's
nobody around.
The old co-op.
has fallen
Down.
The wind is blowing,
the dust all around,
and the buildings
creak as
you
go
on
through
the
Town.

—ALAN GROSVENOR, 2D

VAMPIRE'S RETURN

It was the end of the School Certificate at last and we decided to go and explore the old castle which was supposedly haunted by Count Zorbia, who by legend was a vampire, who had seven beautiful girls as his assistants and they too were vampires.

Peter, Steven and I made our way across the old cemetery, which contained the remains of Count Zorbia and his seven female assistants. We were standing next to a grave whose headstone stated, "I shall return when my master commands me."

Then we saw something which we didn't know whether to believe or not. Two hands began to break the surface of the grave. We turned to run, but our efforts were in vain because six or seven more pairs of hands began to rise up out of the ground.

We stood there amazed at the phenomena which was before us. We started to walk backwards away from the group of emerging hands, but forgot about the first pair that we had encountered until Peter fell over and came to rest beside the hands.

The hands seized him and then a head broke the surface of the grave. The man's mouth opened and two of his teeth began to grow in length and become sharper. It was a vampire. He began to struggle, but it was too late. The vampire pierced his two long teeth into Peter's neck. He let out an unearthly scream as the blood was pouring from his body. He grew paler and paler until he was white and dead.

Steven and I stood there amazed until we were seized from behind by strong feminine hands. The vampire who had got Peter was the only man among the group of eight. He commanded them to take us up to the castle.

As we approached the castle it gave us the "creeps" even more. As we came closer the door opened without assistance and to our surprise the castle was clean of any webs and dust, which would have accumulated over the past centuries. We made our way upstairs and were locked in a small bedroom. I began to look around the room to see if I could find anything we could use for protection against the vampires. I found two old brooms and broke off the ends and made a cross and started to sharpen the other parts of the broom with a knife Steven had with him.

Both of us waited impatiently, waiting for another encounter with the vampires. About

two vampires came in. They wanted us to follow them. I rose up from the chair and pierced one of the stakes through the first vampire's heart and Steven thrust the other stake at the second vampire. He, too, found the heart.

I led in the cautious movement down the stairs and we began to make our way to the door when Steven was seized from behind by Count Zorbia and I tried to help him, but it was too late. He, like Peter, lay motionless and pale curled in a heap.

I began to run, only to be stopped by the hands of Count Zorbia, who was trying eagerly to pierce his teeth into my neck. More hands rested on me as I was trying to escape. It was useless, I stopped struggling and watched the teeth of six vampires get closer to my neck.

"Wake up, sleepy," I heard my mother say as she was waking me. She went on saying, "Steven and Peter are here and want to know whether you want to visit Count Zorbia's castle."

I said to myself, "Thank God it was a dream."

—KERRY GULLIFORD, 4th Form

IS IT YOU WHO WEEPS, MY GOD?

I know that you exist, my God,

As sure as night and day,
As sure as blossoms sprout in spring,
And sunsets fade away.

But, why oh why if you are love,
Do orphans cry in war torn streets,
And nations rake their garbage bins,
In search of food to eat?

And old folk wander lonely lanes,
Pressed for a place to sleep,
And black men rub their tearful eyes,
As from white man's scorn they creep?

And humans, so lacking in courage
They cannot face each day,

Worship the demon drug or drink,
To chase their fears away?

Could it be that you gave us a brain
Above all other creatures made,
And said:

"Go to it man and let me see
If you can make the heavenly grade."

Could it be that we have been the clown,
That we alone have made these human gores,

And is it you who weeps when you look down
Upon these bloodied earthly shores.

—WARWICK ARDEN, 3A

TRANSMISSION

Tongues of fire flicker on the wall
With a red glow releasing light and heat,
My bare feet depict freedom and warmth
While I sit alone conscious of an ascendancy
Confined to the absence of sounds—only Tully:
And in my solitude I efface those around, creating
an oblivion
Safely retaining your warmth and affection and
love.
Your absence is associated with a restraint on
bodily freedom.
Causing an emptiness, and abstraction in mind.
But when united, our eyes capture an awareness
of feelings
As we wait with frustration, avoiding those
around
Recalling the pleasure of each other
We live for a moment unconscious of time.
In this solitude my mind is occupied with a single
reflection of you
Meditation your every expression, movement and
communication.
I smile during a sunshower and feel strong
against the wind
But without you I am deficient in myself.
I anticipate reaching out and loving you
But only your spirit exists here tonight.

—GILLIAN ROSS, 6th Form

TEENAGE COMPLAINTS

The teenagers of Australia are well off
and should be happy. Here in Australia we
are lucky, our country is rich enough to stop
us from starving.

Yet, still there are kids who complain of
not having enough things. For instance, "Mum
can I get a new record? Why not? Sue got a
new record. She gets everything. I never get
anything," and lots of other complaints.

Why do we complain of not having enough
things? Our needs are satisfied, But our wants
are not.

The teenagers are the main offenders. We
tend to become selfish and not have enough
love to share with others in the world.

I suggest that we all, all of us, stop and
have a think, ask ourselves, do I really need
that new record, or, am I really selfish? After
all, we may be childish and irresponsible today,
but we will all be grown up and responsible
one day.

—LOUISE CARTER, 2B

1972 STAFF HIT PARADE

Mr. Wellham: Long Haired Lover from
Liverpool.

Mr. Ayliffe: Little Willie.

Mr. Purcell: Heart of Gold.

Mr. Bothwell: Waka do Waka Day.

Mrs. Johnson: Witch Queen of New Orleans.

Mr. Deacon: The Whale.

Mrs. Orr: Peace Train.

Miss Auchinachie: I'm all Woman.

Miss Muzyka: I'd like to Teach the World
to Sing.

Mr. Johnson: Speed King.

Mr. Giles: Brandy.

Mr. Graham: Superman.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilhorne: Puppy Love.

Mrs. Hart: Run, Run, Run.

Mr. Swann: Give Me a Smile.

Mr. Inman: Troglodyte (caveman).

Mrs. Hoad: Silver Thread and Golden
Needles.

Miss D. Moore: Ready Mixed Revenge.

Mrs. Paisley: Speak to the Sky.

Mr. Bonnor: Rubber Ducky.

Mr. Cone: Candy Man.

Miss McLuskie: Amazing Grace.

Mr. Ritten: American Pie.

Mr. Writer: Daddy, Don't You Walk so
Fast.

Rest of Staff: Precious and Few.

—4th FORM, 1972

THE DREAMER

Small boy sitting on the bank,
Fishing rod dangling in the stream.
Lost are you to the rest of the world,
Wrapped are you in boyish dream.

Pirate are you upon the seas,
Conquering all within your grasp,
Your sword has claimed many a life,
Courage have you until the last.

Scout are you out in the west
Taking news back to the rank,
Swim that river with powerful strokes,
Beat that aligator to the bank.

Sun is setting behind the hills,
Time to wander homeward way.
SIGH—"That fishing sure was fun,
Must come again another day."

—WARWICK ARDEN, 3A

A SEANCE

The room was cold and bare, four people sat in the centre, intently watching the candle that they encircled. Two beds and a table were the only pieces of furniture in the room.

A flicker from the flame and all relaxed, one breathing a sigh of relief. The two girls stood up and crossed the floor, reached for a cigarette each, lit them, then disappeared through the door which led to the hall. Con stood, stepped back a few steps and seated himself comfortably on one of the beds. Pete remained seated on the floor staring into the naked flame—he had been medium.

The two girls re-entered the room, Christa sitting on the floor beside Pete, Jan stood just beyond the bed where Con had seated himself: her breathing was erratic. Both girls had a strong smell of incense about them they had not had before leaving the room. After a nod from Pete, Christa handed him a small bottle containing a golden coloured liquid and a syringe. He poured part of the liquid into a spoon, gesturing to Christa to hold it towards the flame. He drew the syringe from the spoon. Now the needle contained the liquid and he handed this to Christa.

Christa first held the syringe to the flame, smiled and laughed. Then with a quick movement shot it into Pete's vein, a few seconds, a smile and it was all over. She withdrew the needle, handed it to Pete, who then broke the skin of her stomach, copying her actions. After withdrawal she threw the syringe across the floor. It flew under the bed and came to rest there. Then she turned and kissed his arm where the needle had entered.

Con produced some purple hearts. When she saw them, Jan slid onto the bed beside him. They fed each other the tabs then lay back on the bed to work the hallucinations over.

Suddenly for Jan the room began to spin. Paranoid. Illuminating colours distorted height and sense perceptions. The sensation became one of floating on air. She was listening to Christa's high, shrilled screams. Suddenly it changed just as fast as it had come, the room darkened, terrifying figures loomed all round her and then came a spine chilling yell. Throughout her body flew sharp aching pains, her sense of touch and feel disappeared she was numb and saturated in perspiration.

An hour or more passed. She rolled over to find Con lying next to her with eyes blood-

shot, hair and clothes saturated with bands of sweat, marks like bruises all over his neck and every sinew continually tensing and relaxing to the rhythm of his breathing.

Jan sat up, looked around the room for Christa—no sign. The room almost in light now contained a sickly smell of stale aftershave. Pete was lying in a heap on the floor, bruises on neck, chest and forehead. He was still and seemed almost not to be breathing.

Jan got up by climbing over Con and walked across the rubbish on the floor to Pete. She shook him. He did not revive. He was as cold as the floor about him. His breathing and heartbeat had stopped.

Christa entered the room again, the two girls passing a few words between themselves. They then dragged him over to the corner and propped him against the wall. Christa then kissed the body goodbye. Between them both they woke Con. Christa then struck a match and lit the candle; they all sat and concentrated on the green glow atop the flame.

It moved across the floor and stationed itself upon Pete's forehead and there it stayed. The three watching intently, asking his spirit to come.

—ANON

RED

Red stained shirts of the peoples of war. Blood. Red is the colour of anger, courage and revenge, common in our world.

Red is the colour of her hair, flowing freely in every gust of wind, falling over her red lips, wet with the rain on her face.

Red is the sun, a ball of fire, floating in the universe. Red is the colour of my new shoes bought from the store next to the "Red Robin" Bakery.

Anghopheras, red, high against the sky, plagued by the red fires of man.

Red is the colour of horses and cattle teased by human kindness.

Red is the signs of danger; stop, start and beware.

SO YOU BEWARE of red.

—KAREN LINDLEY, 2A

PRIDE

Being proud is a great thing. Proud of a car, proud of a prize, being proud of anything makes you feel really good.

I remember being proud one day when I was about four years old. I was on a horse for the first time by myself. I felt on top of the world. I was really proud, proud of myself. I sat in the saddle as tall as I could, but my foot slipped and I accidentally kicked the horse. It bucked with me on it—but not for long. I fell off. That was the end of my being proud for that day.

—ROS HOAD, 2A

A MOTHER'S LOVE

She sat there on the bright park bench,
The sunshine playing in her hair,
And in her arms she held a babe,
Upon whom she gazed with loving care.

She saw not the blossoms as they fell,
Making coloured snow around the place,
For all the beauty in the world
Was held there—in her baby's face.

—WARWICK ARDEN, 3A

BATMAN

Batman stands at the theatre door,
His name I should have told you before,
His cape's very shabby, he's as thin as a rake,
And he suffers from palsy that makes his hands
shake.

Yet he was in his youth quite the smartest
of heroes,
But no longer a terror to evil-doers.
For he isn't the man that he was in his prime,
Though his name was quite famous, he says,
in his time.

For he once was a star of the highest degree,
(He has acted with Robin and Green Lantern
you see.)
And he likes to relate his success on the "Halls",
Where the gallery, once gave him, seven bat calls.

(With apologies to a man called Gus.)

—SUE SHEDDEN, 2B

SOMEONE GRABBED ME

The alley was very dark. Our footsteps echoed all around us. We were walking home from the picture theatre, where we had seen the film, "Dracular's Seven Sons". To get home quickly we had taken a short cut through the alley.

The darkness seemed to grip us in an imaginary hand. I could hear the noise of cars at both ends of the darkened alley. I really hadn't thought it was so long.

Suddenly, I heard another noise. It was the sound of more footsteps! They were quickly creeping up on us. We were running faster and faster. Our followers were running. We were too. Behind us, I could see two large figures running in the darkness. Then they were almost on top of us. Someone grabbed me! "Ahhhhhh!"

—DAVID NELSEN, 2A

A SONG OF URBAN DECAY:

SWOON RIVER

(To the tune of "Moon River")

Swoon River,
Oozing day by day,
Into the noxious bay
Of slime.

Ol' stench-maker,
You asphyxiator.
Killing as you go,
The fish and plants that grow,
Near you.

Just one paltry sniff,
Of you and we must retch,
And cough and almost stretch
out stiff.

Swoon River
You're one big stinking stew,
A fuming sea of goo,
Of sewerage, what a brew,
Of germs and cans and trash,
What a putrefying hash.
Swoon River....it's you!

—TONY HELLER, 3A

WHAT'S IN THE BAG?

This story comes right from my heart,
But I really don't know how to start ,
You see my friends, it's of my life —
Of all my troubles, all my strife.

It started the day that I was born,
I was lonely, lost and forlorn . . .
Because my mother was taken away,
To work for the bank and carry the pay.

I was grabbed by the neck with pitiless strength,
And stretched and crumbled to measure my
length.

Then they took a piece of rope and placed it
round my neck;
But they didn't hear me as I cried, "No tighter
please. Oh heck!"

What's in the bag, you ask me now,
Do I carry milk from a cow?
Do I carry gold from the mines?
But now what can I say that rhymes.

Ah, now I know what I can say,
Do I carry your mail all day?
No, my job is one of the best ,
Real good hours, lots of rest.

You see I just lie there and stay,
Carrying water, food and pay.
No need to ask again, or nag,
I tell you, I'm just a saddle bag.

—MANDY DOON, 1A

BLACK

Black is a sinister, but drab colour. Black represents sadness, grief and general pity. Black is the oil pouring into the sea, polluting beaches, killing fish and turning the water into a barren refuge for the unwanted of the world.

As black clouds roll overhead, you think of the lightning and rain coming. Black is for magic: the unknown world of witches, magicians and spells. Black is the cliff in silent shadows; only the call from a bird can be heard in the solitude.

—JANET STUBBS, 2A

DEATH IS NEAR

At 8 o'clock tomorrow morning I will meet my death with gas. Just think of all the things I'll miss—my father, my mother, my sisters and my brother. Locked up in an air tight room. windows shut, doors shut. Oh! The dread of thinking that my death is near. Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?

The morning is dawning, death is getting closer, my heart beats faster, my blood runs quicker. I can see the gas finding its way under the door. Quicker and stronger my blood runs till at last I cannot breathe at all.

—JAN McGRATH, 1C

IT'S IN THE BAG

What's in the bag?
Nobody knows!
Open it up
And out it flows.

Is it food or
Is it air?
What's in the bag?
I don't care.

What's in the bag?
Do you know?
Does it tickle?
Ho! Ho! Ho!

"It's in the bag"
Whatever it is
Is it hers or
Is it his?

It's in the bag!
But tell me what?
It could be cold,
Or could be hot.

You opened the bag!
You little hog!
Ha! Ha! Ha!
A slimy frog!!!

—CHERYL CARR, 1A

What Fifth Form English have gained from studying "Hamlet" and "Richard III" this year:

Allen Anforth: "By drunken prophecies, omens and dreams." R III.

Rodney Purcell: "You shall have wine enough my Lord." R III.

Robin Neilson: "He is fat and scant of breath." R III.

Michael Lindley: "Unmannered dog, stand thou when I command." R III.

Ross Barton: "I am justly killed with mine own treachery." Hamlet.

Wayne Lucas: "Deep, hollow, treacherous and full of guile." R III.

Danny Martin: "Young valiant, wise and no doubt right royal." R III.

Adrienne Ross: "Get thee to a nunnery." Hamlet.

David Roddy: "Oh he was gentle, mild and virtuous." R III.

Howard Wren: "A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse." R III.

Stephen Prowse: "Since I am crept in favour with myself, I will maintain it with some little craft." R III.

Greg Boyd: "He who finds quarrel in a straw." Hamlet.

Miss Stroud: "Dispute not with her, she is lunatic." R III.

Simon Dredge: "A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue." R III.

David Sheddon: "A bachelor, a handsome stripling too." Hamlet.

Ron Johnstone: "Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion." R III.

John Feint: "For I am pigeon livered and lack gall." Hamlet.

David Rivers: "A foolish prating knave." Hamlet.

John Petriella: "A murderer and a villain." Hamlet.

Gordon Dickson: "His liberty is full of threats to all." Hamlet.

Greg Peel: "What is he in his bed?" R III.

Peter McDonald: "Oh he has kept an evil diet long." R III.

Maureen O'Sullivan: "I am too childish, foolish, for this world." R III.

Mrs. Johnson: "My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses." R III.

Mr. Writer: "What a noble mind is here o'erthrown." Ham.

Christine McKenzie: "She is importunate, indeed distract; her mood will needs be pitied." Hamlet.

Denise Williams: "She speaks much." Ham. Julie Gallard, Robyn Johnson, Heather Reed, Ruth Vickery: "When sorrows come, they come not single spies, but in battalions." Ham.

Jenny Doon: "Tut, but I am strong framed." R III.

Barbara Venables: "My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile the tedious day with sleep." Hamlet.

Norma French: "You tremble and look pale." Hamlet.

Wayne Back: "You are a scholar." Ham.

Dorothy Grinly: "Thy school days, frightful, desperate, wide and furious." R III.

WHO SAID THAT?

The following comments have been attributed to various members of staff. A colourful and lasting prize will be awarded to the first student who can match the comments with the correct staff member. Forward your written entries to Mr. Graham.

"Have you any problems—Mathematical problems that is?"

"O.K., you guys, stop goofing around."

"Tough luck."

"Just another gem from my treasurehouse of useless information."

"Yes, by joves, that's right."

"I'm getting sick and tired"

"Well I don't really know."

"I have a calm, placid, lovable nature."

"Two bricks apart, please."

"Um" (182 times one lesson).

"But that's another story."

"Peel, get the net."

"Gentlemen and others"

"Tough!"

"You bonehead."

"You'll get a one-way ticket down to the office."

"Now, young ladies"

LOVE

The hustle and bustle of the city streets,
The peace and quiet of the river
Flowing gently
Down its banks to freedom.
Me!
Look at me
Sitting
Staring into the open space,
Thinking about war,
Peace and last, but not least,
Love.
Then everything comes to a halt,
The war ended.
Peace between nations
The world is full,
Full of Love.

—ANONYMOUS

PRESERVATION OF PICNIC SPOTS

The Blowering Dam, with its sparkling waters and naturally beautiful foreshores has afforded us hundreds of picnic spots. But how often, after selecting a suitable spot, do you find it cluttered with the remnants of someone else's picnic? Opened cans of all varieties, from beer to sardines, accompanied by sandwich scraps, fruit peelings and paper greet you.

In this day and age I feel that this absence of consideration for nature and other humans alike is not due to a lack of "litter education", but just that there will always be a very small minority who just do not care about such things. It has always been so and always will be so.

Where does the answer lie? It lies in the hands of the majority who do care about nature and people.

When your family goes picnicking, take with you some old pairs of gloves and a plastic bucket and lid. All spend ten minutes cleaning the area, then go ahead and enjoy your own picnic. Place your own refuse with that already collected and dump all into your home garbage bin. Your plastic bucket can be disinfected and returned to the car for your next trip.

In the above manner our picnic spots will gradually become cleaner, affording delight and happy hours of relaxation for our tourists and ourselves.

—WARWICK ARDEN, 3A

QUO VADIS?

A milestone was reached in Tumut's history recently with the official opening of the last major section of the Snowy Mountains Scheme. The crossroads have now been reached.

The Snowy Mountains Scheme has been a boon, for man in general, in particular, for Tumut. It provided the stability which a country town needs to ensure permanent sources of employment, as well as the maintaining of a steady increase in population.

Businesses did not speculate when they made the decision to carry out the expansion of their companies in Tumut. They knew it was a worthwhile proposition—at that time. Tourism was boosted because of the suitability of Tumut's position in respect to the Snowy Mountains Scheme.

Tumut must now, however, rely on forestry to provide the impetus for continued growth, for there is no other industry to which she can turn. There will be a gap, nevertheless, before the impulse is created in this field.

Forestry is carried out successfully on a small scale, but is forestry the right industry to carry out on the large scale which is necessary to ensure a future population growth in Tumut? Will these plans be successful? Will there be an impetus?

Time is the major problem, in my opinion. Although Tumut has established the forestry industry to an extent, it has leaned on the Snowy Mountains Scheme in past years to provide a certain amount of its economy.

Tumut also had a dairying industry which it could have depended on in the years of determining the stability of the forestry industry, but the Blowering Dam project set off a chain reaction which has left us with very few dairy farmers and without a butter or milk factory.

I doubt if the designers of the scheme knew what effect the completion of it would have on Tumut. What are we going to do? the newly established trout industry is only partly the answer. Will forestry succeed and provide employment for many Snowy Mountains Scheme "offcasts"? Will Tumut remain as it is at present with no future development in the area? What is to be done? Whither goest Tumut?

—ANNE BOTHWELL, 3A

YANITY

I look into a mirror
And see a thousand shapes
Converted in my mind to see
As I'd like to see myself,
But what comforts me is there
And I know it'll have to do.
My nose is bent and my eyes are hard
And I know it has to be "me".
You don't know how I care,
You don't know how I hurt "me"
By living with myself.

—PAUL FILLERY, 4A

MEDITATION

The silver sparkles of a shining life
Pierce my tear-filled eyes,
As I lie in thought, deep, deep thought,
As if I were dead, my mind toils endlessly,
Seeking eternal security.
A life shall pass this night, while I gather
thoughts
Who cares?

Concerned only with pride and material
possessions,
Life is but one competition
— myself —

That's all that matters in these days of life!
But when they're gone
What do we have?
Not even ourselves,
Only but a far greater thing
— happiness —

—ADRIENNE ROSS, 5A

LIFE

A lark shall live a life of luxury, of love he
knows little,
A snake toils slyly through sand and strikes
for spite.

What are we?
Something that lives well and loves not, or lives
for death and loves for joy.

—ADRIENNE ROSS, 5A

HILLS

On the white hills
Are coloured crystals of snow
That gleam in the winter's valley.

LOUDS

Soft, fluffy clouds
That crawl in the sky.

WIND

As the wind gasps for breath
It wanders across the boundless plains.

—DEBBIE POTTER, 1D

CHANGE

What's wrong with life this day? No smiles,
no care, no interest is shown. A cold shoulder,
grim expression and blank eyes greet me as I
enter the room. A mystery always remains:
"Why do we change?"

—ADRIENNE ROSS, 5A

SONUS

The flowing clarinet slides over the trees
on a dance floor of air.
It taps, taps on my window
glides in like a blonde in a flimsy nightgown,
moves my hips, my feet; picks me up and I dance.

A minute on a sheet of yellowed paper,
The black music moves and sighs between
its no longer confining bars.
Like a pink swan under a waterfall.
The breeze changes direction and the music fades
like mist on ice
and comes again louder than before.

Jazz, sweet and black and heavy,
grates and flashes, sudden then quiet.
Blurred like night lights on a wet windscreen
as the city flashes past.

Massive waves of music
ebb and break. Emotive
like the tide of passion that writes the notes,
the ear that determines the key.
Creations of pleasure and pain,
delicate, changeable like the moods they create.

—SUE ASPINALL, 6A

THE LONELY TEACHER

Leaves blowing across
The empty playground
Then I walk down
The corridors
Looking in the
Empty classrooms
Suddenly the ghostly
Children rush
Out of one of
The classrooms
They do not
See me

—RICKIE McLENNAN, 1D

SPORTSMASTER'S REPORT

Once again it has been a very eventful and successful sporting year, both on the inter-school and intra-school levels.

Numerous inter-school visits provided a select minority of students with the opportunity to compete in sport on a different level, while House and inter-class competitions were the scene of intense rivalry between the majority of students.

We were fortunate this year to have a senior school who obviously realised the physical, social and emotional benefits available to them through sport and they set an example in leadership second to none. May they continue to maintain this attitude throughout their adult lives.

It is pleasing to note the ever-increasing numbers of pupils who are taking advantage of the opportunities to play sport as a recreation outside school hours. This is the fulfilment of a basic objective of the school sport programme.

It was also pleasing to note the increasing number of students who were associated with the organisational side of sport and undoubtedly gained valuable experience. After all, in the future it is you, the students, who will have the responsibility of sport organisation in the community.

Congratulations to those students who have achieved success in sport this year, for it is only by combining natural ability with dedication to training that they have achieved their aims. But, of course, not everyone can be a winner (with apologies to Charlie Brown) and it was notable in sporting competitions this year that many students realised their capabilities and participated to the best of their ability just for the satisfaction of knowing that they did their best. In the words of Baron de Courbertin, the founder of the modern Olympics: "... the important thing in life is not to have conquered, but to have fought well."

In closing, I would like to thank the many staff members, pupils and citizens in the community who assisted in any way with the organisation of sport this year. It is only through the co-operation of many that allows the fine sporting tradition of Tumut High School to develop.

—R. D. SUTTON, Sportsmaster

SPORTSMISTRESS' REPORT

There are two main reasons sport is included in the school week—to allow time to learn and enjoy recreational sporting activities and to encourage an awareness of your own level of fitness.

Our range of sports offer opportunities for one or both of these aims to be achieved. Sports played this year included golf, tennis, squash, bush walking, swimming, softball, athletics, hockey, netball, basketball, volleyball, cross-country running and soccer. We hope to be able to add table tennis and gymnastics next year.

If victory is a measure of a successful sporting programme, then we had that too in many fields. Our softballers were defeated only once during the year; the hockey team won their inter-school matches and were narrowly defeated in the semi-finals by the Riverina championship team, Mt. Austin; the tennis team had notable success; the swimming team are the Southern Slopes champions; the athletics team came third at the Southern Slopes Carnival.

I wish to thank the interested teachers and coaches for the time spent with the teams and for their co-operation.

—B. HART, Sportsmistress

ATHLETICS CARNIVAL

The day was wet and gloomy when we held our annual Athletics Carnival. The competition was fierce between the Houses, each fielding plenty of competitors. The novelty events, which were run in conjunction with the rest of the carnival, were immensely enjoyed by those who participated.

The climax of the day came with the teachers pitting themselves against the students in the relay. To sum it up, in Mr. Sutton's own words, "The usual walkover for the staff."

The winner of the carnival by a good margin was Phillip (1603 points) from King (1302), with Hunter third (1169 points) and Macquarie four with (1152 points).

Age champions for the carnival were:

Girls: 13, Christine Howe; 14, Cynthia Hargreaves; 15, Debby Cullen; 16, Margaret Osis; open, Josie Atkins.

Boys: 13, Mark Thomas; 14, Roger Prowse; 15, Ray Willey; 16, Geoff Dark; open, Kevin Pendergast.

—DAVID RIVERS

SOFTBALL



Back row (l. to r.): Sue Bulger, Denise Williams, Wendy Riley, Anne Wortes, Josie Atkins, Kathy Morris. Front row: Chris McKenzie, Joanne Stansfield, Chris McLennan, Mrs. B. Hart, Winnie Bulger.

SOFTBALL

Tumut High Softball team has been very successful in a year of active sports competition.

The team's ability was shown in the match played against Blakehurst on unfamiliar ground. Tumut won this hard, exciting match 25-15, with some good batting and fielding by the Tumut team.

Although Tumut met a defeat at the hands of Gundagai in a match played at Tumut High School (11-6), Tumut was not discouraged, as shown in the match against Queanbeyan. This proved to be a tough tussle between the two teams, but Tumut finally ran out winners by 16-11. The conditions for this match seemed to suit the Tumut side, as they played in wet, muddy conditions at Blakehurst also.

Tumut then attended an area softball carnival held at Harden-Murrumburrah, at which

the team's hard training and other's encouragement was shown. Tumut played four games, the results being: Temora 6 drew with Tumut 6, Tumut 7 d Yass 0, Tumut 9 d Young 1, Tumut 13 d Harden 3.

Because of these victories Tumut received the winning trophies. This ended the Tumut High Softball team's successful year.

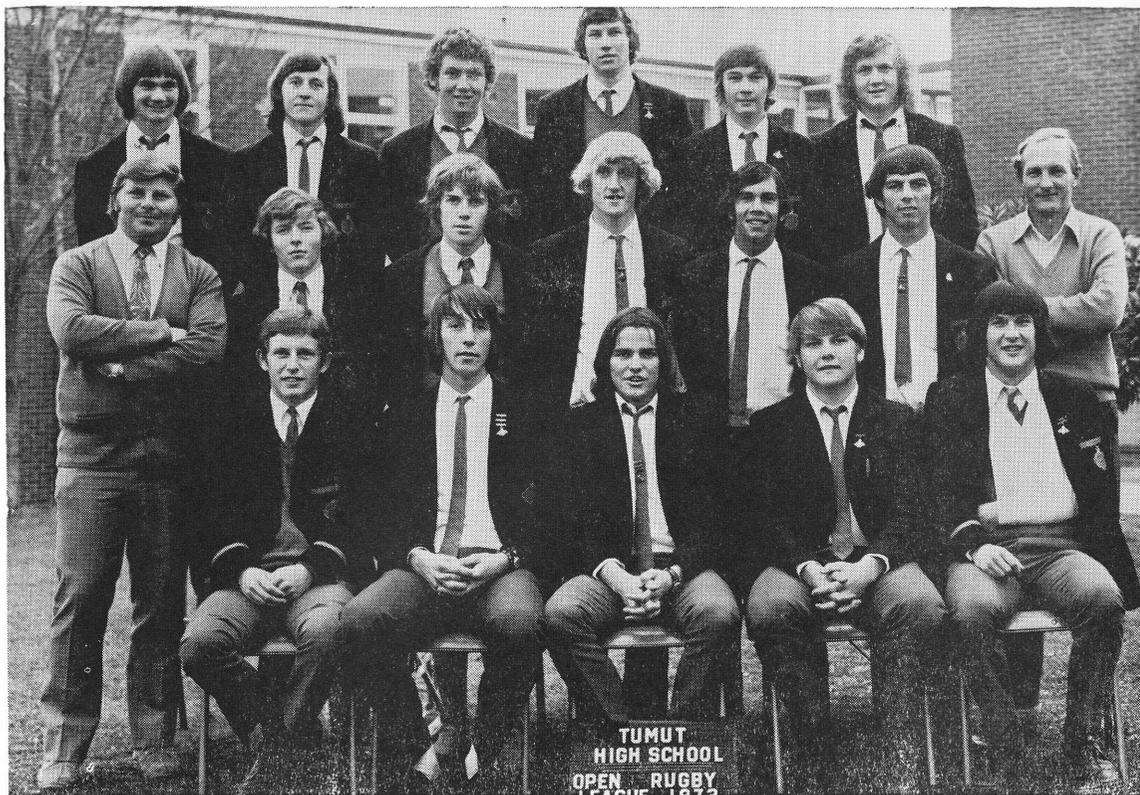
On behalf of team members, thanks are extended to Mrs. Hart for her encouragement and training throughout the year.

The most outstanding players of the year were Christine McLennan, Wendy Riley and Denise Williams.

Thanks are also extended to those girls who played in the team for the area carnival. Most outstanding in these matches were Christine McKenzie, Julie Gallard, Sue and Kerri McMahon.

—CHRISTINE MCKENZIE

OPEN RUGBY LEAGUE



Back row (l. to r.): Stephen Webb, David Wellham, Brian McInerney, Peter Boyle, Graham Flynn, James McAlister. Second row: Mr. Deacon, Anthony Jones, Geoff Lund, Michael Mulvihill, Michael Williams, Phillip Hahn, Mr. Sutton. Front row: Tony Roddy, Eric Vickery, Kevin Pendergast, Chris Riley, Ramon Doon.

OPEN LEAGUE

At the beginning of this year the opens began the season by playing a few games with other towns before playing our main games.

The first of our main games was against Tumarumba. This resulted in a victory to us, but it was to be the first and last. By winning this match it enabled us to make the second round of the University Shield. Our opponents for this match were Yanco (who eventually won the shield), who were too big and fast for us. They defeated us by 38-3.

The next two main games were played against Blakehurst and Queanbeyan in the inter-school visits. We were unsuccessful in both these matches.

The boys would like to thank our coach, Mr. Deacon, for patience and coaching throughout the year.

—MICK WILLIAMS

HOUSE CRICKET

King has been dominant in the House Cricket competition, finishing with a total of 14 points, Macquarie 9 points, Hunter 8 points, Phillip 7 points.

The competition is divided into two grades, senior and junior, with King being undefeated in the junior comp.

The high standard of cricket in the school is probably a result of the keen interest in the town competition; with the more dedicated young cricketers playing in the C grade comp. on Saturday morning, then B grade on Saturday afternoon and then the A grade competition on Sunday.

HOCKEY

This year's A hockey team had a very successful season. Tumut had their first win when they defeated Tumbarumba at Tumut 6-1, with Tumut showing superiority over Tumbarumba, who had beaten Tumut in the previous three years.

Our second game was with Blakehurst. After travelling for eight hours to Blakehurst we had to emerge from the bus and play hockey on a very wet and muddy field. However, this did not discourage the team. In fact, we ran onto the field determined to defeat Blakehurst. With this show of determination we soundly defeated Blakehurst 7-1 and displayed continuous teamwork. A special mention to A. Ross, who scored four of the seven goals during the game.

Once again Tumut experienced wet weather for the visiting Queanbeyan High School. The hockey game was played on the Friday morning with the rain competing with us. This match was much more challenging than our two pre-

vious ones, and kept both sides alert throughout the time. At half time Queanbeyan's centre-forward had scored a goal to give them the upper hand of the score 1-nil. Within the first five minutes of the second half, Tumut's right inner, Heather McGruer, scored. Even though both teams tried continuously to score again neither was successful, resulting in a 1-all draw.

At a hockey carnival in Wagga we won our first four games and reached the finals. We were, however, unsuccessful in our fifth game and were defeated by Mt. Austin 3-1.

Our final game was with Gundagai High School, whom we defeated 7-1.

As captain of the hockey team this year, I would like to express my pleasure of being part of a consistent team effort exhibited by my fellow players.

On behalf of the hockey team I would like to sincerely thank our coach and sportsmistress, Mrs. Hart, for her co-operation and consistent help throughout the season.

—DENISE WILLIAMS



Back row (l. to r.): Mrs. B. Hart, Erica Osarek, Lorraine Kelly, Heather Brumby, Helen Pearce, Linda McGrath, Maria Petriella. Front row: Adrienne Ross, Chris McLennan, Joanne Stansfield, Denise Williams, Heather McGruer, Heather Reid.

GOLF

This year proved to be another vintage year for Tumut High in the inter-school golf competition between Queanbeyan and Blakehurst.

Tumut won both matches to remain unbeaten in the golf so far and it is hoped that future team members will carry on this excellent record. The team this year consisted of Robert Willey, David Wellham, Andrew Acland and Alan Anforth, with David Willey joining them for the match against Blakehurst.

Keith Dehnert, Robert Willey, Andrew Acland and David Wellham travelled to Sydney to compete in the E. J. Hyde Shield, but were unsuccessful in bringing home any trophies.

A large number of Tumut High golfers travelled to Cootamundra to compete in the

Riverina Schoolboys championships, with Gary Gillespie successful in bringing home a trophy for the 27 holes handicap division.

Also a large number of boy and girl golfers attended the "Back to Harden Week" school golf competition. Some excellent results were obtained, especially with the schoolgirls, Michelle Henrick and Jan McNerney. Michelle won the girls' handicap division and Jan was runner-up to Michelle.

Special thanks must go to the Tumut Golf Club for its financial assistance and to Club professional, Peter Orr, for his valuable coaching. With all this the standard of golf must improve even more than its present high standard.

—PETER McDONALD



David Willey, David Wellham, Robert Willey, Andrew Acland, Mr. Wellham, Allan Anforth.
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NETBALL



Back row (l. to r.): Kathy Morris, Wendy Riley, Diane Mumbler, Josie Atkins. Front row: Kerrie McMahon, Ann Wortes, S. Williams, Sue Bulger, Gail Mumbler.

NETBALL

The netball was played at Blakehurst on Friday morning and, although as in previous years the team was defeated, they were not disgraced. Tumut played as a team and the main offender was lack of confidence among the team members.

Queanbeyan visited Tumut this year and the netball got underway in extremely wet conditions on Friday morning. Tumut were with the opponents right up until half time, but Queanbeyan proved to be too strong during the second half.

Thanks go to Miss Williams for the coaching we received.

SWIMMING

Despite the low entry numbers due to the wet weather and cold conditions, there were no less than twenty records broken (some dat-

ing back as far as 1965), at the Tumut High School Swimming Carnival. King House was the supreme winner with a total of 901 points.

Phillip House fought hard to gain second place with 631 points.

Macquarie started the day well by taking an early lead, but finished third with 593 points. Hunter's total was 315.

Linda McGrath's hard training paid off when she broke five individual records and a relay record with three other girls, Sue McMahon, Sue Green and Margaret Oliver of King House. Both Ian Aylward and Alan Davey broke three records, while Warren Dark and Michael McAlister each have two records to their credit.

The records broken were as follows:

Linda McGrath: 15 years 50 metres breaststroke (44.6 secs.), 50 metres backstroke (37.6), 50 metres freestyle (33.1), open 100 metres free-

style (1m. 14.8secs.), open 50 metres, butterfly (37.3).

Norma French: 16 years 50 metres freestyle (38.4 secs.).

Michelle Beauchamp: 13 years 50 metres breaststroke (46 secs.).

Alan Davey: 13 years 100 metres freestyle (1m. 15 sec.), 50 metres backstroke (39.6).

Warren Dark: 14 years 50 metres breaststroke (31.7 secs.), 50 metres butterfly (40.7).

Ian Aylward: 15 years 50 metres breaststroke (43.7 secs.), 50 metres freestyle (31.2), 50 metres backstroke (36.7 secs.).

Michael McAlister: Open 100 metres backstroke (1m. 28.5 sec.), open 100 metres freestyle (1m. 10.6).

Tumut High School won the Southern Slopes Combined High School Swimming Carnival for the fourth year in succession.

The Tumut team of 43 swimmers and divers turned in an excellent performance to win over-

all with 118 points from Temora 87, then Cootamundra 54, Yass 48, Junee 47, Gundagai 22 and Harden 21 points.

The standard of swimming was high, resulting in many new zone records. Linda McGrath, Allen Davey and Michael McAlister all broke records. Debbie Hoad won the first major diving place for Tumut in many years.

—ANTHONY DAY

GIRLS' INTERNATIONAL RULES

Thanks to the coaching of Mrs. Gilhome, Tumut were successful in winning the basketball against Queanbeyan by 12 points. The scoring was very high considering the wet conditions and slippery ball. All girls played well and as a team and were not discouraged by the rain, which fell continuously throughout the game.

—WENDY RILEY

BASKETBALL



Back row (l. to r.): Judy Grimes, Kathy Morris, Wendy Riley, Chris McLennan, Libby Ryan, Narelle Brooks. Front row: Sue Bulger, Denise Williams, Mrs. Gilhome, Josie Atkins, Dianne Mumber.



Back row (l. to r.): Kevin Pendergast, John Myers, Michael Williams, Tony Roddy, Robert Willey. Front row: Andrew Acland, Michael Mulvihill, David Willey, Mr. Johnson,

VOLLEYBALL

The 1972 Volleyball season at Tumut High was a very successful one and volleyball vied with handball as this year's craze. It was not an uncommon sight in 1972 to see day after day, the (more) athletic members of the staff pitting their abilities against those of the students.

It was as a result of this expert and extended training at the hands of the staff that the school team was able to defeat the Queanbeyan volleyballers three sets to one in the annual inter-school visit. The Tumut players won the game, despite drenching rain and some hard opposition and so maintained their unbeaten status of the past three years.

However, at the time of going to press, the school volleyball team had not been able to vanquish the staff players.

OPEN SOCCER

This year proved to be a successful year for the open soccer team. Although being beaten in only the second round of the Tasman Cup series, the team played well in both matches, scoring a win against Finley, winning by a corner after extra time was played. The next game, the team was unlucky to lose 2-nil against Young.

The team played in a round robin at Harden, where they were runners-up to Young, winning three out of four games.

Credit must go to Anthony Day, Simon Dredge, Gordon Dickson, Alan Giles, Ken Aspinall and Andre Raab for playing so consistently throughout the season.

Finally, the team thanks Mr. Giles for spending much of his leisure time coaching the team and also the team members hope he will keep an eye out for the up-and-coming stars in the junior school.

—JOHN PETRIELLA



Back row (l. to r.): Wayne Back, Danny Martin, Geoff Dark, Ron Johnstone. Front row: Linda McGrath, Josie Atkins, Anne Wortes, Rhonda Martin.

TENNIS

The combination of the various members of the tennis team proved far too strong for the team of Blakehurst, but Queanbeyan was not played due to rain.

The team this year was Ann Wortes, Josie Atkins, Linda McGrath, Rhonda Martin, Danny Martin, Wayne Back, Geoff Dark and Ron Johnstone.

A team of junior and senior boys and girls were selected to play at Harden against district schools.

The senior boys lost to Temora, the junior boys to Cootamundra. The senior girls also lost to Cootamundra and the junior girls to Young.

The team would like to thank Mr. Graham for his help and encouragement and for his provision of table tennis facilities when rain stopped play against Queanbeyan.

A team of two boys and two girls were

selected to go to Narrandera for the Secondary School Tennis trials.

Two players were able to make the semi-finals, they were Ann Wortes and Geoff Dark, but were defeated by strong opposition.

—DANNY MARTIN and ANN WORTES

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Basketball in the school this year has, on the whole, been successful, not only in standard of play, but also in popularity.

The introduction of class basketball competitions in Forms 1 and 2 has resulted in many of these younger players playing on a regular basis. These players should provide Tumut High with a strong basketball team in the future. The Form 1 competition was won by 1A and the Form 2 by 2B. Here thanks must go to Mr. Sutton for his efforts in arranging and refereeing these matches.

The school team took part in a number of events this year. The first was a trip to Lyne-

him in the A.C.T. for the first round of the Shell Cup competition. Unfortunately, we were defeated by a team which showed superior teamwork and obviously had played together many times before.

The Riverina Basketball Carnival, held for the first time in Junee, was the scene of our next matches. This carnival saw us put in a good performance, with three wins and a narrow one-point loss to Junee, the division 1 winners.

The Blakehurst visit saw us go down to the home side. Trailing by one point at half time, we slipped slightly in the second half to lose by seven points. Despite the loss, it was a good team performance.

The match against Queanbeyan, played in

the rain, resulted in a victory for Tumut. Nearing the end it appeared that Queanbeyan would be victors, but a late rally by Tumut saw us win narrowly.

This year's team was very inexperienced, with many new players and, with the loss of only two players, next year should go on to better things. Younger players like Mark Ward and Ray Willey are improving rapidly and this augers well for future years. This year though, perhaps our most consistent player would have been Robert Willey, who rarely put in a bad performance.

Our thanks must go to our coach, Mr. Johnson, who gave up much of his time in training us and was a great help to the team.

—WAYNE BACK

BASKETBALL



Back row (l. to r.): David Willey, Mark Ward, Robert Willey, Wayne Lucas, Ramond Willey.
Front row: Tony McRae, John Petriella, Mr. Johnson, Greg Thatcher, Wayne Back.

CROSS COUNTRY

Activity in this demanding sport increased considerably this year with a number of cross country competitions being held.

Cross country relays were held for the first time as a part of the School Athletics Carnival and proved very popular.

A small bus load of boys and girls, which went to Wagga and competed in the Riverina Area Championships in May, gained valuable experience. Annette Webb in Fourth Form competed at the State Championships in Sydney and did well.

Pupils from First to Fourth Form were fortunate in being able to use the scenic School Forest as their training track. Despite Competition from kangaroos on odd occasions, good times were turned in by Michael O'Neil (1A), Colin McIntyre (2C), Stephen Raisin (2D), Geoff Lund (3B), Mark Nugent (4A) and Stephen Delaney (4C). Pictured in action are two "enthusiasts" apparently in extra training.



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