

1971

Bogong

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## TUMUT HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE 1971

**EDITORIAL COMMITTEE:** Miss B. Stroud, S. Bulger, M. Elliott, L. Garner, W. Giles, J. Jacobs, F. McCormack, M. Magann, R. Morris, P. Atherley, C. Ellis, D. Wellham.

**BUSINESS COMMITTEE:** Mr. C. Bonnor, L. Baker, A. Blundell, S. Bridle, J. Crain, T. Dwyer-Gray, J. Gaydon, J. Hargreaves, H. Harmer, M. Harris, J. McDonald, A. Schink, H. Sturt.

**TYPING:** The Committee would like to thank the girls of 5th Form Commercial Class for their assistance.



# *Principal's Message*



## **TO OUR STUDENTS**

If a young person is to succeed in life, if Australia is to remain a great and prosperous nation it is essential that he or she develop and set their standards for various aspects of their life. I refer particularly to an individual's standards of morality, of behaviour, of endeavour, of achievement, of dress, speech, deportment and of community responsibilities. A young person must above all realise that he/she cannot have rights without responsibilities. One of his/her greatest responsibilities is to become a well adjusted person, a person of character, a person with respect for others, a person who enjoys his/her freedom within the framework of law and respect for others. It is a sad thing if we allow our standards to fall. Our nation has been built by young people such as you, facing hardships but above all accepting responsibilities. I have faith that you will become young men and women who will do us all proud.

## **TO THE PARENTS**

Again this year I commend

(I) The continuing, untiring efforts of the ladies who work in the Canteen. Their generous efforts have made possible the development in Tumut High School of which we are all so proud.

(II) The P. & C. Association which has worked again this year so consistently for the good of our School. I urge all parents to not only join the Association, but to join actively in the meetings and their activities. Among the many donations to the School this year were:— T.V.-video-tape recorder (about \$1,200), a mower (about \$870), a router (about \$50).

L. S. Mulholland,  
Principal.

## *Captains' Message*



G. Ross, R. Arden, G. Blacka, J. McRae

As Members of sixth form we are close to completing six years of secondary education. The experience gained during this relatively short period of our lives should prove of immense value during the many years ahead.

At school you not only receive a first class education, and the opportunities to develop your individual skills, but you are guided in the development of your attitude to fellow students, and the community as a whole.

As the late Mr. Bonnor has said: "Both on the sporting field and in the classroom, the student who does his or her best and fights on to the finish, wins the respect of all and brings honour to the school and to himself."

This year the prefects were engaged in a number of activities. One of these, for which we would like to thank all prefects, was the collection of signatures on behalf of the P. & C. Association in support of the erection of an Assembly Hall. We hope it will not be too long before this valuable addition is made to the school.

With the unusual situation that we have had this year with two girl captains it has been more difficult than usual for all concerned and we would like to express our gratitude to Mr. Mulholland; Mr. Graham, the Prefects' master; the staff; and the other prefects for their support and co-operation throughout the year.

John McRae  
Gloria Blacka  
Gillian Ross

## SCHOOL DIRECTORY

**Principal:** Mr. L. S. Mulholland, B.Comm. A.A.S.A., M.A.C.E.

**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 S. T. Neal, B.A., Dip.Ed.; Mrs. B. T. Orr, B.A., Dip.Ed.; Mrs. J. M. Paisley, B.A.; Mr. M. N. Peters, B.S. in 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; Mr. R. Gilholme, B.A., Dip.Ed.; Mrs. M. R. Brown, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.; Miss L. G. Rostron; Miss H. K. Trudinger.

**Department of Science:** Mr. G. Cox, B.Sc. (Ind. Arts), Master; Mr. K. D. Brown, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.; Mrs. B. Everall, B.A., Dip.Ed.; Mr. D. E. Inman, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.; Mr. A. E. Jodar, B.Sc. Ag.; Miss F. J. Orchiston.

**Department of Modern Languages:** Miss G. Collis, B.A., Dip.Ed.

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

**Department of Manual Arts:** Mr. W. N. Giles, A.S.T.C. Man. Arts, Master; Mr. J. A. Deacon; Mr. R. G. Johnson; Mr. H. T. Wellham.

**Department of Home Science and Needlework:** Mrs. B. Archer; Mrs. A. Cameron; Mrs. C. Clampett; Mrs. H. A. Hoad; Mrs. P. R. Taylor; Miss S. A. McLuskie.

**Department of Music:** Mrs. P. Bothwell, L.Mus., Dip. Mus.Ed.; Mrs. C. M. Ryan, Dip. Mus.Ed.

**Department of Art:** Mrs. D. G. Mulholland.

**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. C. Hoad.

**School Captains:** Gloria Blacka, Gillian Ross, John McRae.

**Vice-Captain:** Robert Arden.

**School Prefects:** Andrew Acland, Josephine Atkins, Louise Baker, Kim Henderson, Julie Jacobs, Christine Kingsbury, James Learmont, Paula Magann, Glenn Matinca, Paul McRae, Kevin Pendergast, Christopher Portors, Helen Sturt, Louise Tod, Eric Vickery, Robert Willey.

## STAFF CHANGES

At the end of 1970 and during 1971 we said goodbye to: Mrs. Carriage (resigned), Miss Griffin (resigned), Mr. Evans (to Cambridge Park Public School), Mrs. Roche (to Adelong Central), Mr. Harris (resigned), Mrs. Sharpham (resigned), Mr. Gerrish (resigned), Mr. Sharpham (to Blacktown Boys' High School), Miss Hartmann (to Morrisett High), Miss Hipsley (resigned), Mr. P. Edwards (to Deniliquin High), Mrs. O'Brein (resigned), Mr. G. Edwards (to Albury High), Mrs. Inmann (resigned).

This year new arrivals have been: Mrs. Archer, Mrs. Paisley, Mrs. Brown, Mr. Peters (from U.S.A.), Miss Collis (from Grafton High), Miss Rostron (from Albury High), Mr. Deacon (from Holbrook Central), Mr. Cone (from R.A.N.), Miss Orchiston (from Finley High), Mr. Sutton (from Ashcroft High), Miss McLuskie (from Scotland), Mrs. Taylor.

We have been grateful this year to have had the services of the following relief teachers: Mr. Wilson, Mrs. Writer, Mrs. Archer and Mrs. Brown.

In third term three ancillary staff were appointed: Mrs. Coleman (Library Assistant), Mrs. Oddy (Science Laboratory Assistant), Mr. Hoad (General Assistant).

## A NOTE OF THANKS

The school would like to thank Mr. Hillier and the cleaning staff for their efforts in keeping the school buildings and grounds in such good order.

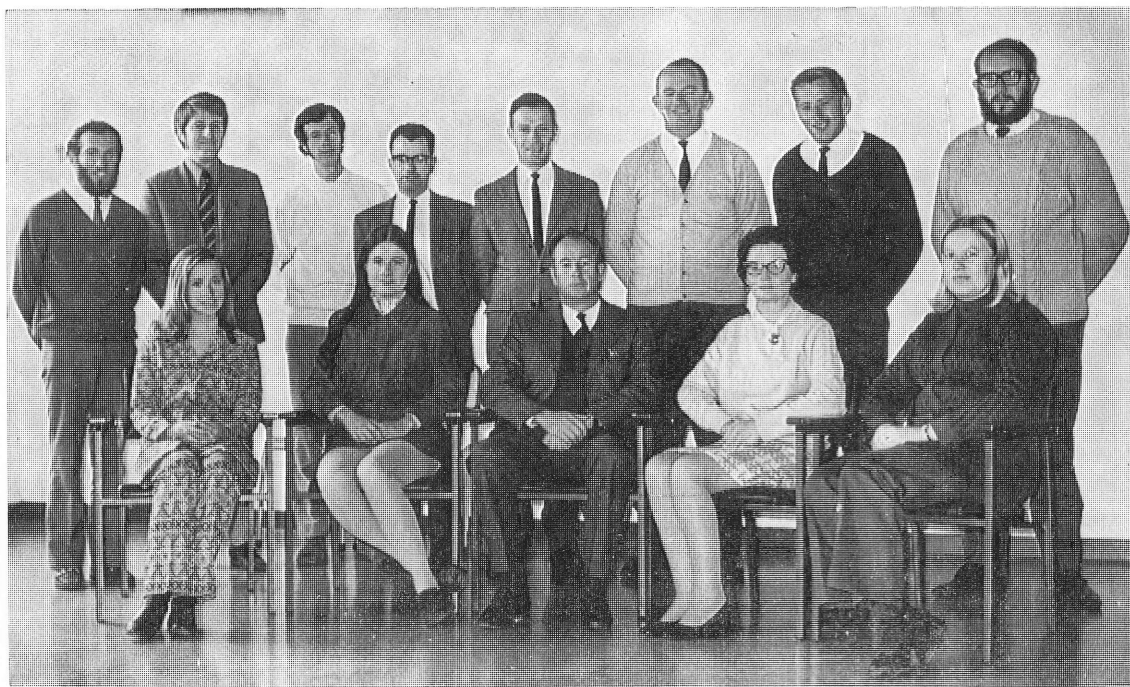


**Top: Back Row (l. to r.): Mr. R. Johnson, Mr. N. Giles, Mrs. C. Clampett, Mr. J. Deacon, Mr. H. Wellham, Mr. R. Sutton, Mrs. C. Ryan. Front Row (l. to r.): Mrs. A. O'Brien, Mrs. B. Archer, Mrs. P. Bothwell, Mrs. D. Mulholland, Mrs. B. Hart. Absent, Mrs. H. Hoad, Mrs. A. Cameron, Mr. L. Haris.**

**Bottom: Back Row (l. to r.): Miss L. Rostron, Mr. M. Nettle, Mrs. B. Orr, Mr. R. Gilholme, Mr. R. Graham, Miss B. Stroud, Mr. M. Peters, Mr. R. Writer. Front Row (l. to r.): Miss H. Trudinger, Mrs. M. Brown, Miss I. Auchinachie, Mrs. S. Johnson, Mrs. J. Paisley.**







**Back Row (l. to r.): Mr. A. Jodar, Mr. C. Bonnor, Mr. R. Ayliffe, Mr. P. Cone, Mr. G. Cox, Mr. M. Norman, Mr. D. Inman, Mr. K. Brown.**

**Front Row (l. to r.): Miss F. Orchiston, Miss G. Collis, Mr. N. Bothwell, Mrs. S. Kenny, Mrs. B. Everall.**

**Absent: Mrs. R. McAlister.**

## **SCHOOL COUNCIL 1971**

This year saw the introduction of a new form of student participation in school affairs at Tumut High School, the election of a School Council.

The School Council is a representative body elected by the students of Tumut High to act as an outlet for their ideas on improving school life. Five representatives were elected from each form to attend Council meetings and express the views and ideas of individual forms.

Unfortunately, we cannot claim 1971 as a very successful year for the council. Apart from pushing through a few minor reforms it has practically fallen into "oblivion". Whilst some of our ideas were enthusiastically accepted by the school, the school was not so enthusiastic

about some of the Council's more adventurous proposals and there is a general apathy among the student body towards the Council.

The problem of student apathy is certainly the Council's major enemy. If the Council is to be effective next year, and I hope it will be, it must gain the full support and trust of the student body as a whole. The Councillors themselves must take on a new attitude, especially those of the senior forms, including the chairman himself. They must work among the students to learn from them so that at meetings they can discuss matters more accurately and effectively. The Councillors themselves must give a good example to the students, whom they represent, by attending and participating to the best of their ability at all Council meetings.

I wish to congratulate the first, second and third form Councillors for their excellent attendance record and their valuable contribu-



tions to Council meetings. I would also like to congratulate and thank the Prefects for their co-operation in the founding of the Council itself. Apart from the "power-struggle", which seemed to be present between the Council and the Prefects earlier in the year, both bodies have worked in harmony ever since.

The Council has a lot more to do before it will gain the respect of both the student body and the teaching staff and before it really becomes a "tradition" at Tumut High. However, I am sure that in future years it will gain in experience, something it has noticeably lacked this year, and will consequently function much more smoothly and effectively in the interests of the students at this school.

—MAURICE MARTINOLI  
School Council Chairman

## DOWN WITH THE PREFECT BODY

Since the beginning of the 1971 school year, I have studied our Prefects' attitude towards the duties the school imposes on them. After this investigation I do now firmly feel that Prefects, as they are now, have no important part in school life.

"I will endeavour to set a standard in leadership, scholarship and the numerous school activities with which I will be associated that will provide an example for members of the school to follow." Do Prefects live up to their pledge?

One of the duties enforced on Prefects is the organisation of class lines whilst pupils move to classes. While people stroll by, talking thirteen to the dozen, Prefects seem completely to ignore the din, not even correcting pupils. Some of our Prefects shrink into the background when they retire on desks near their position of duty, manicuring fingernails. Groups of pupils walk within a few feet of a Prefect, five or six abreast, all giggling and shrieking, and what does a Prefect do? Organise lines? Tell the "culprits" to be silent? No! She goes on intently studying her nails. Is this what Prefects are for?

Near the start of the year, a teacher announced that there would be Prefects on the gates for lunch-pass duty. From then on I have been home for lunch every day this year and very seldom has there been a Prefect on duty. When Prefects do turn up at the gates, which averages approximately two days per term, pu-

pils without lunch passes are able to get straight through with no trouble. Those Prefects who were present at the gates were either gorging themselves with food and were unable to speak, or had left after a certain teacher, who goes home regularly for lunch, had been through. Is this an honoured way to set a standard for the school to follow?

Concessions are continually being made to Prefects. A group of Prefects is always positioned in the shade during assemblies, despite the fact that they are always being told to stand in the space reserved for Study Centre pupils near the front.

All the staff of our school expected the Friday afternoon before this year's Continental to be a hectic one, with little or no school work being done. I happened to be in a position where I witnessed a group of lower school boys walking down the playing fields to the far gate. Another group of pupils, more than half of which I noticed were Prefects, rushed after these boys and sent them back to the centre of activity. When their subordinates had disappeared from view they proceeded towards the gate and beyond. Does this mean that being a Prefect means "wagging" when you feel like it? Are they setting a good example?

While I object to the Prefect body, I salute the School Council. Including the lower forms will bring unity to the school and give junior pupils a chance to help in the running of the school.

Perhaps why the Prefect body lacks the initiative to do their duty isn't their fault. To entrust these duties upon students during their final years of school could be wrong. Surely most senior students would prefer to put their efforts into their schoolwork. This is all the more reason for the School Council.

To me, these facts add up to the one proposition: diminish the Prefect Body.

—RAELENE LOCKERIDGE, 2A

## HAIKU

The air is racing,  
Cold, stinging upon the dawn,  
The day has broken.

—RAELENE LOCKERIDGE, 2A

## SCHOOL EXCURSIONS

This year has again seen many excursions by pupils to places of interest:

### SCIENCE:

6th Form Geology went to Wee Jasper in March-April and one Saturday in June climbed Mt. Perry to study rock formations. 6th Form level 3 Science visited Yarrangobilly in April. 5th Form Geology visited the marble mines at Gocup and also went to Adelong and Gilmore. Junior classes have made excursions to the local forests for leaf studies and to see fresh water streams.

### AGRICULTURE:

In July, 6th Form visited the laboratory of the Wagga Butter Factory. 5th Form went to Wagga Agriculture College in September. 3rd Form attended the first annual sale at Springfield and visited Pidsleys. 2nd Form visited Shiels' piggery in third term.

### GEOGRAPHY:

2nd Form Commerce made a study of the local area. 3rd Form Commerce visited the Commonwealth Bank. 3rd Form Geography visited the local sawmills, Monterey Pine and Pyneboard, to see how they operate and to examine the principles of location. They also visited the pine forest and local farms and made studies of the river. 5th Form, in first term, visited Yarrangobilly Caves.

### HOME ECONOMICS:

In May, 2nd, 3rd and 5th Forms visited the Wagga Milk Factory to see the pasteurisation and bottling of milk and the manufacture of butter.

### ART:

5th and 6th Forms visited Wagga in April to see a large art exhibition painted by previous 6th Form students.

### MUSIC:

In June, 48 students attended the ABC Schools' Orchestral Concert in Wagga. For some students it was their first experience of a live symphony orchestra.

### ENGLISH-HISTORY:

In March, students from 3rd to 6th Forms saw the play, "The Glass Menagerie", performed by the Pageant Theatre Company in the Anglican Hall. In July, a group of 90 students attended an evening performance of "The Cruc-

ible", performed by the Old Tote Company in Wagga. 6th Form and level 1 5th Form History students went to Canberra in March, where they visited places of interest and attended sessions of Parliament. 3rd Form History visited the Pioneer Cemetery in Tumut.

### MANUAL ARTS:

In July, 5th and 6th Form Industrial Arts Classes went to Port Kembla to tour the steel works and the metallurgical laboratory. In third term the annual visit to Pyneboard and P.G.H. will be made by 3rd Form woodwork students.

### CAREERS EXCURSION:

On April 29 and 30, 65 Fifth and Sixth Form pupils visited Canberra. The main purpose of the trip was to gain information about tertiary education in the capital. Visits were made to such places as the University, College of Advanced Education, Public Service and the A.B.C.

## SCHOOL SCIENCE COMPETITION

This year once more the Science Department held a Science Competition for all forms. The entries were of a high standard and one feature was the large increase in the number of research entries. Six hundred entries were received and were on display in one of the laboratories.

About four hundred people attended the exhibition, which was held in early June. Prizes were donated by the P. & C.

Results were:

Senior Research, 1st, Robert Arden; 2nd, Thomas Acland. Junior Research, 1st, Brian Bothwell; 2nd, Matthew Acland. Open Project, 1st, Warwick Arden; 2nd, David Shedden; 3rd, Laurie Aspinall.

## STATE SCIENCE COMPETITION

This year for the first time, entries were submitted to the State Science Competition. The school's entries proved to be the most outstanding from any State school. In the Senior Section Robert Arden gained 5th place and Eric Vickery and Gloria Blacka were very highly commended. In the Intermediate Section, Matthew Acland gained third place and Brian Bothwell and Greg Boyd were very highly commended.

## TUMUT HIGH SCHOOL PREFECTS



Back Row (1 to r.): J. McRae, A. Acland, R. Arden, R. Willey, E. Vickery, C. Portors, G. Matinca. Second Row (1. to r.): P. McRae, J. Learmont, K. Pendergast). Third Row (1. to r.): L. Tod, G. Ross, P. Magann, C. Kingsbury, H. Sturt. Front Row (1. to r.): G. Blacka, K. Henderson, J. Jacobs, J. Atkins, L. Baker.

### THE SCHOOL CHOIR

The choir has had an unusually busy year. The addition of a combined schools music festival to the year's programme meant continuous work and preparation.

First term was spent in building up a repertoire. Second term brought the Blakehurst visit and Music Festival and third term the Wagga Eisteddfod and the musical production, "Turkish Delight", an adaptation of a light Mozart Opera.

### THE MUSIC FESTIVAL

The first music festival of its kind in this area was held the last week of second term at the Anglican Church in Tumut. School choirs from Tumut, Adelong, Batlow and Tumbarumba took part.

There were two performances: Monday morning, when a combined choir and infants and lower primary school groups participated; and Wednesday evening with a combined choir and groups from senior primary and secondary schools taking part.

The variety of groups included choirs, folk groups and instrumental ensembles. Some of the items were excerpts from operettas, folksongs, classical music and some lighter modern pieces.

### ART EXHIBITION

In November, 1970, the first spring Art Exhibition was held and created much interest among pupils and parents.

The work of elective and some craft art students was shown. There were more than 65 large paintings and 55 pieces of sculpture, which displayed various techniques. Other crafts such as metal jewellery, copper chasing, screen printing and tie dyeing were also displayed.

### ART COMPETITIONS

This year entries were entered in numerous town competitions. These have included All Saints' Christmas Card contest and the C.W.A. Poster Competition and pupils have won numerous prizes.

## SOCIAL COMMITTEE REPORT

At the end of last year Mr. Mulholland called a meeting of teachers to discuss problems concerned with socials. During the meeting it was decided that the school would not put on any more socials because of the irresponsible actions of a minority group of students, which occurred at the socials during that year.

This year, the Sixth Form students thought that the majority should not suffer because of the minority and decided that they would run the socials. Several Sixth Form students met with Mr. Mulholland to discuss the idea and he agreed, provided that Sixth Form took full responsibility.

Teachers attended each of the four socials put on, but were only guests, not a policing body. The policing at the socials was carried out by the members of Sixth Form.

After the social put on for the Blakehurst visitors, a barbecue was held for the visitors and their billetes. It was a great success despite the large amounts of sausages and steaks that were left over, but these were soon consumed by the members of Sixth Form, who returned the next morning to clean up.

The socials so far this year have been a great success.

The tremendous response from the other students has helped to make these socials a success. We hope that the last two socials this year will be a success for Fifth Form and that they receive full co-operation as we received.

We thank pupils for their co-operation and hope that it will continue into next year.

—CHRIS PORTORS, 6B

## CONTINENTAL '71

This year, as in previous years, Tumut High had a very successful Continental. It was held on March 12 and all forms put in an individual effort.

The guessing competition for a transistor raised a total of \$524.49 and Fifth Form had the best class effort with \$84.85 from the barbecue. The pupils' combined efforts raised \$958.23. The P. & C. also helped with the Continental and raised \$418.32, which made the grand total for the Continental \$1,376.55.

## DEBATING

The Debating team this year was first faced with the dilemma that only one member possessed previous interschool debating experience

Page 10

and yet, despite this fact, all members of the team went on to excel themselves in both interschool visits.

The team consisted of Maurice Martinoli as first speaker, Peter McDonnell as second speaker, Robert Arden as whip and Gloria Blacka as fourth member.

Our first debate was at Tumut against Blakehurst, the topic being that "Demonstrations do more harm than good for their cause". After a very absorbing battle, Tumut, who took the opposition, was declared the victor.

At Queanbeyan, the topic was "That the Permissive Society has gone far enough", and Tumut drew the opposition. After a close debate, Tumut was once again declared the winner. This brought the team's interschool activities to a close.

We greatly appreciate the time, effort and confidence that our coach, Mr. Graham, has given us this year.

We wish next year's team the best of luck and feel confident that they will continue Tumut High's highly successful debating record.

—ROBERT ARDEN

## INTER-CLASS DEBATING:

Second term saw the usual debates between classes in Forms 1, 2, 3 and 5. Competition was keen and the standard of debating, especially in the junior forms, was high.

In the finals of the Junior Competition 3A narrowly defeated 2A. The topic was "That we learn more through our eyes than our ears".

5A were the winners in the senior competition and defeated 5B in the debate, "That the N.S.W. Government Railway system is impeding the development of a modern transportation system in N.S.W."

## PARLIAMENTARY REFORM URGENTLY NEEDED

Stand for the next Parliamentary elections, you never know, you may be fortunate enough to join the ranks of dedicated Parliamentarians. However, before you decide to run for election you need to be familiar with the large amount of hard work and drudgery involved in the profession and it is absolutely essential that you should be prepared to carry out this hard work were you elected.

Your major duty (once in Parliament) is to attend the House when it is in session. Here

you will find that you can do a variety of things. For many Members, it is an ideal time to catch up on a spot of reading. If this doesn't appeal, bring your writing material along and you'll be able to get your correspondence up-to-date. Or, if you feel like exerting the brain a little, make sure that you don't forget your crossword. And for those who don't like to entertain themselves there is always someone who will challenge you in a game of noughts and crosses.

If it so happens that you feel in the mood for listening to something, you will be able to tune in for the argument in progress. (One feature unique to Parliament is the orderly debates—only one person has the floor at a particular time. However, during this time there is always a chorus of scorning and scoffing in the background. This you ignore unless you are feeling extremely cheeky or rude at the time). As soon as you feel you are becoming bored with proceedings just turn off again and return to your previous form of entertainment.

When you do join with the chorus, make as much noise as you can. Be sure that whether you inwardly agree with a Member of the opposition or not that you don't show any sign of agreement in your outward expressions. After all, why have a two-party system if the parties aren't going to oppose one another? Also, your major aim is to remain or, on the other hand, to become the Government so you must make your opponents look as foolish as possible.

Of course, while you are a Member you must "keep in good" with your electors to ensure that you retain your seat after the next elections. Thus, you must have a healthy list of promises that you can present to them when necessary.

Now, one last tip for potential parliamentarians: make sure that you don't come into conflict with your party leader, for, if you do, you may receive a little slip asking you, in the politest of manners, to relieve the party of your influence.

(Apologies to the few sincere Parliamentarians. However, these were my impressions of Parliament after having attended a couple of sessions.)

—JULIE JACOBS, 5A

## I.S.C.F.

An Inter-school Christian Fellowship continued to meet this year.

I.S.C.F. seeks to be a place where Christianity can be discussed and applied within the school. A recent meeting featured a series of slides showing the spread of Christianity in Japan.

Students are being encouraged to organise and head the I.S.C.F. meetings themselves.

—DOROTHY GRINLEY

## DATED: AUGUST 21

(In August, 1968, the U.S.S.R. invaded Czechoslovakia with the purpose of repressing the liberalism that was growing in that country. This article looks back to that time.)

The "Czechoslovak spring" of 1968 heralded socialism with a human face. It was too much for Russia.

In the autumn of 1968 the Soviet Government offered many reasons to justify its invasion of Czechoslovakia. They ranged from the pretence of direct invitation (which was abandoned very quickly), to the fear of West German machinations, and the need to suppress indigenous counter-revolution. This last one has never been dropped—and is also entirely meaningless. Whatever counter-revolution might mean, there was no sign of its threatening Czechoslovakia in the summer of 1968.

It is probable that by now nobody in the Soviet leadership or among the Governments of the four other States which took part in the invasion would be able to say just why the invasion occurred. No single reason will stand up to any scrutiny, even by the standards of the Communist Governments themselves.

The western allies were making no attempt to capitalise on the situation in Czechoslovakia; they were no threat to the security of the Soviet Union or the Warsaw Pact.

There was simply no evidence of counter-revolution—and attempts on the parts of Governments like the East German to fabricate such evidence only emphasised that the reality was entirely different. None of these reasons is strong enough to account for the decision to invade.

If there was a reason it appears to have been not a coolly made and rational assessment



of the circumstances, but an emotional and psychological reaction on the part of a number of distrustful men, who felt that their entire system was changing out of all recognition; that none of their assumptions was valid any longer and that the supreme crime of making Communism popular in Czechoslovakia had deprived their own dictatorships of all meaning.

In other words, it is no use searching for an explanation of the invasion in the developments inside Czechoslovakia.

There was practically no armed resistance—this in itself disproved the Soviet claim that action had been necessary because of preparations for a pro-western uprising. Thus, as a result, the notion that the Capitalist and Communist economic systems were evolving on convergent paths and becoming so similar that they would someday meet, appeared no longer tenable once the Russians had brutally crushed the Czechoslovak economic reforms, which were acquired just before the invasion.

—P.W. and R.M.

## DRAMA

Tumut's entry in the inter-school competitions was "Aria de Cape", an anti-war play by Edna St. Vincent. The play was produced by Mr. Peters and the members of the cast were Ian Archer, Christine Kingsbury, Michael McAlister, John Rodden and John Gulliford.

Unfortunately for Tumut, Blakehurst's entry, "Unnatural Scene", and Queanbeyan's "The Pardoner's Tale" were declared the winners in the two contests.

## THE LIBRARY

The school library is changing from a collection of books to a "Media Resource Centre", which means that eventually it will have a catalogue of educational materials and will house many of them.

As well as books, the library stores tapes, cassettes, records and pictures. The audio-study booth is in constant use and we hope soon to receive a "mini-lab". A sony wireless and tape recorder, received this year, will record radio programmes.

1,000 new books have been added to the library this year.

In third term, our new clerical assistant, Mrs. Coleman, began duty, which has meant that

the new library hours are from 8.30 a.m. to 4.30 p.m.

Plans for a new senior library are well under way. It is intended to supplement the general library and to provide pleasant study conditions with suitable books readily available.

Mrs. Orr would like to thank all the Assistant Librarians and the boys who have helped so much with the photocopying.

## Whatever happened to ... 1970 SIXTH FORM

D. Arentz, Talbingo; C. Arragon, Forestry, Tumut; R. Aylward, County Council, Tumut; P. Bartell, Waverley Pre-School Kindergarten; B. Blacka, D.M.R. Tumut; B. Bloomfield, Canberra College of Advanced Education; R. Boyd, University of N.S.W. Science; B. Boyle, A.I.S. Port Kembla; R. Bonnor, A.I.S. Port Kembla; A. Brougham, Sydney University; R. Dwyer-Gray, Pyneboard, Tumut; L. Hampstead, Sydney University, Pharmacy; P. Halloran, Radiology, Sydney; J. Hargreaves, Secretarial Work, Wagga; J. Hillier, Forestry, Tumut; K. Hoad, Riverina College of Advanced Education; A. Kell, Sydney University, Pharmacy; R. Knight, Talbingo; R. Lindley, Sydney University, Medicine; C. Magann, Riverina College of Advanced Education; J. Maybury, Part Time Sydney University; C. Piper, Sydney University, Arts; J. Pollard, University of New England, Agriculture; M. Pollard, A.N.U. Agriculture; J. Reid, Sydney University, Arts; J. Roddy, Talbingo; J. Shedden, Riverina College of Advanced Education; E. Smart, Sydney University, Arts; S. Smith, A.I.S., Port Kembla; S. Thatcher, Executive Trainee, Coles Stores; J. Van Es, Art Studio, Sydney; C. Wilkinson, Forestry, Tumut.

## THE BRUMBY RIDER

There's not a horse that can  
buck, turn or throw  
or toss us to the ground.  
We've rode that many horses that our legs are  
bowed.

There once was a stallion that couldn't be ridden.  
As I mounted him in the crushes  
he started to rear.  
As the spurs sank in  
he started to spin,  
But I rode him to the ground.

—STEPHEN GREEN, 2E

## THE SEA

The sea is like a bird,  
Fluttering its wings all over the place,  
Flying through gullies and rocks,  
Hitting into rocks and cliff edges.

Not a word it speaks  
Just flies on  
Without a worry in the world.

—JOHN MCINERNEY, 1C

## THE FROST

Harsh, cold frost blankets  
all smothering, until sun  
shines bright overhead.

ROBERT GILES, 2A

## ONE THE WORLD WOULD NEVER MISS

War has been raging for years in Vietnam, not progressing considerably in anyone's favour. If the enemy is suspected of being hidden in any place the area is simply razed: at least it is razed after all civilian inhabitants have been moved out. But when the operation is finished the civilians are unable to return to their respective villages or towns and are therefore herded into huge concentration camps, euphemistically labelled "Refugee Camps", to await re-settlement in some area which might as well be a foreign country.

One small child, one of the latest victims of the armies' lust for destruction, is trucked to a camp just outside a provincial city. The camp is anything but the ideal home for anything—much less people—but thousands of people live in it, have lived in it since the beginning of the war and are likely to live in it until the war's end.

The inhabitants of the camp live in tents and corrugated iron shacks. The few possessions which they managed to take from their homes and bring with them are stacked in the makeshift dwelling. All live from day to day on the meagre ration of rice and, perhaps, an odd scrap of meat or fish, which is cooked over a tiny fire, which burns any scraps of wood or leaves which can be found in the camp area.

This child, dragged from his home by a senseless war, is forced to share a tent with not only the rest of his family, but also two other families. To his small mind the only

thing which registers is his new "home" and his empty belly.

As time passes, there are more and more people being brought to the camp, but still the same amount of food; subsequently each person receives a smaller and smaller ration. Now the people begin to die, first from malnutrition, but gradually from disease, which becomes rife.

Sanitation, with the thousands of people in the camp, becomes shocking. As more people arrive, sanitation becomes yet worse. An epidemic breaks out, sweeping thousands before it. The small child dies to become, not a person killed by a senseless war, but a mere statistic at which the world shakes its head and thinks no more. The world would never miss him.

—MICHAEL CAREY, 5A

## CYCLE

Winter evenings I have seen children beneath  
that tree

And the rotting leaves that late clothed its  
dormant branches

Are now trampled beneath lively feet.

They are gathered 'round a swing suspended  
there, to play

And push the little one whose tiny feet  
Can barely reach the ground beneath her sway.  
Her pink coat, the pendulum motion of her swing  
Give time a memory. For time can remember  
the delicate

Colours of spring's pastel blossoms and sadly  
recalls

The fruit and the bright funeral colours of fall.  
Fate shall cast the old leaves and fallen fruit  
Back to the soil from whence they grew, that  
their

Nourishment may speed a new season's bitter  
cycle.

Breathless they are, cheeks rosy from the frosty  
air;

Soon they will go, the little one toddling behind—  
The swing, forgotten to their slumbers, will  
sway only

On bare boards; the song of the baby's laughing  
face.

Has vanished to the sighs of an old, old woman.  
Children, play, play while the blossom still  
is within you

Life shall be fruitful, but age colours dull—  
And the setting sun now casts

Today's final shadow on the sleeping branches.

—JENNY SMITH, 6A

## WHO NEEDS HELP?

Sometimes people can be too helpful. When changing a tyre in pouring rain, friendly suggestions are given by the occupants in the car. Some of these may be: "You should have loosened the nuts before you jacked it up." Or, "I think you're putting it on backwards." When this happens you feel that you should give them an appreciative pat on the head—preferably with the jack handle.

Most people have the best intentions. If you stall your car in traffic there is usually someone behind who is prepared to give you a push. The problem is that the next hour or two is spent trying to pry apart a pair of interlocked bumper bars.

Another case is when friends come round when you're watching TV. With the most noble of intentions in mind they set out to fix up the picture by fiddling with the controls. This gives a result something like a piece of tartan. As soon as the picture is fixed the announcer comes on and says, "Well, that just about finishes it for tonight."

When one contracts hiccups in a restaurant people flock from everywhere offering their own home-tried remedies. One such treatment is when a pretty girl from the next table comes over and gives you a passionate kiss. The result is that you contract hiccups whenever you see a pretty girl.

Don't get me wrong. I don't mind a little help from outside sources. Now, take the case of the poor novelist with his typewriter.

I'm a big boy now and I can do some things on my own. Take this typewriter, for example. I noticed that the R key sticks a little, but I don't need any help whatsoever to fix it. All I have to do is poke a letter opener inside and wriggle it back and forth. Hmm, that's queer. Now it comes out X and something seems to have gone wrong with the space box. Maybe if I pressed this little gadget that says CAP—HEY, CAN ANYBODY HELP ME FIX THIS TYPEWRITER?

—MATTHEW ACLAND, 3A

## POLITICIANS

Looking at politics through the eyes of a young teenager, one is left bewildered by the way the individual personally is being allowed to dominate this area.

In the past, I have looked upon politicians as men of great integrity, wisdom and education with the interest of their country at heart, but, at present, it would seem that all they have at heart is personal power. To say that they are acting like small, nasty children gives them too much credit. Children say what they think and, if too provoked, even come to physical violence, but, at least, these are open and honest actions.

Here we see grown men prepared to sacrifice their country's trading secrets for "one-upmanship" on another political power and, within that power, constant changes of ministers of highly important portfolios, publication of cabinet secrets and snide hints of petticoat control and appointments based on social popularity and not ability—to say the least, I'm confused and disappointed.

Today's youth dreams of a universal parliament, cabinet and leader, responsible to the peoples of the world. But a dream it will stay for many centuries until man learns to dispense with pettifoggery and personal glory.

I realise that, as with youth, a minority are causing the disturbance and that there are many politicians quietly working for the good of their country. However, this adult minority holds far more power than the demonstrating and rioting youth and we certainly expect a greater sense of responsibility from such leaders.

For sure, it's not that politicians haven't enough internal problems to solve, let alone external ones. Just ask the man on the land trying to salvage his acres and pride, the family and industrialist trying to cope with inflation, the student and teacher trying to seek and provide education, the aborigine trying to assimilate, the scientist trying to solve pollution and the medical researcher trying to obtain further grants to continue his fight against cancer—yes, there is plenty to do.

So wake up politicians! Get off that personal glory train and give us the answers to some of these problems.

—WARWICK ARDEN, 2A

## CAREERS CAMP NARRABEEN

After leaving Tumut late, under the care of Mr. Bonnor, Miss Orchiston and Miss Rostron, we endured the rough journey to Cootamundra and were glad to change into the express.

During the seven-hour journey certain male pupils gathered in the end compartment and entertained us with some choral items. One student, who will remain anonymous, had no voice left by the time we reached Sydney.

After a tour of the city lights we travelled to our headquarters for the next week, Narrabeen National Fitness Centre. We were welcomed with the news that if we didn't come to meals early we would miss out and that there would be no second helpings, a statement which proved false, as we were soon to find out.

On Sunday morning we visited Taronga Park Zoo and, after travelling to Circular Quay on the Ferry, walked around the city and returned home.

During the next four days we were split up into several groups and visited various professions, including medical, scientific, administrative and architectural fields. These trips were most interesting and informative.

Each night we had different activities, including tabloid sports, theatre workshop and a variety night. On our final evening we had a social and, to start things moving, certain males, who were trying to hide, were dragged, much to their displeasure, onto the floor by a rather muscular woman to begin dancing.

On Friday morning we rose at 5.30, had breakfast and left the camp before sunrise. We travelled home very weary and exhausted, but we had enjoyed ourselves immensely.

—BRIAN BOTHWELL, 3A

## LACK OF COMMUNICATION

Today, more than ever before, people are aware that there is a lack of communication and understanding in the world.

Some call it the "Generation Gap", but this is only a small part of it, this is only between children and parents. But it is much more than that. It is a breakdown in understanding and reasoning between everyone and everyone is part of it.

We are all individuals, with our own ideas and aims in life, all different. We all have the right to our own opinion and beliefs. We must be prepared to stop and listen, to be patient.

Everyone has always thought that his own

ideas are better than everyone else's, and because people are stubborn and have too much pride they will not try to understand each other.

We all think we are right and refuse to listen to each other. If only we could realise how much misery we cause. But no. We try to stamp out other's beliefs with our own. Every day someone is hurt. What is right to us is not right to everyone.

Won't we ever learn?

If we all tried to reach out to one another and gave up a little of our pride to help others and to listen to them we would all be better off.

Man has always wanted power, to rule the world, we all possess selfishness and greed. This is the cause of all the wars and misery in the world. People and nations trying to be better than each other, to have more power.

Can't people see that this is wrong, can't they see they are hurting each other?

No one is asking you to change your ideas, just to listen. The only way we can do this is for every individual to stop and take notice of each other.

So next time you disagree with someone, don't try to change them; just remember they are individuals just like you.

—GAIL REED, 4A

## SCHOOLING IN JAPAN AND AUSTRALIA

I came to Australia at 6 a.m. on August 10, 1970. That morning I saw from the aeroplane's window the wide and red-brown country in the gentle winter sunshine. My feelings were very complicated, half of me felt, "I can't go back to Japan for three years", and I was sad because I was enjoying my student life, study, friends and I was interested in my country. The other half of me felt, "I will be able to experience new things, which most of my friends can't experience". So I decided I would have to enjoy my Australian life and absorb everything, although I was worried about language, customs and a different system of schooling.

In Japan we have to learn English from first to sixth form and can choose English in University or College too. I had six periods of English a week and, because we have school on Saturday mornings as well, I had one English period each day.

Of course, the biggest difference between Australian High Schools and Japanese High Schools is the language. English uses the alpha-

bet system, but we use different symbols. I had a lot of problems with language because my vocabulary was so small.

The second big problem is the different system of schools. Japanese junior and senior high schools are separate schools, which aren't the same as Australian schools.

Junior high is from first to third form and senior high is from fourth to sixth form, so we have a School Certificate Examination at the end of third form. Also, before the examination, we have to choose the senior high school which we want to go to and we must pass that school's examination. We can choose only two schools, a public school and the private school, we can't choose two public schools.

I passed my School Certificate Examination in Japan and came to Australia, but I have to do the examination again because Australia has the examination at the end of fourth form.

Last year in Japan, 98 per cent of third form students went to senior high school. In Japan we have a roll call teacher for each class as they do in Australia, but our roll call teacher is an adviser for the students. Of course, we can talk to the other teachers too, and we have class meetings once a week and talk about our class' problems. Also we have a little meeting at which the class captain tells us the news in the morning and in the afternoon.

The classrooms are about the same and we have a gym and a pool in each school, but the playgrounds are smaller than Tumut High School's.

There are two types of clubs in the schools, sports clubs and culture clubs. The sports clubs are volleyball, tennis, basketball, soccer, badminton, baseball, athletic sports, swimming, dancing, table tennis, Kendo and Judo. Some of the culture clubs are Science, mathematics, photography, English conversation, handicrafts, art and broadcasting. We have a sports club every day after school or a culture club twice or three times a week.

This is typical of most Japanese high schools, including my school. There are many differences between Japanese and Australian high schools, but the real study is the same.

—KEIKO NAKAMURA, 4A

## IMMIGRATION

Each year our Minister for Immigration boasts of the increase in the intake of immigrants into the country. For the last twenty years politicians have justified Australia's mass

immigration scheme on the basis that it would allow us to develop our natural resources so that we could have rapid economic growth. Has this aim been achieved?

Recent figures issued by the Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development on international comparisons of growth rates based on the Gross National Product show up Australia in an unfavourable position. In the last decade it ranked second last among developed countries.

Also, many problems have been aggravated by immigration. It has put a big strain on an already inadequate education system. As well as requiring the construction of additional classrooms, it has been necessary to build special schools for children with language problems. Immigration has also worsened the shortage of hospitals and overcrowded the transport systems, especially roads.

A study of the type of workers who come reveals that the majority of immigrants are unskilled. We are getting many people who are not wanted and who cannot find jobs in their own countries. Most people with any knowledge are naturally going to stay in their own lands.

When these people arrive here they have the problem of settling in. If they are lucky enough to be able to afford a house and not have to live in migrant hostels they have the trouble of assimilating into our society and adopting our way of life. At the moment many people from one country have a tendency to gather together in nearby suburbs.

Bringing in all these migrants is going to result in many areas becoming overcrowded in the near future. It is obvious we can't mass settle the inland and the coastal strip is fast nearing saturation point. It won't be too long before we are having the same overcrowding problems as they are experiencing in America.

Finally, all the money being spent on assisted passages could be much better spent on fixing our education system and roads, apart from the fact that a lot of money is being wasted because families are using this as a cheap way to see Australia, then returning home.

In conclusion, Australia would be a much better place without the mass immigration scheme, which is in operation at present.

—BRIAN BOTHWELL, 3A



## SIXTH FORM



**Top:** Back (l. to r.): P. McDonell, M. Martinoli, G. Ross, G. Blacka, A. Acland, S. Duncan, B. McKenzie, R. Arden, G. Whiting, C. Kingsbury. Front (l. to r.): R. Willey, P. Magann, B. Wilkinson, K. Contessa, D. Cameron, G. Ferguson-Smith.

**Bottom:** Back (l. to r.): K. Stuart, K. Henderson, H. McInerney, J. McRae, J. Smith, C. Porters, S. Cameron, I. Archer, J. Rodden, L. Tod, P. Jamieson, G. Wortes. Front (l. to r.): K. Davies, J. Gulliford, J. Crampton, P. McRae, G. Matinca, J. Learmont, T. Reid. Absent, G. Purcell.



## WE SAY A LITTLE PRAYER FOR YOU

The silent light of park lamp,  
with silent streams of passing cars,  
pasted beams across the trees,  
for time to tear them down.  
The silent street, the quiet street  
devoid of life, save for the one of Timothy,  
Who, with the streams of steady light  
was like an earthbound spirit,  
out to stir the night.  
With unsure footsteps, faltering hand,  
the dull but glowing eye  
gauged the narrow path, but failed.  
A bench, Oh yes a bench,  
to sit and ease the pain.

and deliver him from evil....

Upon the bench sat Timothy;  
the tousled hair,  
the ragged clothes,  
the pain filled face,  
the pin-pricked arms,  
The silent sobs.

For thine is the kingdom....

To rest; yes, lay down,  
let the body ease the mind,  
cover up those sickening arms,  
rest the head above the hands,  
cover up the pain-filled face  
with yesterday's newsheet,  
and let the silent dull but glowing eyes  
search beneath the paper for tomorrow's news.

The power and the glory....

The silent sleeper in the park,  
with headlights vainly searching  
in the trees,  
And with the early morn there  
came a breeze,  
and blew away the newsheet of  
the yesterdays,  
and revealed in dull and staring eyes,  
the silent typeless newsheet of tomorrow.

For ever and ever,  
Amen.

—ROBERT ARDEN, 6A

## REFLECTIONS (on a bus trip)

Darkness, black, foreboding, unknown—  
backs reflections, cased in the enigma  
of solid steel;  
Reflections of light, music and faces,  
Card games, eyes intent and shining faces  
anticipating, collaborating, exasperating, silent;  
And souls lost to the world of anything else,  
wrapped in protecting warmth;  
And faces with souls not feeling  
light but still, with indolent eyes,  
staring back to darkness.

—ROBERT ARDEN, 6A

## WAR AND PEACE

Green are the fields of home,  
Blood stained are the battle fields of Vietnam.  
Peace is what man has wanted since time began,  
But never got it.

War is what they don't want,  
But get all the same.  
Vietnam is a place of killing and destruction.  
Green are the fields of home,  
Blood stained are the battle fields of Vietnam.  
—CAROL BUCKLEY, 3D

## TRINITY

I

The source: a cloud,  
rain-giver. Originator of the substance  
that is life.

II

After the storm has passed,  
After the rain has been and has gone,  
After the world is washed anew,  
The drained soils devote  
To rivers; and where the rivers flow  
There is greenness, animation. Not the arid  
Waste of a waterless desert.

III

A mist blanketed the valley floor,  
And from the hilltop  
He saw nothing of the village.  
But as the morning aged and the mist dissolved,  
The church-tower, tallest building of the town  
Was first seen. The revelation meant little to  
him;  
A building perhaps, stone and stained glass;  
Nor did his naked eye see  
The vapours recondense.

—JENNY SMITH, 6A

## TROY ROCHE AWARDS

The school expresses its thanks to Mrs. Troy Roche for her donation of prizes for student contributions in prose and verse.

Winners of senior prose and verse awards will receive \$6 each and those awarded second prize will receive \$4 each. Winners of junior prose and verse awards will receive \$3 and those awarded second prize will receive \$2.

### FIRST PRIZE, TROY ROCHE COMPETITION: SENIOR PROSE

#### THE SOUND OF SILENCE

Man, through his history of social and technical development, has devised various means of communication, for example, telegraph, radio, books, television, satellite and so on. Yet, in his quick advances in technological communication, man has unconsciously ignored the most essential type of communication—that between men, between the basic individual.

This communication (or more precisely the non-communication) problem has reached even into the basis of our society, the family. How often does the modern day family sit down together and discuss problems with one another? Or is it now the overworked cliché: "They don't understand me." One may well ask why this is so, but the final analysis will always reveal the unwilling inclination—or the straight-forward inability—to communicate.

This lack of communication has resulted in what is commonly known as the "generation gap".

The vast differences in ideals, creeds and races of the human race demand that now, more than ever, we must make a conscious effort to communicate; for only through direct communication with others can we hope to understand and even tolerate our obvious differences. Too many individuals simply close their eyes and ears to the problems of the world and destroy any hope of communication.

Our present racial problems are merely a product of ignorance and misunderstanding stemming from the problem of non-communication, with one ethnic group sitting on one side of the metaphorical fence; one on the other side.

The obvious communication problem is not limited merely to the family or the individual, nor is it wholly limited to the racial problem. The whole international situation is fraught with the danger of non-communication: withdrawal

of diplomatic relations and non-recognition of a government being just two examples. These are only conducive to a greater communication problem between the peoples of the world.

Thus one can see that this problem of non-communication affects our entire social environment, from the family to international politics. One may only conclude that if man does not endeavour to reach out, to communicate with his fellows, then mankind and his society will be condemned to the type of world so aptly described in the lyrics of Simon and Garfunkel: "People talking without speaking.  
People hearing without listening.  
People writing songs that voices never shared,  
no-one dared,  
disturb the sound of silence."

—ROBERT ARDEN, 6A

### SECOND PRIZE, TROY ROCHE COMPETITION: SENIOR PROSE

#### THE GENERATION GAP

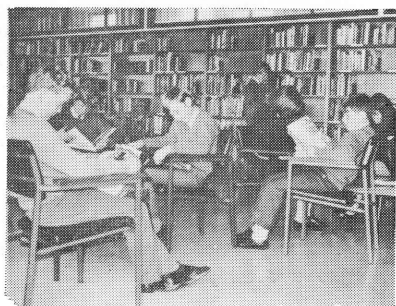
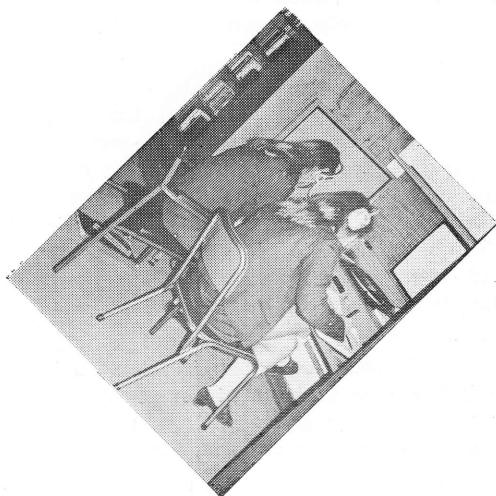
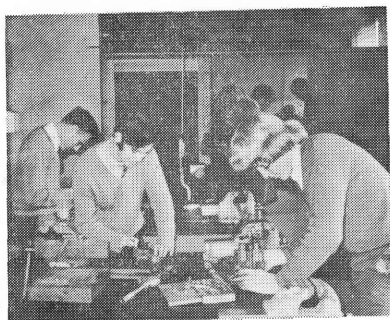
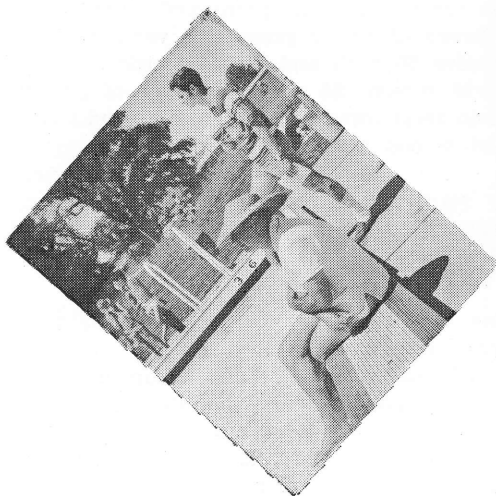
The generation gap is an extremely crucial problem in modern society.

The older generation, or "Squares" as they are more commonly known, see a world full of strife and unrest, but don't see it as a creation of their period in history. They see all students and demonstrators as "long haired gits", who are social outcasts and unwanted burdens on their lives.

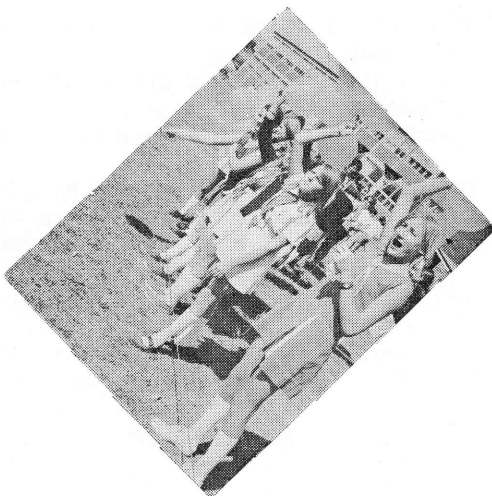
These adults don't try to understand the beliefs and feelings of the younger generation. They see the younger people as a group trying to obliterate a world they have so painstakingly created. They see these youths as wreckers, not as builders trying to fashion a society in which they have a reasonable chance of survival. They want us to be stereotypes of themselves and enjoy the mess that they have created.

This lack of understanding goes both ways. Take for example a young man who is forced into an occupation he despises. This young man will be up in arms against the older generation. He will say that they should have let him live his life as he pleases.

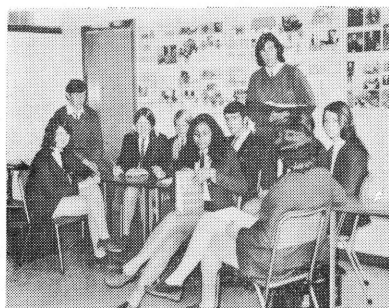
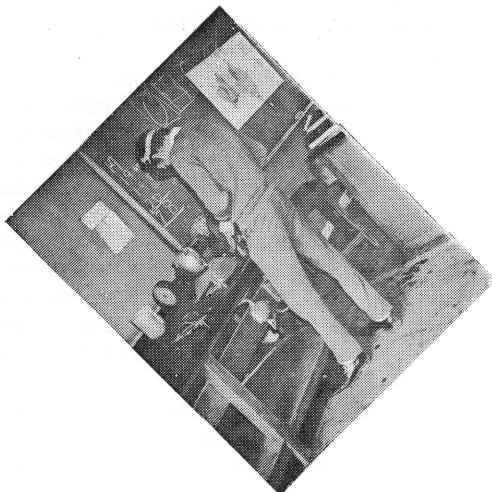
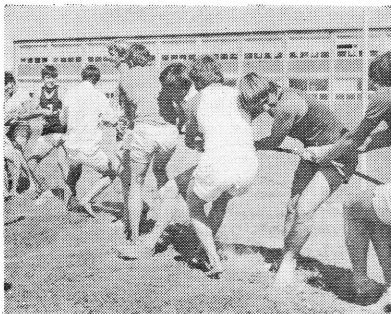
He doesn't try to understand that these "bullies" have a set of morals and that their set of morals states that he should settle down and take a steady job.







UND  
HE  
ool





Instead of understanding his parents' beliefs and showing them that these morals are out of date and utterly useless in modern society, where happiness is a requirement for sanity, he rebels and doesn't listen to any advice other than his own.

It's very likely that his and his parents' lack of understanding of each other have disrupted a hitherto peaceful life.

In order to break down the generation gap the two parties concerned should get together and compromise. By this method and this method alone we can prevent the degeneration to "primitiveness", which is occurring because of the present strife.

—STEPHEN PROWSE, 4th Form

### **FIRST PRIZE, TROY ROCHE COMPETITION: SENIOR POETRY**

#### **SUPERMARKET**

I do not like what they have done here;  
there has been a mechanical revolution,  
cold grey steel in trolleys and registers,  
the people are steel, they're machines too.

I do not like what they have done here;  
the Chinese grocer's that used to be  
in this street, was smaller, friendlier,  
warmer without the air-conditioning;  
the kind grocer gave me chewing gum when I  
went there. Kids have to buy it here.

I do not like what they have done here;  
everything is different, even the eggs you buy,  
the yolks have disappeared through evolution,  
(mechanics of some Board or other);  
the Chinese grocer sold farm eggs that were  
yellow inside; but that was before Columbus  
sailed.

I do not like what they have done here;  
the helm I cannot be, steering uncontrollably  
through an ocean of people under the wind  
of change;

If I were Columbus' crew I think that I  
would have mutinied with the rest.....  
but then, he didn't know where he was going;  
for me there's signs, red signs, "New World"  
on yellow smocks. I'll ignore them.

I know where I'm going,  
But it seems the mechanical door knows too.

—JENNY SMITH, 6A

### **SECOND PRIZE, TROY ROCHE COMPETITION: SENIOR POETRY**

#### **....AND YOU HAVE BEAUTY**

Take a drop of water and change it into a  
crystal,  
balance it on a blade of grass, and you have  
beauty.

Sketch a silvery moon, above a snow spattered  
plain.

Draw on it wild horses, and you have beauty.  
Paint deep shadows of blue and pure white,  
silhouette with tall rusty trees, and you have  
beauty.

And if you see a peak of yellow, through the  
snow,  
it is spring, don't pick it, for you have beauty.

—SUE ASPINALL, 5A

### **FIRST PRIZE TROY ROCHE COMPETITION: JUNIOR PROSE**

#### **HIJACKED**

I boarded the plane and settled down into  
the deep bucket seats of the Jumbo Jet. As I  
looked around I began to feel that something  
was wrong. The other passengers seemed re-  
laxed. The character across the aisle in the  
black suit and white tie bit the end off his  
cigar and spat it expertly into a nearby tin  
with a loud clang. He sighed, which sounded to  
me like a half-hearted groan, and sat back  
puffing rings of smoke towards the ceiling.  
The lady next to him, dressed in a large feather  
boa and a fringed dress, looked like something  
out of the 1920's.

My apprehension grew when I saw the  
man take out a tommy gun from the violin  
case he had across his knees and begin cleaning  
it with a silk handkerchief that the lady in  
fringes had handed him. I diverted my attention  
just as I heard a snigger and "Good, good"  
from behind. I could see the two of them in a  
mirror fixed to the roof as they bent over  
what looked to be a map of the inside of the  
plane. I was still watching when I saw one  
take, from under his Arabian type clothes, a  
few sticks of dynamite.

Turning my head again I noticed the three  
in front of me, who were suitably dressed in  
grey-green army surplus clothes and camouflaged  
tin hats, with strings of bullets wrapped around  
their waists and a gun in each of their shoulder  
holsters. Looking closer I could see all three  
were busily pulling the pins from some of the

grenades and dropping them into potato sacks marked "Flour".

I could hear the loud whispers filling the plane: "Let's hijack this thing to Las Vegas." "I want to go to Cuba." "Madrid." "Mexico". "Tahiti", "Russia..." The word "hijack" seemed to be on everybody's lips and suddenly there was silence. Suspicion seemed to be so thick that you could feel it.

Everybody knew that everybody else knew that nearly everybody wanted to hijack the plane. Untrusting eyes flicked from one to the other. Then came a sudden unnerving rush. People pushed, shoved, elbowed, bit and kicked to try to reach the cabin first and be the hijacker. The jumble of humans fell to the floor in a confused mess as the plane made its landing on the tarmac at its intended destination. After all, I think I'll walk next time.

—JOANNE WELLHAM, 3A

## **SECOND PRIZE, TROY ROCHE COMPETITION: JUNIOR PROSE**

### **THE BLACK ALLEY CAT**

He was so tired, hungry and forlorn, this thin scruffy black kitten, curled amongst the garbage tins in the alley behind a restaurant. Night had come quickly, leaving him little time to find a safe resting spot, but somehow he just didn't care anymore.

He recalled his mother's soft gentle licking, his awakening beside her lifeless stiff body in the alley and his reluctance to leave her, even when the pangs of hunger bit deeply.

He remembered his attempts to find friends, especially the dainty, white, fluffy Persian and could still hear the disdain in its mistress' voice as she said, "You'll not be mixing with black trash like that, my darling kitty." He shivered at the recollection of many other angry voices, felt again the force of swishing brooms, the heat of jealous dogs' wet breaths and the sting of hot water.

He dreamed that night that he walked across a milky creek and when he emerged on the other side his fur had turned to a milky white. How he was admired—yet he was deeply

conscious of the fact that inside he was just the same.

When he awoke he was disappointed to find his fur still the same old black colour. He sighed, stiffly stretched himself and decided that he must find somewhere warm to thaw himself.

It was impossible to pass the slightly open door revealing an empty room lit by inviting flames. How wonderful the fire felt on his aching body. He dozed.

The door closed, slow, shuffling steps approached, wood dropped onto the fire, but the kitten only dared to sneak a glance through slim-slit eyes. Gentle old black hands stroked him and soon he smelt the almost forgotten odour of warm milk. The kitten sighed and was happy at the sound of his newly-found master's deep, deep voice, "I know how you feel, my kitty. We'll get along together and we'll see it through together."

—WARWICK ARDEN, 2A

## **FIRST PRIZE, TROY ROCHE COMPETITION: JUNIOR POETRY**

### **REFLECTIONS**

I am not stressed for leaving this world,  
My cruel world of darkness, mustiness,  
Of the never-ceasing fear of being found,  
Of crashing silence, of screaming sirens,  
I shall no longer bear my conscience;

Quietly stirring,  
Beating out my wrongs.  
Thumping in guilt,  
Subsiding, yet still there.

No longer to be viewed as dirt;  
No-one, but something,  
No more to hear their whispers;  
Their condescending tones,

I am nothing in this life,  
Perhaps to be whole in the next;  
Where my fear will be cured.

My silence will be calm.  
Where sirens are choral,  
Where conscience is pure.

No, indeed I am not stricken at meeting my end.

—RAELENE LOCKERIDGE 2A

**SECOND PRIZE, TROY ROCHE  
COMPETITION: JUNIOR POETRY**

**NEWSPAPERS**

Something's amiss with the press today,  
They tell only the gory, never the gay.  
We hear of earthquakes, riots and strife,  
Never the joys of everyday life.

Headlines shriek the world's disasters,  
Plague, volcanoes and communist masters.  
Ne'r a word how the sun shone bright  
Showing Autumn's coloured delight,  
How a child was born so perfect and dear  
And cradled in arms so warm and near.

We hear of murder, drugs and vice,  
Of raids upon the gambling dice,  
And all the "isms" bare their face,  
And the business world keeps in the race.

I want to hear of rippling brooks,  
Of shady glens and fernery nooks,  
Of love and truth and answers to prayers,  
Of laughter and of schoolboys' dares.

So list your disasters on a full page,  
Let the pessimists gloat and rage.  
Devote another to every ad,  
Splash those goods they wish they had.  
Give a page to each boy's dream  
Of superman and science supreme.

Then fill the rest with a soothing balm,  
The mind to heal, the nerves to calm.  
Show us starry nights and a snowy flake,  
Happy children on a lake.  
Show us simple joy and hope,  
So with each day we learn to cope.  
—WARWICK ARDEN, 2A

**PEOPLE ARE LIKE SHEEP**

Today, the cry of youth seems to be "Do your own thing". Yet, "your thing" must be accepted by other people or you are liable to be labeled some type of "freak".

Doing your own "thing" also applies to fashion. When a new fashion comes along, people rush out to buy it. They do not necessarily like the fashion, but they want to be like everyone else.

Youth has its own way of doing its thing. Long hair is its symbol of freedom and individuality, but how many boys have you seen with long hair? Jeans are yet another way for youth to show its individuality from the



older generation. If this is so, there are a lot of look-alike individuals walking around doing their thing.

Following other people like sheep does not only apply to fashion and dress. I'm sure the number of strikes and protests that occur would decrease if these people only thought for themselves. It only takes a few powerful people with loud voices to convince the majority of their point of view. Even if anybody had the courage to stand up against the unions, they would be blacklisted and life made unbearable for them. But until people stand up for themselves they will continue being sheep.

—KIM MARSH, 3A

**SLACKS SHOULD BE MADE A PART  
OF THE TUMUT HIGH SCHOOL  
WINTER UNIFORM**

I think that this is a marvellous idea. I have also been told this by many other Tumut High students.

I believe this is a thoroughly worthwhile proposition for the following reasons:

Firstly, the cost. Until an improvement of school furniture is put forward, I could not say that a pair of slacks would cost more than buying umpteen dozen pairs of black stockings. By this I mean that when girl students go to school they ladder and hole their stockings on school furniture and straight away go and buy a new pair. When all this adds up it comes to a pretty large amount. A pair of slacks, which would cost no more than \$8,

would not compare to the cost of the many pairs of stockings.

Secondly, the warmth and neatness of the slacks. Do you really think that a pair of sheer black stockings are warmer than a pair of woollen slacks? Also compare the sagging stockings and the three box-pleat tunic (in which the pleats are always coming out of place) to the neatly cut slacks. They don't compare!

Thirdly, the colour of the slacks and how they fit in with the rest of the uniform. This would be no problem if the slacks were to be made a royal blue. They would fit in perfectly with our blazer, jumper, shirt and tie.

Lastly, why can the female staff wear slacks and we, the students, can't? Firstly, they are not setting any sort of example towards school uniform, are they? If they're allowed to wear them and we're not, why can't they have a uniform, then they'll know what we have to put up with.

I hope now you also think that slacks should be made a part of the Tumut High School winter uniform and this idea should have been carried out in the very beginning of school days.

—DEBBIE COLEMAN, 2A

## CLOUDS

A white horse  
Floating across the blue sky  
To the gleaming sun.

—JENNY JACOBS, 2A

## SURF

Arched high and beautiful,  
Powerful currents pull towards it,  
The surf pounds the sand.

—LANCE WALTERS, 2A

## THE PROBLEMS OF BEING FOURTEEN

When the question of what age I would like to be arises, I am quite sure that I would not say fourteen. Coming from childhood to adulthood is a period of great worry.

The restraint pressed upon us is a disturbing factor. We are not allowed to go anywhere without a stream of questions being fired at us: "What time does it start? When does it end? Who's going? Is it suitable?" and so on, until an entire investigation has been carried out before we are allowed out of our parents' clutches. Even after we have answered, truthfully, our parents still doubt us and be-

lieve that we simply can't be trusted.

The seeming "bullying" by our parents does not help us. We are either wearing our dresses too short or our hair too long and then our parents lapse into a rapid speech about "when I was your age..." My mum is always telling me what an exceptionally untidy child I am, but after fourteen years of it I rarely listen.

Our life seems to be a never-ending lecture on what our actions should be. I dream of the day when I gain independence. My mother is continually telling me how a young lady should not be always dressed in jeans and a T-shirt, but I still think those are essential garments and so I go on wearing them.

Most fourteen-year-olds are beginning to feel the strain, especially in school work, for we are continually being reminded of that dreaded examination looming in the future. Now, to be a success in scholarship is most important, but I get thoroughly fed up with the boring routine of my average day: up, breakfast, school, homework, tea, study, bed... and so it goes on, never changing.

There are quite a few emotional effects of being fourteen years old. They result from the realisation that there is another sex. A boy looks at you, calls you by your first name and, "woopee", you're in love and he's your man. The next day brings another, and the next, one more. Soon, you begin to wonder if you'll ever get married. So depressing.

Because of our strains and worries, we grow irritable. I, for one, am always shouting at my two younger brothers, teasing them about their big ears, or something equally ridiculous. They calmly tell me how many pimples I have, or how straggly my hair looks. I get so wild that I clobber them and then I am told how nasty I am, picking on my two dear little angelic brothers. "Grow up," I'm told.

Ah, if only I could hurry up and grow up; grow away from the horrid age of fourteen.

—RAELENE LOCKERIDGE, 2A

## THE FINAL MOMENT

Look at the beautiful hills,  
Which are to be banished from my mind,  
The sunsets forever colourful are to be forever forgotten,  
The feel of the wind blowing through my hair,  
While cantering up a slope with a sense of freedom,  
Why must they all go?

—ANN McCOMB, 2A

## BEACH

The golden, soft sand,  
The clear, blue sea,  
The smell of salt,  
The warm sunlight

.....

Then came people.

—DAVID FORD, 1B

## CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

Capital punishment: is it society taking revenge on an individual or is it a last remnant of the Middle Ages when public executions were enjoyed by all? The reason for it still existing is probably the fact that many feel that by advocating the death sentence they are serving society.

But no matter what the motives, it all boils down to legalised murder, for Christianity on which our society is based, emphasises forgiveness and one of its strictest laws is: "Thou shalt not kill", under any circumstances.

Another aspect which is frequently neglected is that there is a reason for any serious crime. Obviously, no normal person contemplates a serious crime such as murder, or kills for money. Those who do must be at least a little retarded or mentally ill and should be committed for treatment. Those who have committed a crime such as murder whilst in a jealous rage should be treated leniently because we all are subject to these emotions, to a certain degree. No other crimes are punishable by death.

This can all be summed up by saying no man has the right to judge another, for everyone is equal. If man considers himself to be civilised he should adopt civilised methods.

—N.F.

## DINNER

Love-  
ly smell  
hot meal  
pass salt please  
knocked over milk  
Drip Drip, Dad fumes, Mum sighs  
no fork, two knives, create disturbance,  
ready to start  
lift fork  
YUM

—GILLIAM KEMP, 2A

## THE DEMONSTRATION

Have you ever seen a demonstration?  
Brick-throwing, police-kicking, building-smashing  
Curse-yelling, student-dragging, peace praying,  
Demonstration.

—WARWICK ARDEN, 2A

## THE NIGHT

Dark shadows rest on  
earth. Moon throws ghostly gleam  
on all, until the day dawns.

—MARGARET OLIVER, 2B

## THE BLACK STALLION

As I was coming down Conway's Gap  
I heard two stallions cry  
For they were fighting over  
The big one's mares and fillies  
For each

They would die.

The big black stallion won, of course,  
Because he was the bigger.

And I thought to myself

"He walks like a champion".

As I took the rope off my saddle

The black one

Spat at me.

I threw the rope round his neck

And tied it to a tree

I took the saddle off my horse and

After a long struggle

Put it on the stallion.

He bucked, of course,

As I climbed aboard

The black stallion

Soared

He acted

Like thunder down the plain

He bucked

He turned

Like a worm on hot sand

I thought I felt him weaken

And I bit him with the spurs

For his sides were white with foam

And I—the lonely rider

Lie like a flattened stone.

—MICHAEL KENT, 2E

## NIGHT

Wind in the trees,  
Moonlight casting imitations,  
Quietness, as all sleep  
While darkness prevails.

—ANNE BOTHWELL, 2A



# Letters to Aunty Maud...

DEAR AUNTY MAUD,

Please help me. I have lost my nerve. When a boy looks at me with large, appealing eyes I feel my heart softening and the tears prick my eyelids. A sob rushes to my throat, my knees begin to tremble and my right arm loses all its strength. I just cannot bring myself to give him what he came for—six of the best.

SOFTHEARTED SCHOOLMASTER

DEAR SOFTHEARTED SCHOOLMASTER,

To avoid those large appealing eyes you have the alternative of either (a) blindfolding the culprit, or (b) blindfolding yourself. (I do not recommend the second method as the boy will probably make good his escape while you are tying the knot and think how foolish you'd feel swinging at empty air).

AUNTY MAUD

DEAR AUNTY MAUD,

I am writing this to you hoping that if it is printed a guyless chick will read it. I am a frustrated birdless guy in sixth form, who is looking for this guyless chick. So please guyless chick (especially if you are five foot two and eyes of blue, hair of gold and lips of red) contact me through our dear Aunty Maud. Or if you see me with my flowing black beard and locks come and love me to death girl.

CAZ BIRDLESS GUY

DEAR CAZ BIRDLESS GUY,

A suitable guyless chick has contacted me and is being redirected to your abode. When she appears—five foot two, eyes of blue, flowing golden beard and locks etc.—I hope you will thank me.

YOUR DEAR AUNTY MAUD

DEAR AUNTY MAUD,

Big problem! I recently used a sexy toothpaste and now I can't get rid of the boys. Could you tell me if there is a boy repellent on the



market? I don't have a ring of confidence, but I do have a ring of boys.

TOOTHPASTE

DEAR TOOTHPASTE,

You must change your toothpaste. I always use a garlic-flavoured toothpaste and I have never been troubled by a ring of boys. In fact I am happy to say that no boy has ever been within ten feet of me.

AUNTY MAUD

I have fallen desperately in love with a first form boy. I have tried all my wiles on him: letting him carry my books, emptying the bin, cleaning the board and bringing in the wood—but all to no avail. I would love to be alone with him, but he is so perfect that I can't find an excuse to keep him in after school. I tried to pass him a note in class one day, but the class clown got it first and this caused me much embarrassment. I sent him some lollies as a token of my esteem, but he was caught eating them in another lesson and was caned by my master. I try to talk to him when I am on playground duty, but every time he sees me coming he runs away because he thinks I'm going to ask him to pick up papers.

Please help me because I am 45 years old and feel time is running out.

Yours in desperation,

FRUSTRATED FRUMP

DEAR FRUSTRATED FRUMP,

Seeing that time is running out for you, give us his name and address—we're much younger.

AUNTY MAUD

DEAR AUNTIE MAUDIE,

I had been brought up to believe that my parents knew everything. Last year I wanted an afro-hairstyle. Mummy had told me when I was a little boy that eating crusts would make my hair curly. Of course, I believed her and, as I thought curly hair sissy, I fed the crusts to our dog when mummy wasn't looking. (Our dog is a curly-haired retriever.)

Ever since I decided on a new hair style I have been crunching crusts like crazy, but no matter how many I consume my hair remains lankly limp. (The retriever's hair, incidentally, without the aid of crusts, is as curly as ever.)

Eventually I reached the terrible conclusion—mummy was wrong. How can I ever believe anything she tells me again?

Sorrowfully yours,

DISILLUSIONED

P.S.: I would appreciate a few hints on the quickest way to get an afro hairstyle.

DEAR SORROWFULLY DISILLUSIONED,

Irregardless of this incident, I feel you must try to trust your mummy and believe what she tells you. After all, everyone knows "mummy is always right" and this incident was probably the result of some misunderstanding.

As far as your afro hairstyle is concerned, you must ask mummy to buy you 300 ¼ in. rollers, which you should use twice daily.

AUNTIE MAUD

DEAR AUNTY MAUD,

I have been admiring the girl next door for the last seventy-five years. All my life I have been waiting for the right opportunity to approach her.

Every day and every night is spent in contemplation of plans, strategies and opening lines, but as yet I have failed to come up with anything. As I am deeply in love with this girl I wondered if you could give me some advice on how I can open my mouth and speak to her.

ALBERT LOCKJAW

DEAR ALBERT LOCKJAW,

I can understand your little problem and suggest that the best way to summon up enough courage to speak to the "love of your life" is to invest in an anti-tetanus injection.

AUNTY MAUD

DEAR AUNTY MAUD,

I have made a friend,  
He has no means, he has no ends,  
He tried to do things to me  
Like putting his hand upon my knee.  
Should I let him do it or not  
Because what will happen I know not what.  
BASHFUL

DEAR BASHFUL,

You really have a problem, it's plain to see,  
(Not only concerning the matter of your knee)  
This friend is poor, and that is bad,  
Find someone rich, or else you are mad,  
For touching knees leads to matrimony,  
And for that your best bet's a sugar-daddy.  
AUNTY MAUD

### SWING FEVER

His toe, he broke in early spring,  
And he couldn't do a thing.  
He limped around wearing the sorry blues,  
And wore his soft old bedroom shoes.  
His raking, mowing he would shirk,  
And sedately he would ride to work.  
No dancing dates—they were taboo,  
Or anything else that she liked to do.  
But golfing time arrived at last,  
Those tough old golfing shoes went on fast,  
He said his toe was well at last.  
—GREG BOYD, 4A

### MY POLLUTED COUNTRY

(With apologies to Dorothea McKellar)

I hate a dirty country,  
A land of swampy plains,  
Of tin-canned mountain ranges,  
Of streets and flooding drains.

I hate her smogged horizon,  
I hate her polluted sea,  
Her filth and her pollution,  
That isn't the land for me.

—KENNETH MEYER, 2B

### SCHOOL LIFE

Talk-  
ing, wary  
glance, teacher  
sees, hanging head,  
shameful face,  
angry look.

Lines!!!

—GILLIAN KEMP, 2A

## TV

It comes in many a shape and size,  
Designed to drive us crazy,  
It dulls the brain and strains the eyes,  
We sit until we're lazy.

The programmes cater for every taste,  
From early morn till night,  
No thought is given to the time we waste,  
We stage a losing fight.

We make excuses—always weak,  
Postponing jobs galore,  
The idiot box has pride of place,  
No-one talks no more.

Dad looks forward to the day  
When TV takes a tumble,  
Mum hopes and prays—so they say,  
For our sweet home—be it so humble.

—GEOFF DARK, 3A

## WHY DO WE HAVE A JUNIOR ASSEMBLY?

Every Wednesday after lunch an assembly is held for first and second form students. In this assembly the class which has left the rooms most tidy of all the junior classes and with no papers under the desks or on the floor and which has most pupils in school uniform is awarded a pennant for one week.

Why is there not a pennant awarded to the senior school for being tidy and for being in school uniform? Maybe it is too juvenile for them.

All pupils should be treated fairly and to have the juniors keep the school tidy for the seniors is not what I would call fair. Remember, one in, all in.

In my opinion, the only reason for awarding the pennant is to encourage the juniors to keep the school tidy for the seniors.

—AN UNWORTHY JUNIOR, 2A

## SURREALISM

A hollow core of immersed time  
Where all is lost and need not rhyme  
Of stagnant pools or morbid finds  
Of surging images without their minds  
A knife, a hawk, a piece of cork  
The sequence lost and alas no fork!

—C. KINGSBURY, 6A

## DARKNESS

Sea go dark, go dark with wind,  
Light go dark, go dark with tragic night.  
Dreams go wild, go wild with the horror  
Of the incessant howling, yowling.

Bewitched by the night, the darkness.  
Go dark, go wild, go heavy darkness.

Dark with the wind.

Wild with horror.

Wild with the darkness that taunts the mind,  
And the hounding cloak of darkness.

—KEN ASPINALL, 3A

## FLOOD

Did you ever see a flood  
raging-swirling, thundering-roaring,  
tumbling-murky madly-rushing, havoc-causing,  
snarling-saturating.

—LINDA McGRATH, 2A

## THE END OF MY THOUGHTS

Never to see the frosty grass,  
The sunset flow across the sky,  
The painted flag raised half mast,  
For tomorrow I shall die.

Never to eat hot buttered toast,  
To smell the newly-bought bacon fry,  
To swim the eastern rocky coast,  
For tomorrow I shall die.

Never to touch the glittering snow,  
To hear a new born baby cry,  
To feel the westerly wind blow,  
For tomorrow I shall die.

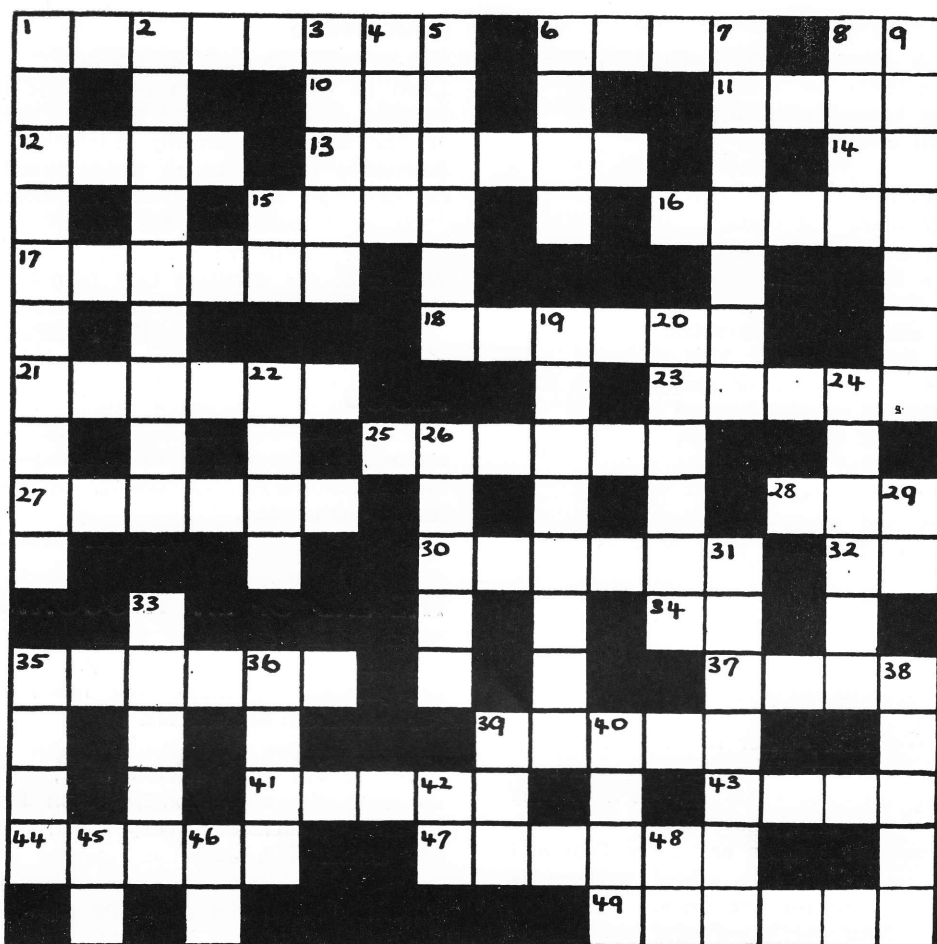
Never to hear my favourite song,  
Nor to see the colourful bird fly by,  
To think that this will all be gone,  
For tomorrow I shall die.

—LEONIE HOGAN, 2A

## MORTAL MEMORIES

The gentle touch of a mother's hand,  
Children's laughter, sunshine, sand  
Leafy bowers, garden flowers.  
Still waters, blue skies reflected.  
Poised for the dive, the starter's gun  
The race is on, reflections gone.  
Birds in flight, lambs gambolling  
Spring. Summertime, beaches and surf.  
Winter. Snowflakes falling  
Cold, cold. Death is calling.

—N. GODFREY, 4B



## SCHOOL CROSSWORD

### CLUES ACROSS:

1. They are supposed to keep law and order (8).
6. Scores in cricket (4).
8. The answer given to requests for more student freedom (2).
10. Australian Radical Union (inits) (3).
11. Mr. Deacon could not be described as this (4).
12. The more energetic pupils take part in one at sports carnivals (4).
13. Maths with a sting to it (6).
14. The note after la on the solfa scale (2).
15. To encounter (4).
16. A snaky mathematician (5).
17. A teacher might ask you to run one (6).
18. It always comes at roll-making (6).
21. 4th and 6th forms would say these exams are well-named (6).
23. Consumers (5).
25. If you play this you're in trouble (6).
27. Measurement of weight (6).
28. A good serve in tennis (3).

30. This adjective describes very naughty children (6).
32. Part of the verb "to be".
34. With reference to (abbrev.) (2).
35. This Geography teacher conquered England (6).
37. This is said to follow pride (4).
39. Mr. Bothwell becomes this when he catches pupils smoking (5).
41. This form of sorcery will not help you pass exams (5).
43. To aid a person in committing crime (4).
44. Describes horrid children (5).
47. A girl in the commercial class hopes to become this (6).
49. A sketch or plan (6).

### CLUES DOWN:

1. Few teachers reach this ideal state (10).
2. A school trip to places that are supposedly interesting (9).
3. One can leave the Deputy's office in this state (5).
4. A good thing to hide behind for a quiet smoke (4).
5. This teacher runs around more than most (6).

6. Something that is supposed never to be broken (4).
  7. Places in which one does schoolwork (7).
  8. Mr. Peters would spell evening like this (4).
  9. Too much maths homework could be described as this (7).
  15. Maths Master's initials (2).
  19. This secretary puts roofs on houses (8).
  20. One way of describing a cane (6).
  22. Boys usually do this when looking at mini-skirted girls (4).
  24. Often difficult to do in exams (6).
  26. Describes the Senior Study Room most of the time (5).
  29. A prefix (2).
  31. These are not unknown to our football teams (7).
  33. These add to the score in football (5).
  35. A part of speech (4).
  36. Some boys will find themselves in this when they're twenty (4).
  38. This subject is not taught at Tumut (5).
  39. Describes room 11 in winter when there's no fire lit (3).
  40. Dry (4).
  42. A pronoun (2).
  45. An adverb of degree (2).
  46. A preposition (2).
  48. A prefix meaning "without" (2).
- Solution on page 40.

## ABUSING A PRIVILEGE

Never before in history has youth been heard so much. We have progressed a long way from slavery in the 18th century and the "be seen and not heard" attitude of the 19th century.

I am fully appreciative of my rights to express my views through school debates and council meetings and I am grateful that my parents allow me to voice an opinion on family affairs, if I so wish. Not only am I allowed to voice an opinion, but I am listened to attentively when I realise that my contribution is an inexperienced and immature one. I realise that I am being given the opportunity to learn to express myself adequately and make logical deductions.

However, I am becoming increasingly aware that this new found freedom of voice is being widely abused by youth. Somehow it seems to have become the fashion to dissent, irrespective of how much we know about the facts of the matter.

Are we in the process of becoming a generation of well-educated, braying asses and blind

sheep? Let's evaluate the position and set ourselves a set of rules. If we continue to act irresponsibility and disrupt society as a whole with our constant riots and demonstrations, adults and those in authority, will curtail our privileges. Thus, by our excess, we will be denying the next generation the freedom of voice we so enjoy.

It's dangerous for youth to become too involved in controversial political issues. By all means form an opinion, after having read all you can on the matter and having asked parents and superiors for information. The best political role a youth can play is to be able to discuss an issue intelligently.

Meantime, let's channel our energies into working for charities, such as collecting appeals for starving children. Don't pin on just any available badge, wave any flag, shout any slogan, join any demonstration, just because it's the fashion.

Weigh what you can achieve by these measures against the impression of our country you are giving the rest of the world. Imagine foreign nations of conflicting ideologies their hands together at the picture of police dragging youths to arrest. They paint their own version of the event and say smugly, "It's freedom they have, is it?"

Tertiary education, the dream of most of us, sets another "trap for young players". Here we see youth that has progressed through kindergarten, infants, primary and high schools and has become a university student. Yet, highly educated as he is, he has not tasted the responsibility and problems of the outside world. He is full of wonderful ideas, which he thinks will set the world on fire. He wants to be heard, to demonstrate and riot, and generally only ends up making a nuisance of himself. If he really wants to play a useful part in world affairs, he would be better paying full attention to his studies and channelling this study into the area of affairs in which he is so interested. Fully qualified he can then step out into the world, gain experience and, through the correct democratic channels, fight for what he believes.

Youth, let's not turn our wonderful privilege of freedom of voice into a nightmare. Let's arm ourselves with knowledge, wait for experience, step confidently into adulthood and, in the correct manner, try to make this world a better place.

—WARWICK ARDEN, 2A



## STORM

Silver-lined clouds blotted out the sky, while  
down on the beach an enormous white-capped  
wave swept a small dingy out to sea.

Lashing winds whipped sand against our bare  
legs stinging them, while forked lightning warn-  
ed us a storm was approaching.

We reached home just as the storm sprang,  
rain beat wildly on the windows and a distant  
clash of thunder told us we had just escaped  
in time.

—LANCE WATERS, 2A

## HAIKU

Brown pale glittering featureless  
Faceless meaningless fascinating  
Blinding clean soft hair.

—MICHAEL GRIMES, 1B

## THANK YOU FOR LIFE

The Gift of Life was good to me, Lord;  
Hope and Faith writhed within me.  
But never again will I run against the wind,  
Laugh nor cry nor see my shadow dancing across  
the wall.

The moon with its face like a clock has been  
banished from my mind.

The armies in the fire fade—the lustre dies.  
The summer sun, which shone through the  
keyhole

Up into the attic is now gone, Lord.

Gone for ever;

For love of unforgotten times.

I will miss my family,

And why? Lord why?

Why do people die?

—MICHELE HENRICK, 2A

## WHAT WOULD I MISS

What I would miss if dead

Is what I ask myself.

I would miss the things

I missed a thousand times,

But the morning most.

The morning brings everyday  
Things to life and the answer  
To what is going to happen  
To my life.

I will hate death because  
It has no morning, but  
I should hate morning  
Because it brings me  
Closer to death.

—IAN FENTON, 5C

## LONELINESS

A poor lonesome child wandering far,  
With heart upon heart and fight upon fight.  
Not afraid of the dark;  
Not afraid of the night;  
Only afraid of the oncoming plight.

—MARY DANVERS, 1B

## TUMUT'S TREES

Visitors to Tumut must wonder what has  
happened to the dilapidated trees along the  
shopping area of Wynyard Street.

The Tumut Council has chopped the bran-  
ches off. It seems pointless to have the trees  
left in that bare state. If the Council intend  
keeping the trees they should be left alone;  
otherwise they should be completely removed as  
it is a waste of time and labour to have them  
“pruned”.

—CAROL VINE, 1A

## THE FOUR SEASONS OF TUMUT

Spring in Tumut is a pleasant scene  
with sheep grazing in paddocks green.  
A pony frisking with a mare  
and the smell of blossoms everywhere.

Birds are twittering, happy and gay  
under the lovely spreading May  
and the sound of humming bees  
as daffodils sway in the breeze.

Summer days are hot and dry  
when all the lush green grasses die.  
The earth cracks open with the heat  
and cattle can't find enough to eat.

Then along comes autumn, yellows, browns and  
reds  
with all the colourful flower beds,  
The animals appear to be in a daze  
while they listen to the sweet songs of Jays.

In winter the roads are coated with mud,  
and sometimes the flowing rivers flood.  
The days are cold, the trees are bare  
Frosts and fogs, and sunshine is rare.

Of all the seasons I like best  
for sheer beauty beyond the rest,  
with riot of colour and poplars tall;  
is the time of year referred to as fall.

—BETH WREN, 1A

## SPORTSMASTER'S REPORT

If I assessed this year's sporting activities at Tumut High in terms of matches and competitions won against other schools, it would be fair to say that we have had a reasonably successful year. More importantly, if I assessed this year's sporting activities in terms of numbers of pupils actively involved in sport within the school, inter-school and within the community, then surely we have had a very successful year.

I feel that the students of this school, particularly the seniors, are not only beginning to realise the tremendous values and benefits that are made available to them through sport, but are doing something about it and actively participating in one or more sports.

One only has to look at sports such as swimming, tennis, basketball, hockey, golf, cricket, Australian Rules and Rugby League that are played within the community, noting the large number of pupils in the school who participate in these sports outside of school hours and it becomes clear that sport at Tumut High School has done, and is, fulfilling its objectives.

Young adults of today are continually being reminded by parents and others of how fortunate they are to be growing up in a world which presents more opportunity to enjoy life than in previous years. Sporting wise this means better equipment and facilities, more competition, better instruction and a wider range of activities and it is pleasing to note the increasing numbers of pupils who are taking advantage of these opportunities rather than sitting back "knocking the oldies".

I do not propose to mention specific sports in detail in this report as these will be covered fully at Speech Night, however, I would like to congratulate those pupils who have achieved success in their various sports this year. It is only through their dedication and training that they have achieved their goals.

Finally, many thanks to the various sporting clubs, members of the public, members of staff and pupils who have assisted in any way in the organisation of sport this year. It is the co-operation of many that enables the fine sporting tradition of Tumut High School to develop.

—R. D. SUTTON, Sportsmaster

## SPORTSMISTRESS' REPORT

So many girls say to me, "Oh, I don't want to do that—I'll get big muscles." Little do they realise that they must work regularly at least six months before there will be any noticeable difference in the muscles.

There are specific exercises which are designed for different purposes; for instance, aerobic exercises stimulate the cardiorespiratory systems (heart, lungs and related parts). Examples of these are jogging, swimming, cycling, rowing, walking (not strolling), hockey, basketball, netball. These tend to increase a



BLAKEHURST VISIT

person's stamina, which is the ability of the whole body to carry out tasks of continuous exertion and then be able to recover if further endurance is needed.

The range of movement permitted at each joint is called suppleness. For the maintenance of mobility in the joints, special exercises allow for stretching and strengthening of the surrounding ligaments. This means less chance of a sprained ankle or a "jinked" back.

Some forms of exercise are directed toward increasing a person's agility and these develop speed and skill.

You only have to suffer a few days' illness in bed, or an immobilised limb to notice how quickly muscles weaken. Strength in muscles is essential as is muscular endurance. Muscular endurance depends on the strength of the muscle tissue and the efficiency of its blood supply—you notice the effects of lack of endurance in specific muscles when walking up a hill or flights of stairs.

Sport and exercise can be directed to one or all of these results, but the only way to build

big muscles is to lift weights or work against a strong force regularly over a period of time.

My job is to concern myself with all this technical detail, now that you have been told some of the facts, your main concern is to continue to play sport and enjoy it without worries.

We have had many girls playing and enjoying sport in various carnivals and competitions this year. These include hockey carnivals at Wagga, a visit to Tumbarumba, netball carnival at Yass and golf at Cootamundra. The functions were all attended by girls interested in the sport, not necessarily the best players.

There has been a good response to the inter-class competitions at lunch time. To date we've had netball and tennis and we hope to follow these with softball and volleyball.

Of course, our representative school teams have had a successful year, too. Congratulations to members and coaches for the dedication, hard work and skill.

—B. HART, Sportsmistress

## A RACE MEETING

The track was fast and competition was keen at the local house athletics carnival held on April 15. Many track and field events were held and competitors provided great entertainment as they battled for victory.

Spectators and competitors alike enjoyed themselves tremendously and it was agreed that the day was a great success.

The spectators seemed to exhaust themselves as much as the participants with their continual cheering and barracking. This helped many entrants along and gave them extra courage and hope as they came down the home stretch.

Mr. Sutton provided extra entertainment as he commented on races that were being run, which left people in doubt as to whether they were at a sports meeting or a horse race.

The highlight of the day came with the final event in which the teachers competed against the students in a relay. As Mr. Graham, the announcer suggested, "It just doesn't pay to cheat." This event ended the day on a note of merriment.

Final results were: King 1st, Hunter 2nd, Phillip 3rd and Macquarie 4th.

—K. A. JONES, 4A

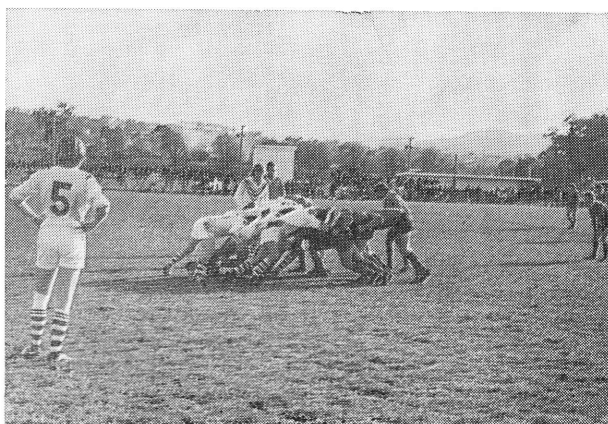
## THE SWIMMING CARNIVAL

The carnival was held this year on February 17. The competitors had the best of it,

Page 34

for the hot weather made the pool look very enticing. In spite of the heat, the spectators had an enjoyable day as good competition meant plenty of excitement for those on the sidelines. A record number of entries in the events added to the interest and excitement rose to a fever-pitch during the relay races, which were the last events to be swum.

The results were King House first, followed by Phillip, Macquarie and Hunter.



## UNIVERSITY SHIELD:

### Tumut v Wagga High

After having been the victors in matches played against Tumbarumba and Cowra High Schools, Tumut Open team met Wagga High at Tumut on June 2.

As seems to be the usual thing when Tumut acts as host, the day was bleak with the time for the next downpour unpredictable. The ground was exceptionally heavy and, no doubt, the players had great difficulty in holding the ball.

Tumut lost captain Kevin Pendergast and Michael Mulvihill at half time and Wagga lost Peter Beatton early in the game.

Considering that Tumut had several players out of the team and seven of their players were no more than sixteen years old, while six of Wagga's players were nineteen years old, the Tumut team performed well.

Come half time, the score was 12-nil in favour of Wagga and they were to retain the lead; the final score being 29-nil.

This game was virtually a semi-final as Wagga moved on to play Griffith in the Riverina final of the University Shield Competition.

—J. JACOBS, 5A

## ZONE ATHLETICS CARNIVAL

Patchy rain, blizzardous winds and an extremely muddy field were the order of the day on April 27 when Tumut High was host to the other seven High Schools in the area for the Zone Athletic Carnival.

Although the weather was not at all kind to us, those concerned managed to hold a very well-run carnival. Proceedings commenced at about 10 a.m. and concluded at approximately 3 p.m., during which time those present witnessed much keen competition and many extremely good records were broken.

As usual, the excitement came to a climax during the last portion of the carnival when the relays were run. At this stage, after having been run on all day, the track was exceptionally slippery and many of the runners had great difficulty in staying on their feet.

Overall, despite the inclement weather, everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Perhaps the most excited group that journeyed home were the pupils of Cootamundra High, who on aggregate points were the victors.

—J. JACOBS, 5A

## ZONE SWIMMING CARNIVAL

The Zone Carnival was held at Junee on March 3. Tumut achieved a convincing win, gaining 117 points to its nearest rival, Junee, with 78.

There were many close finishes and the high standard was revealed by the number of records broken. Linda McGrath broke four records and won the 14 years age championship, Janelle Hargreaves broke two records and won the open championship. Cynthia Hargreaves, Michael McAlister and David Ford all broke records.

## INTER-SCHOOL VISIT: QUEANBEYAN

The inter-school visits have become an annual event between the schools and this year Tumut proved superior in both the cultural and sporting competitions to win 15—7. Tumut High School retained both the "Yass Cup" for the cultural events and the "Freebody Cup" for overall point score.

After our arrival and the introduction to billets at lunch on Thursday, the sporting events commenced with the basketball. An interesting match developed, to eventuate 25-all; the boys,

on the other hand, in their match emerged the victors 31—16.

The experience of the Queanbeyan softball team gave them the easy victory of 25—5 over our team, but the tables were turned by our golfers when they won 4-nil and the day came to an end with the overall point score at 5—3 in favour of Tumut.

On Thursday evening the debating and drama contests were held. The debate resulted in further victory when we drew opposition for the topic, "The permissive society has gone far enough", and we won 243 to 236. This meant that despite the narrow defeat in the drama competition we were to retain the Yass Cup.

In extremely cold conditions, Friday morning saw our teams to victory once more. The volleyball and tennis were both taken out by Tumut, while girls' netball, won by Queanbeyan 60—13, showed the need for a great deal of experience for our team before next year. The girls' hockey, the last match before lunch, proved



to be one of the most exciting contests of the visit. Tumut scored in the first half, with Queanbeyan only managing to break through our defence on the half time whistle to score a goal, which was disallowed. The second half showed great team play and the final score was 1-nil in favour of Tumut.

The final event of the visit was the football and the coming of this match after lunch saw the sun break through the fog for the first time that day. This proved a bad omen for Queanbeyan, the favourites for the game, as they went down to our boys in a very hard fought game with the final score being 10—8.

The visit was climaxed by a social on Friday evening, where many lasting social contacts were made. The next morning reluctant travellers arrived for the trip home, which provided them with the opportunity to recuperate and discuss highlights of the visit.

—GLORIA BLACKA, SHARYN DUNCAN, 6A

## BLAKEHURST VISIT

The Blakehurst contingent arrived on the afternoon of Tuesday, June 17, eager to pit themselves against the Tumut competitors.

Tumut was given a strenuous game of softball, the final score being 34—18 in Tumut's favour. In tennis Tumut proved to be slightly superior by winning 4-nil. We continued our successful run by winning the golf 4-nil and the hockey 5—1.

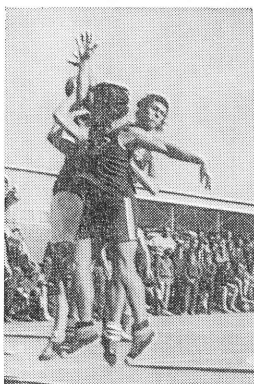
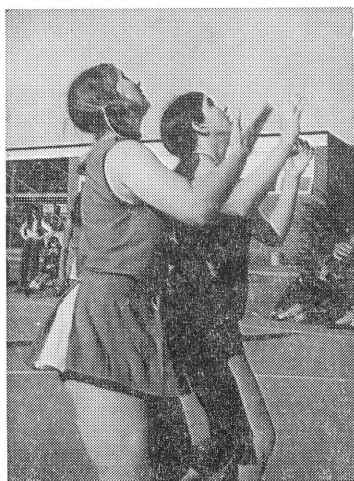
Blakehurst proved to be far superior to us in the girls' basketball by convincingly defeating us 44—10. The boys' basketball match was extremely close, resulting in a narrow victory for Blakehurst 34—29. Blakehurst carried off the honours once again by winning the squash 3—1. Included in the programme this year was a new activity, social chess. Blakehurst won this, three games to one.

Definitely the highlight of the visit was the football, results were reversed and Tumut for the first time in many years won the match. It was a very close game, the resulting scores being 5—3. It was probably this last victory which helped Tumut retain the Cavanough Cup.

The L. H. Bonnor Shield was claimed by Blakehurst this year because of their domination of the cultural activities. They won the choral 86½—75 and were also successful in the drama by winning 67—62. However, Tumut redeemed themselves by a victory in the debating 138—104.

To round off the visit a dance and barbecue were held on the evening of Friday the 18th. Interest took a new direction and competition was just as keen. Fair comment to say that "a good time was had by all".

—F. McCORMACK, 5A



SOME HIGHLIGHTS  
FROM THE  
BLAKEHURST VISIT



## SPORTING TEAMS

The following pupils represented the school in inter-school contests:

### GIRLS:

**Softball:** J. Atkins, J. Stanfield, W. Bulger, D. Williams, K. Morris, K. Knight, S. Duncan, C. McLennan, S. Bulger, J. Hargreaves, A. Wortes.

**Basketball:** J. Atkins, S. Duncan, J. Stansfield, C. McLennan, D. Williams, K. Morris, A. Wortes, W. Riley.

**Netball:** S. Bulger, S. Duncan, K. Morris, J. Kingsbury, D. Mumbler, G. Mumbler, J. Atkins, W. Riley.

**Hockey:** D. Williams, J. Hargreaves, K. Knight, P. Dudas, H. McGruer, L. McGrath, H. Reid, C. McLennan, M. Petriella, H. Brumby, H. Pearce, J. Stansfield.

**Swimming:** 13 years, C. Hargreaves, J. Stubbs, B. French, M. McGann; 14 years, L. McGrath, B. Miller, J. Stubbs, R. Lockeridge, S. Green, K. Marsh; 15 years, D. Sturt, N. French, N. Godfrey, D. Williams, W. Riley; Open, J. Hargreaves, R. Sturt, A. Wortes, J. Crampton, L. Jones.

**Athletics:** 13 years, A. Bowley, C. Howe, L. Hillier, J. Baker, L. Denning, K. Lindley, D. Hoad, K. Dowell; 14 years, D. Cullen, A. Williams, T. Bruce, L. McGrath, R. McDonald, K. Marsh; 15 years, D. Williams, G. Mumbler, N. Bloomfield, H. Brumby, V. Webb; Open, J. Atkins, J. Hargreaves, J. Stansfield, W. Bulger, J. Gallard, S. Dean.

**C.H.S. Swimming:** J. Hargreaves.

### BOYS:

**Basketball:** J. McRae, P. McRae, R. Willey, M. Williams, C. Whiting, W. Back, J. Petriella, L. Fuller, R. Thatcher, W. Lucas.

**Rugby League:** G. Whiting, J. McAlister, B. Freeman, P. Rodden, K. Pendergast, P. Hahn, M. Williams, M. Mulvihill, S. Cameron, T. Roddy, P. McRae, J. McRae, G. Wortes, C. Riley, R. Doon, E. Vickery, F. Roddy, C. Portors, W. Webb.

**Golf:** J. Learmont, A. Acland, R. Willey, K. Dehnert, P. McRae.

**Volleyball:** J. McRae, P. McRae, F. Roddy, E. Vickery, T. Roddy, D. Willey, R. Willey, R. Arden.

**Tennis** (boys and girls): A. Wortes, D. Martin, L. McGrath, G. Dark, J. Atkins, R. Willey, R. Martin, B. McInerney.

**Squash** (boys and girls): R. Arden, J. Crampton, D. Cameron, G. Ross.

**Swimming:** 13 years, W. Dark, D. Ford,

G. Noble, W. Grimes, W. Jones; 14 years, I. Aylward, T. McDonell, R. Bulger, R. Giles; 15 years, K. Aspinall, R. Eveleigh, R. Smythe, G. Dent, G. Dark; 16 years, C. Riley, I. Aylward, R. Doon, M. Williams, D. Willey, F. Roddy; Open, S. Cameron, G. McDonell, M. McAlister, J. McRae.

**Athletics:** 13 years, N. McDonald, W. Dark, I. Mulholland, R. Prowse; 14 years, G. Lund, P. Doon, R. Manns, M. McGann, J. Williams, I. Aylward; 15 years, L. Sturt, R. Thatcher, M. Wellington, G. Crane, D. Stuart, S. Patterson, R. Walshe; 16 years, R. Doon, M. Williams, T. McAlister, P. Rodden, W. Webb, M. Ward, F. Roddy; Open, J. McAlister, B. Freeman, J. McRae, K. Pendergast, G. Whiting, S. Cameron, P. Hahn, W. Webb, G. Matinca, J. Power.

**C.H.S. Swimming:** M. McAlister, I. Aylward.

**C.H.S. Athletics:** M. Williams, N. McDonald.

## SPORTING AWARDS AND PRIZES FOR 1971

### 1. House Competition Trophies:

(a) Swimming Carnival, King; Athletics Carnival, King.

(b) Girls' Competitions: Softball, King; Hockey, Macquarie; Netball, Hunter.

(c) Boys' Competitions: Cricket, King.

(d) Lunch-time inter-class sport, 1B, Netball; 2B, Netball; 1A, Boys' Basketball; 2A, Boys' Basketball.

### 2. Individual Awards:

(a) Sportswoman of the year, Janelle Hargreaves; Sportsman of the year, John McRae.

(b) Blues: Golf, James Learmont; Swimming, Michael McAlister; Athletics, Michael Williams; Softball, Christine McLennan; Hockey, Maria Petriella; All Round, Sharyn Duncan.

### 3. Age Champions at School Carnivals:

Swimming: Girls: 13 years, J. Stubbs; 14 years, L. McGrath; 15 years, N. French; 16 years, R. Sturt; Open, J. Hargreaves. Boys: 13 years, D. Ford, 14 years, I. Aylward; 15 years, G. Dark; 16 years, C. Riley; Open, G. McDonell.

Athletics: Girls: 13 years, A. Bowley; 14 years, L. McGrath; 15 years, D. Williams; 16 years, W. Bulger; Open, J. Hargreaves. Boys: 13 years, I. Mulholland; 14 years, G. Lund; 15 years, L. Sturt; 16 years, M. Williams; Open, J. McRae.

### 4. Age Champions at Zone Carnivals:

Swimming: Linda McGrath, 14 years; Janelle Hargreaves, Open.

Athletics: Ian Mulholland, 13 years (equal).

## **SPEECH NIGHT AWARDS (1970)**

### **FORM 1**

Dux, Warwick Arden; 2nd in Form, Anne Bothwell; 3rd in Form, Raelene Lockeridge; Application 1A, Linda McGrath, Andrew Tod; first in 1B, Wendy Foley; Application 1B, Leonie Hogan; first in 1C, Kenneth Meyer; Application 1C, Mark Fuller; first in 1D, Anthony Field; Application 1D, Thomas McDonell; first in 1E, Gregory Murray; Application 1E, Wendy Worsnop, Janet Schafer.

### **FORM 2**

Dux, Brian Bothwell; English, Anna Crowley, Brian Bothwell; History, Kim Marsh; Geography, Brian Bothwell; Mathematics, Brian Bothwell; Science, Brian Bothwell; French, Brian Bothwell; Agriculture, Richard Garner; Commerce, Brian Bothwell; Home Economics, Gary Webb; Needlework, Belinda Broughton; Woodwork, Walter Gross; Metalwork, Alan Kemp, Walter Gross; Technical Drawing: Kenneth Aspinall; Art, Shauna McDiarmid; Music, Sandra Crane; Application 2D, Robert Kell; Application 2E, Wendy Ellison.

### **FORM 3**

Dux, Julie Gallard; English, Kerri Jones; History, Jeffrey Coombes; Geography, Julie Gallard; Mathematics, Julie Gallard; Science (Stephen Everard Prize), Julie Gallard; French, Julie Gallard; Commerce, Adrienne Ross; Agriculture, David Shedden, Gregory Boyd; Home Economics, Adrienne Ross; Needlework, Ruth Vickery; Woodwork, Wayne Back; Metalwork, Peter McDonald; Technical Drawing, Wayne Back; Art, Denise Kell, Barbara Venables; Music, Howard Wren; Application 3D, Anthea Commins; Application 3E, Gary Stubbs.

### **FORM 4**

Dux, Michael Carey; English (J. & M. Kell Prize), Lynne Mulholland; Science (K. L. Meyer Prize), Michael Carey; Agriculture, James Whatman; Commerce, Margaret Oddy; Geography, Michael Carey; French, Lynne Mulholland; History, Lynne Mulholland; Mathematics, Michael Carey; Home Economics (C.W.A. Prize), Josephine Atkins; Needlework (A. J. Holmes Prize), Sue McKenzie; Technical Drawing, Thomas Acland; Metalwork, James Whatman; Woodwork, James Power; Art, Lynne Mulholland.

### **FORM 5**

Dux, Keith Contessa; English, Robert Arden; Science, Keith Contessa; Mathematics, Keith Contessa; Modern History, Maurice Mar-

tinoli; Geography, Jennifer Smith; Ancient History, Robert Arden; French, Gillian Ross; Agriculture, Keith Contessa; Economics, Keith Contessa; Industrial Arts, Gary Whiting; Art, Linda Jones.

### **FORM 5 COMMERCIAL**

First in Class, Sheryl Piper; Shorthand, Cheryl Privett, Sheryl Piper; Typing, Jeanette Berry, Marie McDonald.

### **FORM 6**

Dux, Alison Brougham; English, Alison Brougham (R. R. Knox Prize); Modern History, Lynelda Hampstead (R.S.L. Prize); Economics, Russell Aylward (J. H. Barlow Prize); Mathematics, Alison Brougham (Trevor Gill Prize); Science, Alison Brougham (James Tod Prize); Agriculture, John Pollard (A. & P. Association Prize); Ancient History, Christine Magann; French, Alison Kell; Geography, Russell Aylward, Elizabeth Smart; Industrial Arts, Stephen Smith; Art, Sharyn Duncan.

### **SPECIAL PRIZES**

Rotary Prize (Senior Citizenship), Judy Maybury; Apex Prize (Junior Citizenship), Kevin Pendergast; Principal's Prize, John Hillier; Mary Elizabeth Gordon Prize for Outstanding Merit: (boy), Stephen Smith, (girl) Lynelda Hampstead; Lions' Club Prize for School Service, Peter McDonald; Book Week Prizes, Raymond Brundson, Alan Masters, Stephanie McGufficke, Roselyn Turner.

### **TROY ROCHE AWARDS**

Senior Prose, Robert Arden; Senior Poetry, Jennifer Smith 1, Jacqueline Reid 2; Junior Prose, Warwick Arden; Junior Poetry, Warwick Arden 1, Leonie Aldcroft 2.

## **SCHOLASTIC SUCCESSES 1970**

### **Commonwealth University Scholarships:**

Alison Brougham, Lynelda Hampstead, Alison Kell, Robyn Lindley.

### **University Teachers' College Scholarships:**

Roderick Boyd, Judith Maybury, Coral Piper, John Pollard, Kenneth Pollard, Jacqueline Reid, Elizabeth Smart.

**Teachers' College Scholarships:** Karen Hoad, Christine Magann, Julie Shedden.

### **Commonwealth Secondary Scholarships:**

Michael Carey, Lyn Mulholland, Eric Vickery.

**Rotary Scholarship:** Jenny Smith.

**M. H. Colyer Scholarship:** Gary Ferguson-Smith.

**R.S.L. Scholarship:** Gloria Blacka.

**Yarrangobilly Scholarship:** Heather McGruer.

## SCHOOL CERTIFICATE 1970

T. K. Acland, M. J. Andrew, S. C. Cameron, D. J. Arentz, T. R. Arentz, S. M. Aspinall, P. D. Atherley, J. Atkins, C. A. Back, L. A. Baker, V. J. Baker, M. A. Battenally, V. A. Bellette, K. L. Bibby, G. R. Blacka, B. Bloomfield, A. M. Blundell, B. J. Blundell, J. A. Boyd, P. J. Boyle, J. N. Bradley, S. D. Bridle, S. Bulger, M. R. Carey, S. M. Carolan, R. J. Castles, L. E. Charlton, C. M. Crampton, H. M. Davis, C. T. Denbesten, R. C. Doon, G. C. Eggleton, M. A. Elliott, C. R. Ellis, I. S. Fenton, N. M. Finden, S. J. Gaffney, L. M. Garner, J. J. Gaydon, W. R. Giles, R. A. Gillespie, L. Griffiths, G. B. Gulliford, P. P. Hahn, J. M. Hargreaves, H. M. Harmer, M. J. Harris, J. Z. Hoad, W. L. Hockey, J. E. Jacobs, S. E. Kell, F. Klaus, I. D. Lindley, M. M. Livissianos, A. E. Lund, M. S. Magann, R. C. Masters, J. B. McAlister, M. J. McAlister, F. J. McCormack, J. A. McDonald, G. McDonnell, M. P. McGrath, H. M. McGruer, S. McKenzie, K. T. Moore, M. Morris, R. M. Morris, L. M. Mulholland, M. J. Mulvihill, D. F. Mumbler, J. C. Myers, C. J. Naughton, P. R. Nolte, M. R. Oddy, G. L. Payne, P. M. Payne, B. J. Pearce, F. F. Pearce, B. J. Peel, K. J. Pendergast, D. J. Piper, L. M. Piper, D. M. Portors, J. Power, G. I. Ridder, C. J. Riley, B. J. Roddy, J. M. Roddy, M. G. Stathis, L. I. Stokes, L. M. Stubbs, C. M. Sturt, H. A. Sturt, R. A. Sturt, L. P. Swan, S. A. Thompson, A. Tomsons, E. L. Vickery, C. A. Wade, C. M. Walsh, M. D. Webb, D. H. Wellham, P. J. Weston, J. W. Whatman, D. G. Willey, M. J. Williams.

## HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE 1970

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.

ARENTZ, R.: 1 L3, 2 L3, 3 L3.

ARRAGON, C. M.: 1 L2, 2 L2S, 3 L3, 5 L2, 8 L2, 7 L2, 14.

AYLWARD, R. G.: 1 L3, 2 L2S, 3 L2S, 8 L2, 7 L2, 14.

BARTELL, P. J.: 1 L2, 2 L3, 3 L3, 5 L2, 15 L3, 14.

BLACKA, B. J.: 1 L3, 2 L3, 8 L2, 7 L3.

BLOOMFIELD, W. L.: 1 L2, 2 L2S, 3 L2S, 4 L2, 8 L2, 7 L2, 14.

BONNOR, R. H.: 1, L2, 2 L2S, 3 L3, 8 L2, 14.

BOYD, R. C.: 1 L2, 2 L2F, 3 L2F, 4 L2, 8 L2, 14.

BOYLE, B. J.: 1 L3, 2 L2S, 3 L2S, 8 L2, 7 L2, 11 L3.

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HOAD, K. A.: 1 L2, 3 L3, 6 L2, 9 L2, 7 L1, 14.

KELL, A. J.: 1 L1, 2 L2F, 3 L2F, 9 L1, 7 L2, 14.

KNIGHT, R. J.: 2 L2S, 3 L2S, 8 L2, 7 L1, 14.

LINDLEY, R. A.: 1 L1, 2 L2F, 3 L2S, 9 L2, 8 L2, 14.

MAGANN, C. M.: 1 L2, 3 L3, 5 L2, 6 L2, 8 L2, 7 L2, 14.

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POLLARD, J. W.: 1 L2, 2 L2S, 3 L2S, 4 L1, 8 L1, 14.

POLLARD, K. M.: 1 L2, 2 L3, 3 L2S, 5 L2, 4 L1, 7 L2, 14.

PURCELL, G. O.: 3 L3, 5 L2, 6 L2, 14.

REID, J. H.: 1 L1, 3 L3, 5 L2, 9 L2, 7 L2, 14.

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SHEDDEN, J. M.: 1 L1, 3 L3, 5 L2, 6 L3, 8 L2, 14.

SMART, E. A.: 1 L1, 2 L3, 3 L2S, 9 L2, 8 L2, 7 L1, 14.

SMITH, S. C.: 1 L3, 2 L3, 3 L2S, 5 L2, 7 L2, 11 L2, 14.

THATCHER, S. L.: 1 L3, 2 L3, 3 L2S, 4 L2, 7 L2, 14.

VAN-ES, J. H.: 1 L2, 3 L3, 5 L2, 8 L2, 7 L2, 10 L2, 14.

WILKINSON, C. A.: 1 L2, 2 L3, 3 L2S, 4 L2, 8 L2, 7 L2, 14.

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**DOWN:** 1. perfection, 2. excursion, 3. caned, 4. tree, 5. Sutton, 6. rule, 7 studies, 8. nite, 9. onerous, 15. M.N., 19. Thatcher, 20. cutter, 22. leer, 24. recall, 26. rowdy, 29. em, 31. defeats, 33. tries, 35. noun, 36. army, 38. Latin, 39. icy, 40. arid, 42. it, 45. as, 46. to, 48. se.

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