Dear Students,

We commend your spontaneous effort in producing at short notice your first "Quasar".

May it diffuse much light and heat - the light of clear knowledge and the blazing heat of true love and friendship!

May all the girls of Stella Maris be inspired by it to use their exuberant energies to advantage at every level of activity and to radiate a sense of purpose, an ardent will to be worthy followers of Mary - Stella Maris - the Queen even of Quasars!

THE COLLEGE STAFF.

LIGHT
Radiant light,  
Pure white light  
Streaming from Him who said:  
"I am the Light".

LIGHT
Radiated  
Communicated,  
Absorbing  
And Absorbed!

ENERGY
Pulsating  
Vivifying  
Transforming  
Generating new powers by the might of Him who said "I am the life".

ENERGY.
Radiated  
Communicated  
Applied!

.................000.................
Sister Mary Hermenegild
Sister Mary Philomena
Sister Mary Collotto
Sister Marie Therese
Sister Mary Xavier
Sister Maureen Patricia
Sister Mary de Sales
Sister Mary Agnes
Sister Mary Ethelborger
Sister Mary Gabrielle
Sister Mary Emma.

Mrs. Noonnan.
Mrs. Clemmeright
Mrs. Moyer-Gleaves
Mrs. Cameron
Mrs. Surland
Miss Rodan
Mrs. Hart
Mrs. Nichol
Miss Mills
Miss Watson
Miss Ode
Mrs. Harvey
Mrs. Franzon
Mrs. Kirlew.

Head Prefect:  Cathy Curtis.
Vice Head Prefect: Mary Tomaino.
Rosaria Capt.  Margaret Mitchell
  "  Vice Capt.  Bernadette Borger
Lourdes Capt.  Mary Lee,
  "  Vice Capt.  Ann Cosgrove.
Patina Capt.  Sharon Walker.
  "  Vice Capt.  Ilene Hamon.
Carmel Capt.  Mary McLeanin.
  "  Vice Capt.  Peggy Carr.
Sports Capt.  Mary Ryland.
  "  Vice Capt.  Lynette Kennedy.

Due to the Wyndam Scheme which has added an extra year onto high school average age of the school leaver is 18. The lot of this student is a hard one.

At 18 a student has been eligible for holding a Driver's Licence for a year.

She can be tried in a criminal court and convicted, and she is of legal drinking age, but because she wants to stay at school and further her education in order to make something of her life, she is condemned to wearing an unattractive and ungainly uniform.

School uniforms were never designed to make children look devastatingly beautiful, but they are in general neat and smart and look attractive on children, but 17 and 18 year olds were not designed for school uniforms. Box pleats at that age simply do not compute.

At this age a girl wants to get out and meet people, all her friends who have left school are enjoying themselves while she feels oppressed by school.

On the weekends she changes into the clothes of a young woman, and many people fail to identify the school girl of Monday to Friday with the young adult of the weekends.

It is becoming more and more obvious that to get a decent job it is necessary to complete sixth year. Teachers! Why don't you try to make it more attractive!

N.B. If you have any ideas for a uniform for the Seniors of your school put them on paper and hand them into any senior student. The closing date is March 16th.

..........................
MY FIRST DAY AT STELLA MARIS
By Ruth Warburton IM

As the car shuddered to a stop outside my new school, my mother turned and looked at me.

"Here we are," she said, smiling.

The girls were standing in groups talking and laughing about their holidays or discussing their teachers-to-be. My mother opened the boot and pulled out my bulging case. There wasn't a single inch to spare within it, even though it was a big case. I followed my mother to the side of the school where we stood amid a mixed crowd of lonely, excited and even some unhappy girls.

I had loved the look of the school when I had seen it during the holidays but it seemed so different on that day; the first day of school. The wind was blowing and it was very cold, so the day was far from pleasant. "Eat," I thought to myself, "I'll make it pleasant even though I don't know anybody".

Somehow we found ourselves inside the large cream building and, after saying a fond goodbye to my mother, I followed another 1st Year pupil who, I found out, was called Kathy Carr. I felt so lopsided, so clumsy, as I followed her up the stairs. My case was so heavy, my uniform felt too long, my belt was too loose and, to add to my troubles, I had never worn suspenders or stockings in my life!

I sighed as I "dumped" my case onto a desk only to blush and feel stupid again when I discovered that it was already claimed.

Finally the day started. Our teacher (Sister Maureen Patricia) introduced herself and explained various things such as where to hang our hats, put our bags etc. and although we didn't get a great deal of school work done, we did get to know each other and what was expected of us. We sorted our books, learned the subjects we'd be doing and the names of the teachers who'd teach them. By the end of the day I felt High School wasn't such a "mystery".

After school I was extremely glad when I recognized the familiar smile of my mother as she sat waiting in the car. The car seat never felt more comfortable as I "flopped" down happily ready to tell all the news. What a day!

By Miss Ronane

As the hordes of sunburnt, windburnt, sleepy-eyed girls troop back to Stella Maris, the despairing teachers prepare for another year of trying to give us some rudiments of knowledge. Let us hope they succeed!

Stella Maris isn't just a school that seeks to decorate you with scholastic achievements, but to make you a much nicer and better person. I think Stella Maris puts a special mark on its girls, that the years do not erase.

I would like to welcome all new girls to the school, and I hope you will all have a very happy stay here. I feel sure you will. Everybody that leaves Stella, even though they leave with sighs of relief, after a few weeks they long to be back in its friendly, personal atmosphere. We have one example of Sharon Dougherty, who was so keen to get back she only stayed one day at Art School. You may think that you, little Mary So and So, do not matter one bit to the school - but this is not true. Everything matters in a school. The school is not the building, but all the girls and the staff.

MY ARRIVAL AT SCHOOL
By Bernadette Geoghegan IM

On 31st January, the day I said goodbye to the holidays, I began my "High School" life at Stella Maris College, Manly.

As I approached the school I felt neither frightened nor nervous. Perhaps one of the reasons for this "self-confidence" was that I already had a sister going to this excellent College. Besides, many of my good friends were coming to this school and their gay chatter gave me great courage.

At lunch-time, that first day, my friends and I had a thorough look over the beautiful school building, and I immediately decided that I was going to like the college, which I do, very much.

One of the greatest labour-saving devices of "to-day" is "TO-MORROW".
Dear Headshrinker,
My Students informed me that a "SQUARE" is between 5' and 6' long X 2' wide X male X long hair = anyone 20
Dad X Mum X Aunts X kid sisters X neighbours
Who do I "pay off" for this slander? Signed "Vicious Circle"

Dear "Vicious Circle"..... "Square" Hypotemuse.

Dear Headshrinker,
Those students who throw paper and rubbish on the grounds and floors annoy me. I don't expect them to eat everything as they are not goats -- but they won't use the rubbish tins provided. What else is needed to stop this habit.
Signed..."Picker"

Dear "Picker"...An Emu.

Dear Headshrinker,
A pupil who stands near me badly needs a bath. I keep smelling salts near me but the odour is still overpowering. What else do I need? "Jane"

Dear "Jane"...... Air.

Dear Headshrinker,
Just what can one teach a "top-heavy" student? Signed "Alg"

Dear Alg....A kwa.

Dear Headshrinker,
I have found that very fat children are not interested in lessons. What are they interested in? Signed "Friar"

Dear "Friar"...... Tuck-shop

Dear Headshrinker,
When I enter this particularly peculiar classroom I hear these weird snorts and grunts. Should I be careful? .....Signed "Bear"

Dear Bear.....Yes! Be very careful NOT to drop your pearls on the floor.

Dear Headshrinker,
I teach a child who is badly afflicted. Her head is turned in the opposite direction to the front of her body. Will she ever get a job? Signed Swivel-Neck

Dear "Swivel Neck"...Yes. She will make an excellent "actor-back"

Dear Headshrinker,
Children who don't do their homework give so many excuses I suspect their tales are nothing but hot wind. Where will I find the truth? Signed "Search"

Dear "Search"....In the willows.

Dear Headshrinker,
What does a teacher say to a student who gazes vacantly into space and contentedly chomps her jaws up and down?.....Signed "Bovine"

Dear "Bovine".... MOO-MOO-MOO-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

Dear Headshrinker,
And now for the -th year student who is always laughing, laughing, laughing, and laughing. What can I call her? Signed "Funny-bone"

Dear "Funny-bone".... Hi. Hi! Bena

Dear Headshrinker,
I loaned a pupil some money and she said she would pay me the next day, she didn't. Can I sue her? Signed "5c"

Dear "5c"...Her agreement isn't worth the paper its written on.
Dear Headshrinker,

This stewed-ant won't say still. She wriggles, twists, skips and hops up and down. What is wrong with her? "Please"

Dear "Please" . . . Fleas + + + + + + + +

Dear Headshrinker,

Another pew-pull of mine must think she is in training for the cross-country mile race. She runs past me everywhere - in corridors - classroom and in the playground. How can I stop her? Signed "Brutus"

Dear "Brutus"...as she goes by - sola seize 'em.

+ + + + + + + + +

Dear Headshrinker,

Unfortunately I teach a girls' "football" class. They act like fullbacks (fully backward) and kick their cases around like a football to disturb the lesson. What will stop them? Signed "Umpire"

Dear "Umpire" . . . Q A f/o A front-row-forward.

+ + + + + + + +

Dear Headshrinker,

How can I get through to a child who pretends she is a "sleep-walker" and thinks she is funny? What does she need? Signed "Teacher"

Dear "Teacher" . . . A lesson.

+ + + + + +

Dear Headshrinker,

Last but not least. Some kiddies GRIND away at their work SLOWELY but exceedingly well. What would you call them? "Idol"

Dear "Idol" Mills.

+ + + + + + + + +

Stella Maris College News

Something to read not to abuse
Pictures, stories - false and true
So many things to interest you.

Quasia, Quasia - what does it mean?
The meaning is not clearly seen
But who will worry, who will care
As long as ALL do their share

So we ask and so we pray
That YOU will help from day to day
To PRAISE IT - but not to abuse,
Quasia! Stella Maris College News!

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EDITOR'S NOTE!

Hey Crosshoppers???

Her' is yor muntle mag; which learned consire predick will be thir suck-ees of the sanctury. it will be red widele by +odd bode* and $odes$ who luve to critizise and $ & 326$ it will keep thir criticiks in bizness.

Febw. Tar four yor contrebushing, but dow to lae of space we we are unenoble too print hall of thom.

Congrats to Collette Kirby on ox winnin hartickle. "To Be or Not To Be" She has one the +Monkees+ album which will be presented to her at 1,30 p.m. Mundee, 6th March.

%/= All proceed will go to ther Misha, which is, of course a very good korse.
We hop you en-joy 328+ yer first 8886 edishon of Quaser, which we have enjoyed editing.
We would like to thank all them consoromed with the pepper with spechial thanks to Mrs. Glen-write.....

Editor.
The Date: 28th March.
The Time: 1.P.M.
The Place: The Hall, packed with laughing, chattering girls.
"What are they like?"
"Did you see them?"
"Any moustaches?" - they were so right; they were heavenly!

On this day the French took Stella Maris by storm. These handsome folk-singers Jean Pierre and Michiel really showed their talents by playing guitars, singing and doodling on blackboards. They were a great success. Consequently, the chaff used by Michiel disappeared a few minutes after they left.

If possible, we would like to have them perform for the French Night 31st March, but we would have to pay an admission fee for the cost. That is, if we can persuade Mrs. Meyer-Bleaves to get them for us. Here's hoping.

..............................

The Professional

SPORTS AND TO-DAYS TEENAGER.

In our ever fast moving world of space, wars and automation, sport does more than its share to aid both boys and girls.

Sport gives us the chance to be ourselves. If we feel a need to "let off steam" there is no better way than by playing at some sport.

Every sport body provides social activities, as well and the girls and boys have a common interest.

So no matter if you are good or not at sport, the main thing is to take part and remember always "be a good sport."

By Janelle O'Donnell.

..............................

As you all know the College held its 5th Annual Swimming Carnival on the 24th February. It was a great success and I feel much of the credit must go to the girls themselves for their marvellous response. On behalf of the school I would like to extend my congratulations to Margaret Mitchell who, so efficiently captained Rosaria to victory.

One of the noticeable features of the night was the large number of juniors swimming from each house.
This was wonderful to see and I hope that their enthusiasm will spread through the whole school. Although there seemed to be a shortage of senior competitors we must remember that there are not many senior swimmers at the school, and of these, some lived too far away to be able to come to the Carnival. Never the less the seniors were represented and they did their best to help the night to run smoothly.

We also extend our thanks to the four House Captains, who not only worked very hard on the night of the carnival, but also put in many long hours in collecting girl’s names and preparing the programme.

On the 17th March The Combined Good Samaritan Schools’ Carnival is being held at Leichhardt Pool so I hope to see you all out there cheering on our competitors.

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JAMES II A MADNESSING KING.

Although a good man, James Il was a bad king, and behaved in such an irritating and arbitrary way that by the end of his reign the people had all gone mad.

One of the first things that happened was a Rebellion by Monmouth an indiscriminate son of Charles Il who, landing incorrectly in Somerset was easily defeated. The rebels were ferociously dealt with by one memorable judge Jeffries who was sent out by James as a Justice in the West, where he made some furious remarks about the prisoners known as "The Bloody Asides."

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BLUFF KING HALL.

Henry VIII was a strong king with a very strong sense of humour and Ill wives. He invented a game called "Bluff King Hall" which he invited his ministers to play with him. The players were blind-folded and knelt down with their heads on a block of wood; They guessed whom the king would marry next.

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TO BE OR NOT TO BE. Collette Kirby.

No, this is not a discussion about Shakespeare, but an argumentative essay on Conscription, and the Government's Policy of sending the conscripts to a foreign country ... Vietnam.

What is Conscription? The Oxford Dictionary defines it as "Compulsory enrolment for military, naval or air service". To you, the reader of this essay, is this a complete definition or do you feel there is a more argumentative side?

Attending a Girl’s School I presume that the main reason you are, (if you are) opposed to Conscription, is that it forces the young man to join the services. Let’s game! But stop, and think about the following discussion.

The Australian Government, although criticised frequently for its policies does not want to force the young man to be conscripted, but what other choice is there? Our land is on the verge of invasion, we can not therefore depend on our few volunteers, and since the majority of our population is unwilling to render their services, What are we to do? Surrender to the new life as a soldier, the “youngster” has to leave his job, but what is more important the defence of one’s homeland, or a job? If Vietnam is over-run by the Communists, it is highly unlikely that they will remain there. They will push on to make a Satellite country of another land. Take a map, which country is most likely to be next on the list? Australia. Yes, ponder on the word "Communism" Do you want it?

It is said that all conscripts are sent to Vietnam; that they are forced by the Government to leave, but do the people who state this realise that the volunteers are also under orders? They do not choose to be sent to a foreign but to a neighbouring country.
Another point - the service time for conscripts is two years, the Volunteers six years.

Is it an infringement of the rights of the men to save a country from Communism? It has been stated that "National Service is a necessity but there is a lack of enthusiasm". Is anyone ever enthusiastic about war? What do you think?

THE VIETNAM WAR. Fay Barrington.

What are we fighting for? What are our aims?

Our first objective is to free 15,000,000 people of South Vietnam from the threat of oppression and terror which would be their lot under domination of the communists of the North, and held establish conditions under which they will be able to choose and develop from coercion of any kind the forms of government and society which they themselves want.

Our second objective: To leave no-one in doubt that we in Australia are prepared and resolved to honour our treaty commitments and our alliances and stand firm with our allies in the face of aggression weather direct or disguised as it is now in Vietnam under the label of a "war of Liberation" or a "Peoples war".

Thirdly, by denying victory to Hanoi and Pekin in South Vietnam we will ensure that the spread of communism in South East Asia is checked and we will give encouragement to those moderate elements in the various countries of the region whom we are already supporting in the work of modernisation and economic social progress.

Our basic aims are not only clear and limited - they are sound.

What, for example, would be the consequences of our abandoning these objectives and withdrawing with our allied from the struggle and from the defence of the independence of South Vietnam a country of 15,000,000 people, which would become a communist state. This would not be because the people of South Vietnam want communism. It would be because they were unable to resist the armed power of the Viet Cong supported by North Vietnam.

The lives of millions of people who have resisted communism, the security of their families and their properties would be in jeopardy and opposition in South Vietnam would be wiped out.

There would be a repetition of the liquidation of the so-called "class-enemies" which occurred when the communists took over the North.

NEWSPAPERS.

In my opinion, the way Sydney's Newspapers have absolutely exploited President John F. Kennedy is disgraceful.

It has been acknowledged by many people that the majority of to-day's newspapers grab every item of news whether large or small and word it to suit themselves for to-day it seems that the object is not to publish the news, but to sell the papers...and so comes the phrase "You can't believe half you read in the newspapers."

Recently the Sydney "Sun" announced that it would publish "Death of a President" the controversial book in consecutive episodes - disclosing the truth about J.K.'s assassination. Almost immediately the "Mirror" announced it would publish in similar episodes to that of the Sun, "Murder of a President".

In my opinion nothing is sacred where the press is concerned. The fact that those newspapers used President Kennedy's assassination and tragic death to make money is disgraceful and should be stopped.

Several times a day, over the radio come the words "read the book which Jackie took to court" - the "Death of a President".

Put yourself in Mrs. Kennedy's position. How would you feel if it were your husband's name who was being slapped on placards and was a means by which greedy money makers make more money.
No longer can one pick up a newspaper without first sorting out the news from the advertisements and when the news is finally found, it tends to be inaccurate and incomplete.

Haven't we had enough of this professional deceit? Why can't we read some decent articles? This will only be achieved when these newspapers realise that readers are tired of reading rubbish and expect some decent intelligent articles - that are interesting and a pleasure to read.

Pat Murphy.

NATIONS IN CONFLICT.

War is a hell; a place of ugly bitterness. Wherein the hearts of men have lost all moderation. There is to kill, to slaughter to wax triumphant. Over those whose beliefs are so alien. With just that thought in mind, they ravage the land, Without a thought of mercy, but solely to obtain their selfish revenge. They say they love their children, but how can they? For in every village they raid, they know the shattered bones of young ones will be strewn Both far and near; they do, of course, feel differently when circumstances are reversed. The poverty, the heartbeat, and most of all the destruction of faith and hope are the piteous ingredients of a damnable torture: the state this world calls WAR!

Karen Hawkins, Form IV. T.

COMPLEX ORGANISMS.

A family is a mass of highly complex organisms which eat organic substance through a definite mouth, or so I have been instructed at school. Yes we are very complex.

There are five complex organisms in my family; My mother, My Father my Collie Destiny, my horse and last but not least my brother. Me, I am highly complex. Notoriously known as being extrovert, moody, plump, methodical, versatile, pessimistic, horsey and impecuniously tidy. There are also a few other things which I could fail to print here, these have been wittily ejaculated by my lovable brother. True, I am highly complex.

Destiny - not so highly complex although at times I fail to understand him. He is an Arab and has undoubtedly has an Arab characteristics. His inherited arrogance and delicate frame combine with many other qualities to give you my horse, a perfect being.

My Brother - thoroughly complex. Cars, cars, and more cars. How he managed to become a brain completely baffles me. I am forced to emulate him in his academic attainment. However Alan always comes to mind in the shape of an engine. Whenever he has any free time which seems from 6 o'clock in the morning till 11 o'clock at night, his car is polished, praised, exercised and an assortment of other things which are too numerous to put here.

My father, another complex matter. He constantly appears to be incognito behind a pair of enormous, tortoise shell glasses. Father is always deeply engrossed in contemplation. Indeed he is thoroughly complex. Mother is all virtuous. She is family mediator and adviser and sometimes in a few uncontrollable circumstances a nurse. Mother is petite and lovely and adores sponge and lemon tea. Mother is complex.

Tanburre is a long haid. Dog, I mean. Being a Collie she suffers pittlessly in the summer and receives boundless sympathy and cold baths from everybody. Tanburre is not complex - only lovable.

A family of complex matter - and I love it! Elaine Angell Form 3X
QUOTABLE QUOTES.  (From Readers Digest)

It's a wonderful generation to belong to.
Everything that's wrong is the fault of the generation ahead of us and is
going to be corrected by the one after us.  Bill Vaughan.

The world has finally succeeded in putting peace on a wartime basis. Smiles.
Oh, to have the gift to think for ourselves as we can for others. A.P. Sabel
To keep well by too strict a regimen is a tedious disease in itself.
In Roche Foucauld.

A man's character and his garden both reflect the amount of weeding
that was done during the growing season.  W.F.C.

Time is a dressmaker specialising in alterations.  Faith Baldwin.

THE AUSTRALIANS.  By Jennifer Hallett.

This is said by a trail boss when one of his men dies during the drive.

"We had come to this forsaken place
By a hard ride and a harder pace,
Through the snowy ranges and the burning plains
Through the biting winds and the howling rains.

We lived in the bush and we drove with the whip
We lived by the gun and the crack of the whip
Weired the bold robbery with life as the forfeit
We loved this brave country with honour before it.

The cattle, they bellowed and rang all around us
The thunder it shouted and soon the rain found us
The life of a drover is hard as his death
And all through the drove there was cattle and DEATH.

CURRENT AFFAIRS AT SCHOOL.  (study is always a current affair.)

"How not to study")

Seen through the eyes of a prospective student.

SIX MONTHS TO GO:  "I had better have a look at the syllabus for this exam
It doesn't look too hard. I ought to be able to knock
this over without much trouble."

FIVE MONTHS TO GO:  Where did I put that syllabus? I'll ring up and get
hold of the books and notes.

FOUR MONTHS TO GO:  Still four months to go before the exam. I ought to have
plenty of time up my sleeve. I'd better get on with it
though.

THREE MONTHS TO GO:  I suppose they will be asking for the books back soon.
Let's have a good look at the syllabus and see if I've
 gotten everything.

TWO MONTHS TO GO:  I haven't left myself much time, but you can get through
a lot of this stuff on common sense and experience.

ONE MONTH TO GO:  The time certainly flies, and I haven't done much at all.
If I don't get a move on it may be too late soon.
The fees is up at the end of the week. Will I give it a
go or not? Even if I don't get through it will be a
great help to me next time.

TWO WEEKS TO GO:  I haven't got enough time to study the books. Where are
the last papers. I'll have to go through a few of them.

ONE WEEK TO GO:  This week I will get into it properly. I think I can just
 manage to scrape through.
day after examination: "If it is a good paper I should just about make it. "Otherwise I will certainly make it in 3 months time."

After examination: "It depends on the examiner. I knew a fair bit from my experience and common sense, but the decision lies with him. Pity I hadn't done just a few more days a study, then I would have been a certainty."

After results: "Failed! It's certainly right what some of the fellows say. They only let a proportion through each time. I'll really knock it over next time.

Maree McCarthy.

A GHOST STORY. Joanna Willey, EX.

Whoa! Whoa! I shuddered and nearly turned and ran at the unearthly sound, but through sheer effort of will power I kept on going. Suddenly I stopped again. A wheezing cough and a steady clip-clop came through the dark underground passages towards me. Again those eerie noises sounded along the passages, swelling up into a crescendo and dying away gradually only to swell up again. Crouching up against a shallow crevice beside me, I paused waiting for the eerie sound to stop. But it kept on; Clip-clop, clip-clop.

I had been looking for a bow-a-birds nest three or four miles from home when I discovered a cave entrance. As it was almost hidden under scrub, I had counted myself lucky to have found it, and, ripping away some of the creepers, I had gone into the cave lighting my way with a torch. It was a huge cave with a few strange drawings high up on the walls and a couple of shields, spears and woomeras lining the floor.

Leaving them until my return, I had headed through a narrow opening in the wall which seemed to dip at an angle towards the bowels of the earth. I found I had lost sight of the cave entrance. Turning a corner I had wondered along, whistling merrily and getting more and more excited every minute when I got the shock of my life. There, sitting up at me were five luminous skulls, grinning serily, while my torch rolled down a hole beyond my reach. A few yards further on, in utter darkness those strange noises began.

Creeping out of the crevice, I edged along the wall until I was almost level with the passage from which the sounds came. Walking cautiously down the long passage, which broadened out into a big cavern, I could hear the noises louder and louder as I got closer. The cavern had huge rocks and boulders and every foot of them, to my shivering surprise was covered by bats. Some of the bats hadn't been able to find a resting place and so they had to fly round and round until they found one. So here was the cause of the noises which had practically scared the wits out of me. The sort Whoa! caused by the beating of their wings and their raucous cough which was enough to scare anyone, and the clip-clop of water falling from the roof.
THE OBEDIENT HUSBAND.

I had 18 bottles of whisky in my cellar and I was told by my wife to empty the contents of each and every bottle down the drain -- or ELSE.........

So I said I would, and proceeded with the unpleasant task. I withdrew the cork, from the first bottle and poured the contents down the sink, with the exception of one glass, which I drank. I extracted the cork from the second bottle and did likewise, with the exception of one glass which I drank. I then withdrew the cork of the third bottle and poured the contents down the sink, with the exception of one glass which I drank.

I pulled the cork from the fourth bottle down the sink, and poured the bottle down the glass which I drank. I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next and drank one sink out of it, and threw the rest down the glass. I pulled the sink out of the next glass and poured the cork down the bottle. Then I corked the sink with the glass, bottle the drink and drank the pour.

When I had everything emptied, I steadied the house with one hand, counted the glasses, corks, bottles and the sink with the others, which were 79 and as the house came by I counted them again and finally had all the houses in one bottle which I drank.

I am not under the influence of incohol, way the by, though some thinkle pery I am, I am not half as thunk as you might drink. I fool so feelish I don't KNOW which is me, and the drunker I stand here the longer I get.

Presented by US INCORPORATED.

GIVE HER A CLOUT!

---

Ann Neffz 3h. Comic Strip.

Dear Sue,

Can you please tell me where to apply to join the Foreign Legion? My world is black, my life is torn, I find no other way on. Help me. I'm seeing spots before my eyes, I'm getting weaker, I need H E L P!!!

Dear S.P.

Obviously you are suffering from a mild case of get-out-of-Stella-Maris-mania. It's quite common. Gradually your spark of resistance will get weaker and weaker. If despairing of the Foreign Legion try 5th Form.

Dear Sue,

I have a crush on my teacher. She is so delightfully thin and so wonderful. My friends think I am crazy.
But I am crazy for her. Germie.

Dear Germie,

You could say my teacher has a crush on me, but in a downward direction. Obviously you have a complex. There is a large range to choose from. Cheer up, Germie wait until you have a crush on soap.

Dear Sue,

I am fat, everybody laughs at me. I've tried to diet, to exercise but it's no use. What can I do? Another Sue.

Dear Another Sue,

(I'll overlook that) You can take walks around the estate and stop hanging around the tuck shop with one eye on the shop and the other on what you're eating. (quote)

Dear Sue,

There's a boy who lies near me. He drives me wild. He pinches me and bites me till I'm all bruised. Can it be love? J.R.

Dear J.R.

Well, you could say he's made a hit with you. My advise to you would be to appeal to his tender feelings, and watch for results. Try pulling your tongue out at him kicking him, when he goes past and grimacing horribly.

Dear Sue,

I'm in love with a senetgy year old man. Young boys don't appeal to me any more. I hate them as they are so immature. Granny.

Dear Granny,

You are obviously the type that falls for "Ancient Surfer's" and "Old men of the sea" I suggest you join the Darby and Joan and look up your Ancient History. Incidentally how do you feel about mummies?

Dear Sue,

I can never get a boyfriend because I am too brilliant, intellectual, clean, tidy, glamorous, beautiful, neat, mature etc. etc. and I can't find anybody good enough for me.

Perfection.

Dear Perfection,

The only thing I can suggest is that you cast aside all earthly trappings and look heavenwards, or lower yourself to a human being by pulling your belt in, spilling food over your uniform and wearing red ribbons.

IN AND OUT OF 1967. Helen Eppe & Leslie Macfie

Fish and Chips is OUT
Brains, Liver and Cod Liver Oil is IN
Drinking hot tea through a straw is IN
Going to Alice Springs in a plane is OUT
Going in a taxi cab is IN
Having your clothes from Carnaby St. is OUT
Buying them at Paddy's Markets is IN
Having your first paid of baby shoes bronzed is IN
Playing tennis or basketball with them in that state is also very IN
"QUICK TIPS" is OUT
Tea Bags are IN especially if there is no tea in them.
Visiting Kings Cross during the night is OUT
Visiting the "Temp Tip during tipping hours is IN
Watching Alfred Hitchcock at midnight is OUT
Unless the commercials are interrupted by the story.
Having hair like Mia Farrow is OUT
Having hair like Rapunzel is IN.

FASHION

What's the story on 1967 shoes? Are they simple? striking, plain or colorful?

The Back-to-School Look features cute "almost flats" with straps, buttons and bows to delight any teenage poppet.

In shiny patent (colored yellow, pink and powder blue), they are great with Kiddie Clothes - cute mini-smocks in pastels and paisley.

While needle-points and stilt heels have dropped from favour rounded Twiggy toes and chunky heels are uniform for mods.

Ankle straps and cut-outs will be worn by most, while individuals will choose lace-ups and buttoned boots.

It's goodbye to most white and bone shoes. Vibrant greens, pinks and orange lead the way, while crazy color combinations are close runners-up.

Apple-green and shocking pink, orange and yellow, and purple and lime are the latest color get-togethers. Checked, striped or plain with contrasting bands, they mix-and-match all summer gear.

Suede stays on the scene for summer - in extravagant, impractical, and yet eye - stopping bone, pink and baby-blue.

Teens are waking up to another important fashion fact these days - you don't have to play with dolls or carry an all-day sucker to wear bows in your hair.

Bows are one of the loveliest things that can happen to hair. All it takes to succeed in the business of tying them is a few cents' worth of ribbon, supported by some sound fashion sense.

Note: Readers interested in mod fashion are required to send in articles on this topic. The best article received will be published in this paper.

P.I.P.
Now is the time to plan your wardrobe for this winter. This should include: 1 slack suit, plus a straight skirt, 1 pleated skirt, a pair jeans, 1 bulky cardigan, 1 bulky knit jumper, 2 skivies, 1 corduroy shift, one long skirt, 2 blouses, 1 car coat, 1 pair boots, 2 pairs day shoes, 1 pair night shoes.

Corduroy is still in. The new thing is the color and the cut. Maroon is the color to wear, and fun outfits like the T-Line shift, knickerbockers and lumber jackets are keen fashion.

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A REVIVAL OF THE VAMP LOOK.

The wheel of fashion has spun once more and stopped opposite the Vamp Look of the 1920's.

There is still a tendency towards the hard Sharp line but it has been modified to give a feminine look.

To get the authentic look, Sydney hairdresser Peter Hanlon looked through old newspapers and watched pre-war movies. Today's vamp hairstyles can be worn by the young and old. The new hair does depend on clever cutting and setting. There is no layering off the hair; instead it is measured off in lengths from the crown and consequently falls into place. Long heavy bangs to the eyebrows and long side pieces swept on to the face are characteristic of the Vamp look. It is easily looked after and makes the face look tiny and delicate.

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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Born in Ajaccio, Corsica on August 15th 1767 Napoleon Bonaparte was the greatest man of action known to historians. Hitler and Mussolini have at times been compared with him, but the comparison is entirely misleading. As a military tactician and politician he was far ahead of his time. But this essay is not on Napoleon's great achievements but on a few of his personal qualities.

One of the more amiable traits in his character was his sense of family loyalty and his remembrance of the friends and teachers of his youth. Nearly all of them benefited from pensions and places. His old nurse was present at his coronation and introduced at court.

His first flirtation was with a girl called Caroline de Colombier. Being a very shy young man, the whole business consisted of their eating cherries together. He corresponded with her after her marriage and once paid a visit to her as Emperor. To the embarrassment of the poor lady, her butler upset a soup tureen over his distinguished personage.

His first wife was Josephine de Beauharnais, a widow whose husband was guillotined under the terror. Josephine barely escaped and was left penniless with her two children. As an easy way of keeping her life of luxury she had become one of Napoleon's friends' mistresses. She was the first woman who, gave him any degree of confidence. His distress of their divorce was real and intense. Although he had many passing affairs with women, the only other woman he ever loved was the angelic Marie Walewska, who bore him a son, and was one of the few who consoled him in exile in Elba.
Napoleon's so-called exile in St. Helena was magnificent and luxurious. He lived in beautiful surroundings and lived in continuous opulence with the single exception of losing the title "Emperor".

The courtyards, the regal chambers, the entourage, the stables of all aspects of the cultured existence gives a realistic picture of the daily activities of this great person. The insult of losing his status among his own people was sufficient punishment since we know that he was essentially sensitive and suffered from an inferiority complex.

During the first month of his exile he amused himself by making friends with the two Bacroque daughters, two wild English maidens aged 15 and 16. But the younger treated Napoleon as a favourite uncle and playmate. He entered into wild pranks with gaiety and good humor. Shortly before her death she was presented by Napoleon III with an estate in Algeria in memory of her friendship with his uncle.

I would like to relate the lesser known aspect regarding Napoleon's son. This unfortunate creature, delicate in health was imprisoned for his natural life at the Schonbrunn Palace Vienna, where his silver death mask is preserved to this day. The boy died at the age of 21 his only sin having been that by virtue of his birth he constituted a possible threat to the enemies of France.

HISTORICAL NOTES ON SURFING.

Though surf riding took place as far back as anyone can remember, it was not until about 1800 that we had any definite information about it as a particular sport. Many early historians and explorers mentioned surfing in Hawaii but their actual reports were very vague.

The first accurate report came from Captain Cook. When describing the activity of surfers in the Hawaiian Islands he wrote "They ride in through the rough sea into the violent surf at the edge of the beach making a daring spectacle." One historian was amazed to see native riders dashing headlong towards the rocks, treading their boards around and jumping off just as they were smashed against the cliff face.

These early narrators tell us that surfing was connected with many religious ceremonies, during which rough boards were hewn from tree trunks and riders paddled them out through the surf, jacketed for good positions and waited for the right wave to appear.

A cheerful custom that still exists was that of the spectators cheering and applauding surf riders as they rode in or performed daring feats on their boards.

The advent of Christianity in Hawaii introduced by the Calvaniasts from the United States about 1821, saw the beginning of the decline of interest in surfing. As heavy gambling was indulged in as to the outcome of events at surfing carnivals and was the main way in which spectators participated, the missionaries were violently opposed to this form of
recreation. They taught that as gambling was wrong anything to do with it was sinful. Thus the natives were forced to give up surfing.

By the end of the century, surfing was almost non-existant in Hawaii. Even though there were still a few adventurous natives who paddled boards, surfing as a whole was next to extinct.

It was only until 1910 that a few more natives ventured out into the coral lagoons on very roughly made planks that sufficed as surf boards. They mostly just paddled around the lagoons and very few waves were caught.

Some years went by - paddling.

A Hawaiian, Duke P. Kahanamoku introduced the art of surf riding to Australia about 1925. Kahanamoku first rode a board in Australia at Freshwater in New South Wales with a Sydney boy Claude West, and his original board is still in the Freshwater Surf Life Saving Club.


ZOB.

TOP POP.

Johnny Young last week became the highest paid pop singer in Aus trolas. When he signed a $5000 contract to appear at the Sydney Easter Show, he contracted to appear at the show for 10 days from March 17 in a show called "Teenerama".

Also appearing will be Melbourne singer Ronnie Burns. "Teenerama" will be one of the most expensive teenage productions ever put on at the Easter Show.

It will be held in a permanent pavilion which seats 1000 and artists will appear on a specially built $7000 revolving stage.

TOP TEN STARS VOTED BY THE SCHOOL

(1) Johnny Young (2) Ronnie Burns (3) Normie Rowe (4) Elvis Presley (5) The Beach Boys.
(9) Easybeats/Roy Orbison
(10) Tony Barber. and Caruso voted by Sis ter Mary Xavior.

TOP TEN.

(1) History Lesson on "Snoopy versus the Red Baron.
(2) When at school we long for "The Green Green Grass of Home,"
(3) On monday "I have Friday on my mind".
(4) He used Fab in his water "The Knight in Rusty Armour".
(5) Homework. "It's not easy".
(6) Message to Teachers "Spinout".
(7) Teacher Student relationship "Communication Breakdown".
(8) Cry of Teachers?? (Pupils) "Save me".
(9) Before Exams "Night of Fear."
(10) Detention. "Sad Dark Eyes."