

T.S.S. CLOCK TOWER 1981

Mr Clock - tick tock - how are things today? What a t'riffic view you've got looking Surfers way, Don't you feel a little aged just gazing down on me? Striking out your timely chimes of 1 and 2 and 3? Yes I know this place has changed since you were put up there, Funny day boys crowd the place who smoke and drink and swear. Like the 'hoppers round the ground they hop and chirp and crawl. Hope they're not all surfies - rugger players all, I feel a little sorry for you sitting in the sky, Watching all the traffic and the mums and dads who try To get their pound of flesh from the school on which you sit, Wonder if those classrooms coming really will just fit? Into the jumble of buildings and temporaries round, Won't some soon just tumble back and crash onto the ground? Say that's quite an oval and playground over there, All this rainy weather makes the cricket players swear. You know this segregated school is really out of place. I tried to spell anachronism but got egg upon my face, The boarders feel frustrated and badly fed and all, Only in vacations can they stand ruggedly tall, Coz back they go to barbies and breakies, pies and cans, They blow out of our system with proof that they are man's best product with T.E. Scores and blazers they can wear, To show they've graduated into the world out there, Does the flag disturb you while it curls around your head? Can you hear the comments of a boarder in his bed? Do you like the music and the singing over there? In the chapel where we worship and take some time to stare And think about our God and our relations now with him. What we want to take today and what we all must give him. You're a handsome sort of clocktower with a t'riffic sort of view, Do you ever get affected by the smell of Bertha's stew? Do you ever think about the day when you must come down here? When earthquakes risk will bring you down from breezes in your ear, I think you stand out well sir, you've got a grand position, Does the M.B.F. provide a tick tock tick physician?

D.W.M.





