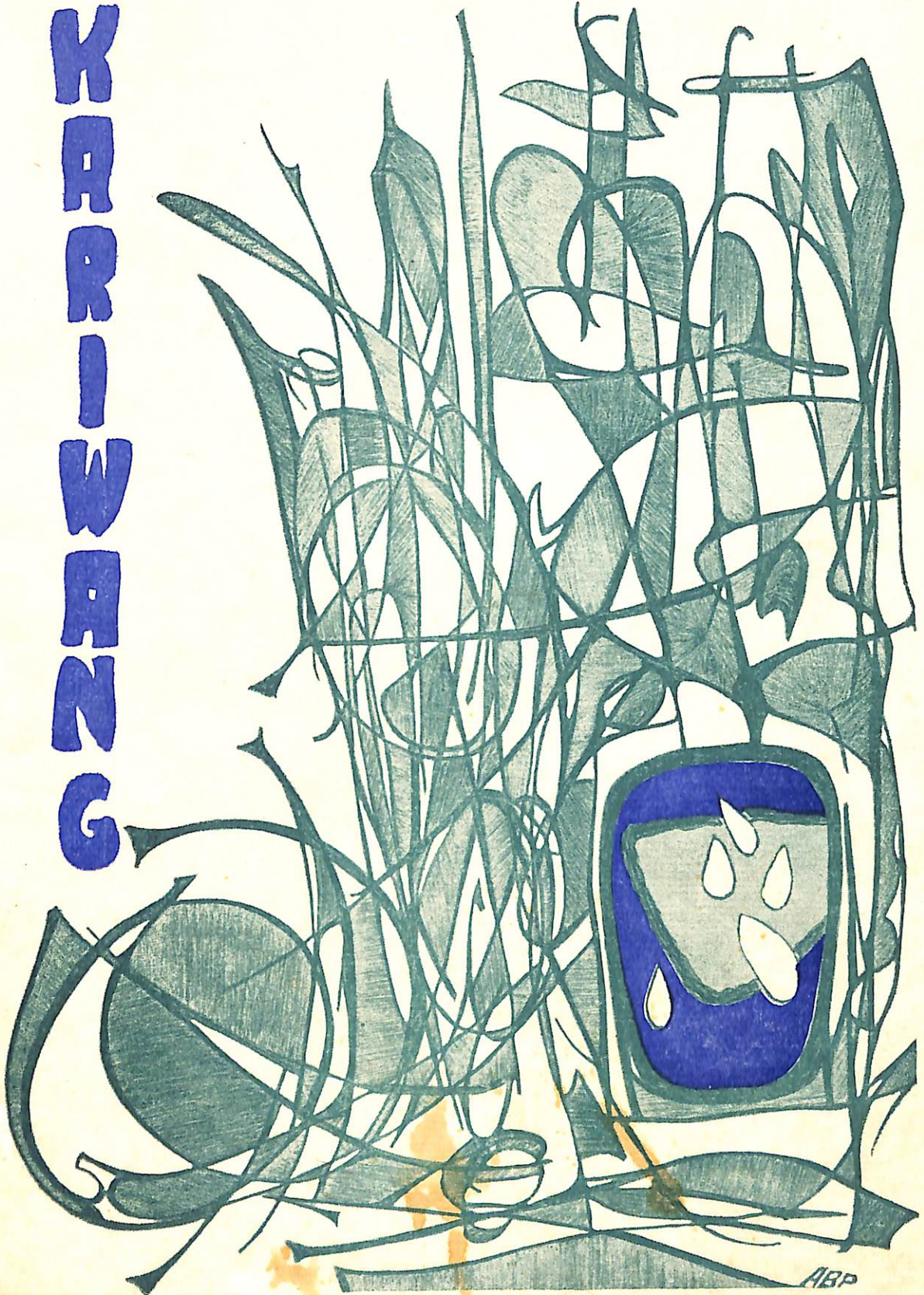


1963

KARRIWANG



ABP

LINDA RIDDINGTON

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MITCHAM HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE 1963

(Cover design by Alex Pinkster)

SCHOOL STAFF

Headmaster:

Mr A. H. Stuchbery, B.A., Dip. Ed. T.P.T.C.

Senior Mistress:

Miss E. J. McGuire, B.A., S.T.C

Senior Master:

Mr J. D. Stove, B.Sc., Dip. Ed., T.P.T.C

Mr L. K. W. Knight, B.A., T.P.T.C
Mr K. M. Adams, B.A., B. Ed.
Mr W. J. Ferguson, T.S.T.C., Dip Fine Art
Mr K. W. Moritz, B. Sc., B. Ed.
Mr I. D. McP. Hamilton, B. Sc., Dip. Ed.
Mr J. K. Cadd, T.S.T.C., Cab Mkrs.
Mr D. G. McLaughlin, T.T.C., Uni. Subjs.
Mr R. F. Porthouse, B.A., Dip. Ed.
Mr N. Szigethy, A.T.T.C., Uni Subjs.
Mr J. A. Schiffman, Matric, Child Psych.
Mr J. A. Canakis, Uni. Subjs (Belgium)
Mr I. C. Ockwell, Trade Cert, & Exp.
Mr N. White, Trade Cert. & Exp.
Miss K. B. Campbell, Dip. of Music.
Miss L. C. Vague, T.S.T.C, (Arts & Craft)
Miss N. J. Cannon, T.S.T.C (Art & Craft)
Mrs A. C. Thomas, B.A., T.S.T.C.
Mrs L. Dawson, B. Com., Dip. Ed.
Mrs S. F. Moore, T.P.T.C.
Mrs J. P. Gollan, T.T.C. (Dom. Sc) N.S.W.
Mrs S. Cowley, T.T.C., Uni. Subjs (Ad.)
Mrs Y. M. L. Hendy, Dip. of Needlecraft.
Mrs L. Y. Woodberry, T.P.T.C.
Mrs J. S. Cadd, T.P.T.C.
Mrs F. M. Dobson, A.T.T.C, Uni. Subjs.
Mrs B. C. O'Connor, D.T.C., (Prim & Sec).
Mrs E. A. Emslie, Dip. Dom. Sc. (A'deen)
Mrs B. Sanderson, L.C., Bus.Coll. & Exp.
Mrs A. Carpenter, Dip of D'making, Uni S.
Mrs L. J. Enterkin, T.P.T.C, Uni. Subjs.
Mrs A. Jackson, B.A., Dip. Ed.
Mrs U. F. Hodgson, Dip. of Phys. Ed.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTORS

Rev, J, C, Lavender (Convenor); Rev. J. Forster, Rev. J. Howells, Rev. N. Brown, Maj. Clarke, Mr E.W. Heard, Mr H. L. Davies, Mr Gill, Rev. Fr Les Griffin, Rev. Fr. Kennedy.

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

Miss E. McGuire (Supervisor), John Anderson, Danny Furlong, Peter Korin, Terry O'Neill, Chris Ryan.

CANTEEN COMMITTEE

Mr J. S. Robinson (Chairman), Mrs Mrs Wathen. Messrs J. T. Coutts, F. W. Luckhurst, E. Korin, S. C. Levy (Treasurer), Mrs Benson (Supervisor) A. H. Stuchbery (Secretary).

OFFICE STAFF

Mrs J. Kilpatrick, Miss E. Hawking

Headmaster's Message

The pleasure and anticipation with which I took up the appointment this year to Mitcham High School have been amply justified by the very fine tone and atmosphere, by the smoothly running internal organization, by the enthusiasm of a well - qualified staff and by the already proven co-operation of parent bodies; and I wish to place on record a tribute to the work of the first Head Master, Mr J. D. Melrum, whose wisdom and guidance during the first four difficult years were an important factor in making this possible.

This has been a gratifying year of further development. Externally, as referred to in reports by the Presidents of both main parent bodies, wonderful progress has been made in beautifying the immediate school surroundings, and in a government - subsidised construction of playing fields. All people connected with the projects are to be commended for the enthusiasm and support which have led to the provision of fine grounds within the school days of foundation pupils. Perhaps now we have the means to challenge the supremacy of other schools in the field of athletics and general sport.

Academically the school has extended to Leaving Certificate, approval has been given by the Schools' Board to examine in Intermediate Certificate under the internal (class A) system, and we have received permission to establish Matriculation Classes in 1964.

Surely this process of maturing makes particular demands upon all pupils, especially the seniors. In order to make proper use of these developments we must strive to develop fully in this school a scholastic atmosphere, if one may use such a term. We need to establish a tradition of and a pride in fine academic achievement, first for its own sake, and secondly as the foundation of successful careers.



Now it is fully realized that today's pupils are required to fit themselves to meet the demands of an increasingly competitive, technically based civilization. Furthermore, as with all such new schools, the path is difficult for you, the senior pupils, who must be the pioneers; you have none ahead of you by whose experience and example you are reminded of all you must do; it is your task, under guidance, to set the required standards.

There lies behind these thoughts, too the reminder to all that, while youth of today live in an era of somewhat greater freedom of thought and movement than a generation ago, the achievement of success demands a loyal acceptance of traditional school disciplines, that is, of the authority of the people whose duty it is at present to guide and instruct them.

In conclusion, I wish to express appreciation of the friendship and support of vital parent organizations, Advisory Council, P.C.A., and Ladies' Auxiliary, of the loyalty and co-operation of a most interested and enthusiastic staff, and particularly of the remarkable general achievements under the leadership of Mr Stove as acting Head Master during my absence on leave.

To all students, whether leaving or continuing their education with us next year, I commend the all-embracing significance of your motto "Vivere Plene", to live fully.

The President Says . . .

ADVISORY COUNCIL REPORT

During 1963 many improvements have been made to our school involving an expenditure of approximately £33,000. Of this, a considerable amount has been absorbed in site works around the building, including asphalt roads, assembly areas, gardens, lawns drainage and concrete paths. With the exception of some garden plants, all these improvements were provided from Education Department funds.

The remaining expenditure of almost £15,000, required for the construction of the hockey field, tennis and basketball courts, oval and playing field, has been financed by means of a special Government grant on a £1 for £1 basis. This has involved a commitment of almost £7,500 from funds raised locally by parents. The splendid support of parents over the years has meant that we have had to borrow only £5,000 to meet this commitment. This, of course, is in addition to the

SCHOOL ADVISORY COUNCIL

Mr R. C. M. Melgaard, President: Mr J. W. Manson, M.L.A., Cr O. G. Goldsborough, Mrs N. Hayes, Mrs M. E. Meates, Messrs J. T. Coutts, M. D. Hallett, F. H. McColl, E. C. Reynolds, C. Walpole, Treasurer: G. H. Henry, R. J. Chapman, District Inspector: A. H. Stuchbery, Head Master and Secretary.

£1,000 loan previously obtained for the canteen. The loan will be repaid over a period of ten years from canteen profits and funds raised by P.C.A.

The excellent appearance of the school with its gardens, including several hundred named plants, many of them native to Australia, together with the very favourable report from the Secondary Inspectors, confirms the opinion that Mitcham High is well on the way to becoming a very fine school.

The Advisory Council greatly appreciates the support which it has received from parents, particularly those who have worked so hard in the P.C.A. and the Ladies Auxiliary. Without this support progress could not have been achieved. We confidently look forward to your continued support to enable us to complete the planned improvements and to repay the loan raised.

R. C. E. Melgaard, President.

Future Show Place

PARENTS AND CITIZENS ASSOCIATION

Our aims are threefold — to foster interest in the School and a social spirit amongst parents, to assist the Advisory Council in advancing Secondary education in this district and to raise funds for amenities and equipment for the School.

Thanks to the co-operation of parents and citizens, and the staff of the School, we feel that these objectives have been achieved.

Looking back over the year, there has been much activity and much to interest all parents. It has been a great pleasure to see the completion of the site works, good progress in connection with the hockey fields and basketball courts and, finally, the rapid progress on the main oval and playing fields. We were delighted to hear that on their recent visit, the Board of Inspectors felt, as we do, that Mitcham High School could become one of the show - places among Victorian High Schools.

The Board was also highly complimentary in regard to the co-operation between parent bodies and the school and this, too, we felt we must pass on to you.

HEAD PREFECTS

Girls: Helen Stringer

Boys: Garrett Upstill

PREFECTS

Girls:
Barbara Howett
Barbara Matthews
Lyn Jolly
Lyn Glover
Susan Sharpe
Gay Davey
Risa Sazenas
Renate Lipovas

Boys:
Ian Downing
David Humrich
John Paul
Gary McArthur
David Dickson
Barry Abbott
Chris Hayes
Frank Morgan

COMMITTEE

Mr M. Hallett, President: Mr J. Easterby, Vice President: Mr B. Reynolds, Secretary; Mr K. Morley, Asst. Sec.: Mr J. Gallagher, Treas: Mrs Gowty, President Ladies Auxiliary: Mrs Levy.

Particular activities of the P.C.A. have been:—

The Fete — our main effort for the year which resulted in a nett profit of £623.

Quarterly General Meetings where first class speakers have given excellent addresses.

The Dinner Dance — our annual social event.

Theatre Nights.

Assistance to Advisory Council in canvassing for shares in the Mitcham High School Co-operative Society.

Working Bees.

While thanking all parents who have co-operated in any way throughout the year, we do have one particular further desire to make known, that is, to have every parent a member of our Association.

How does one become a member of this Association? Membership is open to all parents and citizens by simply paying a yearly subscription of 2/- to any member of the Executive. While the Association does not expect 100 per cent attendance at the Quarterly General Meetings, it would appreciate 100 per cent interest by parents.

M. D. Hallett.



THE HIKING CLUB

A MEMORY

by Bronwyn Thollar

How fondly I think of that magical singing,
Which haunts every tree-top the notes clear and ringing,
And brightens each nook with melodious gladness,
And chases away all dullness and sadness.
'Tis nature undaunted, it flits near the skyways,
By alleys of gum trees and black wattle by-ways,
Where cataracts gush from the hidden ravine,
To circle in whirlpools beneath the sun's gleam.
'Tis many miles distant from bush road to city,
And change from the gum trees to streets dark and gritty,
But still my heart leaps at the cherished re-calling
Of bird songs that mingle with sounds of streams falling.

NATURE'S MUSIC

by Alan Knight

Nature has thousands of songs some are loud and raucous others are soft and mellow.

The song I like best is sung by a creek running and babbling over the stones, rushing, gushing, and racing through gorges.

Another of nature's songs I like is the crashing of waves on the shore. They sound like cymbals being crashed together. Rain is like the drumming of many drums and then there is the deep rumble of thunder like the boom of a bass drum.

The whistling and rustling the leaves make when there is a breeze is like a hushed room where the people speak only in whispers.

All of nature's music is wonderful.

TARA VALLEY HIKE

At 5:15 a.m. on Friday, March 29, 1963, a train pulled into Mitcham and seventeen enthusiastic hikers - including two intrepid teachers - piled in. By the time the group reached Yarram six hours later, fifteen of them knew how to work the whistle on the Diesel Electric, and all were confirmed "Mad" readers. To ensure that the group is not labelled as a pack of "cissies" we will not mention the bus which took them to Yarram High School, or the supper that awaited all of them there. The school's hall was given for their use, and soon after midnight they tried to make the best of sleeping on a hard floor or on flip-back seats. Apart from people tumbling intermittently to the floor, whispering, mouth-popping, and the rain falling on the roof, the night passed silently.

The aim of the hike was to cover forty odd miles from Yarram to Traralgon by the next night. With high hopes, the group set off early next morning. They walked solidly for two hours despite continual moaning from certain quarters that jobs allotted to some boys were not being done. These jobs were: removing obstacles from teachers' paths, assisting teachers, etc., etc. About eleven o'clock the rain began to fall steadily. The heroic seventeen trudged on: gradually shoes began to squelch out water, clothes became wet (despite rain-coats) and every now and then a drop of water would dribble down some unfortunate's neck. For another three hours they continued in the rain, the last thirty minutes with the promise of Tarra Valley - and lunch - only two miles away. However, a passing motorist kindly corrected this estimate to nine miles. The sodden, starving bunch fled the road, and headed for the nearest shelter which happened to be a farm house-post office. The rain continued and Messrs Porthouse



On the track.

and McLaughlin decided that it was impossible to cover the remaining 27 miles in the time allowed and so decided to abandon the hike. As soon as the people living on the farm returned, about five o'clock, Mr Porthouse rang up and arranged for a bus to take them to Morwell High School. They arrived there about 11.30 p.m., and a cold, wet, tired seventeen were herded into the cookery room. Incidentally it was learned later that the area they were in the previous night had a fall of snow.

Once in their new quarters, the first task of everybody was to remove shoes and socks and warm cold feet. By midnight motionless bodies were strewn all over room No 32. Thus ended the "Longest Day". On Sunday there was hand tennis and a game of cricket - Mr Porthouse bowled brilliantly, and had batsmen reaching for every ball. The group had the complete run of the school and had full use of the cookery room. After tea on Sunday, room 32 was cleared and the hikers left Morwell High School and walked to the station.

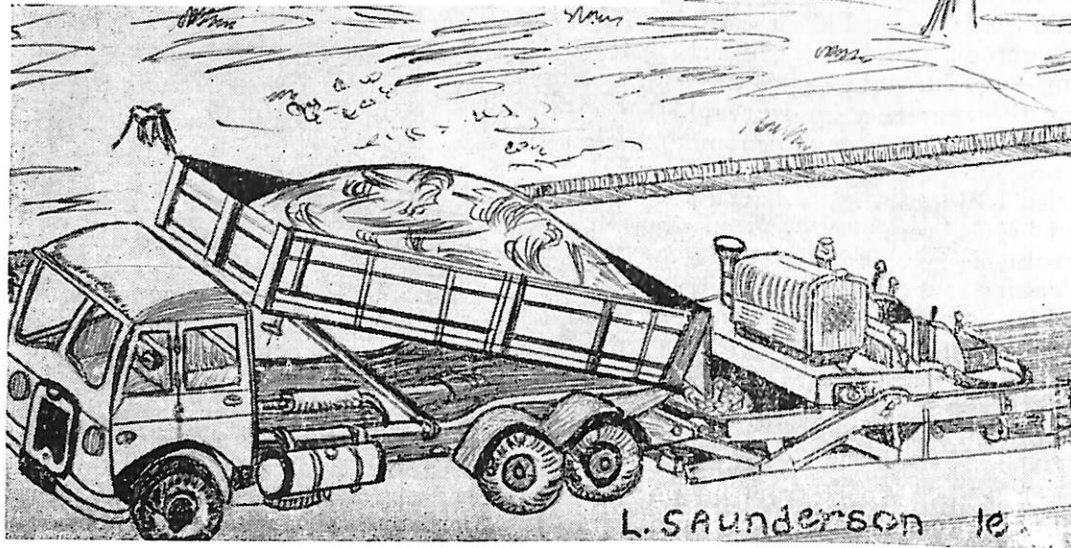
On Sunday, 31st March, 1963, at 11.15 p.m. a train pulled into Mitcham and seventeen unenthusiastic hikers -- including two intrepid teachers -- piled out. The moral of the story is:

Rain may dampen the feet, but never their spirits.

P.S. We would have made it but for the rain.

Ode to New Grounds at Mitcham High School

by Danny Furlong



There stands an ancient noble,
Picture of dignity and awe;
With ceremonious effort
He turns the first sod o'er.
Mid gasps from anxious students
And harassed teachers appalled,
The mighty dozer roars to life,
Then splutters, and promptly stalls.
What fiend has caused this dastardly
deed?

Destroyed the pomp and glory,
And made this M.P.'s face so red
At this momentous time in history.
"Three months," they said, "a day
no more."

'Twas the contractors claim.
But their pious reckoning
Was governed by the rain.
Behold the dust arises
Above the graded wounds,
A site indeed most worthy
Of future sporting grounds.
The pick strikes here, the shovel
there,
That famous dam doth shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
And not a drop to drink.
Excitement fades and interest wanes
For work has gone too long;

No longer round the workmen's
toil

Gathers the unruly throng,
But work goes on regardless,
The landscape oft does change;
Despite mud, slush and stench
Are laid much needed drains.
Like one who walks a lonesome
road,

The student goes in fear and dread
Lest he should slip in some muddy
mire

And covered be from foot to head,
O'er the levelled paddocks
Where once did orchards stand,
The tumult of metal monsters
Paved the way to a new green land.
High school councils, committees
and such

Did for this to the State lament.
Behold the fruits of their
endeavour

An endless tract of grey cement,
The mighty contractors sweat and
toil

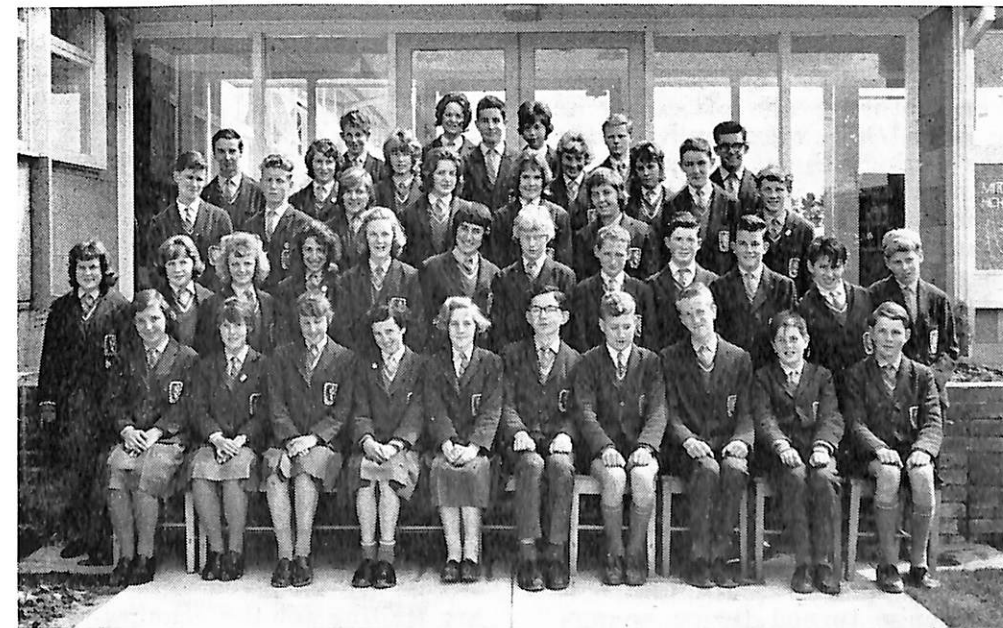
Has diminished all our fears,
For unlike the fateful King street
bridge,

This work will last for years.

MITCHAM HIGH SCHOOL STAFF



FORM CAPTAINS



Memories of Wales

by Jill Honing

Memories are funny things, memories of things and places that are buried deep come flooding back to recreate a long forgotten scene. For I often find that when I gaze upon a beautiful view I think back to the landscape that was so familiar to me. A land where the countryside is comprised of green undulating slopes with oaks and chestnut trees fringing its sides. The pastures are backed by rolling hills that stretch up to a height of a thousand feet. On their surface in summertime, I used to pick the wimberries — their blue fruit clustered close to the earth in wild profusion.

The fields appear rather like patchwork quilts, with their lush greens and rich browns blending carefully together, forming a kaleidoscope of color which merges with the grey English sky. This land provides food and homes for the inhabitants who dwell in the small white-washed farms that nestle on the slopes. Pathways and valleys are shrouded and veiled into rustic corners of large amber ferns, reaching to ageless boughs. Bracken clothed walls of stones indicate ruins that were built by the Romans during their occupation of Wales. Hidden weed-crown stone work shows where once the Legionary Headquarters of the troops stood, but now there is only a mere framework to show for the bravery that once dwelt there.

Built on the sloping banks of the Usk is Caerleon, which means "city of legions". It is a town of sturdy, many windowed houses and sloping roads running into hidden ways. Diamond bay windows look over the fast flowing river, where small boats are pulled on to steep mud banks that dominate the swirling waters. Angular corners suddenly turned throw open a page of history — tranquil rows of white houses, warm grey paving stones

slated roofs, worn stacked steps leading to narrow doors, tall steeples rising to a grey height and holding aloft carved symbols — all sleep in an atmosphere of vanished time and in the shadow of another age and another life, which has run as smoothly as the river along its centuries old course.

Due to the trend in our modern life many of the old customs of Wales have been forgotten, but there is an old custom that has remained and is still practised in the valleys today. This is Flowering Sunday.

The previous day is one of great activity. Streams of people on bikes, cars, others on foot carrying baskets bulging with grass clippers, spades, hand trowels, daffodils and hyacinth plants, make their way to the village cemetery. Once arrived, the crowd sets to work cutting the grass, pulling out weeds and trowelling around the uncared for mounds. With sleeves rolled up the women scrub the tombstones with soap and water until the wrinkled stones gleam and shine. After many hours of hard work the cemetery is a blaze of colour, every corner and nook covered with bright flowers entwined with garlands of leaves. As evening approaches the weary workers wend their way home, knowing that when they return next day it will be for a leisurely tour of the be-flowered graves and for the memories that each one holds.

An important day in the lives of the Welsh people is August Bank Holiday when every family sets off to the nearest sea-side resort. It is the day of days and is looked forward to with as much zeal as Christmas.

Early on the holiday morning the streets are thronged with people who are waiting for the coaches to arrive. In true Welsh tradition no one travels separately, but streets, chapels and

churches organize their own tours. Children wait, swarming on the pavements like a hive of bees. Clutching their spades and brightly coloured buckets, imprinted with the grinning faces of Mickey Mouse or Donald Duck, they chatter excitedly.

Mothers carry bulging bags containing costumes, towels, drinks, fruit, and so on. Father, with his camera slung around his neck, grasping the straddle legged deck-chair with faded canvas covering, is determined to show off his new coloured shirt.

Cheers sound as the coaches lumber to a standstill to allow the mass to swarm into them. It is not long before the coaches are ringing with song,

Mile after mile swishes by and song after song filters through the bus. A crowd of happy people relaxing in the thought of the exciting day ahead.

We leave them there and slowly the memory fades.....

Yes, memories are funny things because it is impossible to blot out the little incidents that once played an important part in the life of a person.



New school uniforms?

LONDON TO SYDNEY

BY AIR

1963

by Alan Robertson

The scarcely perceptible vibration was the only indication that huge engines had come to life. The great throbs of developing force strained at the quivering craft. Then, slowly at first the sleek plane submitted to the power unleashed by giant throbs.

With incredible ease the huge jet slipped from the ground,

The aeroplane climbed as though a giant hand thrust her to her element—the sky. Exhilarated and excited, yet serene and relaxed, the passengers felt themselves apart from the world as the plane defied the clouds, thrusting through their amorphous depths.

Over a limitless sea of strange beauty and grotesque shapes, over the barrier between the known and the unknown, flew the plane. Suddenly there appeared through a gap in the cloud floor a clear glimpse of the sea. The patches grew and merged until below us stretched an endless expanse of golden sea.

The sea gave way to land once more and still the silver eagle flew, until at last the mighty bird dipped her silver wings as her pilot guided her once again to become a prisoner of the earth.

MERRY SPRING

by Annette Dawson

In the Spring
The birds sing,
Rabbits run,
Bees hum.
The sun does shine,
The days are fine.
Children play,
The world is gay
In the Spring
Merry Spring.

A Special Day in My Life

by Richard Deane

Recently we were hiking in the Cathedral Mountains which are very rugged. We were up at day-break and had a fire going soon after as it was very cold and foggy. We cooked our breakfast and washed up in the nearby river then we dismantled the tents and packed our packs. Our aim was to climb Mt. Sugarloaf (4,160ft.) and cross the Razorback before lunch.

It was necessary to walk to a hut which was two miles away in which to leave our packs. We started up the mountain by the cliff route as we were told that there was a cave halfway up. The going gradually became more difficult. Eventually we came to the cave in which there was a stretcher and a first aid kit for use in emergencies.

We reached the summit after about an hour and a half of stiff climbing.

Our next obstacle was the Razorback, the top of the huge mountain chain. It links two mountains together and to reach the other mountain it had to be crossed. Cautiously we proceeded along a spur surrounded by a few snow-gums and some low bushes. The path became narrower and narrower until we were walking on the Razorback itself. The going worsened and we had to climb over or around long boulders until we found ourselves at the top of a fifty foot cliff. But a second look revealed some minute hand holds, so we began to climb down fearfully.

It was very cold and there was a misty drizzle from the clouds low

overhead. An eagle was spotted flying below us which seemed very peculiar.

However, after crossing the Razorback we found a spot to have our lunch. After this repast we were to go down and back to the hut to get our packs. The only way was straight down the side by a track which followed a creek.

After a gruelling forty-five minute downhill trek, we reached the road on which the hut was situated. We walked along the road until we reached the hut and as it was already dusk we decided to sleep there over night. We cooked our tea, washed up, and went to bed feeling very tired indeed.

SPRING FROM MY WINDOW

by Margaret White

The snow has vanished from the hill,
The robin too, from my window sill.
Fields are brown beneath the plough
Leaves have appeared upon the bough.

The gambolling lambs in the fields
are leaping,
Birds from the nest to their mates
are cheeping.

The crows above are flying high,
The winter has at last passed by.



HOUSE CAPTAINS

SHAKESPEARE TRIP

by Garrett Upstill



Early in the year, fifth form students visited the Melbourne University to see a live presentation of Richard II at the Union Theatre. (Richard II is the prescribed Shakespeare for leaving this year).

The acting was excellent but the scenery was rather poor.

The performance was marred only by some unfamiliarity with the play, something that Miss McGuire completely eliminated before the year was far under way.

Late in August the senior forms (3, 4, 5) visited Blackburn to see a colour film of another royal play, Henry V.

The acting was again excellent, as is to be expected from a cast led by Sir Laurence Olivier.

Seeing these plays was of untold value to English students and helped them to appreciate the Master of English literature.

TO A LEAF



by Joy Lorraine Thwaites

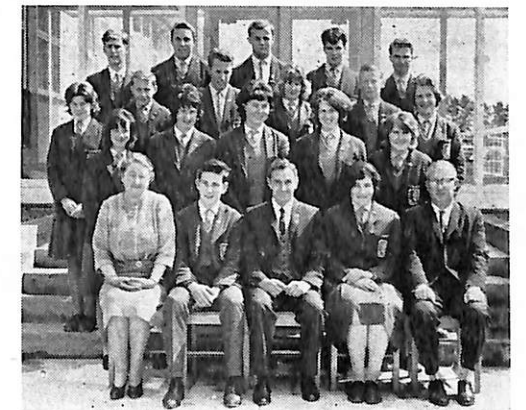
Strange, perfect symmetry
Of vein and line
Steeped in glowing fire
Of endless Time.
They say this leaf is dead.
Not so. It lives!
Oh endless glory
To our world it gives.

IN WAITING

by Joy Lorraine Thwaites

The land cried for rain
From the depths of its sun dried
throat
Unshrouded by shade in the blazing
haze of noon
Helpless, in an agony of longing.
The stricken, thirsting paddocks
Earth-hard and traced with gaping
cracks
Lay motionless under a quivering
copper sky.
Silence shivers in awe!
Crave for the days when the lush
rivers of grass reigned
When water-holes rippled and
curled
When the sky soothed azure moist
But a little while - and they will
come.

PREFECTS



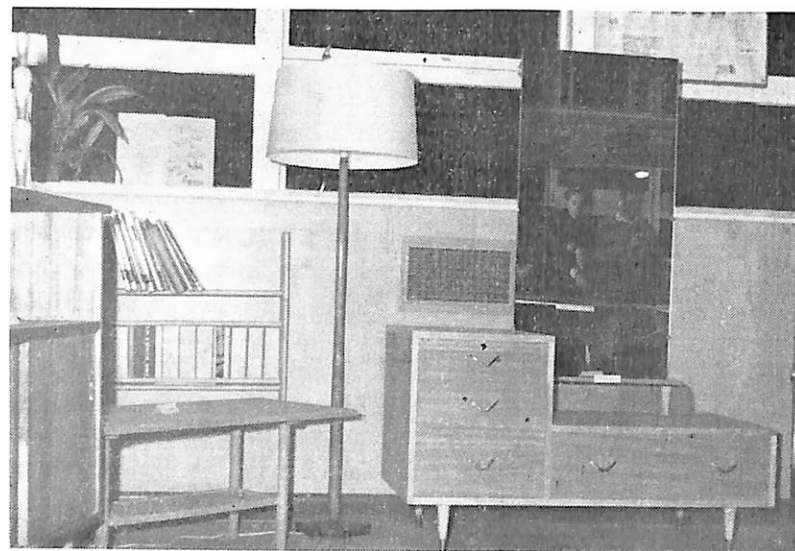
AT NIGHT

by Paul Doulan

I watched the twinkling stars at
night
And the sun set in the west.
I saw the robin building, building a
fine new nest.
I saw a bat asleeping, asleeping on
a house,
Then I heard the squeaking, the
squeaking of a mouse.
And next I saw the tawny owl, a
wise old owl is he,
But I wish he would stop a-hooting,
a-hooting in the tree.



Manual Block prior to completion of the ground work.



Woodwork articles on display during Education Week.

Customs — Tilbury

by Richard Thornton

A straggling group divides at a gate, one section, the fare - well wishers making its way to the dock. After the tearful good-byes people tear themselves away from relatives. They have had the courage to face a new land, leaving loved ones behind. Without experiencing such a situation one could not imagine the inward fear with which these migrants are facing a new life among strangers, more than 10,000 miles from uncles, brothers, sisters, even parents.

With obvious apprehension the small group proceeds to the staff captain's shore office, where gangway tickets meal tickets and other aids to convenience and recreation are issued. The party then files through the gate marked "H. M. Immigration" where tickets, medical cards, identity cards and documents are stamped.

These migrants have now passed the point of no return. No more will most of them feel the warmth and security of the family circle. They are isolated units. Married couples and young families will depend only upon themselves.

"H. M. Customs" consists of a long narrow, cold hall with parallel benches stretching its whole length. The group tends to huddle like a flock. Already these people, mostly strangers who have never before been within fifty miles of each other, feel united because they have one thing in common; they are all facing something new, vast and unknown.

The group then makes its way along a series of gangways until it reaches

the ship. Those already aboard are staring across a few yards of water at the dock, on which is assembled a congregation of relatives, some waving, some in tears, some walking nowhere in particular, all with a feeling that they are losing part of themselves.

The party we have been watching meets stewards and waiters, sees cabins, takes a quick look at the huge loading winches working, then joins the staring crowd.

These are not just migrants — they are pioneers.

Hong - Kong

by Pat Ho

Hong Kong is a small island of approximately 400 square miles, but although small, has a population of four million people. The immense population is due mainly to the influx of refugees escaping from Red China to Kowloon, which is connected to the mainland but belongs to Hong Kong.

Hong Kong is a free seaport and ships come from all over the world.

Tax is low and therefore you are able to buy articles cheaper than in most other countries. This, of course, attracts tourists.

The beautiful scenery of "Small Hong Kong", which is a place along the coast, is another attraction. There it is possible to dine in a boat-cafe where diners can choose different kinds of live sea food and have it cooked to their own liking.

If tourists wish to see a night view of Hong Kong, there are guides who will take them to Victoria Peak where they can see clearly through telescopes. There is a cafe on top of Victoria Peak where they can rest.

For other entertainment there are pictures or night clubs with their lavish floor-shows featuring entertainers from all over the world.

Hong Kong is a place for the rich. As for the poor and the working class they have no time even to entertain themselves. Most of them work all the time, even on Sundays.

Croydon - Sylvan - Woopwoop

by Richard Thornton

Twentyfive members of the club embarked from the bus at Croydon on a fateful April morning with three members of staff, Miss Cannon, Mr Porthouse and Mr Abbot.

We were set down on an unidentified bend on the road, and the bus driver (he must have been an Education Dept. official) chuckled gleefully as he sped away. Little did he know that we had amongst us such prodigious navigators as O'Neill and Upstill. These two managed to deduce that we should proceed in the direction their compass had jammed them.

So we set off through some poor soul's tree nursery. This area had a suspicious Latin name, and Mr Porthouse nearly went into a fit when asked what it meant. Arguments over compass directions concluded after Mr P. handed out Relaxatabs, hence turning into a flock of sheep which were more like a herd of long horns.

And so, hours later, Mr P., having subdued the enthusiastic pioneering spirit of Greig and O'Neill, we eventually reached what is known in technical circles as a road. Soon our trampings were made easier by the music of hydraulic rams bleating contentedly in the background.

The next obstacle was a creek, the crossing of which was the cause of ill-feeling towards a certain Irishman. Rob Perkins insisted that this crossing was unnecessary, but his protests were subdued and he was "persuaded" (amongst wild Irish oaths) to cross. I leave it to the imagination of the reader an irate Rob Perkins when Mr P. found that we were on the wrong side of the creek. Mr P. insists to this day that he was **pushed** in (more Irish oaths, followed by a slosh).

A short while later we arrived at Sylvan Dam, at which delectable eating place Mr P. experienced near mu-

tiny in the ranks (the rabble failed because no one knew how to tie a noose in a four inch string.) As punishment he snuffed the spacious eating place at Sylvan and went on to a small area (exposed at low tide) chosen purely because it reminded him of a peat bog.

The Repast

But for the following outstanding characters the lunch hour would have been smooth, efficiently run and monotonous:

1. Peter Easterby: Started things rolling by hurling a missile in the form of a tomato at Barry A—, which party then hurled itself at the fleeting culprit.

2. John Aufmanis, (although he was not in the party, Mr P's reminiscences of the "good old days" were interminable).

3. The characters who cannibalized pork sausages, cremated cows, cooked bananas in the ashes and then dared to call this a repast!

4. Mr P's bag which served as a litter receptable.

5. The individuals, e.g. Garrett Upstill who found their way into the creek. Amongst these ranks was Barry A— who spent the remainder of the lunch hour squeezing out his socks amidst remarks such as:

"I think I'll save this chop till later".

6. The other characters, who, with one rock hurled in the creek put an end to the apology for a fire, drenched the party, but failed to dampen Mr P's spirit (more wild Irish oaths).

7. Mr Porterhouse. His comments showed his fiery spirit (bottled).

We then proceeded to traverse huge pipes until we came across a pack of narrow minded, biggoted, pompous-looking individuals who watched us pass, obviously observing that we were a pack of narrow minded, big-

goted, pompous - looking individuals. Shortly after passing the gate of the health camp from which the aforesaid jobs must have hailed, we arrived at Lesser Woopwoop Station. Mr P. however, decided to proceed to Much Woopwoop during which journey Mr P. experienced uncomfortable situations regarding a bull, a tyre (see Alec Greig and any motorist who hurled abuse at every Irishman in Melbourne, all one of them), and other obstacles. We arrived at Much Woopwoop Station without any further lynchings.

The only other occurrence worth reporting was the appearance of a group of characters who could not be driven from the doors of our carriage despite Mr P's protests.

Overheard:- "Oi'll bring the curse o' the blue flames and the green flames on ye, so help me begorrah, bejabbers.

Note to Mr P.

Please observe that we have used the freedom of the press to full advantage, libel suits should be addressed to:

**The O'Reilly Peat Bog
c/- The Little People.**

DAWN OVER THE RED SEA

by M. Graves

A faint tinge of pink on the dark horizon heralds the first fingers of dawn stretching forth across the darkened sky. So pale is this first blush in the great abyss of darkness that it seems doubtful that it will ever gain the strength to conquer the impenetrable blackness.

Slowly, dawn's lovely fingers push back the shroud of night to reveal a myriad of splendid colours more brilliant than the brightest hues on a peacock's tail. Soon, the subtle pinks and yellows change to a crimson morass, etched with gold and streaked with purple.

Then, like a sparkling, blood-red jewel, Apollo rides his fiery chariot high into the resplendent morning sky.

There was a lady from Mitcham,
Who liked her sweet little kitchen,
One day she forgot
And the iron went hot —
Poor sweet little kitchen in
Mitcham. —Peter Linney

MITCHAM HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL XVIII



Club Wins Four Debates

by Peter Easterby

The debating season began this year with an ardent debate on the topic "That Democracy is Impracticable in the World Today". The club was divided into two sections, a senior and a junior under the guidance of Mr Adams and Mrs Moore, both of whom have helped and encouraged club members during the season.

Two teams from the Senior Division were entered in the inter-school debating contests. These teams achieved considerable success for their first year, winning four debates.

Several interesting topics were debated including one on the White Australia Policy, and one on the detrimental effects of television.

In the junior division some very promising debaters were discovered. This has prompted us to extend inter-school debating to the Junior Division next year.

Debates in both divisions were conducted with enthusiasm both on the part of debaters and the audience. Our thanks are due to Mrs Enterkin who adjudicated on several occasions and gave members some very helpful advice and comments. We feel that both listeners and participants have stimulated logical thinking and improved the ability to voice our opinions reasonably and well.

Senior Debating Club Committee:

President: Helen Stringer.

Chairman: John Anderson

Secretary: Peter Easterby.

Neil Davey, Dane Alchorn Alan Robertson.

Interschool Debaters: Helen Stringer
Richard Thornton, Peter Easterby (c)
Danny Furlong, Helen MacDonald,
Garrett Upstill, John Anderson (c).



THE DEBATING CLUB

HENRY V

On the morning of Friday, August 23, pupils of Forms 4 and 5 left Mitcham station for the Blackburn Theatre, familiarly known to many as 'The Woolshed'. When we arrived we found that a large group of pupils from Ormiston were ahead of us in the queue. Eventually we were all seated in the hall and the performance began.

The film was a very interesting one particularly in its presentation of the Elizabethan theatre and London, as it must have appeared at the time of Shakespeare. Features of the film included a magnificent piece of gore — the Battle of Agincourt wherein the French most dishonourably dispatched what appeared to be at least half of England's male population, and an exhibition of How-to-mount a knight without scratching his silver ware.

Still dazzled by the glory of it all, we were shepherded back to the station and thence returned to the normal ball and chain routine.

SCHOOL DAYS

by J. Karnaghan

The school bell rings at a quarter to nine,
We run to our lockers — a crazy time —
Again the bell rings and now comes the rush,
Oh to be first to avoid the crush.
Then starts the long and trying day.
We work, work, work, no time for play,
It's maths, then French, Geography history,
Each one making more of a mystery
Of course there's recess and lunch time too,
In which the minutes are oh, so few.
Most of us long for sport and P.T
These are the times when we feel free
So our school days go on and on.
They seem to last through years so long,
And then some day we may recall,
They were good days after all.

CONTRASTS

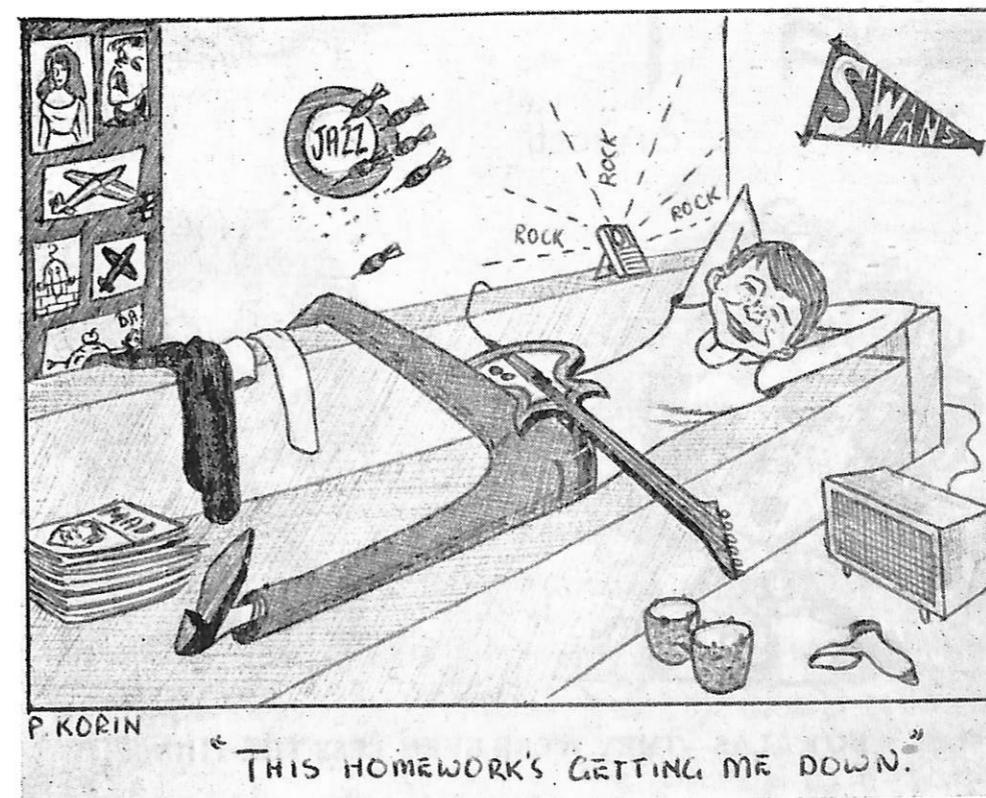
by Brian Sharpley

I hate the Winter's morning...
With the frost upon the lawn
And snow, and ice and sleet about,
It makes me all forlorn.
I'd sooner have the springtime
With flowers at their best,
And all the trees have new green leaves,
And birds sing in their nests.

KNOTTY ELEPHANT

An elephant lay in his bunk,
In slumber his chest rose and sunk,
He snored and he snored
Till the jungle folk roared
And his wife tied a knot in his trunk.

—Olga Lobb



P. KORIN

"THIS HOMEWORK'S GETTING ME DOWN."

SOME PEOPLE ARE SO HARD TO PLEASE.

HAIRSTYLES

Miss McGuire was not very pleased
with these styles—

SO—



WE CHANGED



TO THESE—



BUT ALAS—THEY WERE EVEN LESS THE THING.

A LITTLE DISHEARTENED — BUT STILL TRYING —



AFTER MUCH TROUBLE WE

ACHIEVED THESE—



WE HAVE

NOT

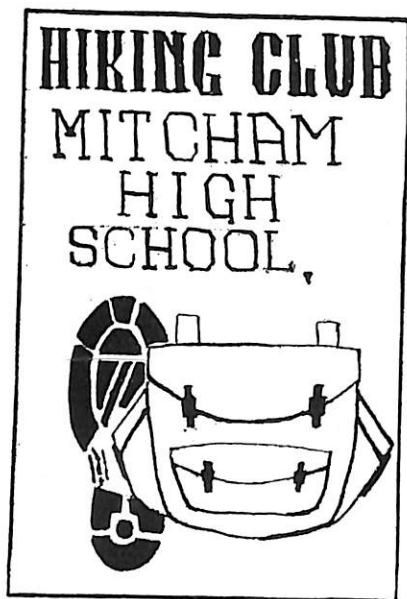
TRIED

THIS ONE

YET —



A. Honeybun, 2B.



Should anyone doubt that the Mitcham High Hiking Club is in a flourishing state, this report of activities throughout the year should allay his doubts.

The members of the club have derived much healthy enjoyment and an increased interest in, and knowledge of the Australian countryside, from the outings arranged by the club. Club members are very grateful to Mr Porthouse for the interest he continues to show in the club and for the time he has given in order that we may all participate in these outings. We also have had invaluable help from Miss Vague in organising camp sites and in provisioning the inner man.

Club hikes:

- March 2, Stony Point, 15 miles
- March 29—31, Yarram-Tarra Valley, 18 miles
- May 4, Silvan, 12 miles.
- May 17-23, Wilson's Prom. 80 miles
- June 29, Yarra Glen, 14 miles.
- August 24, Lorne, 9 miles.
- Sept. 20-22, Mt. St. Leonard — Mt Tanglefoot, 30 miles.
- October -, Mt Riddell, 12 miles.
- December 13, Tasmania ?

Four Plays

by Peter Gray

On Thursday, August 22, Form 2a went to the Union Theatre in Russell Street to see four one-act plays. We boarded the 8:45 a.m. train at Mitcham station. The guard's whistle blew and we were off. Thirtyfive minutes later we found ourselves approaching the theatre.

The first play was called "No Smoke Without Fire". It was about two old ladies who received a radio from a supposed friend who was really wanted by the police. The two ladies who had the radio did not have a license for it. A senior detective called at the house of the old ladies to find out if they knew the whereabouts of the crook. The ladies misunderstood the detective and thought he was looking for the radio without a license.

The second play was "The Bishop's Candlesticks". It was about a bishop in France whose love for humanity saved a convict from a life of crime.

After the second play a jazz singer entertained us by singing a few songs.

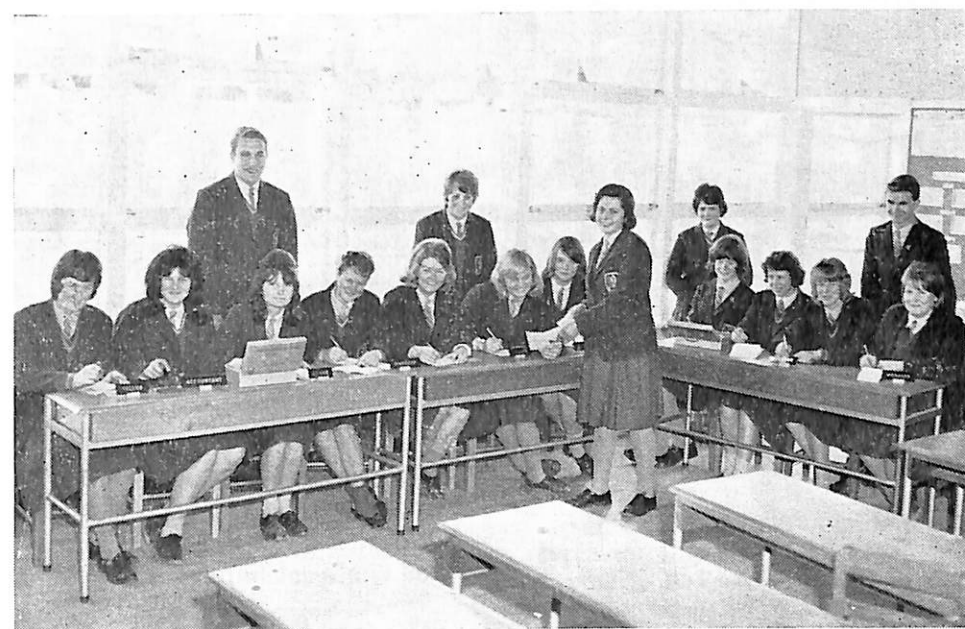
The third play was very good. It was about a young Australian boy who could do absolutely nothing right.

The fourth play was also very good.

It was about an old married couple who lived in England just before the first world war. They are set on making as much money as possible. They swindled a young married couple out of £20 on an old chair. Because the young 'suckers' forgot to pay for some milk that they drank whilst bargaining for the chair, the old misers were indignant saying they had been robbed.

After the plays were over we were quickly on our way back to Mitcham to resume our normal school work.

SCHOOL OPERATED BANK



Since March of this year the Student operated Bank has seen a vast change in its procedure. Previously there were two branches operated by fifth form boys.

The Bank is now run on a competitive basis between the four Houses. Each House operates a branch consisting of a teller, accountant, clerk and manager, whose work is along the same lines as their counterparts in the State Savings Bank. The positions are held by the fourth form commercial girls who thus gain an insight into the operation of a Savings Bank. Overall supervision is undertaken by two fifth form boys, who were among the original staff, G. McArthur and D. Hummick. Mrs Crowley is the teacher in charge.

Students gain a point for their house each time they bank. In this way they are encouraged to bank regularly, not only helping themselves, but also their Houses and the school, which receives a commission for all money banked.

The result of the House Competition

to September 25 is as follows:

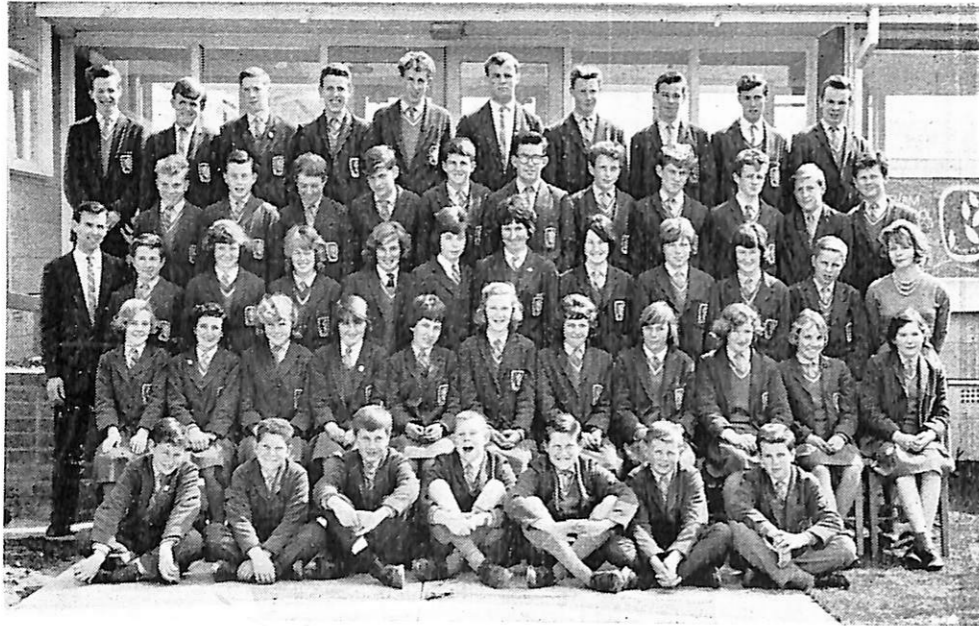
Myriong 826 points; Paringa 686 points; Bareena 572 points Kimbarra 566 points.

The average amount received each week is £22 banked by an average of 100 students. To date (September 25) under the new system, £850 has been banked.

AUTUMN MISTS

Moving mists of morning shroud
 Autumn's glowing tone
 In a filmy swirling mantle that
 fairy hands have sewn.
 Then noontide's sunshine filters
 through to warm the earth below
 And bring to life the burnished red,
 the brown and gay yellow.
 Some trees are trying vainly to
 hold some leaves yet green.
 A shelter on the boughs, where
 birds may sit and preen.
 The damness clinging to the
 leaves, shines softly as from rain.
 All this will leave within my heart
 till Autumn comes again.

SWIMMING TEAM — COMBINED SPORTS



GIRL COMPETITORS — ATHLETICS



HOP, STEP + JUMP.



G. Willaton
12.

The town of Mitcham seems to be suffering an invasion of blue coated boys and girls. These figures in blue all converge on Mitcham station where they are soon marshalled into orderly groups. Do their shepherds carry concealed weapons? The train slides into the station and soon all are aboard. Aqualungs should have been provided for the luckless ones who are trapped in middle carriages. You have to be an athlete to get to ground let alone compete.

We alight at Richmond and the blue column marches to Olympic Park where we see columns of various hues,

LONG
JUMP



G. Willaton. 12

purple, green, brown, all intent on entering the ground at the same time. Eventually we are through the gates where the sheep are separated from the goats — or rather, boys go off to the outer and girls to the stand. The stands are packed. It seems that the foundations must collapse at any moment, either from fright or fracture.

Upwey girls must have a concealed record player — no one could scream the same song so loudly and so long.

COMBINED SPORTS

Some impressions by Russell Tully

Interest quickens in the Mitcham ranks. Colin Dempster seems to have borrowed wings (angel's) for the day and soars to a win in the under fourteen high jump. Soon after, Frank Doolan goes into orbit and Mitcham have notched another jumping win. The red peril follows soon after scorching the track to win the under sixteen 880 yards. Then Garrett Upstill in another 880 yards puts Frank Budd to shame.

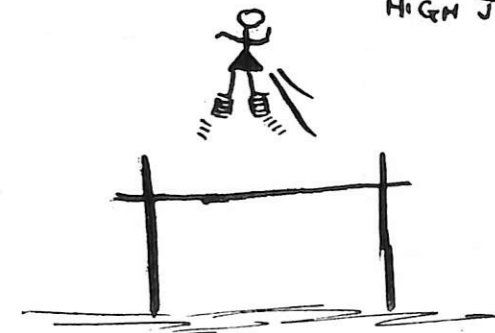
We cool down, At last the mass hysteria emanating from the girl's stand seems to have abated.

That red-head again — this time he is throwing the shot so far that lives are endangered in the outer. Then Russell Sharp jumps a mere 5' 7" and follows this performance with a win in the 440 yards, finishing about half the course ahead of the field.

Graham Burgin brightens the scene again, this time breaking the putt shot record by six feet—and then runs in a mile.

The sunshine is with us all day. Never have so many lobster faced boys been seen in the outer. At last we are homeward bound. Either an apprentice is driving the train or someone is not pedalling hard enough.

HIGH JUMP



G. Willaton 12

CROSS COUNTRY TEAMS



BOYS — ATHLETICS COMBINED SPORTS



HOUSE SWIMMING SPORTS

On the 17th March at the Nunawading swimming pool many budding swimmers assembled to compete in our annual swimming carnival.

Excitement filled the air as the competitors in the first race took their places. The starter fired his gun and the races were under way with spectators cheering their swimmers on to record breaking wins.

Competition was high but Kimbarra gained an early lead, dominating the junior events. This lead was maintained throughout the carnival despite a hard finishing Bareena.

At the end of the meeting most spectators were voiceless, including several house teachers who almost swam every race with their competitors.

Congratulations must go to Miss Vague and Mr Ferguson for an extremely well run carnival.

Some of the stars were: Rosemary Smith, Brenda and Leigh Nugent, Alan Dobbin, Chris and Frank Hayes, Morris Goodman and David Hayck.



THEY'RE OFF!

RELAY



G. Willaton le

THE HOUSE SPORTS

On September 26, Mitcham High School held its fifth annual House Sports at Walker Park. Although it wasn't sunny, the weather was fine, an excellent day for sport.

The sports began with an address by Mr Stuchberry, who had just returned from overseas.

Kimbarra led from the start but the other three houses changed places several times. Competition was keen and there were several close finishes. In the boys open 220 yards especially, there was a spectacular finish. R. Sharp led most of the way until G Upstill tackled and passed him and seemed to have the race won until, suddenly, Sharp made a terrific lunge at the tape and the judges announced him the winner.

Many records were broken which shows that the school's standard of athletics is improving.

All in all it was a very enjoyable day and holds promise of better things to come in the field of athletics.

The final results were:

- Kimbarra. 1st Myrniiong 2nd.
- Bareena 3rd. Paringa 4th.

TUNNEL BALL



G. Willaton le

House Notes

KIMBARRA — GIRLS

Lyn Glover, Captain

As was indicated by the promise shown in 1962, Kimbarra has had a most successful year in 1963. We achieved great success at both the house swimming sports and the athletics obtaining first place on both these occasions. Our House mistresses, Mrs Cadd and Mrs Sanderson have helped us greatly by the enthusiasm they have shown. We have been fortunate too, in having two outstanding performers in Loris McKinnon and Robyn Hardy, both of whom broke records in several events.

Our champion swimmers, Brenda Nugent and Rosemary Smith 'scooped the pool' at the swimming sports. It has been a very enjoyable and successful year in sport for the Kimbarra girls.

KIMBARRA HOUSE — BOYS

This year has been a highly successful one for Kimbarra boys. We were much helped to victories in the swimming and athletic Sports by the herculean efforts of Graham Burgin, Garrett Upstill and Leigh Nugent. Garrett won both the half-mile and the mile at the House Sports.

House members also performed well in the cross country events, and in cricket and football matches. We were helped in these successes by Max and Sven Mannik, Garrett Upstill, Graham Burgin, Alwyn Reynolds and many others.

There has been an excellent team spirit in the house and we have been most ably directed during the year by our house masters.

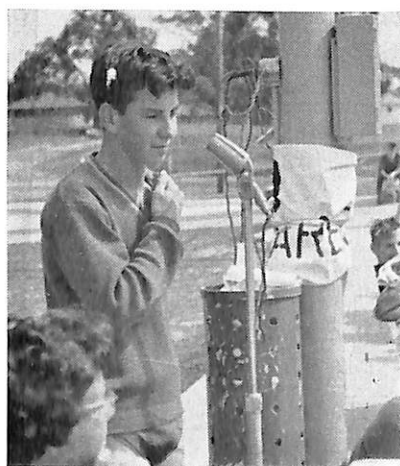
PARINGA — GIRLS

Marianne Fricker, Captain.

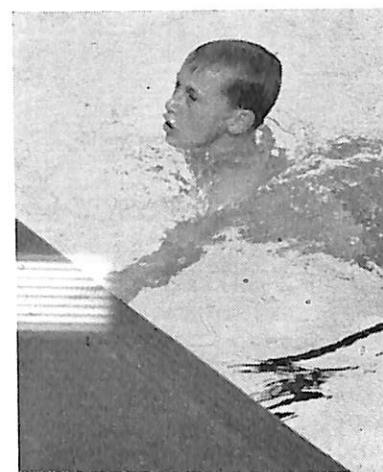
In the sporting field we had mixed success, gaining fourth place, but only by half a mark, in the house swimming sports and fourth place in the athletic sports. However, we did win some events and were second during most of the athletic sports. L. Cooke, S. Harding, J. Burke, Y. Whitmore, A. Frederick, J. Le Rossognol and the many more who did their best, deserve praise. Our congratulations to Kimbarra on winning both the athletic and swimming sports.

At present we hold equal second place in the weekly sport, with an excellent senior basketball team, consisting entirely of those in the school team, and a good senior softball team. Both these teams have lost only one or two matches. We stand second in the totals for the student operated bank, and our house raised the most money for the school fete.

It can be seen that Paringa has had a successful year and in conclusion, we would like to thank Mrs Cowley and Mrs Thomas, our House teachers, for all their work and encouragement.



GARRETT UPSTILL



Bareena captain — Chris Hayes

PARINGA — BOYS

This has been a year of ups and downs for the Paringa boys.

The year began well with a good cricket season. We were runners-up at the end of the season and outstanding players in the cricket team were Graham Harris, Peter Bilney and Peter Brown.

Then came the first of the "Downs". As the cheering subsided at the end of the swimming contests the pool was dragged and the Paringa performers were resuscitated to hear the results. The football season soon restored our ego. Paringa finished the season with seven straight victories — four games ahead of the rest. Amongst the best on the field were Frank Devlan, Frank Morgan, John Paul and Gary Anderson.

Congratulations are due also to house members who helped so much in the house effort for the fete which raised the sum of £30.

Last and least came the Athletics. I am afraid there is nothing to say except 'Where have our athletes gone?'

BAREENA — BOYS

The boys have been ably captained this year by Chris Hayes (senior) and Stafford Leake (junior).

The senior softball team finished first after the season's games. The juniors were not as successful but all team members played well and tried hard. Both junior and senior football teams improved on last year's efforts.

Outstanding performers at various sports throughout 1963 were Graham Robinson, John Grant, Chris Hayes, David Dixon, Ray Clayton, Greg Howell and Leo Kinwell.

Bareena finished third at the Athletic Sports. Congratulations to every boy who competed.

Our thanks go to our Sports Master.

BAREENA — GIRLS

Bareena has had a successful year coming second in the swimming competition and third in the house athletic contests.

We are looking forward to taking one step up the ladder in swimming next year and two steps up in athletics.

We have been ably led and encouraged in our efforts throughout the year by our House mistresses, Mrs Gollan and Mrs Dawson. All House members contributed by their enthusiasm and interest to make the year an enjoyable one for Bareena girls. We specially thank, for outstanding efforts, Lyn Isherwood, Heather McCracken, Dianne Stritch, Lynnette Grenfell and Lynne Samuel.

MYRIONG — GIRLS

Renate Lipovas, Sonia Dordevic,
Captains

Another year is ending. This year has been a successful one for Myriong for we achieved second place in the athletic sports. Our thanks go to all competitors, our house captains, and to our House mistresses, Mrs Cannon and Mrs Hendy. Many senior girls will be leaving at the end of this year. We hope that the spirit of the House will continue to burn brightly in them for many years to come.

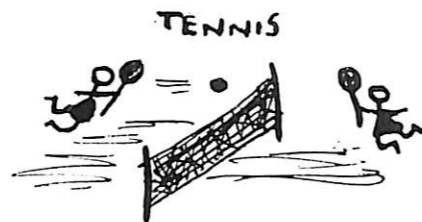
The juniors have done very well this year and among them we number some budding champions, Yvonne Ogden, Fay Wall, and Gwen McArthur.

Many girls have tried their utmost throughout the year. So we end with this warning to rival houses — watch out for Myriong next year.

MYRIONG — BOYS

Although not a "House of Champions" we are a "Champion House". Many bright spots in this year's events have been the result of the excellent team work shown in various contests. This was most noticeable in the Athletics. At the end of the individual events Myriong was trailing in fourth position but as the afternoon progressed, we began to overhaul the scores of the other houses, as members competing in team events gained first and second places in many of the contests. This keen team spirit has been largely due to the help and enthusiasm of our House Masters, Mr Cadd and Mr Ockwell and our captain, Barry Abbott. We thank them for their leadership and encouragement throughout the year.

Myriong has enjoyed wins in both tennis and softball, and the junior football team was undefeated.



G. Willaton le.

During the year tennis has been limited due to swimming days, athletic sports, wet days, holidays and other sorts of days which take precedence over the functioning of school tennis. Because of this only one inter-school contest has been played, the school against whom we competed being Upwey. As the time was limited only two matches could be played right out, the other two were incomplete.

The score was, Mitcham 24 games; Upwey 16 games.

Team members were: B. McCracken (Capt), G. Wilson, N. Reynolds, and P. Edwards.

THE BOYS CHOIR

by John Modra, Andrew Moran

Leigh Nugent

The choir this year consists of twenty-five first form boys supplemented on some occasions by several boys from Form 2.

The members of the choir have attended weekly practices. Three songs were sung at Open Day which was held during Education Week. The songs were "The Blacksmith", "The Traction Engine", and "The Windmill". Our pianist, Warren Lee, of Form 1C has accompanied us throughout the year. Another member, Martin Gray, is also a member of a television choir.

Our teacher, Miss Campbell, has been patient and understanding. She assures us we have maintained the standard set by the boys choir in previous years.

We are now looking forward to our Speech Night when we hope to entertain our parents again.



SOFTBALL TEAM



TENNIS TEAM



BASKETBALL TEAM

SOCIAL SERVICE 1963

by Richard Thornton

Throughout the year the pupils of the school have shown a sustained interest in social service efforts and have contributed generously to various appeals. Some forms have raised money through such means as cake or sweet stalls, some have held debates or record sessions, while others have relied on the method of direct contributions.

Form 5A have contributed generously and consistently, their total at the time this report was written being £26. Forms 3P2, 4P1, 4P2 and 1C have also raised large sums. But all Forms have made worthwhile contributions to the school's efforts.

One of the main projects during the second term was the raising of the amount of £80 for the purchase of two oxen for Kumbalgud village, India. The sum of £48 was contributed to the Good Friday Appeal for the Children's Hospital and £62 was raised by the sale of Anzac Day badges.

The total at the time of this report (October 1) was £260 and this should be much increased during the remaining three months of term. Some other donations made throughout the year were: Spastic Children (£20); Seeing Eye Dogs (15); Royal Women's Hospital (£12); Prevention of Cruelty to Children (£6); State School's Relief Fund (£5); Children's Book Council (£5); St. John's Home (£5). There is an appeal at present for the Adult Deaf and Dumb Institute. Two interesting films were screened during the year to help children to realize the value of their generosity. The films were 'Hungry People' and 'The Gift'. Our thanks go to Mr Moritz for setting up and presenting them during lunch hours.

The form leaders have been most ably directed in their efforts by Miss Campbell who organizes the social service club throughout the school and shows an enthusiastic and unflagging interest in this worthy school activity.

SCHOOL FETE

by Beverley O'Connell

This year Mitcham High School Annual Fete was held on July 19 and 20.

It proved to be wonderfully successful and a profit of approximately £400 was realized.

Many people worked to make the Fete successful. They included the Ladies Auxiliary, the Parents and Citizens Association and the Advisory Council. Teachers and pupils also gave their assistance to this project which is such an important event in the school year.

With the money raised by the Fete the school can provide more facilities and equipment for the use of staff members and students.

At the Fete there were stalls of all types and varieties. There were also games and competitions with prizes for those who were lucky.

The four school Houses — Bareena, Kimbarra, Myriong, and Paringa — each made its own contribution to the final result of the Fete.

A special feature on the Saturday afternoon was the display given by the Obedient Dog Club. A large crowd gathered to watch club members show how obedient their dogs were to their commands. The dogs were skilful as well as obedient when they performed several entertaining tricks.

The Fete's other attractions included a Photographic Competition and a Puppet Show.

Thanks to all those who gave their help and patronage, the Fete proved to be very rewarding for the Mitcham High School.

LIBRARY REPORT

Under the guidance of Mrs Dobson, the library club members have been responsible for the maintenance of the library. By consistent steady work the thirty members of the club have recorded the numbers, cards and covers of over one thousand books.

The parents of pupils have contributed generously to funds and the libra-

ry has added 1,100 new books to those already on its shelves, making the total about 4,000 books. The library has also increased its magazine subscriptions and pupils have now regular supplies of forty-five magazines to draw upon for interest and information.

The library committee would like to take this opportunity to thank all parents for their generous contributions and Mrs Dobson for her able direction of this important part of our school.

Library committee: President, Neil Davey; Secretary, Peter Easterby Treasurer, Graham Broad.

COOKERY DEMONSTRATION

On Monday, September 23, girls from 3C and 4C accompanied by Mrs Emslie and Mrs Gollan, set off in drizzling rain to a cooking demonstration at Mitcham.

On arriving at the store, we noticed we were not the only school attending, there were also girls from Nunawading High and St. John's. We were welcomed by Hannam's and, after some trouble with the microphone, two young cookery demonstrators from the State Electricity Commission soon had things under way.

During the demonstration a quiz involving questions on electrical appliances was held, the winners of which not only received a prize, but had their photo taken for a local newspaper. The lucky girls, both from Mitcham High, were Jenny Burke, who won an electric drink heater, and Janis Lemont, who won an electric kettle.

By this time an appetising aroma filled the air. The attractive array of dishes included fruit flummery, topped with ice-cream, whiting mornay, glazed sponge fruit flan, cheese and bacon rolls and chicken Hawaiian, which seemed to attract most attention.

We felt disappointed as we left, as we could not sample the food, but we had a most enjoyable afternoon.

M. Gadsby

Margaret Gibbons

Linda Robinson

Anil
Honybun

Kaye Ross

~~Beggs~~

~~Megan Handley~~

~~Shelley P. Harding~~

Catherine Wallace
Kym Kegan

David Greenwood

Lynne Hancock

Lynette Gellatly

Yvonne Ogden

Gertiebus

~~Nanette Smith~~

C. Dempster

L. Dutton

Margaret Ryan

Carroll Ritchie

Ann Frederick

Blight

Nick the Dick

~~Oxley~~

Orion Hallett + R

M. Klay

E. R. Drummy

Orull

B. Kohlman

Bill Reaper

Fayel Gorse