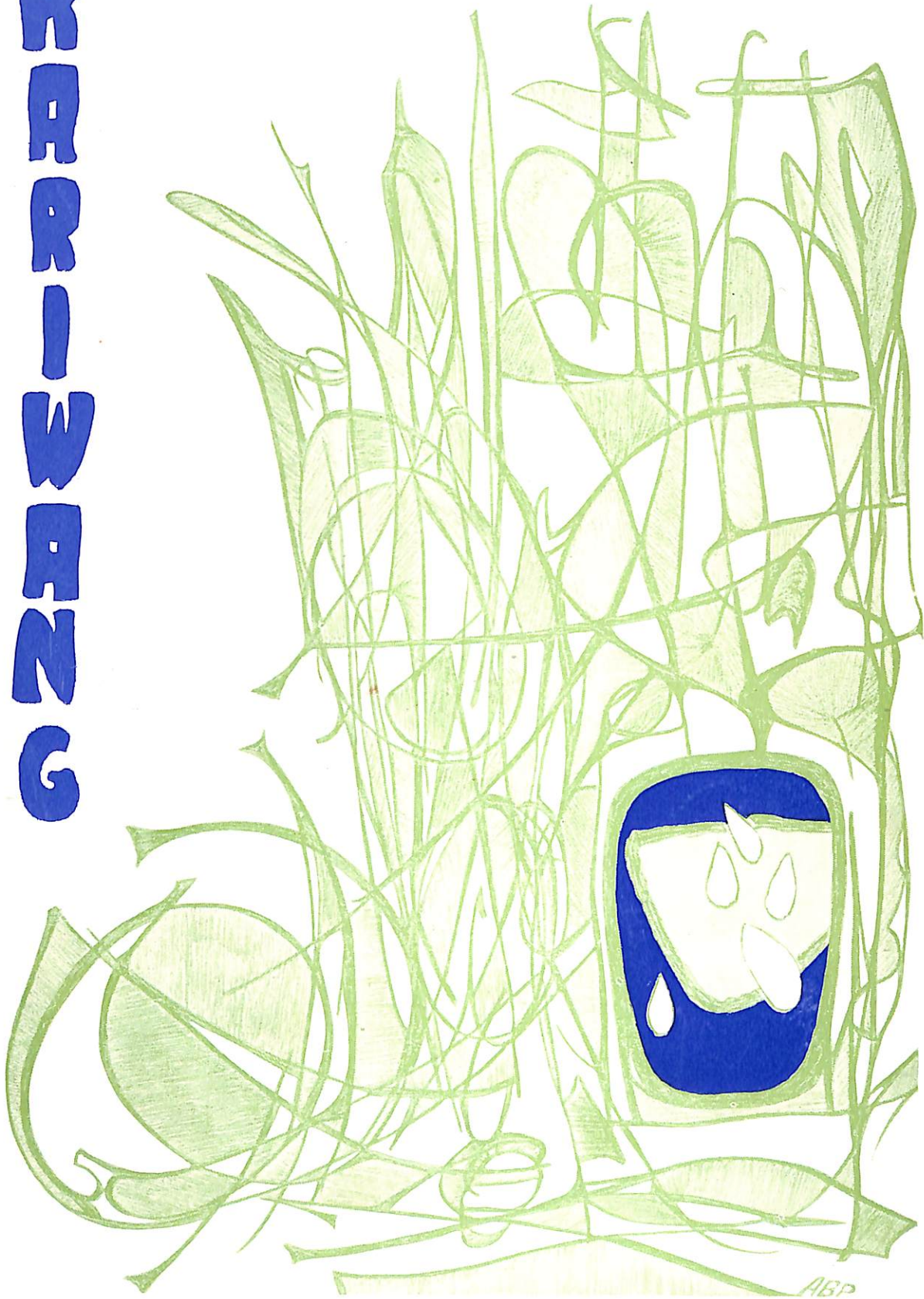


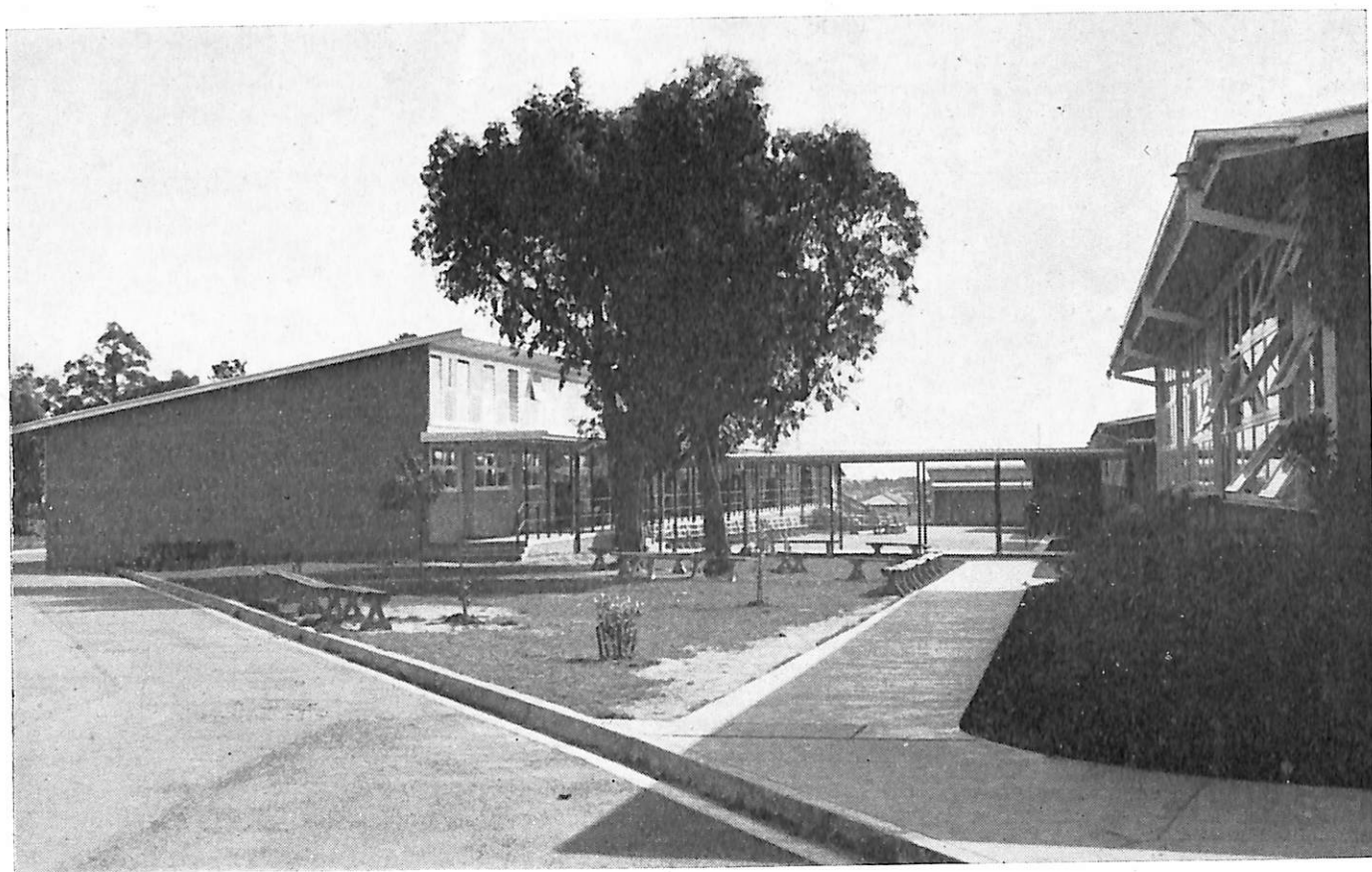
1965

KARRIWANG



ABP

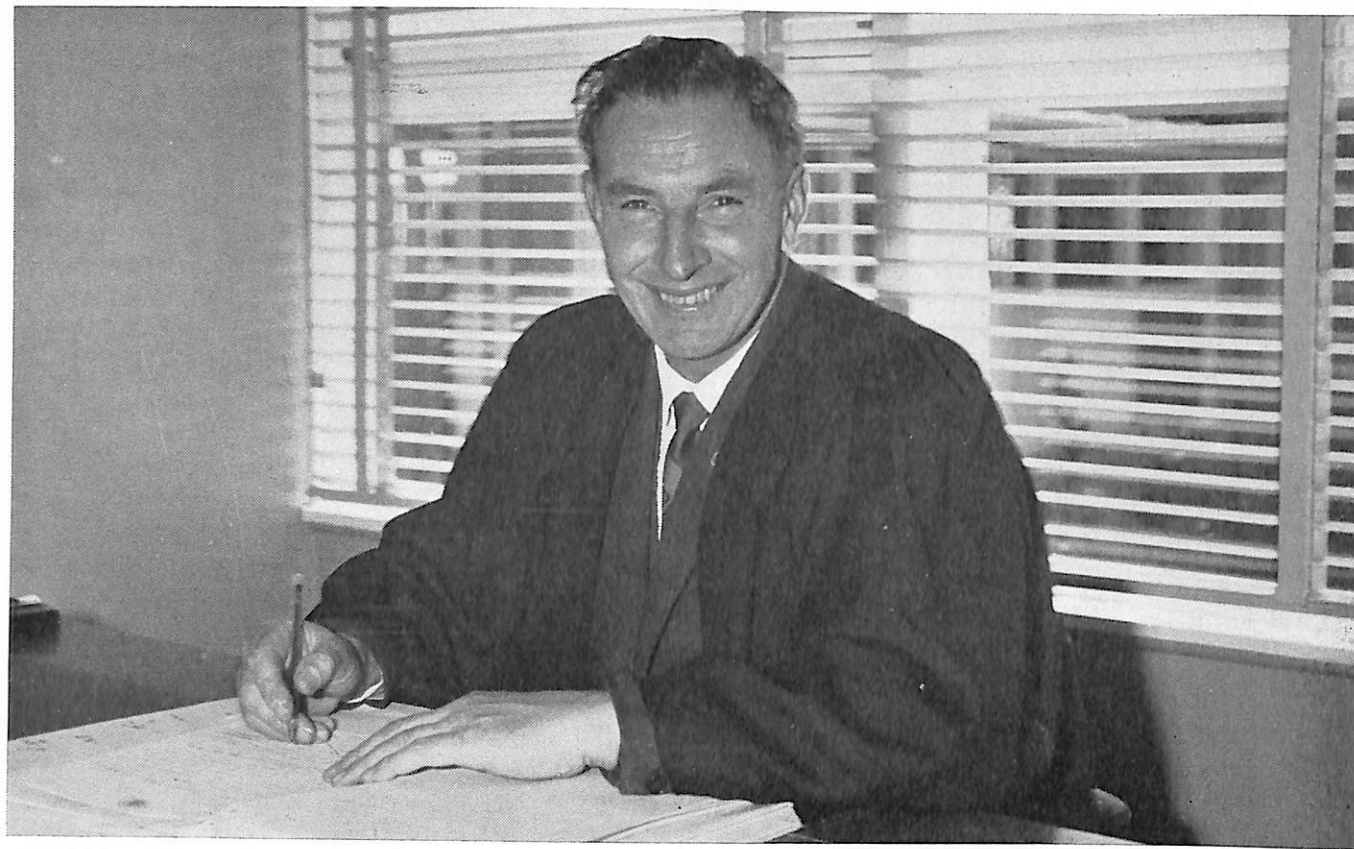
LINDA RIDDINGTON



KARIWANG

MITCHAM HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE 1965

(Cover design by Alex Pinkster)



THE HEADMASTER WRITES

I commend to all readers this issue of the Mitcham High School magazine, which marks the end of the seventh year in the life of the school, and strives to mirror the many phases of the activities of its students and indeed, too, of the staff, in the broad educational programme of a modern school.

A very active and enthusiastic committee has met frequently and has shown considerable initiative in the collection and edition of interesting material.

In carrying out year by year the wide variety of duties involved in the administration of a large secondary school, the head who has the final responsibility, and the accompanying very great honour, linked with any measure of success, has the opportunity of viewing the school as a whole in this mirror.

Perhaps this point has been made many times, but it is important enough to repeat, that success in academic work is to a large extent dependent upon the student's possessing a fairly clear aim, or having an interest in following some particular type of vocation in life. The child who is "just drifting" is always distinguished by his lack of performance to the standard of his ability, and often by the difficulties of poor behaviour and attitudes. Thus all students are advised, through discussion at home and at school, study of pamphlets and books, visits to all types of work establishments, to develop a specific aim within the framework of their own abilities.

However, to the students I would say, you must not forget that in this world of increasing mechanization, greater affluence and lengthening leisure time, your school days cannot be concerned only with purely material aims. We strive to provide a broad, general education and expect you to study with interest and purpose a variety of subjects and to savour different out-of-class activities which will help to develop a full personality, and an ability to occupy leisure time gainfully from the point of view of yourself and that of the community. Please try to resist the selfish and negative attitude that "this subject" is of no value for my job.

Finally, again I express sincere appreciation of the most efficient support of a hardworking body of teachers, all of whose actions have one aim — your welfare, of the co-operation of parent bodies, and of the courtesy and splendid attitude of the large body of students, who by their bearing, generally create the image of a fine school.

Religious Instructors

Rev. N. Brown (Convenor).
 Rev. N. Beurle
 Rev. J. Howells
 Rev. Vernon Cohen
 Rev. R. L. Jones
 Mr. E. W. Heard
 Mrs. Kitchen
 Mr. D. Hart
 Mr. P. O'Brien
 Mr. S. O'Connell
 Mr. G. Leahy

Canteen Committee

Mr. J. Coutts (Treasurer).
 Mrs. J. H. Sturgess
 Mrs. R. C. Hoogendyk
 Mr. S. Foster
 Mr. F. W. Luckhurst
 Mr. A. H. Stuchbery (Secretary).
 Mrs. P. Toy (Supt.).

Report from the Advisory Council

June, 1965, saw the completion of the triennial period of service of the second Advisory Council of the school. These important years were marked by tangible evidence of the planning and hard work of all parent bodies in conjunction with the government authorities who authorized valuable special grants on a £1 for £1 basis to carry out the grounds projects.

This last year saw the completion and grassing of the western oval, the building of the second cricket pitch, the construction of a crushed rock road and play area, and the long-awaited fencing of the grounds.

The Advisory Council has been active in other spheres, too, including the early basic planning of an Assembly Hall, the design and construction of an attractive school name sign and the provision of more adequate facilities for the teaching of science subjects.

Mr. R. C. M. Melgaard, President of the Advisory Council (1962-65) resigned and has taken up an appointment in Great Britain for three years. We thank him for his energetic and effective leadership during those three important years, and welcome his successor, Mr. G. H. Henry, to the chair.

Appreciation of the services of Mrs. N. Hayes, who also resigned, has been expressed.

The Advisory Council is appreciative of the co-operation and financial support of the Parents' and Citizens' Association, the Ladies' Auxiliary and the large body of mothers who give so unselfishly of their time to work in the School Canteen, as well as to Mrs. Toy, a tactful and efficient manageress.

Parents have been informed elsewhere of the decision to abandon the fete as a major fund raising project and to authorize the increase of the composite fee

Office Staff

Mrs. J. Kilpatrick
 Miss R. Brown

Advisory Council

Mr. G. H. Henry (President).
 Hon. J. Manson, M.L.A.
 Cr. O. G. Goldsbrough
 Mr. J. T. Coutts
 Mr. E. C. Reynolds
 Mr. M. D. Hallett
 Mr. S. C. Levy
 Mr. K. Sargeant
 Dr. P. J. Fensham
 Mr. W. Phillips (Dist. Inspector).
 Mr. A. H. Stuchbery (Headmaster and Hon. Secretary).
 Mrs. D. J. Morley

by £2 per family, which will spread the burden evenly and remove a source of interruption to the work particularly of senior students.

The Advisory Council wishes all students deserved success in their studies this year.

Parents & Citizens Association

This is a call to all parents and citizens who are not members of our Association but who are served by Mitcham High School. Would you please become an official member of the Association and thus demonstrate your interest in the school.

Membership is obtained by simply paying a yearly subscription of 2/- (20 cents) to any member of the executive. While the Association does not expect 100 per cent attendance at its Quarterly General Meetings, it does desire 100 per cent interest by the parents and citizens.

There are three main objects of our Association — to foster interest in the school and a social spirit among parents, to assist the Advisory Council in its aim to advance secondary education in this district and to raise funds for amenities and equipment for the school.

To enable the Association to continue to achieve its objectives, it is desirable to have the continued support of all parents and citizens who are interested in the advancement of the school. So please join now and be a partner in the School's progress.

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE



Back Row (left to right): Morag Robertson, Alex Fazakas, Joy Thwaites (Sub. Ed.), Lawrence Burgess, Dale Boucher, Christine Ferguson, Neil Robinson, Daine Alcorn, Terry O'Neill, Suzanne Mitchell, Judy Mikkelsen.
Front Row (left to right): Peter Dingle, Margaret O'Doherty, Colin Bramall (Ed.), Mr. Porthouse (Supervisor), Beverly O'Connell, Magda Motwiejew.

Editorial . . .

As our remaining time at school dwindles, the fabric of our thoughts is for a moment unravelled and spun over the preceding years. The school motto — "Vivere Plene" — once more comes into view, as we first saw it, and we wonder anew at its significance. A full life can only be won through maturity and understanding — and this is brought about by education.

Throughout the first impressionable years at school our thoughts and ideas are gradually being moulded; we are being fitted for a full and worthwhile life.

We cannot help but agree that the primary function of a school is to act as an instrument of education — education of the mind — but the development of character is equally if not more important, as each one of us will very soon be called upon to contribute our utmost as responsible adults in society. It is then that we shall realize the true value of our education in equipping us for this role — a role that is becoming increasingly important in our modern civilization, and is demanding more and more from us as we advance towards an uncertain future.

It is indeed true that the world of tomorrow lies upon the shoulders of the youth of today and further that the future of today's youth depends on the calibre of the individual.

It is here that the school will play its part — will sculpt minds and strengthen bodies, so creating the seed out of which will spring out destiny. And when we leave the schoolroom for the last time, it is hoped that we step out with a great deal more than academic qualifications — with the ability to live fully.

COLIN BRAMALL - JOY THWAITES



Back Row (left to right): Russell Tully, David Gilchrist, John Baker, Graham Burgin, Ian White.
Second Row: Neil Davey, John Darby, Bevely O'Connell, Rasa Sazenis, Christine Gallagher, Robert Perkins, Allan Phillips, Peter Dingle.
Third Row: Greg Tunks, Ian Bugg, Sandra Clifton, Anda Salopayevs, Ken Butcher, Lynette Quick.
Fourth Row: Greg Wilson, Mr. Knight (Senior Master), Brenda Nugent (Head Girl Prefect), Chris Hayes (Head Boy Prefect), Miss McGuire (Senior Mistress), Terry O'Neil.
Front Row (seated): Kay Levy, Morag Robertson, Annette O'Keefe, Pam Tunks.

AN ADDRESS BY THE 28 MOST POPULAR PEOPLE IN THE SCHOOL

28 of the most courageous, responsible, conscientious and foolhardy senior students were this year elected to the office of professional stool-pigeon (i.e. prefect), the top-cookies being Brenda Nugent and Chris Hayes.

We soon found that the joy of detentioning malefactors was only outweighed by the pleasure of being despised by most of the school population. We found nothing more thrilling than to patrol corridors, open lockers and catch latecomers (most of these are sleepwalkers who wake up sometime before morning recess).

Privileges associated with our position varied from the right to attend the district stool-pigeon's stomp (Prefects' Social), to the right to listen to Mr. Hamilton's gentle orations on prefects' duties.

Our only complaints are firstly, that the prefects' room was too luxurious and too private and secondly, that we had too many tea-slopping sessions with the staff.

Social Service

Many Social Service appeals have been conducted during 1966 and due to the generosity of both stu-

dents and parents, these have been successful in raising money for several well-deserving charities.

This very important part of a student's education arouses an awareness of the needs of others, both in our own district and city as well as overseas, and provides everyone with an opportunity to assist.

The following donations have been made from Mitcham High School this year:

Childrens Hospital Good Friday Appeal	£53	16	0
Royal Women's Hospital	10	0	0
National Guide Dogs Training Centre	10	0	0
Aboriginal Advancement League	10	0	0
Spastic Children's Society	10	0	0
Red Cross	10	0	0
State Schools' Relief	10	10	0
Camberwell Lion's Club - Joseph Saruva's trip home for Christmas	30	0	0
Community Aid Abroad - Indian Village - Gram Bharati, Kalamkui	15	0	0

Within the next eight years or so it is expected that Maroondah Hospital will be built within this district and, with the support of students in the next few years, we hope to raise sufficient money to endow a bed. A start has already been made on collections and a bank account opened with the amount of £15.

Margaret Lockyer and Pat Casson of IVC have worked very willingly and efficiently throughout the year, attending to the banking of money and keeping accounts for Social Service.

ACADEMIC ACHIEVEMENTS

1965

Dux of School: Garrett Upstill.
Maths. Science Award: Garrett Upstill.
Humanities Award: Gaye Davey.
Matriculation results: Sixteen of the 27 who presented passed the matriculation examination.

1st Class Honours:— Barbara Hallett (British History), Gaye Davey (Geography).

2nd Class Honours:— John Anderson (British History), Peter Easterby (British History), Garrett Upstill (Chemistry), Diane Macaulay (Modern History, Art), Barbara Hallett (Modern History), Rosamund Goldsmith (Physics, Calculus and Applied Maths.).

Commonwealth Tertiary Scholarships:— Barbara Hallett, Garrett Upstill, Rosamund Goldsmith, Diane Macaulay. Free place: Gaye Davey.

Commonwealth Secondary Scholarships:— (Leaving 10): Kenneth Allan, Kenneth Butcher, Ann Cleary, Peter Dingle, Beverley O'Connell, Alan Phillips, Rasa Sazenis, Colin Tegg, Russell Tully, Richard Thornton.

Intermediate (10): Daine Alcorn, Ian Baldock, Lynette Baxter, Colin Bramall, Peter Edwards, Gillian Fricker, Judy Johnson, Robert Mathews, Alan Robertson, Heather Stewart.

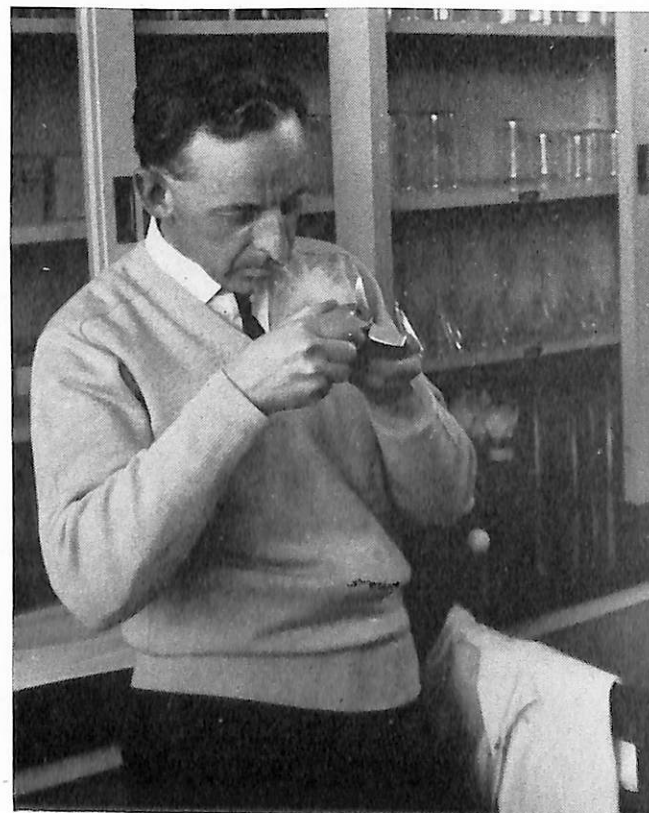
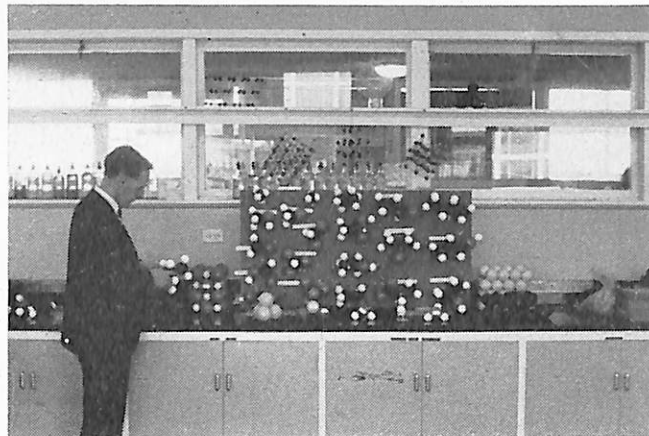
Leaving Certificate: 55 of the 87 candidates who presented externally passed the required 4 or more subjects (63%).

Science Department

This year the Science department has been particularly fortunate in having Mr. John Bavinton, who came to us last year from Monash University and resigned in October to take up a position at C.S.I.R.O. Whilst at the school Mr. Bavinton assisted in the preparation needed for all branches of science at both senior and junior levels. As well as this he managed to construct a considerable amount of equipment for demonstration purposes for Physics and Chemistry. Biological sciences were particularly well catered for with a large number of specimens encased in perspex museum jars, ranging from life cycles of various animals and insects, through dissections of Laboratory animals to life cycles of plants. Senior chemistry classes now have a very full range of molecular models mounted for display and reference.

Additional Equipment

The Commonwealth Science Grant provided the school with its second electric beam balance and a micro-projector. The purchase of an overhead projector has already proved very valuable for science and mathematics teaching. During 1966 it is hoped to build up the junior science with additional classroom texts in preparation for the new science courses shortly to be taught.



Mr. John Bavinton at work in the Science Department

Mr. Orville Borg

My family and I feel extremely fortunate to be in Australia on an exchange teaching assignment and being at Mitcham is an added pleasure. Australian students seem to be little different from the same age student at home. An obvious difference between the two groups is the clothing which is worn to school. Americans wear the clothes that they desire while, of course, uniforms are worn here.

Regardless of the uniform, it does not take long to realize that each student in any class is still an individual, different from anyone else. Students of equal ages seem to be equal in maturity and capable of equal work whether they are in Melbourne or Colorado.

In the United States it is common practice to divide the high school into two separate schools rather than having Forms I through VI together. The junior high school has Forms I, II and III, while the senior high school has the remaining three forms. The division of students into smaller age groups results in a large number of similar age students being together which allows the school administration to offer various courses of study. All students enrol in the basic course such as Mathematics (all levels), Science, English, and History and then select the other courses that they desire.

Since the Australian schools are governed by the State, I expected to see all schools on an equal basis. It is quite surprising to see a considerable difference existing between even the schools in the Melbourne area. The difference between schools can be attributed to many factors, but I feel that the teaching staff in an institution determines the standards within any school. The staff at Mitcham is a most enthusiastic group of individuals and they are behind Mitcham's sound programme. Any student body that is fortunate enough to have a staff with the varied backgrounds found here can benefit a great deal by their teachers' experience.

Probably the greatest difference between the two countries' schools is in the buildings. In the U.S. the school design varies completely from city to city and the buildings are equipped with a greater variety of teaching aids than are commonly available here. The availability of the aids allows the teachers more freedom in presenting his material which makes his job a little easier.

One thing that is not obvious, but does represent a great difference between the two countries' systems, is the great variation between the percentages of students attending schools. In the U.S. 70 per cent of the 18-year-old youths graduate from high school compared to Australia's 20 per cent. In both countries education is an asset and the educated person is respected and usually is an asset to his community.



Mr. Jack Stove

During his two and a half years at Mitcham High School, Mr. Stove made a significant contribution to the life of the growing school. Both his administrative and his teaching abilities were tested to the full and proved equal to the task.

Officially he came as senior master in 1963, but within weeks of his appointment he took over the Headmaster's job temporarily while Mr. Stuchberry toured the world on long service leave. Considerable site work planning was in progress by the Advisory Council and the commencement of some of the actual construction was imminent. It was a time for clear thinking and decision and Mr. Stove gave both with great ability. At the same time there were the many other aspects of the Headmaster's task that needed attention and which were capably carried out.

On Mr. Stuchberry's return, Mr. Stove continued with both the matters of prime importance and the minutiae of the senior master's job. All pupils will remember his "Not good enough" on school assemblies when they snap to attention was not up to standard. Fortunately only a few will personally recall his quiet yet persistent questioning (usually successful) when he was investigating some misdemeanour.

In the classroom he combined high scholarship and clarity of exposition with a firm yet pleasant discipline. His results over many years mark him as one of the top teachers in the Victorian Education Department.

There are many who say that Mitcham High School is a good school. This reputation is due in no small part to Mr. Stove.

CLUBS

DEBATING

1965 has been a most interesting and enjoyable year for the Debating Club. Inter-school debates have been held at the school and our own debaters have visited other schools.

Much progress has been made in the development of the Junior Debating Club also. Many prospective inter-school debaters can be seen among them.

The highlight of the year was Mitcham High School's participation in the Parliament of Youth presented by HSV-7. We were ably represented by Beverley O'Connell, Joy Thwaites and Christine Gallagher. These girls took the opposition in the topic "That the U.S.A. should get out of Vietnam".

We hope to get many new members next year from the first form. But we would also like pupils from the senior forms to try to participate. It is not

only an enjoyable past-time, but it also helps students get over their shyness and prepares them for life outside school.

DRAMA

A Drama Club was formed this year to cater for the needs of those pupils who enjoy working in the medium of drama. At this stage the club is still feeling its way, though it is planned to put on a small play during 1966.

This club is not only confined to students interested in acting but also to those who feel they can help in the way of make-up, stage designing, lighting, etc. This year we have worked at the complexities of movement and mime as they relate to acting. In 1966 we hope to put these into effect. MR. R. MATHEWS

DEBATING CLUB



Top Row (left to right): Rosemary Wagon, Valda Kluga, Helen Smith, Barbara Le Rossignol, Cherie Farrelly, Rhonda Waters, Lorraine Petts, Bronwyn Gillespie, Carol Woods, Judith Curphey, Christine Roberts, Karen Maggs.
Second Row: Suzanne Mitchell, Minna Langevad, Pam Tunks, Erica Sharpe, Sandra Clifton, Jan Andrews, Margaret Henwood, Pat Coffey, Lynette Heard, Margaret O'Dogherty, Carolyn Mansell.
Thirds Row: Rudolph Van Den Bovenkamp, Greg Warner, Ian McCallum, Hector Corda, Colin Tegg, Dale Boucher, Gary Cobon, Ian Williams, Andrew Cobon, Roger Edgoose, Michael Smythe, Leigh Moran.
Fourth Row: Joy Thwaites, Danute Masanauskas, Mr. Matthews, Mr. Adams, Miss McGuire, Beverley O'Connell, Mrs. Moore, Mr. Lyford, Mrs. Luttrell, Christine Gallagher, Peter Sharp, Bruce Atkinson, Richard Gillard, Elizabeth Welsh.



Standing: J. Robertson, M. de Carli, W. Upstill, M. Daniele, H. McElroy, G. Paarman, Mrs. Cowley, O. Lobb, S. Jennings, M. Gadsby, L. de Young, G. Ross, C. Ritchie, B. Youtlen, C. Fallace, J. Connor.
Seated: S. Dordevie, F. Wall, M. Wills, J. Reeves.

Student Operated Bank

The year is coming to a close for the Student Operated Bank. It has been a very successful one and the number of students who bank regularly has increased during 1965. The bank is operated by IVC girls under the charge of Mrs. Cowley and is run on a house competition system. There are four officials who operate a branch for each house. These are: a Teller, Accountant, Clerk and a Manager.

Each student who banks receives one point for his or her house and for every new account five points are given.

House points to the 13th October were:

Myriong	1190
Paringa	1156
Kimbarra	811
Bareena	712

S.C.M. Report

The Student Christian Movement met this year under the expert leadership of Mrs. Tymms and Miss Doble, with Susan Williamson as secretary. Unfortunately, though, we had no senior student to act as our president. We thank Mr. Adams for kindly helping us for a couple of weeks when Mrs. Tymms and Miss Doble were unable to attend.

Our speakers this year included Dr. P. Fensham (from Melbourne University Chemistry Department)

who spoke on how many people, particularly teenagers, tend to follow the actions and styles of others rather than to act as individuals. Another of our speakers was Mrs. Treloar who gave an illustrated talk on life in Kuala Lumpur, Malaya. During our Aboriginal Welfare series, Mrs. Ward and Pastor Doug Nicholls spoke on "Aboriginals in a White Community". To complete the series, Mrs. Havier showed us part of her collection of bark paintings, boomerangs and aboriginal carvings.

Other activities included discussions, one of which was entitled "Church Unity", and visits to local churches — Church of England, Baptist Church, Presbyterian Church and Church of Christ. Several students attended the play "Charlie's Aunt", and a barbecue and film night at Scotch College. At our last meeting for the year, we had a panel of about eight teachers who answered any questions (excluding personal ones!) fired at them by students.

In August, 15 sixth-formers attended a Matriculation Conference organised by the Australian Student Christian Movement at Box Hill High School. The guest speaker, Professor Craggs (Professor of Applied Maths. at Melbourne University), gave an excellent lecture entitled "Are We Free to Choose?", which was followed by discussion. All who attended agreed that the afternoon was most enjoyable and profitable.

We are hoping to have another year as successful as the last, but we would like to see greater attendances, particularly among the senior students.

— SUSAN WILLIAMSON (Sec.)



Back Row: H. Pearce, G. Buck, R. Gillard, R. Clugston, J. Harrowfield, P. Hildebrand, G. Spillane, G. Sharp.
 Second Row: P. Sharpe, R. Maddock, J. Lawson, R. Van der Bovenkamp, L. Moran, C. Pound, B. Gallagher, G. Linney.
 Front Row: N. McIntyre, K. Cordrey, M. Tymms, W. Lee, Miss Campbell, S. Honing, W. Simonds, R. de Bruyn.

Madrigals

During 1965, we have gained some new members who have swelled our ranks to 16. Due to diligent practice, our repertoire now includes three new madrigals: "Sing We at Pleasure"; "Sing We and Chant It"; and (at last) "All Creatures Now are Merry, Merry Minded". We hope to perform two of these on Speech Night. Our thanks go to Miss Campbell for the time and valuable instruction she has bestowed on us.

Choir

This year the girls' choir and boys' choir have combined for our Speech Night effort. Miss Campbell is teaching us the "Daniel Jazz" which was accepted enthusiastically by the younger members of the choir, but rather warily by the more classically-minded members, for, as the name implies, it is vastly different to arrangements we've attempted on past occasions. We are also doing Psalm 150 by Benjamin Britten, which will be accompanied by some instrumentalists.

Instrumental Classes

This year students have had the opportunity to take instrumental lessons. Three teachers come once a week: Mr. Boon, who takes clarinet, flute, saxophone, recorder and bass clarinet lessons; Mr. Brookes who gives trumpet and trombone instruction, and Mr. Knight who teaches the violin. There is also one student who is learning to play the double bass.

Our congratulations go to Anne Lajta who obtained honours in the fourth grade violin examinations recently, and Warren Lee who received credit for his sixth grade piano performance.

In September, the beginnings of a school orchestra were formed, and it is hoped that there may be some instrumental items on speech night.



FENCING

Fencing was introduced into Australia at the beginning of the century; newcomers to the sport are members of the Mitcham High School's fencing classes, conducted by Mr. Tate, Miss Cannon and Mrs. Gollan. Classes were introduced at the beginning of the year and held during dinner hours, every day except Thursday.

Although the foil, as the fencing sword is termed, has a blunt tip, it is still capable of inflicting a nasty wound, so protective clothing and a face mask must be worn. The protective clothing consists of a jacket heavily padded, and for additional safety a glove, preferably leather, is worn on the hand which grasps the foil.

There are three types of fencing instruments: The Foil, the Epee, and the Sabre. But at the moment the club is interested in the foil. With all three weapons lighthness and speed are more important than strength.

The target of the opponent is that part of the body below the neck to a horizontal line across the groin for men and just below the waist for women, with the exception of the arm.

To become proficient in this sport, reactions must be developed by constant practice and the adversary must be kept under constant surveillance when in combat. Perfect timing, balance and speed together with clear thinking, all play their parts as indeed they do in all sports.

It is hoped that in the near future, when we have had more practice, it will be possible to organize fencing tournaments with other schools in the Metropolitan area.

All together, there are fifteen students in the class but, unfortunately, some of the older members are now unable to attend because the final examinations are imminent.

With much appreciation the members of the fencing club would like to thank Mr. Tate, Miss Cannon and Mrs. Gollan for teaching us the art of fencing over the past months.



CHESS CLUB

Soon after our enthusiastic new teacher arrived (Mr. O'Brien), he diligently went to work organizing a chess club. Since then, the more enthusiastic members have played chess almost every school day. Just after the beginning of lunch time they mysteriously appear (together with boards, pieces, lunches and coffee) and sit down to an hour of war. The idle person wandering down the corridor will see grim faces concentrating hard, or smiling faces with glints of victory in their eyes. At the moment, this is the sole activity of the chess club, but we hope that in the future, lessons to beginners and lessons on strategy will commence. — CHECKMATE

Noise Abatement Society

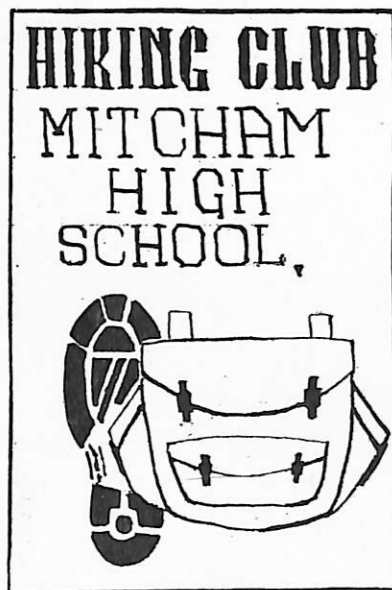
Headed by an energetic young Scottish lass who wishes to make her mark on Australia before sailing back home. This exclusive society has been formed among the 5th Formers dealing specifically with the minimization of noise within the school.

Suggested ways for doing this are:

1. Rubberized footpaths.
2. Bring back silent movies.
3. No slamming of doors, shouting in corridors, etc.
4. Cheering at football only at quarter, half and three-quarter time.

Headed by our illustrious leader, *Montague Charley, who has been sufficiently disinfected to be allowed to enter our honoured country, the society will continue.

*A skull imported from New Guinea.



HIKING CLUB

President: Robert Parkins

Secretaries: Terry O'Neill and Dale Boucher

Organising Committee: Executive plus Annett O'Keefe, Lynette Quick, John Walpole, Kevin Bond and Neil Davey.

The Hiking Club has come a long way and many miles (mostly detours and shortcuts) since its beginning in 1960. Since then many gullible students have been induced to tramp miles in search of the hikers' haven — the elusive milk bar. This year more gullible students were led on seven such hikes, and often the elusive milk bar was besieged and captured.

Despite valiant efforts by the organizing committee, they could only manage to make it rain on two of the hikes. This year, considerably reducing their average performance. The ventures into the unknown this year were to:—

Port Fairy (February): A long week-end hike on which the hikers spent most time sunbaking, surfing, and walking to Tower Hill to enjoy the magnificent vistas, and a volcanic lake. Time was also spent visiting the many points of historical interest in the town. (16 miles).



Commencing the Powell Town Hike

Powell Town (March): The weather was cloudy but urged on by tales of marvellous views from Seven Acre Rock, we arrived to find the view "Persil white" due to low flying cloud. (15 miles).

Wilson's Promotory (May Holidays): The organizing committee was rewarded by the fact that it managed to rain nearly every day. The attractions of this hike were the milk bar, cards, two footballs, food, playing Russian roulette with the showers and hiking, in that order. Hikes made were to Picnic Point (10 miles); Waterloo Bay (14 miles) and the Lighthouse (26 miles), a distance which necessitated a 4 a.m. departure from Tidal River camp.

Castlemaine - Spring - Gully - Vaughan Springs - Mt. Franklin - Daylesford (June). The best hike of the year. Idyllic weather and a fascinating landscape varying from abandoned gold mining settlements to lush river gorges and dense forests kept everyone entranced (27 miles).

Warburton (August): The other wet hike. The heroic hikers climbed Mt. McBride and then "scrub-bashed" down its slopes to the La La Falls. Some were enthralled by Lyre birds, waterfalls, and other wild creatures. On Sunday Mt. Donna Buang was conquered followed by the inevitable snow fight (16 miles).



The hikers resting on a bridge on the "West Bay Track", Kangaroo Island, 15th December 1964.

Grampians (September holidays): The views were marvellous. So was the spectacular fire next door amid the tall timber at 3 a.m.! At first we suspected our ex-president and inveterate arsonist, Garret Upstill, had come among us. Of course, mountains had to be climbed and explored such as Mt. Victory and Mt. Rosea. Some safe rock climbing enabled us to straddle the King William Range (30 miles).

Clematis - Belgrave (October): M.H.S.H.C. returned to the Dandenongs after an absence of five years accompanied by a warm reception (hot day and grass fires) and much bell ringing (fire engines). Several gremlins (1st formers) were initiated to the Club, and nearly drowned the Fearless President, Robert Perkins, during lunch.

The club's activities for this year will culminate with an extensive tour (29 days) of N.Z. during the Christmas vacation. Both islands will be visited: 3,000 miles will be traversed — not all on foot.

HISTORY CLUB



Back Row (left to right): Michael Barnham, Loretta Corris, Christine Black, Susan Williamson, Catherine Foster, Jan Gloury, Margaret Marshal, Valda Kluga, Jennifer Bowers, Neil Westbury.
 Second Row: Dulcie Reid, Leonie Woodberry, Cherie Farrelly, Heather Mayberry, Judy Tunks, Bronwyn Gillespie, Anne Robinson, Rilla Sinclair, Anne Sproule.
 Seated: Gary Alcock, Robert Dell, John Hammer, George Burden, Robin Bowden, Frank Wandoch, Ross Green, Roger Edgoose, Stuart McConchie, Russell Maddock.
 Front Row: Susan Bugg, Lorraine Betts, Laima Priede, Mr. Adams, Judith Mayberry (Pres.), Mrs. Moore, Robyn Farran, Helen Bissell, Janice Cockram.

LIBRARY CLUB



Library Club Notes

Since the beginning of 1965, a substantial amount of money has been spent on acquiring new books to stock our library shelves. Over 900 books have been added to the existing supply, including both fiction and non-fiction.

The number of books of reference such as Encyclopaedias, Year Books, etc., is increasing and they are proving their usefulness every day.

The lunch-hour sessions are usually well-filled in spite of so much opposition caused by other club activities in the school. The Library Club holds regular monthly meetings to organize and direct the hard-working core of workers, who are required to cope with the various jobs necessary in the running of the library. They are to be congratulated on their enthusiasm and regular assistance.

With memories of last year's visit to the Melbourne University Press in mind, another outing is to be arranged, probably to the Melbourne Public Library, which should prove both interesting and enjoyable.

History Club Notes

This year the History Club has conducted several interesting excursions. In first term, we visited several of Melbourne's historical focal points: The Shrine, Old St. James Cathedral, the Flagstaff Gardens, and a place of more recent history, the Latrobe Library.

In second term, the clubs went to Como House. It is planned to go to Williamstown in third term and visit places of interest here.

As well as excursions, the club has also been given many interesting short talks by Dr. Balson of Monash University, Mr. Stuchbery, Mrs. Enterkin, Mr. Boge, and several other members of staff.

JUDY MAYBERRY, President

Creative Writing and Art

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF AUSTRALIA

When I went home last Christmas, after spending two years at Sogeni Secondary School, which is thirty miles from Port Moresby, I received the news that I was chosen to come down to Australia for further schooling. I was quite thrilled and having consulted with my parents, I gladly accepted this unique opportunity to study in Australia. Not very many have had the same chance in New Guinea.

This opportunity was generously offered by the St. John's home for Boys and Girls, Canterbury. The St. John's offered accommodation and food and the Lion's Club of Camberwell offered to sponsor me.

I knew there would be disadvantages about changing schools in the middle and making a new start in a school with a different system. On the other hand there would be advantages in sharing the life of people in a more highly developed country. I knew I'd find the school work difficult as the jump from Territorial Intermediate, based on N.S.W. to Victorian Leaving is quite big.

After flying for ten hours from Port Moresby, I finally arrived at Essendon Airport. I did not see much of the city, as it was dark, but I had a most magnificent aerial view of Melbourne at night. It looked like a fairy land with all the many lights. I could have sworn at first sight that the plane was flying upside down and that I was looking at the stars above.

Having come from a primitive society where everyday life is one of hunting, gardening, fishing and a more recent one of growing cocoa for cash crop, I

knew I had to adjust myself to many things. Like anyone else who goes away from home for the first time, I felt homesick at first. But it was not long before things began to liven up as I began to make many friends.

One of the things that strikes me or anyone from New Guinea who comes to Australia, is the enormous size of the city. When I saw Port Moresby for the first time I thought it was a huge place. But compared with Melbourne, Port Moresby is no bigger than Mitcham and Nunawading put together. Also the amount of traffic on the road amazes me much and I must admit I get scared. Anyway, who wants to get run over by a car I don't.

It is equally amazing to see machines doing practically every job both in industry and the home. It is wonderful to see the ingenuity of man but on the other hand, with machines doing all the work, man is left with little use of manpower and tends to become lazy.

Since I've been here I found that most Australians are very friendly and kind. This is so of many that I have met before I came down here. I have also found that everyone down here works hard to earn a living thus keeping up the living standard. Many people in New Guinea tend to believe that all Australians live an easy, comfortable life of luxury.

Having seen and learnt a bit of the Australian way of life, I realise that we in New Guinea have a long way to go yet. It will be quite a long time before New Guinea reaches the stage where Australia is at present.

— J. SARUVA

THE MEANING OF SUCCESS IN LIFE

by Joseph Saruva, VA

To achieve success in life has been, and always will be, the main object of man as long as the earth exists. Very few people who want to be successful in life get what they desire.

Many hundreds of men and women struggle for success in life: scientists, painters, athletes, and people of all walks of life are always struggling and straining in the one great effort to live successfully.

But success is by no means another word for happiness. We read of successful people of the past to whom age brought no happiness but rather the contrary. We find that these people, after they have obtained what they wanted, complain of unrest, disappointment and disillusionment.

Many of these people who are struggling for success, dreaming of success and longing for success are far happier in their struggles than those who have won it. Many have discovered that happiness lies in desire and work. Desire for success means that the heart

has set its affection on the unattainable. What the heart really wants is something which this world can never give, and that is satisfaction.

No-one can be happy in idleness, but rather happiness comes when one is striving and aspiring. It has been found that the most wretched people are often the successful millionaires, and the happiest are the poor and humble folk.

I think it is all confusing. If success is a deceiver, why bother striving for it?

In conclusion, I must say that if anyone wants to be very successful in life, the good things he or she should strive after are: knowledge, wisdom, mercy, sympathy and moral strength.

When all these virtues have been achieved, you find that, whether the world counts you a success or failure, you have worthwhile success — and that is the peace that passes understanding. It is said:

"Success is counted sweetest
By those who never succeed."

History In Stone

by C. O'Connor, VI

As you walk in the gate, a sense of mystery and timelessness drifts into your mind, and you can imagine life there when the house was newly built, with the family employing several servants and entertaining in a gracious style.

The old house is built of bluestone cut by early craftsmen when Melbourne was still young. High off the ground it is surrounded on three sides by long verandahs, almost obscured by rows of head-high, bright blue hydrangeas. Wide, white, marble steps lead up to the heavy panelled door. The white, china door-knob turns and we see into a short, dark hallway, with a large reception room on the right and a library opposite. Inside, a sense of another world pervades the gloom. The high, heavily ornamented ceilings, the long, narrow dark passages illuminated by an occasional skylight and the small bay windows in each room seem to give a glimpse of the past.

The narrow hallway breaks into two, long, dark passages which run the length of the house, opening on to a verandah at the two far corners. At short intervals, these passages are connected by other short passages running across the house. All the main rooms and the bedrooms have small, bay windows and huge fireplaces in which fires were kept alight to keep out the evening draughts while the family worked by candlelight. Even the kitchen and bathroom have huge fireplaces which would have been used for heating water. Along the passages are numerous doors leading to tiny rooms used for storage, and in one cupboard, a spiral staircase leads to the attic beneath the tiles.

The garden, outside the backdoor, is overshadowed by two, huge, spreading oak trees. Near the back gates, and to one side, is a large, two-storied, red brick building: a later addition for the stables and grooms' quarters. One the other side of the yard near the shady green oak is an old well, almost overgrown with weeds. What could there be in this well? Why do visitors peer fearfully into its depths? Hearsay claims that the bodies of victims lie buried here. For this is the house of a well-known Melbourne criminal — Squizzy Taylor.

Many legends have grown up about this house, and the life of the man who lived there. But the house has not stood still in time, for now its air of mystery and eeriness has almost disappeared, and the air around is now filled with the sound of school-girls chattering and laughing as they pass to their lessons in the old rooms that have seen many generations.

Man With Guitar



John Aufmanis

SEASCAPE

The wind began to howl
The sea began to growl
The clouds went sailing past,
And the sea was a shattered pane of glass.
The wind blew stronger and the cloud grew grey,
And the fish began to jump:
Then it began to rain —
And all of the fish disappeared in a flash,
Just as the night loomed over the bay.

— DANNY ALAIA, 1D

Good Will of the Company

Deep Space Cruiser NF.05. is nothing out of the ordinary. It has a normal height of 125 feet, diameter of 360 feet and is painted regulation gold. To an experienced observer of such things, this craft has no special features, but to the unpractised eye of the reader, its appearance may come as somewhat of a surprise. As you may have guessed, it is one of those objects which you may call for the moment — "Flying Saucers".

If you want to look inside, you may. Come up to one of the three slender pylons which support the saucer and press the blue button on the right. A door will soon open. When it does, step inside, and you will be whisked away, up into the very bowels of the ship.

Inside all that can be heard is the low hum of the central power system, and the occasional click-click-click of a computer working on the ship's directional patterns for the next voyage — which reminds me — you will only have a short time to look around before the final departure countdown. You may want to see the ship blast off.

Walk down the passage marked G-C. Notice that the floor is transparent so that you may see right down to A-level, where the power cells are stored. You may also notice that there are no doors leading from the corridor. Now you are at the end of the passage. Step on to that mat and you will find that a door will materialize on the wall that you had thought black. Come in.

Now, where would you like to go? To the crew's quarters? The library? The control room? All right, the control room it is. This is the transport car which runs around the perimeter of the spaceship. Ask the operator to take you to the computer room. Do not expect him to answer. He is a robot.

The room is not at all as you expected. It is smallish, occupied by not more than five people, each intent on watching a screen in front of him, or making adjustments on the levers and knobs at his fingertips. In the centre of the room sits the control master. He is the man who — suddenly a shrill bell rings its warning throughout the ship . . . I am afraid you must leave now. Be careful to shelter behind a protective shield, or you may be burnt by radiation.

Even from behind a transparent radiation shield, the spacecraft is an impressive sight. It sparkles and glitters with a yellow brilliance which makes you glad you have been provided with dark glasses.

Then you notice that something has changed: a blue glow emanating from the very centre, top and bottom of the massive disc, seems to surround the craft. *This is the dreaded radiation!* The low hum heard previously throbs and pulses to a high pitched scream. Without the slightest movement on the part of the ship,

first, then more quickly. Higher and higher, up into the three supporting columns withdraw into its now perfectly smooth bulk. It begins to rise slowly at the darkness until, despite its size and brilliance, it can hardly be picked out among the myriads of stars which dot the night sky.

Suddenly she emits a violent dazzling blue flash and begins to build up her speed. Within a second you cannot see it anymore. Within a minute it has passed from the furthest reaches of the solar system, into the intense blackness of interstellar space and beyond.

Bang! . . . "You have just witnessed the departure of the Deep Space Cruiser NF.05. through the good will of Xanu Galactic Tours Company. We hope you have enjoyed your trip. Thank you."

"How?" You may well ask "Where?" Well, someday they may visit us in person, and then you will know the whole story.

PETER EDWARDS, JA



M. Ryan

New Guinea v. Antarctica

The following is the after-effect of an exam topic which read: "Would You Rather Spend Your Holiday in New Guinea or Antarctica? Give Reasons"

What a choice one has! Vitamins and carbohydrates for a cannibalistic headhunter or suspended animation, frozen into the Antarctic ice cap.

The blazing midsummer beating down torturously on Antarctica is the prime cause of the many cases of frost bite encountered by intrepid lunatics who venture south of the 66½th. parallel. While adversely the intense cold has brought down many people with sun-stroke and associated fevers throughout the length and "length" of N.G.

Of course, the New Guinea temperatures are only high when the sun shines (it only appears for about 312 days per annum) so few people notice it. As was once said in a well-known song: "Mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun". The equivalent of this down south is (and I misquote from a well-known song!): "Sledge dogs and penguinmen go out in the midnight gale" (unquote).

The adverse weather conditions increase discomfort in both these localities by their effect on the vegetation. In N.G. the monsoon rain which generally strikes during the rainy season gives life to luxurious vegetation which blankets the ground for 200 feet making it very impenetrable. Antarctica offers the exact opposite being devoid of anything above lichen so all food must be imported and crops can't be grown for the ground is up to 3000 feet under the ice.

Volcanic activity is a common disadvantage in both regions and a sudden Krakatoa beneath your bungalow-igloo would cause certain discomforts. If you could sleep while lava poured in your bedroom window then you're welcome to the place, but the normal human, on discovering the literal powder keg which he is reposing on, is apt to evacuate immediately (if not sooner).

Looking optimistically with your eyes shut you see advantages of course. Many a scientist would give his right hand man (assistant) to study the effects of malaria on an average person, the gradual stages: delirium, ravings, stupor, subconsciousness and final death, followed by an epitome on the decomposition of a buried corpse and . . .

Antarctica offers a complete library of books for the ardent student: "The Ratio of Velocity Acceleration of a Body Falling Down a Crevice"; "The Movement of a Glacier"; "Life in an Iceberg", and an appendix dealing with first hand information on drowning.

Swimming, a very popular form of suicide, can be done quite well in either place. Setting aside crocodiles, swamps, mangroves and wandering Peruvian piranhas,

the swimming is marvellous in N.G. In Antarctica there are no hazards if you discount icebergs, and you can enjoy a carefree swim among the whales, seals and walruses in lovely 32½° F. water.

On clothes, a book could be written — but who would want to write a novel on his shirts!

However for N.G. light clothes are needed, all lined with a mosquito net and painted with insect repellent. Seaman's boots are recommended to prevent snake bite. Antarctica requires about two dozen heavy football jumpers, 25 pairs of trousers, ditto pairs of socks and a few, genuine Japanese Eskimo suits.

One could write a lot on accommodation but the landlord would object and evict. Let it suffice to say that accommodation is pretty good all round, for grass huts (with head-hunting landlords; but aren't they all?) abound throughout N.G., and Antarctica is dotted, American, Russian and Ecuadorian bases all willing to take you in, brainwash you for information and then gently evict you.

Food is unattainable in both places because in N.G. the trees are too high for adequate climbing and they are non-existent in Antarctica. To both places food supplies must be imported at considerable cost. To N.G., medical supplies, the amount of ½ truckload per member of the party, must be brought in to combat malaria and all jungle plagues. In addition the ardent tourist needs shark repellent, snake bite antidotes, crutches, stretchers and tons of quinine.

Weighing the odds, both countries come out fairly even and any more points on either side would wreck the scales. It is obviously not advisable to tempt fate in either of these resorts. Personally I would choose a spot halfway between the two; reference to a world map would show that Port Moresby and Antarctica are both c.2200 miles from Melbourne so I would stay home. This choice would save expense and the hardships of the tropical paradise (for Anopheles mosquito and crocodile) or the sub zero, golf course-like traps (crevices, snowdrifts, etc.).

If the choice between the two was compulsory the better choice would be Antarctica. Reasons? Well this land, once you get used to the cold, is the perfect haven for schoolboys: it is about the only region utterly devoid of schools. Imagine! A year (only one boat each year) of blissful escape from subjugation by our tyrants AND no detentions.

What a paradise!

NEIL ROBINSON, IVB

In Memory of an Unfortunate Schoolboy

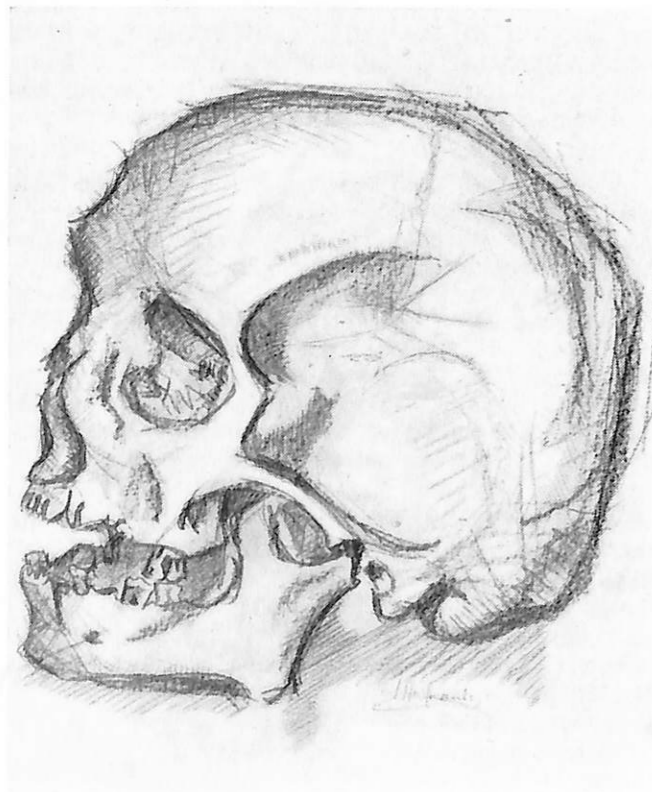
'Please sir,' the child it said to the Teach,
In voice full of trembling and woe,
'Please sir, I think my pen's ended its ink,
For it really refuses to go'

A silence spread over the classroom,
The air of foreboding did taste,
As the words of that lad echoed feebly,
Then fled out the door in great haste.

The master was visibly quite at a loss
Not knowing if rightly he heard,
But a doubt in his mind he soon could not find,
And to punishment he was spurred.

As he arose, the class shuddered deep,
And pitied the one who had erred,
For many before him had done as he did,
And all were now deeply interred.

The master approached at a funeral pace,
The cowering, whimpering lad,
And stared with the stare of one possessed
(Because of the shock he had had).



John Aufmanis



Then, at that fateful moment of time,
The Head strode heavily in,
And looked as intent as ever he could
At the boy who committed the sin.

'What did he do?' head loudly enquired,
Still observing the paralysed lout,
'He', hissed the other, with voice much incensed,
'Said that his pen had run out!'

'Oh what a crime, what a blasphemous act,
What a treacherous thing to say!
Go out to the yard, and tie him up hard,
And shoot him without delay!'

So the youngster was grabbed, while the others did
Maths,
And bound with a stout length of string,
Then rushed on outside, though he screamed and he
cried,
And attached to the playground's own swing.

A shot rent the warm, sunny afternoon air,
Then the masters both came back inside,
One to his office, the other to teach —
Not a thought for the lad who had died.

In the room there now stood a desk which was empty,
Except for an innocent pen on its lid.
'Must keep it,' the master said soft to himself,
'As a reminder of what has been did.'

A moral for this is hard to imagine,
But I think there is one which is sensible;
If ever your pen dries its ink supply up,
Continue your writing in penceble.

— PETER DINGLE, VIB

To Buy or not to Buy

To buy or not to buy — that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The out-dated rags of last year's fashions,
Or starve and wear a newly modelled dress,
And by Hire Purchase end embarrassment? To be
strong, to go without.

Enough; and in buying end all scorn.
The heart-ache and the thousand tastless jeers
To which a dress of last year's vintage is subject,
To buy, perhaps a debt too great.
Ay, there's the complication;
For through that debt what collectors might call!
And when this mortal coil I leave,
Who doth pay the debt?

*No responsibility or liability accepted re
complaints from Willy Shakespeare.*

— PHILIP JOHN BELLIS, IVB



Bailed Up!



The Conversation

Priscilla: Good morning! Beautiful day isn't it?
Percival: Yes, we are enjoying extremely fine weather. I had a simply scrumptious breakfast.

And so the conversation went on against the backdrop of a mild, balmy breeze which blew gently over and yet hardly disturbed the peaceful waves. Somehow the lazy mode of their talk matched this calm, sunny day. The ocean stretched in all directions as far as the eye could see until it finally merged with the bright, blue dome of the sky. As no better occupation presented itself, the two chattered on, soon turning to the intriguing subject which interested them most.

Percival: The water beckons today. It's a pity we can't swim a little further.

Priscilla: Well of course you know that's impossible. One never knows when some of those cannibalistic creatures are lurking nearby just itching to kill and mercilessly devour the unsuspecting?

Percival: Prissy, how you do exaggerate! I'm bored to tears with this place. The scenery becomes over familiar and, besides, it's most restricting to my adventurous spirit.

Priscilla: Remember the disaster which befell my great uncle Egbert that fatal day he was innocently carrying a little boy on his back. Why, the water was quite shallow and he was being very careful, too, but just the same one of those savage animals murdered him. It was tragic, truly tragic.

Percival: I've heard a rumour that some fellow or other who declares himself an expert on the subject is exploring the possibility that other creatures actually have the power to think.

Priscilla: What complete and utter nonsense! Quite sure you're feeling well? Naturally the whole notion is ridiculous.

Percival: I'll admit it sounds somewhat incredible. If a brain did exist it would be only primitive in structure and could not produce creative thought.

Priscilla: I advise you not to air such revolutionary views in public. There are too many of us who still think that we are the only advanced beings on this planet.

Percival: Well, good bye, I must be going now but shall continue this conversation further some other time.

With a friendly flip of their fins the two porpoises parted still pondering the problems of an unknown species.

SUSAN GREGORY, IIIA

The Misfit

From the flickering shadows, a small figure detached itself and began to wander along the main street. It walked dejectedly towards the iron horse-trough and took a sniff at the green murky waters. Revolted, it wandered on.

As the light from a shanty window fell upon the creature it turned its head hopefully towards the door — its only reward was a sharp shooting pain in its rump and a raucous shout from the shanty's occupant.

The little donkey was a pitiful sight with its large, ugly head set upon a short, thin neck, which gave the animal a clownish air; its emaciated flanks and ribs that resembled a concertina did nothing to enhance its appearance.

Suddenly the stillness of the cold, night air was disrupted by the crack of a whip and the thundering of hoofs. Round the corner, at a gallop, came a large dray and team.

As the four, black horses thundered past him the donkey cowered, trembling, in the gutter. The team slithered to a standstill across the road, with bits jangling, foam-flecked jaws, and sweat-streaked sides.

The driver entered the store and emerged with a bag of oats. As he mounted the driving seat and took up the reins, the horses swept off, jerking the dray behind them.

The donkey watched them go, his envy showing in his large, brown eyes. He turned and sniffed at an oat which had blown from the sack. In wonderment he lipped at it. It was good. He sniffed again and found some more.

He turned and walked slowly back up the street, head high, and soon merged again with the shadows, as silently as he had come.

BY A MISFIT

Through Child's Eyes

She squatted there, on the thick grass, and traced a furrow in the thick, dark earth with a stick. The stick broke the earth and the crumbly line pleased her. She went on tracing, partitioning the bare patch into a kingdom she alone could rule. The childish fingers scrabbled among the grass, pulled up a tuft and raked out the soft, unhealthy brown death underneath. She scattered her spoils over the whole and sat back to survey it. Growing tired of her play, her eyes glazed over and the stick made absent-minded trails among her patterns.

She sang softly as she dreamt: it was a childish song, meaningless and full of meaning, and her dreams were vivid and simple — child's dreams. She figured largely in them, being human and selfish.

She saw herself playing with the dog: a strong, soft, living dog. It was the dog that her father had brought home that morning. It was warm and full of life — and quivered response at her touch. Then she saw the dog grown, leaping after her, the sun netting its short, black coat, till it gleamed metallic blue. It was a happy dream and her lips parted involuntarily in content — but then something jolted against the dream, shattered it, and a paining terror shot through her. She was precipitated back to her mud and stick unprepared and shaken. She cast the stick away and turned from her creation, finding it grown suddenly wild and strange. She walked in a kind of daze to

the front gate and then — again the sickening soul-jolting. On the road she saw it, and she knew what it was before she made it out.

She walked slowly up to the corpse of the pup. It lay very, very still. She couldn't touch it — she could hardly look at it. Then, with agonizing slowness her hand stretched out and — touched the short, black coat: it was warm. The life blood was not yet cooled. A swift, soft scream twisted free of her lips. "Live! Live!" she whispered fiercely. But the dog's eyes were cold and dead — this was not her proud dog — only a lifeless shell of it. She stood up and turned away, a cold ache tearing at her. It had been living an hour ago; now it was no more. Was she alive or was she dead and dreaming? No! she knew she was alive. One did not always know if one was dreaming in dreams, but one knew in life. Then her feelings recoiled and hot tears blinded her. She walked unseeing down the cracked pavement; and by the time the salt had dried on her cheeks her grief had slipped away like water on sand.

An old, grey cat sidled round her legs. She bent and stroked it and it thrilled response — it was warm and living. Her child mind flowed back into place, covering the glimpse of life and almost hiding it.

JOY THWAITES, VB

The Grey Lady

The old woman sat on the verandah, hunched in the frayed, old, wicker chair. She always sat just that way, day after day, after day. There was a timelessness about her.

The old verandah didn't quite face the street; it had been built before the roadway was determined and was thus at an angle. It was rather cracked and withered, choking little bits of moss and weed strangled through the old boards. If you had stepped roughly on to it — it might have crumbled. But few people stepped on it.

The old woman liked to come outside to her chair each morning. She liked to watch the sky, and the ground — and the children going to school — but she liked to think most of all. Her hair was drab and nondescript — as were her clothes and her face. She seemed very grey; she blended with the old house so that you hardly noticed her — she was like a picture, and just as still.

The children took little notice of her. Some said she was 'queer', others that she wasn't a real person, that she had been turned to stone by magic — she sat there, motionless, always. But she didn't worry them unduly. They were not even disturbed enough to cross the road to avoid her. She was always there and they accepted it. And the old woman dreamed of the past.

She often saw herself as young — and she forgot the present; she forgot she was old, and slipped into the soothing tide of the long ago days. She saw her two little boys playing in the old house, the happiness and colour of those days — she had not always been

grey, she, too, had known youth. But then her dreams would become troubled. She would dream of war — of her husband killed, of her sons killed, and she would hate the dream and come back to the sky and children for comfort.

She was not quite forgotten. Every week for a long time the ladies had come. They were from a nearby church, and they brought her jams, and fruit, and other things — and they talked to her. They were coming today. She had bought a jar of jam for them — she was too tired to make her own now. Her best checked cloth was ironed — and she ought to go and lay the table. But wait a little while. She was tired. Yes — she would give them a nice time. It would almost be as good a time as was had in the old days. She knew it all: they would make the tea, and admire her preparations. They were nice women — they were friends. No-one else mattered because no-one else knew she was a person. Most people ignored her. She really ought to lay the table — but she would rather think and slip back into the past.

And the children came home from school as usual. The old lady was still there, still hunched in the old, frayed, wicker chair. They didn't look at her; they didn't even notice her — it was as if she wasn't even there.

But she didn't mind. The ladies would notice. Perhaps they might even be upset. But, after all, they were friends. It didn't matter that the children didn't notice, it didn't matter that the neighbours would only sigh and say, "A pity" — the ladies would notice the grey lady was dead.

JOY THWAITES, VB

DREAMS

Dreams - strange mind pictures
Drifting through sleep -
Visions of life
And yet they are not lived.
In them Joy rides,
She is a breast of fear
All the senses
Weaving a garment strange.

Cloth of sleep - to cloak the unconscious eyes
Showing them places never yet viewed by day.
In this dark life, earth's frames are cast away
And the spirit soars from its waking cage:
Now it walks a far plane, a distant region
Where dreaming minds live their brief release.

Could it be that Life is itself a dream?
Shall we wake soon - unknowing and unprepared?

J. L. THWAITES, VB



Carol de Bruyn



METAMORPHOSIS

We were intent on our game of golf when Thompson mentioned casually the possibilities of talking with the dead. If it had not been for Mortimer, who seriously believes in witchcraft, I think that the pleasant game of golf would not have been displaced by a rather heated discussion on the supernatural. As Mortimer is constantly challenged to support his beliefs with facts, I was not surprised, when he stated that he frequently held conversation with his ancestors, to find the group of us invited to his old mansion to witness one of these unusual visitations.

Mortimer had certainly created an appropriate atmosphere for his forthcoming speech. We were seated in a type of picture gallery, containing portraits of most of his ancestors. It was poorly lit by candles — "My ancestors dislike all modern conveniences so I do not have electricity in their rooms" explained Mortimer — and it was filled with the haziness of cigarette smoke.

Our eyes had barely adjusted to the lack of definition in the room when Mortimer's querulous voice penetrated the shadows.

"Are you there Grandfather . . . Oh, I must ask you, have you met Claude yet? No! he passed over the other day —the poor fellow had a heart-attack. But you remember how he never believed me, don't you? So do please tell him I can really converse with you."

I felt that none of us would be enlightened until the moment of death. His one-sided conversation threw no further light on the subject. Thompson's remark was mocking: "You can't convince me you were actually talking to your grandfather. You could easily have invented that conversation, for we can't disprove it. But if you could talk to *my* ancestors and name them . . ."

We were all invited to Thompson's mountain-lodge on the following Saturday night.

It had drizzled all day and the thunderstorm broke as I left for my intriguing meeting. The trip was long and boring, and the monotonous clatter of hailstones on the car roof made me drowsy. Twisting ferns and dripping pines whistled past me as I mounted one steep gradient after another. Already I was some ten minutes late and this was one discussion I was too interested in to miss.

The hairpin bend came suddenly and was sharp. The squeal of brakes and the spinning of a steering wheel could not save me on the wet, slippery bitumen, and the car cascaded through the whipping ferns to be brought to a sudden halt by a large cluster of sturdy pinetrees.

It took some time to force open the crushed door and clamber out into the wet hollow. I only managed to regain the roadside with the help of several small saplings and the odd pine. At that time of the evening there was no sign of habitation and, not knowing the area, all I could do was push on to Thompson's lodge and hope to gain a lift.

During the strenuous hike, all I could do was marvel at my miraculous escape from serious injury, and I again began to anticipate the forthcoming showdown at which I would still be present. The wet mountain scenery passed by unnoticed, while my thoughts wandered along these lines and it seemed to take a comparatively short time to reach the lodge.

I rang the bell, the manservant answered, I looked past his vacant gaze at the small party of disinterested men seated in the living room.

Mortimer looked up and exclaimed, "Why, here he is now!"

Thompson was the only one who could find the voice to ask *where*.

GILLIAN FRICKER, VA

Freedom! Freedom!

What joy to spend one's life
soaring and tacking from
monotony and drudge to
works of true pleasure!

Ever forgetful of routine,
hours, pettiness and deadlines.

To work at one's true desire
to succeed or fail;
Just one chance to freedom
from man's handmade web of rush . . .

CHRISTINE FERGUSON, VB

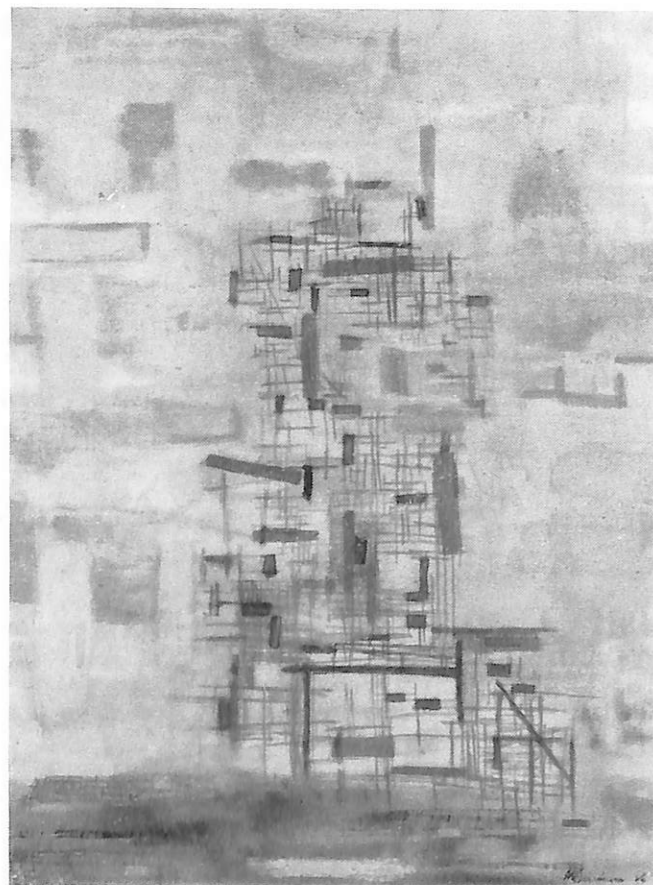
LOW RELIEF SCULPTURE

John Aufmanis

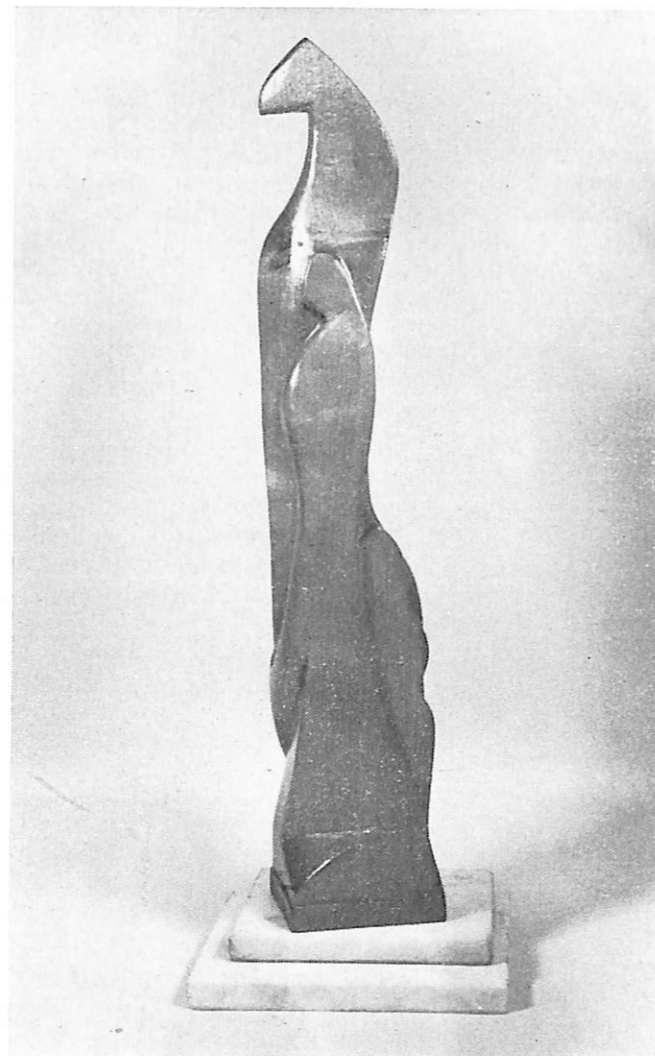
Life's Theatre

The scene is set, the stage is ours.
 Now is our cue—to speak, to act.
 Our parts are directed by a greater power;
 Yet we direct ourselves in all our selfish deeds.
 Our words are written;
 Yet we speak our own.
 Our script is the Book of Love;
 Yet words of hate are spoken.
 The play could run eternally —
 If we were not poor players.

OSSIAN



W. Saunderson



R. Perkins

Alpha

Blended into a harmony of morning darkness
 the far distant horizons swept down to the misty river
 where 'neath a verge of scrub
 we sat in silence,
 Listening to the fury of the ocean,
 watching for the tell-tale flecks of dawn.

Slowly a shaft of yellow pierced the stormy fold
 turning grey to pink - purple - scarlet;
 bring to life the inert water
 enlivening the fish to jump,
 for insects.
 And from hidden nests, like bats,
 came the swallows -
 but gracefully -
 soaring, as if enchanted, higher and higher
 into the drabness of daylight.

DALE BOUCHER, VB

Higher Education for Girls

Why bother with higher education for girls when most of them merely get married and spend the rest of their lives in the home?

Higher education for girls is essential if a nation wishes to make use of its available work force. Women are physically and mentally equipped to take up professions which require higher education. Their capabilities must not be overlooked.

Firstly, it is necessary to understand what is meant by "higher education". Any education above the ages of sixteen or seventeen would certainly come into this category. Matriculation, specialized training in various fields, as well as tertiary education, are all on a level which can be considered as higher education. Why should girls be denied their opportunity for such educational fulfilment?

It is claimed that girls need no higher education because most of them will get married. However, not all girls marry young, that is, when they are under twenty-four or twenty-five. Consequently there may be seven or eight years between the time when a girl leaves secondary school and when she marries. In this situation it is worthwhile for her to train for a valuable career. The girl, then, has the satisfaction of knowing that she has attained something which will benefit her, directly or indirectly, all her life. If she has need or inclination to, she is capable of obtaining a rewarding job — perhaps later in her married life when her children have grown up. Such a job would give a woman added security, a sense of personal achievement, and interests in the world around her.

Even if a woman does not return to her job after she is married, her higher education is definitely not wasted. An efficient, intelligent wife is an invaluable asset for a man whether he is in a profession, a trade, or industry. The ability to talk about more than the weather will always be an admirable quality, and by furthering her education a girl will be able to do this. She will widen her interests and outlook on life. A man can be justly proud of a wife who can converse fluently and competently with his superiors and colleagues.

With her intellect more fully developed by higher education, a girl will be able to cope with the problems of married life, probably much better than if she had no advanced education. She may also benefit materially by being able to save money while working, and thus make a sizeable contribution to the setting up of her home.

Ultimately higher education benefits not only the girls who received it, but it directly helps the future generations. In educating a man, you fit him for his job in life, but when you educate a woman you educate a family.

BEVERLEY O'CONNELL, 6A

BIRD

A bird floats high,
 Black against blue —
 A wandering speck in the huge
 Dazzling nothingness —
 Wheeling,
 Hovering,
 Swooping,
 Free of cares and worries,
 Of the ball and chain of life.
 Floating so lazily,
 Hazily,
 Suspended —
 Supreme of all below,
 A drifting form not bound
 To earth,
 Rising higher,
 Soaring,
 Exulting,
 Beating down the binding air,
 Then gliding smoothly.
 Untroubled.
 Unreachable.
 An object which man will conquer
 Never.
 Silent,
 Flowing.
 No roar, no echo,
 No humbling silver monster
 Cruelly burdening the sky.
 But then, this bird was made to fly,
 To escape man's clutches,
 As a natural destiny.
 Flying thus must be to it
 As great a feat as is to us
 Walking down the street.
 Now it hovers,
 An airborne statue,
 Almost further and higher
 Than eyes can see —
 Beyond the muddy vacuum
 Of any human mind.
 Then in a second
 It is gone,
 Winging over unknown miles
 Scorning earth until the day
 It never soars again —
 When the bird has lost its battle
 And lies,
 Rotting and stinking,
 In some forgotten,
 Forgettable,
 Corner,
 And ceases forever,
 Even though it once flew
 So high,
 So gracefully —
 So uselessly.
 A living black speck
 Against a shimmering void.

PETER DINGLE, Form VIb

Hamlet Revisited

The trees waved and danced to the siren call of the rushing wind. The arrows of silver light from the swaying lamp flitted from bush to stone like the ancient shades of Pluto, illuminating but momentarily the Stygian darkness. The ocean could be heard below, whispering, beckoning, calling . . .

Why was I here? Why had I come to this desolate cliff-top high above the tortuous world I belonged to — what mysterious entity was I seeking? I knew that I had to escape — but must it be this way? Of course, it had to be . . . This would be the only sure way — and I had to be certain I had left the world of uncertainty for ever. I had left the world of fear, greed and savagery: I could no longer bear the life of drudgery and pettiness, the life of intellectual barrenness. But would this be better?

Yes! Better the end of life than continual living death. Better still would be physical death and mental freedom. No longer to suffer the emotions and pains of living. Only to enjoy the life of death — to escape the world of inhumanity, selfishness and ignorance. To be rid of exploitation, hypocrisy and politics. No longer to have to fight for momentary greatness or fleeting happiness. No longer to be concerned with the materialistic pleasures and trivialities. To be enslaved under no law but Nature's. Perhaps to be as one with Him — to be a vortex.

Death is truly the only life worth living. Even to sleep undisturbed for the rest of time would suffice as heaven. To lie in a decaying shell for eons as food for vermin is paradise compared to remaining in our materialistic gaol as food for a capitalistic society: as a target for "my" government's enemies or as a dupe and a source of income for that very government. Better indeed is it to give in to the ultimate end now.

Just a few more steps and I would plummet down to Eden. I would have eternal peace. Just a few more steps and I would have no more troubles, no more cares; just equanimity or even oblivion.

"Now now," the ocean called from below.
 "Come come," sang the wind.
 "Leave death behind — life awaits you."
 Suddenly a clap of thunder — like the rumble of guns at a military funeral. A stab of lightning. It was then that I decided.

I ran back down the path to seek shelter from the oncoming storm.

OSSIAN

The Dying Forest

The trees they die for urban life,
 They cry for mercy to mortal men
 Who only hear the axe and silver.
 Yet they do not us condemn;
 The proof lies only in their growth,
 A beauty far too great to cease.
 We live in darkness, truly ignorance
 To destroy this earthly lease
 Of might and splendour in tall trunks
 That sway and sing all human emotion.
 Man doth not desire these,
 Or else would drink the potion.

MAGDA MATWIEJEW, VB



Dying Trees by Magda Matwiejew

A DAY IN MY LIFE

Tonight, as I lie here gloomily, my heart is filled with despair at thoughts of my recent shameful degradation. Life no longer holds any meaning for me. If I had known this morning that such a humiliating catastrophe lay in waiting to disgrace forever the honourable name of Cyril C. Centipede Esq., I would have ended it all then.

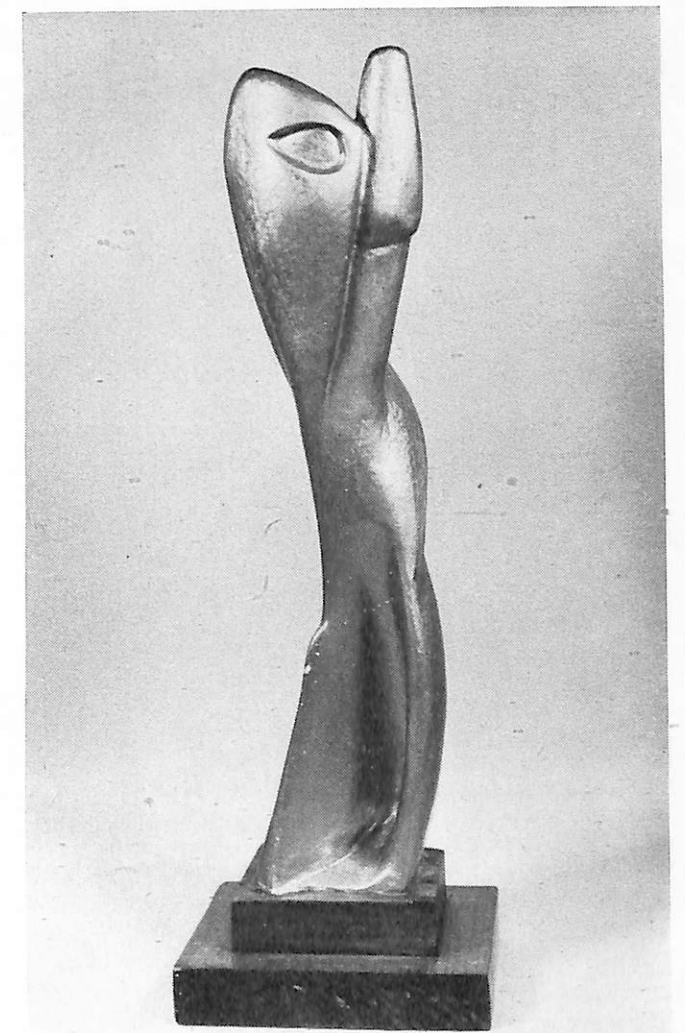
However, innocent and unsuspecting, I was resting on a pebble sighing happily at the cherished memory of two, simply delicious worms I'd devoured for breakfast. Now as you all know, every *lithobius fortificatus* centipede who is anyone has eighty-six legs and I had arranged all mine to advantage. Well, I was feeling rather tired, and, with the secure knowledge that my cracked rock, which provides the best home for yards around, was not far off, I allowed myself to snooze; just for a little time, of course.

Then, suddenly, with a terrible crash and roar, the heavens seemed to open up and beat down their pent-up fury upon me. In affrighted haste and with a total disregard for dignity, I proceeded with utmost haste towards my goal. I was almost there; antennae, head and eighty-five legs were safe, but just I was whisking the last leg after me, this world-shattering tragedy occurred. One of those huge, blocks of ice, now falling from the sky, had struck my poor, defenceless, little limb crushing it completely.

All the pain and agony I have suffered since are nothing compared with the insults and scoffing to come. For hours I have lain in the crack of this cold,



Still Life — by Shelley Harding



Sculpture — by John Hallam

dark rock, frightened that some other centipede who used to praise me, should see my body as it is now — crumpled and disfigured.

Oh! I can already visualize my chief rival, Copernicus, as he daringly compares me with a fewer legged, inferior species. He might even be so low as to infer that I was a *scolapendra gigas*. My reputation, good breeding and delightful disposition are of no use to me now. Even my most faithful friends will desert me.

Oh, the shame of it, the utter, utter shame!
 SUSAN GREGORY, 3A

Garden Committee Report

The grounds of the school have been improved this year by the widespread planting of trees and shrubs. Planting started last spring and culminated in two Arbor-Days on the 9th and 10th April. During this period about 400 trees and shrubs were planted. Australian native trees and shrubs predominated but some foreign ornamentals were also included.

The grounds now present a very pleasing sight, so pleasing in fact that Mitcham High School won the 1964 A.N.A. prize for the best improved garden in the Ringwood Electorate. This prize was a print of the Tom Roberts painting "Bailed Up".



Magda — by Russel Tully

MICE

Mice are small and smelly things
 And its a good thing they don't have wings.
 I have two and what a pooh:
 One's called Tish and the other Dusty
 And they're in a wire cage that's gone a bit rusty.
 They sleep all day and play all night,
 And if they come out
 They'll give you a fright.

— COLIN FARNWORTH, Ic

When I first became a High School Student

When I first became a high school student
 I was filled with apprehension:
 The many rooms, the long corridor,
 All added to me tension.
 My worries soon were overcome;
 I met the teachers one by one.
 The junior debate, the drama club,
 All added to my fun.
 My classmates, too, were bright and gay
 And how I hope they stay that way.

HOWARD PEARCE, ID

The Drover that couldn't Ride

I don't know from whence I came,
 Nor where I ever had a home.
 My parents both, you see, were rovers,
 And that is why I joined the drovers.
 One day - years ago, of course -
 I climbed up on a large, black horse
 But it was lying on its side,
 And wouldn't get up, no matter how I tried.
 If I could have tanned his hide,
 I think he would've got off his side,
 But I never did learn how to ride,
 Because of that horse lying on its side.
 Well, soon I left that place I did,
 Over the hills with a bloke named Sid,
 We were going to be drovers —
 Happy, wandering, carefree drovers.
 I thought that I would be a champ,
 Until we reached the drover's camp,
 'Twas then I remembered that I couldn't ride,
 'Cause my horse wouldn't get off its backside.
 Still we joined the hardy drovers,
 To become content and sun-browned rovers,
 But in the wagon I did my work,
 Because of that horse's peculiar quirk.

BRUCE ATKINSON, Form IA

At the Homes Exhibition

The Ideal Home Show was very well planned except for the bathroom arrangement. Everyone has his own opinion but I like having the bath, shower and toilet separate. I approved of the bedrooms, especially the girls, because the colour scheme of the furniture was fabulous — white trimmed with gold!

As we walked around we saw the babies' things. I thought they were a big improvent on the usual babies' cot and playthings.

All the stoves and fridges were of a great size which I approve of. Further along we came to the couches and chairs, which looked lovely and soft. How my father would enjoy an armchair with a headrest and support for the feet, operated by push buttons!

I thought the excursion most rewarding.

JENNY EASTERBY, IIIA

Major Science Breakthrough

The editor takes no responsibility for the following page



Thistle do

What is regarded as a major step in science has been made by Mr. Hamilton, mad scientist and all-round bad guy.

The outstanding experiment was performed using caffeine and C₆H₁₂O₆ solutions at 373 absolute. The result was a wonder drug sometimes called coffee.

This explains the loud slurping noises coming from the prep. room. The first words Mr. Hamilton is believed to have said upon making his discovery were: "It's the one that tastes so good!"

Beard Craze Sweeps School

There has been a sudden outbreak of beards flourishing at M.H.S., a reliable source said today. It appears that 3% of all teachers at M.H.S. have beards.

It is interesting to note that of these 3%, there is not one female teacher with a beard.

Butterfly Collection Banned

A large collection of African butterflies called "Moths Afrikaan" were banned from display. The censors said that the insects were completely uncovered. One outrageous moth exclaimed: "These Mortein-type characters really bug me!"

Noise Shock

Several residents as far as three miles from M.H.S. have complained of the "awful roar" set up by the singing of the National Anthem.

Mrs. I. M. Fedup and Mrs. U. B. Kids, both reported loud noises and resulting broken windows.

Suggestive Reading

The Truth About Trials — by Lady Chatterly

So Eat Her — by An Immoral Cannibal.

Science Can Be Fun — by Ian Hamilton.

Medieval Torture - For Fun and Profit — by Roy Porthouse.

How to Flunk Exams — by the Editor of this mess.

50 Different Slander Suits — by Readers.

Epitaph — by Me.

CHESS CORNER — BY HUGH AND I

Chess what — your move.

Black Knight descends to Castle 3, abducts Queen, leaving King and Bishop at altar.

Say, who invented this immoral game anyway?



43 beans in every beaker

Tasmania

Last May an unforgettable five days were spent in Tasmania by 32 students and two teachers, namely Mrs. Meldrum and Mr. Lyford. The journey to and from Tasmania was made on the "Princess of Tasmania", and generally speaking the crossing for most of the party was reasonably smooth. On our arrival we were greeted by our guide and after a luggage collection we were on our way to Moona, via Lake's Highway, which runs through the centre of the Island. A group of happy but tired tourists dined at the Marina Motel situated in the suburb of Moona (three miles from Hobart) where three nights were spent.

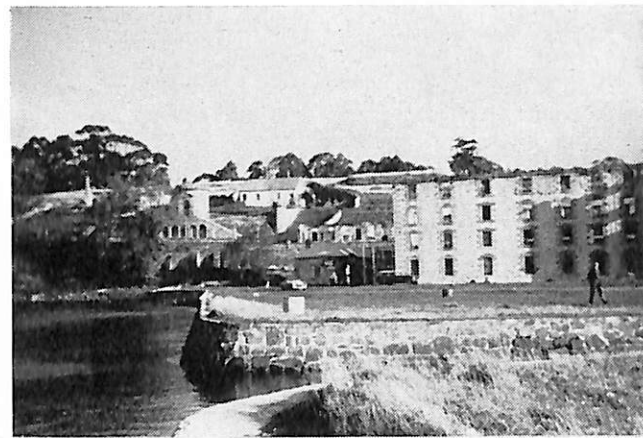


Outside Motel

During our three days at the Marina Motel (where everyone was thoroughly spoilt by the modern luxuries of motel living), we visited several popular and inter-

Excursions

esting tourist attractions such as: Port Arthur, Tasman's Arch, Devil's Kitchen, the Electrolytic Zinc Company, Cadbury's Chocolate Factory (after this visit a number of the party shouldn't have had any tea) and, of course, Hobart.



Port Arthur

On the last evening in Moona we had a social get-together where two teachers (we won't name them) gave an interesting jiving demonstration which was enjoyed by all. After an early morning departure we reluctantly made our way back to Devonport, lunching at Launceston and visiting the Waverley Woollen Mills before making our way by bus to the "Princess". We all arrived safely home after a weary night crossing of Bass Strait.

Many thanks go to Mrs. Meldrum and Mr. Lyford for chaperoning the students and organizing a wonderful trip.

KAY LEVY, VC

International Softball

On Wednesday, 17th February, at 9.15 a.m., fifty-five noisy Mitcham High schoolgirls, chaperoned by Mrs. Hodgson and Miss Cannon, packed into a bus, ready for an interesting outing. On the way to our destination, all ears were tuned to music, which the chaperones didn't appear to hear.

We arrived at Albert Park Reserve at 10 a.m. and took our seats (which Miss Vague had kept for us) in the grandstand.

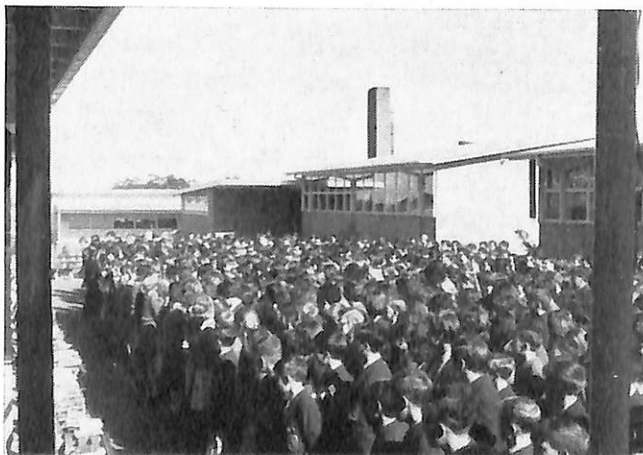
The first match was in progress, so quietness was quickly obtained. The competing teams were Japan and New Zealand. The match was rather noisy, but moved quickly and the final scores were: Japan (6) defeated New Zealand (0). Since the second match was between Australia and America, the home team was loudly applauded, and the final scores were: America (1), Australia (0).

The final match was between Japan and New Guinea; but no scores were recorded when we departed at 3.15 p.m.

We arrived back at school (4 p.m.) very happy but

also hot, tired and sunburnt. The excursion was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone, especially autograph hunters) and will be remembered by all. All girls who went, would like to thank the organizers, especially Mrs. Hodgson.

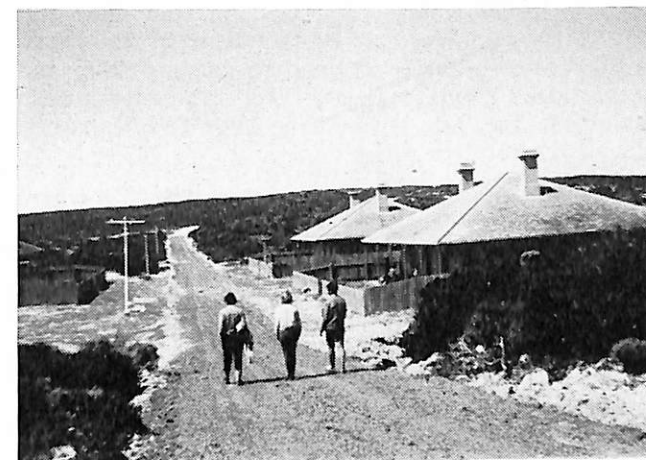
PAULINE BATTERSBY, IIC



Achtung!

Kangaroo Island

Kangaroo Island seems far distant now. Indeed, even before the trip the idea of an island off the coast of South Australia was strangely remote; so that nobody knew quite what to expect until we arrived. And then everything appeared as it should have: the jetty, the old township set on a hillside over a windy bay, and raucous sea-gulls swooping low over scattered holiday retreats.



Cape du Coedic



Fearless Leader and Man Friday

stone house was comfortable, however, and the water in the stone tank, clear and fresh.

Then came the last long trek — fifteen miles across-country. This day was the most rewarding of all. With it came magnificent scenery — rocky little inlets, remarkable boulders, distant promontories bathed in sunlight and towering cliffs — as well as a sense of satisfaction of achievement.

Kangaroo Island will not soon be forgotten.

D. BOUCHER, VB

Later, we were bundled off to Cape Borda in a rickety, clattering bus, and left with the sea, cliffs, rocks, scrub and our packs — in desolation and the immensity of the Flinders Chase (200 sq. miles).

Quitting the hectic ocean we came to a ravine. The security of camp fires was welcome that night. Morning brought us to a dusty track and off we trudged.

During the next few days the December sun never reached its zenith — which was unnatural in a way; for the land was parched and lonely, and there were no creeks save one — we expected a searing sun.

Then we drew near to the Ranger's Station (the only habitation in the Chase). Emus, wallabies and Cape Barren Geese appeared: we just gaped in awe.

Next morning we left for the Cape du Coedic lighthouse, an eerie place long abandoned. The old



G. Wilson on the track. Kangaroo Island.

Biology Excursion

14th March, 1965

After being delayed half an hour we eventually started our biology excursion by taking a "No Through" road into the dirt hills (east) of Mitcham; however, after that things went smoothly and surprisingly quietly until we reached Shoreham.

People raced to change into their beachwear before setting out on their adventure. The temperature was somewhere below the figure of 0°F. on my thermometer, and though the hanging mist dappled through the frozen eucalypts one could see how biology students prepare themselves for the challenge. Boys wore shorts with unbuttoned shirts and thongs and a few cautious people made haste in loading spearguns in preparation for inquisitive sharks. On the other hand the girls travelled light only taking the bare essentials including their compacts, "change of weather" wardrobe and jewellery.

Specimens were hard to locate until one teacher suggested we leave the bus and search among the rocks on the beach.

Teachers were hard to find when sea life needed identification but one could see them scurrying up into the sandhills when a group of knife-happy students screamed: "Two-headed PLANARIA will dominate the coast in a few hours" (if this is foreign to you then consult any one of a large selection of fine dictionaries, and look up the habits of PLANARIA).

After everybody had made several drawings of what they had discovered, it was time to crack a wave among the outcrops of rock. Instead toes and skulls were the only things cracked when we tried to reach the waves beyond the partly submerged dark cliff faces which were concealed within the gloomy depths of tangled kelp a few yards out from the beach.

On returning to the buses we found the teachers huddled in one corner begging us not to ask any questions concerning what we had found (limited knowledge and all that). When they (the teachers) had digested some food in order to gather strength we made the return journey back to the grind.

GRAHAM BURGIN, VI



Going on a picnic?

Third for Kiewa Valley Excursion

On a Sunday morning in July, eighty of us, in two buses, left the school and headed for Mount Beauty. Our first stop was at Snobbs Creek Fish Hatchery, and the Eildon for lunch. After a pause in Benalla we continued on to our destination, the Mount Beauty Chalet which was reached early in the evening. We hungrily invaded the dining room; then, after tea we were allocated rooms. Bed was a very welcome place. Each night we met in the ballroom where form chaperones, Mrs. Meldrum, Miss Cannon, Mr. Tate and Mr. Matthews, and two drivers, Laurie and Ron, were educated in the art of modern dancing. Who said teachers aren't kids at heart? They even organised a moonlight hike, during which Mr. Tate found it difficult to scare the girls.

We had a marvellous time on Mount Buffalo where it snowed all day. Some of us went on the ski-lift and came back soaked. Pranks were not an unknown occurrence and I would think that Mr. Matthews received more than his share.

On Thursday night everyone spruced up for the social held by Mount Beauty High, and all had a terrific time.

Friday came, and Mitcham High squeezed themselves into their buses and bid a fond goodbye to the now quiet friendships of Mount Beauty.

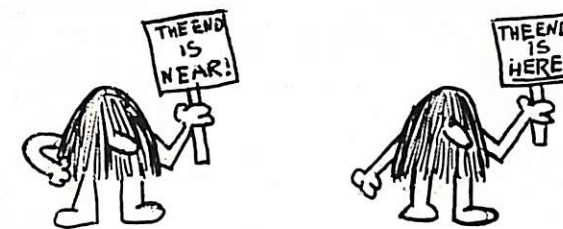


Teachers and pupils enjoying sleigh ride.

BIRD LOVERS

Tiny foot prints in the sand,
Me with slug-gun in my hand,
Seagulls joyfully at their play —
I think I'll kill another bird today.

RONALD MACDONALD, Form IE



Peter Edwards, Vb



Saunderson Junior



Helen Oats, IIIId

School Sports

Mountain Division, March 19th

In a hectic 2½ hours of swimming in which luck and positions changed dramatically, Mitcham came out in 5th place, missing 4th place by 1 point.

Of 4 firsts, 3 were records: 2 by L. Nugent, and the other by M. Goodman.

The Smiths, with 6 places between them, contributed to our score as did D. Hayck and G. Windsor, with 3 places each, and Chris Hayes with two places.

Lilydale took the shield with 197 points to our 90½.

Inter-School Athletic Sports

On Monday, 11th October, the combined athletic sports were held at Olympic Park. An enthusiastic crowd saw many feats of ability and fine displays of courage and determination; each event produced some new interest for the spectator. Competition was high. Although Mitcham did not win overall, it is encouraging that the senior boys won in their section. We are now looking forward to next year's Sports.

Our thanks must go to the members of staff who spent much valuable time training and preparing the team.

Saturday Basketball, 1965

During this year, M.H.S. entered 3 teams to play in Saturday afternoon competition. The most successful team was the Senior B: they managed to play off in the final but they were defeated by Croydon. The Senior A and Junior A did not do so well as they had stronger competition.

On behalf of the other players we would like to thank Mrs. Hodgson and Mrs. Cowley for their co-operation with the teams: Miss Cannon for coming each week to give encouragement to the senior B players and Brenda Nugent for the wonderful job she did as secretary.

We hope that all the teams will do better next year.

Inter-School Sports

The Winter round included visiting and return matches with Croydon, Upwey and Ringwood.

GIRLS (Juniors):

Only half the scheduled games were played owing to wet weather.

Basketball: All games were lost but spirits were high and when we get our own courts the position will be reversed.

Hockey and Softball: Teams won all the games they played.

Volleyball: Players are not disheartened by constant losses.

(Seniors):

Basketball: A and B team results were encouraging with 2 wins each out of 5 games played. A defeated Croydon and Upwey. B team defeated Upwey and Ringwood.

Hockey: B team won a game against Upwey — all other games were lost (we are waiting for next year).

Softball: Teams vigorously enjoyed their games, but enjoyed no wins.

Volleyball: Was played for the first time this year. By the end of the season's heavy losses, the team was really starting to play volleyball as it should be played.

Tennis: No wins were scored. However, we are looking forward to having our own courts and getting regular practice. Mrs. Cowley has commenced coaching.



Dennis Brown winning the mile



Rasa Sazenis throwing Shotput



SENIOR FOOTBALL

During the year the senior football team played Croydon, Upwey and Ringwood each twice, losing to Upwey on one occasion. We were very unlucky to come second to Upwey at the end of the season.

Graham Burgin, Stafford Leake, Max Mannik, John Baker, Chris Hayes, Adrian Gill and Paul Elischer were all consistent players. Our younger players should form a good team next year. Mr. Lyford, our coach, was an inspiration throughout the series.



HOUSE NOTES

BAREENA HOUSE NOTES

GIRLS:

This year has been both a successful and enjoyable one for the Bareena girls.

We gained third place in the swimming sports, second in the athletics and first in the cross-country run, which was due to the enthusiastic efforts put in by many girls.

The most outstanding athletes were: C. O'Connor, S. Octigant, L. Samuel, A. Honeybun and H. Jackson. Our best swimmer was Cheryl Zeck.

By raising the greatest amount of money for the fete, Shirley Davis (Miss Bareena) was named "Miss Mitcham High School". Shirley received a great deal of support from both junior and senior girls and special gratitude goes to Miss Doble, Mrs. Finlay and Mrs. Gollan for the many efforts which they put into raising money: the amount was £50/15/2.

Bareena girls also conducted a Chinese Food Room and a Doll Show at the fete which brought the total amount raised by Bareena to over £90.

Our thanks go to the house captain, Sandra Clifton and house teachers, Miss Doble, Mrs. McNicol and Mrs. Gollan for the efficient organization of house activities throughout the year.

BAREENA HOUSE NOTES

BOYS:

Bareena's progress this year has been mixed with part determination, part skill, part good-sportsmanship and lavish lashings of luck (try repeating this 80 times a minute. Phew!).

But, seriously, we surpassed all expectations and gained places in all major sporting fixtures:

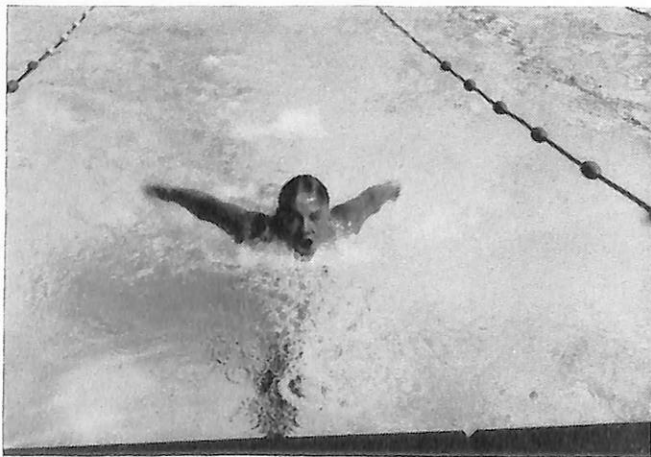
3rd (or 2nd last) in the inter-house Swimming Sports. Our star-fish were M. Goodman and A. Banks.

2nd last (or 3rd) in the inter-house athletics, which surprised everyone, including D. Brown and C. MacDonald who competed quite successfully.

4th last (or 1st) in the footy aggregate. The Senior footy team came 2nd and the Junior 1st. All players excelled, if only on the oval.

To achieve these enviable results we owe a great deal to our infamous House Captain, Chris Hayes, who, with the Vice-captain, Ian White, spurred us on to maintain our record of losing the aggregate again.

By the way, Mr. Matthews and Mr. Tate are our House Teachers.



KIMBARRA HOUSE NOTES

GIRLS:

This year has been a successful one for Kimbarra girls who have been able to keep up the tradition of trying — and sometimes winning!

We did especially well in athletics, swimming and cross country in which we gained first place as a result of the goods efforts of B. Nugent, P. Coffey, R. Smith, J. Smith, R. Harvey, M. Lott, S. Clugston and B. Welsh.

Our thanks go to Mrs. Jackson, Miss Campbell and Mrs. Cadd, our Captain, Anda Salopayevs, and vice-captain, Brenda Nugent, for their help and encouragement during the whole of the year. Linda Smith, Miss Kimbarra, who represented us so well at the fete also receives our thanks.

KIMBARRA HOUSE NOTES

BOYS:

1965 has been, as usual, a very successful year for Kimbarra boys. Aply led by House Captain, Graham Burgin, we won the swimming sports, athletics and football. Although we will lose many of our good seniors next year, like Graham Burgin, Barry Nathan, Max Mannik, Adrian Gill and Ken Allen, our up and coming juniors and our winning tradition will see Kimbarra at the top next year.

Many thanks must go to house-master and football coach, Mr. Lyford, as well as to other teachers who took an interest in swimming and athletics.

PARINGA HOUSE NOTES

GIRLS:

Under the leadership of our most capable House Captain, Morag Robertson, Paringa has maintained its enthusiastic approach to all House activities.

We were well represented in the inter-school athletics by R. Walton, S. Harding, E. Le Rossignol, C. de Bruyn and H. Smith.

Our most successful activity this year has been the school fete at which we raised the paltry sum (incidentally, it beat all the other Houses by miles) of £125 or \$250 !!! For this we owe many thanks to our House Mistresses, Mrs. Cowley and Miss Young, without whose invaluable aid we could not have raised this amount. Our thanks are also due to our Miss Paringa, Judy Mikkelsen, for her tremendous effort in the Miss Mitcham High School competition.



CROSS COUNTRY RUN



Myriong House Notes

GIRLS:

Although we are not all champions in Myriong House, we have many capable competitors.

ATHLETICS: Gloria Bond, Bronwyn Youlten, Yvonne Ogden, Megan Randles, Ann Cleary, Rasa Sazenis, Gwen McArthur and Sandra Spence.

SWIMMERS: Sandra Gibson, Jeanette Reeves.

The Senior basketball team achieved measurable success this year from the performance of such players as Margaret O'Doherty, Annette O'Keefe, Gwen McArthur and Ronda Broughton.

Throughout the year we have done very well in the banking as a result of the efforts of Jeanette Reeves and Meredith Wills.

Rasa Sazenis was "Miss Myriong" in the "Miss Mitcham High School" Competition and was well supported by fellow house members, especially the 6th Form girls. Through holding various functions we raised £46 and came second in the competition.

All our thanks go to our house teachers, Mrs. Luttrell, Mrs. Meldrum, Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Watson and to our House-Captains, Rasa Sazenis (Senior), and Gloria Bond (Junior) for all the work they have done throughout the year.

Myriong House Notes

BOYS:

Housemasters: Mr. Cadd, Mr. Adams, Mr. Ockwell.

House Captain: Neil Davey

Vice-Captain: John Hallam.

Secretary: Ron Smith.

This year through the never ending efforts of Messrs. Cadd and Adams, the "Myriong House Spirit" has been generally improved. Although not too successful in the swimming and athletic sports, we have witnessed great performances from house members. Among these gallant members we find the honoured names of J. Gillard, J. Larkin, I. More, I. Leicester, G. Wilson, R. Wall, G. Tierney, Ron Smith and T. McGaw.

Myriong will continue to improve throughout the years to come, if the co-operation of house members and house spirit is built up to its maximum peak.



Gog and Magog

Boys' Tennis

This year has again been a successful one for the tennis team although we suffered our first defeat for some time at the hands of Ringwood High School. We played three schools and the tennis was keen and competitive.

House matches have been very successful and keenly contested, mainly due to limited interruptions throughout the year.

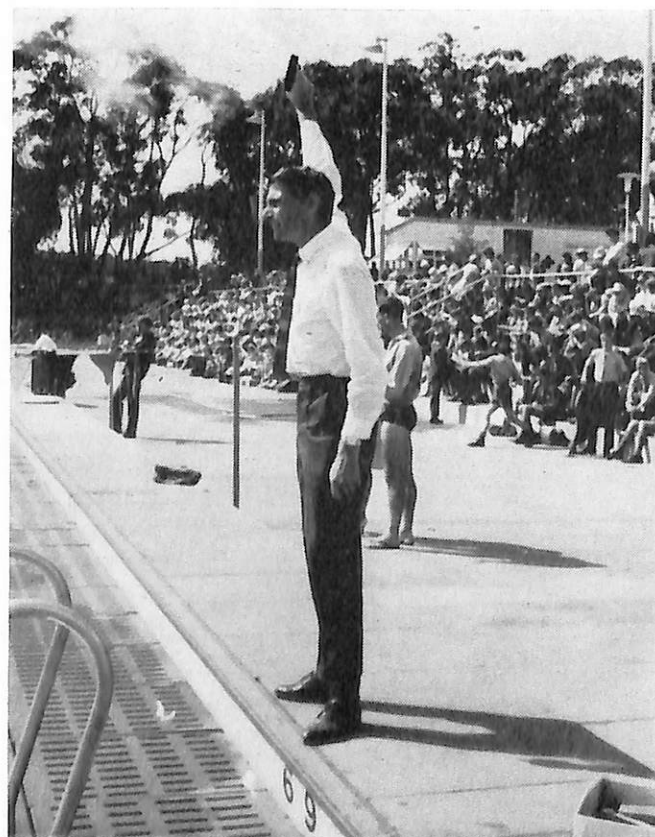
House results:—

- 1 Paringa
- 2 Myriong
- 3 Bareena
- 4 Kimbarra

Inter-School results:—

- Mitcham 60 defeated Croydon 16
- Ringwood 49 defeated Mitcham 32
- Mitcham 47 defeated Croydon 8
- Mitcham 66 defeated Upwey 17

Team members: G. Wilson (Capt.), G. Lade, R. Wall, T. McCracken, D. O'Neill, I. Knight, A. Sargeant and P. Linney.



And it rained all day



Joe

Ex-Students' Association

The M.H.E.S.A. was formed in March of this year and a committee was elected. A Constitution was then drawn up. The main aims of the Association are:—

- To foster social relations among ex-students.
- To keep ex-students interested in and in contact with the school.

The activities organised this year included Theatre night to "Tom Jones", "Mary Poppins" and "Sound of Music", a tour to the snow in August and a very successful car trial was organised in September.

NOTE: All those leaving school this year are invited to join the Association.

— D. FURLONG (Pres.)

Ex-Students

To give present pupils an idea of what happens to the Matriculation Students after their exams we present here a list of last year's Matrics. and what they are now doing:—

BARBARA HALLETT: 1964 Head Prefect. Barbara gained one 1st Hon. and one 2nd Hon. She is now studying Arts at Monash.

GARRETT UPSTILL: 1964 Head Prefect, Garrett gained a 2nd Hon. and is now studying Science at Melbourne.

JOHN ANDERSON: John gained a 2nd Hon. and now holds a position with a company in Melbourne.

GAYE DAVEY: Gaye was one of 1964's Girl Prefects; she gained a 1st Hon. and is now studying Architecture at Melbourne.

DAVID DIXON: David was also a Prefect; he is now doing a Teacher Training Course at Burwood Primary Teacher's College.

ROHAN DONN: A newcomer to the school, Rohan did his Matriculation year at Mitcham High and is now doing a course at Technical College.

PETER EASTERBY: Peter has continued his enthusiasm for debating at Monash University where he is doing an Arts Course. He gained one 2nd Hon. in 1964.

DANNY FURLONG: Danny now leads a busy life by combining cross-country running, C.M.F. and his studies as a Computer Operator.

LYN GLOVER: Lyn, another Prefect, and also a House Captain last year, is now doing a three-year course at Burwood Teachers' College.

ALEC GREIG: Alec, another Prefect and also a House Captain, is now doing an Arts course at Melbourne.

ROSAMUND GOLDSMITH: Rosamund came to M.H.S. early in 1964 and gained two 2nd Hons. She is now studying Science at Melbourne University.

DAVID HUMRICH: David, another Prefect, now holds a position as a salesman.

GEOFF FOK: One of the 3 Asian pupils attending M.H.S. last year. Geoff is at present studying engineering at Melbourne University.

GARY MACARTHUR: Gary, also a Prefect, is now studying to become a teacher at Burwood Teachers' College.

BARBARA MATTHEWS: Barbara is another pupil to go to Burwood Teachers' College. Barbara last year was a Prefect.

DIANA MACAULAY: After gaining two 2nd Hons., Diana is now studying Social Studies at Melbourne University.

KERRY N PEARCE: Kerry n, another newcomer to the school in 1964, now holds a position in Melbourne.

PETER RIDDINGTON: Peter is now doing a Science Course at Melbourne University.

CHRIS RYAN: Chris is doing a part-time course at Monash University while holding a position with the S.E.C. Chris maintains his interest in drama and is a member of the National Theatre Group.

GARY SAUNDERSON: Gary is doing Engineering at Melbourne University.

PAT SMITH: Another newcomer to the school in 1964, Pat is now working in a Chemistry Laboratory.

IVAN WILSON: Ivan is now continuing his studies of chemistry by doing a chemistry course at Swinburne Technical School.

STAFF



Headmaster:

- Mr. A. H. Stuchbery, B.A., Dip. Ed., T.P.T.C.
 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., T.P.T.C.
 Mr. W. J. Ferguson, T.S.T.C., Dip. Fine Art.
 Mr. B. L. Wilkinson, B.Com., T.P.T.C.
 Mr. I. D. Hamilton, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.
 Mr. J. K. Cadd, T.S.T.C., Cab. Cert.
 Mr. D. Bullock, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.
 Mr. T. Csakfai, Dip. Chem., T.T.C.
 Mr. R. F. Porthouse, B.A., Dip.Ed.
 Mr. N. Szigethy, B.A., A.T.T.C.
 Mr. D. G. McLaughlin, T.T.C., Uni. Subs.
 Mr. R. J. Matthews, B.A., T.S.T.C.
 Mr. R. J. Lyford, T.S.T.C., Uni.Subs.
 Mr. H. O'Brien, T.S.T.C., Uni.Subs.
 Mr. J. A. Schiffman, Child Psych.
 Mr. I. C. Ockwell, Trade Cert. and Trade Exp.
 Mr. W. L. Tate, P & R.T. Inst. Cert. (Phys. Ed., Royal Navy)
 Mr. D. W. Bust, Trade Qual.
 Mr. J. Bavinton, Trade Qual. & Exp.
 Mr. L. Knight, Mus.Bac., Dip.Ed.
 Mr. A. L. Brookes, Mus. Bac. Subs.
 Mr. C. Boon, Mus.Exp.
 Mr. O. Boge, B.A., M.A. (Fullbright Exchange Teacher).
- Miss E. J. McGuire, B.A., S.T.C.
 Miss K. B. Campbell, Dip. Mus.
 Mrs. C. M. Meldrum, T.T.C. (Dom. Arts).
 Miss H. E. Young, B.A., Dip.Ed.
 Mrs. S. Cowley, T.S.T.C., Uni. Subs.
 Mrs. A. G. Jackson, B.A., Dip.Ed.
 Mrs. E. A. Emslie, Dip.Dom.Sc. (A'deen), T.T.C.
 Mrs. J. S. Cadd, T.P.T.C.
 Mrs. S. F. Moore, T.P.T.C.
 Miss N. J. Cannon, T.S.T.C. (Arts & Crafts).
 Mrs. J. P. Gollan, T.T.C. (Dom. Sc.).
 Mrs. U. F. Hodgson, Dip.Phys.Ed., T.T.C.
 Mrs. M. D. McNicol, T.S.T.C. (Art & Craft).
 Mrs. J. Luttrell, B.A., Dip.Ed. (Qld.).
 Miss J. L. Doble, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.
 Mrs. B. C. O'Connor, D.T.S.C. (Prim. & Sec.).
 Mrs. Y. L. Woodberry, T.P.T.C.
 Mrs. J. L. Enterkin, T.P.T.C., Uni.Subs.
 Mrs. F. M. Dobson, A.T.T.C., Uni.Subs.
 Mrs. B. M. Sanderson, L.C., Bus.Coll. & Exp.
 Miss F. Boersma, T.P.T.C., Uni.Subs.
 Mrs. E. Beck, Uni.Subs.
 Mrs. B. Allan, T.S.T.C. (Art & Craft).
 Mrs. P. M. Watson, T.S.T.C. (Cam.).
 Mrs. G. M. Horak, T.P.T.C.
 Mrs. S. George, Uni.Subs.
 Mrs. J. Finlay, Uni.Subs., T.M.T.

