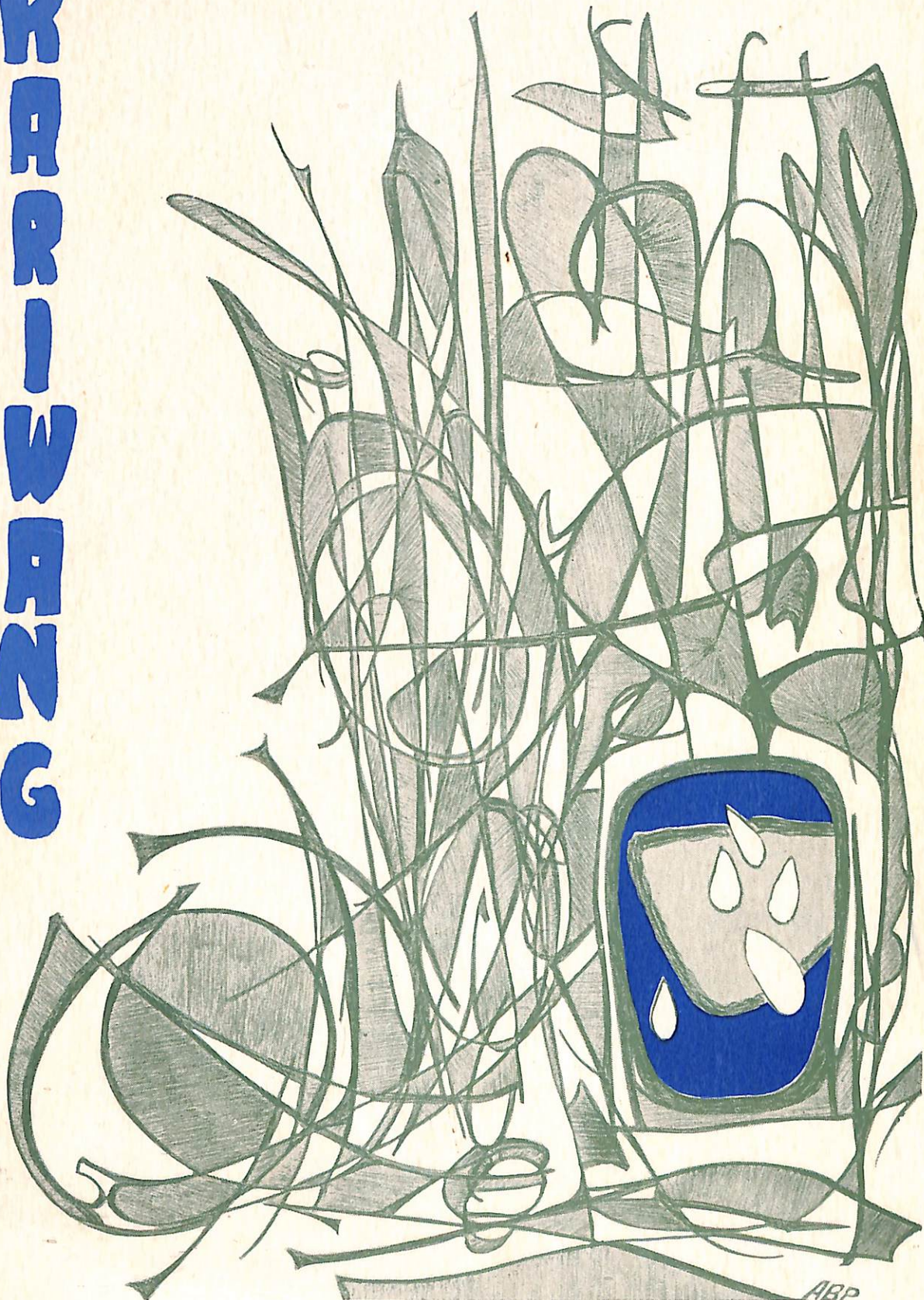


1966

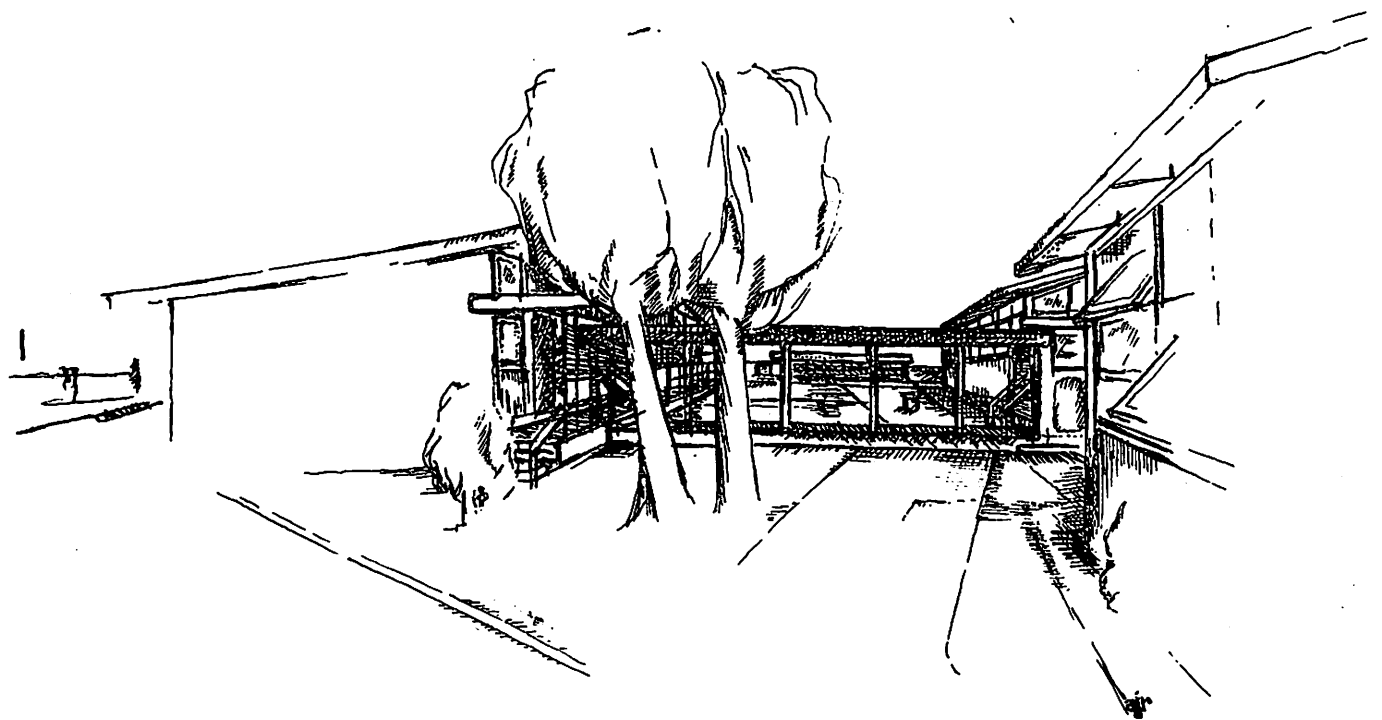
KARRIWEENG



ABP

LINDA RIDDINGTON

MITCHAM HIGH '66



KARIWANG MAGAZINE

In the composition of a suitable article or message each year for a school magazine, one searches, just as do pressure advertisers, for something new, for a different angle in order, perhaps, to avoid an accusation of putting forward the same old platitudes.

However, is there much really new about human relationships and human development? Is it not true that many of the statements made by Plato in the third century B.C., about youth for instance, have a remarkable ring of aptness and modernity?

I feel that, unlike the advertiser, one can do no better than to repeat the old, sound ideas and remind students that they are members of a community of home and school where there exists a joint responsibility for training children. For such a partnership to be successful we must have confidence and understanding through a proper communication between parents and teachers, an open-minded exchange of ideas and information and a genuine attempt on the part of all students to abide by the precepts of courtesy, an honest and respectful approach to the work, and a responsible care for all the valuable property which it is their privilege to use for a time.

One other Head Master writes, "It is the duty of everyone to serve the community loyally not only by observing the laws and regulations made for the common good but also by making some contribution to the welfare of all". This I stress in the previous paragraph.

Your future career should give you personal satisfaction and help you to serve the community, but do not wait till you are an adult to practise your vocation. Your school is a community; be a worthy citizen and you will better serve the general community later.

A. H. Stuchbery.



the headmaster speaks

Editorial . . .

Kariwang is now in its eighth year of publication, and has already become a firm tradition. With these forty-four pages, we try to present a cross-sectional view of the one thousand pupils of Mitcham High School, and to express in some way their ideas, ideals, and activities as future participating members of a thriving community.

In this small way, we hope to help breach the gap between the student and adult society. The school, and particularly the school magazine can, and must, create an intellectual link between the two groups in the community and can foster the mutual respect and tolerance which is sadly lacking in both.

We must remember that a school is not only an institution dedicated to the enrichment of the intellect, but it is one which also provides a training ground for future life. It is here that we learn how to function as active, necessary units of an organized society, while still retaining our individual characters. We learn to think and reason as logical beings.

Reasoning power has a vital significance in an advanced culture such as ours. We must not let ourselves drift into a false sense of security—lulled into somnambulism by propaganda from persuasive orators—as many do. We must not live in an inner circle, but an outer world.

The stimulus of school life prompts us to formulate many fundamental principles, but, unfortunately, these ideals of our youth are often glorified but never glorified. In later life we must not reject them as juvenile, or stow them away but nurture them into greater truth and fulfilment.

Maturity brings with it responsibility and a great number of problems, and we must be careful not to fall into the trap of "going to seed", but at all times be active and creative citizens. It may happen that some day we may look once more at a copy of "*Kariwang*", and realize that we are not living up to our prefixed standards. If that should once more light the extinguished fire of immature, but so very honest, idealism and comradeship, then the magazine has more than filled its purpose.

Colin Bramall, Christine Ferguson.



editorial
staff

staff

Principal: Mr. A. H. Stuchbery, B.A., Dip.Ed., T.P.T.C.
Senior Master: Mr. J. F. Stephens, B.A., Dip.Ed., T.P.T.C.
Senior Mistress: Miss E. J. McGuire, B.A., T.T.C. (Dom. Arts).

English and History:

Mr. K. M. Adams, B.A., B.Ed., T.P.T.C.
 Mr. T. W. Code, B.A., T.P.T.C.
 Mr. R. F. Porthouse, B.A., Dip.Ed.
 Mr. N. Szigethy, B.A., A.T.T.C.
 Miss F. Boersma, T.P.T.C., Uni. Subs.
 Mrs. G. M. Horak, T.P.T.C.
 Mrs. S. F. Moore, T.P.T.C.
 Mrs. P. Quinn, T.P.T.C.
 Miss K. M. Sharrock, Uni. Subs., J.S.T.C. (N.S.W.).
 Mrs. L. M. Traill, B.A., Dip.Ed.
 Mrs. L. Y. Woodberry, T.P.T.C.

Mathematics and Science:

Mr. I. D. Hamilton, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.
 Mr. T. G. Bos, T.P.T.C., D.O.
 Mr. T. Csakfai, Dip.Chem., T.T.C.
 Mr. J. R. Doble, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.
 Mr. J. W. Lawton, B.Sc., T.S.T.C.
 Mr. J. A. Schiffman, Child Psych. (Vienna), Uni. Subs. (Melb.).
 Mrs. A. B. Allan, T.S.T.C.
 Mrs. J. S. Cadd, T.P.T.C.
 Mrs. G. Csakfai, Dental Tech. Dip.
 Miss J. L. Doble, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.
 Mrs. H. P. Gebert.
 Mrs. J. D. Hooke, Uni. Subs.
 Mrs. A. E. Jackson, B.A., Dip.Ed.
 Mrs. B. C. O'Connor, D.T.S.C.

Languages:

Miss H. E. Young, B.A., Dip.Ed.
 Mrs. L. J. Enterkin, Uni. Subs., T.P.T.C.
 Mrs. S. George, Uni. Subs.

Mitcham High School Advisory Council, 1966

Mr. G. H. Henry, President (Leave of absence—overseas)
 Mr. E. C. Reynolds (Acting President)
 Hon. J. W. Manson, M.L.A.
 Cr. O. G. Goldsbrough
 Dr. P. J. Fensham
 Mrs. D. J. Morley
 Mr. J. T. Coutts
 Mr. M. D. Hallett
 Mr. S. C. Levy
 Mr. F. H. McColl
 Mr. N. Pruden (District Inspector)
 Mr. D. K. Sargeant (Hon. Treasurer)
 Mr. A. H. Stuchbery (Head Master and Hon. Secretary)

Canteen Committee

Mr. F. Luckhurst (Chairman)
 Mr. J. T. Coutts (Treasurer)
 Mrs. P. Toy (Manageress)
 Mr. A. H. Stuchbery (Secretary)
 Mrs. J. H. Sturgess
 Mrs. A. Robinson
 Mrs. W. Coombs
 Mr. S. Foster

Commerce and Geography:

Mr. L. K. Knight, B.A., T.P.T.C.
 Mr. J. T. Caldwell, B.Com.
 Mr. A. J. Davis, B.A., Dip.Ed. (Syd.), B.Ed., F.R.G.S.
 Mr. R. J. Lyford, Uni. Subs, T.S.T.C.
 Mr. R. J. Matthews, B.A., T.S.T.C.
 Mrs. S. Cowley, T.S.T.C., Uni. Subs.
 Mrs. C. M. Meldrum, T.T.C. (Dom. Arts).
 Mrs. B. M. Sanderson, L.C., Bus. Coll. and Exp.

Art and Crafts:

Mr. W. J. Ferguson, Art Dip., S.T.C. (Art and craft).
 Mr. J. K. Cadd, T.W.M.T.C., Trade Cert., 2nd Hon. Subs.
 Mr. B. L. Gange, S.A.T.C., T.S.T.C. (Art and craft).
 Mr. I. C. Ockwell, Inter. Tech. Cert., Trade exp.
 Mr. G. Parrent, Cab. maker.
 Mr. L. J. Uren, Trade course, carp. bldg. const.
 Mrs. P. M. Watson, Sen.T.T.C. (Norwich and Camb.).

Domestic Arts:

Mrs. E. A. Emslie, Dip.Dom.Sci. (Aberdeen).
 Mrs. M. M. Edge, Dom. Arts T.C. (S.A.).
 Mrs. M. D. McNicol, T.S.T.C. (Arts and C. Cert.).

Music:

Mr. J. W. Menadue, Mus.Bac. (School Music).
 Mr. T. M. Fahey, R.A.A.F. Band.
 Mr. D. Hillman, R.A.A.F. Band.
 Mrs. F. M. Barton, R.C.M. (Lond.).

Library:

Mrs. F. M. Dobson, Uni. Subs., A.T.T.Cert.
 Mrs. S. P. Bryant, N.Z. Dip.

Physical Education:

Mr. W. S. Tate, P.&R.T.Inst., 1st Class Royal Navy.
 Mrs. C. L. Sturgess, Dip.Phys.Ed. (T.Training).
 Mrs. Van Der Horst, Dip.Phys.Ed., swimming (Holland).

Office Staff

Mrs. J. I. M. Kilpatrick
 Miss R. E. Brown

Religious Instructors, 1966

Rev. N. Brown, Convener (Presbyterian)
 Rev. V. Cohen (Anglican)
 Rev. N. Beurle (Methodist)
 Mr. E. Heard (Church of Christ)
 Rev. J. Howells (Anglican)
 Mrs. J. W. Craggs (Methodist)
 Mrs. N. Ward, Emergency (Anglican)
 Mr. P. Kooloos)
 Mr. D. Knoop) (Catholic)
 Mr. P. Wintle)
 Mr. T. Ogge)

Cleaning Staff

Mr. R. H. Round (Caretaker)
 Mrs. M. Round
 Mr. A. W. Vague
 Mr. B. J. Erlandsen
 Mrs. M. Condon (Cookery Maid)

ADVISORY COUNCIL

In these times of rapidly growing educational needs and increase in numbers and sizes of secondary schools, local Committees and Councils have been met with much greater challenges during the past decade than ever before. During its brief few years of existence the Mitcham High School Advisory Council has endeavoured to fulfil its role in an active and well-directed manner, as evidenced by the fine grounds and facilities which have been developed to date on a dollar for dollar partnership with the government. A distinctive school name sign has also been one of our projects.

It is regretted that our efforts to complete the tennis court area have been frustrated to date, but it is hoped that by the time this magazine is in your hands they will be a reality.

Among other projects for the future, the greatest one is the Assembly Hall. The school is on the Departmental list for the eventual 3 for 1 grant: a site has been selected, a tax deductible fund approved, the finance committee has planned payment for all present developments by 1967-68, and suitable plans for a hall to seat at least 1000 are being investigated.

Parents and other interested local people will shortly be approached for tax-deductible donations to the Mitcham High School Assembly Hall Building Fund and your Advisory Council, believing that such a hall can be a vital factor in the education of our youth and in the creation of a valuable school spirit, hopes most earnestly for your generous financial support. Fuller details will be supplied through other sources.

Members of the Council who believe that great problems exist in secondary education, generally, in this State, have supported public meetings held to bring the facts before the parent body; they have discussed the difficulties frequently at meetings and have, we feel, shown a practical interest in the development of our school.

During the year the Advisory Council wished the President, Mr. G. H. Henry, bon voyage on the occasion of his departure overseas as a result of his fine performance in winning a Sir Winston Churchill Memorial Scholarship.

Mr. E. C. Reynolds fills the position of President during Mr. Henry's absence.

The Advisory Council wishes to express appreciation of the work of the staff of the school, and of the support of the Canteen organization, the Parents' and Citizens' Association and the Ladies' Auxiliary, and we look forward to further progress during 1967.

A. H. Stuchbery, Secretary.
 E. C. Reynolds, President.

SOCIAL SERVICE

The students of Mitcham High School have again contributed to many charities during 1966. It is felt that the true spirit of social service is achieved by all students making regular contributions, however small.

An amount of \$34.00 has been deposited each term in the Maroondah Hospital Appeal bank account which has now amounted to \$135.00. This

hospital will serve the Mitcham area in the future.

Other donations have been made as follows:

Save the Children Fund	\$28.00
Yooralla Hospital for Crippled Children	20.00
Children's Hospital, Good Friday Appeal	40.00
Red Cross	10.00
Aborigines Advancement League	10.00
Tally-Ho Boys' Village	10.00
Children's Welfare Association of Vic.	10.00
Austin Hospital	20.00
Spastic Children's Society of Victoria	20.00
Anzac Day Badges	80.00
Guide Dogs for the Blind Association of Victoria	10.00

Reliable and willing service has been given throughout the year by Beverley Welsh, assisted by Sue Waters and Carmel Watson, all of Form 4C, in Social Service activities.

PARENTS' AND CITIZENS' ASSOCIATION

Under the guidance of a strong and hard-working committee, the Parents' and Citizens' Association has continued to function smoothly during the past year. Some very solid work has been put in by some enthusiastic members and the school has benefited greatly by this.

Apart from working for school amenities some enjoyable social functions have been held—notably the cabaret dance held in October at which a rollicking time was had by all those fortunate people who attended.

As usual most of the work was left to the same few willing "horses". What about some of you parents making a "New Year's Resolution" and coming along to the meetings and lending your weight to this worthy organization which works so hard to provide amenities for your child's school?

Here's hoping for the benefit of your enthusiasm next year.

ACADEMIC RECORDS, 1965

First class honours: Alan Phillips (Pure Mathematics), Alan Phillips (Chemistry), Beverley O'Connell (French).

Second class honours: John Darby (3) Pure Maths, Physics, Chemistry; David Gilchrist (2) Geography, Modern History; Alan Phillips (2) Calculus & Applied Maths, Physics; John Baker, Chemistry; Ann Cleary, French; William Eeles, Accounting; Christine Gallagher, English Literature; Elizabeth Mace, Modern History; Beverley O'Connell, English Literature; Catherine O'Connor, French; Annette O'Keefe, General Mathematics; Valerie Reid, Modern History; Russell Tully, Modern History.

Matriculation: 27 students passed in the required number of subjects.

Commonwealth Tertiary Scholarships: Six.

Secondary Teaching Studentships: Seven.

Primary Studentships: Eight.

prefects



Top: Robert Perkins, Ian Bugg, Kevin Bond, Dana Masanauskas, Gary Tierney, Jeff Gillard, Ian White.
 Second: Joseph Saruva, Joy Thwaites, John Walpole.
 Third: Anda Salopayers, Geoff Cameron, Ray Wall, Pam Brown, Dale Boucher (Head Prefect), Christine Windsor, Denis Brown, Judy Johnson, Daine Alcorn.
 Fourth: Heather Stewart, Elizabeth Mann, Pat Coffey, Mr. Stuchbery, Pam Tunks (Head Prefect), Lyn Baxter.

THE HEAD PREFECTS' UTTER

On behalf of the boy prefects I offer my thanks to the members of staff for their advice and support throughout the year. For my own part, I wish to thank my fellow prefects for their loyal support and encouragement, which I have deeply appreciated.

In regard to school life, 1966 has been a year of varied success; we have achieved some spectacular victories, but by the same token, have suffered some equally spectacular defeats. The thing which has impressed me most, however, has not been how often we have won or lost, but the fact that we have a tremendous potential to prevail in the future. I say, therefore, to the students who will return that you must realize your own potential by striving for your own school. If you do, you will prosper. Remember that a school is only as good as its members.

Dale Boucher, VIB.

Twenty-four matriculation students were given the privilege and responsibility of being the prefects of Mitcham High School. We do hope that we have been worthy of such an honour. Generally we should feel that we have earnestly completed our duties during the year and for their assistance I would like to thank not only the other prefects and teachers but also the students whose co-operation has made my task much easier.

Certainly 1966 has been a disrupted year, a year of change. Yet it has also been another year in the life of M.H.S., a closer step towards the goals of a sound education through study and sport.

In closing, on behalf of the prefects and the matriculation group of 1966, I wish, to all those remaining behind, every success and trust that with the help of their devoted teachers M.H.S. will be a school of which Victoria is proud and where students work together as a team.

Pam Tunks, VIB.

GREETINGS FROM Mr. BOGE

Greetings to all of my friends at Mitcham High School. The past academic school year has been the most interesting and exciting year that I have ever experienced. To really appreciate the people of a different country, it is necessary to spend a lot of time with them and I am most thankful that this opportunity was mine in Australia.

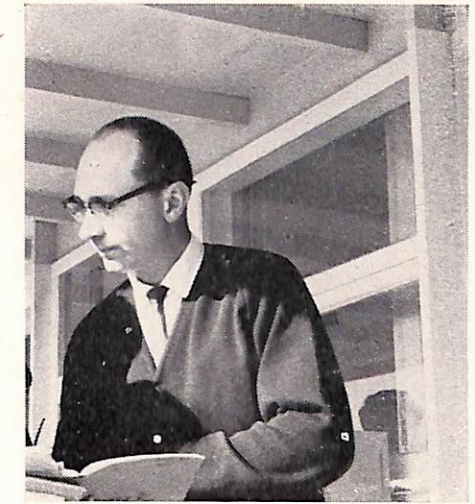
This year I had some of the best teachers (you the students) that one could ever imagine. You were first of all successful in making me feel welcome among you and then you proceeded to teach me a lot. None of us will ever grow so old that we know everything and we can all benefit by keeping an open mind to our surroundings and constantly trying to understand the changes taking place around us.

Although our two countries are separated by thousands of miles and one can expect many differences in our ways of living, it is surprising to find a large number of similarities existing also. The obvious differences are many and start with the reversal of the seasons and the resulting alterations in our activities in different months of the year. After this, however, the differences become less obvious and one soon realizes that we both enjoy many cultural similarities. The most enjoyable responsibility that we both enjoy is the freedom of speech and the privilege of self-government. This is not a world wide privilege and we must always be aware of the great responsibility that this freedom entails.

My teaching in Australia has allowed me the opportunity to see and do many things that a casual tourist could never undertake. I sincerely hope that my presence at your school has been of some benefit to the school and that you have learned a little from me about the average American citizen.

In ending this greeting I would like to thank you for being good teachers and may I in turn encourage every one of you to pursue your educational efforts throughout your lifetime.

ORVILLE BOGE.



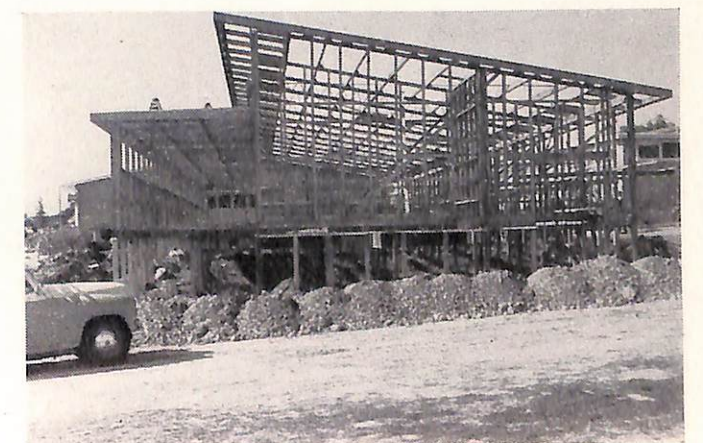
Mr. Boge.

REPORT ON NEW SCIENCE WING

The new science block was completed during term III. The finance for the project was supplied by the Commonwealth under its program to assist science teaching throughout Australia. The State and Commonwealth Governments combined to equip the building with a great amount of expensive apparatus. It is hoped that Form V and VI science students, realizing their good fortune, will do their utmost to look after the buildings and apparatus.

The block consists of a chemistry and physics laboratory, each having its own preparation room and associated storage space. In between the two rooms there is a general preparation room. The block has many good features and unfortunately a number of irritating bad points. Some of these will involve the school in considerable cost. An example is the lack of suitable blackout facilities in both chemistry and physics rooms.

Generally, the rooms will allow for a more efficient and cheerful teaching of Leaving and Matriculation Physics and Chemistry.



New Science Wing under construction.

extra curricular activities



CHOIR

We feel that 1966 has been a most successful and enjoyable year in regard to choir, and would like to thank Mr. Menadue most sincerely for the wonderful work and all the time he has put into training us for our most successful public appearances.

Earlier this year we provided the entertainment and took part in a demonstration of Carl Orff's new methods of musical education, by Mr. d'Ombra, at the Mitcham Methodist Hall. We spent a most interesting evening and performed quite successfully.

Another notable appearance was at the Croydon High School Hall. Here we participated in a Choir Festival with schools from all over this district.

On November 9 the choir won an award at the Hartwell Festival. This was a new and exciting experience for most members of the choir. The competition was of a very high standard and we all worked aiming for the best possible results.

The songs which Mr. Menadue chose for us have been varied and most inspiring. One song in particular, "The Wind Song" by Frank Hutchens, has been a great challenge in musical interpretation.

Finally, a hearty thank you to every member who has tried so hard in making it a wonderful experience in creating music together.

Anne Lajta, VB.

DEBATING

The success of the Debating Club this year can be greatly attributed to the help of the teachers concerned: Mr. Adams, Mr. Code, Mr. Lyford and Mrs. Moore. Of course we must not forget the debaters. It is not a small task to stand up before an audience and deliver a ten minute address. It makes matters worse if there is a small attentive group ready to pick holes in the speaker's arguments and keen to force him to justify them.

Though the aim of the Debating Club has been to diversify its activities, such as informal forum-type discussions, this has not been achieved because of the need to provide teams for the Victorian Schools' debating competitions. But next year it is hoped that more students will be encouraged to join the club and participate in these "extra" activities.

To the great joy of all, two of the inter-school teams, Mr. Code's A Reserve 1 Matriculation team and Mr. Lyford's C Grade Intermediate team, managed to reach the Grand Finals. The Intermediate team was fortunate enough to win; the Matric. team was defeated by only a narrow margin. The C Grade team was comprised of Warren Lee, Nancy McPherson and Michael Smythe; the A Reserve 1 team: Joy Thwaites, Danute Masanauskas and Colin Tegg. It must also be mentioned that Joy Thwaites' speech was commended by one of the adjudicators as the finest speech she had ever heard.

This successful start should serve as an impetus to the rest of the school to strive for even more honour for our debating club.

Danute Masanauskas, VIB.

DETENTION CLUB

Gentlemen:

It is my privilege to present the 53rd Annual Report of the Mitcham High School Detention Club, an affiliated member of the A.H.O.P.A.D. (Ancient and Honourable Order of Professional and Amateur Detainees), or more briefly, Dettos Anonymous.

Our club, I beg to report, continues to thrive. The average attendance during the year up until November 5, that is, when some malevolent burnt the minute book—stands at 33. Our lowest attendance was one, in the person of our most faithful member, Mortimer Snurl of Form VQ, who inadvertently turned up on Saturday afternoon. I regret to report that our club has not achieved its dearest ambition of a record attendance of 962. Can you picture it, the entire enrolment of Mitcham High School (queueuing, quing, kewing)—lining up at Room 6 at 4 p.m.? But alas!—I fear that the modern generation lacks the loyalty and devotion of its forerunners, and no-one delights any more in the simple pleasures of the past.

And what, after all, could be more pleasant, or more simple? Who could fail to be stirred by the quiet eagerness of our members as they file into Room 6, or by the steady zeal of little Percy Pooch of Form IZ as he writes out 1000 times: "I must not feed my pet lizard in class".

I cannot conclude this report without paying a tribute to the faithful service of our oldest inmate, Angus McGraw of Form IIM, who has not missed a single meeting since February 3, 1961. Unfortunately, Angus recently succumbed to an attack of apoplexy when he found his favourite desk occupied by an ignorant newcomer. His remains were removed in the waste-paper basket and reverently emptied into the incinerator.

This, gentlemen, concludes my report of a moderately successful year's activities. In 1967, I feel confident, we shall go on to bigger and better things, bearing always in mind the words of our club motto "Hic Haec Hoc Detto Dittos", which may be roughly translated, "Dettos of the World, Unite. We also serve who only sit and wait."

I have the honour to be,
Sirs,
Your obedient servant,
Roger Fitzwhistle.

HISTORY CLUB

A small but enthusiastic group of historians has carried on the work begun in previous years. Headed by President Leonie Woodberry, the club conducted a varied series of activities during the year. A notable excursion was to Schwerkholtz cottage where members viewed many interesting relics of early Mitcham. A series of illustrated lectures by much-travelled geography teacher, Mr. Davis, was the highlight of the weekly meetings. Work has continued on the school diary and the museum has been augmented by a number of interesting objects.

Mr. Adams.

FENCING CLUB

Fencing was first introduced to Mitcham High School in April, 1965. The response was so great that four classes a week were organised during lunchtimes, two for girls and two for boys. The classes were restricted to pupils from Form III upwards.

A limited amount of equipment was purchased, and progress was made in basic footwork and sword play. The students who persevered, methodically mastered the various skills which are necessary in competition fencing.

Classes were continued into 1966, and Mitcham High School was registered as a Club with the Victorian Amateur Fencing Association. Three teams were entered for the Metropolitan All Schools Fencing Championships, and the girls "A" Team, Sheila Jamieson, Joan McWhirter, and Sandra Smith, won the Championship. The girls' "B" Team, Penny Murphy, Lesley McWhirter and Yvonne Ogden, came 3rd; the boys' team of Robert Perkins, Ian Williams and Leo Kamphus, also gained 3rd place. These results are very pleasing considering the short time the students had been fencing, and this being their first competition.

The fencers were invited to compete in the Victorian All Schools' Fencing Championships at Geelong on the 30th July. This time the girls' "B" team was successful, and gained 3rd place, being beaten by one bout for 2nd place.

The students have already given an exhibition of Fencing at another High School at the invitation of the Victorian Fencing Association, and have been entered for the State Open Team titles.

Although our standard fencing equipment has been purchased from school funds, two parents have generously made donations to enable us to purchase some special electrical equipment which enables our fencers to compete in State Titles.

Mitcham High can be proud of their representatives' achievements in this field of sport.

A foundation is being laid for the further development of the sport by the selection of 12 girls, and 12 boys from Junior forms. These students will be trained by the Seniors.

Mr. S. Tate.

STUDENT-OPERATED BANK

This year has been a successful one for the Student-Operated Bank. The bank is operated by the IVC girls on a house competitive system where each house operates a branch consisting of a teller, accountant, clerk and manager. Students gain a point for their house each time they bank and new accounts each receive two points. This system encourages students to bank, and promotes house spirit.

With the expert help of Mrs. Cowley, the bank has run very smoothly this year and to September 28 the house points were as follow:

Myriong—916
Kimbarra—820
Paringa—772
Bareena—636

Pauline Battersby, IVC.



fencing club

L. Kampus, Mr. Tate, I. Williams, R. Perkins,
Y. Ogden, L. McWhirter, P. Murphy,
S. Jamieson, S. Smith, J. McWhirter.

The enthusiastic junior
footballers of M.H.S.



HIKING CLUB

President: Robert Perkins.
Secretaries: Colin MacDonald, John Walpole.
Map Reader: Kevin Bond.

GENERAL REPORT

The Hiking Club is moving; pounding out incentive for adventure and for lively communication in even the most reticent rambles. The Club is synonymous with comradeship and fun, and it is the Hiking Club to which the school looks for tradition.

Adventuring further afield into more rugged and treacherous terrain, the Club members are always gaining more responsibility and much more experience. The final result is increased ability and confidence. What better method of education than one which gives a pupil confidence in himself and a taste of adventure. The effects are obvious in activities during school life and after.

This outdoor education is evident on a more personal level—that of communication. Through the fellowship that inevitably abounds around a campfire, hikers find it easy to talk and think about things new and important to themselves and the world. What better circumstances—unhurried, uncluttered and always the unquenchable spirit of fun.

Yes! The Hiking Club is moving, instilling a desire in students' minds to speak and sing out their thoughts and ideas—the young radical and increasingly vital ideas of Australia's youth.

All of which means, quite simply, that the Hiking Club is giving its members a sense of physical, intellectual and emotional accomplishment. For this alone it should be commended.

Individual hikes held during the year were as follows:

Jan. 6-Feb. 8: New Zealand. Travelled by ocean liner (ship), train, coach (no horse), taxi, ferry, hydrofoil, plane. Longest distance walked, 85 miles.

March (long weekend): St. Finian's Well, Black Spur, Mt. St. Leonard, Healesville, 27 miles. Misty weather. Long hike. Camp was welcome, Mt. St. Leonard, long walk for water.

May: Tombullup (24 miles from Mansfield). Shared haunted house with Ned Kelly. Much ghosting. Went fishing. Wild bulls driven off by Ray Wall. G. Lade pursued by rabbits. C. McDonald tried slumming and loved it. Group in search of supplies mistaken for boys from Timbertop!!! 20 miles. Ha!

June: Malmsbury to Taradale. Water fight between staff. 15 miles.

July: Otways-Mt. Sabine. All boys. Rainy weather. Empty house provided accommodation.

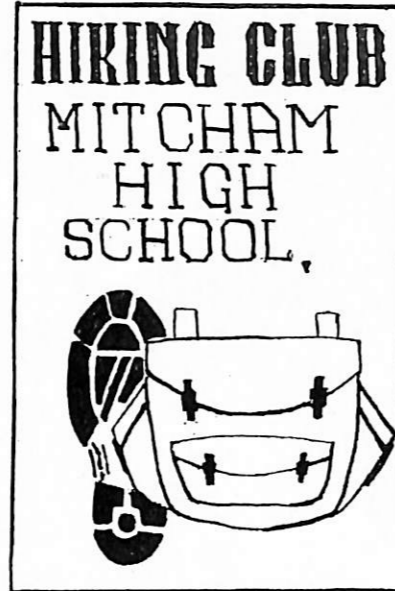
August: Tomahawk Valley. Very muddy, many lost shoes and dignity. Groan. Nevertheless enjoyable.

Sept.: Marysville. Music and rain. Many extra activities. Snow fight.

Oct.: Ballan. Doubles out in force. Attacked by vicious sharpies. Soon dispersed by girls.

Dec. 15-22: Licola, Wellington River, Tarli Karn, Mt. Wellington. ? miles.

Alan J. Robertson.



THE ORCHESTRA

At every Monday morning's General Assembly, the one thousand voice student and staff choir is accompanied in the singing of the National Anthem by the school's ten-piece orchestra, (twelve pieces on a good day). On the conductor's downbeat, the first chord sounds and is, with a bit of luck, almost in tune.

This, however, is not the only time these talented musicians from forms one to six perform. Each Tuesday, after school, the orchestra swells in number to over twenty-five pieces, rehearses its rousing repertoire. The various instruments range from violins, piccolo, flute, recorders, clarinets, saxophones, trumpets, cornet and trombone, down to the bass clarinet, euphonium, double bass and a host of percussion instruments. A piano is also included to provide the musical backing.

Five members of the orchestra took part in a combined High Schools' orchestral performance earlier in the year, while, on a later occasion, some others performed in a lighter vein as a jazz band. The culmination of the year's work, however, is aimed at the two Speech Nights in December.

Many of the young instrumentalists in the school orchestra would possibly not be playing at all had it not been for a recently established system in the Education Department of free instrumental tuition within selected High Schools. Sixty pupils in the school at present have instruction from three highly qualified and experienced teachers in violin, (Mrs. Barton), and in woodwind and brass instruments (Mr. Hillman and Mr. Fahey). Through this system, the actual purchasing of instruments is also made a good deal easier and, often, less expensive. Our appreciation of the work of these devoted teachers is great, and to Mr. Menadue, our band master, musical arranger and enthusiastic conductor, we give our grateful thanks.

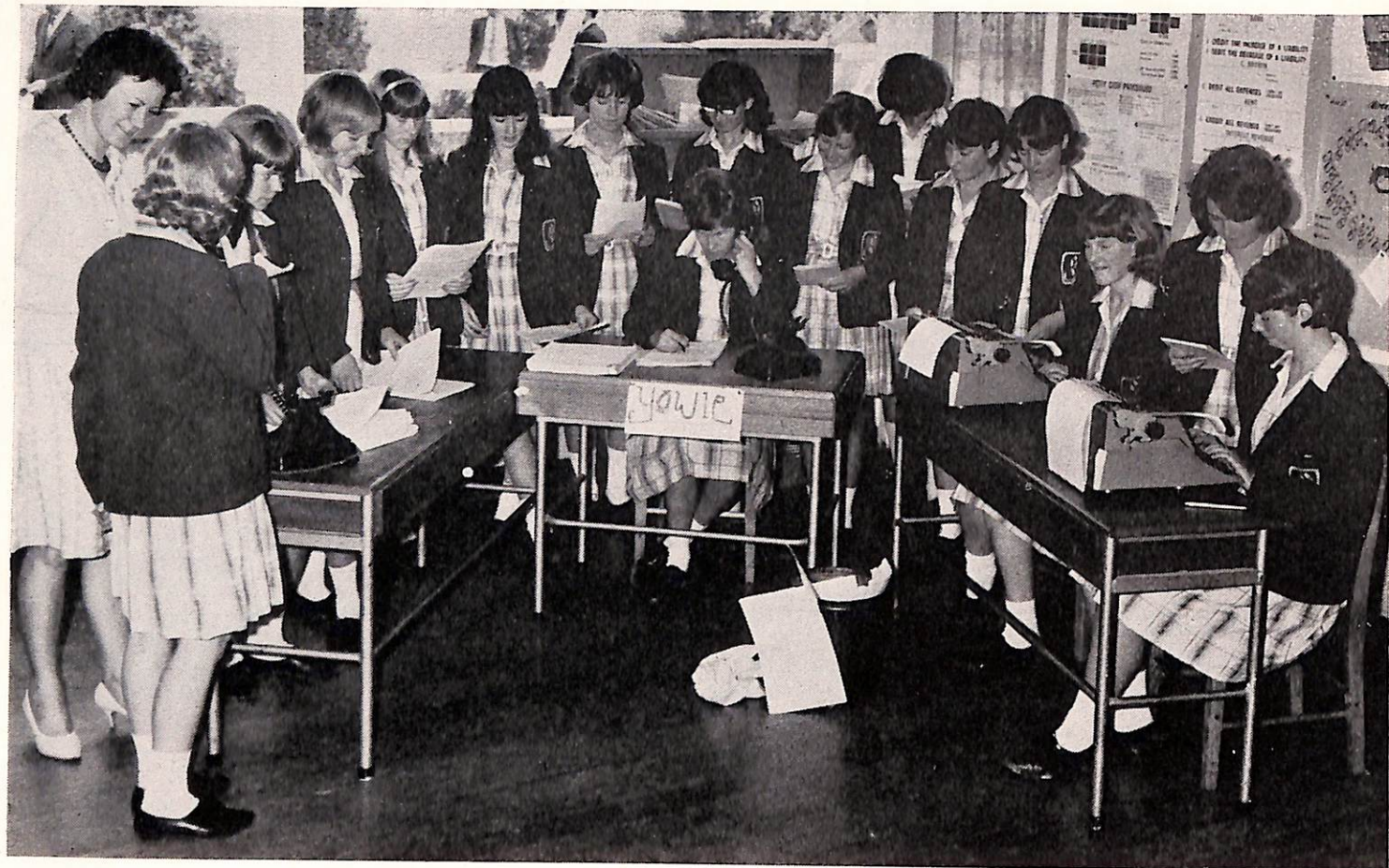
Philip Kitchen, VB.



hiking club

orchestra





Left to Right: Mrs. S. Cowley, Jennifer Robertson, Olga Lobb, Margaret Gadsby, Cilla Paarman, Meredith Wills, Sandra Jennings, Linda Webb—Editor (seated), Judith Gellatly, Dawn Smith, Vera Dordevic (back), Rhonda Pallares, Lynette Roberts, Wendy Upstill (seated), Margaret Ogilvie, Faye Wall (seated).

YOWIE

Yowie started in May 1965 as a one-sheet venture by dubious students. Originally designed to help commercial students with typing, printing and composing, this small venture has grown at a very rapid rate.

Without a name, Yowie committee asked for suggestions, and our name was chosen by voting. Yowie is an aboriginal word meaning "place of echoes", and we felt that this was very appropriate as Yowie is a source of news and echoes of school-life.

The idea of Mrs. Cowley (who is now our over-worked supervisor), Yowie, has changed from an occasional one-sheet venture to a regular eight-sheet publication. With the help of a committee of sixteen, Yowie contains cross-words, cartoons, pictorial sheets, factual reports, unfactual reports and libellous reports of the staff and students of this school.

I, as editor, would like to thank all the students and staff of M.H.S. for their contributions and criticism, the committee for their help and support, and especially Mrs. Cowley, for her inspiration, help and encouragement.

L. Webb, VC.



"I hope it's sterilized."

LIBRARY NOTES

With the wealth of reference books on so many and varied subjects available today, it is not difficult, given the finance of course, to acquire a most interesting selection of books of this type for the school library. This we have done, and the school can feel justly proud of the many worthwhile books on its shelves.

Since the beginning of the present year, the library has accessioned over 1200 new books in class sets of varying subjects. This custom of buying class sets is a very good one for two reasons. Firstly, it relieves the parent of the expense of buying the text-book for his own child, and secondly, the set can be used in successive years until it is no longer practicable.

The main burden of expense for those books falls on the school itself, as the Education Department sees fit to subsidize for libraries with the grand sum of \$200 per year.

Bearing this in mind, it is immediately obvious that this school has done a fine job in maintaining and developing the library to such an excellent level. As with all libraries, there is a certain

amount of loss each year in unreturned and misplaced books. This varies from year to year, and is a constant source of worry to the library staff. Parents could help a great deal by keeping an eye on books their children have borrowed, and perhaps by instituting an occasional search through shelves and cupboards for books which have strayed and, by chance, been forgotten. Overdue books cost the borrower one cent per day, so a gentle reminder by Mum is a sensible precaution.

The level of borrowing in the library is comparatively high, particularly when one considers the present day competition supplied by television, radio, etc. The files show a good 70% of the total number of students are regular borrowers.

A school library is or should be the centre around which the academic life of a school revolves, and, backed by the generous support of parents and school organizations, we aim to provide the very best and most efficient centre for the students and staff it will serve.

Mrs. Dobson.

MATRICULATION

The Matric. class of '65 has now "scattered to the four winds" as our present class is on the verge of doing. To give present pupils an idea of how they scatter, we present here a list of the students and their present occupations. More than 60% are continuing their studies at an advanced level.

Melbourne University: Christine Gallagher, Beverley O'Connell, Russell Tully, Alan Philips.

Monash University: John Baker, Anne Cleary, John Darby, Alex Fazakas, Lennarden Holingren, David Gilchrist.

Hobart University: Patrick Ho Ying.

Senior Tech.: Peter Clarke, Peter Dingle, Les Hazell, Greg Tunks.

Teachers' Colleges: Brenda Nugent (Larnook), Sandra Clifton, Lyle Graham, Elizabeth Mace, Annette O'Keefe, Lynette Quick, Valerie Reid, Rasa Sazenis (Burwood Teachers' College).

While Chris Hayes, Ken Allen, Graham Burgin, Ken Butcher, Bill Eeles, Adrian Gill, John Hallam, John Lorkin, Max Mannik, Barry Nathan, Catherine O'Connor, Terry O'Neill, Heather Reid, Coral

Wheatley, Greig Wilson and Peter Wise hold positions varying from office jobs to those of nurse or lab. technician.

EX-STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

This year the association has grown considerably. Among successful activities were two theatre nights and a snow picnic. We shall soon be holding a combined car rally/beach party (Dec./Jan.).

We are hoping that the association will grow larger in the next few years, so we can have a wider field of activities and an annual cabaret. Next year we have plans for bigger and better things.

If you are leaving M.H.S. this year come and join us. Financial members pay 50 cents a year and enjoy many benefits.

For information concerning the club contact:

President, David Humrich, 87 2096.

Secretary, Rasa Sazenis, 87 1012.

Treasurer, Graham Harris, 878 7110, or the following members of the committee: Dot Bird, Sue Ryan, Sandra Clifton, Lyn Quick, David Dixen or Frank Morgan.



Avril Honeybun, VB.

creative

SAND PIT

He traced furrows in the sand with a grainy tapered finger. A sand pit was a warm and comforting thing—it surrounded you with security. Of course he didn't understand that—just perceived it.

It was in one of the better suburbs—the quieter suburbs, where no-one shouted and people knew less about each other—or said they did. The house in front of the sand pit was big, and grey and stony—it looked as though it were trying very hard to be a castle.

Thick, yellow trees masked the castle house from the street; so there wasn't much point in it trying to be anything.

But the boy was outside the castle house and thus unaware of it. He lived in the present. The statements in the sand became more irregular as if the finger were becoming bored. He was a tall skinny boy with wide, light eyes, slightly slanted. Beautiful eyes that never held their gaze. They focussed on the wavering finger now—and it stilled in the middle of a new furrow. The sand had been smooth and cold and creamy, now it was etched with dark, furry finger lines. That annoyed him, and he shuffled over the surface of the pit, churning the pattern away. An ant crawled painstakingly over a stone and across the ruffled sand. He thought himself into the ant and negotiated the landscape with it.

The mother and father crouched over coffee in the sitting-room. They reminded you of grey cardboard cut-outs only half aware of a situation. Perhaps they had been over exposed to life and it had lost some of its potency and drained them of colour and dimension. The mother strove to

bring their ideas into focus.

"Not this year."

"Yes, this year, he's old enough and I've booked him in. It's a very good school."

"I know. You told me—but he's too young."

"He's not too young, you're only putting it off—clinging."

"He is. You know it."

"It's a good school."

And so the staccato sentences fumbled on, seeking to pierce comprehension, but always stumbling far wide. There was no real contact. The two grey cut-outs were in different worlds and words were far too weak to pull them together. They could have helped each other, coloured each other again—but they didn't know how — — —.

"Very well—but you'll have to tell him."

"It won't matter if he's not told."

"Don't! Of **course** it will matter."

"Come on then, he's playing outside."

The boy looked up at the noise of the door opening into him. He forgot the ant and became aware of the mother and father. The mother's face was stained and wet and the father's was fretted in a pattern of worry.

"Why our child?" the mother whispered. "He is retarded, you know it, it might be easier if you admitted it. Look at his eyes, they hardly even take us in!"

A wave of something like pity engulfed the mind of the boy. People always seemed like this, worried and unhappy and struggling. Why couldn't they see how beautiful and easy everything was? He was very lucky. The ant crawled over his hand and he went on climbing in the warm, safe sand pit.

Joy Thwaites, VIB.

CHILDHOOD IN RETROSPECT

Joseph Saruva, the writer of this article, comes from the well-known village of Kokoda, sixty miles north of Port Moresby in New Guinea. He has been studying at this school for two years, and during this, his Matriculation year, has been a prefect. Joseph returns home at the end of this year to continue his studies at a Teachers' College.

(Editor.)

Childhood in retrospect is a jumble of golden dreams and unhappy experiences. The sort of childhood one goes through differs in many countries and it largely depends on the society and family environment.

As far as I can recall my own childhood has been quite an experience. I have been brought up in a society that is primitive and where everyday life is one of hunting and gardening. My parents took me wherever they went, especially to the gardens or to the rivers for fishing. So naturally, I learnt the arts of fishing, hunting and also of gardening.

Many a time we would leave the village to spend a night out in the bush in a garden-house. This would be a very terrifying experience the first night out. Out would come the numerous fire-flies and it would be pitch dark in the jungle. Strange calls of birds and other animals were equally frightening and would seem to be approaching our hut from all directions. The slightest sound caused by a falling twig or a leaf was enough to scare the life out of me.

There was no school in those days and one was entirely free from the worries of schooling. I was free to do whatever I liked. I would stay home instead of going to the garden, and go fishing or hunting. One had the freedom of the open country instead of being shut up in a workhouse.

Apart from these, life was not all that easy and I experienced some pretty tough times. My parents expected me to take a share in the running of family affairs. I had the job of fetching water and collecting dry twigs for cooking. Carrying water was no easy job as you had to fetch it from a creek half a mile away.

Being a first child in the family, I sometimes had the job of minding the younger ones while my parents were out. If anything happened to the little ones, it was always the big brother that got all the blame. I can remember the time when my small brother almost drowned in the river. There were many other children who saw the incident, but being the oldest, I threatened to hit anyone who dared to report to my parents. I knew well what would happen to me if my parents learnt about the incident.

Then came the day when I began to go to school. Schooling was a novelty, and I was filled with excitement about the whole thing. I was a regular attendant at first but it was not long before I was bored with it and I began to long for the good old days. I started staying away from school but the authorities from the Local Government Council at Kokoda threatened to throw any parents whose children stayed away from school in jail. So I got stuck to it whether I liked it or not. We never learnt much in the village school as we were taught in our own language. There were not enough classrooms so the preparatory class sat on the green grass under the shade of a coconut palm or a tree to do their lessons.

My own childhood was packed with both exciting and unhappy experiences. I do not think I had any golden dreams, probably due to the fact that the every day life was the same and also of my being ignorant of the world outside.



Laima Priede, IVB.

THE SOLDIERS

Is there no life without war?
Is there no love without fear?
To you, who must be so sure,
Is there such a word as "peace" anymore?

Country against country, man against man
Onward they march, "Forward my lads"
Armed to the teeth, gun in their hands
Trying to remember they're fighting for "their land".

They're "coward" if they don't; "heroes" if they do
Fight to the end till the war is through.
"You have no feelings, you are not men
Forward my lads, to the end."

They're killing "for their country"
Murdering "for their land"
Still on they march, no fear can they have.
But, how will they feel when the war is done?
Who can say: "We have won."

Wendy Upstill, VC.

A DERELICT

She lay there,
Transfixed in the oncoming sunset.
Waves without care
Moved within the bay; caught in a net
Of ever surging motion.

The white tipped surf
Played a rhythmic tune about her rounded sides,
Day in, day out,
With the coming and going of the ever changing tides.

Her decks now cracked
By heat of sun and force of weather,
Her ropes let slack,
Never again to feel the strain
Of the open sea in foul weather.

Chris Larken, IVD.

VICTORY OF THE GREEKS

We held our breath so silently there in
That horse, so big, so heavy and so safe.
The glorious night came quickly after
That breath taking moment of suspense.
We silently slid that rusted bolt back
From the hatch, and out we softly climbed,
On to the compound of the sandy fort.

A quick look 'round told us that all was clear:
Then towards the old gate we softly strode.
I gave the signal that we would come to
Open those gates—so huge and so forlorn.
Thrice I did give the old owl's call (tu-whit, tu-whoo;
Tu-whit, tu-whoo; tu-whit, tu-whoo).
Never a sound from us came, until
We slid that rusted bolt—how it did creak!
We held our breath, but all was well—so far.
Then from the shadows our Greeks softly came.

A blood-thirsty battle that first
Opening of the gate.
Many were killed on that moonless, dark night.
It was truly a terrible sight to watch—
The blows poured down on many a Trojan,
But Helen of Troy was saved by us Greeks.
The number killed is still not known, but many
Were on the few ships that returned home to
Greece. But the Horse was not.

All was well. Troy was captured.
How the Greeks did cheer at our Great Victory
As we sailed triumphantly to Greece
Thanking that Horse, so big, so heavy and so safe.

Anon.

A HUNDRED AND TWO

Heat,
In oppressive waves that stifle thinking,
Weighs down upon us.
Our heavy bodies, listless, sensual,
Refuse our mind's commands
Uttered with feeble half-insistence.
The flavourless air parches the throat
And gnarled lips part in weary panting;
Yet surprised, reason returns
With the night's buoyant cool.

Erica Sharpe, VA.

TIME LAPSE

The old hand rocked the cradle back and forth,
timelessly, like the pendulum of an ancient clock.
Bending forward to gaze at the face in the cradle,
her own face reflected what she wished to see there.

An illusionary contentment blurred the channels
of bitterness and relaxed the criss-cross of resent-
ment for an instant. The tiny face in the cradle
seemed yellowed and the eyes stared past her in
ignorance. But the sight of the fixed, baby ex-
pression had triggered a dream shuttle somewhere
in the woman's bruised consciousness.

She saw her baby grown a little, capering through
the seedy grasses at the back of the old house: a
thin, quick little girl whose coppery hair burst
into flame under the sun. Did the child run irregu-
larly? Was her step off balance yet? She refused
to admit it, even to herself, but the inner conscio-
ness of reality grew and choked her. A dilapidated
doll, lacking one arm swung from the infant's hand
as she stumbled eagerly towards the mother. The
flush of childish energy stained her cheeks—but
was its stain too deep? The skin was papery—
translucent paper with a candle burning some-
where. A candle burning too fast so that the flame
guttered.

The mother tried to swallow truth and terror as
she approached—but the child's over-sharp senses
smelt it, and the over-large eyes dropped in bewil-
derment. She clutched the doll to her—almost
convulsively.

THE GOLD THIEVES

Far across the mountains,
There were hoof beats loud and clear,
The Gardener gang dismounted,
As the stagecoach rumbled near.

Three troopers led the stage,
Three troopers in the rear;
Their carbines at the ready
Should bushrangers appear.

But Gardener, he was ready,
The troopers would soon be paid
Their due respects upon their death
If the plans had been well laid.

Some brambles covered the road,
Spikes protruded from the ground,
Six rifles they reported,
Six troopers they fell down.

The gold box it was rifled,
While the drivers shook with fear;
Then they fled with speed and caution,
To a hideaway quite near.

The Gardener gang dismounted,
With no more need to roam:
The gold had set them up for life,
With a mansion as their home.

Robert Enterkin, IIIE.

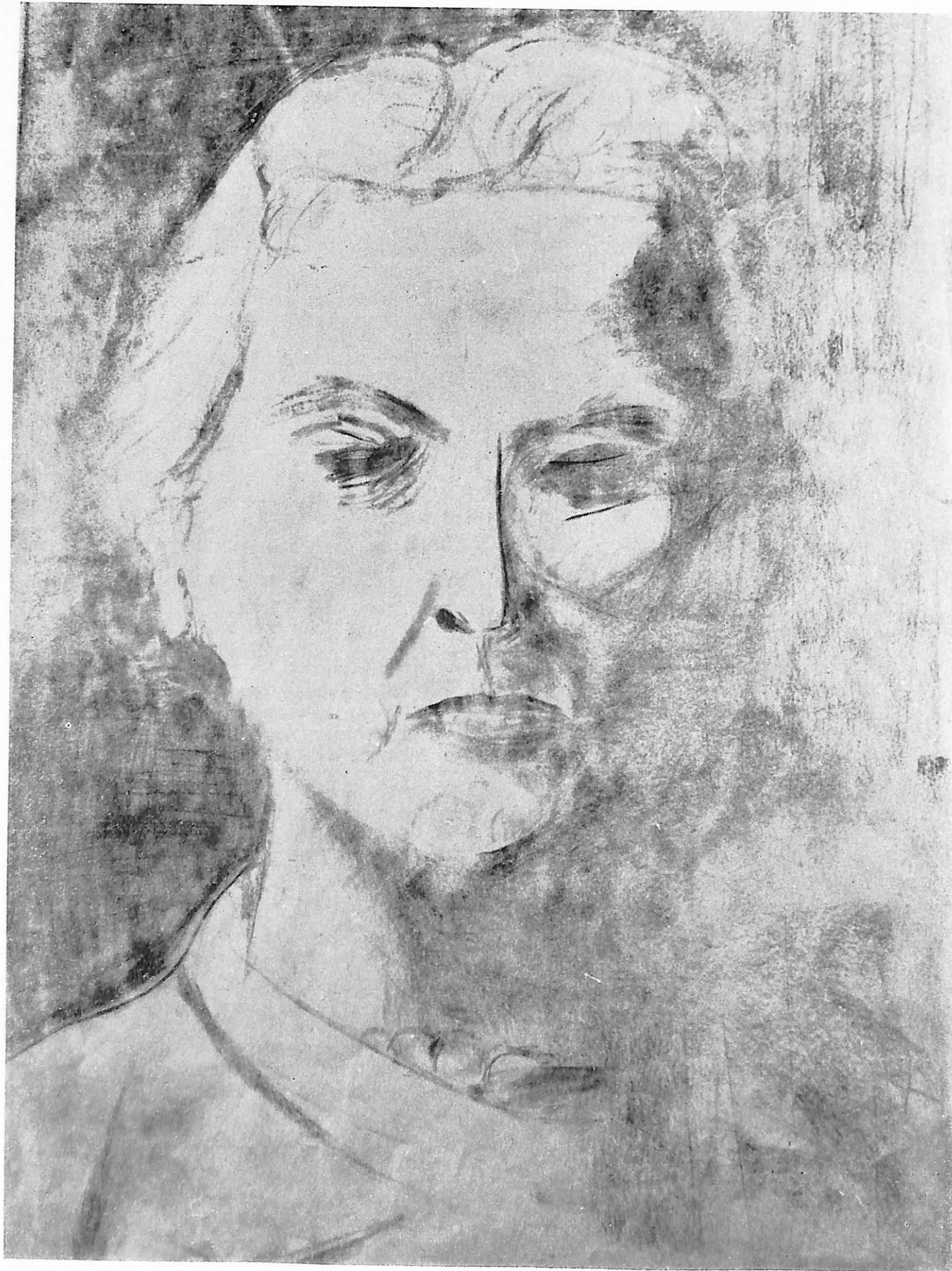
A young girl crossed the seed grass now. No-
one had told her—no-one knew if she knew. If
there were mirrors surely she must have guessed
for the candle burnt fiercely now, with a desire to
consume its own wax. Its flame rose too quickly,
too hectically to pass unnoticed—but she had never
questioned or queried. They had explained away
the limp as a fall in infancy—they could never
have explained away the candle.

She saw the inevitable grave as it has always
been . . . saw the end of refused reality, the release
from a tortured dream of illusions. It was just a
little square with a few flowers—who would have
guessed such a little square represented so much?

With a start, the woman realized the shuttle had
worked the old cloth through to the end once more.
With the customary effort she obliterated the pic-
tures and drew the thread back through her conscio-
usness to the pretty baby—the baby before
knowledge had spoilt it all. The rest lay unravelled
until the shuttle should be triggered again.

The old hand began to work the cradle, time
ceased again, and the woman gazed at the yellow
face. Suddenly she reached down, pulled aside
the creamy, innocently worked covers and lifted
it up. She clutched the doll to her—almost con-
vulsively.

Joy Thwaites, VIB.



the verse of alan j . . .

THE RETURN

The wind was cold and the grey sand swept
The sea was idle while Neptune slept
Upon this scene a young girl crept
The tears were bitter this young thing wept.

Thence came a man as pale as the sky
He turned to the girl upon hearing her cry
And asked of her, while a gale drew nigh
On her knees she told how she must die.

They walked a while in silent despair
Their sadness about as the storm in the air
The imminent sea, still ominous fair
Chuckled beside two lost souls there.

At last he turned midst gathering gale
A gentle hand round her white neck frail
The whipped white surf, the shore did flail
As he told her, this most awful tale.

I once strode the land as a warrior bold
Not fearing man, nor God nor strife
I vanquished, plundered and hoarded my gold
Little's the value I placed upon life.

With power and wealth my mind was filled
My emblem the eagle, I slaughtered the dove
My father's estate the land n'ere I tilled
My sword at the ready I never knew love.

While counting my riches one stormy wild night,
A vision most awesome my eyes behold
My weapon I clutched, but consider my fright
This creature divine, then laughed at my gold.

"Oh pitiful thing!" it cried with much scorn,
Neath its steady gaze my courage soon flew
Fear wracked my body as if just born
"Miserly wretch, a curse upon you!"

"You shall not die but nor shall you live
You'll know no pleasure nor wealth nor fame
Nor kindly thought such as you could not give"—
With this it vanished and went whence it came.

I did not die but life was a farce
Nothing would please me, fame soon went
My clothes grew ragged, my food grew sparse
I wandered the beach in lonely lament.

The storm was dead 'twas quiet there
Their heads were turned to the sea so fair
Was a gentle wind that brushed by her hair
He lifted his head to God's splendid stair.

He turned to the girl a smile on his face,
And softly spoke with a new gentle grace,
"Go young girl to your lovers and lace
Go young girl I'll take your place!"

She turned with a cry "No not for me!"
But on his face a glow she'd see
The ecstatic beauty of a soul set free
As the sun poured gold he walked to the sea.

THE LAST ROOM OF LIFE

A pale girl came to the bare board room
With fly-filled sills and a window of gloom
Of the outside world, grey temples that loom
Bus-loads of business and stop press doom.

She walked to the window, and the watered-down
sun

Fell on train soiled bricks where night cats run
And the undiscovered roofs of 1901
And the garbage lane cabbage, with posters of fun.

She sat legs crossed for unseen eyes,
And thought once of him but twice about the flies,
Thought she ought to cry like her paper-back lies
But she doesn't like to think of her baby that dies.

Again to the window, nervous now she flits
As in his trash back yard, an old man sits
In the rust rubbish garden, like Solomon sits,
Lord of all the washing, king of little bits.

Savage thoughts of pain, break upon her strife,
At last thoughts of sinlessness, dream to be a wife.
A dark door opens, as final as a knife,
A pale girl leaves, the last room of life.

"I'm tired" he said with tightened brow
and limp hand lifted wearily.

"Life has come and passed on by
and I find no peace."

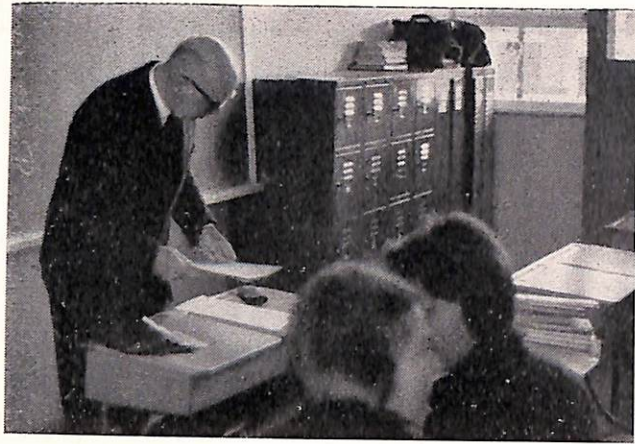
"I've lived a life most grey it seems,
beside the bright brief flash of death,
this sad triumph should still my mind;
yet I find no peace."

"Should menial tasks and missions grand
their last respects, benevolent pay,
would be a crowd my coffin round
but I find no peace."

"The tears are warm my many friends shed
even from some remorse for me.
The world itself will pause in flight
and I find no peace."

And here he stopped and turned to me,
His lean, pale face gleamed for then
"Say no words of comfort now"
"I find no peace."

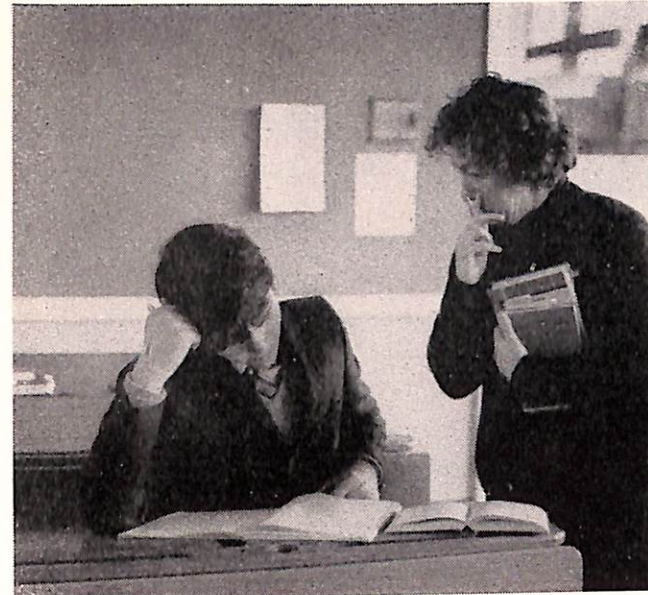
Casually imminent,
the sea resides
recedes beside me,
grey-green and wistful
wearily crashing its load of surf.
Against the dirty sky
sad white-water
dances distantly,
grey and cold
darkening,
as I chase the sun
along the sodden sand.



1



5



9



11



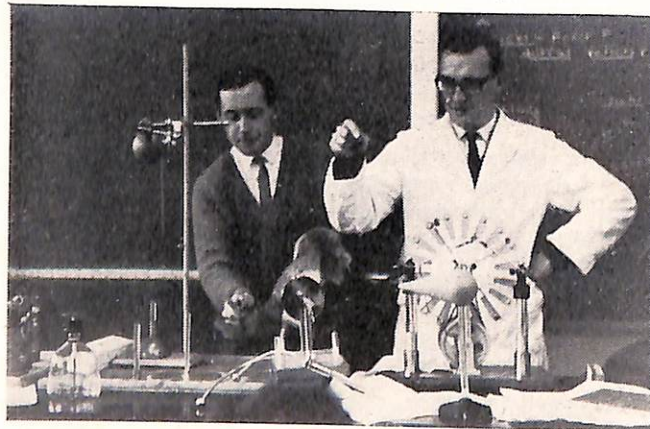
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6



12



3



7

1. . . . and then Christopher Robin said to Pooh . . .
2. *Waiting for Godot?*
3. . . . you are getting sleepy.
4. *Prefects' graveyard.*
5. *Domestic science?*
6. *Zzzzzzzzz.*
7. *It's the woman's prerogative to be late.*
8. *Veni, vidi, vici.*
9. *Sorry, lad, there's not much hope left.*
10. *The hordes of Ghengis Adams.*
11. *Sim sala bim.*
12. *TV has no bad effects?*
13. *Food for thou-ght.*
14. *Let's face it, someone doesn't like us.*



13



4



8



10



14

FRIENDSHIP

The five men of Baker Street were in Stenson's garage, playing poker. They were happy to be there, having escaped their wives and the hundreds of little jobs that needed doing around the house. The stakes were not high and they joked and wisecracked as they played, not really caring if they won or lost.

Suddenly, and loudly, the siren burst in among them. The laughter ceased and they stared at each other; then, as one, sprang up and ran to their families; the friendly game of cards forgotten.

Joey Borston raced to his house across the street. "It has happened!" he yelled to his puzzled wife. "Someone has pushed the button. Grab the baby and hurry down to the shelter."

Martha did as he said and met her husband, a pile of clothing in his arms, in the shelter. Joey shut and locked the concrete door.

Meanwhile, his neighbours were gathering on his front lawn. It had occurred to them that they had nowhere to go; no shelter. "Joey has a shelter, maybe he'll let us in."

The thought had come to them all. Together they stormed through the Borstons' house and down to the cellar.

"You've got to let us in," screamed Fred Davenport.

"We'll die if you don't!"

"There isn't enough air or food to support you," replied Joey.

"At least let the children in," pleaded Mrs. Stenson.

"If I open this door the children will die in the rush."

Mrs. Davenport begged.

"No!"

"It's no use, the only way to get in is to break down the door."

"That's it. Come on boys, let's get a battering ram."

It only took the mob a few seconds to grab a rafter beam from the half-built house down the street and carry it to the cellar. Crash! The beam hit the door with all the strength of Hercules behind it. Again. And again.

The door was no longer a barrier. With a yell of triumph the mob rushed forward.

The all clear siren stopped them in their tracks. Suddenly the danger was past, they became human again. They slunk out of the cellar and into the street.

"We'll pay for the damage, of course," said Fred slowly.

"Yeah, we'll pay" agreed the others, clutching at any straw that would lessen their shame.

"Anyone for poker," replied Joey sadly. His neighbours and friends stole home, ashamed.

Clive Morley, VA.



Mary Ioannidas, IVC.

MOUNTAINS

From here the mountains didn't seem the same. From his home-town they had appeared so cold and unreal, yet as he arrived they became alive.

The rocks and crags take on an eerie character in the mist. They are no longer purple shapes but monstrous shapes alive. As the noise of the wind moving through narrow cracks adds to the mystery, he moves among them, seemingly, in the residence of the gods. The mists move twisting and rolling through gorges and valleys. Nothing else moves; yet everything else *seems* to. Everything, except the wind, is silent and yet there is noise. Green mosses grow on the blue-grey rocks but this is the only form of life here. In this air of mystery a strange serenity reigns unchallenged. Any intruder moves silently due to some inward force compelling him to do so. This same force cajoles him every time he makes a foot-fall. It torments him until he stops. But he finds no peace by this. His heartbeat and breath grow loud and he moves again, attempting to get away from himself.

The mists come and go, and he finds solace with their departure. With the mists go all the other strange abstract forms that inhabit the place. He is free to walk, to run and he is no longer an intruder. The sun shines down. It is a comfort in itself. He laughs, and continues long and loud; his voice ringing out over the land. He hears its echoes as the valley fills with peeling tones. Everyone is laughing with him. The sunlight sparkles and dances on the dew. The sun laughs too.

But then it is gone. The mists return and silently the mountains become frightening again. The winds return, curling the mists into shrouds that leave only outlines uncovered. The laughter turns to stone, which in turn takes on a totally different characteristic. Once again the intruder returns.

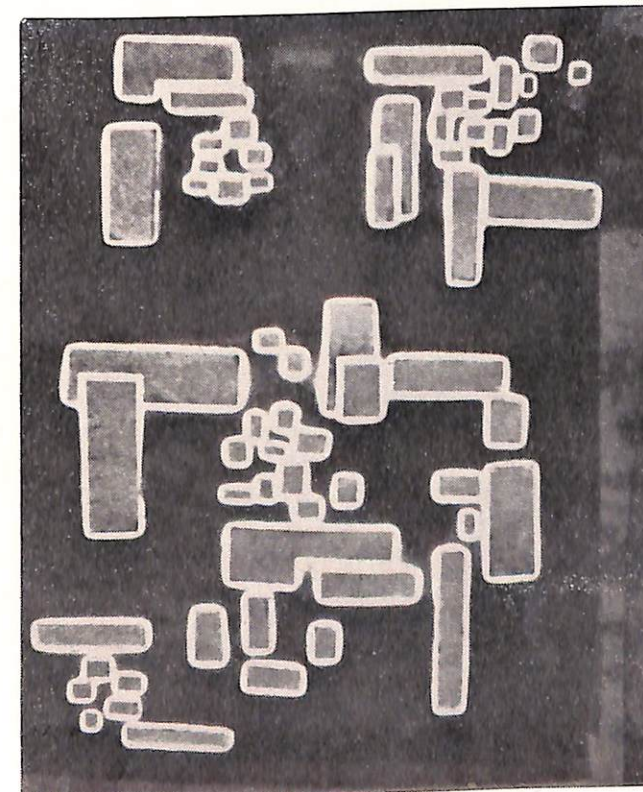
He moves quietly once more, stunned. The sunlight shining on the mountain-tops is gone. A wierd atmosphere of fear takes its place. The intruder runs, as fast as he can, blindly. He travels up the thin paths and over the crannies, wildly tortured by a causeless fear. He crashes upward then downward trying to get out of himself.

The torment increases and he is driven into a frenzy, screaming wildly with only the mountain to hear. The echoes seem to ridicule him, but he doesn't hear them.

Suddenly he trips and falls. He lies flat on his chest sobbing silently, and remains there for an eternity. He at last gets up and looks about him. He is out of the mountains now, in the foothills. The sun is once more shining on the green grass underfoot. He moves downward to the valley, his memory closed to his recent experience. He looks at his watch. He is late, but finds time to look at the mountains behind him.

The sun beats down, warmly over the cold, purple shapes. The intruder finds time to pray.

Tom Aumann, VA.



Peter Drakeford, IVA.



Carol De Bruyn.

THE HIDDEN BURIAL

"CURSED BE THY FOOTSTEPS" the warning rang.
 How many rifled tombs had prophesied?
 The last barricade fell
 Beneath strong arms,
 And we went in, slowly.
 The lifeless odour of ten thousand years swept
 over us,
 Engulfed us, at the first step.
 Death's darkness was broken.

In the gutted light of our torches
 Dull frescoes of a time past
 Glowered, returned
 To their eternal blackness:
 Meant for sightless eyes.

The dust shrouded floor was strewn with articles
 Destined for use by the Pharaoh:
 He lay in a huge stone cask,
 To one side.
 A few eroded bronze statues
 Frozen around the Nubian coffin
 Stood entranced, uncanny.

The mists had wreathed, shrouded
 The path of his preserved era:
 Reincarnated unwillingly.
 The figures; a dim-lit, encrusted
 Chariot piled with ancient weapons:
 The walls; the silence; stared in
 Mute protest—
 We did not belong.

The desert flowed, hiding with sand
 What it could not consume.
 The tomb unchanged:
 The unseen frescoes:
 A Nubian coffin guarded
 By several eroded bronze statues

Peter Edwards, VIA.

WHAT'S IN A LAUGH?

To laugh, according to the Oxford Dictionary, is "to manifest the spasmodic utterance, facial distortion, shaking of the sides, etc., which form the instinctive expression of mirth, amusement, sense of the ludicrous, scorn, etc." The Encyclopaedia Britannica regards laughter in this way: "the expression of various feeling such as sheer joy, lightness of heart, amusement, and feelings more grave than any of these," all being ". . . induced by the observation, memory, imagination, or contemplation of some thing or other."

What causes laughter? In actual fact, the experts cannot agree on a uniform explanation for it; while they all say it is commonly caused by some ridiculous situation, one states that the observance of some awkwardness, deformity or imperfection in others induces a person's laughter, as "it heightens his self-esteem and so pleases him." Another suggestion is that laughing is aroused by the sudden perception of incongruity in what is comprehended; while yet another view is that laughter is "always the perception of the substitution of mere mechanism for adaptive pliancy." (The grandiloquence is not mine!).

We laugh, then, because we are gay or because we hear, see or think something that, to us, is humorous, ridiculous, self-exalting, incongruous, derisive, or scornful. Most of us also laugh when we are tickled, but this is purely a "physiological or reflex reaction and not the spontaneous expression of a feeling." A verbal joke can often succeed in making us laugh because of either its wording, its style, its meaning, its implications or a combination of these factors. Jokes often include ambiguities, puns, repetitions, surprise endings and so on. A practical joke, on the other hand, taken in the right spirit, and not carried too far, can amuse us a great deal because we enjoy seeing other people in difficulty or trouble. (What sadistic natures we have!) That is why we so much enjoy the old pie-throwing days of "slapstick" comedy, and the more adventurous skull-crushing, rib-smashing, bone-breaking days of the "Three Stooges" and other such olden-day larrikins.

Laughter is mainly, if not solely, human. Very rarely, if at all, do any of the other animals laugh, in our sense of the word. "Man is distinguished from all other creatures by the faculty of laughter." But, surprising as it may seem, appreciation of humour does differ among individuals. Two people may be watching a television comedian, and while one rolls on the floor in uncontrollable hysterics, the other sits gloomily in the armchair, completely unmoved. Different generations also enjoy different types of humour, just as different nationalities and even family groups do. But everyone, and that excludes no one, laughs at something, sometime.

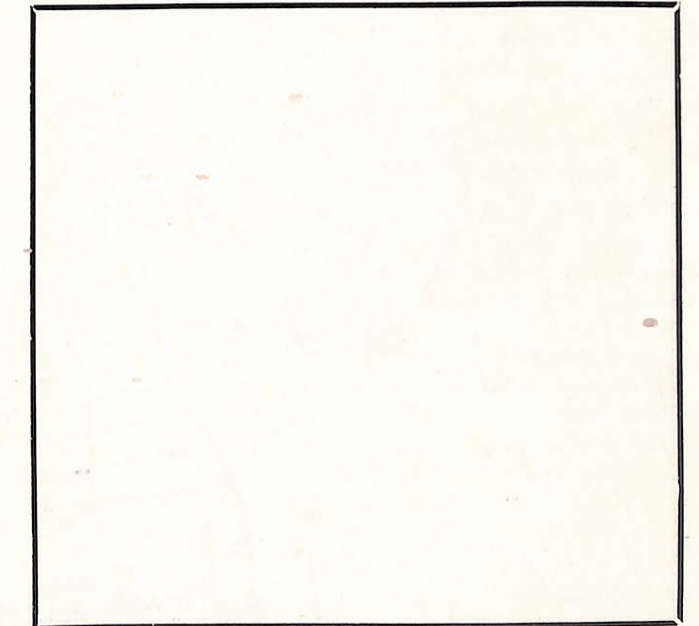
What, then, is the purpose in laughing? Although laughter involves a considerable physical effort, it has the physiological function of benefiting the lungs and being an outlet for some forms of super-

fluous energy. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," wise old Solomon once wrote, or as today's adage has it: "Laughter is the best medicine."

In everyday life, it again serves a useful purpose. Just as forgetfulness shields a man from the past and hope helps him to face the future, so laughter beguiles the present and helps him to momentarily forget his problems. Laughter, according to one writer, is a social phenomenon and occurs mainly within groups of people. Take for instance that Mothers' Meeting—almost as much giggle as gossip! It could be said, also that laughter is essential both in society, as it helps create happy togetherness, and in the individual, as it helps maintain a stable and a balanced mind.

Laughter, then, is quite an interesting and absorbing study, if you like that kind of thing. Your opinion, however, may coincide with that of the writer in Ecclesiastes, chapter two, verse two: "I said of laughter, 'It is mad!'"

Philip Kitchen, VB.

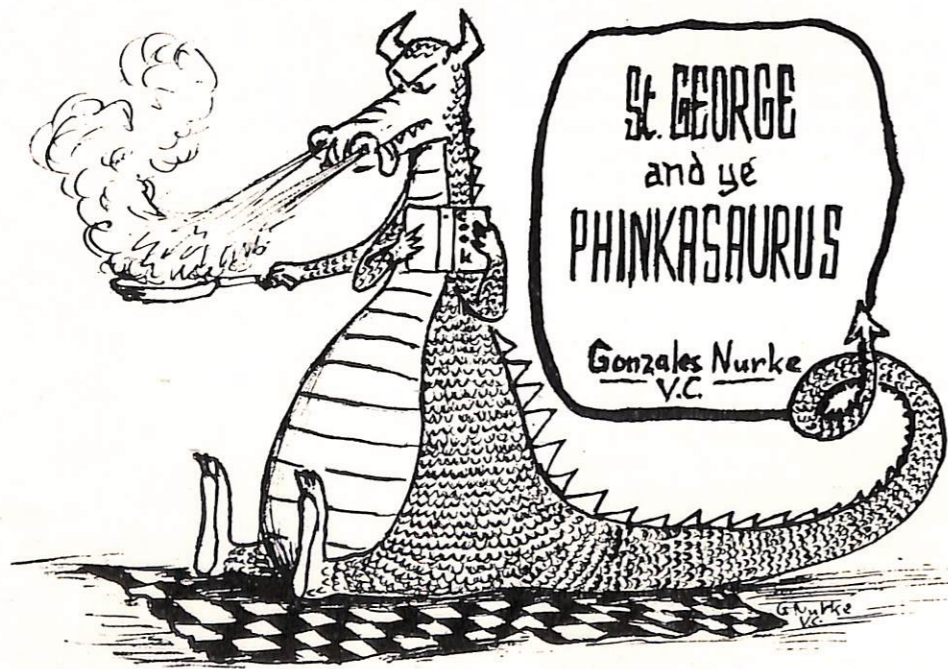


BUSHFIRE

Racing, tearing
 Soaring, searing
 Scorching, burning
 Whirling, churning;
 Rushing through bush and open plain,
 Destroying everything in its way.

Red hot embers,
 Falling timber,
 Screaming, reeling,
 Animals fleeing;
 A willing servant, but disaster
 When this terror becomes the master.

Meredith Mundy, IIIC.



Once upon a time (968 A.D., November 11) in a far distant land, long, long, long ago, in times past, many years before, a great distance from anywhere, far, far, beyond the sea, there lived. This little lad's name was George and he was only 43 years old. He possessed a pet mouse called conversely Mickey, Mighty, or Reauveaur (i.e. Micky on stage, Mighty, or Reauveaur on his tombstone).

Now it was the custom of all Nurkingtonshire peasants to go to town on November 11, 968 A.D., this was because, traditionally on this date, they received the proceeds from the toothbrush hole cultivation (on November 10) from their task-

masters, slavedrivers, or Tyrannical Lords, Barons, Knights and other such peers (NB. Toothbrush handles and holes were grown from a handful of acorns sown in Sprung and left to rot for 97 years, whereupon they were picked. A fully grown toothbrush handle looked vaguely like a 90 foot oak tree, until the outer husk was removed with an adze, chainsaw, axe, plane, pocket-knife and/or razor blade. The peasants of Nurkingtonshire, West Riding, picked and husked toothbrush handles for a living. This quaint cottage industry still flourishes in parts of Kamchatka and Baffin Island.)

Now, in a gloomy wood nearby the little Nurkingtonshire town of Dott-on-the-Mappe there lived a huge, wicked, firebreathing, Phinkasaurus. It was the local custom to sacrifice beautiful maidens to the beast on November 11ths (triannually) to keep the beast appeased.

This year, Georgie (George to most, and G. to his closest enemies) noticed that his girlfriend, Elspeth Garstleigh, had been nominated and unanimously elected Miss Breakfast for 968 A.D. Thus, early one morning, she was carried to the picnic ground on a newly crocheted wagon and placed beside the barbecue with a barrel of spices, two tons of charcoal, a pinch of salt and a bottle of old Burgundy Spinach Wine. The crowd took their seats in the grandstand which had been disguised as a railway station to deceive the ferocious beast.

Georgie, meanwhile, was playing sandcastles in the sandpit near the forest, with his henchman Ferdinand Grugloop.

Suddenly the Phinkasaurus appeared. It was 80 ft. high from head to tail and the same back again. It stood about 30 ft. 6½ inches in its socks and was a light shade of green when enraged (all the time in fact).

The brute breathed smoke and flame and had five legs (pentaped), each armed with many claws. It advanced drooling phinkdrool from its befanged, cavernous, toothy mouth, passing the sandpit on its way to the barbecue. Once there, it lit a fire and took a saucepan (large size) from its kitbag.

Meanwhile, Georgie and Ferdinand were making a dash for it (or in other words, trying to s'echapper) running from tree to tree. As they raced behind a 23 year old toothbrush handle, the Phinkasaurus turned around.

"I think it saw us," shouted Ferdinand as he raced up a tree. Hearing (or thinking it had heard) its name called, the Phinkasaurus charged off after Georgie who was cycling into the forest. The people were tres sad because Georgie had been a popular lad and now he was devoured by the evil Phinkasaurus (or so they thought). However this was not so. No indeed. Certainly not. At least I don't think so . . . No.

Georgie was all the while racing around the wood. The ferocious beast (Phinkasaurus or was it Elspeth?) was racing after him brandishing its head. At 3 p.m. they stopped for a tea-break and afternoon crumpets, and then they were off again.

Contrary to popular belief, St. George did not skewer the Phinkasaurus with a double-edged 20 ft. extension toothpick, but he did rid the country (Nittzilvania) of it. This was done with typical ingenuity:

As you all know, from 325-970 A.D. Nittzilvania had an iron curtain and this had been hung around its borders. Now St. George (called saint when he was 10, because his parents used to compare him with 9 year old Lyndon who was then standing for president. His parents used to say to gain votes for Lyndon:

"His hair is neater than Georgie's" to which George invariably replied "His ain't" which was

later corrupted to "H'zaint" and finally "Zain'nt".

This led people to calling him Zain't George, and this soon became Saint George or, for brevity, St. George.) As I was saying . . .

Now St. George was a Boy Lout (i.e. a member of that most worthy organization created, in a fit of despondency, by Reich Marshal Albert Baden-Pool, who had fought in the first Bear War of 899-961 between the Leipzig Bears and the Troggsouth Thunderbirds. The organization was first called the Baden-Pool Boys, then Young Louts and later Boy Louts) . . . to continue.

Now, St. George, who was a Boy Lout and proficient in many novel arts (e.g. amateur head-shrinking, amputations and poisons for eliminating misery—all for First Aid Badge; Hangman's knot, strangle hold, cat o' nine tails all from a bit of string—Rope Badge; etc.). (Cough) . . .

Now St. George, who was a Boy Lout and proficient in many arts, was an expert at stringing, (he had just passed his String Badge which entailed the balancing of a soccer ball on top of a yard of string, placed vertically with one end in a bunch of roses, climbing Mt. Everest and forced to survive with 5'6" piece of string and a roadmap of the Celvennes, all the time weaving a three storey bungalow in three shades of red and purple fully furnished and ready to occupy). Bang! bang! . . . this time . . .

Now St. George, who was a Boy Lout and proficient in many novel arts was an expert at stringing. This invaluable ability allowed him to weave with wool unravelled from his socks, a 37 mile fence (crocheted in orange and turquoise—purl 1, plain 1, drop 1, purl 1, then repeat), where he trapped the Phinkasaurus. So, the terrible beast was imprisoned between a shrink resistant wool wall and an iron curtain. George charged 3/6 (or 43c) to see the creature and was rewarded 4/7 for ridding the neighbourhood of this ravenous carnivore.

Epilogue: Georgie's Phinkasaurus remained in captivity for many years until, on November 11, 970, it stopped racing around the border, tearing and stamping, fuming, smoking, ranting and making an exhibition of itself and then oxidated George and galloped away (for the iron curtain had been taken down for Sprung cleaning and the charlady had forgotten to rehang it) into the setting sun, while George quietly smouldered to himself.

The End, ad infinitum and
in saecula saeculorum.

(This has been an excerpt "The Ancient and Modern History & Mythology of Ye Grande Kingdom of Nittzilvania" conducted by Dr. Ebenezer Fitz-Woppe with choreography by Griselda Nurke and lighting by A. E. Neuman.)

N.R. & P.S., VC.

A BARN

You enter the old and homely barn
Through the creaking door;
The musty smell strikes instantly
From the dusty earthen floor.

The song of the blackbird reaches your ears,
The smell of hay is sweet,
The spider's web is very thick
Where the worm-eaten rafters meet.

There horseshoes hang on the old stone walls:
The pigs and horse dwell here;
And through the broken window-pane
The shafts of light appear.

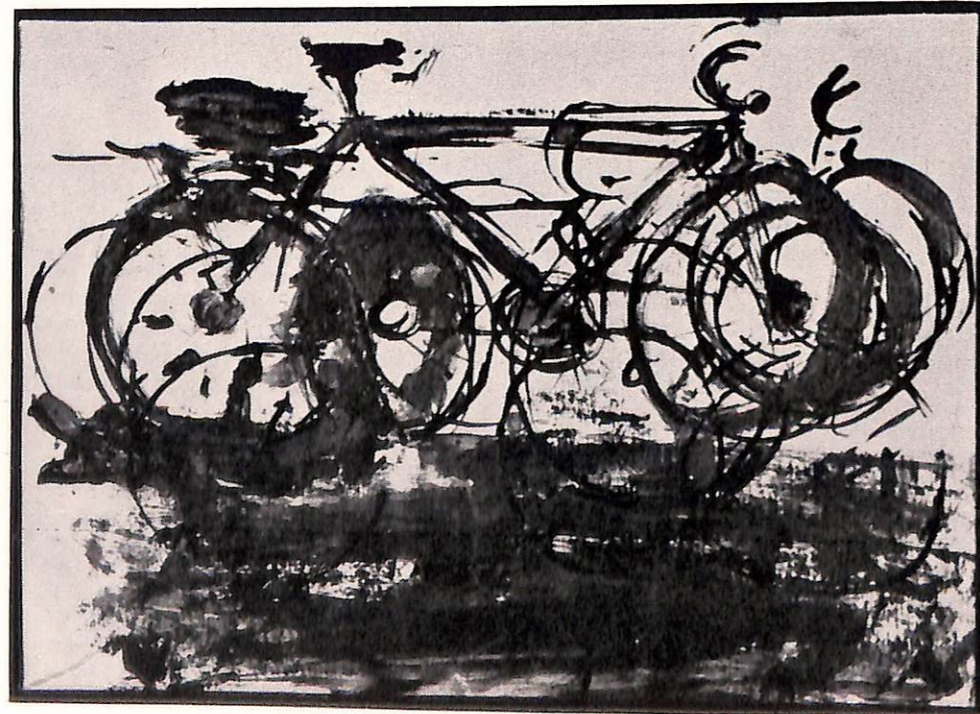
There's feed-bins, lamps and coils of wire,
A giant ladder against the wall.
Old buckets, barrows and huge oil drums:
The barn contains them all.

Geoffrey Linney, IIC.

SPRING

I tiptoe silently on my rounds,
Treading lightly o'er the cold, cold ground,
And to all creatures that once seemed dead
The joys of life are theirs instead,
The flowers that once were under the snow
Now frolic gaily to and fro,
The birds that once sang overseas
Have now returned to their native trees;
As I pass the ice begins to thaw,
And happiness is restored once more.

Janet Baxter, IIC.



Bikes by David.

DADDY TOOK ME TO THE SHOW

Daddy took me to the show because I was a good boy. After three hours of driving through the city, we came to the show gates. Daddy was angry because he couldn't find a parking spot.

When I had collected twenty-five show-bags, we went to look at the pigs and goats. An old goat devoured my "Coles" showbag and everything went "crunch, crunch." When we got outside, Daddy bought me a big red balloon which I let go on the ferris wheel. Daddy groaned. After having stuffed myself with fairy floss and hot dogs, we went on the Mad Mouse. Daddy didn't want to come with me, but I called him a chicken and he was forced to come. When we went around a sharp bend, my showbags were flung out and splattered in a heap on the ground. Everybody dived on them, scrounging around for lollies. It was too bad for the people that I had eaten them all. Daddy went green and was sick behind a building.

Then we went to see the grand parade. We climbed right to the top of the grandstand. I didn't like my pie, so I tossed it to the ground, but one old man got in the way.

M.C., IIIA.



PORTRAIT

Geoff Meakin, VC.

A GLOOMY OLD HOUSE

The gentle rippling of the oars and the remote cry of some night-bird were the only sounds that disturbed the sickening stagnant atmosphere of the swamp. Above the green water and slimy banks, blocking out the night sky, was the intertwined confusion of trees and vines, which together with the almost overpowering humidity and stench, gave an atmosphere of unreality to the scene.

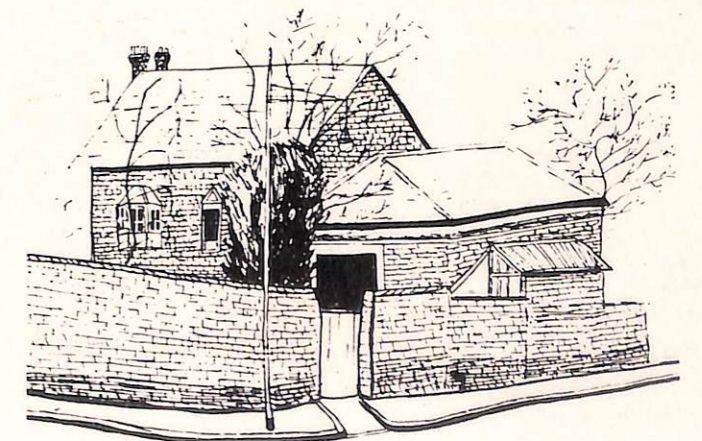
Around a bend, between the hordes of darting insects, loomed up a forboding indent in a back drop of impenetrable jungle where stood a decayed and infested frame of a house left to the scorn of time. Who would ever wish to build in this forgotten corner of the earth? But then there must have been a reason—perhaps the inhabitants were outcasts of society or perhaps this land had once not been so inhospitable as it is now. None can tell or ever will.

It is almost impossible to recognize the shape as that of a house, for already half of its structure has sunk beneath the green vile-smelling scum to rot. The black cavities which were once doors and windows resemble the form of a skull. Between wide gaps in the rotting and warped wood, bright yellow flowers struggle for air and light, giving the impression that they are the eyes of watchers from another age and another time.

The roof probably vanished many years ago due to the force of struggling vine and trees which had proved too much for its flimsy shingles and is replaced by the stout trunks of many trees. The whitened remains of a dinghy were, through some freak of nature, perched high in a tree gripped by the tightening creepers and vines, perhaps to prove the futility of mankind in attempting to conquer the barriers of time and nature.

This frightful, sickening sight, is almost past me now as I continue downstream, but it will never pass from my mind, as it is, to me, a token of the strength and power of time in its never endless, never ceasing task to create and destroy, which, although slow, is ever victorious.

John Williams, VB.



Anon.

Helen Bissel, IVC.

excursions

KIEWA

14th-21st May, 1966

On 14th May this year a group of about 29 students and three teachers of Mitcham High embarked on a journey to Howman's Gap in the Kiewa Valley.

We arrived at our camp site at about 5 p.m. that evening where we were welcomed by Mr. Taylor in a very chilly atmosphere.

The camp itself consisted of several long dormitory style buildings which contained our sleeping and eating quarters. It was situated in a very thickly wooded valley several yards from the road-side.

After carrying out our preliminary explorations we were shown to our rooms, etc.

Next morning the expedition rose (though reluctantly) at 6.30 a.m., all raring to go at a vigorous P.T. exercise, in preparation for an expedition planned later in the week. Soon after breakfast we began setting up the various facilities about the camp. These consisted of a "breath-taking" rope course, designed only for the fittest, a trampoline and the archery targets; all of which were used continually throughout the camp.

Mr. Taylor (Nat. Fit.) then gave us a few basic instructions in camp craft, such as tent pitching and map reading, all of which proved most interesting (even if a little hard to remember!). Soon after this a few male members of the party went fishing, but to no avail.

Fun and games continued until Wednesday when the excursion members headed towards Harrietville at the foot of Mt. Feathertop. This hike became the highlight of the week. The weary party arrived at a dilapidated tin hut about 4.30 that afternoon where we pitched our tents and made camp.

Nightfall came suddenly, so meals were quickly cooked and eaten, then the party settled down to a long, badly needed sleep. But that night it rained—tents were drenched, sleeping bags soaked and about everything else which could have gone wrong, did. Consequently the party of brave, fearless, and wet mountain climbers huddled around a larger fire in the tin hut until morning. After the night's "rest" a more adventurous group ventured onward or upward until they finally reached the summit, where Mitcham High will be remembered, on many artfully created plaques and rocks.

The trip down the mountain and back to camp continued uneventfully where we were welcomed by a hearty meal and hot showers and most important—a good night's sleep.

There was no P.T. the next morning.

At about 6.30 the next morning the camp witnessed something which had been spoken and thought about for several weeks before the trip—SNOW.

We spent the morning playing in the snow—which unfortunately melted on contact with the ground, listening to records, playing table tennis and amusing ourselves in whichever way we felt fit.

The afternoon was a memorable one, the camp went around to the Rocky Valley Dam, where there had been a considerable snow fall.

What happened that afternoon can better be imagined than written.

Next morning, after packing and taking down the equipment and generally tidying up the camp the fearless, happy crew of adventurers boarded the bus and began the long trip home after a very enjoyable and memorable week at the National Fitness Camp at Howman's Gap in the Kiewa Valley.

GEOGRAPHY

This year Form five geography students went on two excursions. The first one was to Woodstock where the matter being studied was the causes, and methods of preventing soil erosion. At Woodstock, the Soil Conservation Authority has part of a farm for demonstration purposes; many students visit there.

Our second excursion, held in October, was a more venturesome one in that we journeyed across the Dandenongs making field sketches, estimating distances and taking bearings of various significant features. The relationship between land use and angle of slopes and vegetation, was studied and many interesting relationships were seen. Primarily, this excursion was designed to test the students' ability to use the basic skills of a geographer and to compile a coherent, detailed report of their work.

Mr. R. Matthews.



Tate-powered sledge

BIOLOGY

The Biology Department has had an interesting and varied year. Earlier in the year, the 4th form science and 5th form biology groups went to Shoreham on an excursion. As well as opening our eyes to the vast marine community living on our beaches, we had an enjoyable, instructive day.

Unfortunately, those who did not hunt enthusiastically found only the usual crabs, starfish, seaweeds and limpets. Careless individuals have reduced the numbers of less common animals like sea urchins, sea anemones and the flatworm.

On behalf of those who were present I would like to thank the teachers who arranged it.

Anne Lajta, VB.

YOUTH CONVENTION

During the Moomba weekend in March, eight matriculation students attended the Australian Youth Convention at Melbourne University. We were entertained by popular artists and addressed by many guest speakers, the foremost being the Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Holt.

Mr. Holt's informative speech was accompanied, and often drowned out, by the harmonious chanting of the anti-Conscription League, whose rendering of what I now believe to be the Te Deum, lent an air of propriety to the occasion. After this inspiring address, we replaced our ear trumpets with ear plugs, and were "entertained" by four males, closely resembling South American llamas.

The following morning was taken up with heated discourses amongst the convention participants over many varied and highly controversial topics, such as: "Do the Rolling Stones have ears?" and the matter of public safety: "Does a Sir's hair piece REALLY stay on in water?" The high intellectual standard of these debates was quite unexpected, and I feel that we benefited greatly from this stimulus.

I am happy to report that the behavior of seven students from Mitcham High was exemplary; the eighth, a female prefect, discredited herself in our eyes by her frequent gyrating arm movements at the television cameras which were ever-present. Overall, though, I believe that we participated and gained to the fullest extent at the Convention.

In conclusion, I would like to thank the members of staff who so kindly and thoughtfully abstained from accompanying us, thereby affording us the use of our inherent right of freedom of speech and expression. A sincere apology must also go to Dale Boucher, whom we left sitting on Mont Albert station—we really did not know that it was an express train, Dale.

NEW ZEALAND

This year the Hiking Club undertook the most ambitious activity since its foundation, when twenty-four of its members paid a few weeks' visit to New Zealand. The party travelled to Auckland by boat and spent a week touring and hiking in the North Island before proceeding south. Here they spent a further two weeks. They returned to Australia via Wellington and Sydney early in February.

All in all, the group travelled over four thousand miles, the basic individual cost being about \$240. All would agree, even considering the many hours of planning involved, that this was money well spent.

January 7, evening. We assembled at Spencer St. railway station where dubious parents made reluctant farewells. Eventually the train left . . .

After an infinitely long trip (train derailment), reached Sydney next morning; farewelled by Mr. and Mrs. Adams.

Boarded the "Oronsay", took possession of cabins and orientated ourselves. Crowds pressing towards each other but divided; streamers hectic in the summer breeze; ship quivering—the whole air expectant.

A blast from the ship's whistle—the beginning. Engines shuddered into life, tugs were in position. A garbled fanfare blared out from one of the upper decks. We were moving. Streamers became taut and then broke—but no-one cared: that was part of the adventure. A holiday crowd waved as we moved slowly down the harbour.

Almost at once the yachts were with us—leading, trailing, compelled by the magnitude of it all. Their sails, deep reds and yellows, enlivened the blue sea waters. As we began to gather speed, they started to fall behind: half an hour later, in the open sea, they were only a warm memory . . .

That afternoon the exhilarating experience of being on an outward bound ship was ours.

Nightfall. Morning—open sea. Nothing around us—only sea, salt, spray and a clear sky. Between deck games and friendly gatherings in the dining hall, we felt the adventurer's loneliness.

We reached Auckland on a grey morning. This city is set among low hills, undulating away from the wide harbour. Still feeling the effects of the sea voyage, we spent the afternoon sight-seeing. That night we slept on the floor in a church hall.

The train to Rotorua was unlike any others we had seen—diesel, red, quaint. Country—a lush prosperous green; later transformed into pine and rain forests.

On arrival, began to visit geysers and other thermal phenomena. Sulphur fumes rife; spluttering mud pools.

Visited Maori relics—a church, a fortified village . . .

Two days later, moved to Ohakune, a small town in the centre of the island, set at the foot of Mount Ruapehu, the main ski resort. Visited Lake Taupo.

Mount Ruapehu lay swathed in sunlight early that morning. The day before, its summit had been covered in clouds. We visited Tongariro

Chalet, never guessing for a moment what lay behind these sombre grey mists. Now, looking from the College Grounds, the mountain, with its perfect volcanic cone covered in snow, its attendant wooded slopes graduating down to the valley—and the valley itself a rich bountiful green—seemed like a perfect goddess; neither dominating nor imposing. It was rather an inspiring sight. The landscape, sensing greatness in the air, was quiet, allowing Ruapehu to reign.

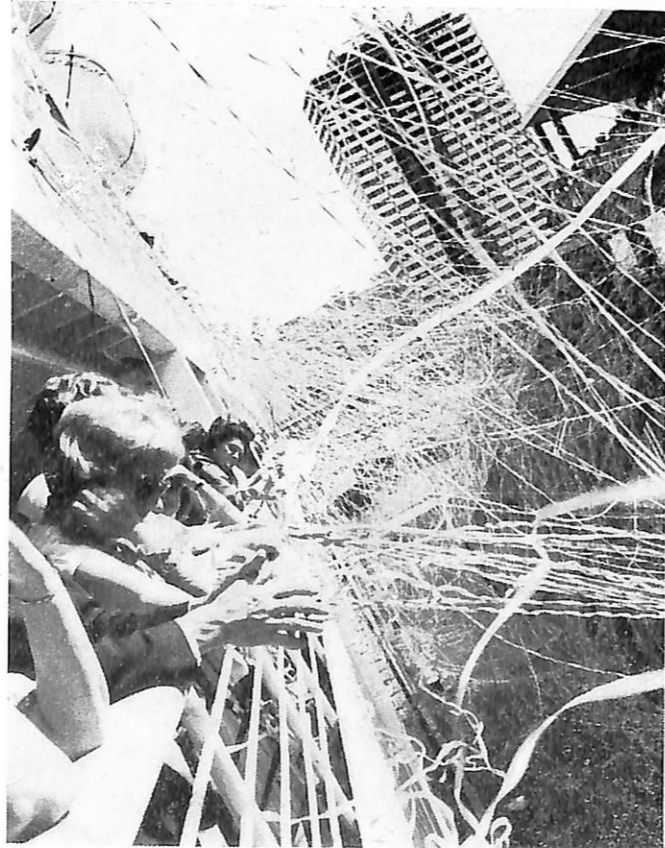
It was with reluctance that we repacked that evening. This little town had given us a much needed rest. More than that it had given us some impression of the beauty of the north. This impression remained long after. Even on the cold railway station that night, waiting for the Wellington Express, in a fire-less waiting room with nothing outside but darkness, we remembered the mountain.

Wellington was windy, but contrary to a local tradition, not wet.

Slept on an inter-island ferry, which next morning landed us near Christchurch. Found it very similar to Melbourne.

Boarded our chartered bus to begin our South Island tour. Dunedin was drizzly and wet when we arrived. The sky was again grey the next morning when we travelled further south to Lake Te Anau.

More hiking, boat trips; comfortable beds at last. After Te Anau, penetrated the Alpine Country on the road to Milford Sound. A region of rugged peaks, avalanches and perpetual snow. At Milford, Mitre Peak reigned, dominating the whole area.



departing Sydney



at Mount Cook, south island

Fourth Row: I. White, I. Bugg, D. Boucher, D. Brown, A. Greig.

Third Row: K. Bond, R. Perkins, A. Knight, T. McCracken, G. Madge, R. Dorcian, T. O'Neill, Mr. R. Porthouse.

Second Row: G. Upstill, N. Davey, I. Knight.

Front Row: C. MacDonald, B. Nugent, Miss L. Vague, Miss N. Brown, A. O'Keefe, S. Bartlett, L. Quick, S. Rudeforth.

From Milford we began to move north, stopping en route to hike in various places. A small party of seven made the beautiful Greenstone walk (27 miles) to Lake Wakatipu through wild, pioneer country.

Spent three days at Queenstown, New Zealand's premier holiday resort. Township nestled beside a huge, blue inland lake. A soaring chain of dark brown mountains: the "Remarkables".

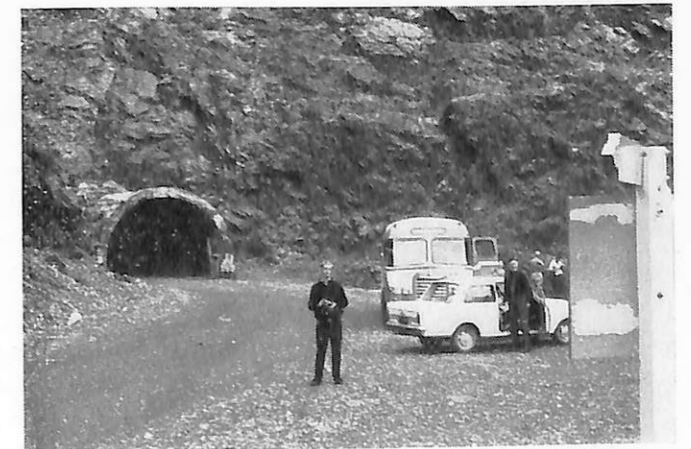
More hiking at Mount Cook. Plane rides, landing on Tasman Glacier. Flew over moraine fields but all too quickly landed.

Wended our way back to Christchurch, staying over night. Then on to Picton. Re-crossed Cook Strait to Wellington.

February 3—embarked on "Orcades" for Sydney. A day from port—surprising revelation: life is not really worth living when you are seasick.

Reached Sydney on Sunday; left for Melbourne

on the same night, after tour of the city.
Dale Boucher, VIB.



Hiking Club at Homer Tunnel (South Island).

sport

BAREENA HOUSE NOTES—GIRLS

Although Bareena House was unlucky, in that we did not manage to win many of the weekly rounds of house sports, we were not disgraced. We came first in both the junior and senior cross-countries. In the Swimming Sports held earlier this year we were third, and then second in the Inter-House Athletics; positions which we hope will improve to first when some of our younger swimmers and athletes reach senior standard.

For their help and guidance throughout the year, I would like to thank our House Teachers, Mrs. McNicol and Miss Doble in the seniors, and Mrs. Edge and Mrs. O'Connor leading the juniors. In conclusion I would like to say thank you to the House Captains, Sue Mitchell and Linda Barrett, for their hard work and enthusiasm.

BAREENA HOUSE NOTES—BOYS

At the commencement of 1966 no one in their right mind would have anticipated "Bareena's" unprecedented and untimely collapse! Courageously the house was led (up the garden path) by captain I. White and vice captain D. Brown into colourful defeat.

These circumstances were a product of certain sports masters bent on depriving Bareena of competent and sufficient numbers of senior members, the unrivalled Bareena House spirit and the infiltration of two identities who shall remain anonymous.

Our ability to maintain 4th place honours in most sporting fixtures was somewhat hampered by the juniors who under Mr. Tate obtained wins in numerous events. In particular junior swimmers G. Pearce and A. Banks who by training on the oval in winter gained record times at our Swimming Carnival.

In football we felt another house should take off the honours, further more our team was the worst for seven years. But in sincerity we would like to express gratitude to all who so willingly participated in all activities for it was you who enabled Bareena to maintain its record of losing the Aggregate.

KIMBARRA HOUSE NOTES—GIRLS

Kimbarra has had a very successful year, in both the swimming and the athletic sports. We won both; the swimming by a more convincing margin than the athletics.

In the school cross country we came second to Bareena, with more Kimbarra people in the first twenty places than any other house.

In the combined cross-country three girls from Kimbarra—W. Upstill, J. Easterby and R. Smith—came in 7th, 8th and 9th to win the aggregate Pennant with 789 points.

Another Kimbarraite, B. Welsh qualified for the All High Schools Athletic Sports.

It was due to the efforts of individuals that the Kimbarra teams were so successful. It is these individuals that we would like to commend. In particular, Anda Salopayevs, our Senior House Captain, and Joanne Smith, our Junior House Captain, who, by their fine leadership and example, have provided an inspiration to others.

All the girls in Kimbarra wish to thank the House Mistresses, Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Cadd, for their constant help and enthusiasm throughout the year.

KIMBARRA HOUSE NOTES—BOYS

Under the expert guidance of Mr. Ferguson and the skillful leadership of House Captains, Paul Crozier and Alwyn Reynolds, Vice Captain, Colin Tegg and Secretary Sven Mannik, Kimbarra senior boys have, despite heavy loss of star athletes, footballers, and cricketers still won the Swimming Sports, Athletics Sports and Senior Football.

It has previously been claimed by other houses that Kimbarra has won its titles through mainly individual efforts, but this year despite not having the school's stars we still won the main sporting titles.

Best all round sportsmen for the house have been: Reynolds, Crozier (until indisposed), Tegg, Mannik, Sharpley, Nugent, Hoffman and Williams.

MYRIONG HOUSE NOTES—BOYS

Housemasters: Messrs Cadd, Adams and Ockwell.
House Captains: Neil Davey (senior), Peter Hart (junior).

Myriong has achieved considerable success this year, which can be seen from the results of the swimming and athletic sports. The improvement in the swimming sports can be attributed to the individual efforts of house members and outstanding performances by Gary Tierney and Robert Taylor. In the athletics outstanding performances are attributed to Jeff Gillard and Max Carr who (together with consistent efforts from all members of the team), raised Myriong's athletic standards.

Congratulations to Ian Leicester and the football team for a much improved performance; also to the volleyball team who often represented the school in inter-school competition.

As "House Spirit" continues to increase, together with the sincere efforts of the housemasters and house captains, Myriong is striving to regain its top position of former years and we look to the junior division to build for future success.



house captains

MYRIONG HOUSE NOTES—GIRLS

Captain: Dalia Sazenis.
Vice-Captain: Faye Wall.
Junior Captain: Gloria Bond.
Junior Vice-Captain: Lorraine Peel.

Myriong girls have competed well this year and in some sporting fields have achieved success.

The Senior Basketball Team was undefeated during the winter season, and many of the Senior Hockey players have represented the school in inter-school competitions.

Gloria Bond, the Junior House Captain, is our most successful athlete and is expected to do well in the Inter-School Athletics. Girls who have done well in competitions are:

SWIMMING: Lyn Gibson, Jan Gibson, Sandra Gibson, Dorothy Youten, Anne Kingma.

ATHLETICS: Elaine Orchard, Yvonne Ogden, Beth Pearce, Margaret Watson, Megan Randles.

Yvonne Ogden has shown marked ability in fencing. Dianne McGaw has assisted with Athletics organization.

Myriong students have shown a thrifty and excellent house spirit with regard to the Student-Operated Bank, and at present are leading in the house competition.

The girls have worked hard for their house, and it is hoped that in future years girls will continue to keep up the high standard that Myriong has achieved in the past.

We express our appreciation to House Teachers Mrs. Cowley, Miss Sharrock, Mrs. Meldrum and

Mrs. Moore for their help and guidance during the year.

PARINGA HOUSE NOTES—GIRLS

Pretty good, that's what we think of our house; Ably led by our House Captain, Judy Johnson, Reinforced leadership from Miss Young and Mrs. Sanderson.

Infinitely, we remain the best house;
Not always winning but always trying; our Girls put forward their best
All the time.

Indicative of our sportsmanship are some of our stars:

Specially Mandy Furlong, Linda Hartley, Anne Hogbin, Elizabeth Le Rossignal and many more.

Because we did not win all we competed
Even harder do we try next time,
So that we may be called
The house of sportsmen.

PARINGA HOUSE NOTES—BOYS

We found the competition hard, but with the great fighting spirit that is embedded in our house we managed to secure a first in cricket, due to the outstanding play of Bugg, Cameron, Cross, Graham, Lade and Marchant; a second in swimming and tennis and third in the football. Our House Captain, Robert Cross, Vice-Captain, Gary Simmons, and especially our house masters, Mr. Gange and Mr. Doble, have the full gratitude of the House.



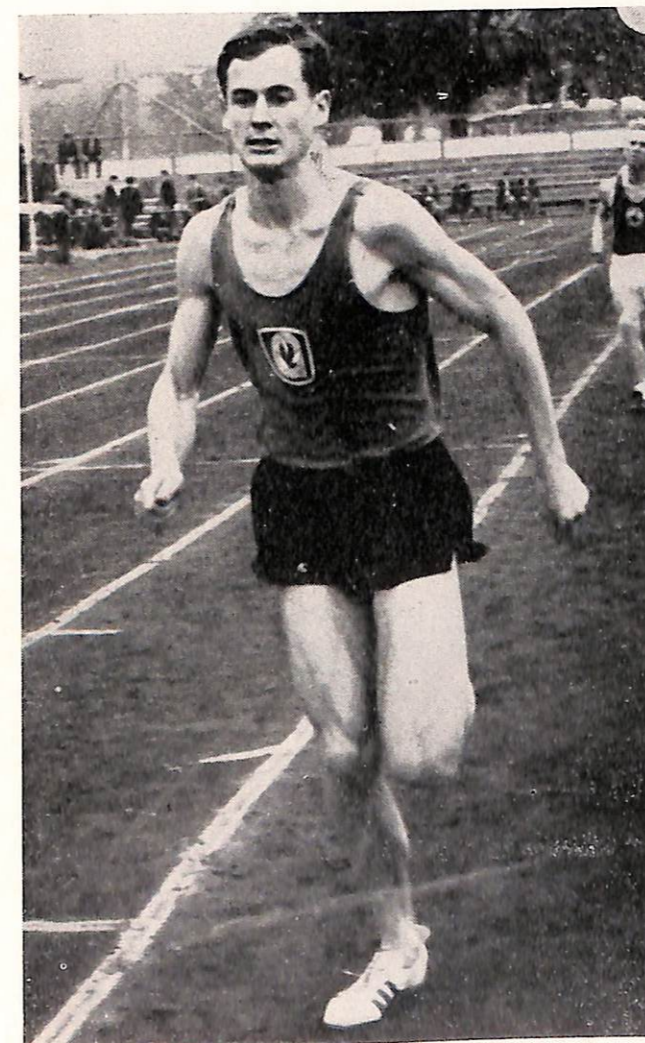
inter-house swimming carnival



Back: J. Sargeant, A. Hogbon, E. Le Rossignol, B. Le Rossignol, C. Patten, A. Smedley, H. Mayberry, S. McGeehan, L. Hartley, J. Baker, S. Gibson.
 Second: J. Kingma, S. Windsor, S. Mannik, R. Hancock, G. Madge, K. Ireland, G. Lade, L. Nugent, N. Semmens, C. McDonald, J. Stanford.
 Third: D. Youlton, G. Windsor, A. Banks, A. Reynolds, B. Sharpley, J. Hoffman, G. Johnson, I. Bugg, A. Cobon, I. Leicester, J. Stanford.
 Fourth: J. Smith, L. Broughton, J. Cornwell, D. Tierney, J. Gibson, S. Turner, G. Hankin, N. Madge, L. Clearihan, J. Goodman, A. Wong.
 Fifth: B. Pearce, F. Wall, W. Upstill, R. Smith, Mr. Tate, Mrs. Quinn, Mr. Lyford, G. Tierney, L. Heard, M. Toe, J. Keegan.
 Front: C. Smith, K. Darby, J. Gallagher, L. Gibson, G. Matlock, G. Alcock, G. Pearce.



inter-house cross country



Denis Brown in action

MOUNTAIN DIVISION SWIMMING CARNIVAL

On March 15, after our most successful inter-house swimming carnival, Mitcham High travelled to the Olympic Swimming Stadium for the Mountain Division High School's Swimming Carnival. Mitcham was extremely successful winning the intermediate shield and coming 2nd. This was a good improvement on previous years and was due mainly to some fine individual performances. Most notable were Gordon Pearce, Colin Smith, Gary Windsor, Andrew Banks, Leigh Nugent and Gary Tierney (boys' swimming captain), and Rosemary Smith (girls' swimming captain), Joanne Smith, Sandra Gibson, Jan Gibson and Judy Goodman.

Unfortunately, our relay teams were not of the same high standards as our individuals, and Lilydale was able to draw away from us. Our weakness in relays was probably due to the lack of training as a school team before the sports and our competitors were not as fit as they might have been.

On the credit side—next year should be our year. We won't lose many swimmers and, if our relays train, we could easily win our first ever Inter-School Sports.

Gary Tierney, VIA.

INTER-SCHOOL ATHLETIC SPORTS

On Tuesday, 18th 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, we came sixth. The efforts by the various competitors were very encouraging. We are 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.

BOYS' TENNIS

Once again the boys' tennis has been successful throughout the year.

Both school and house matches were keenly contested and enjoyed. The following results indicate the high standard of tennis within the school.

INTER-SCHOOL RESULTS: Mitcham v. Upwey 54-9; 60-13; Mitcham v. Ringwood 30-33; 41-39; Mitcham v. Croydon 18-16.

HOUSE RESULTS: Bareena, Paringa, Kimbarra, Myriang, (in that order).

Our thanks must go to Mr. Porthouse for his interest and supervision.

Team Members: G. Lade, R. Wall (Capt.), T. McCracken, I. Knight, D. O'Neill, A. Sargeant.

SQUASH

At the beginning of 1966 a group of adventurous (or foolhardy) senior students attempted to master the arduous game of squash. The first term was spent in learning the basic principles of the game and perfecting the descent into the court from the gallery. Fortunately, no major injuries were incurred during the first two weeks (apart from sore muscles, etc.) and everybody's standard of play began to improve; even the girls and the infamous racket thrower.

During second term, the squash elite moved (or were evicted) from Nunawading to Ringwood squash courts, mainly because of Nunawading's lack of facilities (soft drink machines, etc.) and courts. This was also the period in which the School Squash Team, comprising D. Brown, P. Edwards, A. Robertson, L. Burgess and N. Davey was formed, trained, competed and was defeated in the amazing time of six hours. However, the team did show great promise in its next matches. In conclusion, many thanks must go to L. Burgess

for the transport he provided during the year, and many words to P. Brown for her hard **hitting** game (Ouch!)

SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM, 1966

Any football team which loses 15 of its players is due for a hard year. So it was with the M.H.S. senior football side. The season started off badly with big losses to Ringwood H.S. and Upwey H.S. However, at this stage, some team work and determination developed, and were it not for bad luck, we would have beaten Croydon. The return round of games is interesting in that we lost by less in each of them than we had in the corresponding first round games. Ringwood, who had beaten us by 10 goals won by five; Upwey who had beaten us by 105 pts., won by 25 pts. and in the final game, despite injuries to star players, **they** just lost to Croydon. Coach Lyford's effort in changing a team of mostly mediocre players into a champion (?) team is to be applauded. The best players were: Hoffman, Leicester, Elischer, Cross, Bugg, Nunn, Mannik and Tegg.



BOYS' HOCKEY

During 1966 hockey for boys was developed one stage further as this year the juniors played against Blackburn High School. Although they lost the match the boys learned that development of the basic skills of the game is of the utmost importance. It is to be regretted that there were not enough male staff members available for supervising junior sport to allow one teacher to be put in charge of the junior boys on a fixed basis. Until this is possible hockey cannot grow—and for those boys interested in the game it will always remain an "after the football's finished" game. The ability shown by some of the juniors was outstanding for

their age and with further coaching many of these boys could be proficient players.

BOYS' VOLLEYBALL

Where else in the school could you find such a magnificent array of colourful characters and superb individual players? This excellent team, with its wonderful sense of humour, its capacity for sparkling conversation and almost unbelievable skill went on to win match after match. The best players were Bond, Douthwaite, Fuller, Gillard, Rowe, Tierney, Walpole, and Weichardt. Come to think of it we did not have anything but best players and therefore were able to win five matches out of five.



squash team

volleyball teams



(N.B. . . . relations between the two sixth forms are slightly antagonistic.—VIA will blow the world up, while VIB intends to save it.)

VIA FORM NOTES

We've got motor-bike riders
And coffee can hidlers
And our Golden-Boy of the Year.
We've Sharpies and Mods
And plenty of clods
And an eternal supply of good cheer.

We've got red-headed rafflers
And beaucoup de wafflers
And people who just like to talk.
There's our Tom, teenage idle,
Without any rival,
And hiking club hoodlums who walk.

The Burgess Brigade
Of Vietnamese aid
And the anti-conscription "Krudd".
And we're all the way
With our own Judy J.
But our social service is a dud.

We've got Colin who's meek
And one who can speak
And the third is extremely wild.
There's Gillian's Island
With answers on file and
A teacher who's easily riled.

We've got punctual Neil
And Mott whom we feel
Makes the most of his long beauty sleep.
There's our mad car morons
(With liquid tungsten boron)
And there's Eddie who's quite often deep.

We found matriculation
Doesn't mean education
In some of the more finer arts,
Because the girls at Odd Mod,
Would think you're an Odd Bod,
To recite Newton's Law by heart.

We've rubber-band wars
And booby-trap doors
By prefects who set the pace.
We've got "Winnie the Pooh" fans,
Who meet in great clans,
The sad endings they just can't face.

There's Modesty Brown
The miler renowned
Whose head is his handicap weight.
There's Miss ugly Brown
The poetless clown
And Moerkerke who's now going straight.

Our Hammo can storm
At his favourite form,
His rage is all self-induction.
But we'd just like to say
To the Father of the Day,
'66 was a year for production.

VIB FOR '66

VIB for '66 is a group of thirty-one matriculation students. Their characters are many and varied. Unable to find the words to throw insight on to their character or appearances, traits, etc., we delved into our copies of "The Complete Shakespeare" and the works of a few of the great poets of yesterday whom we have the pleasure of not studying, and now place before you "Shakespeare, etc., out of context".

Jock (alias Mr. Adams): "Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble." I.iii Richard III.

Pat Coffey: "To John I owed great obligation." Prior.

Christine Ferguson: "I prithee pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with you." IV.i. As you like it.

Minna Langevad: "The beauteous majesty of Denmark." IV.v. Hamlet.

Roslyn Law: "Save you, good Sir Hugh." III.i. Merry Wives of Windsor.

Elizabeth Mann: "I fear I am not in my perfect mind." King Lear.

Dana Masanauskas: "I am something curious." Cymbeline.

Sue Mitchell: "Her sins which are many, are forgotten." Luke ch. I.

Ruth Pearce: "Is man no more than this?" King Lear.

Anda Salopayevs: "Get thee to a nunnery." Hamlet.

Heather Stewart: "Come, come, what need you blush." Troilus and Cressida III.iii.

Joy Thwaites: "Some scurvey, quaint collection of fustian phrases and uplandish words." Heywood. Faire Maide of the Exchange.

Pam Tunks: "Tut! Fear not me." IV.iii. Taming of the Shrew.

Margaret Walker: "She clung about his neck and gave him ten kisses." Heywood, Love's Mistress.

Christine Windsor: "The wisest aunt telling the saddest tale." Midsummer Night's Dream.

Ian Baldock: "He has sown his wild oats?" Dale Boucher: "Come not within the measure of my wrath." Two Gentlemen of Verona V.iv.

Ian Bugg: "He may have sworn himself to hell." Webster.

Ian Fuller: "The bloody bear, an independent beast." Dryden.

Jeff Gillard: "Carry this mad Knave to Jail." V.ii. Taming of the Shrew.

Stewart Graham: "I think the boy hath grace in him." Two Gentlemen of Verona. V.iv.

Robert Hall: "That slender, though well landed, is an idiot." IV.iv. Merry Wives of Windsor.

Bill Lockhart: "Broadcloth without but a warm heart within."

Andy Messaros: "Is there no plot to rid the realm of this pernicious blot." Richard II.i.

Ian Pell: "His assurance is quite unbearable." Macbeth.

Robert Perkins: "Blessed are the peacemakers." Matthew V.ix.

Robert Rowe: "You rogue, I have been drinking all night; and am not fitted for't." IV.iii. Measure for Measure.

Joseph Saruva: "I am neither an Indian merchant, nor yet a Fugger, but a poor boy like yourself." Guzman de Alfarache.

Gary Simmons: "Young Romeo, is it?" I.v. Romeo and Juliet.

Ron Smith: "I remember you sir, by the sound of your voice." V.i. Measure for Measure.

Jonathan Taylor: "I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat." Sir Winston Churchill.

Ian White: "I will not lend thee a penny." II.ii. Merry Wives of Windsor.

Or if you like, think of the group as a whole, using these words—"disorder, horror, fear and mutiny shall here inhabit." IV.i. Richard II.

HELPER

From out of the darkened crowd he came,
A stranger of the night—
A man who carried the shining flame
Of hope's eternal light.

A helping hand was all he gave
To one in need of him
A helping hand—an act not brave,
Just a thought with a cheerful grin.

Should more like him exist today,
The world would be supreme
But he is of a race so rare,
(Good-will their only aim)

A single star who lights the sky
To vanish whence he came.

Michael Smythe, IVB.

staff . . .

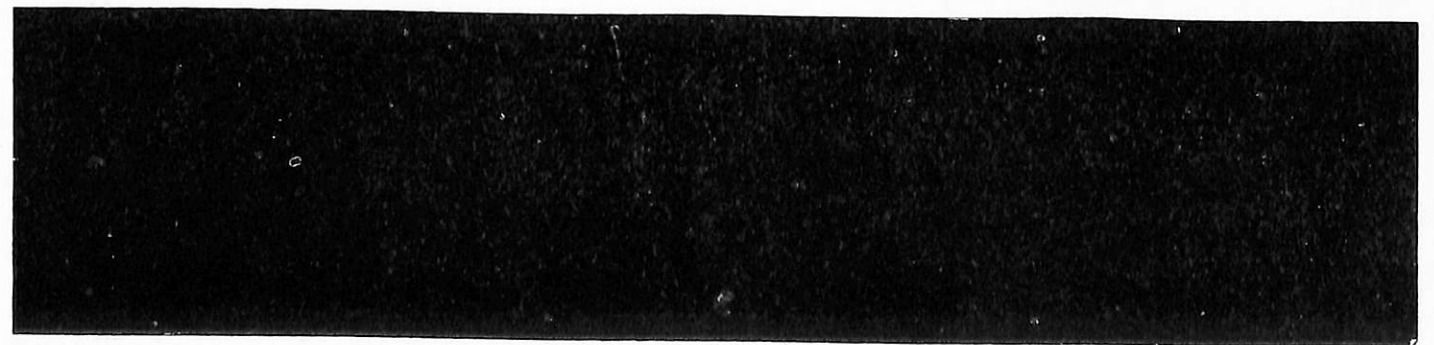


Back Row: Mr. J. R. Doble, Mr. J. A. Schiffman, Mr. B. L. Gange, Mr. L. K. Knight, Mr. J. K. Cadd, Mr. T. Csakfai, Mr. L. J. Uren, Mr. I. C. Ockwell, Mr. N. Szigethy, Mr. T. W. Code.
Fourth Row: Mr. J. W. Menadue, Mrs. Van Der Horst, Mrs. M. D. McNicol, Miss R. Brown, Mrs. J. Kilpatrick, Miss H. E. Young, Mr. R. J. Lyford.
Third Row: Mr. W. S. Tate, Mr. R. F. Porthouse, Mr. J. T. Caldwell, Mr. K. M. Adams, Mr. G. Parrent, Mr. J. W. Lawton, Mr. I. D. Hamilton, Mr. W. J. Ferguson, Mr. R. J. Matthews, Mr. A. J. Davis, Mr. T. G. Bos.
Second Row: Miss J. L. Doble, Mrs. M. M. Edge, Mrs. C. L. Sturgess, Mrs. A. B. Allan, Mrs. J. D. Hooke, Mrs. B. M. Sanderson, Mrs. S. F. Moore, Mrs. A. E. Jackson, Mrs. C. M. Meldrum, Mrs. P. Quinn, Mrs. S. George, Mrs. B. C. O'Connor, Mrs. G. M. Horak.
Front Row: Mr. J. S. Cadd, Mrs. G. Csakfai, Miss K. M. Sharrock, Mrs. F. M. Dobson, Mrs. S. Cowley, Mr. J. F. Stephens, Mr. A. H. Stuchbery, Miss E. J. McGuire, Mrs. E. A. Emslie, Mrs. P. M. Watson, Mrs. L. J. Enterkin, Mrs. L. Y. Woodberry.
Absent: Miss F. Boersma, Mrs. H. P. Gebert, Mrs. F. M. Barton, Mr. J. M. Fahey, Mr. D. Hillman.

Staff and students alike regret that the following teachers are leaving M.H.S. on promotion: Miss E. McGuire, Mr. B. Gange, Mr. N. Szigethy, Mr. A. W. Menadue, Mr. A. J. Davis.

Over the years Miss McGuire has been Senior Mistress at Mitcham, she has guided the girls with a kindly and effective hand, has helped many girls through difficulties and earned the respect and affection of all.

We are pleased to know that she leaves on promotion to Balwyn High School as Senior Mistress, and we wish her much happiness and success in her new position.



NOEL

Helen Bissel.