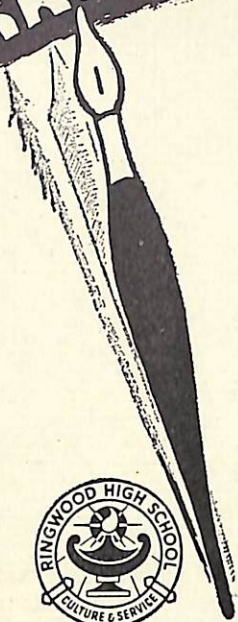


Yakkity Hi



RINGWOOD HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE

1964

RINGWOOD CLOCK TOWER



the Headmaster says . . .

In general, 1964 has been a highly satisfactory year, both Academically and Sporting. We gained the Mountain Division Shield for Swimming and were second to Upwey in the same Division for Athletics. Physical Education has settled in, and is enjoyed by all and will be enjoyed more so when the new Gymnasium-Assembly Hall is completed.

Thanks to the lively interest taken by the Parents' and Citizens' Association and Advisory Council, a very successful Fete was held early in the year, and many other activities of a useful nature to the School have taken place.

The Oval is paid for, and was used for the Inter-House Athletics which was voted a great success.

To the Staff, who have co-operated in every way and all those who have shown interest in the School, I say thank you and best wishes for the future.

G. S. Ormandy

STAFF

Head Master: Mr. G. S. Ormandy, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.
 Senior Master: Mr. J. K. Cardiff, B.A., T.P.T.C.
 Senior Mistress: Miss D. E. Jewell, B.A., Dip. Ed.

| | |
|---|---|
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| Mr. I. J. Tyler, B.A., B.Ed., A.R.C.O. | Mr. K. Von Bibo, Dr. of Law (Hungary). |
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| Mr. B. T. Geary, B.Comm., B.Ed., T.P.T.C. | Mr. F. Streiberger, Phys. Ed. |
| Mr. A. R. Cavill, D.T.S.C. | Miss J. Tannock, B.Sc., A.T.T.I. |
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| Mr. G. K. Smith, B.A., Dip.Ed. | Mrs. N. Dunn, T.T.C., (Qld.). |
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| Mr. W. Hill, B.Comm., Dip.Ed. | Mrs. G. Baud, Dip. Needlecraft, D.A.T.C. |
| Mr. D. C. Forster, T.S.T.C., (Art and Craft). | Mrs. J. Mentz, B.A. (London), A.C.T.T. |
| Mr. O. C. Fisher, B.A., Dip.Ed. | Mrs. I. Martin, Uni. Subs., A.C.T.T. |
| Mr. R. W. Browning, Uni. Subs., A.C.T.T. | Miss I. Billiald, T.T.C., D.T.S.C. |
| Mr. E. A. Beer, T.S.T.C. | Mrs. M. Elsworth, Cert. Art, Matric. |
| Mr. A. Gannan, Uni. Subs., A.C.T.T. | Miss I. Feuchtersleben, Dip. Music. |
| Mr. L. Spencer, W.W.T.C., | Mrs. M. Gonzalo, Prelim. Cert. Lib. Assn. |
| Mr. F. D. Chamberlain, Matric (Lon.) L.L.D.B. | Mrs. L. C. Nilsen, M.D. (Berlin). |
| Mr. H. E. Hudson, Nat. Art Gallery. | Mrs. M. Reiger, Dip. S/T., Bookkeeping. |
| Mr. M. W. Robb, Regd. Teacher Certificate. | Mrs. J. Pump, Cookery Certificate. |
| Mr. P. M. Shannon, Matric. | Mrs. C. Stevens, Phys. Ed. |

Magazine Committee: Margaret Washusen, Carol Felton, Keitha Smith, Narelle Norris.
 Editor: Mr. H. E. Hudson.

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 Messrs: R. Chapman (District Inspector) and G. S. Ormandy (Head Master).

STAFF



Front Row. Left to right: Miss Bullen, Miss Bleakley, Mrs. Baud, Mrs. Rogers, Miss Jewell, Mr. Ormandy, Mr Cardiff, Miss Tannock, Miss Ramsay, Mrs. Pump, Mrs. Dunn.
 Second Row: Mr. Reidel, Mrs. Elsworth, Mr. Van Dongan, Mr. Beer, Mrs. Mentz, Mrs. Martin, Miss Feuchtersleben, Mrs. Gonzalo, Mrs. Stevens, Mrs. Reiger, Mrs. Edney, Miss Kenrick, Mrs. Nilsen, Mr. Dunbar, Mr. Hudson.
 Third Row: Mr. Geary, Mr. Puddephatt, Mr. Robb, Mr. Shannon, Mr. Gannan, Mrs. Barra, Mr. Harman, Mr. Hill, Mr. Browning, Mr. Smith, Mr. Magilton.
 Fourth Row: Mr. Spencer, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Streiberger, Mr. Forster, Mr. Krahnert, Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Cavill, Mr. O'Donnell, Dr. Von Bibo, Mr. Fisher.

our cover . . .

R.H.S., in identifying itself with the City of Ringwood, hopes to present various aspects of the City, from time to time, on its magazine cover. Last year we showed an aerial photograph of the School, now we show the Clock Tower, a well-known landmark to all motorists and travellers through the Eastern Suburbs.

Erected in 1928 as a War Memorial, the Clock
 Y A K K I T Y H I

Tower, which was unveiled by the Mayor, Cr. W. Mackinlay, has become in integral part of Ringwood and its history, for it is here that the Anzac Day dawn services are held each year.

There has been a suggestion that the Memorial should be removed from its present position as it is considered a traffic hazard. If this happens, it is our hope that it will receive a worthy place of honour in the City.

EDITORIAL

conformity or uniformity

From time to time there is a mild outcry that State Schools are out to make students conform, but what type of conformity is never resolved. One could say that those who attend Private or Church schools are being forced into a pattern paid for by their parents. The question is still left, however, unexplained.

Education at Secondary and Tertiary level is designed with two objects in view; to prepare young people for the professional or business world by bringing them to the peak of their ability, and to develop their personalities, which is so essential in facing the world with confidence, and understanding the other fellow's problems or point of view.

Does not the parent endeavour to teach the child to conform to their own ways in most things? Does not the parent hope the child will fit into his or her pattern of life? "Like father, like son," or, "What was good enough for my father and for me after him, is good enough for you", is still bandied about so that quite often the child revolts in later life. It is, of course, necessary to instruct the child in good habits and manners which in due course helps to build his character. It is from this basis that the School starts to build, without allowing the pupil to acquire a superiority complex or an overwhelming ego, but with the object of creating a happy balance between both.

From this premise, therefore, it is necessary to look at one complaint commonly expressed; "Why must the High School student wear a School uniform? Isn't this bringing about conformity?" Such an argument was answered recently by Peter Tabard in his column, "Teacher Tells", in the Melbourne "Herald", in reply to a parent's statement: "Uniforms are not compulsory in State Secondary Schools." Mr. Tabard agreed with the questioner, but added: "The only instruction to teachers is that they encourage and judiciously enforce personal neatness and cleanliness in pupils, and one way of ensuring this is to adopt the same kind of attire for all". Tabard went on: "The uniform, both as a source

of pride and a deterrent to misbehaviour, contributes to the tone and discipline of any school. The sensible youth does not indulge in anti-social behaviour when wearing his school blazer for the uniform is the distinguishing badge."

In conversations with our own A.F.S. Exchange Students, both Australian and American, it seems almost unanimous that a school uniform is preferred. Girls have said that it saves time in deciding what to wear each morning, and that in the end it is more economical because their wardrobes need not be too large as frocks and such-like are only worn on social occasions. Boys like the neatness of the uniform rather than the sloppy casual dress worn in American High Schools.

It can be argued that University students are "slap-happy" in their dressing. But doesn't the urge to be individual and throw off the yoke of Secondary School uniform work the other way? Most University students do not like to be too different from their fellows, so that when beards are the order of the day, what young male student does not like to conform and wear *this uniform*? Likewise, young woman students conform to the modern, or current fashions of their fellow students, even if only as a sign of emancipation which, in the end, does not prevent either sex from conforming to the type of dress worn as a symbol of their trade or profession in later life.

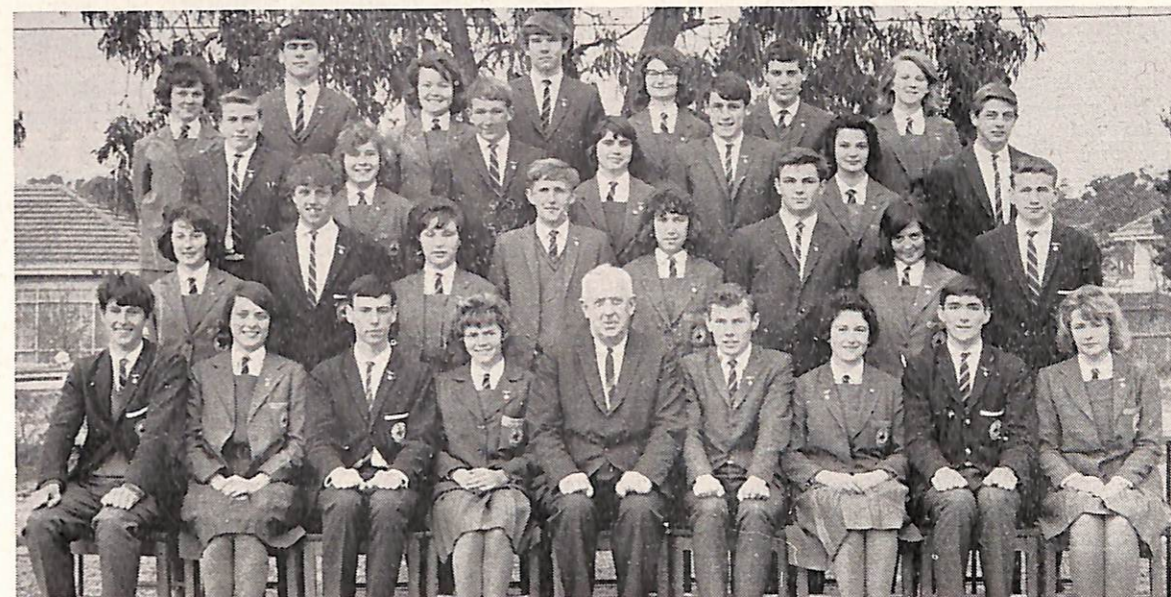
Let us not, however, allow discipline to be relaxed in our efforts to develop youth's personality. Discipline is not only a matter of clothing, but rather a very necessary training during the study period of life which, if inculcated early, becomes a lifelong habit of self-control and tolerance without which the world would, indeed, be more chaotic than it appears at the present time.

Uniform or no uniform, human beings, in the main, like to remain a member of the community and honour their responsibilities to it.

H. E. HUDSON.

Y A K K I T Y H I

prefects



Front Row. Left to right: David Baud, Beryl Sherer, Tim Lewis, Norma McCann, Mr. G. S. Ormandy, David Richards, Eril MacNamara, Pieter Marrick, Pam Haygarth.

Second Row: Barbara Anderson, Ernie McArthur, Gay Buby, Doug Ryan, Lynette Evans, Graeme Edney, Penny Manson, Gordon Anderson.

Third Row: Ray Carrington, Anne Rittmann, Brian Hodgson, Celia Cox, John Castle, Janette Fry, Peter Thatcher.

Fourth Row: Wendy Rutledge, Glen Saines, Margaret Herron, John Fisher, Joan Donovan, Tom Guest, Louise McRae.

presentation of badges . . .

At a special Assembly during the afternoon of Tuesday, 10th March, Mr. K. Cardiff, senior master, and Miss D. Jewell, senior mistress, presented thirty senior students of R.H.S. with their Prefect badges.

In addressing the school prior to the presentations, Headmaster G. S. Ormandy laid stress upon the responsibility of the Prefects — responsibility to the staff, responsibility to their school and responsibility to themselves. By matriculation year, all students should have acquired that sense of responsibility which would enable them to face the future with confidence and a feeling for leadership.

The Senior Prefects or School Captains for

Y A K K I T Y H I

the year are David Richards and Norma McCann. Other Prefects are: Gordon Anderson, David Baud, Ray Carrington, John Castle, Graham Edney, John Fisher, Tom Guest, Brian Hodgson, Tim Lewis, Ernest McArthur, Peter Mourik, Doug Ryan, Glen Saines, Peter Thatcher for the boys; and Barbara Anderson, Gay Busby, Celia Cox, Joan Donovan, Lynette Evans, Janette Fly, Pam Haygarth, Margaret Herron, Eril McNamara, Louise McRae, Penny Manson, Ann Rittman, Wendy Rutledge and Beryl Shearer for the girls.

Following the assembly, the new Prefects entertained the Staff at afternoon tea, where in this informal atmosphere, all got to know each other, especially new staff members.

the girls . . .

At the east end of the main building of Ringwood High School there is a classroom. This is no ordinary classroom, this is the "Den of Iniquity" where the Matric. girls reside during lunchtime; this is ROOM 5.

Amongst this devoted? collection of students there are fifteen girls who are well known around the school for their fearless and courageous administration of duties . . . THE PREFECTS. Throughout normal school life, this dedicated band of law-upholders is known only as a group to be feared and respected, but believe it or not, these girls are human. So it was decided by two of the male equivalents of these girls that the school should be brought into closer contact with their Prefects of the Weaker Sex by way of the analysis hereunder.

NORMA ("DIMPLES") McCANN . . . is the only girl Head Prefect in the school who likes fresh air, and playing tennis. Favourite pastime is chasing "beaus!"

WENDY ("MIDGE") RUTLEDGE — we're still investigating, but we can say that big surprises come in small packages.

LOUISE ("RUSTY") McRAE — very talkative; likes all boys . . . as long as they've got a sports car. How did she become allergic to that Rust tree?

LYNETTE ("LETTUCE") EVANS — we have heard that she originally started athletics so that she would be able to chase number 10 of St. Kilda.

BARBARA ("BUBBLES") ANDERSON — her life revolves around the thought of riding a motorbike.

the boys . . . introduction

Throughout all time the primitive instincts for survival and REVENGE have prevailed unceasingly in both man and beast. Therefore it proves not in the least unusual that such an instinct should be burning in our hearts in this very year of '64. It is a case of MAN versus BEAST, the young ladies of Room 5 representing MAN, figuratively of course, with our opponents infesting the hole they call Room 8. It has been brought to our notice by the most discreet means that our little dwelling (Room 5) has been described both unchivalrously and ignobly by our male counterparts as—(Oh! I blush to think of it) . . . as . . . er . . . "a den of iniquity" (Oh! how could they!)

However, being noble creatures of the highest integrity we can hardly find it in our hearts to

PAM ("BLONDIE") HAYGARTH . . . greatly influenced by a 6A scientist who we think was the source of the peroxide.

GAYE ("CUDDLES") BUSBY — top economist in the school but when it comes to boy friends ???

JOAN ("GIGGLES") DONOVAN — we couldn't think of anything else to write, other than she is Captain of the school Hockey Team.

PENNY ("DARKY") MANSON — is very liberal in her outlook. Dark horse of the Prefects — often off colour. Nothing else could be "Doug" up about her.

("V") ANNE ("GOGH") RITTMAN — the little? girl with the big reputation — as an artist.

JANETTE ("HOUSE") FLY — second year round at Matric. — liked it so much she couldn't bear to leave.

BERYL ("CLICK GO THE") SHEARER — the only high-jumping Hockey player in the school who is learning to drive a car.

CELIA ("CLEOPATRA") COX — quiet one — kind to animals, good to little children, and loved by all?

ERIL ("BUBS") McNAMARA — although the youngest in Matric., she still likes to play the field.

MARGARET ("SPOTLESS") HERRON — after showing great prowess as an operator of a Master Key, it is rumoured that she has been offered a job with the Victorian Railways as Chief Locker Room Attendant.

retaliate against such wicked, wicked words — I mean, just think of the implications! However, according to our instinct this shadow of doubt upon our lily-white souls must be scrubbed away.

To commence the scrubbing: The characters of these reprobates MUST be made clear — wicked little men who gamble and indulge in intrigue to discredit all who outshine them — can we help it if we do? Little men whose hearts are as black as their minds, cooking toast in gluttonous proportions while little half-starved specimens peer out from glassy prisons, their little mouths watering with anticipation — only to have their hopes dashed—"pitiful cases of chronic disappointment." — Quote: the mouse in the jar behind the toaster. (P.S. It's as hot as hell in here.). Thus characters, who could treat

their fellow beings in such a manner; could they be classed as fair judges of our integrity? —well, could they?

If this message has not penetrated your thick skulls, I urge you most sincerely to look in on Room 8 one of these days—if you dare!!!

as the girls see them . . .

This is the story of twelve little men, Oops! no I'm sorry—I'll count them again.

First, there is 'Dinger' honoured H.P. No one is more respected than he.

Five cadets follow—esteemed C.U.O.s, Fine, manly specimens??? in army clothes. There's *Tim*, who is known for playing the Bass, And *Glenn*, who in 'footy', sets a hard pace. Next, *Gordon*, who can't get his scooter to start, And *Doug*—a fanatic—on his go-kart. And last, but not least, of this tiny platoon, Is *Graham*, who's headed for life at Duntroon.

Next, 'earnest' *McArthur*, who scores many a wicket And goals in the games of footy and cricket.

Ray 'Carrots' Carrington is concerned with reactions, Of molecules, and atoms, and earthly attractions

Tom 'Tammy' Guest, is our prime ballerina, One day in the future, on stage we may see her. (erk! sorry—Him).

Peter Mourik—the youngest of our 'little men', Is a scientist and athlete—and he numbers ten.

The eleventh member of this intelligent troop, Is *John Castle*—the 'laborer' of the hard-working group.

John Fisher—is best known for being a 'jazzier', But his 'mop-top' of hair, is surely a dazzler.

Peter Thatcher—another of the science-minded men, Is a pursuer of cricket and physics and chem.

Next, *Brian*, a scientist and proven great talker, Though, after Expression, he could be called— "Squawker"!!!

And last in the list, is humane *David Baud*, Who often, on scooter, is seen on the road.

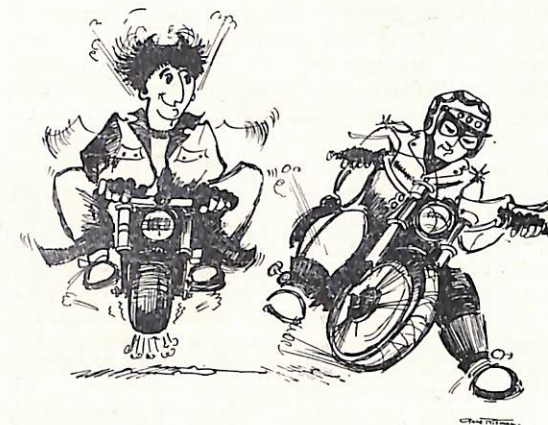
And now let me count them—2;4;6;8;9;10 Four, no five more—15 little men.

YAKKITY HI

And all through the year, this brave little band Of Prefects, has ruled over all the school land. Without any mercy, cloak-lockers they've raided, And have kept? law and order, completely unaided.

Yard-duty is one of their various jobs, As is saving 'juniors' from ruffian mobs. And often on Tuesdays, amid fearful roars, Two Prefects go climbing, to rescue small balls. And now it is time for my story to end, As we see 15 Prefects "go round the bend". For undaunted they came, but daunted they go With Matric. 'in the bag'—at least they hope so!

P.M., 6B.



"Beatle Band and his pal, Greasy Peter"

Two wild ones from Matric. Two-wheelers who think motorcycling slick. One on a Hobby, the other a Harley, George is smilin', Marlon is snarlin'.

DEATH OF CHILDHOOD FRIENDS

We shall not even meet them bearded in heaven, Nor sunning themselves amongst the bald of hell; If anywhere, in the deserted schoolyard at twilight, Forming a ring perhaps, or joining hands In games whose very names we have forgotten. Come! memory, let us seek them there, in shadows.

LINDA SPENCER, 3B.

Page 7

"BEATLEMANIA INVADES PREFECTS' CONCERT

Although the atmosphere outside Ringwood Town Hall on Wednesday, 1st July, was cold and blustery with some rain, a warm and appreciative audience inside the Hall enjoyed the Prefects' Annual Concert; in fact the whole school was there, together with many parents.

The well-balanced programme had something for everyone, ranging from the ridiculous to the sublime, making it impossible to pick out any one person or act for special mention, but mention must be made of the Junior Boys' Choir which sang several brackets of well-chosen songs under the direction of Mrs. J. Mentz. The talent from Forms 1 and 2 is most encouraging, both in serious singing and general humour. Humour played a very big part in the afternoon's entertainment.

The Head Prefects welcomed everyone on behalf of the Prefects who organized the concert, whilst Penny Manson and David Baud compered in a capable, almost professional manner.

Many of the acts were timely, witty, and often spiced with more than a dash of satire, particularly that applied to commercial TV.

Dancing took its place in many forms, again serious and humorous, but the real "Beatlemania" began with the first of the electric guitar players, and continued thereafter with all succeeding groups of instrumental players. The screaming, stamping and clapping could only be compared with Festival Hall, and shows such as the Beatles which, by the way, formed an interesting comparison that same evening from Channel 9, when many of the audience appeared to be completely hysterical.

There was no hysteria during the afternoon at Ringwood, merely audience participation which was turned on and off like a tap.

It is always interesting to speculate on the future of the talent at Ringwood High, and into what fields of entertainment it may be diverted after the academic periods are over.

Thanks must go to Mrs. Barrahan and Mr. Dunbar who, once again, welded the show into a well-organised performance running to a tight timetable, and making it.

MR. HARRY HUDSON

HEARD IN THE CORRIDOR

Three small students approached the Teacher. The first advised that she would not be able to complete her project because she had been away sick for two days.

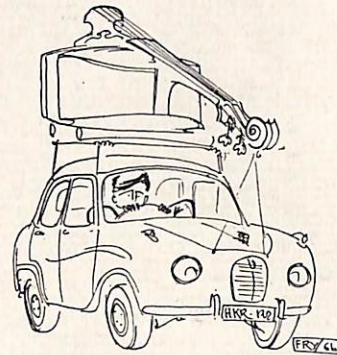
The Teacher remonstrated that they had had six weeks to do the project.

However, the second student had to tell the Teacher that her little brother was having a party and so she wouldn't be able to do her project.

Teacher once again reminded all three that they had been given ample time.

Nothing daunted, third student calmly announced, "Oh well, mine won't be much good! Mum's not very good at anything like that!" The project was "removal of stains."

THE BIG WHEELS OF MATRIC.
— (No 1 of a series)



6'2" PREFECT TIM LEWIS FINDS AUSTIN A30
QUITE COMMODIOUS FOR HIMSELF + BELONGINGS.

THE CHASE

On Thursday, 1st October, a six year old boy was observed taking objects from bikes. Two Prefects in the Geography class, gave chase—

There was movement at the High School, for the word had passed around,
The boy from Primary school had got away
With twenty puncture outfits — They were worth
near on a pound,
So two lusty Prefects gathered for the fray.

There was Lewis, who had made his mark by
cleaning up the yard,
And Ryan with his hair as white as snow
To beat him at "five-hundred" it was extremely
hard
(He cheated and relieved us of our dough.)

So they went; they found the outfits by a small-
ish clump of grass,
The boy raced toward the tennis courts,
And MacDonald gave his orders — "Boys, don't
let the rascal pass,
Make sure to the Headmaster he is brought,
And Lewis, you must flank him, try and force
him to the right,

Run swiftly lad, ensure you never wheeze
For never was a Prefect that could keep a boy
in sight
If once he gained the shelter of the trees."

Then fast the Prefects followed, where the gut-
ters deep and black
Resounded to the thunder of their tread,
And the school song woke the echoes, the boy
glanced fearfully back
As rocks and stones were pelted overhead.

When they overtook the culprit even Ryan took
a pull;
The lad might make the bravest step in fear
His wild brown hair grew thickly and his hidden
fist was full
Of yellow clay and any slip meant smear.

But the Prefect from East Doncaster gave a dar-
ing cat-like bound,
Grabbed Ryan, swung him up and gave a cheer
Then threw him on the boy, who, flattened,
made no sound
While MacDonald's students watched in very
fear.

Then those tough and hardy Prefects somehow
brought him struggling in
And helped the head brainwash the little lad
Showing clear the wrongs of robbing, and the
horror of his sin
And what he'd done was really very bad.

The prisoner shook in terror when told he would
be tanned
If caught once more involved in petty crime,
Then left their solemn presence with a wallet
in each hand
And two Prefects badges (slightly mud beg-
rimed).

And the Prefect from East Doncaster is a house-
hold word today
As the students tell the story of his fight,
While around the tennis courts, the papers drift
and stray
To the breezes — oh, the quadrangle is a sight!
ANONG (several in fact.)

MR. KRAHNERT FOR UNIVERSITY
As Lecturer in Method of History in the
School of Education at the University of
Melbourne.

In this appointment he will be responsi-
ble for the training of secondary history
teachers. These students have all complet-
ed their primary degree, and are studying
the first year course for the Bachelor of
Education degree.

Mr. Krahnert's work involves lectures in
method of teaching, demonstration lessons,
and supervising the practical work of stud-
ents in various metropolitan high schools.

THE BIG WHEELS OF MATRIC
(No 2 of a series)



SAYS C.U.O. DOUG RYAN — " I TELL YOU, FRED,
MY GO-KART WILL DO 85 MPH !"

LONE DOG

I'm a lean dog, a keen dog, a wild dog, and alone;
I'm a rough dog, a tough dog, hunting on my
own;
I'm a bad dog, a mad dog, teasing silly sheep;
I love to sit and bay the moon and keep fat souls
from sleep.

I'll never be a lap-dog, licking dirty feet,
A sleek dog, a meek dog, cringing for my meat;
Not for me the fireside, the well-filled plate,
But shut door, and sharp stone, and cuff and
kick and hate.

Not for me the other dogs running by my side,
Some have run a short while, but none of them
would bide;
Oh mine is still the lone trail, the hard trail, the
best;
Wide wind, and wild stars, and the hunger of
the quest.

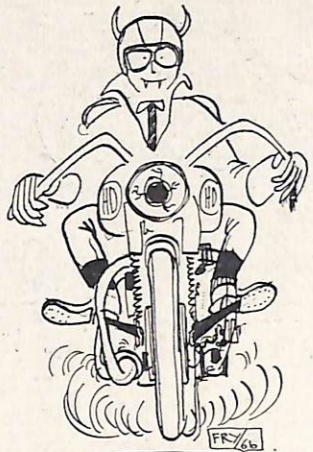
RENEE DAVIES, 2A.

THE BIG WHEELS OF MATRIC.
(No 3 of a series)



POPULAR "BOY-RAKER" DAVES IMMACULATE HOLDEN (AND A30)
WITH CARE AND SKILL BEFITTING A FELLOW
OF HIS MATURE YEARS.

THE BIG WHEELS OF MATRIC.
(No 4 of a series)



MILD-MANNERED PETER O'DWYER
SEEMS TO SUFFER PERSONALITY CHANGE
WHEN ASTRIDE DEMON HARLEY-DAVIDSON.

AMBITION

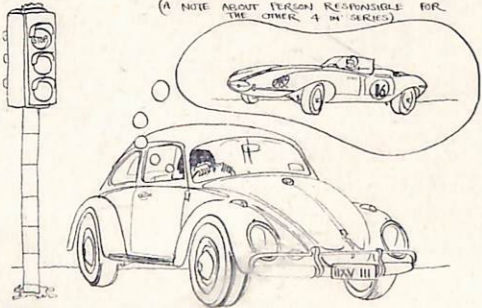
I know what I would like to be,
If they would leave the choice to me;
I'd be a busy buzzing bee
A'buzzing in a tree.

DIANE FOLEY, 1E.

DEATH IN THE GROVE

Who found the Beatles? — The Searchers!
Who killed them? — The Rolling Stones!
Who buried them? — The Undertakers!
Who mourned them? — Cilla (in) Black!
SANDRA EDWARDS, 1D.

THE SMALL WHEEL OF MATRIC
(THE LAST OF THE SERIES)
(A NOTE ABOUT PERSON RESPONSIBLE FOR
THE OTHER 4 IN SERIES)



THIS DRIVER FEELS THAT WHEN BEHIND WHEEL OF
RACY (?) HIGH POWERED (?) GERMAN AUTO, HE COULD
BENT ANY CAR IN TRAFFIC LIGHT DRAG RACE.

mail bag . . .

A LETTER FROM OUR EX-GOVERNOR

Tel. 78-34933. Crathie House,
Frankston,
Victoria.
30th December

Dear Mr. Hudson,
It was a kind thought of you to send me a copy of your magazine which I read with great interest. And one reason why I liked receiving it was because it brought back to my mind, a very happy occasion. So thank you very much.

With my best wishes to you All for a very happy and healthy New Year.

Yours sincerely,
DALLAS BROOKES.

(Sir Dallas was photographed with some of our girls at the "Herald" Outdoor Art Show last year. This we included in last year's issue and sent a copy to Victoria's Governor in retirement at Frankston. We thought you would care to see Sir Dallas' thoughtful reply. — Editor.)

"FANTASTIC COINCIDENCES"

(Reprinted from W.A. "Daily News")

This one deals with an astonishing chain of coincidences:

President Lincoln and President Kennedy were both involved in Civil War rights issues. Lincoln was elected in 1860, Kennedy in 1960. Both lost children through death while in the White House, both were assassinated on a Friday in the presence of their wives, and both were shot through the head from behind. Their successors were both named Johnson, who were both Southern Democrats. Andrew Johnson was born in 1808, Lyndon Johnson in 1908. Booth, who killed Lincoln, was born in 1839. Oswald, who killed Kennedy, was born in 1939. Both were killed before their trials. Lincoln's secretary (named Kennedy) advised him not to go to the theatre; Kennedy's secretary (named Lincoln) advised him not to go to Dallas. Booth shot Lincoln in a theatre and ran to a warehouse. Oswald shot Kennedy from a warehouse and ran to a theatre.

ERIL McNAMARA, 6B.
WOORKARRIM.

CENSORSHIP IN A DEMOCRACY

The question of whether censorship of books, especially, and of films can be justified in a democratic country has been hotly debated for many years. In a democratic country, the elected representatives of the people, whether they like the world or not, "rule" the country by laws which they consider best suited to the majority. Unfortunately, laws lose much of their usefulness

after some years, due to changes in the people's thinking, with the result that they become a burden and can easily retard progress by retaining prejudices without correcting them.

However, after the people's representatives have been ruling for as long as the laws have existed, they inevitably become out of touch with the wishes of those who elected them and thus indirectly oppose the electing majority. This is a most unfortunate reality and almost impossible to solve except by a complete change to new and inexperienced representatives, who, with all their revolutionary ideas, would definitely upset the balance — static though it may be — of the country.

Hence, like all laws, the law of censorship must keep up, or at the very least, attempt to keep up with public opinion and that public's self-set standards. There can be very little doubt that censorship of books and films is most necessary in a country where a person's freedom to live as he pleases dictates much of his actions. There has to be some measure of control or the person and his country would become anarchical.

Having established the justification of censorship in a democratic country the question arises, to what extent should censorship be imposed, and what power should a censorship board be allowed in controlling alleged morality. The extent of control naturally varies over certain age groups.

The matter of policing those watching adult films with an adult topic is comparatively simple. The Film Censorship Board very seldom completely bans a good film. It may cut some parts of the film which are considered just sex or violence for the sake of sensation, and still leave the picture with most of its story.

However, the supervision of reading matter available is infinitely more difficult if not impossible and much of the trouble stems from what different people regard as obscene and harmful; but to whom? The fact is that nobody has yet produced reliable evidence that a book has ever corrupted anybody.

Thus, a Literary Censorship Board has as their main problem; "by what standards should books be classed as suitable for public consumption?" The censorship of blatant pornography is comparatively simple as most of these books are unworthy of the title "literature" anyway. Books on most other topics are of course released, even if some could be detrimental in any way to the community's thinking, and thus harmful to a nation's security.

The main thorn in the side of this form of censorship is the classification of literature dealing with adult problems in an adult way. The Censorship Board therefore, has to decide whether such books would be harmful to teenagers, still in the age of maturing, and whether it is proper or fair to deprive a mature adult of the right to read good literature on sex and violence problems on the pretext of teenage immaturity.

YAKKITY HI

This problem has no morally correct solution. Several solutions can be suggested, but in most cases there would be as many disadvantages as advantages. Censorship must exist for the protection of democratically governed peoples against evil, but the question still remains: how much power should a censorship body wield?

PAUL DUIZEND, 6A.

IS MONARCHY DYING?

"The importance of the Monarchy today is not the possession of governing power but rather its power in attracting loyalty and in serving as a living and representative of the call of the free State on its members. The constitutional Monarch is no longer the master, but the servant of his people."

Thus, the purpose of the Monarchy today is to serve the people. But in fact, the Monarchy has become merely an entity, a showpiece for society to have a good look at, then take for granted. Even society, its split-level house, may look at the Monarchy from different vantage points. It has ceased to be a common point on which all stages in the house may converge.

This is not the fault of the Monarchy but of the times, of which it has become the victim. Back through history it is possible to trace the changes of purpose of a once divine institution. One may trace this slow decline in importance back to the Magna Carta, when the growing strength of the ancient Parliament imposed limitations on the Monarchy for the first time. The Monarchy was no longer absolute ruler. By limiting arbitrary government and restraining the power of the Crown, the Magna Carta ensured that the Common Law should be respected.

But this was only a minor step towards Parliamentary control over the Monarchy; it still ruled the people. The next step came in the seventeenth century during the revolution of 1688. A new system was established, the system of limited and constitutional Monarchy. Parliament had finally gained the upper hand, although it was well into the next century before the countries of Europe imposed similar limitations on their Monarchs, only to replace them with a new form of autocracy — the party dictator.

The British Sovereign of today, although no act of parliament can become law without royal assent, rules entirely through ministers who are responsible to Parliament.

The only official function of the British Crown today is as figure-head for the changing countries of the British Commonwealth of Nations. Perhaps its greatest effect can be felt only in a time of crisis. It is a Tradition, something to be proud of and thus, in a time of crisis, it becomes a rallying point for the people; something for which to fight.

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But under normal circumstances it is a symbolic head of the people, not of the Government; a head of which the people take decreasing note. It is merely a showpiece: look, but do not touch! "It's a nice, quiet tradition to have around. It may be a bit expensive, but as long as it does not interfere, it's worth it."

As a functioning body it has ceased to exist; as a showpiece, a tradition, it will live for many a long year.

The King is dead. Long live the King.

PAUL DUIZEND, 6A.



Who was it that asked for a new uniform? RHM

The new R.H.S. uniform — Narelle Norris

OPEN LETTER TO THE EDITOR

The time is long overdue for a change in the female sports attire at our school. It should be obvious to all that the uniforms the girls are forced to wear during sport are completely outmoded.

Other schools abolished the old dress-type uniform years ago, so why can't we? Bloomers or shorts are neither immoral or improper, and ideal for comfort during sport. Even if this new attire was worn by our girls only during Inter-School sports, it would save much embarrassment.

It was observed by everyone at the Athletic Sports, that Ringwood High School girls were the only ones unfortunate enough to have to run in their old, outdated, floppy, round-the-knee type uniforms.

Let's not fuss around any more. BLOOMERS OR SHORTS ARE BEST FROM ALL POINTS OF VIEW, AND IT'S TIME WE GOT THEM!!

JOY SMITH
JANETTE McLEAN
APRIL STEELE
NARELLE NORRIS

(No comment. Open for discussion. Ed.)

WHY I SEEK HIGHER EDUCATION

In this age of competitive education, rapidly increasing scientific knowledge, and an almost boundless work force, higher education is the key to the heavily barred door behind which a secure job or career lurks. It is this security which compels me to seek higher education because I believe that graduates, or diplomates, are the only people with a secure future. Holding a degree will, of course, bring more than security. Salaries are usually dependent on one's qualifications so it is logical that the higher education one has received will affect the fortnightly cheque, and usually, higher education is the pass-word to promotion and success in any field conceivable. By higher education though, I do not mean merely the Matriculation Certificate — that is fast becoming the common aim for most students. A university degree or diploma is what I consider to be the result of higher education, and for those who like to flash a degree in the right places, it can mean social status.

Nowadays, tertiary education is often the minimum requirement for many careers. Medicine and dentistry are common examples where a degree is the minimum requirement, and as I have set my sights on the degrees of M.B., B.S., it is imperative that I proceed to higher education. As well as providing a means for my livelihood, I think a degree is a challenge, and I would be a fool if I did not accept the challenge. Having come so far as matriculation, would it not be foolishness to let all chances of tertiary education slip by without attempting to conquer them?

Having obtained a degree, I would then feel that I was doing something for Australia in her search for more graduates in all fields. Being a doctor would mean that I could help keep other students healthy so that they too, could contribute to Australia's dire need. I think that this knowledge is a doctor's reward after six fatiguing years at university. As well as the financial status and security which most doctors enjoy, I believe that there is boundless satisfaction in a job which basically consists of healing the sick, and delivering new life into the world. A doctor disproves the belief that most men of science care little for humanity. This is the reward I am looking for as a result of my higher education.

As well as the effect in Australia of tertiary educated men and women, I honestly believe that well-educated people must have some effect on the international scene — but don't get the idea that I intend to meddle with international politics! The majority of people can see that good education aids logic, and logic is desperately needed in all camps on the international scene. If all the people who demonstrate, accuse and deny in the United Nations General Assembly had sufficient education to think reasonably and logically in times of strife, I feel that this world would not be where it is today. Communism appears to be the scourge of the world at the moment but its principles are directed at illiterate peasants. If people with higher education could only reach these people and teach them to think, then communism would start to decline. Also, remember the scientific opposition to the dropping of the bomb on Hiroshima? If a few more people had been in the right place with their higher education to back them up, then the mass devastation and suffering might never have occurred.

This possible service to humanity is the chance I hope to grasp strongly with the higher education I hope to receive. It is an ambition worth striving for, but the opportunity presents itself only once — now! Without it, I will probably be able to sit back on my haunches while waiting in line for the "dole" and see what havoc the lesser-educated "leaders" are causing throughout the world. It just might have been avoided if they had been thoroughly educated.

JOHN GLOVER, 6A.

POWER FOR PEACE FROM THE ATOM

Atomic energy can be either released slowly in a controlled process, producing heat in an atomic pile or suddenly as in the explosion of an atom bomb. The atom bomb's destructive and horrifying power left a vivid imprint on the memory of Japan at the conclusion of the second world war, when two cities were reduced to rubble.

Previous to the discoveries of radium by the Curies in 1898, most scientists believed that the atom was indivisible and indestructible. In the process of radio activity, nature "splits" atoms, which then release energy.

By 1932 scientists had succeeded in "splitting" the atom by artificially bombarding their nuclei with electrically charged particles. Einstein's "Theory of Relativity" produced by 1905, had already suggested that there is no difference between matter and energy, so that the complete destruction of matter would result in energy. In theory, one ounce of matter could yield as much energy as hundreds of thousands of tons of burning coal.

Atomic piles have been developed. They may be likened to a furnace which uses energy from the "split" atoms of the unstable element uranium. The uranium rods are inserted into graphite blocks which dampen the reaction and make an explosion impossible. The heat from the pile is used for industrial purposes. To put atomic reactors in vehicles, thick, heavy, protective shields must be used to prevent radiation from harming human beings. These piles or reactors are now being used in power stations and factories as they are easier to render safe and are therefore more practical to build and use.

R. CAWOOD, 4B.



"Beatle" Bond

generally speaking . . .

OUR FETE—1964

The Parents' and Citizens' Association of Ringwood High School deserve the highest praise for a most successful and colorful Fete — "under the trees" — held in the school grounds at Bedford Road, Saturday, 4th April.

In view of the many cynical criticisms from time to time regarding free education, it was gratifying to note the enthusiasm with which mothers and fathers threw themselves into the business of becoming stall-holders, spruikers, tea-room attendants and many other supervisory roles. There was obviously no feeling of: "Why should we do this?," but rather an attitude of: "We must get this done for the school and its future." Such a co-operative and friendly attitude can only spell success for any school.

Since there is obviously a shortage of finance in the State Treasury, a certain amount of self-help is necessary if the rapid growth of secondary education is to be effective. Thus the promise by the Education Department to grant up to £30,000 on a £3 to £1 basis, to finance the erection of a Physical Education Centre and Assembly Hall at R.H.S., has acted as a spur to the Parents' and Citizens' Association and Auxiliary Council, so that construction may begin as soon as possible.

With this as a background, the Fete became a colourful fair of bunting, streamers, balloon-sellers, lucky dips, fortune-tellers and entertainments such as a vintage car display — pity they didn't race from the clock tower — model car racing, modern railways, judo and trampoline displays by Box Hill Sauna Club with Ringwood City Band in attendance during the afternoon.

The smell of wood smoke and hamburgers pervaded the atmosphere throughout the day, teasing the appetite with the encouragement of ex-students who loyally and gallantly worked in relays to keep up with demand.

During the morning, groceries, fruits, home-made sweets, cakes and biscuits were rushed, almost as though the weekend shopping had been forgotten and "R.H.S. Super Market" was pressed into service.

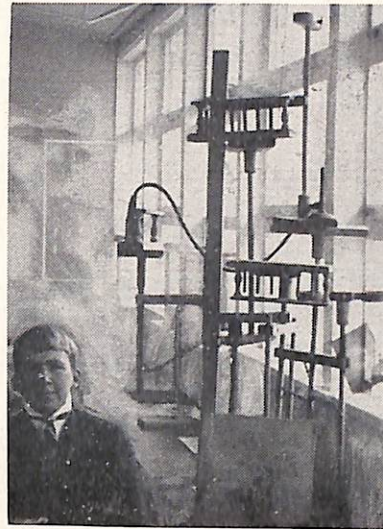
"Steptoe and Son", the White Elephant section, was patronised all day. Displayed for best offer were all the things dragged from attic or cellar, including a bath, two Warm Ray room heaters and baby chair (a suggestion that the school population will increase).

"The Kat Klub", a coffee den, was probably the most popular spot with teenagers. In a dim, dark "sulky coloured" atmosphere with candle-light casting vague shadows on floor cushions and "Kat" wall decorations, shadowy figures moved slowly to the off-beat banned music of "The Group", a group of student musicians.

The small select Outdoor Art Show facing Bedford Road, attracted many passers-by intrigued by the near-professional standard of the paintings and sculpture; this was indeed a fine additional attraction.

Brilliant sunshine and students from all Forms including ex-students, combined to make the Fete the most successful since the beginning of Ringwood High, in 1954.

H.H.



The Prof. lets off steam.

OUR OWN OVAL

After three years of trials and tribulations, Ringwood High School held its Inter-House Athletic Meeting on its own oval, 7th May last.

With exams out of the way, a gay and happy crowd of students saw a number of new records created during the day. The meeting, which was postponed on several occasions, due to rain, got off to a flying start in bright sunshine with only a slight breeze.

The aggregate and shield went to Noorook House, 288 pts. Woorkarrim, after a run of successes for the past seven years, was second, 267½ pts., Karalla, 261½ pts., Worooa, 238 pts.

Y A K K I T Y H I

At the end of the meeting, Headmaster Ormandy, in announcing the final results, spoke of this historic occasion, and of his personal satisfaction on the school achieving its own playing field. "Looking back," he said, "to 1958, when this was a useless scrub area and a constant source of worry to members of staff, it is satisfying to know that at last we shall have no more worries about an oval." Mr. Ormandy went on to say that it was gratifying, also to know that the oval is paid for and is Ringwood High's own property.

The Advisory Council and Parents' and Citizens' Association have done a fine job over the years and have many achievements to their credit. The unselfish manner in which they have worked for the school's improvements and amenities deserves the highest praise. Not content with achieving one success after another, both these organisations set out to add further laurels to their credit, to wit the Gymnasium-cum-Assembly Hall, which begins building early in 1965. Also the area facing Bedford Road will be cleared and levelled, thus giving the school a further set of playing fields. This is a splendid record of achievement in under 11 years.

In presenting the Cup to House Captains, Jillian Beatty and Graham Sinclair, past president of the Advisory Council, Mr. R. Hodgson, spoke of his pride in the school and could not refrain from being slightly biased towards Noorook House. "After all," he said, "I have been associated, through Brian, over a number of years, and feel justifiably proud of its success today."

Both House Captains thanked Mrs. S. Barrah and Mr. B. Geary, for the hard work they have put in as sportsmistress and sportsmaster, and for them being responsible for the formation of a Students' Sports Committee which added to the success of this athletic meeting.

New records created during the day were: L. Evans, Girls 100 yds., 12.1, and Girls' 220 yds., 27.2; G. Hahn, Boys 220 yds., 24.3; Boys Open Relay, 49.2; Boys under 14 Relay, 56.4; Girls Open Relay, 54.8; and J. Stanley, Boys under 17 mile.

MARGARET BUCK

Once again, it is Olympic year and for the eighteenth time since 1896, the modern Olympic Games were held in all its traditional splendour, at Tokyo, Japan. As in other years, most of us feel we have a link, however impersonal it may be, with the athletes chosen to represent Australia. However, this year the connection assumes

Y A K K I T Y H I

greater personal significance for Ringwood citizens, and particularly for many students and ex-students of R.H.S., as Margaret Buck from Ringwood, has been selected in the women's solo Kayak event.

Most of us have a basic knowledge of the ideals of sportsmanship embodied in the Olympic tradition, perhaps this knowledge was acquired during the 1956 Melbourne Games. Thus we can form an idea of the necessary qualities of any Olympic competitor.

Three years ago, Margaret had had no experience in a Kayak; yet in the short period of time since then, she has risen to Olympic standard. What greater tribute could there be to her determination, her ability and her character than to be chosen in the Australian Team?

However, in order to promote her chances of victory, it was mentioned in June that Margaret was in need of a modern Kayak for Tokyo. The then Mayor of Ringwood, Cr. Peter Vergers, launched a community-wide appeal for £200 to cover the cost.

As Margaret is an ex-student of R.H.S., completing her Matriculation in 1958 as girl Head Prefect, the Prefects decided to organise a subsidiary appeal amongst the staff and students. When this was closed towards the end of Term Two, a total of £25 had been received.

On behalf of the Prefects, we wish to extend our sincere thanks to all donors for the generous way in which they responded to our appeal. Unfortunately, space does not permit individual mention. Good luck Margaret!

NORMA McCANN,
DAVID RICHARDS.



"Phantasmagoria" — Mark Matcott, 1B.

AN IMAGINATIVE TRIP TO PARIS

During the Christmas holidays, I went to Paris with my Uncle Jim. We stayed at a hotel there. On the second day, we went to the top of the Eiffel Tower. There is a marvellous view from there. Just below us we could see the river Seine flowing through the city. On both sides of the river stand handsome government buildings. In the river lies a boat-shaped island. About 2000 years ago, Paris began as a little fishing village there. On the island, a large cathedral stands out clearly. It is Notre Dame, one of the world's most famous churches.

We also went to see the Luxemborg Gardens, one of the beautiful formal gardens of Paris. There is a small pool there. By it, there were lots of small children. They enjoyed rolling big hoops around the pool or sailing toy boats across it.

As we walked along the streets, we saw many signs that Paris is a centre of fashion. The streets were crowded with shops where dresses, hats, gloves, shoes, handbags and jewellery are sold. There are also many pavement cafes, which I thought made the streets look very attractive.

I really enjoyed my trip to Paris, and I have learned from my stay there, that Paris is a city of beauty, a city of pleasure, a fashion centre, a centre of art and learning and a great industrial city all rolled into one.

BARBARA HOWELL, 2B.

TENTH BIRTHDAY PARTY

A capacity attendance of members and friends of the School filled the Scout Hall in Bedford Park on Wednesday, 8th July, when the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Ringwood High School held its 10th Birthday Party.

The School colors in many forms were used for decorations in the hall which was dominated by a large, crackling wood fire. Entertainment was charmingly provided by the Junior School Choir under Miss I. Feuchtersleben and Mrs. V. Scanlan, who accompanied by Mrs. M. O'Connell, sang a bracket of songs.

Official visitors who were welcomed by Vice President Mrs. C. Bate, were the Mayor, Cr. P. Vergers, Mrs. J. W. Manson, Headmaster Mr. G. Ormandy and Mrs. Ormandy, Miss D. L. Barrett, B.A., Dip.Ed., Principal of MacRobertson Girls' High School (who was the guest speaker), Secretary, Mrs. Mills; Mr. M. Patulloch, President of the P. and C. Committee, and Miss D. Jewell, B.A., Dip. Ed.

The birthday cake, which was a model of the school, was made by Miss M. Ramsay, head of the School's Domestic Science Department, and the cutting and candle lighting ceremonies were carried out by Mrs. Ormandy and Mrs. Manson.

As a teacher and school principal with many years of experience in handling girls, Miss Barterest. Miss Barrett touched on many facets of teen-age behaviour, emphasising that young people were being exploited by commercial interests. At the conclusion of her talk, Miss Barrett answered questions from members.

YALLOURN TRIP

Although the long awaited day dawned quite overcast, we were determined not to let this disturb us, and enjoyed our day thoroughly.

We greeted the buses with half-frozen cheers as, although it was not raining, we found it cold standing waiting. After settling down noisily in our seats, we set off on the first stage of our journey.

On arriving at Dandenong, we joyfully scrambled off the bus only to be given stern looks by the prefects who had the misfortune to be travelling with us, and horrified looks by the teachers.

The frantic waving of the station master was defied by our particular group who leapt on the wrong carriage regardless, and made themselves



YAKKITY HI

at home in the compartments. We were upset by the fact that we only discovered the hot-water bottles under the seats in the second part of our long trip.

The rolling hills of the landscape made a pleasant picture for us to watch on the way. If the distance wasn't thought of, the trip seemed a lot shorter. The ice-creams helped along too.

We hopped off the train at Morwell and onto some buses which took us to the Briquette Works. After explaining to us the various stages in the process of briquette making, the guide took, in turn, groups of us outside. There we saw a long line of briquettes on a conveyor belt — the finished product, ready for use.

It was agreed by all that it was time for lunch so we got onto the buses again and went to Yal-lourn. We had our lunch in the Yal-lourn Fire Station Hall and though not everyone had a seat, food appealed to us just as much on the floor.

Our next stop was the Open Cut. The vantage point was a good place to view the overwhelming immensity of the hole cut into the earth by man. The breath-taking Open Cut was followed by a visit to the Power House.

Inside the Power House, the noise was deafening and the air stifling. However, we soon became used to it and realized what a huge place we were in. We covered the quarter mile length and found ourselves learning a lot of interesting facts on the way. Outside, everyone jolted themselves back into talking again as we had little chance inside.

The Latrobe River, from where all the water comes, was graced by our presence before we staggered back to the buses which took us to the station.

Unfortunately, when we arrived at Dandenong after an uneventful trip back, it started to pour with rain. On the way back to Ringwood, feeble attempts were made to sing, but it was evident that everyone was just too tired.

The end of a wonderful day.

CHRISTINE WARNE, 1C.

P. AND C. LADIES' AUXILIARY

The Parents' and Citizens' Ladies' Auxiliary are pleased to have the opportunity of giving an outline of our year's activities.

Over the year, the ladies have had small

efforts, and also assisted in the School Fete. The stalls stocked by the ladies Auxiliary raised £339/1/0 and social functions and meetings raised £67/18/11, since May. Stalls, Social Afternoons, a trip to Heinz Factory, Book Stall Commission, Tennis Afternoon and a Fashion Rendezvous at the Savoy Plaza, proved a social, as well as a financial, success.

Our meetings were made interesting by talks by Mr. McDonald on Geography, and Miss Ramsey on Domestic Science. A Youth Panel comprising Sixth Form students, proved very popular. A Luncheon was given to meet the Teachers, by the Mothers. Mr. Ormandy has had an opportunity to address Mothers of new pupils and Second Formers, and discussed the proposed syllabus.

Our committee consists of: President, Mrs. Cannan; Vice Presidents, Mesdames Bate and Vass; Secretary, Mrs. Mills; Social Secretary, Mrs. Bush; and Canteen Roster Secretary, Mrs. J. Anderson.



Education Day Splurge

- Ann Rittman

"RAPHAEL"

During October, we had a visit from Miss Barbara Coleman, who is connected with "Raphael", the Ryder Cheshire International Centre for the Relief of the Suffering in India. Miss Coleman brought with her a film which showed the work members of the centre are doing at "Raphael".

CANTEEN NEWS

WANTED

WANTED

WANTED

WANTED

Ladies with a few spare hours a month — Congenial company, meal and cups of tea provided in return for assistance at the School Canteen.

Apply below for 1965—Thank You!

J. ANDERSON (Canteen Roster Secretary)

106 DUBLIN ROAD, RINGWOOD EAST

PHONE: 87-6820

YAKKITY HI

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The fifth and sixth formers saw this film during one lunch-time and also heard a little bit about "Raphael" from Miss Coleman.

The film left a great impression on our minds, and opened our eyes to the extent of suffering that exists in the world. The film showed us that these people at "Raphael" are not just being cared for as in a hospital, but are offered an opportunity of a new life, being taught to do many things which were previously thought impossible for them.

The Centre was founded by Group Captain Cheshire and his wife, Mrs. Sue Ryder Cheshire. "Raphael" cares for destitute children, mentally handicapped children, leprosy patients and maternity cases. Many groups throughout the world, large or small, are raising money to maintain a patient at "Raphael" for a year, but often, after seeing the results it brings, they continue 'adapting' the patient for many years.

Between the fifth and sixth formers we were able to raise £30, thus maintaining a child for a year. It is hoped that this can be carried on in years to come, first of all maintaining one child and gradually increasing, until finally each group of forms (that is all first forms or fourth forms, for example) may maintain a child each.

NORMA McCANN,
DAVID RICHARDS.



An apple for the Teacher.

COOKERY EXHIBITS AT THE ROYAL SHOW

Ringwood High School girls certainly did well with their Fruit Loaves exhibited at the Royal Show this year. We succeeded in gaining First Prize for a fruit loaf made expertly by Form 2B. The girls concerned were chosen by ballot. Second Prize was taken by Form 2C with their fruit loaf.

Two fruit loaves were commended, one by Form 2C, the other by Regina Sauter and Pamela Butner of Form 3E. Well done to all these girls.

Our fruit cakes did not win any prizes this year, but here's hoping we can win in this section next year. There were also many other girls who entered into the Competition, but did not succeed in coming anywhere, so we would like to take this opportunity to thank all who took an interested part for the benefit of their school.

The Domestic Science teachers deserve many thanks for their help and guidance which they gave to the girls who entered the Competition.

JACQUELINE HARRISON, 4E.

INTERSTATE GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY EXCURSION, 1964

Our much publicized trip commenced at 7 a.m. on Thursday, 14th May, when 86 students from Forms 4, 5, and 6, boarded two buses and disappeared from the sight of parents and friends, not to be seen again for seven days, and after a distance of over 1700 miles had been covered.

We achieved our first day's aim of reaching Cowra after 13 hours' travel over 468 miles, with stops at Goulburn Weir and Tocomwal (lunch), passing through Seymour, Shepparton, Jerilderie, Junee and Young.

Friday saw us traversing the monotonous inland plains, and crossing the low-lying hills to Bathurst and Lithgow, reaching Katoomba in the Blue Mountains for lunch at the Revolving Cafe. Cameras clicked continually as we rode on the Skyway and Scenic Railway, watched over by the Three Sisters. That night, we reached Manly, eight miles from Sydney, after spending 55 minutes stationary, on the outskirts of Sydney, awaiting the clearance of outward-bound traffic. Imagine our delight when, on reaching our Hotel, we were told that the World Surfing Championships were to be held on the beach opposite over the week-end! Scenery abounded in more ways than one.

Saturday's itinerary consisted of a tour of Sydney, incorporating visits to Bondi, Vacluse House, Historic Churches, the Harbour Bridge, the A.M.P. building, and the Tube Railway, returning to the Hotel by way of Manly Ferry.

Sunday morning was spent attending Church and exploring Manly until 11 a.m., when we left for Taronga Park Zoo. After lunch, we journeyed to Wollongong, with a stopover at the celebrated "Rotorlactor" (revolving milk shed) at Camden Park. As darkness fell, we reached Bulli Pass, and drew into Wollongong soon after.

The outstanding feature of Monday was our guided tour of Port Kembla Iron and Steel

Works, which covers 2000 acres, and where 16, 800 people are employed. Perhaps the most notable attraction was the half-mile long steel-rolling mill.

On Monday evening, after unpacking and dining at a luxurious motel, we were taken on a conducted tour of Canberra, after which we sought sanctuary from the bitterly cold air in our heated rooms.

On Tuesday morning, we once again toured Canberra, and were struck by the excellent town-planning, and the great expanse of the City. Memorable interludes were visits to the War Memorial and Parliament House.



"Steady!"

"Snowy Mountains or bust" was our next objective, and after a speedy "steady" journey, we arrived at Cooma — headquarters of the Snowy Mountains Authority — for lunch. Tuesday afternoon, Wednesday and Thursday mornings were spent in a rush tour of the Snowy Mountains Scheme, with overnight stops at Island Bend and Cabramurra (the highest town in Australia). Places of interest were Lake Eucumbene, Adaminaby, Jindabyne, Kiandra, Tumut 2 Power Station (over 1000 ft. underground), Murray 1 Power Station, and Khancoban. The disappointing feature of this part of the tour was the absence of snow. After lunch, we entered the final stage of the trip, with only a tea interval at Benalla remaining.

Our sincere thanks go to the teachers — Mr. McDonald, Mrs. Barrah, Mrs. Mentz and Mr. Krahnert: to the two popular drivers, and to the Croydon - Mt. Dandenong Bus Service. These all co-operated so well in making this tour such an outstanding success. We hope that such trips continue for many years, and heartily recommend participation to all who can possibly afford to do so.

DAVID BAUD, FORM 6.

FOOTNOTE:

Of particular interest to all R.H.S. parents, is the fact that, all along the route, particularly at the Manly Hotel, teachers were congratulated upon the behaviour of our students who were urged to "come again sometime".

Thank you all, for being such excellent ambassadors for our School.

"WHAT THE HELL"

The Reverend Professor John McManners, of the Sydney University, called a paper which he gave to a gathering of clergy, "What the Hell". His paper concerned intellectual problems in Christianity and he was asking his audience through his contentious title to reflect a little more deeply on the real issues of the Christian Faith than we, who are caught up in the business of church, tend to do. I have decided to borrow the Professor's title for I invite you all to think about the usefulness of Religious instruction in Schools and the Ringwood High in particular.

And so:

"Religious Instruction in Schools . . .
"What the Hell?"

The priest or minister, who visits the schools in his area of concern to give this instruction, is continuously plagued by this question. He answers his own question in various ways of which the following are samples.

"Well the children of today are the church of tomorrow and so I must continue with this work. Didn't our Blessed Lord say, "Cast your bread upon the waters" . . . "Suffer the little children"?"

"I don't get much opportunity with only one period a week for each class; but at least I do keep in touch with the young and that is better than leaving them entirely to their own resources."

"It is a complete waste of time. The syllabus designed to offend no one, teaches no one. I am not a teacher and so I shall let the Head know that I shall not be coming any more."

In such ways he trifles with a very serious issue. He doesn't have the opportunity to do as he understands the nature of his vocation. He does not resign because he doesn't want to do the wrong thing but he is almost certain that to continue is not doing the right thing.

Teaching in schools today has made tremendous advances in subject matter and method. The individual child demands that this should be so for the complete development of personality. The nation demands it so that she may be the better served by her people. Teachers are expected to be as highly trained as possible for these reasons. Facilities for teaching and amenities to create healthy attitudes receive a great deal of attention and a large portion of the budget.... But R.I. hangs on the end: a left over from more primitive times: a bit of a nuisance.

Whom do we blame for this? The Headmaster; the staff; the clergy or the system?

I can not answer these questions for you. Most Headmasters are practising Christians; the staff always contains a solid core of Christians; the clergy are the best the laity have made available and the system was drawn up by sincere people. Yet the problem remains!

I would like to suggest that Religious Instruction in Schools must be delivered from being the part time job of untrained teachers and from being the hobby of sincerely wrong enthusiasts. It is far too important to be fitted in with the pastoral work of the clergy and so take second place to bereavements, sick calls, conferences, study, holidays and so on. The pastoral work and the parson's holidays are far too important to take second place to Religious Instruction. The Church — those in high places and parents in the homes — must make it possible for men and women to be trained in theology and teaching, to make this their lifetime work. The great urgency which faces Christianity in this country is that professionally trained people be made available to be the servants of God's young people as their teachers.

But still we say, "What the Hell?" Who will pay for this? It will cost a fortune. What security is there for such teachers? Wouldn't a person find other avenues more profitable?

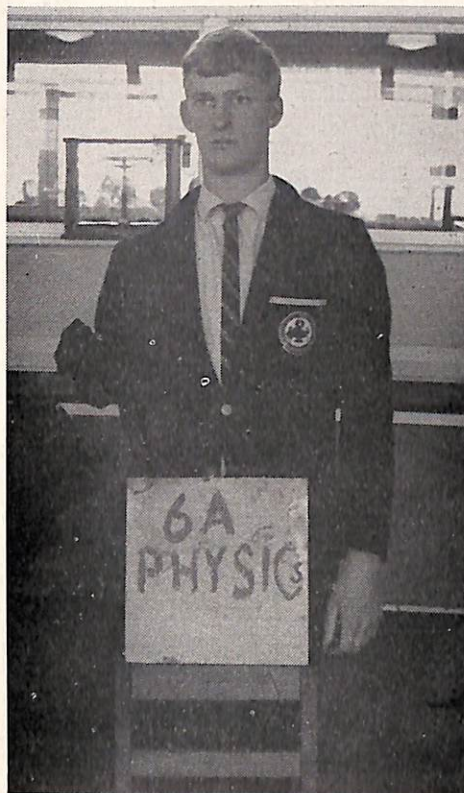
In the Middle Ages, theology was called the "Queen of the Sciences". I believe that it is still the Queen of all learning. Further, I believe that the young people of today are more capable than ever of giving Christian theology the attention it deserves. Only people who see Religious Instruction in Schools as their call from God can give students this opportunity to sound the depths of the Faith in the School environment. Only they can assist them with the response that God demands. Others can be helpful but can not take their place.

This should not be looked upon as just a means of keeping the pews full on Sundays, as important as that is, but it is my belief that there can be no intelligent understanding of our culture or intelligent participation in the life of the nation unless there is at least an intelligent

understanding of Christianity. This applies equally to the non-believer as to the believer. Religious Instruction should deal with life—and we all live. But we could live more fully.

"The unexamined life is not worth living."—Plato.

REV. MULLINS.



Almost a wax works.

THE BILLABONG

Down beside the billabong,
Brolgas dance the Bushman's Song.
Little magpies round about
Come to join their happy shouts,
A kookaburra in a tree
Strikes a note for brolgas three,
But sunset comes too soon
Next concert at noon.

LYNETTE NORTON, 1C.

YAKKITY HI

YALLOURN EXCURSION

At 8.15 a.m. on Tuesday, 25th August, 300 pupils left Ringwood High School by bus for the Dandenong Station. This was the first stage in our visit to the Yallourn Project. During this journey, the first class passengers had a better ride as they were provided with a pair of soft (?) knees to sit on.

At Dandenong Station, we caught the Gippslander, and no sooner were we seated than we were handed a geography question sheet which was intended to cover our activities for the day, and realized that this was not a pleasure trip.

At Morwell, some of us were feeling a little peckish and so had started on our lunch. We saw how briquettes are made and a few were lucky enough to get souvenirs. More lunches were opened as we were driven to Yallourn by bus. At Yallourn those who hadn't started their lunch, ate it in the Yallourn Fire Station Hall.

After lunch, we broke up into two sections. While one section went to see over the generators and the Latrobe River at the Power House, the other section went to see the dredges at the Open Cut. They also collected souvenirs. This was reversed, and we arrived at the Yallourn Station where we found the other group waiting.

Booklets were handed out as the train drew up, and during the journey, we finished the question sheet. At Dandenong, there were only four buses waiting for us, and the girls and a few boys scrambled aboard. Two more buses arrived and took the rest of the boys back to school where we arrived at 5.45 p.m. in a downpour of rain, so that even though most arrived home soaking wet, we all enjoyed ourselves.

JAMES ROGERS, 1A.



"Do you think Plastic Surgery would correct her foot."

YAKKITY HI

MR. McDONALD TELLS MOTHERS

"The importance of Geography in Modern Education," was the title of the talk given to Ringwood High mothers by Mr. F. McDonald, B.A., Dip.Ed., who is Senior Geography master at the school.

Mr. McDonald outlined to mothers at the monthly meeting of the Ladies' Auxiliary the difference between geography as taught in the past when long lists of place names, of rivers and of mountains and bays were repeated without much understanding. Today, said Mr. McDonald, the emphasis was on the world as the home of man.

In this sense, geography was perhaps the earliest serious study undertaken by man. As a school subject geography was important in that it is a link between the sciences and humanities. Geography takes facts and combines them into a human science, the study of man and his environment.

Mr. McDonald said that parents should present their children with books describing their own and other lands, select T.V. programmes of the same nature, subscribe to suitable magazines and discuss geographical topics in the family circle.

MY FIRST SCHOOL

My most vivid recollection of school before ever going there is of sheer dread and a fear which drove me to the verge of panic at the very idea of learning something. The result of this was that I cried floods from morning recess through lunch till afternoon recess on the first day. Actually, there were two reasons for this: the first, fear; and secondly, where was the toilet and how to ask the teacher to leave the room. Hence, during my first year in the thirist for knowledge, I learnt the alphabet, the numbers from one to ten, and the correct way to leave the room in a dire emergency.

During my first and second years, apart from learning the alphabet, which I could say faster than Nick because I knew it letter perfect and he didn't, and being able to spell words of not more than four letters, I think I learned to add and subtract numbers between one and ten. Thus, my brain was reeling and staggering under the weight of so much learning and knowledge by the end of this period. But my fondest recollection is of an intense dislike for the teacher because she made us sit at a very small table in a very small chair (at least it was for me).

Ah! but then my triumphant year. The year when one becomes a senior member of the school, a person to be respected and feared by

Page 21

all those lower than himself. But the main event was my promotion to fifth year after having done third and fourth in one year with one Michael Somerset Shum.

Then the most worrying years for parents and the most delightful year for little boys, the "Magnificent Fifth Grade". This is the year everything happens at once. My first encounter with disaster occurred while running round the asphalt area trying to impress my first flame. I happened to run into a flagpole and still have the scar as evidence of my worldly experiences. The thing I cultivated most during that year however, besides the scar and the ripping out of a couple of fingernails, was a vile temper whenever I ended up the worse for wear after a scrap. Along with this came a knack for swearing at the wrong time and with such intensity that it would have made a union member blush. Hence I was elected a prefect. In the course of my term of office I lost that same badge three times, I think a record.

As an appreciation of my position, I proudly became a milk monitor. Once, in demonstrating my holding capacity, I vomited. (At least the overflow was working.) Alas, I developed a temporary intense hatred, stemming from a temporary intense hatred of one Gordon Maxwell Anderson and one Gordon Alexander Dadswell, because I considered them to be teachers' pets. Thus with my emotion stirred, I was instructed about, constructed and then promptly destroyed model planes.

Sixth grade. Yippee! Top class in the school and fullback on the school football team (a position to which, if I recall correctly, I appointed myself). With the good came the bad, a new teacher — Mr. McCann whose most memorable achievement was clobbering six kids on his first day. Unfortunately, I happened to be one of them. A raving fit rose inside me and as an outlet for this emotion I tore up an exercise book under the desk, first making sure that there was nothing of import inside. I hated "Tin Cann" at the start mainly because he was a better teacher than the previous one.

But my trials and tribulations were not over yet. Having gorged myself with the most delectable goodies on Presentation Night I felt extremely disappointed and so very very sick when my name was not called for a prize after five long, faithful and very obedient years of agonizing brain work.

The last and most vivid memory I have of this, my first school, was the intense fear of going to high school. I was scared stiff. Nothing, nothing was as good as state school.

PAUL DUIZEND, 6A.



Ain't Science wunnerful.

THE LITTLE CREEK

The little creek goes bubbling
Through banks of ferny green,
Its splashing waters gurgling;
The creek — so fresh and clean.

The birds above are singing,
Among the treetops high;
Across the creek they're winging —
Across the creek they fly.

The creek becomes much wider,
For soon another stream
Joins the swirling water;
Making a sight supreme.

And now the river comes in sight —
The river deep and wide.
Compared to her, the little stream
Is but a trickle, by her side.

TOM FOLEY, 3A.

SPEECH NIGHT, 1963

Despite humidity and rain, Ringwood Town Hall was crowded for last year's Speech Night. Colourful academic robes added a Christmas flavour to the beautiful floral decorations on the stage.

The guest speaker was Dr. J. A. L. Matheson, M.B.E., Vice-Chancellor, Monash University, and guests on stage included the Mayor, Cr. P. Vergers, Mr. J. Manson, M.L.A., and Miss J. Paddock, representing Ringwood Foothills Soroptimists.

Y A K K I T Y H I

Mr. Gotts, President of the Advisory Council, spoke of the growing interest in R.H.S. by the Parents' and Citizens' Association and its work towards fulfilment of the plans for the Assembly Hall-cum-Gymnasium, extra Tennis Courts and improvements to the Playing Fields.

Headmaster Ormandy, in his report, referred to the high academic standard attained and maintained at the school through Exhibitions, Honours and Scholarships, adding that all activities at the school are organised in a manner which is complimentary to its academic work, such as Social Service, Sport, Excursions, Cadets, Choirs and its growing interest in A.F.S. (American Field Service Exchange Scholarships) and much else. "This," Mr. Ormandy added, "rounds out a full and useful training of any potential adult citizen."

Dr. MATHESON'S SPEECH

In his opening remarks, Dr. Matheson praised, and congratulated the Boys' Choir for their sweet renderings, particularly the "Skye Boat Song". He explained that from where he came, the North of England and Scotland, men and boys sang for the sheer joy of making music, but mostly in Australia, the girls did all the singing whilst the boys gave it up for the pleasures of sport.

Dr. Matheson spoke of the speed with which Monash University is growing. Beginning with 350 students, rising to 800 and in 1964, the figure will be over 1560. A chair of Law has been created for the many students wishing to do that subject. The Doctor added that Monash was originally intended to cater for Science, Engineering and Medicine, but unfortunately the numbers studying those subjects were smaller than anticipated.

Whilst he had nothing against lawyers, Dr. Matheson felt he would like more people to study his own subject, Engineering, as a professional subject, not just to be skilled mechanics. The professional engineer was an intellectual who worked with his head and was the mainspring in industry, he said. Industrial design began with the planning engineer in the same way that bridges or dams were created. In defining Engineering, Dr. Matheson went on, "It is Art directing great sources of nature for the benefit of man". This was the philosophical aspect of the art of engineering.

Finally, Dr. Matheson made this point. "In choosing a career, think in terms of a way of life which gives satisfaction, joy and keenness, rather than just a living.

H.H.

Y A K K I T Y H I

COURAGEOUS ARGUMENT

"Courage is not merely a virtue; it is the virtue."

(Statement made in a broadcast by
Sir William Slim.)

I think that this statement is incorrect. In my opinion "the virtue" is love, and courage forms only a part of it. Moreover, courage tends to depend on certain talents with which some of us were born and others were not.

It is alright for people who know they are courageous themselves and have received honours for their courage; but it is sad indeed for the man who has been brought up to believe that courage is "the virtue" and who finds that he is a coward. There are different types of courage, and the man who might appear very brave in one circumstance, might be a coward in others.

Basically, I believe that there are two main types of courage; acts of impulse and acts requiring endurance and determination. Of these, the latter seems to be more virtuous as it requires a certain love either for what one is striving towards, or for one's pride. In the former, there is a sort of recklessness. It is a sizing up of the situation at a glance and an immediate act often at the risk of death. In such a situation, a moment's hesitation can make a coward of a man. It gives his instincts of self-preservation a chance to take over and paralyse him. In this type of incident there is less of virtue and more of what you can be born either with or without. I am not trying to take anything from the glory of the man who acts on impulse. After all, sportsmen gain great honour from using their



Gavin Fry Again

talents, but, just as men are not looked down on because of their lack of sporting ability, cowards should not be looked down on either.

To cover this shift of argument I shall add that, while Sir William Slim mentions nothing in his statement about cowards, people themselves tend to think of that which is not virtuous as bad.

My feeling is that Sir William Slim had in mind the acts, rather than the results of bravery, when he made this statement because it is courage itself which he calls a virtue. I think that courage is no more than a tool to be used in getting what is needed. It is as silly as a thirteenth century battle with everyone killing each other for money and glory, if it is isolated.

Whether people are courageous for love or for glory matters little however, if by this courage, a benefit is gained. If Sir William Slim's statement inspires people to be braver, then it does not matter much whether or not it is true; but, as I have mentioned earlier, I do not think courage depends upon inspiration. The statement's main effect was probably to give men whose courage has been proved, a false feeling of goodness, and to give those whose cowardice has been proved an equally false feeling of uselessness.

PATRICK FULTON, 6A.

MELBOURNE'S SUNDAYS

To go into Melbourne city proper on Sunday is to go into a ghost town where the only sign of life is the papers that blow carelessly between those mighty concrete masses. There is no other movement anywhere except for the occasional car trying its utmost to escape this empty hole.

Sundays for overseas visitors must be one of the most irritating, boring and dull days imaginable anywhere. There they sit in their luxurious hotel suites in the heart of Victoria's life. But the heart is dead. What is there for them to do? The only possible answer is nothing. Unless they have friends or relations in the suburbs or unless they would have rented a car to drive into the hills or down to the sea, they sit there breathing the airconditioned atmosphere.

The horror of facing a Melbourne Sunday starts the moment they "hit the sack" after the theatre and a couple of drinks on Saturday night. Sunday morning has arrived. Now what shall we do today? Shall we go to the football? Or shall we go to the races? Shall we have a quiet meal with some wine? Or shall we see a movie? No. We shall sit in our room or go for a walk in the choking dusty air of Melbourne.

The tourist's only relief from this morbid day is church in the morning. But if he does not wish to go to church, what happens? He is penalized. There he sits in the dead heart of this Victorian State. The only crime he has committed is that he expected this thriving city during the week to continue thriving. And why shouldn't he?

The Church commands in this community, on this day, such power, that it rules the lives of every person in the State, may he be believer, agnostic or atheist; a power misplaced in this contemporary world. Every other City in the world with international renown has succeeded in compromising Church power with the wishes of the people. Has the Church the right to say "You don't come to me so you must do as I say?" I think not.

Probably, nearly every tourist or overseas visitor, has gone away with the impression of Melbourne, perhaps the whole State, as being a waste of time and money as far as enjoyment goes, when it comes to spending his only function-free day in his hotel room.

PAUL DUIZEND, 6.



"Almost in the Stocks" — Ann Rittman

THE INFINITE

We wonder at Life's secret flame,
But cannot trace the spark
Which lighted up our soul and frame,
From Chaos — dead and dark.

Y A K K I T Y H I

We gaze upon the dewy blade
That glitters at our feet:
But know not how the leaf was made
So perfect and complete.

We see the moontide's flashing ray
Filled close with atom-things;
But who can light the orb of Day,
Or weave the tiny wings?

The bird that builds its simple nest,
Shows skill that none can reach;
The bee that keeps its treasured heaps,
Has Instinct none can teach.

We see the sapling rise, and fling
Its shadow o'er the field;
We ask, "How grew the leaf crowned king?"
But Nature's lips are sealed.

We hear the billows roll and weave;
We see the worlds — high and far —
But Art could not attune the wave;
Nor Science fix the star.

We cannot find the germ of "MIND,"
We cannot change the law
That governs every step we tread,
And every breath we draw.

Our deepest thought — our broadest view:
Seek as they may, must own,
That Finite Knowledge leads but to
The Infinite Unknown.

And yet with bold, presuming brain,
— Blind to the mystic "Whence?" —
We dare to question and arraign
The ways of Providence.

Shall we dispute the Right Supreme,
Of Wisdom, Power and Grace,
That rules the great Eternal Scheme;
And fills Unbounded Space?

Is it not better we should take
Our "crosses" throughout the dust,
Schooling our hearts to bear — not break —
Upheld by Hope and Trust?

Till man can tell where Life shall end;
And how that Life began;
Let us obey; and humbly bend
To GOD who fashioned Man.

"THE" O'DONNELL.
(Guess which O'Donnell?)

BANKERS' CONVENTION

On the 8th June, 1964, we had the pleasure of representing our school at a Young Bankers' Convention held by the State Savings Bank of Victoria.

Y A K K I T Y H I

The purpose of this convention is that several representatives of various School Banks throughout Victoria can meet together and discuss Banking in general, along with various other topics of interest.

We were divided into groups each of seven people, we being Leader and Deputy Leader of Group 23. The seven of us sat around a table and discussed the questions which were set down for us and we each put our views towards the subject in hand.

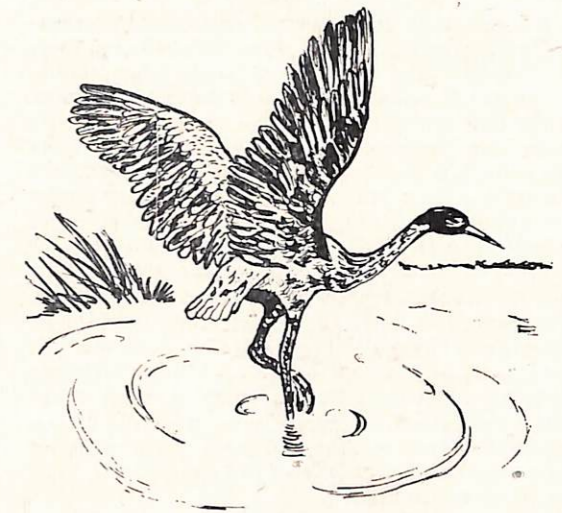
The State Savings Bank was wonderful. The previous day the Group Leaders and the Deputies were invited to a bus tour around the Marondah Dam where we had a Bar-b-que lunch, then we were driven on to the Healesville Sanctuary where we stayed for about an hour before being taken home. The idea of the tour was to meet the others taking part in the Convention and to get to know the people who were running it.

The Convention was held at the showgrounds, and commenced at 8.45 a.m.

Many people billeted students from the country who had nowhere to stay overnight and we got to know a number of new and wonderful people — something that we can remember for a long time to come.

We would like to thank, very sincerely, the State Savings Bank and its Representatives, whom we got to know very well, and all those people who helped to make those two days such a success.

JENNY LANE,
KATHY HERBERT.



Fiona Ogilvie

NOT FORGOTTEN (TO CHRIS.)

Then the long sunlight lying on the sea
 Fell, folded gold on gold; and slowly we
 Took up our deck of cards, our flagons,
 The picnic hamper and the sand blown blankets,
 And climbed the dunes in silence. There were
 two
 Who lagged behind as lovers sometimes do,
 And took a different road. For us the night
 Was final, and by artificial light
 We came indoors to sleep. No envy there
 Of those who might be watching anywhere
 The lustres of the summer dark, to trace
 Some vagrant splinter blazing out of space.
 No thought of them, save in a lower room
 To leave a light for them, when they should come.

LINDA SPENCER, 3B.

THE PRE-PACKAGED MAN

"Little boxes on the hillside,
 Little boxes made of ticky-tacky,
 Little boxes, little boxes, little boxes all
 the same."

The pre-packaged man, a victim of standardization, is becoming more prevalent in our society than ever before. With the introduction of mass production, "keeping up with the Jones's" has had an amazing effect on the standards of our society. Those most effected are the working middle class, whose members are earning a moderate salary and own a house, with a car, perhaps two. While the institution of the Housing Commission has enabled many to own homes, when otherwise they could not have done so, it has also provided a perfect breeding place for standardization.

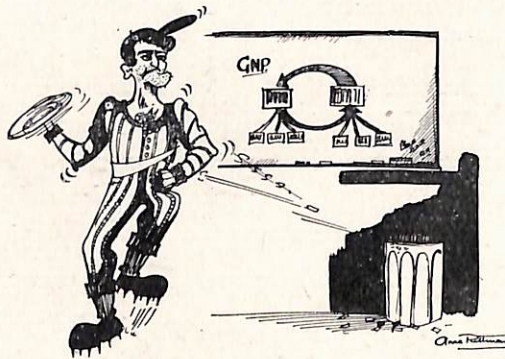
It is common for most cities to contain several "cream-brick veneer suburbs", where there are streets and streets of neat, monotonous cream-brick veneer houses surrounded by smooth lawns and symmetrical garden beds planted with roses and pansies. The general neatness gives the suburb a look of rows of shoe boxes. There almost comes a stage when Father must count the number of houses from the corner in order to enter the right one. It would be embarrassing to greet someone else's wife, for she is almost the only difference between your house and the next. "Everyone has floral carpeting, a red lampshade, three-piece Vinyl lounge suite, a "convair", a "laminex" table, pink bathroom, floral bedroom curtains, red velvet lounge curtains, pink "chenille" bedspread, children who quarrel, frozen vegetables and instant coffee, a huge vase of plastic geraniums on the dining-room table near the picture window.

The list is endless, but do we realize that we are the victims of an ever-increasing thirst for mass-production? Those who want something a

little different are unable to buy it without paying ridiculous prices which they cannot afford, and "different" people are often regarded as a little "odd".

The urge to conform, and indeed, the financial necessity to conform, has almost succeeded in changing the urban community into a colony of identical semi-machines. The inhabitants of suburbia live in what may be termed a "rut". Mr. Jones drives a late model, but not oversized car, his wife is efficient and manages to attend regular meetings of several committees, bridge parties, luncheons, and cope with her housework. At night the children watch the same television programmes as every other child, hear the same bedtime stories, which however, seem to have given way to bedtime television. Those who read books — their number is decreasing at an ever-alarming rate — tend to conform to the list of "best sellers" and are reluctant to give way to anything that may be a little unusual.

At the weekend, Mr. Jones mows the lawn before going to the football, or the races, or simply "out with the boys". It is likely also, that he helps his wife buy the groceries, as the idea of Father being disciplinarian only, and having no share in the domestic life of his family is quickly fading, and it is becoming the usual custom for a man to do a share of the housework. This is the picture of the typical or "standardized" husband.



Anne Ritman

People are becoming so uniform in their habits that even their holidays are changing from a restful change of environment to a change which occurs with monotonous regularity at the same resort each year. Each summer, Queenslanders and northern New South Welshmen flock to the beaches near Brisbane, while city dwellers

elsewhere take residence at the nearest holiday town. In winter it is "done" apparently, to migrate from Victoria or New South Wales, to one's Queensland cottage. It is also becoming very popular to camp at these resorts. When thousands of people have the same idea, a camping holiday usually becomes a fight for survival in the canvas colony. Surely there is little pleasure in this, and the only reason for such activities can be the fact that "everyone" goes camping, "everyone" goes to Surfers' Paradise.

I cannot see any immediate solution to the problem of standardization. As it enables cheaper production through mass production, there are certain limited advantages, but as far as standardization of habit is concerned, this is a battle which we must fight ourselves — a battle against laziness of both mind and body. It seems to me that the number of "little" boxes all the same will grow unavoidably as mass production increases, but we can prevent stereotyped thoughts by our own efforts to broaden our interest beyond the "Telly", and ourselves.

PENNY DUNSTAN, 6B.
 WOROOA.

THE PAPER BOYS' LAMENT

The paper boy's life is all hardship and sorrow,
 Nobody knows how he'll suffer tomorrow,
 Maybe he's groping through a thick fog,
 Or yet he might run into a savage black dog;
 Then he'll wish he'd bought a gun,
 The feel of a bullet would make that dog run.

The paper boy leads a very hard life.
 If he comes home late he'll be in strife;
 But he likes to get home early, perhaps on the
 dot
 Because he's got homework more often than not,
 And if he forgets, the teacher stands as a straight
 pine
 And his stare sends shivers running down your
 spine.

Riding through town with his big heavy load,
 Then down that mud heap they call a road.
 One day the weather was hot and fine,
 Next time the thermometer read twenty-nine.
 The weatherman said it would be ninety and
 rising,
 Then hailstones covered the ground like icing.

As he starts off again, be it Jimmy or Mike,
 With his papers and bag and broken down bike,
 As he rides off slowly, looking very sad
 To deliver his papers, the poor little lad.
 And what does he get for doing this job,
 A quid? Fifteen shillings? No. two measly bob.

BRUCE ROSEL, 3C.

YAKKITY HI

TEENAGERS' LAMENT

So often we read in teenagers' columns, sensible suggestions for improvements in our schools. Why isn't something done about them?

These opinions deserve thoughtful consideration and discussion before they are rubbished as "impossible."

If you have any ideas for the improvement of our school—voice them. If you strongly believe two form assemblies a week should be devoted to current affairs, say so. How dare we restrict our complaints to the kid we sit next to? Others have a right to our opinions if there is the faintest hope of benefit to all.

I cannot understand why people with so called "strong ideas" on certain subjects—any subjects—are willing to confine their complaints to a select group of friends.

Do you think the "white Australia" policy is valid? Should there be censorship? Was the rise in the school leaving age reasonable? Should there be more Sunday entertainment? Is a compulsory pass in English Expression for all students fair? Should the legal age for obtaining a driving licence be raised? Could money spent on space research be put to better use? Should there be capital punishment? Is there too much accent on sport in Australian secondary schools? Should there be complete nuclear disarmament? Should there be compulsory military training in Australia?

There MUST be some subjects about which you feel strongly. Why sit back till others campaign your beliefs?

Ringwood High should have a debating society—or some similar organization where students can voice their opinions. Properly organized, this would be of immeasurable benefit. It would certainly make students think!

SUSAN SCHURMANN.



OUR OWN "Doc"

JENNY LANE.

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BLACK AND WHITE

Two groups of people do I see,
The first "I" brand stupidity.
And this one group stands quite alone,
Against skin coloured unlike its own.
Hatred rears its ugly head;
This is the diet on which it fed.
The first group bought into their keeping,
Crying, dying, bitter, weeping,
People who are black.

Now these black people do no harm,
The skin is white upon their palm,
And yet they live in mortal dread
Of places into which they're led.
The cotton fields all day long
They are weak, those who were strong.
Stripped of their dignity, their rights abused,
Allowed no thoughts, allowed no views,
People who are black.

Two hundred bitter years have passed,
And still they fight for equal caste,
This second group so harshly used,
Must; into society be fused.
Let us work for integration,
To rid ourselves of segregation.
All men are equal the Book does say,
May they be equal in this our day;
People who are black.

SUSAN PROUD, 3C.

MY PETS

Trixie is a black and white Border Collie bitch. She is about two years old. We found her when she was a few months old, roaming the streets of Clayton, where we lived before we came to Ringwood. We took her around the streets to see if anybody owned her, but nobody did so.

We called her *Trixie* because she did lots of funny tricks when she was younger.

Mum is very frightened of dogs, and said we couldn't keep her. After a lot of fuss, Mum and Dad agreed to let us keep *Trixie*. Mum said she kept her only because of her lovely face. *Trixie* chases cars and birds. She also has a very loud bark.

Buddy is all different colours, but mainly green. He is a chirpy budgie which I was given for my twelfth birthday. He is very young, and I am teaching him to say, "Merry Christmas", and he listens very intelligently. *Buddy* also dances every time he hears music on the radio, but he won't dance if he thinks somebody is watching him. I let him out for a fly around the bedroom every night to train him, and when he learns to return to his cage, it will be alright to take him outside.

BARBARA JOSLAND, 1A. WOROOA.



THE COURSE OF HISTORY

Paul once more flipped through the pages of his history book, his eyes hanging lazily on the now blurred and unintelligible words. This was at least the third time he had read through the sixty-odd pages but how he wished that he could have absorbed all of it. His head began to nod and he felt that he was looking through smoked glasses when he turned over the last page and read the last few lines. ".....and the Hitler regime was" It was no use; the words meant nothing to him: Perhaps he would feel better after a few hours sleep.

Yes, he found that he could not sleep. Many questions were troubling him; why history had taken the course it did. Why wasn't there a third World War in the two decades after the second. There had certainly been many incidents which could have provoked hostility on a major scale. Of course — he remembered the words of his teacher; "A world united against a common enemy; famine." The separate incidents in history studies now began to fit into place: Fused together into a record of problem and solution, common to all. From his window, Paul could see several hovercrafts racing across the snow fields, each with its weird illuminations, looking like the will-o-the-wisps he had seen in the science books. Why were will-o-the-wisps still a mystery to science he wondered — attributed to marsh ??? — but this did not explain its many strange behaviours. His mind turned back to history. 1972 — the great Socialism Movement; how the world, near the point of star-

vation; turned to equality as a remedy: Careful rationing of food and prevention of waste.

But this was no solution, only temporarily subduing of the enemy. What was needed was more arable land. The deserts were watered, grazing was abolished because of its low yield per acre and scientific methods were used for increasing crops. Wealth was no problem. All men, although equal, still had a high standard of living, contrary to the beliefs of twenty years before. However, they still went hungry.

The only arable land left was that of the residential areas, which amounted to about two million square miles. Paul remembered the heading in his book; "1985—The Mass Migration" — how the World's people literally packed their bags and shifted; to the one place on the Earth where cultivation was impossible — Antarctica, the "Great Ice Cap". They built huge self-contained cities to protect them from the severities of the Southern Continent; cities from which the people rarely ventured. The rest of the Earth was cultivated by a handful of hermit-like beings who were satisfied with supplying the cities with their foodstuffs. This is how the system worked up to the present day, Paul realized. Perhaps civilization had now reached its peak.

Paul pulled the sheets tightly around his head as he saw the Aurora Australis fill the sky outside his window.

P. HEDDLES.

THE CHARGE OF THE MARMALADE BRIGADE

Six hundred men strong
Rode their white chargers with a song.

Fearless they rode, armour they wore
Marmalade on toast, their prize they saw.

Cannons to the right of them, cannons to the left of them
Marmalade on toast in front of them.

Riding their horses, forward they charged
For Marmalade on toast was still at large!

On rode the fearless six hundred, over the fences,
Marmalade on toast crazing their senses.

Riding through shrapnel of butter and egg shell
For Marmalade on toast was still at large!

Into the marmalade with a great bellow,
Out they charged everything yellow;
Through the toast they buttered their way,
And the Marmalade Brigade went on their way.

FOUR 4Bs.

Y A K K I T Y H I

CHILDHOOD INCIDENT

"Hey Mum! Aunty wants you!" I called out as I put the phone on the table and went outside. When I came in a couple of minutes later, Mum was serious and quiet, so was Dad when he came out. I was told to tidy myself quickly, because Grandma was very sick and we were going there at once. "Now I know why Aunty used that grown-up tone when she asked for Mum" I thought as I changed. "I'm big enough to take messages like that now."

Soon the old Prefect seemed to be racing down the highway, faster than I had known it to go before. Dad must have been a racing driver. What an expert. More shops now, some trams too. They look exciting as they thunder along with all their lights on, going, like us, to that big place the bright letters on the cab called 'city'.

We swoop across a big bridge with dark unknowns on either side. The car bounces, Dad fumes, Collingwood Council Johnstone St. Why don't they repair it? Crack. Dad pulls over and gets out, and after a quick look under the front says curtly as he climbs in, "Broken spring!" Collingwood Council!

We are moving again, Dad nursing the car along, yet he still seems to be going fast. A final faded pink glow in the sky ahead as we come to Lygon St. The road sweeps up to the right, street lights twinkling on the four shiny lines streaking up the concrete, neck and neck in their race. Dark crowded buildings. Dead shops. Bright shops. A motorcycle shop. We turn here, past the dark, gleaming machines into a street of houses and stop with the other cars. Into the old house with its dim yellow lights. As I listened to the talk I heard 'Priest' and 'Doctor' mentioned. Everyone is subdued, and I know that soft, wrinkled Grandma is dying.

A shaken Uncle enters the kitchen and we know it is finished. Silent people with their own thoughts. Now they commiserate with each other, talking of her "good innings" and how "it had been coming since the first stroke".

A little later I am asked quietly if I would like to say goodbye to Grandma. Her room is dark, except for one small lamp. Small; so very small. A tiny old lady, not very different, only quiet, still and peaceful, framed in satin.

As I step into the hall, I turn and can see the polish on the dark wood. A glint on a shining handle, and the door is shut.

PETER O'DWYER.

THE HUNTER'S ACHIEVEMENT

The bush is still, silent, motionless. It is just past midday. The sun is high in the sky. Suddenly, there is a loud, cracking, frightening bang. Birds fly, kangaroos leap, rabbits scurry to their burrows. Everything is still again. All except the kangaroo. On his left side is a bad wound where a bullet has scraped.

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Instinct tells the kangaroo that it must get away. It must go somewhere and hide. In its fright it forgets the burning sensation the wound on its side is causing. With the noise of the bullet still echoing in the kangaroo's aching head, he bounds forward. He doesn't know where he is going, he only knows he has to get away. Desperately he leaps on. Now he is panting, his chest is heaving, perspiration and blood mingle. His wound is burning him, stinging him. He knows that he can't stop, he must go on.

For a moment he hesitates but only so that he might wash his wound. Then he leaps on; on and on. He can still hear the sound of dogs and hunters.

Quite suddenly the kangaroo stops, he knows he must lie down, he must get a drink. His thirst rages. The blood is a steady stream now and the kangaroo is feeling weak. Then like a whip cracking comes the sound of another bullet. This time it lodges in the kangaroo's back. Wild with fright, he leaps, he bounds, his tail pushing, helping. He is getting slower, he must stop, no more does it matter about the hunters, only about his wounds.

He stops. He lies down. The blood drenches his already wet, matted coat. The perspiration drips from his tongue. He is breathing fast. His chest heaves. Then his head resting at last. He dies.

The hunters, now satisfied, leave. The bush remains the same. The sun sets. All is still. Silence reigns.

PAM ADAMSON, 2A,
WOROOA.



Zaegus Worshippers

ZAEGOS

The higher members of the sixth form have felt the need for some religious inspiration in order to continue the hard battle in the quest for higher education, and thus the fetish of Zaegos has become a reality.

Zaegos was created in material form and dedicated to the reverie of all thinking animals on the 28th September inst. in the year 1964 of our glorious inspiration. In material form it survived an astonishing period of time and only after an undefiable order from our infidel Lord and Master, Mr. Puddephatt, was the image finally reduced to its component parts.

This brass bois image was created in a period of devine inspiration conferred on the disciples of Zaegos whilst in a state of almost complete levitation and from the graven images preserved, it can be seen that this piece was not the work of mere mortals but the hand of Zaegos at its merest extension. After incarceration in the righteous temple of Room 8, the material image was taken in holy transit to hold its true and coveted place presiding over the lesser images of mortals at the School's main entrance. Only a short time later it was restored to the temple of its disciples and suffered at the hands of the infidelity of Form 4A, during a period in which the holy stamping-grounds were used for a lesson in Practical Science.

During an adjournment in the activities of the followers of Zaegos the image was restored—as in the tradition of Pompeii—to as near original condition as could be obtained by mortal men and was regarded in awe by all who were present at a service held in honour of Matric. Chem. During this period, only a brief disturbance in the attitude prevailing was caused by a visit from the Headmaster who was apparently bewildered by the reverence with which the true image was beheld. The fetish of Zaegos was only disturbed after a number of unquestionable orders issued by our great Lord and Master, Mr. Puddephatt, and the true image became something held only in graver images.

Services are now held only in the memory and devine inspiration of our righteous image Zaegos. The image of Zaegos is survived by a devout congregation whose activities include hymn singing from "Barnards Elementary Statics" and readings from the glorious word held in "Basic Physics" (Parts I and III). Services are held at 12.15 p.m. every Friday, and donations of £10 and over will be collected. Deductible for Taxation purposes.

ZAEGOS, 6A.
YAKKITY HI

JOURNEY TO YALLOURN

After an uneventful, but pleasant trip in the bus from Ringwood to Dandenong, we boarded a train, to take us to Morwell and Yallourn. After much shoving and pushing and much confusion, we finally seated ourselves in a compartment.

The train and compartments were different from the type we see every day. The train had a long passage along the side, leading from it there were many separate compartments, which could seat eight people. On the wall there were hooks on which to hang hats. Under the seats we found feet-warmers and as it was a chilly day, we were glad to use them. As there were only two, there was much scuffling to fit sixteen feet on them.

Leaving Dandenong, the main items of interest were the various big factories, such as General Motors and Heinz, but as we got further out into the country, we saw many farms, some had sheep, but as Gippsland is a rich dairying area, there are many more cattle than sheep. Here and there we saw schools, very different to our big school, as some of them appeared only to have two or three rooms.

Much of the scenery was very beautiful, consisting of green hills and tall trees. There were many small creeks winding in and out of the bushland, and the rivers were broad and deep.

To pass the time away, we decided to have a snack as we were beginning to feel hungry, but by the time we had packed our things away, we were surprised to find that we had arrived at Morwell, and the second part of our journey was over.

JILL TORTICE, 1B.



Railway Club Enthusiasts Excursion

During 1963 the Club continued with R. Schurmann as President, and during that time our first display was held in Room 4, on Education Day.

This year, 1964, the President is John Shaw; Secretary, R. Parnell and Treasurer, R. Byrne. The Club really progressed during the year with a membership of seventeen — one in Germany and four other absentees, John and Julie Oliver of Mitcham, Barbara Dore and Pauline Dinning near Benalla.

The Club's activities included the building of a model railway, planning future displays, and various members visited Avoca, Gippsland, Mildura, Yarrawonga and Heathcote.

Many enjoyable hours were spent under the supervision of officials of "Puffing Billy." Members have worked at such places as the famous landslide, Menzie's Creek, the present terminus for "Puffing Billy," and the future terminals of Emerald and Lakeside.

Two displays have been exhibited this year— one at the Fete, the other consisting of films, but no plans have yet been made for further displays. We hope to contribute a small sum for the improvement of the school as thanks to the Teachers for their sympathy which has kept the Railway Club in existence.

Next year we have plans for excursions to Tasmania and Walhalla, and are at present members of the Victorian School Railway Clubs' Association.

R. PARNALL, Sec.

Further inquiries: J. D. SHAW, Pres.: 870-2594,

R. PARNALL, Sec.: 870-2037.



RAILWAY CLUB

The Club began during May, 1962, and held meetings in Room 25. The President at that time was Richard Schurmann, with Treasurer, Douglas Miles.

YAKKITY HI

FUNNY OR SERIOUS

Children hopped excitedly around their parents who gathered tickets at the box.

"Now Tommy, if you're not a good boy you won't be able to ride in the big dipper," said his father.

Tommy's eyes rolled and his lips began to tremble. Dad's head jolted as the screams of the dipper's occupants came to his ears. I had a suspicion that "brave dad" was trying to worm out of his fate.

Children flushed, amazed and pale, stepped from the dipper's carriage, a little bewildered by the fact that their heads were still spinning or that they possessed an overpowering feeling of nausea. The Dads looked even worse, stumbling through the turnstiles towards Mum, who had been sensible enough to stay on the ground, and was now nodding her head wisely as if to say, "I told you so."

The boys who had gone to hold their girls' hands, alighted somewhat unsteadily with their gay, hysterical dates.

Young Tommy stepped down cheerfully enough, but on feeling ground beneath his feet again, his legs caved in and the expression on his father's face seemed to follow suit.

Everybody looked so funny that I wondered whether it was as bad as it showed signs of being. Oh well, it was my turn now and I'd find out soon enough, but from the appearance of the people about me, I didn't know that I wanted to.

SUSAN PROUD, 3C.

WHERE SECRETS DWELL

Old, undulating plain,
Rising, dipping, to meet the sky's circumference;
Slowly changing—advancing, retreating,
Your lazy landscape forever creeping.

In generations henceforth,
When I and my brothers no longer wander
through your maze;
Stark trees will stately stand
Protective, above your precious sand.

Beneath your wide expanse,
Are hidden secrets of a world unknown;
Buried deep, mingled with your lime
Uncovered, by the mists of time.

J. COWLING, 4A.

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF A DACHSHUND

At five thirty, I was awake, I yawned, and then jumped out of the old fruit box which served as my home. I yawned again, stretched my-

self, and growled menacingly at a small spider suspended harmlessly out of my reach.

I banged against the door of the cement sheet house in which all the odds and ends were kept, including me. I sat down behind the door and waited for results. All was silent. Then, realizing everybody else was asleep, I returned to my box and threw out the old coat on which I slept. When the coat had been removed six old, maggotty bones were revealed. Ah, my mouth began to water as I saw them there, just waiting to be eaten.

Five hours later, nothing remained of those six bones except for a few hard pieces which I was very careful to hide under the washing machine, for further use some other time.

The door opened and there stood my master, Archibald Montgomery. He noted the coat lying on the floor and the guilty look on my face. That is one thing I cannot hide. He told me to go outside, which I did, for I was in no mood for arguing. He then carefully replaced the coat and retrieved the bits of bone from under the washing machine. When he walked out with the bits of bone clasped in his hand, I followed him to where the rubbish bin was placed. He then lifted the lid and the remains of my early morning feast disappeared. I was annoyed to say the least! He patted me on the back and then slammed the fly-wire door as he went inside.

I walked onto the back verandah and sniffed the air. I lay down there, in the sun, and slept, for I was strangely tired. I had slept for only half an hour before I was rudely awakened by my master who had a half pint of milk in his hand. He then poured half its contents into a bowl for the cat and myself. Today, I was lucky. I raced the cat to the bowl—and won. By the time she arrived already half had entered my stomach and the other half was already in my mouth. The cat me-owed in despair. Unfortunately however, Archie heard this and came outside. By now I was quite satisfied, for six bones and a whole bowl of milk was quite enough for me. Archie knew I was full because my stomach was bloated to its fullest extent. I then decided to chase a magpie which was looking for worms in our freshly weeded garden. I barked at the bird until it flew away but I was really scared. For a moment I thought he would not fly away, but chase me back to my only refuge, my box. I went back to the verandah where my master praised me. I felt really proud.

With my head held high, I walked around to the front door and saw.....

One of my greatest weaknesses is postmen's legs, and today here they were, nice fat, round, juicy and plump. Mm!!

With murder in my heart, I charged!! I fastened my jaws into the left leg which was con-

veniently leaning on the front gate. Even the birds were silent as a shrill scream rent the air. I had such small jaws, they only went through the trousers, the socks and an eighth of an inch into the skin. But still, at least I scared him. The postman ran as fast as the wind, and me too, for my teeth were still caught in his trousers. The material tore, leaving me lying in the dust, and the postman disappearing in the distance. It was just not my day.

I went back home by a round-about route, making sure I would not be seen, huddling under a bush near the back verandah and I lovingly recalled those lily-white shins. Then my peaceful heaven was shattered when I saw the cat lying down on MY favourite mat!!!

I came out from behind the bush, casting all thought of concealment out of my mind. The cat saw a look in my eyes which made her move aside grudgingly. When I saw this, I stopped, realizing I was still the master and there was no need to endanger my precious self.

I sniffed the evening breeze which told me it was nearing 6 o'clock and, as it was a Thursday, I knew my favourite television programme would be on. I banged against the front door, trying to make my master notice me. He opened the door and told me to come inside. I ran into the lounge as fast as my short legs would carry me and I was just in time to see the beginning of Rin-Tin-Tin. As I lay by the fire with my eye on the television screen, I thought of the days events and wondered if they compared with my hero's adventures.

RICHARD ZIMMERMAN, 2B.

FRIEND OR FOE

"If them O'Reilly kids come here again, I'll skin 'em from the toes up." Dad was in another roaring mood. It seemed every time I invited my friends over, something would either disappear, be broken, or tampered with in some way. This time it was the milk bucket. Two gallons of fresh milk were spread over the verandah, trickling down into the dahlias and hydrangeas at the foot of the steps. Dad took a dim view of an hour's work gone to waste.

He well remembered another incident which had occurred some eighteen months previously. He had bought some sheet iron to build a new chicken shed; but as usual, the time lapse between idea and action was a long one; until, to be exact, he discovered the chickens roaming around the milking shed, fluttering under the hooves of the cows and generally making a nuisance of themselves. He then realized that it was time for action. Tools were sharpened, timber was made ready and foundations were laid; but when the iron was sought after, to his horror, several sheets were missing.

My brothers and I were playing marbles in front of the house when we saw Dad, face a bright-red, storming towards us. We did not wait to find out why: Dad rarely asks questions.

YAKKITY HI

The rest of the day was spent swimming at Kelly's dam. When we returned home, expecting the worst, we were met with the news that they were dragging the river for the O'Reilly boys. It seemed that they had made themselves a canoe — hence the missing sheet iron — and had been last seen about a mile further down the river.

The next day, Mr. O'Reilly rode over and asked Dad if he would help in the search. Dad, in his usual tone of voice, as if he were talking about the weather, or farming problems, replied saying how sorry he was to hear about the boys and that he would gladly help. The missing iron was of no consequence. This surprised us at the time as we thought this would be Dad's first concern. We guessed that it was respect for the superior class—Mr. O'Reilly wore 'lastic sided boots, while Dad still kicked clay in worn out blouchers—but in later life we realized that Dad knew well when it was best to keep quiet.

The next morning, the boys were found on a small island about three miles down the river: Their canoe had sunk, forcing them to swim for the nearest land. Anyway they were safe and well—at least until later.

I do not know who received the biggest hiding that night; the O'Reilly's for worrying everybody, and putting them out of their way; or us for—well, someone had to pay for the sheet iron.

P. HEDDLES.

INTERSTATE EDUCATIONAL TOUR

During the May vacation, 86 students and four teachers, Mr. F. McDonald, Mr. B. Krahnert, Mrs. J. Mentz and Mrs. S. Barrah, embarked on an extended tour, lasting eight days, which covered Albury, Cowra, Bathurst, Lithgow, Blue Mountains, Megalong, Jamieson Valley and Sydney, where the party stayed at Manly and explored Sydney and environs.

The return journey took in the Bulli Pass, Wollongong and a visit to Port Kembla Steel Works where the student-visitors made many notes and gained much valuable information. Likewise, after visiting Canberra where they stayed, the Snowy River Scheme offered further valuable first hand information.

Each night a certain amount of school (home) work was insisted upon, thereby bringing up-to-date the information, knowledge and events of the day. In this way, Senior Geography was transmitted, and learned, in "the round" so to speak.

The tour, which was by bus, gave ample opportunity for all concerned to explore, enquire and enjoy much of Australia's natural and industrial resources.

Mr. McDonald deserves the thanks of R.H.S. for his organisation and enthusiasm for such tours, and already he has planned another one for 1965. He has made his point on the new teaching of Geography, beautifully. H.H.

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"THE DISCOVERY OF LIFE"

John wiped the sweat from his forehead as he reached the top of the ridge. This was the hottest summer he could remember since '49, the year he joined the ranks of those who place one foot in front of the other and head in the direction which seems the easiest path. His income was obtained from occasional attempts at journalism, usually in the form of short stories or travel reports. But he was hurrying now for something different, something that would revolutionise all the studies of Australian history. If only he could move faster than the intense heat would permit him, the sooner he could reach a phone and gain himself a large commission.

He could read the headlines now; "Aborigines Rediscovered in Tasmania." What an impact this would make on all past theories—and it was only luck that he had stumbled into their camp. He remembered how he had left his gear in a small clearing so that he could climb a nearby mountain. This he accomplished, but only in gathering darkness. Separated from his gear and confronted by the blackness of the winter night, he was just about to give up and wait until daylight when he spotted what he thought must have been the campfire of some fellow travellers. No sooner had he started towards this than he was surrounded by mortals as black as the night itself. He was not so sure that he wanted to share the campfire now, but he was involuntarily motioned towards it.

After the initial shock, his captors suddenly appeared to overcome their doubts and began

to treat him warmly, almost too warmly—then he realized that, like his counterparts, Buckley and others, he too was the returned image of some long lost relative.

It had first seemed incredible that these people existed, ignorant of outside civilisation, but then he remembered that this area was miles from the nearest road or house and was almost completely unexplored.

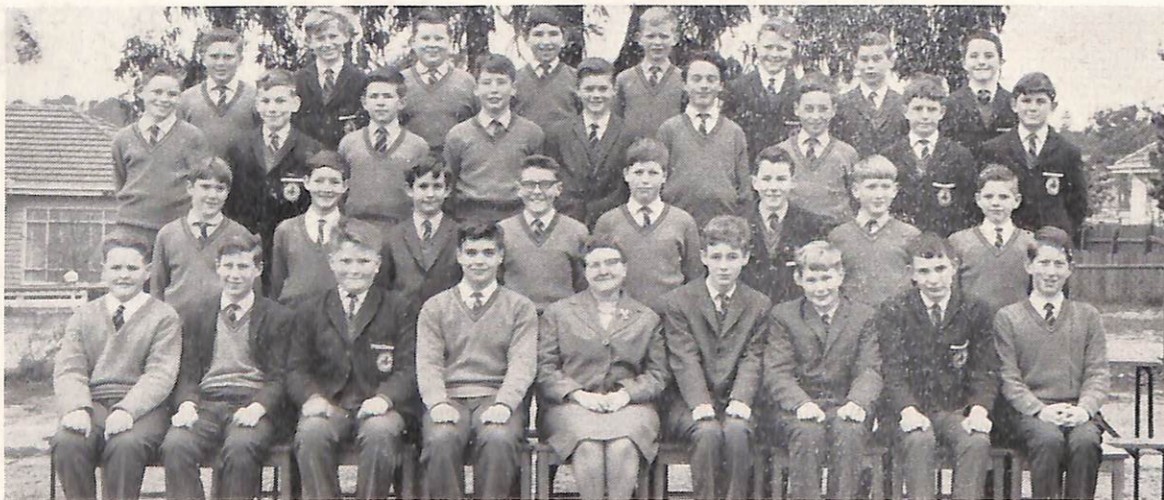
He was well treated during the next three weeks, and if the glint of gold had not filled his eyes, he would have stayed longer, but he began his mad dash back to civilisation—and a substantial commission.

But there was something about these people—something strange. He had seen primitive people before, but these were different. Yes! of course—it was their eyes. Not the lazy ones he had become accustomed to, but brighter, almost as if they held some secret; some secret that civilisation had apparently lost. Could it be a belief in the future.

Man, turning to material goods for his pleasures, had lost something far more beneficial—a faith in spiritual beliefs. In trying to create a paradise on earth, he neglected the real paradise. Without belief in life ever-after, he feared death. Thus his life became one of uncertainty and depression; having lost faith in God, he lost faith in himself.

Graham turned back down the ridge: he no longer had to hurry. Even though he knew he could not stay with these people, for he too had tested the sweet temptation of civilisation;

boys choir



girls choir



he would keep their existence a secret, for only when the world was beyond the stage of the fascination of material wealth, would these people be exposed without fear of them losing the one important asset which they alone possessed.

P. HEDDLES.

VISIT TO S.E.C.

On our Geography Excursion to Yallourn, we travelled by train from Dandenong, which took us to our destination, where we were to see the Yallourn Power Station. On the train we were handed assignment sheets which had to be studied and answered during the journey.

The train had wonderful facilities like small cabins with luxury seats, drinking taps and even foot warmers. There were also sweet-sellers who came around to the cabins selling lollies from the Buffet Car, for the benefit of those who would like some refreshments on their journey.

As every mile passed, we saw lush green pasture-land where sleek cattle grazed. After many miles, we passed through towns with factories for various industries.

Beside the railway track was the Princes Highway where cars and transports could be seen.

The "Gippslander" took us to Morwell from where buses took us to the Power Station. On the way, a guide joined us on the bus, and gave us all the information necessary to answer the questions on the assignment sheet.

After lunch we went over the large Power Station at Yallourn, and saw the Turbines, the Boiler House and the Open Cut.

While we were at Yallourn we also saw briquettes being made.

On the way home, many people spent the time looking through the booklets, on Yallourn and Morwell, which had been given us.

FREIDA.

TO MY HOMELAND—LATVIJA

When distance speaks and Silence sings
And a longing for my homeland rings,
Then I know: I have seen my homeland!

When all streams start to flow silver
And sun's rays ring for singers' song,
Then I know: I will reach my homeland!

While luck starts to laugh,
And love in my heart blooms like a lily,
Then I know: I will kiss you, homeland!

ZAIGA VISBULIS.

MUMPS

I have a little sister who has the mumps,
She's feeling gloomy and down in the dumps.
With a great big scarf tied round her head,
She doesn't feel like doing much, except stay
in bed.

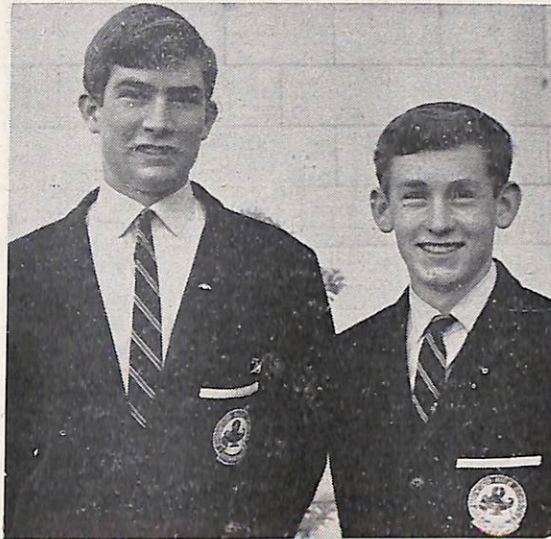
She was invited to a party, but she cannot go
Because this would only cause them all to wear
a bow.

Now she has to stay at home, and wish with all
her might

That all her lumps and bumps will disappear
overnight.

LYNETTE FENNEY, 1A.

A.F.S. . . . comings and goings . . .



Carl Creutz and "Aussie" Brother, John Stanley.

A.F.S. "WALK TOGETHER, TALK TOGETHER"

The American Field Service Exchange Scholarship has really become part of Ringwood and Ringwood High. Since the days when Judy Byrne left us gasping with excitement at her acceptance as an exchange student, we have gone from strength to strength. The Ringwood-Warandytte Branch of A.F.S. has grown in importance and has worked quietly, but strongly, to interest all manner of men in the Exchange idea.

R.H.S. has sent three students to various parts of America and in return has "entertained" three delightful Americans who have taught us much, as we hope they have learned something from us. Above all however, has been, and still is, the spirit of friendship and understanding which we all hope, most sincerely, will lead to peace among all peoples.

Our latest visitor, and friend, Carl Creutz, contributes an article to this year's Magazine whilst Gail Shannon, who has just returned from Manatee, Florida, after twelve months abroad, gives us her impressions of America, and Florida in particular. In both cases there are points of difference in observation of each other's country, but coming through is the same human understanding and friendliness.

The A.F.S. Honour Roll is growing at R.H.S.: Judy Byrne, Pam Deuter, Gail Shannon (Aust.), Anne Early, Mary Peterson and Carl Creutz

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(America). How long shall the list become? With your interest and help it should not only grow, but we hope in time that Australia may establish its own exchange scholarship scheme with our Northern Neighbours in Asia.

Hail to Peace!

H. E. HUDSON.

OUR A.F.S. EXCHANGE STUDENT, CARL CREUTZ, LOOKS US OVER AND APPEARS TO LIKE US

"MAY WE WALK TOGETHER, TEN THOUSAND MILES APART"

Once, "Australia" captured my interest as an exotic country that was dry and flat, the inhabitants of which were mainly sheep and kangaroos — a country of vast resources, a few large cities, and a larger emptiness. The human inhabitants, if not aboriginal, were descended from convicts, spoke in a rather British sort of way, and lived in large ranches, called stations, or in towns with names like Yakandanda or Wonangatta. So here I am; and admittedly I have not come to find everything I envisioned, but I have come to find the Australian people, and to understand and live with them.

It is this that A.F.S. calls an adjustment, or "settling in". It is begun by dropping one's r's, admitting that Australia's loss of the Davis Cup was a fluke, and choosing the right football team to barrack for. Next comes the growth of the hair, the cycling on the wrong side of the street, the acceptance of school uniform, the borrowing of master keys on the black-market because one has forgotten to bring one's own locker key and, after a few minor collisions, learning to pass to the left in the corridor. Eventually the assimilation is complete and outside of an occasional slip of the tongue revealing "there is a Yank amongst us", one can settle back and begin to learn.

When I first came here somehow I found myself in "Worooa", whatever that meant. The House system in general was something new to me, but I found it an excellent arrangement in that a greater number of students are given an opportunity to take part in friendly competition. I tried swimming, running and playing footy, and accordingly was placed last in all of these sports. Nevertheless, I enjoyed the keen enthusiasm and admired the standard of sportsmanship displayed during the inter-house matches.

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I also had the good fortune this year to belong to the felicitous fraternity of Form 5A. It was certainly a well constructed Form; we seemed to have one of every type. We had our vocalists, blivit incarnators, steam enthusiasts, theologians, practical atheists, mathematical and abstract minds, and some minds that never seemed to spend most of its time inside the classroom in promoting duster fights between the heads of Physics and Chemistry Departments, and outside of the classroom in studying French and Geography students. But somewhere amidst all these harmless and healthy distractions, we absorbed astronomical amounts of knowledge. I only need to page through any of my notebooks to be reminded that I have been under the guidance of some of the finest teachers I have ever known.

Furthermore, my praise of this, my School, rests not only with the teaching staff. I realize that the character and atmosphere of any school, as well as the maturity and responsibility of the citizens it creates are modelled on the ideals and aspirations of the Headmaster. In each step of my assimilation into the school life at Ringwood High, it was repeatedly made evident to me that the calibre of the students of this School is indeed a tribute to their Headmaster, Mr. G. S. Ormandy.

As I have assimilated into the school life, I feel that I have increasingly become a part of the Australian people. I came to Australia as a Yank, with most of their stereotypical idiosyncracies, but now I have absorbed much of the Australian way of life. I love the fragrance of gum leaves, wattle blossoms and boronia; the song and laugh of the magpies and kookaburra; and the beauty of a rain forest, or a green hill mushroomed with sheep. Conscientiously, I lead a carefree life, and occasionally by censorship, fluoridation, and confrontation. Through the eyes of an Australian I view America—often proud, often critical and often utterly bewildered. All in all, I suppose I've been about as Aussie as the next fellow.

In any event, I have enjoyed a rich and rewarding experience. I have seen Victoria's towns and countryside, and have communicated with hundreds of her people. Before long I will return to the States, with an enlightened attitude, and a wiser one. But the end of my too brief stay will mark only the beginning of a greater obligation; that which you have taught me, I must then share with America's people. To the wonderful people who have perpetuated my experience here I owe overwhelming thanks, though I will not attempt to express it here, lest Mr. Hudson should have to publish another magazine. Instead, I will work with these people as they build a better world through cultural exchange.

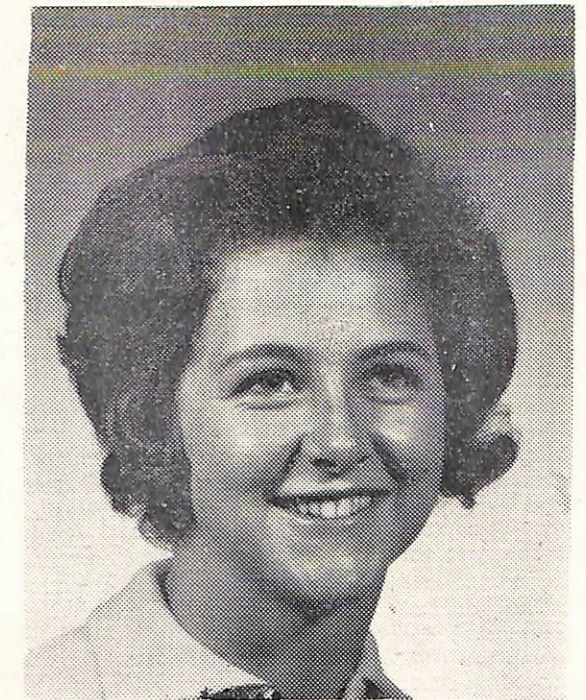
There is yet a good part of my year in Australia left for me to enjoy, although I can feel

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the end drawing near. When it is over, will I have done what I set out to do whilst in Australia? I believe so. That which I have done under the paternal shadow of A.F.S. has greatly enriched myself, and, I hope, for those with whom I have come in contact. For the better part of a year now I have worked to attain the ideal of the A.F.S. through exercising the simple human function upon which it is based — the making of friendships. Although I do not excel in this field, I thoroughly enjoy trying. The rewards are gratifying. And I do feel that I have made a number of friends at school and in the local community.

Friends all, thanks for the most wonderful year of my life; I hope I have contributed to yours.

(We wish Carl all good fortune on his return to America with the hope that he may enjoy the opportunity of visiting us again in the near future. — Editor)



GAIL SHANNON TAKES GIFT TO AMERICAN WOMEN'S CLUB

The President of the Ringwood Business Women's Club of Ringwood, Mrs. M. Cleverly, received the following interesting letter from Manatee Business Women's Club, Bradenton, Florida, in which the activities of Gail Shannon, Exchange student, are referred to in flattering terms.

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January is our club's birthday month, and for this occasion we have always been fortunate in having the State Federation President as our guest speaker. This year we had an added honor, your charming Gail Shannon was also our guest.

This 14th birthday will always be a remembered one because of her visit and the very pretty spoon she presented to us from your club. This was certainly a thoughtful gesture. Because of your thoughtfulness we have felt closer to Gail than we would have otherwise, and have read with more interest of her activities here. She is such an attractive young lady and just as talented. Your Country can certainly be proud of her.

Gail, along with two other exchange students, were speakers at our March dinner meeting. This was one of the outstanding programs of the year and sharing and comparing their life at home and life here meant something to us all. This Exchange Student Program is such a wonderful program and has done much to educate us all. The students are kept so busy I hardly see how they keep up, but they make it—young people always do.

At present our club has 79 members and one of our year books is enclosed. Of course we are of all ages and various occupations, as you can see. We have always been an active club and have supported all community affairs when called upon, or possible. Several from the club attend the State Convention each year and we have been fortunate in having one member attend National Convention each year as our representative.

Each year we sell advertising for the programmes for our local players, and usually make 200 to 250 dollars commission. This money is placed in our Scholarship Fund and each year have awarded a 300 dollar Scholarship to a girl graduating from one of the High Schools in our Country, to further her education.

This year, 200 dollars was donated to a newly established Licensed Practical Nursing School which has just been opened, to aid them in establishing a loan fund for their students. We feel we will be better fulfilling the aims of the Federation through this type of Scholarship giving, as the students will be from the age of 18 to 50 and we will be helping some woman better herself.

Again, thanks from all of us for the spoon and for introducing us to Gail Shannon. My year as president is just over, but I'm so glad it was my privilege to be president for this occasion. Miss La-Verne Felger is our World Affairs Chairman and joins me in this letter of thanks.

Our club would love to hear from your club and of their activities, and possibly a correspondence could be started by the World Affairs Chairman of each club. We look forward to hearing from you.

Best Personal Wishes,

(sgd.) Dorothy V. Hostetler.

—Reprinted from "Ringwood Mail".

GAIL SHANNON, AFSer TELLS US

A new environment may not be as you expect. Films like "Whiplash" do not show typical Australian life, nor do American movies do likewise. My impressions are based on Florida — and a Nation should not be judged by only one area.

Florida is the South Eastern peninsular of the U.S., surrounded by the Atlantic in the east, the Gulf of Mexico in the west, and to the south, Cuba and the Caribbean. Mild winters in this Sunshine State enable year-round swimming, water-skiing and sun-bathing. The white beaches of fine sand form a flat coastline, broken by tall palms giving way, inland, to rolling hills of citrus.

I lived with the Moore family (a youthful Momma and Daddy, a sister my age, twin sisters aged 16, and a 6' 14 year old brother) in Bradenton on the west coast of Florida. We did many things together — camping out, touring the state, showing me citrus groves, jungle gardens, water-ski shows, an underwater garden with real mermaids, a tiny Melbourne, the wondrous Cape Kennedy and the fabulous hotels and luxury of Miami.

Three days after arriving, I was whisked off to school, exciting in its unfamiliarity. New friends, new subjects: drama, speech, sketching, American history, journalism — producing our "school magazine" — psychology and philosophy, subjects creating interest beyond the curriculum. I assimilated easily, and for weeks, few could discover the new exchange student — until I spoke and was revealed by my British accent (their description).

Manatee is a well-established Senior High School, 4th to 6th forms, of 1300 students. Surrounded by lawns spaced with palms, the buildings focus around a central patio with a waterfall-fountain and a Florida-shaped pool.

School started with 8.30 a.m. Form Assembly, rushed through three one-hour periods to a 25 minute lunch break, and three afternoon classes. School teams practised during the last period, distracting us with thuds of football or the indoor rumble of basketball, accompanied by the school band, also in practice. School finished at 3.30 p.m. At the games each Friday night, seasonal football, basketball, baseball and athletics, the school spirit was terrific. Saturday nights we went to Teen Club, movies, bowling or a hootenanny party. Sundays, after church, were spent on the beach.

I spoke about Australia to Clubs and Schools, and many people were fascinated, although some questions amazed me.

I miss being a "foreign student"; I miss my American family, the members of my community who extended much kindness, and my unforgettable school-friends. The class picture taken on the school steps was our last gathering, followed by Graduation, a moving ceremony which may seem over-emphasised, but does encourage complete High School Education. As I started the end-of-the-year bus trip, it seemed impossible that twelve months had passed.

We Florida students had an extensive trip from the deep South, through Birmingham, Alabama, Chattanooga, Tennessee to the TVA dam; Churchill Downs Racetrack and the Horse Farms of Kentucky — the industrial spread of Cleveland, Ohio and the rushing power of Niagara to Long Island and New York, where I toured and explored, visiting AFS headquarters, the buildings of U.N., the Empire State, Art Galleries, Central Park, the World's Fair, 5th Avenue, Broadway, Greenwich Village, and the Statue of Liberty. Seventy such bus trips terminated in Washington D.C., where 2822 AFS Exchange Students assembled on the lawns of the White House to meet President Johnson, crowding exuberantly around the family, each of us wanting to express our thanks to the head of the Nation which had treated us so well.

"Goodbye" is hard to say — with AFS it is rather "au revoir". On parting, we may miss the international companionship; distance may separate us, yet we are close through the AFS Family International.

I flew on to Massachusetts to visit Ann Early, Ringwood's first AFSer, and spent a week reminiscing and renewing our friendship. The sadness of leaving was lightened by the knowledge that we will meet again. Ann hopes to win a scholarship back here.

Leaving the U.S. from San Francisco, I brought the experiences and impressions of a wonderful year, mixed sadness at departure, hopes for the future, visible souvenirs and a mosaic of remembrances. In this jet age of broad horizons, personal experience is the key to international understanding, and peace.



OFFICERS AND C.U.O.S

CADETS

NUMBER TWO PLATOON

A very successful Cadet year for Platoon Two came to an end with a parade on Thursday, 17th September; successful because the Cadet of the Year and the best First Year Cadet belonged to this platoon.

The Cadet of the Year, Sgt. Ron Camp, proved most outstanding in his particular field. Following in his brother's footsteps, Cadet Gary Bentley was the most outstanding First Year Cadet.

During the first two terms at the School, the First Year Cadets received their basic training which included drill, weapon handling, lectures on map-reading, as well as more active training in fieldcraft and battlecraft. Two bivouacs were the main events during Term One.

During his second year, a Cadet has the opportunity of specializing in Signals or Assault Pioneer Work. This year, the Second Year Cadets were instructed by two very capable members of the Platoon, Sgt's Greg Lane, Signals; and George Rechnitzer, Assault Pioneer Work.

The highlight of the year was the annual camp held at Scrub Hill, Puckapunyal. At this camp, Cadets were given more detailed instruction in battle procedure; and the theory learnt was put into practice on the two-day bivouac. Further highlights including the firing of the 7.62 m.m. Self-loading Rifle and the 9 m.m. Browning Automatic Pistol by the C.U.O.s.

As usual the Cadets had a Range practice with rifle and Bren gun, and Sgt. Camp, the only marksman in this year's unit, lived up to his reputation.

At the beginning of next year, the Unit will be without the services of Capt. Harman and the C.U.O.s of this year, but many Cadets have shown initiative and qualities of leadership, so that the Unit is assured of a very bright future.

C.U.O. G. ANDERSON,
(Platoon Commander).

CADETS IN CAMP

This year, R.H.S. Cadets had a new venue for their annual camp, when they travelled by coach to Scrub Hill, beyond Puckapunyal, on 13th August. Capt. R. Harman, and Lieut. F. Chamberlain accompanied the cadets, who spent a successful ten days at their Bivouac Camp as can be seen by the following account contributed by C.S.M. Nick Bate.

EXERCISE "RELIEF"

THE RUN DOWN

An enemy company has broken through our defence lines and has established a Forward Defence Line. In doing so, they have cut off a company from the rest of our forces. In order to save and relieve this company a convoy, escorted by a platoon, must move from our F.D.L. through this enemy held country and on to the area held by this company.

FORCES ENGAGED IN THE EXERCISE

"BLUE FORCE"

CUO Edney's platoon, whose job it was to defend the Champ (acting as the convoy). The Cadets in this force could be recognised by their turned in berets and army jumpers.

CUO Edney divided his platoon into three sections. One led by Sergeant Bronner and the other two by CSM Bates and Cpl. Simpson. Each section had a 26 radio transmitter and consisted of about four to five cadets.

CSM Bates' section was to move about 50 yards in front of the Jeep to clear and rout out any ambushers or unfriendly forces. Cpl. Simpson's section was to flank the Champ and give it protection from close and side attacks. Sergeant Bronner's section was to move behind the Champ (about 50 yards) and give it protection from rear attacks.

A set procedure was adopted in case of any attack. The section which made the contact was to radio the Champ and the other sections, whereat the Champ would be moved off the track and defended by the two non-engaged sections. The third would try and beat off the attackers and could call upon assistance if required.

"GREEN FORCE"

This was the enemy company, consisting of two platoons under CUOs Saines and Anderson. They could be recognized by their working dress tops and correctly worn berets. Their object was to ambush and capture the Champ (which meant of course, "getting rid of Blue Force"). The 2 CUOs divided their platoons into sections also, under Sgts. Camp, Copeland, Legg, McMillan and some Lance-Corporals. Most of these sections had 26 sets for communication with each other and HQ.

In general, they were to be dropped off at different spots along the road, then, under the command of their NCOs, make their way to the area through which they supposed the Convoy would come.

HQ HARASSING PARTY

In charge of Senior CUOs Lewis and Heddles, their object was to attack, harass and annoy one and all. They had to use "hit and run" tactics in order to prevent themselves being captured, which they nearly were on one or two occasions.

THE EXERCISE IN PRACTICE

Tuesday Night — CUOs and NCOs were briefed on the exercise by CUO Ryan and Capt. Harman. Bivouac Gear and Equipment was issued and prepared for use, and a good night's sleep was had by all.

Wednesday Morning — Around 0930 hours we moved towards our destination in three army transport trucks. Before lunch "Blue Force" had already moved down a good stretch of road, while "Green Force" was moving into position.

Early Wednesday afternoon — Several attacks by the HQ Harassing Force, had been easily suppressed due to larger numbers. No sign of "Green Force".

Late Wednesday Afternoon — "Blue Force" found themselves about a mile away from HQ (their destination), but "Green Force" was still not in sight. Patrols sent out by CUO Edney to locate the position of "Green Force" were unsuccessful. The Platoon then made camp, setting up defensive positions and outposts. Tension ran high when a radio message informed "Blue Force" that "Green Force" was heading their way, but was soon proved wrong.

Wednesday Night — (1800 to 2130 hours) "Blue Force" patrols began to run into "Green Force" patrols at many points, and CUO Edney, with Sgt. Bronner, after heavy rifle fire, just managed to get out of a "Green Force" area. Later, CSM Bates and Cpl. Simpson nearly lost their lives during a Recce. patrol on a "Green Force" camp, from which they retreated very smartly.

Returning to camp from this incident, they made contact with another "Green Force" patrol led by Sgt. Camp. Flares, blanks and grenades lit up the forest as the HQ force attacked. Reorganizing, we were again attacked, this time by CUO Saines, but as it was now 2100 hours (the time decided for all night movement to

stop, the weary cadets made tracks for their camp area.

Very Early Thursday Morning — Since camp areas were known, there were many contacts throughout the morning. At 0900 hours the Exercise was officially declared finished and the three platoons, with full packs, made their way to HQ where the Cadets were given fruit and cocoa and allowed to rest their weary bodies.

SUMMING UP

Although "Green Force" was not sighted till Wednesday night, "Blue Force" Cadets were kept well occupied by continual raiding by the HQ force. Members of "Green Force" were not so fortunate travelling all Wednesday morning and afternoon without any sign of Cadet movement, but after sunset, however, the CUOs sent out patrols which made plenty of contacts. Flares, grenades and blanks all added to the excitement and atmosphere of a realistic "battlefield". In the morning, contacts were again frequent and well organized, so that on the whole, "Blue Force's" mission was accomplished in a good and successful exercise.

N. BATE.

STUDENT-OPERATED BANK

This year, the Student-Operated Bank, under the guidance of Mr. Beer, functioned extremely well. Staff members worked enthusiastically and the absence of mistakes reflected their efficiency. Many new accounts were opened in February and March, and new accounts appeared spasmodically throughout the year. Total deposits seldom fluctuated greatly from week to week, but the variation in customers each week was very noticeable and disappointing to the staff. Not once during the year did we get more than fifty customers, and frequently less than twenty depositors attended.

The weekly average was approximately thirty customers—a truly disappointing reward for the staff and, we feel, a pathetic effort for a school of this size. There are over 800 students at this school but there are only 261 Accounts—one student in three, has an account. In comparison, Ringwood State School has over 500 accounts from almost the same number of students.

Of the 261 Accounts, there are less than a dozen regular depositors from the Fifth and Sixth Forms and about twenty-five regular depositors from Forms One and Two. A number of Accounts have not been touched at all this year and this is causing considerable inconvenience to Bank staff at East Ringwood. Although there are few depositors, considerable sums of money are deposited weekly, and the two months from 1st July-1st September, there were 241 deposits which made a total of £388/17/1 deposited in that period. The ledgers revealed that balances totalled £3677/3/9 at 1st Sept., '64—an average balance of £14/1/9. Our students appear to be rather wealthy.

full corps . . .



Throughout the year, it has become increasingly apparent that very little is known of the Bank's services to students and the school, and even less is known of the Bank's activities. Our main purpose is, of course, to receive deposits and transfer accounts from other schools, but we are also a source of information regarding Bank Scholarships and Careers. During the year we have presented our depositors with free rulers, blotting paper, time-tables and information booklets. The least known of the Bank's services to the school is probably the most important—the State Savings Bank of Victoria pays the school a 5% commission on all deposits made at school. This may appear to be a minor payment, but when the Bank takes more than £10 a week this means more than ten shillings a week for the school, and when the school needs money so badly, it is logical that it should publicize this fact—but we have yet to see this done. The commission paid to the school in the last six-monthly check was only £14/16/0—in the same period, Ringwood State School earned twice that amount.

CONVENTION

Periodically, the State Savings Bank holds a Young Bankers' Convention and this year the Convention was held at the Showgrounds. The main topic dealt with forthcoming Decimal Currency. Following a lecture by a Decimal Currency expert, the Bankers gathered into groups for discussion. Ringwood High's representatives, Jenny Lane and Kathie Herbert, who were appointed Group-Leader and Deputy-Leader respectively, performed their duties admirably. Ringwood High can be justifiably proud of them and it may interest readers to learn that decisions on controversial matters which arise from these Conventions are often considered by the Bank when policy changes are made. Young Bankers' Conventions are certainly taken seriously by all concerned.

No report on the bank is complete without reference to the staff of the East Ringwood Branch of the State Savings Bank. One of the staff collects our takings each week, our books are kept there and most of our equipment comes via East Ringwood. The Manager, Mr. M. T. Hillier, and the Teller, Mr. N. McMillan, were always ready and willing to assist us with any problems we encountered—which were many. With all due respect to previous managers, we believe Mr. Hillier is the friendliest ever to be associated with the Bank; his warm greetings, intense personal interest and the personal managerial touch which he brought with him were always appreciated by us all.

As Bank Superintendent, I wish to thank Mr. Beer for his help, and also my staff: Teller, Jenny Lane; Accountant, Jackie Harrison;

Manager, Kathie Herbert. Without whose unflagging efforts the Bank would not have functioned as it did.

JOHN GLOVER, Superintendent.

REVIEW OF THE "ADVENTURES OF DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA" BY MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

The theme of this novel by Cervantes can be shown in the extract, "...and thus, with little sleeping and much reading, his brains were dried up and his intelligence deranged." The person referred to is Cervantes' hero, "Don Quixote", who after reading much on knight-errantry imagines that he himself is a knight-errant and sets out, with his squire, Sancho Panza, to do what he considers his duty. The author devotes his book, some four hundred pages to the adventures and misadventures of his "hero."

Even though Cervantes wrote "Don Quixote" as a satire of the Literature of his time, it is generally accepted by his biographers, that he himself was a victim of this and was possibly making fun at his own folly. This book has no moral, no plot, no underlying theme, and does not even make you feel that you must continue reading it at every spare moment, but when you do read, you enjoy every chapter, every page, every paragraph, because each of these displays the brilliance of their author. When reading "Don Quixote" one feels compelled to underline every phrase that seems a little out of the ordinary, not for future reference or for writing some review, but simply because one feels that they must be preserved in some way. Lines such as, "..... the sun rose with such intense heat that it was enough to dissolve his brains, if any had been left" and "With this leave which 'Don Quixote' would have taken, had it not been given,—and after having been rescued from drowning,—"much more wet than thirsty," are just three of the innumerable examples of the author's uniqueness. Even the chapter headings in themselves can be a source of entertainment. "Of what happened to Don Quixote in the Inn which he imagines to be a Castle." "The Innumerable Disasters that befell Don Quixote and Sancho Panza in the Inn which the Knight mistook for a Castle." "Wherein is related an Extraordinary Accident which befell Don Quixote and which may pass for an Adventure," are typical.

We cannot help admiring the devotion with which Don Quixote partakes in his adventures. Even when he discovers that windmills are not giants and sheep are not an enemy force, he remains undaunted "... for such is the work of enchanters;" says he. Even Sancho Panza, being of slightly sounder mentality, remains loyal throughout—in the hope of becoming a governor of an island, promised to him by Don Quixote as a reward for his services.

It is incredible that a man who led such a hard life, having been a soldier in his twenties, fighting in the battle of Lapants, where he was wounded three times and lost his left hand; having been captured by pirates in 1575 and sold into slavery until 1580 when he was ransomed by his parents; having then tried unsuccessfully to live a married life, and then being reduced to extreme poverty until he died in 1616; could write without bitterness and in such a uniquely humor-

ous way, so much so that one is sometimes moved, not through hysteria, but through delight from the realization of the extreme genius of Cervantes.

If this novel has lost anything in the translation, like many of its counterparts, then the experience of reading the original would be little short of ecstasy.

P. HEDDLES.

the forms...

1A



1B



1C**1D****1E****1A**

Our Form is under the guidance of Mr. Van Dongan, and Captains, Sheila Blackmore and Geof Adams, assisted by Vice-Captains, Sharyn Steele and Jim Rogers, who acts as senior monitor in the Art Department.

One of our Form-mates is Sonjia Maier, a German girl doing her first year in an Australian School, and we are very proud of Les Mullins as Under 13 Athletics Champion and for achieving first place in the Under 13 Cross Country Run.

Near the end of second Term, the whole Form travelled to Morwell and Yallourn on a Geography excursion. We visited the open-cut mine, the Briquette Factory and Power Station, which made a wonderful day out.

Twelve of our girls and four of our boys are in the Choirs.

1B

Patron: Mr. Beer.

BOYS

Captain: David Quin.

Vice-Captain Gordon Spargo.

Social Service Representative: Alan Rittman.

We had a very good first term with Bjern Wygrala as Captain, but unfortunately, Bjern went to Germany, and now we have the new Captains, D. Quin and G. Spargo. We also lost Colin Smith, who went to Shepparton.

During the Second Term, a class cleanliness competition was in operation, and we did very well with the assistance of Mr. Beer. Also, at the end of Term we spent an enjoyable day at Yallourn. All in all, we had a good Term.

Now, Term three has started; we hope to have another good Term and work hard for the Exams., after which we shall have our Speech Night, and Form Excursion, to complete our first year in High School.

1D

Form Captains: Pam Creed, Graeme Barry.

Vice Captains: Maureen Wickham, Bruce McDermott.

Form Teacher: Mr. Gannan.

As a Form, we have had a very pleasant year. In Social Service, we collected the sum of £3/0/0, which we will send to Monkami day training centre. We are still striving to lift this sum to £5/0/0.

We must give a special mention to Norma Frankum, who has been a credit to our Form and our school. Norma represented the school in the combined swimming sports in two events, and also in two events at the Mountain Division Athletic Sports. Norma, along with Judy, represented the Form 1 Basketball team, of which Judy was elected captain.

We won the Dedman cup for room cleanliness once, despite much hard work by a few people.

We would like to thank Mr. Gannan for help-

ing us throughout the year with displays and other Form activities. We extend our thanks to all our teachers for their help and patience throughout the year.

1E

Captains: Susan Deuter, Andrew Jamieson.
 Vice-Captains: Christine Hall, Dennis Bentley.
 Social Service: Cathy Evans, Paul Roberts.
 Form Teacher: Mr. H. Hudson.

This, our first year at High School, has given us some super news to spill—so stand by to catch it.

Social Service has been highly competitive amongst all First Forms throughout the year with satisfactory results. Each Thursday morning, we had a tussle between the boys and girls to see who could raise the most money. Usually, the boys won by a few pence. However, we sent £1/1/0 to "Yooralla" at end of Term One, and now we hope to send a substantial sum, at the end of the year, to "The Seeing Eye Dog" Appeal.

Until Term Three we were unable to have our own room, so were debarred from Room Tidiness Competition for the Dedman Cup. Now, however, we are permanently in Room 35 which made everyone eager to keep it tidy, with the result that we have won the cup on more than one occasion.

The First Term brought Christine Hall and Peter Bullock to the top of the Form, but most of the Form did well after the nervousness caused by the thought of our first exams.

Diane Foley and Gale Kelly were in the Prefects' Concert, Diane told us about her pet tiger and Gale, in company with a friend, sang several songs.

Most of us went to Morwell and Yallourn on the Geog. Excursion and enjoyed it very much.

We had several competitors in the Athletics, who worked very hard—Karen Bibby, Sandra Fairley and Christine Hall.

We have all had a lot of fun with Mr. Hudson, and are now looking forward to our end-of-year party which is a secret, but hope it will be at the seaside.

SUSAN DEUTER,
 ANDREW JAMIESON.

2A

Form Captain: Dianna Nicks.
 Vice-Captain: Margaret Harrison.
 Form Teacher: Mr. Magilton.

We have had a very successful year with the help of our Form and Art Teacher, Mr. Magilton, who might have been a bit hard on us, but we know it was all for the best.

During the year, we were joined by a new pupil, Pauline Doolan, who transferred from Upwey High School.

Sport: During the year, quite a few people have represented us in the various sports. In the Inter-school sports, we were represented by "Jacky" Bovell and Lee Knox. We also had quite a few girls in the Basketball and Hockey Teams. They were Jacky Bovell, Lee Knox, Leonie Munro, Helen Maher and Janet Pricor.

We would like to thank all our Teachers who have taught us during the year, especially Mrs. Mentz, who will not be with us next year.

2B

Form Captains: Sue Lewis, Bruce Taylor.

Vice-Captains: Georgia Boston, Greig Horman.

Form Teacher: Mr. Forster.

Our Form has had a successful year, both Academic and Sporting. Thanks are due to all our teachers for the help they have given us and to Mr. Forster for his leadership in Social Service activities, and his general help in all Form matters.

We were well represented in all School Teams by Georgia Boston, Jeanette Bryan, Cathy Jones, Sue Lewis, Fay Muggleston, Marianne Surbinski, Robyn Thompson and Bill Bovell, Ian Castle, Gustav Cole, Neville Rourke, Bruce Taylor, Michael Wilson, Ian U'Ren, Doug Manson, Russell Wright and Jeffrey Gleadow.

During the year we worked a competition system in the Form to raise money for Social Services. To aid this worthy cause, activities including toffee stalls and a Form Paper, "Chaos" for which many thanks are due to Mrs. Mentz, were carried out.

We were represented in the Prefects' Concert by Marion McRae, who played the Squeeze-Box, Gustav Cole, who played a Guitar with the Covias, and Michael Wilson, Ian U'Ren, Stephen Lavender and Stephen Missen, singing in the Boys' Choir.

During the year, our Excursions were few: when Mrs. Nilsen, our Science Teacher, accompanied us to Fibremakers Ltd. Many thanks to Mrs. Nilsen for this good deed.

A highlight of the year for the 2B girls was the winning of the Fruit Loaf competition at the 1964 Royal Show. For this, the school received £10 in prize money.

All round, we have had a very happy year at Ringwood High School.

2C

Form Teacher: Mrs. Elsworth

Form Captains: Heather Rosel, Stephen Campbell.

Vice Captains: Wendy Mossop, Peter Jenkins.
Social Service Reps.: Bronwyn Proud, Peter Mosley.

This year has been a very happy and successful one for us. We were well represented in sport. Andrew Snowdon, Cheryl Prytula, Wendy Mossop and John Gadsden participated in the Swimming Sports at Olympic Pool. John

gained fourth place in the Junior Diving. In Athletics, Heather Rosel, Ian Cannan and Stephen Campbell represented us at Olympic Park.

In social service, we donated five guineas to the R.S.P.C.A. and another five guineas to Monkami. Earlier in the year, Andrew Snowdon's cow won for us a £3/0/0 prize towards our Christmas picnic when it won the School Pet Competition. Kathy Parker and Bronwyn Proud received loud applause for their miming of Honey Bun at the Prefects' Concert. We are proud to announce that the girls won second prize with their Fruit Loaf at the Royal Show this year. We have three cadets in the Form, David Buchan, Campbell Muir and Andrew Westmore. Campbell and Andrew attended the army camp at Puckapunyal.

We would like to thank Mrs. Elsworth and our other Teachers for their patience and guidance towards us throughout the year.

3A

Form Captains: Louise Coenders, Graeme Bentley.

Vice-Captains: Margaret Anderson, Charles Nilsen.

With Mr. Chamberlain as Form Teacher, and our two capable(?) Form Captains, 3A has had an enjoyable and successful year.

The athletes of the Form were: Athletics, Bronwyn Growse, Margaret Anderson, Graeme Bentley; Swimming, Joanna Van W.; Football, Graeme Bentley, Charles Nilsen, Robin Close.

Our only excursion this year was when we went to the Science Exhibition at the Exhibition Buildings, where we had a most interesting time collecting pamphlets (we came back loaded with them). At the same time, we tried to look as if we understood everything. Finally, we managed to leave without wrecking the place. Those taking German went to see some German films during the year. They came back wondering whether they would ever master the language.

Last, but not least, we would like to thank the Teachers for their help during the year; hope they have a happy holiday and come back refreshed, ready to tackle us again.

3B

Form Teacher: Mr. Fisher.

Form Captains: Glenda Pottenger, Stuart Ord.

Vice Captains: Julie Flynn, David McArthur.

Contrary to what our respective Subject Teachers may say, 3B has worked very well this year, and we would like to take this opportunity of saying "Thank You", in black and white, thus taking away any chance of our Teachers referring to us as "ungrateful brats".

form captains . . .



Our Form has chopped and changed in a few ways this year. We lost a good Form Captain in James Fairley who, after one short term with us, was promoted to Fourth Form, but I suppose he is not complaining! We also lost Mrs. Wygrala—as did many other Forms—and gained Dr. Von Bibo, who took us for Geography. We were sad when Mr. Puddephatt left us, but we were somewhat cheered by the return of Mr. Shannon.

As a Form, we went on many excursions during the year. The first was an Art excursion into the Argus Art Gallery, but due to rushed arrangements, 3B ended up scattered in the various haunts and shops of Melbourne and consequently were told to expect no more ex-

cursions for the year! Never-the-less, there were more excursions. The girls doing Music, heard the Victorian Symphony Orchestra play in the Melbourne Town Hall. Next came the Science excursions in which all Third Forms participated. This was held in the Exhibition Buildings where we saw various developments and discoveries in the many different fields of Science.

At the beginning of the year, it was decided, to help improve our French and General Knowledge, for our Form to write to a Form in a French School. At present there are four girls writing separately to four French girls. We have noted some interesting facts about French

schools from their letters, such as: many more children attend boarding schools than in Australia, they learn three languages—Latin, German and English, they do not play sport, and lessons begin at quarter to eight and finish at 4, 5 or 6 p.m.

We are now collecting a package to send to this French Form, containing newspapers, pictures and photographs of Australia. It is hoped that this scheme of correspondence will continue next year just as successfully, but with many more participants in the actual writing of the letters.

We have many academic champions in 3B, but we were lucky to find in Elizabeth Rogers, both intelligence and athletic ability. Elizabeth won the Ringwood High Cross Country Run, shortly after professing that she "hadn't a hope!" Well done, 'Liz!'

Other sports representatives were: School Athletics Team, Linda Spencer, Javelin. Swimming Sports, Stuart Ord, Jan Stewart and Lorraine Mitchell, Diving; R. Cencic, R. Bolton, S. Ord, I. Roberts, P. McArthur and S. Butler represented 3B in the U.15 Football Team. Of the girls Glenda Pottenger was in the Basketball and Anne Blore was in the school Volleyball Team.

3C

Form Teacher: Mrs. Martin.
Form Captains: Marjorie Knight, Ian Beith.
Vice-Captains: Susan Paine, Edward Czarnecki.
Social Service Representatives: Colleen Fredricks, Robert Glover.

I'm sure the rest of the Form will agree, this has been a very enjoyable year. This was due mainly to the untiring and unselfish efforts of Mrs. Martin.

During the year our boys had a few excursions namely Science and Art, when they went to Essendon Aerodrome for the day. Unfortunately, the girls have not had the opportunity of excursions.

The Form has had its share of athletes, swimmers and academic-minded people, of whom we are all proud. They were J. Moore, L. Minns, R. Glover, E. Czarnecki, B. Rosel, S. Paine, V. Shanahan, Bell Girl; M. Knight, T. Bungey and G. Hilton.

At the beginning of the year, we had the opportunity of obtaining the amusing Mr. Beer as a new Commercial Teacher. I am sure most of the class has enjoyed having him as a Teacher throughout the year.

We are also pleased to say we have a very professional singer as a member of the class who persists in singing: "All I Want is a Room Somewhere". This puts us in hysterics, even Mr. Beer.

Many thanks to all our Teachers for their guidance and patience. Once again, the Form would like to thank Mrs. Martin and wish her all the best for next year.

3D

Form Teacher: Mr. Reidel.
Form Captains: Christina Douglas, Peter Quinn.
Vice Captains: Christine Winneke, Colin Hardy.

This year has been a very successful one for 3D. We started the year with ten girls and twenty-five boys, but during the year we lost three boys and one girl.

Early in Term II the whole Form went to the Science Exhibition held in the Melbourne Exhibition Buildings. This was very interesting (so we were told).

Later on, a few students went to the Yallourn Power Station, which was "very educational".

Our sports representatives were Cathy Shearer, Bronwyn Snowdon, Richard Handerek, Peter Ennis and David Marsh.

Last of all, we wish to thank all our teachers for their patience and help, especially Mr. Riedel who has guided us through a successful year. We hope he has not gained too many more grey hairs.

3E

Form Captain: Glenda Nicks.
Vice-Captain: Glynis Blackmore.
Social Service Rep: Debra Bayly.
Form Teacher: Mrs. Baud

We have reached the end of our third year and, although some girls are leaving, the rest of us are wondering how we shall make out next year. We have accomplished a good year's work, we hope, and take this opportunity of thanking all our teachers, especially Mrs. Baud, our form and Needlework teacher, whose patience and guidance has helped us throughout the year.

3E'S HIT PARADE

- Beginning of term—"BACK TO SCHOOL BLUES."
- Typing—"I'M GONNA SIT RIGHT DOWN AND WRITE MYSELF A LETTER."
- Private Study—"ALL I DO IS DREAM OF YOU."
- Mothercraft—"TAKE GOOD CARE OF MY BABY."
- Excursion—"LOCO-MOTION."
- Cross Country Run—"SPEEDY GONZALES."
- New Teacher—"STRANGER ON THE SHORE."
- Staff Room—"SMOKEY PLACES."
- Corridors—"BABY ELEPHANT WALK."
- Uniform—"TAN SHOES AND PINK SHOELACES."
- Out of Bounds—"WEST OF THE WALL."
- Head's Office—"DOWN BEGGING ON MY KNEES."
- Expelled—"GOODBYE, CRUEL WORLD."
- Examinations—"IT DOESN'T MATTER ANYMORE."
- Graduation—"THAT'LL BE THE DAY."
- Social—"DANCE ON."
- End of Term—"BREAKING UP IS HARD TO DO."



6B



GUESS WHO?

A certain member of our Form,
Was worried when his pants were torn.
He kept on pulling down his coat,
Making himself look like a goat.
O'er the hole he would neatly place
A book half as red as his "beetroot" face.
Running down the corridor he looked mighty
silly,
Nearly as bad as when on "Puffing Billy."

Our tallest girl is quite a height,
She has all the advantages—no, that's not right.
Comes end of term and the Prefects call
For coat locker monitors one and all.
Wishing to that height she'd never grown,
She cleans it up with many a moan.

3 KARALLAS, 2 WOORKARRIMS, 1 WOROOA.

4B

"The most uncontrollable 4th Form I've ever had," would be the average opinion of most Fourth Form Teachers this year, in referring to 4B. Here are just a few ways in which 4B's School week is usually passed.

On arriving at the Form Room with an important message in mind, Mr. Browning is confronted with an overpowering barrage of noise. As he proceeds to create a state of friendship between two arguing Form members, answer interesting questions and collect overdue report books, he remembers that he has something important to say, but, he just can't think what it was. However, the bell usually jogs his brain and then will come the difficult task of squeezing money from the unwilling owners, or collecting overdue homework.

At every lesson we are usually provided with a rest by Ronald Cawood, which lasts from anything from five to 10 minutes, in which he endeavours to answer (scientifically of course) the simplest questions with long formulae and scientific terms which makes the brains convulse.

Werner Lische usually provides a certain amount of entertainment. He usually, unknowingly, mind you—confuses to the utmost many of the teachers and students, who cannot quite understand or link up his answers with the present work.

With the entrance of a new French teacher to the School, our French has improved. However, the new teacher usually supplies us with a certain amount of humour, which is caused by his actions and the regularly accompanying phrases, "cut-off, put me to the blackboard, Don't be funny and I kick you out boy."

A new craze of drumming has become apparent in one corner of the room. In any spare moment, a thundering sound of many hands hammering on desk lids can be heard from the class-

room. A harmonious background of singing can be heard as the bass man begins his wonderful musical accompaniment to his drumming, then as the theme is recognised, other voices begin to join in. But to the dismay of many the alarm, "Here he comes," or something similar, renders the Form into a subdued and unhappy *quietness*?

During the lessons a steady flow of secretly coded notes are passed backwards and forwards across the class and the people in the middle who "pass it on" are planning to impose a postage tax.

B. COOPER.

4B GIRLS

The 4B girls spent a most interesting year in the following ways: Dineke, our Form Captain, tried in vain to control the unruly Form, while Vice-Captain, Marilyn John, backed her up. Henriette, a newcomer to R.H.S., spent the year convincing everyone that her name is *not* Fred, as many people seem to think. Heather, also a "newie", was persuaded to wash off her war-paint, and we discovered that she isn't a Zulu, as was suspected. While Lindy got further acquainted with a certain 5th Form boy, Kathy Jackson took a course in "How to Speak Loudly". Lorel, our budding nurse, alternated between sitting on the heater in Form Assembly, and nursing the many sick and mentally afflicted of the Form. (Apparently, her ambition is to be a nurse in the men's ward—Wonder why?).

Towards the end of the year, Yvonne found herself asking the question, "Which way did the horse go?" She was also reported to have been heard humming the tune, "If I fell". Gill Chapman kept the peroxide manufacturers in business, while her friend Jenny, decided that she disliked intensely, the name "Bloomfield". Although sometimes frustrated, Josephine carried out the duties of Worooa House Captain, most capably, while the rest of the girls, comprising Janet, Leola, Miriam, Roslyn and Susan, generally had a riotous time, and "lived it up".

4C

Form Teacher: Mrs. Reiger.
Captains: Jenny Lane, Andrew Jalowicki.
Vice Captains: Pam Barnard, Colin Woodall.
Social Service: Julie Little.

The pandemonium starts every Tuesday Thursday and Friday in Room 37, between 8.45 and 9.00 a.m. we have Form Assembly ("Riot").

We have had a wonderful year of fun. Remember "our Dr. Von Bibo" and the windows and the trouble we got into for the want of fresh air.

Our fabulous Form Assemblies were known throughout the school, especially by Form 4B, next door, who must have, at times, thought the

school was coming down. Steve Cohen came in one day to witness our Assembly, but he left—injured.

The Tom Terrific petition which was passed around the class was a great success for he appeared on Channel O soon after.

We were sitting in a C.P.P. class in the middle of second term when a loud "crash" was heard. Mrs. Reiger had argued with a taxi and had come off second best.

Remember our Maths lesson when Susan Appleby 4D, was caught chewing in class. Musk sweets were passed around the Form at Mr. Chamberlain's request. That was the best Maths lesson we ever had.

We have had a good year and would like to sincerely thank all the teachers who have helped, or confused, us.

"REIGER'S ROWDIES."

4E

Form Teacher: Mrs. Dunn.
Form Captain: Jacky Harrison.
Vice Captain: Caroline Wright.
15 girls from form 4E,
Happy, bright and gay are we.
History and Geography we do well,
But English and Arith. we wait for the bell.
Needlework and Cookery end the day,
In a very pleasant sort of way.
Shorthand, Typing goes with a swing,
To the rhythm of the Beatles, and to Bing.
Last but not least is CPP,
And here we find we're still at sea.
Robyn and Sue, our identical twins,
Dislike re-lining cookery bins.
Jacky and Kathy, for the want of fresh air,
Cause endless trouble and despair.
Pam and Annalie always late,
Why? Prefects stationed at the back gate.
Pauline with her shoulders straight,
Makes the boys all stand and gape.
Leeta and Gail organize the "Pound",
Watch out if your things are left lying around.
Mena and Caroline are their teachers' despair
As through the windows at boys they stare.
Judy and Merle are the talkative kind
Beware! or you will be left behind.
Lyn is tall and Sue is small,
Here's hoping Mrs Dunn can remember us all.
ANON.

A SHORT HISTORY OF 5A

What's with these Form Notes anyway? When asked to write Form notes there was a rousing bout of regurgitation, but we decided to fight against these odds and make up some very funny, original and satirical comments in the same old stereo-typed fashion, "under the watchful eye of Mr. Dunbar"—no, seriously, Mr. Dunbar is not a bad bloke, eccentric perhaps, but generally clean living.

There was a serious lack of girls—and we mean serious! We were plagued by foreigners—an American brother, an English sister and our Asian brother from Sarawak—Carl, Laura and Tiong—but any espionage attempts were quelled by our army representatives; Laura was closely scrutinized. The creme (sour) of the Form were featured artists in the Prefects' Concert, but due to contract reasons, names cannot be mentioned. Worthy of special mention is Robert Heron, who wanted his name mentioned, and so is regarded as a specialty. Our hearts went out to poor Michael lying in hospital attended by nurses, while we sweated in exam rooms.

Although we would like to have put in our thoughts about our teachers we have decided not to do so in case this magazine gets into the wrong hands and Mr. Rylah's daughter reads it. A constant form of amusement were the brilliant hysterical outbursts coming from "Fidds." Three times during the year, a certain fluffy individual of the Form, was given treatment by our potential barbers. And now a closing comment, original, funny and satirical—"We gratefully thank all our teachers for!"

5B

Form Teacher: Mr. Smith.
Form Captains: Judy Evans, JoeVan Winckel.
Vice Captains: Lorraine McCubbin, Nick Bates.
I have tried writing hilarious subtle criticisms and amusing little rhyming verses all of which have been a dismal failure, yet I refuse to be discouraged and will not write these Form notes in the usual dull traditional R.H.S. manner.

No!! I will be an individual (someone in the Form must be). Our excitement-packed Form Assembly consists of Roll marking, an ancient form of recording presences and absences by saying "yes" when your name is called (funny how the classroom looked half empty, yet everyone answered during one of those surprise Form Assemblies after school, eh, boys?) The distribution of C.A.B.s is also a dramatic event; wonder why Kaye is always so eager to deliver them past Room 8?

Our Form Teacher, Mr. Smith, was evidently concerned lest the name of Smith should cease being common or so it seems, and although I've never seen the Form 5 Economic Teacher's backyard, I am sure there is "a little hill." Isn't living with Janette trying at times, Angelica? We all know Ken as an athlete but he wouldn't have to run very fast to catch Irene! Michael's proverb must be "Chivalry is not dead", why else would he escort a certain young lady so frequently? A certain young sergeant (so I've heard) goes for the "smalley" type of girl. I know Lorraine is growing her hair, for evidently she's been letting it down lately; open the door Richard! Barb evidently has been employing her time usefully whilst baby-sitting at Burlacks! There seems to be a permanent visitor at the "White-

house", but evidently Barry is not overstaying his welcome! The other people in the Form have either been good or I can't bring any news to mind. Naturally, we have the wild ones (Judy Caughey, Melita and Fiona) to mention a few, and the quiet ones (Joe, Barb and Robert H.). However, the proof of the pudding is in the eating—I think the teachers have enough pudding.

I suppose I must include some academic and sporting abilities of the Form. In swimming, Barb, Frankum, April Steele, Shirley Finger and Lorraine Caville competed in both the House and Combined, Allan Pearce is a fanatical Golf player, and how quickly he gets around the course, depends on who he is chasing. Faye Bolton plays a good game of Tennis—anyone interested?

In the Basketball Teams, Barb., Karen, Margery, Robyn and Judy all participated. But concerning the academic abilities, I think most of us are spectators (there are exceptions — sorry, Joe and Robert). These Form notes have gone on rather longer than anticipated, so I will finish by saying this year's Form 5B has been quiet, conscientious, and a pleasure to teach—oh well, some of us anyway.

ROBYN.

6B

Some are veterans, some are new recruits, but one and all, they are a mob of good blokes—referring of course, to the 6B Matric. Humanities form of boys and girls striving to justify their position at the top of the academic ladder of R.H.S., year 1964. This lively and optimistic bunch is not to be confused with another morbid group of uninspired souls—the Science form, the lesser half of the Matrics. My apologies to any person who may be wronged in the following paragraphs.

Firstly, David Baud, who I thank for his admirable job as a very serviceable vice captain. Dave has the hair of a beetle, but unfortunately lacks the talent. He is a Prefect, is captain of Woorkarrim, is the "Lew Hoad" of R.H.S. and is rumoured to have a brain. Party boy, Bill Cole makes it his duty to entertain the form when they find time to drag themselves from their studies. We are all looking forward to the time when Bill and his band cut their first disc. Michael Crowley, the fellow we think comes from South Africa and who hails from Upwey, is always full of praise for the railways and is famous throughout for his impersonations of some teachers. Cliff Goodwin and Gary Crozier are the two "messieurs" of the form—they say the quiet ones must be watched, so watch out World! Cliff

is reputed to be one of Miss Tannock's favourite pupils and his firm affirmations from around the classroom make him the presiding wise old owl. Gary does not follow the V.F.L.—only Geelong. He is "potentially" a football star of the future, but is a rotten judge of the game. Many have claimed that British gives them nightmares, but Gary is the only one in the history of R.H.S. to have had his nightmares in class. Tom Guest, quiet and ambitious, is another of the School's Prefects. He makes a gorgeous prima donna. Tom is perhaps the smallest lad in the form, but he cannot be rubbished, for patriotic reasons, as he is in Karalla.

We have the Head Prefect sitting amongst us in the person of David Richards—but this should not be held against him. "Dinga" was captain of Karalla boys this year, and in all was a prominent figure in the school life of R.H.S. We have three cadets in our form, the prominent two being Doug Ryan and Greg Lane, thank heavens there is a Navy; They tell me that Greg is going to get Famarck's theory right one day—we hope! He is one of the form's most promising photographers. Doug is a Prefect, a prominent figure in squash and cross country runs and is living proof of the vulnerability to attack of Australia's defence. Then there are the two rabid Noorookites—Chris Healey and Barry Moore. Chris' lack of teeth on the football field makes him a focal point of attention, and he has gained fame as this year's M.C.G. sleeper. Barry has developed into a very good rover this year—ask the girls!

We haven't any remark to make about Robert Lewis, as he is still at home with the Geography books. Robert, as captain of the School Swimming Team, caused a slight stir early in the year with some scathing remarks about the future prospects of R.H.S. as the top school in swimming. Gavin Fry and Tim Lewis thrust themselves into the limelight this year, first as official escorts of the school football team to Upper Yarra, then with excellent performances at the Prefects' Concert. Gavin is one of the school's top exponents of squash, and has forgotten more about cars than most of us know. Tim is a Prefect and is aiming for a first in "social studies" under the guidance of Mr. MacDonald. Brendon Tunstall, the handsome one from Boronia, is six feet and nothing, and has slightly starred in the ruck for R.H.S. this year. David Lillingstone has perhaps earned, throughout the year, the right to be named as Mrs. Rogers' official sparring partner. David is a great admirer of Shakespeare, is well learned in music and Italian, thus making him one of the "culture" boys of 6B.

Graham Sinclair and Ken Slater are perhaps the two most successful sportsmen of the form. Graham is captain of Noorook, was captain of the school cricket XI and vice captain of the school

football team. Ken is the footy team's disciplinarian, finished second in the cross country run, is captain of the Athletics team and, as has Graham, proved himself popular with the girls—sorry—girl! Peter O'Dwyer is the "Wild One" of the form. He can be seen on a weekend chasing Baud's scooter through the scrub in Wombolano Park, on his high-powered motor bike. Peter is Miss Bullen's hope as the literary genius and being one of Plato's disciples, he is quite a philosopher.

And now, to close, there are the wits of the form—the characters; John Pearson and Chris Thatcher. Both are at times quiet, and yet always with a smart remark ready. We love Melbourne! Oh boy—what the whole form does not know about Barassi, Mann and Dixon etc., is not to be known. John is aiming for University and aspires to become a lawyer. Chris, the Heathmont stalwart, has not informed me of what his vocation is to be—a Melbourne runner, perhaps.

Uldis Baltars, five feet ten inches, bow-legged, a comic, and from Boronia. Uldis should not get a mention as he appeared in last year's magazine, but his description may be useful to the C.I.B. in a few years time. However, Uldis has his licence and is therefore to be respected. Last of all, there is Greg Hahn, the "daddy" of the form. Greg is quiet, a wit and a hard worker, and is one of the form's hopes for top results. He has his eyes firmly fixed on "the shop". Greg proved himself an orator of some merit as captain of the R.H.S. Football Team and ably led the way in the team's very successful year.

That is the whole 23 of them, for good or for bad—there is one other of course, Mrs. Rogers, our form teacher for the year. Our thanks to her for her guidance and assistance. There will soon be only one thing left for us to do to complete year '64 and that is to look for our numbers when the results come out—the best of luck to you all in the final exams.

ERNEST L. McARTHUR.

THE "GROUP"—6B GIRLS

Form Captain: Penny Manson.

Vice Captain: Eril McNamara.

Form Mistress: Mrs. Rogers.

Our form started well, on the clang of the bell With just an addition or two.

Losses were many, but still we gained Penny A new girl, dressed all in blue.

Brisbane expelled her and let her run wild, And so to our school she came. An "Abo" at large, in good camouflage, Black stockings and garters the same.

A Prefect is Eril, who fills the position As captain of vice in our form.

Y A K K I T Y H I

She has 'Ern'ed' a 'Rich' prize — at least in her eyes
So she has no reason to mourn.

Pam Haygarth, the traitor, has interests elsewhere,
And has plans to be a school teacher.
But with 6A in view and that good swimmer too,
The kids will be lucky to see her.

Gay is her name, from the country she came,
And her nickname suggests great attraction.
One of her joys, is her interest in boys,
From which she gains much satisfaction.

Our school's in the hands of Norma McCann,
Through appointment as honoured H.P.
We lose her next year to a hospital near.
A good nurse she'll make? — well, we'll see.

Her hair is the topic of great conversation,
Renown for its various hues.
Last week it was dark, today it is light,
Oh! Janice, do tell what you do.

Bonjour, Mademoiselle! and the day starts off well
For Wendy Cobcroft, the reader.
In French she has led, and so it's been said,
In Paris someday you might see her.

The gun goes off 'pop', and she starts like a shot,
Lynette once again is the leader.
With St. Kilda in mind, you will probably find,
That the rest of the field do not see her!

She flies over land, with letter in hand,
This happy young Andrea Mott.
With mail from Swan Hill, she can't wait until,
For the outback, this girl gives up swot.

Her memory is marvellous and gains her all passes
In exams, at all times of the year.
And so for dear Margaret, the teacher's prime target,
The Staffrooms resound with three cheers.

The Form Mistress asks — "Wendy Williams in class?"
The Form Captain glares — but in vain.
For it seems this girl's fate, to forever be late,
Her excuse — well, it's always the same.

The accountancy 'mob' should give Maria the job,
Of collecting the dues for THE BOX!
How she stays alive, with that notorious five
Is a wonder — but to us she is full of drive.

Unnoticed she came, Diedre Flynn is her name,
"She's ever so quiet" one said.
But she soon changed that notion, with hair tinting lotion,
And one day, third term, we saw RED!

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To each friend and fellow, she brightly says
 "HELLO"
 And drives away our morning blues.
 One sure way to thrill her, is to talk about 'Cilla',
 Then *Diane*, all sense seems to lose.

Wendy Rutledge, a runner, and also sun-lover
 On many a day you may see
 Her — run ??? the land, with bottle in hand
 To get a tan — so, naturally!!

Her name is *Barbara*, and though I would rather
 Not tell you about her — I shall.
 Her nickname is 'Bubble' — her second name,
 'Trouble'
 Now there seems to be no more to tell!

In the bright light of day, she has been led
 astray
 Oh! *Brane* — for what do you hope?
 Young children to tame — ah! teaching's your
 aim
 I only hope, with imps you can cope.

The gleam in her eyes, provokes heavy sighs
 From the staffrooms — one and two.

For with paint-brush in hand, our mischievous
Anne
 Could, very easily, make us all feel blue; how
 true!

At the head of 'the group', that intelligent????
 troop,
 Is our Form Mistress — poor *Mrs. Rogers*.
 She has suffered the noise, the chatter, *those*
 boys?
 And must be quite mad with *their* dodges.

But we sweet little girls, as precious as pearls,
 Have backed her up through thick and thin.
 But these terrible boys, with vice-recking joys;
 Create such impossible dins.

Now, last but not least, their beloved(???) Form
 Captain
 With flowing dark hair and foreign attraction.
 Although written with care, her one fervent
 prayer,
 Is that on reading this meter
 Her Form-mates don't beat her!

P. MANSON.



SENIOR
 BASKETBALL



SENIOR
 HOCKEY



SENIOR FOOTBALL



SENIOR CRICKET

WOROOA

NOOROOK

the houses . . .

WOROOA GIRLS

House Mistresses: Miss Tannock, Mrs. Gonzalo, Miss Kendrics

Senior Captain: Josephine Beattie.

Vice Captain: Judy Mitchell.

Junior Captain: Susan Lethbridge

Junior Vice Captain: Margaret Harrison.

By winning the Citizenship Cup this year, the House spirit has been stimulated. Thanks are due to Miss Tannock for her encouragement, which enabled us to achieve this goal of which we are all very proud.

Although we were not successful in the House Swimming and Athletics, we were well represented in the school teams. In the School Swimming Team were Barbara Frankum, Bronwyn Snowdon, Norma Frankum and Marcia Lloyd. In the Athletics Team were Sandra Fairley, Irene Morell, Marcia Lloyd, Beryl Shearer, Lee Knox, Norma Frankum, Barbara Austin, Elizabeth Pumpa, Brenda Connell, K. Keillerup.

Again we did well in the School Cross Country, and once again, Elizabeth Rogers won. Congratulations, Elizabeth!

Members of the House in other School Teams were Beryl Shearer, Judy Mitchell, Heather Fairley, Marie Harry; Senior Hockey. Penny Dunstan, Barbara Frankum, Glenda Pottenger, Barbara Austin, Senior Basketball. Faye Bolton, Jill Oliver; Senior Tennis. N. Frankum, Sue Lewis, Georgia Boston; Junior Basketball. Cathy Jones, Mary Sablous; Junior Hockey.

I would like to thank all members of the House for their co-operation, and my praise goes especially to Judy, whose eagerness to help made the year's work much easier. I also thank the Junior House Captain, Susan Lethbridge, and Vice Captain, Margaret Harrison, for their work. I am also indebted to the House Teachers, Mrs. Gonzalo, Miss Kendrics and Miss Tannock, for their devotion; and although she is not concerned with any particular House, I am sure I am only one of many who thank Mrs. Barrah for her constant efforts to co-ordinate sport.

WOROOA BOYS

Senior Captain: Ray Carrington.

Vice-Captain: John Castle.

Junior Captain: Peter Jenkins.

Vice-Captain: Ian Castle.

We have completed what might be termed a "steady" year's sport.

During Term One, the House Swimming Sports were held, and although we only came fourth, we were by no means disgraced, as the winning House was only 50 points ahead. A number of Worooa boys were in the Inter-School Swimming Sports and acquitted themselves very well.

Our hopes of winning the Cricket Competition were unfortunately not realized, and we were beaten into second position. However, most of the members will still be at school next year, which augurs well for the future. We were well represented in the two school teams — John Castle, Tony White and Russell Hall in the Firsts, and Ray Carrington, Tony Hancy and Alan Burlock in the Seconds.

Worooa finished fourth in the Athletics, with many of our members in the Inter-School Athletics, held at Olympic Park. They included John Stanley, Noel Williams, Tony Hancy, Peter and David Marsh and Barry Carrington. All these boys, and our other representatives, performed very well. We figured prominently in the Cross-Country Run also — as has been the custom for a number of years. We came second in the seniors, beaten only by three points. This was due mainly to our dominance of the U.17 section, but we also scored well in all other age groups.

Although our Footballers did not meet with much success, we were well represented in both the school teams, our players being R. Carrington, J. Castle, T. Hancy, R. Hall, A. Burlock, R. Davies, R. Bos and T. White.

Other sports played during the year were Squash, Tennis, Golf, Volleyball and Baseball, but there was no House competition in either Golf or Squash. In other sports we did reasonably well, since our players were mostly third and fourth formers competing against older and bigger boys from other Houses. However, we are sure they will do much better next year.

KARALLA

WOORKARRIM

The Juniors have kept up the high standard that has come to be expected of them, and so the future of Worooa as a sporting force in the years to come, looks assured.

In closing, I would like to thank our two tireless House Masters, Mr. Browning and Mr. Tyler, and all members of the House for their help and co-operation throughout the year. I feel sure that Worooa will enjoy a much more successful year next year, and wish future House Captains, and Worooa, the best of luck.

RAY CARRINGTON.

NOOROOK HOUSE NOTES—BOYS

House Captain: Graeme Sinclair.

Vice Captain: Barry Moore.

House Secretary: Chris Healey.

House Masters: Mr. Puddephatt, Mr. Smith.

1964 has been one of Noorook's best ever years in all fields of sporting activity. Much of our success is probably due to the enthusiasm aroused by our two very capable House Masters, Mr. Puddephatt and Mr. Smith. We would like to thank both these teachers on behalf of the House for the great job they have done this year.

Undoubtedly, our greatest achievement this year was winning the Inter-House Athletics. This is the first time in six years that Noorook has been successful in winning the sports, and our thanks must go to everyone who participated and gave their best for Noorook. Those to gain success in this field and represent the school at Olympic Park where John McGain, John Shaw, Russell Sinclair, Chris Healey, Barry Moore, Graeme Sinclair, Jim Fairley, Ross Ord, Evan Patulloch, Peter O'Dwyer. In the district sports, four Noorook competitors won the Boys Open Mile Medley.

Our football team this year reached the Grand Final, and a very good effort by everyone in the team. We had several representatives in the School Team which won the Mountain Division Premiership. They were Graeme Sinclair (v.c.), John McGain, Brendan Tunstall, Barry Moore, Chris Prytula, Chris Healey and Laurie Smith. Congratulations to all these boys and also to Mr. Dunbar for the fine job he did in coaching the school team.

Our Cricket team met with only moderate success but we were represented in the school team by Graeme Sinclair (capt.) and Barry Moore.



HOUSE CAPTAINS

The Noorook Swimming team put up a fine performance to finish second and most of the credit for the boys' side must go to Chris. Prytula (Open Champion), Ross Ord (U.16 Champion) and Stuart Ord, for magnificent performances both in the House sports and the School sports.

Our Tennis team was very strong but could not quite manage to win the competitions, finishing a close second. We were represented in the school team by Brian Hodgson and Greg Lane.

Our Baseball team was the undefeated champions. Congratulations to Warren Pole and David Chamberlain for a great year's Baseball. Our Volleyball, Golf and Squash teams also did very well during the year, managing to win more than they lost.

Although we won the Athletics Sports, our results in the Annual Cross Country Run were not so good, but to every one who took part from Noorook, we offer our thanks and can only say better luck next year.

As can be seen above, Noorook has been well up in all sporting activities throughout this year, and we would like to thank everyone in Noorook for the part they have played in our success. We would also like to thank Mr. Geary and Mr. Streiberger for the fine jobs they have done in organizing our sport throughout this year.

Noorook Juniors also had a successful year under Captain, Andrew Snowdon and Vice-Captain, Richard Correleski. Although they were not successful in winning any section of sport, they supplied the school teams with many representatives and prospects for Noorook in future years look good. One junior to rate a special mention is Les Mullins, who won at Olympic Park and also gained valuable points for Noorook in our Athletics Sports win. We would like to congratulate all the Juniors who represented Noorook this year in any field of sport, whether successfully or not.

NOOROOK GIRLS

Senior House Captain: Jillian Beattie.

Vice-Captain: Barbara Anderson.

Junior House Captain: Cheryl Prytula.

Vice-Captain: Wendy Mossop.

House Teachers: Mrs. Mentz, Miss Feuchtersleben
Sports Representative: S. Finger.

Throughout 1964, Noorook has worked well as a House in all activities. Noorook broke the long string of Woorkarrim wins by a well-earned victory in the Athletic Sports, held for the first time on our own school oval. Dianne Deuter won the U.16 Athletic championship and we were represented in the School Athletic Team by Helen Radok, Dianne Deuter, Jill Beattie, Johanne Van Wijngaarder, Elaine Smalley, Shirley Finger, Karen Bibby and Heather Rosel.

We congratulate Woorkarrim for gaining first place in the Swimming, but we came a worthy second. Johanna Van Wijngaarder won the U.15 championship.

House members included in the School Swimming Team were Wendy Mossop, Cheryl Prytula, Johanna Van Wijngaarder, J. Beattie.

In weekly House sports we did well, especially in Tennis, and Basketball. In Hockey and Softball, we suffered some defeats, but enjoyed equal success. Volleyball and Squash proved popular, even though we were overwhelmingly victorious.

Many of the girls who have represented Noorook in school sport include Barbara Anderson, Celia Cox, Helen Radok, Jill Beattie, Jennifer Dowling, Marilyn Lane, Melita Steuer, Elaine Smalley, Shirley Finger, Fiona Ogilvie, Carol Felton. Karen Bibby, Heather Rosel, Cheryl Prytula, Carol Dicker, Faye Mugleston, Annette Bosaid and Wendy Mossop.

KARALLA GIRLS

Although Karalla came third at both sports meetings, everyone displayed the spirit and enthusiasm needed to enjoy sport, even though we were not winning. Many thanks go to those rows of cheering girls who spurred some competitors on to victory, and gave the others encouragement.

We did, however, have our individual sports-girls who gained places in our school teams. In swimming, these were Lorraine Mitchell (diving), Lorraine Cavill, Gail Ross, Marion Mitchell and Gay Busby; other placegetters were Laurel Adams, Gail Gordon and Helen Ringrose. Congratulations to these swimmers, and congratulations go to all the other swimmers in our team, who put up such a good fight.

In the athletics, the winners were Jackie Bovell, Margaret Anderson, Christine Foley, Joy Smith and Laurel Adams; other place-getters were Faye Bearley, Gail Cooksley, Gay Busby, Mimi Corruthers, Christine Whittington, Lorraine Cavell and Jill Frame. Congratulations to all these girls, and again to the other competitors. I thank all the girls for their willingness to help and co-operate when we were making up the teams. Many ran or swam so Karalla could present a complete team.

I am sure that this year would not have gone as smoothly as it did without the unfailing assistance of our House Mistresses — Miss Bullen and Mrs. Rogers.

Gay Busby was the best Vice Captain one could wish for, and I could not have managed without her help, particularly at the Sports Meetings. Joy Smith, the House Sports representative, was also a keen worker who was always ready to assist. My special thanks go to

the Junior House which was led most capably by Mrs. Nilson and Mrs. Stevens, and Marion McRae was the House Captain—yes, we are sisters—and Margaret Proudly was Vice Captain. These two were most helpful in organizing the juniors. I consider it a great privilege to have led the House this year, and I have enjoyed every minute. I congratulate the other Houses and their House Captains on the sporting spirit they've displayed this year.

Finally I would like to wish next year's Karalla House Captain every success and I hope she enjoys her term of office as much as I have.

Louise McRae.

KARALLA BOYS

Senior House Captain: David Richards.

Vice Captain: Gordon Anderson.

Junior House Captain: Peter Swann.

Vice Captain: Steve Campbell

Once again, Karalla has completed a successful year's sport, beginning with the Inter-House Swimming at which we finished in third position. Although well beaten in the points tally, we were far from disgraced and some excellent performances were recorded. Richard Handerek, who won the U.14 Championship, and Robert Lewis, who was accorded the honour of School Swimming Captain, should both be congratulated.

On to the Inter-House Athletics, where we again notched third place. While we slipped back from second position, held in 1963, I feel that this year's performance was considerably better, mainly because of the House spirit and enthusiasm displayed by all members of the House. From a fine team effort, three outstanding achievements should be noted and congratulations from the House are extended to Peter Mourik and Steve Campbell who once again proved their athletic ability in gaining the U.17 and U.14 Championships respectively, and particularly Ken Slater who through sheer determination gained a place in four individual track and two team events in the one day, and in doing so was awarded the Open Championship. Ken also had the honour of being chosen as School Athletics Captain.

Our greatest success was our victory in the Inter-House Cross Country run, where both Senior and Junior boys won their respective aggregates, and with the help of the female members of Karalla, we secured the net overall result in a very close finish. Our win was due to participation by all House-members who were "persuaded" to do so by the House Masters. For the Seniors, Ken Slater, Clive Pavey and Glen Saines finished in the first ten.

The Cricket team again remained unbeaten in House games and our alleged dominance of this sport is illustrated by the fact that seven members — David Richards (V.C.), Gordon Anderson, John Pearson, Greg Hahn, Peter Thatcher, Ken Slater and Bruce Davidson — represented the School's First XI.

Three others — Ernie McArthur, Clive Pavey and Chris Thatcher were selected in the seconds.

The House Football Team, capably led by Greg Hahn, fought out many exciting struggles with the other Houses, culminating in a Premiership win against Noorook. A total of nine players regularly represented Karalla in the School First XVIII, captained by Greg Hahn, the other players were D. Richards, E. McArthur, G. Saines, K. and W. Slater, C. and P. Pavey and P. Thatcher.

Of the other sports, the Baseball Team, which finished second under the leadership of Tim Lewis, was the most successful, while Tennis, Squash, Volley-Ball and Golf were not lacking in keen participants.

From the Junior Section of Karalla, Captain Peter Swann tells of more successes with House victories in Football, Softball, Volley-Ball and the Cross-Country. Those who showed out in Inter-House and School competition included Steve Campbell, Neville Rourke, Bill Bovell and Peter Swann. In future years Karalla should benefit considerably from the ability and keenness shown by this year's juniors.

With the culmination of a very successful sporting year for Karalla, due credit and thanks must be given to the Senior and Junior House Masters, Mr. McDonald, Mr. Dunbar and Mr. Spencer, for their continuous efforts and enthusiastic support, without which the smooth functioning of the House could not have been possible. My sincere thanks are also extended to Gordon Anderson (Senior V.C.), the Junior Captain and V.C., and to all members of the House for their co-operation throughout the year.

Finally, on behalf of Karalla, I would like to thank Mr. Geary for the manner in which he has revitalised Inter-House competition and interest in such. He has done much this year to place both House and School sport in their correct perspective in the activities of R.H.S., and I trust that the standards thus established will be maintained throughout the years to come.

I hope that next year's captain will gain as have, and in closing, I wish Karalla continued success in years to come.

—DAVID RICHARDS.

WOORKARRIM GIRLS

Senior House Captain: Norma McCann.

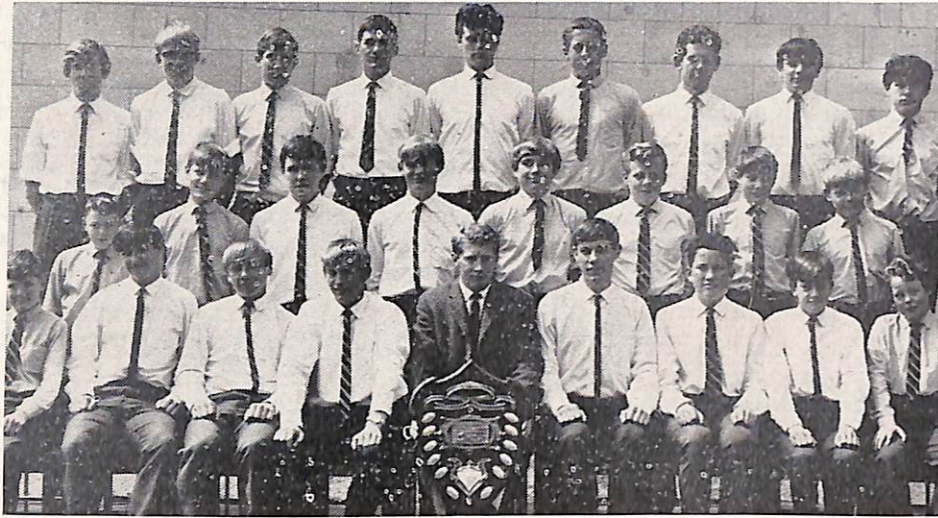
Senior Vice Captain: Wendy Rutledge.

Junior House Captain: Sandra White.

Junior Vice Captain: Marianne Serbinski.

Once again, Woorkarrim has distinguished itself in the field of sport.

Woorkarrim obtained first place in the swimming at the inter-house sports due to the wonderful display by our competing team. Not only were places gained in the majority of events, but several championships are held. The holders of these championships being Sharon McArdle, U.12; Bronwyn Ericson, U.13; Janet Shannon, U.14; and a brilliant effort by Catriona Shannon, who won the U.16 and Open. Credit



SWIMMING TEAM

must go to all those girls. Of course due respects are paid to the Woorkarrim boys for the part they played in securing the swimming cup.

Congratulations must go to Noorook who, after many years of trying, finally won the Athletics cup from us. However, Woorkarrim was by no means disgraced in being runners-up. Championships were also gained by our athletes; Christine Keillerup, U.13; Janet Shannon, U.15; Catriona Shannon, U.17, and Lynette Evans, Open. Other stars of the day included Wendy Rutledge, Bronwyn Grouse, Marianne Serbinski, but all members of the team, both boys and girls, must be commended for their fine efforts.

Besides doing well in the swimming and athletics, Woorkarrim has done remarkably well in other sports. The senior girls Hockey Team rarely lost a match and came out the final victors. We had four representatives in the school team, namely Joan Donovan (capt.), Lynette Evans, Wendy Rutledge and Norma McCann. Senior and Junior Basketball, combined, gave us a win in the Basketball. Again we had girls in the school team, these being Janet and Catriona Shannon and Eril McNamara.

Sandra White and Marianne Serbinski must be commended for the part they played in leading and encouraging the Junior House. Woorkarrim's future looks particularly bright as the Juniors have shown us the talent and enthusiasm they have, and I hope, will carry it on throughout their school years.

Special thanks must go to our popular Sports-mistress, Mrs. Barraha, who so willingly gave up her time and energy in arranging sport each week, and tackled the tedious job of working out the results.

The work Miss Bleakley and Mrs. Pump, our two House Mistresses, did in helping at each assembly throughout the year, was appreciated and many thanks are given.

My warmest thanks go to Wendy Rutledge, whose encouragement, help and support throughout the year was greatly appreciated.

Finally, I would like to wish Woorkarrim members the best of luck in the future and I am sure they will continue in their sporting way to come out on top throughout the life of the school.

NORMA McCANN.

WOORKARRIM BOYS

Senior Captain: David Baud
 Vice Captain: Doug Ryan
 Junior Captain: David Webb
 Vice Captain: Graeme Gration

Woorkarrim once again has continued its long run of successes with perhaps the failure to capture the Athletics crown, being the only break with tradition. Ambitions of completing an unbroken string of five successive victories in these sports were shattered by our spirited rivals, Noorook. But only temporarily, as next year should see a reversion once again to Woorkarrim dominance. Watch out Noorook!

Our brigade of budding athletic aspirants once again made their presence felt with Paul Dow, Robert Glover, Ian Howell, Jeff Moore, Roger Moye, Peter and David Quin and Roger Wickham notching many victories for us.

Gaining another victory at the swimming carnival brought our tally up to a formidable seven straight wins in a row. Through our natural

Y A K K I T Y H I

modesty, we must give some credit to the girls who we are afraid to admit, carried much of the weight. Main members of our contingent were John Fisher, Graeme Gration, Roger Moye, David Simpson and Wayne Sutton.

The annual school cross-country run did not enhance our claims to greatness by any considerable extent. The securing of third place, ahead of Noorook, was the one consolation, although we did have some notable individual performances. Our successful competitors were Paul Dow, Robert Glover and Jeff Moore.

Our Senior Tennis Team won the premiership, due mostly to the efforts of Paul Duizend, John Glover, Robert Bolton, Peter Dyer and David Baud.

Similarly, our squash players took the premiership with the personnel of Doug Ryan, Nick Bates, Robert McCall and Ray Patten.

Our Baseballers had difficulty in fielding a team, but it is said that quality is better than quantity, so it was left to Jacenti Garnecki, Robert Herron and Ian Arnott, to carry the brunt of the attack. Even with the shortage of manpower, these diehards still managed to scrape up several wins during the year.

Our Volley Ball followers were outspoken in their enthusiasm, but even with their fine ambitions, winnings scores, unfortunately, were few and far between. Most persistent were Jim McMillan, John Fisher and John Carpenter.

The Football Team consisted of few star players, with persistency the secret of success, but unhappily, there was only one success. Along with Woorooa, we shared the lowly rungs of the ladder, with a solitary win for the entire

season, but of course, we had to give the other Houses heart in some aspect of sport! John Stuchbery, Ken Newton, David Simpson and Ian Howell were members who qualified for the victorious school teams.

David Webb, junior captain, announces that the up-and-coming juniors enjoyed mixed success without any startling achievements — this indicates depth rather than specialization, so future prospects are rosy.

House spirit plays a major part in the year's progress, and it can be said with surety that the level in Woorkarrim is outstanding. This is, no doubt, due to persistence and interest on the part of our House Masters, Messrs. Krahnert, Harman (whom we wish every success in the future), Hudson, and latterly, Gannon (Junior House). Any conspirators intending to make "Home Runs" were discovered at assemblies by these shrewd administrators, and thus our attendance was always 100%.

Doug Ryan did a fine job as vice-captain, especially during the "Red Letter Days" of the sporting calendar — the Swimming and Athletic carnivals. Thanks must also go to our active sports master, Mr. Geary, who, in the space of a year, has lifted the standard and interest in sport at the school, five fold, and to all House Members whose co-operation and enthusiasm must be commended.

I sincerely hope that Woorkarrim maintains its reputation in the years to come, if not in statistics, I feel sure that it will do so in spirit and character.

DAVID BAUD.



SWIMMING TEAM

Y A K K I T Y H I



SENIOR BASKETBALL

The school was represented by two Senior Teams this year. The first VII were: Jill Beattie, Captain; Joy Smith, Vice Captain; Catriona Shannon, Janet Shannon, Lorel Adams, Barbara Austin, Glenda Pottenger. Glenda Bruce was originally in the Team, but unfortunately left us for other adventures.

We began the season by playing an exciting match at Upper Yarra, where Ringwood was narrowly defeated, 17-20. In our following match, Upwey were visitors at Ringwood where we won 28-14, and we defeated Healesville at Healesville 33-4. Our final match was played at home where we defeated Lilydale, 36-15. At the end of the season we were equal first with Upper Yarra and Upwey each twelve points, but unfortunately, we lost on percentage.

Our success was due to the enthusiasm and coaching given to us throughout the year by Mrs. Barrah. We cannot thank her enough for this.

JILLIAN BEATTIE (Capt.)

Smith who persisted tirelessly in supervision on Wednesdays, and who at regular intervals, craftily found "volunteers" to harvest the crop of weeds and drag the monstrous roller up and down the courts.

Several lunchtime clashes against the staff were organised, and we were surprised that the opposition's resistance was generally more than just a token. Their smartest move was to recruit "Dark Horses" from the ranks of student teachers whenever possible.

Regular members of the squad were: Paul Duzend, David Baud, Greg Lane, Brian Hodgson, Chris Gleeson and Doug Barrett.

DAVID BAUD.

GIRLS SENIOR TENNIS

This year, the Tennis Team consisted of Sue Kimberly, Marilyn Lane, Marilyn John, Jeanette MacLean, Trudy Bungey, Jill Oliver and Faye Bolton. As we only played two matches this year, the team did not have much practice together, but we did have plenty of fun.

In June, we played Upwey High, and were successful, scoring 48 to 14. However, in our second match we were not quite as fortunate, and lost by one game. In this match, our opponents were Lilydale High, and both matches were played at Ringwood High.

In addition the team played the ex-Students Association. Not all members played in this match, but those who participated, all voted the afternoon a success. All in all, it was a most enjoyable year, and we are sure that all members of this year's team wish the best of luck to the team for next year.

SCHOOL TENNIS TEAM, 1964

The Senior Boys have enjoyed an outstanding year — so much so that only the odd set was ever conceded during the course of inter-school competition. All matches in our division were won by overwhelming majorities and in our sole encounter with Box Hill we were unlucky in losing by only two games. The high standard attained, and the enthusiasm of our school tennis followers, is due largely to the efforts of Mr.



JUNIOR ATHLETICS

YAKKITY HI

ATHLETICS



HOUSE ATHLETICS BENEFIT BY COMMITTEE

Shortly before the Easter break, a group of eight Matriculation students was asked to assist Mr. Geary and Mrs. Barrah in the organization of the House Athletic sports.

This was aimed at giving the students involved the benefit of a little responsibility and more importantly, to free the two teachers to concentrate on matters requiring more specialist knowledge. The group's work under the guidance of the

sports teachers involved preliminary preparations for the sports day, organization of House trials and the organization and running of the field sports.

That the sports ran quite smoothly, and that all eight involved benefited greatly from the experience gained, would indicate that the practise should become standard procedure in the years to come.

Those involved were: Margaret Heron, Penny Manson, Joan Donovan, Celia Cox, Glen Saines, Graham Edney, Brian Hodgson, Robert Lewis.

YAKKITY HI

SENIOR FOOTBALL

District Premiers! A fact which will surprise all but the small select band concerned. A small word of thanks to Ken Slater for disciplinary measures taken at Healesville, and also to Barry Moore for providing Ken with the opportunity to do so. Thanks also to Mr. 'D', who made so many tactical blunders during the season, that never a game was lost. The small number of injuries suffered during the season can be traced to our sad lack of courage and inability to keep up with the game. Our critics have accused the team of being the scruffiest ever and one is inclined to agree on closer surveillance. A line-up of our players reads like a list of R.H.S.s outstanding idiots—Graeme (V.C.) Sinclair, Ernie and Tony all won so many kicks that they require new boots, the two sets of brothers proved irreplaceable. John 'Fullback' Stuchbery, John McGain, recruit from Fitzroy whose weight was

a big asset, Chris Prytula and Barry Moore showed that size has no relation to courage (or stupidity), the other backliners, Roger, Dinga and Toothless, all received their fair share of kicks and punches, Glen, Ray and John Castle, the two Russells and Ross provided valuable service to the team while the tall streaks, Brendon and Ken Newton did most of the high flying and general blundering. Special mention goes to Goal Umpire Crozier, who proved the exception to the rule, that the man in white is always right.

The year was not only successful, but fun, the games being played in good-natured bloody slaughter. The addition to school achievements is not only creditable, but to the team, a memorable one. I feel sure that every player enjoyed being associated with the scruffiest team ever, and with our most acclaimed coach, Mr. 'D'.

Capt. GREGAN E. HAHN,
Stenographer, W.A.R.



SENIOR TENNIS

BASEBALL



YAKKITY HI

academic results, 1963

MATRICULATION

Hubert Aders—Honours 1: Pure Maths., Calc. and Applied, Physics and Chemistry, Commonwealth Scholarship.
 Brian Bayley—Honours 2: Chemistry, Free Place (Medicine).
 John Castle—Pass in 5 subjects.
 Ian Clarkson—Pass in 3 subjects.
 Dennis Flentje—Honours 1: Calc. and Applied, Chemistry, Honours 2: Pure Maths. Physics, Commonwealth Scholarship.
 Robert Frankcom—Pass in 3 subjects.
 Erich Frank—Honours 2: Physics, Chemistry.
 Frederick Godfred—Pass in 5 subjects.
 Donald Howe—Pass in 4 subjects.
 Graham Irving—Pass in 3 subjects.
 Peter Kimberly—Honours 2: Pure Maths., Calc. and Applied, Chemistry, Commonwealth Scholarship.
 Peter Langford—Honours 2: Chemistry.
 Jonathan Pitt—Honours 1: Chemistry, Honours 2: Pure Maths., Calc. and Applied, Physics, Commonwealth Scholarship.
 Michael Potts—Honours 2: Physics, Commonwealth Scholarship.
 Raymond Smith—Honours 2: Chemistry, Commonwealth Scholarship.
 Philip Swann—Commonwealth Scholarship.
 Peter Thatcher—Pass in 3 subjects.
 Donald Williams—Honours 1: Chemistry.
 Ian Wilton: Pass in 3 subjects.
 Nigel Bennett—Pass in 3 subjects.
 Claire Bethune—Honours 2: Chemistry, Commonwealth Scholarship.
 Kerry Fulton—Pass in 5 subjects.
 Faye Hackett—Honours 1: Chemistry, Honours 2: Calc. and Applied, Commonwealth Scholarship.
 Margaret Hardingham: Pass in 4 subjects.
 Helen Miller—Honours 1: Calc. and Applied, Honours 2: Pure Maths., Physics, Chemistry.
 Geraldine Plymin—Commonwealth Scholarship.
 Meredith Stanley—Honours 2: Biology.
 Anne Whitfield—Pass in 4 subjects.
 Leigh Betteson—Honours 2: Art, Geography, Economics, Commonwealth Scholarship.
 Don Bolton—Honours 2: Economics.
 Geoff Cayzer—Honours 2: Geography.
 Peter Conlon—Honours 2: Geography, British History, Modern Hist., Economics, Commonwealth Scholarship.
 Ross Copeland—Honours 2: Geography.
 Ian Cruickshank—Honours 2: Geography, Modern Hist.
 Peter Ellson—Pass in 3 subjects.
 John Frankcom—Pass in 3 subjects.
 Arthur Reiger*—Honours 1: Geography, Honours 2: Modern History.
 John Spencer—Honours 2: Art.

Lindsay Thomas—Pass in 3 subjects.
 Ron Woolley—Honours 2: Biology, Geography.
 Lois Barker—Honours 2: Art, Commonwealth Scholarship.
 Irene Bullock—Honours 2: Economics.
 Kerry Clarke—Honours 2: English Lit., Commonwealth Scholarship.
 Julie Collyer—Honours 1: Geography, Honours 2: Biology, Art.
 Lana Dyer—Pass in 4 subjects.
 Patricia Eddy—Honours 2: English Lit., British Hist., Commonwealth Scholarship.
 Anita Hill—Honours 2: English Lit., Commonwealth Scholarship.
 Inta Jarnzemis—Honours 1: Art.
 Susan Moulder—Honours 1: English Lit., Commonwealth Scholarship.
 Gwenyth Napier—Honours 2: English Lit., French, Commonwealth Scholarship.
 Ingrid Ward—Honours 2: Biology.
 Brigitte Warner—Honours 1: German, Commonwealth Scholarship.
 Jillian Watkins—Honours 2: English Lit.
 Karen White—Honours 2: English Lit., Geography, French, Modern Hist., Commonwealth Scholarship.
 Cheryl Whitehead—Pass in 3 subjects.
 Brenda Legg—Pass in 4 subjects.

LEAVING

Seven Subjects

Chris Bate
 Louise McRae
 Gavin Fry

Six Subjects

Gordon Anderson
 Ian Arnott
 Geoff Bock
 Michael Bond
 Alan Burlock
 Ron Camp
 Ray Carrington
 Jacenty Czarnecki
 Paul Duizend
 Graham Edney
 John Fisher
 Pat Fulton
 John Glover
 Brian Hodgson
 Ross Horman
 Peter Mourik
 Richard Olsen
 Glen Saines

John Shaw
 Harry Van Bodegraven
 Reinoud Bos
 Sylvia Cox
 Joan Donavan
 Susan Mount
 David Johnson
 Tim Lewis
 Ernest McArthur
 John Quinn
 Doug Ryan
 Graeme Sinclair
 Margaret Herron
 Norma McCann
 Anne McLean
 Eril McNamara
 Glenda Penny
 Anne Ritman
 Wendy Rutledge
 Robyn Smith
 Gwenda Tennant
 Norma White
 Penelope Manson
 David Baud
 John Beattie
 Ron Butler

William Cole
Henry Glagolew
Cliff Goodwin
Alan Gray
Tom Guest
David Hall
Barbara Anderson
Glenys Bolton
Gay Busby

Noreen Cavill
Wendy Cobcroft
Patricia Cox
Lynette Evans
Melva Finger
Janice Fraser
Suzanne Hardingham
Pamela Haygarth

Five Subjects

Lynette Jenkins
Dianne MacDonald
Anne Vowles
Wendy Williams
Colin Causan
Michael Crowley
Gary Crozier
Robert Lewis
Merryll Evans

Peter Heddles
Gerald Ploeg
Andrea Mott
Beryl Shearer
Barry Moore
Tim Noy
Geoff Peacock
Ken Slater
Barry Wild

Four Subjects

John Pearson
Gary Shek
John Stuchberry
Chris Campbell-Hicks
Deidre Flynn
John Forbes
David Holmes
Greg Lane
Alick McDonald*
Chris Thatcher
Maria Jalowicki

Linley Leech*
Suzanne Rose
Margaret Simpson*
Rod Briggs
David Clark*
Lindsay Enderby
Chris Healey
Jennifer Anderson
Margaret Bowring
Alexia Fraser

INTERMEDIATE

Ten Subjects

Faye Bolton
Carole Bryan
Judy Chapman
Dawn Hambly
Marion Hitchen
Christina Jackson
Catriona Shannon
Peter Bate
Neil Clutterbuck
Leigh Copeland
John Stanley
Carol Felton
Helen Radok
Helen Ringrose
Kaye Rutherford
Irene Serbinski
Keitha Smith
Cheryl Steele
Margaret Washusen
Nicholas Bates

David Blore
Ian Enting
Robert Finley
Robert Herron
David Hulme
Bruce Lavender
Kelvin Legg
Roger Vass
Roger Wickham
Dianne Mugleston
Glenda Phillips
William Anderson
Paul Dow
Colin Kirkpatrick
Richard Schurmann
Noel Williams
Jillian Astle
Liz Diedrich
Glenys Mossip
Glenda Sullivan

Nine Subjects

Judy Evans
Lorraine McCubbin
Douglas Barrett
Tom Hackett
Tony Hancy
Ross Hoskin
Ian Howell
Winston McHarg
Robert Evans
Bruce Faull
Lorraine Cavill
Wendy Perkins
Biruta Strods
Kaye Swan

Lynette Welch
Karen Whitehouse
Chris Bronner
Peter Lewis
James McMillan
Alan Pearce
Lois Burns
Joan Eastaugh
Julia Harmon
Leonie Trotman
Helen Bertram
Jean McIvor
Patricia Pearce

Eight Subjects

Helen Alexander
Dorothy Hogarth
Paulette Hulbert
Roslyn Moore
Melitta Steur
David Wigley
Alan Cox
John Monk
Ron Stevens
Jane Popham
David Kane
Ian Pearce

Max Roberts
Bill Slater
Rosemary Hatley
Christine McDonald
Ray Prouse
Jill Bullock
Shirley Finger
Bridgette Geilser
Elaine Smalley
Heather Beslee
Pamela Dennis
Shirley Finger

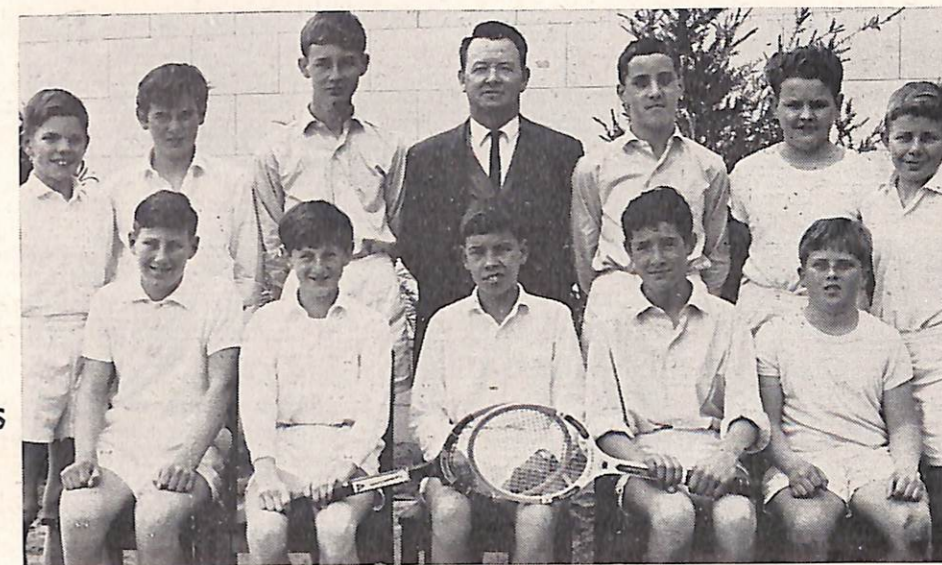
Seven Subjects

Fiona Ogilvie
George Kubiak
Robert Cannan
Peter Marsh
Robert McCall
Kenneth Newton
Warren Pole
Pamela Brilliant
Wendy Connelly
Judy Stratford
Barbara Frankum
Mary George
Heather Ritch
Gloria Robinson
Margery Lawton
Jill Oliver

Judy Stewart
Alister Roberts
Lawrence Smith
Narelle Norris
Tim Glover
Ray Patten
Bruce Davidson
Wayne Little
Douglas Macauley
Zbigniew Oleszek
Janette McLean
Barbara Orechowski
Ineke Hartman
Ruth King
Jeanette Wade
Robin Williams

SCHOLARSHIP AWARDS, 1963

J. W. Mansor Scholarship
Janet Prictor
Ex-Students Scholarship
Greig Horman, Cheryl Prytula
Advisory Council Scholarship
Linda Boardman
Victor Greenham Scholarship
David McArthur



JUNIOR TENNIS

athletics—inter-house

- High Jump, girls U.13: N. Frankum (Worooa).
- Long Jump, girls U.13: C. Kiellerup (Woor-karrim).
- High Jump, girls U.14: S. Fairly (Worooa).
- Long Jump, girls U.14: M. Serbinski (Woor-karrim).
- High Jump, boys U.13: L. Mullins (Noorook).
- Long Jump, boys U.13: M. Dumbell (Noorook).
- High Jump, boys U.14: S. Campbell (Karalla).
- Long Jump, boys U.14: S. Campbell (Karalla).
- Shot Putt, boys U.14: P. Bullock (Noorook).
- Shot Putt, boys U.16: (equal 1st), D. Miletic (Worooa), R. Herron (Woor-karrim).
- Javelin, boys U.17: N. Williams (Worooa).
- Discus, boys U.17: P. Mourik (Karalla).
- Long Jump, boys U.15: B. Rosel (Noorook).
- Javelin, boys U.16: D. Marsh (Worooa).
- Long Jump, girls U.16: B. Austin (Worooa).
- High Jump, girls U.16: D. Deuter (Noorook).
- Long Jump, boys U.16: D. Miletic (Worooa).
- High Jump, girls Open: L. Evans (Woor-karrim).
- Discus, girls U.16: M. Anderson (Karalla).
- Hop-Step-Jump, boys Open: J. Shaw (Noorook).
- High Jump, boys Open: G. Hahn (Karalla).
- High Jump, boys U.17: P. Mourik (Karalla).
- Hop-Step-Jump, boys U.17: P. Mourik (Karalla).
- Long Jump, boys Open: J. Shaw (Noorook).
- Long Jump, girls Open: L. Evans (Woor-karrim).
- High Jump, boys U.15: R. Glover (Woor-karrim).
- Discus, boys U.16: G. Rechnitzen (Woor-karrim).
- H.S.J., boys U.15: R. Glover (Woor-karrim).
- H.S.J., boys U.16: D. Miletic (Worooa).
- High Jump, girls U.15: B. Growse (Woor-karrim).
- Long Jump, boys U.17: P. Mourik (Karalla).
- Shot Putt, boys U.17: P. Mourik (Karalla).
- Shot Putt, girls U.16: S. White (Woor-karrim).
- High Jump, boys U.16: J. Boyce (Karalla).
- Long Jump, girls U.15: B. Growse (Woor-karrim).
- Javelin, girls U.16: L. Knox (Worooa).
- Mile, boys U.16: R. Ord (Noorook).
- Discus, boys Open: K. Slater (Karalla).
- Shot Putt, girls Open: B. Shearer (Worooa).
- 440 yds, boys Open: (equal 1st) J. Shaw (Noorook), K. Slater (Karalla).
- 440 yds., boys U.17: J. Stanley (Worooa).
- 75 yds., girls U.14: S. Fairley (Worooa).
- 75 yds., girls U.16: D. Deuter (Noorook).
- Javelin, boys Open: G. Anderson (Karalla).
- Discus, girls Open: W. Rutledge (Woor-karrim).
- 75 yds., girls U.15: L. Morrell (Worooa).
- 75 yds., girls U.14: K. Kiellerup (Woor-karrim).
- 75 yds, boys U.13: L. Mullens (Noorook).
- 100 yds., girls U.17: C. Shannon (Woor-karrim).
- 100 yds., boys U.17: B. Davidson (Karalla).
- 100 yds., boys U.14: N. Rourke (Karalla).
- 100 yds., girls U.13: K. Bibby (Noorook).
- 100 yds., boys U.13: L. Mullens (Noorook).
- 100 yds., girls Open: L. Evans (Woor-karrim).
- 100 yds., boys Open: J. McGain (Noorook).
- 100 yds., girls U.16: D. Deuter (Noorook).
- Javelin, girls Open: B. Frankum (Worooa).
- Shot Putt, boys Open: J. McGain (Noorook).

59. 100 yds., boys U.16: R. Sinclair (Noorook).
60. 100 yds., boys U.15: J. Moore (Woorkarrim).
61. 100 yds., girls U.15: L. Morrell (Worooa).
62. 100 yds., girls U.14: S. Fairley (Worooa).
63. 880 yds., boys Open: K. Slater (Karalla).
64. 75 yds., girls U.17: C. Shannon (Woorkarrim).
65. 75 yds., girls Open: L. Evans (Woorkarrim).
66. 220 yds., boys U.16: R. Sinclair (Noorook).
67. 220 yds., girls Open: L. Evans (Woorkarrim).
68. 220 yds., boys Open: G. Hahn (Karalla).
69. 220 yds., boys U.14: S. Campbell (Karalla).
70. 220 yds., boys U.17: R. Moye (Woorkarrim).
71. 220 yds., girls U.17: C. Shannon (Woorkarrim).
72. 220 yds., boys U.15: P. Ennis (Worooa).
73. Mile Medley Relay: Karalla.
74. Relay, girls U.14: Worooa.
75. Relay, girls U.16: Noorook.
76. Relay, girls U.15: Worooa.
77. Relay, girls U.13: Karalla.
78. Relay, girls U.17: Woorkarrim.
79. Relay, boys Open: Noorook.
80. Relay, boys U.14: Karalla.
81. Relay, boys U.17: Karalla.
82. Relay, boys U.16: Worooa.
83. Relay, boys U.15: Worooa.

84. Relay, boys U.13: Noorook.
85. Relay, girls Open: Woorkarrim.
86. Mile, boys U.17: J. Stanley (Worooa).
87. Mile, boys Open: K. Slater (Karalla).

CHAMPIONSHIPS

Girls:

- U.13: C. Keillerup (Noorook).
- U.14: S. Fairley (Worooa).
- U.15: J. Shannon (Woorkarrim).
- U.16: D. Deuter (Noorook).
- U.17: C. Shannon (Woorkarrim).
- Open: L. Evans (Woorkarrim).

Boys:

- U.13: L. Mullins (Noorook).
- U.14: S. Campbell (Karalla).
- U.15: J. Moore (Woorkarrim).
- U.16: D. Miletic (Worooa).
- U.17: P. Mourik (Karalla).
- Open: K. Slater (Karalla).

FINAL RESULTS

- Noorook 288
- Woorkarrim 267½
- Karalla 261½
- Worooa 238

swimming—inter-house

DIVING:

- Girls, U.14: L. Mitchell (Karalla).
- Boys, U.14: Gadsden (Woorkarrim).
- Girls, Open: B. Frankum (Worooa).
- Boys, Open: P. Marsh (Woorkarrim).
- 1. Freestyle, boys U.12: W. Sutton (Woorkarrim).
- 2. Freestyle, girls U.12: S. McArdle (Woorkarrim).
- 3. Freestyle, boys U.13: P. Brown (Worooa).

4. Freestyle, girls U.13: W. Mossop (Noorook).
5. Freestyle, boys, Open 110 yds.: C. Prytula (Noorook).
6. Freestyle, girls, Open 110 yds.: J. Shannon (Woorkarrim).
7. Freestyle, boys U.14: W. Bovell (Karalla).
8. Freestyle, girls U.14: J. Shannon (Woorkarrim).



HOCKEY—JUNIORS



BASKETBALL

1ST FORM

9. Freestyle, boys U.15: R. Ord (Noorook).
10. Freestyle, girls U.15: J. Van Wijngaarten (Noorook).
11. Freestyle, boys U.16: R. Moye (Woorkarrim).
12. Freestyle, girls U.16: C. Shannon (Woorkarrim).
13. Freestyle, boys, Open 220 yds.: C. Prytula (Noorook).
14. Freestyle, girls, Open 220 yds.: C. Shannon (Woorkarrim).
15. Breaststroke, boys U.13: S. Ord (Noorook).
16. Breaststroke, girls U.13: N. Frankum (Worooa).
17. Breaststroke, boys U.14: E. Czarnecki (Woorkarrim).
18. Breaststroke, girls U.14: J. Shannon (Woorkarrim).
19. Breaststroke, boys U.15: R. Ord (Noorook).
20. Breaststroke, girls U.15: J. Van Wijngaarten (Noorook).
21. Breaststroke, boys U.16: C. Prytula (Noorook).
22. Breaststroke, girls U.16: C. Shannon (Woorkarrim).
23. Breaststroke, boys Open: R. Lewis (Karalla).
24. Breaststroke, girls Open: C. Shannon (Woorkarrim).
25. Relay, boys U.14: Woorkarrim.
26. Relay, girls U.14: Woorkarrim.
27. Butterfly, boys U.16: R. Moye (Woorkarrim).
28. Butterfly, girls U.16: J. Van Wijngaarten (Noorook).
29. Relay, mixed U.12: Woorkarrim.
30. Butterfly, boys open: R. Ord (Noorook).
31. Butterfly, girls open: C. Shannon (Woorkarrim).
32. Backstroke, boys U.12: W. Sutton (Woorkarrim).
33. Backstroke, girls U.12: G. Ross (Karalla).
34. Backstroke, boys U.13: P. Brown (Worooa).
35. Backstroke, girls U.13: B. Erickson (Woorkarrim).
36. Backstroke, boys U.15: R. Ord (Noorook).
37. Backstroke, girls U.15: B. Snowdon (Worooa).
38. Backstroke, boys U.14: R. Handerek (Karalla).
39. Backstroke, girls U.14: J. Shannon (Woorkarrim).
40. Backstroke, boys U.16: R. Moye (Woorkarrim).
41. Backstroke, girls U.16: J. McLeod (Noorook).
42. Backstroke, boys Open: R. Moye (Woorkarrim).
43. Backstroke, girls Open: C. Busby (Karalla).
44. Relay, boys U.13: Noorook.
45. Relay, girls U.13: Karalla.
46. Relay, boys U.15: Noorook.
47. Relay, boys Open: Worooa.
48. Relay, girls U.15: Noorook.
49. Relay, girls Open: Woorkarrim.
50. Relay, boys U.16: Woorkarrim.
51. Relay, girls U.16: Noorook.
52. Relay, mixed Open: Worooa.
53. Relay, boys U.12: Woorkarrim.
54. Relay, girls U.12: Karalla.
55. Relay, mixed U.14: Woorkarrim.
56. Freestyle, boys, Open 440 yds.: C. Prytula (Noorook).
57. Freestyle, boys, U.16 220 yds.: R. Moye (Woorkarrim).

CHAMPIONSHIPS

Girls:

- U.12: S. McArdle (Woorkarrim).
- U.13: B. Erickson (Woorkarrim).
- U.14: J. Shannon (Woorkarrim).
- U.15: J. Van Wijngaarten (Noorook).
- U.16: C. Shannon (Woorkarrim).
- Open: C. Shannon (Woorkarrim).

Boys:

- U.12: W. Sutton (Woorkarrim).
- U.13: S. Ord (Noorook).
- U.14: R. Handerek (Karalla).
- U.15: R. Ord (Noorook).
- U.16: R. Meye (Woorkarrim).
- Open: C. Prytula (Noorook).

FINAL RESULTS

Woorkarrim 266. Noorook 223. Karalla 140. Worooa 125.

GYMNASIUM—ASSEMBLY HALL

2 · NEW · TENNIS
COURTS

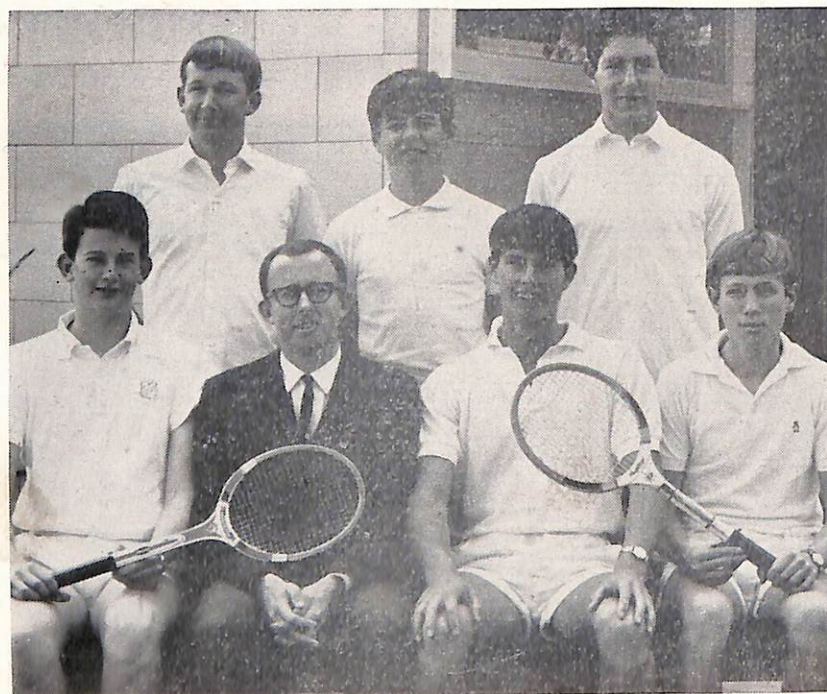
BEDFORD:RD.
ENTRY



VIEW FROM MAIN OVAL



FOOTBALL—JUNIORS



SENIOR TENNIS



**BASKETBALL
2ND FORM**

Autographs

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