

1965



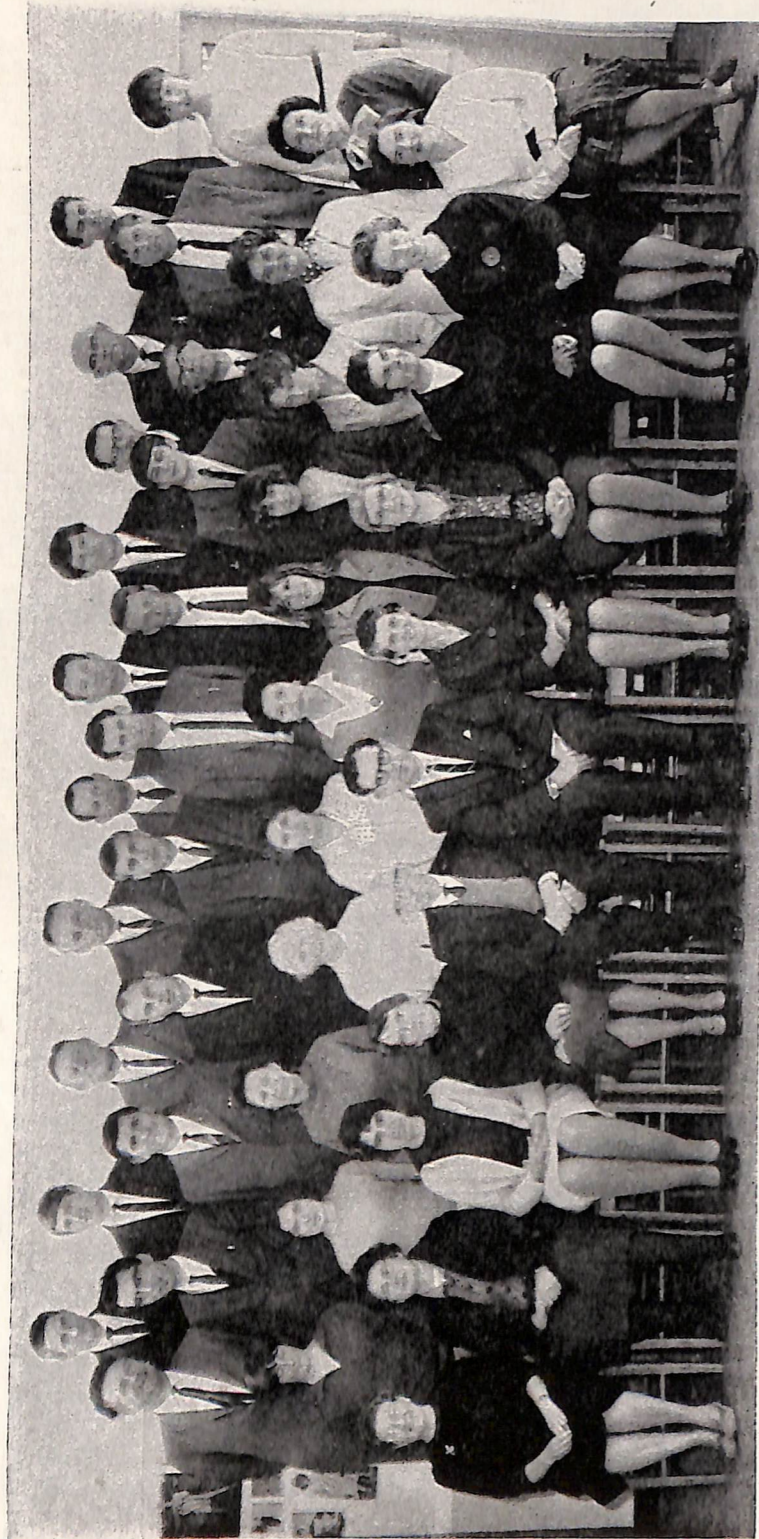
THE HEADMASTER HAS A WORD . . .

The end of the school year sees many of our students leaving to embark on careers in the outside world. They leave with the best wishes of the school for every success in the future.

Success in any walk of life does not come easily and is not achieved without sacrifice and our best students have been prepared to make sacrifices on many counts.

The path to academic qualifications is long and tedious but the rewards are well worth every effort. Today the demand for trained and well qualified workers is greater than ever before and each person should endeavour for his own and for his country's future to complete his preparation for life to the best of his ability.

R. T. Hodge



STAFF IDENTIFICATION

FRONT ROW

L to R: Mrs. Mentz, Miss Bullen, Mrs. Rogers, Miss Tannock, Mr. Cardiff, Mr. Hodge, Miss Jewell, Miss Bleakley, Mrs. Baud Mrs. Beecham, Mrs. Page.

SECOND ROW

L to R: Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Retz, Mrs. Reiger, Mrs. Ablett, Mrs. Edney, Mrs. Feuchtersleben, Mrs. Smith, Miss Cox, Miss Byrnes, Mrs. Skinner, Mrs. Nilsen.

THIRD ROW

L to R: Mr. Stolk, Mr. Van Dongen, Mr. Streiberger, Mr. Browning, Mr. Ingwersen, Mr. McGregor, Mr. Beer, Mr. Kossatz, Mr. Hudson, Mr. Dunbar, Miss Richardson.

FOURTH ROW

L to R: Mr. Spencer, Mr. Venn, Mr. Reidel, Mr. McDonald, Mr. Aitcherson, Mr. Gannan, Mr. Board, Mr. Fisher, Mr. Robb, Mr. Hill.

STAFF

Headmaster: Mr. R. T. Hodge. B.A., B.Ed.

Senior Master: Mr. J. K. Cardiff, B.A.

Senior Mistress: Mrs. D. E. Jewell, B.A., Dip.Ed.

Mr. L. Ingwersen, B.A.(Hons.), Dip.Ed.

Mr. I. J. Tyler, B.A., B.Ed.

Mr. F. M. McDonald, B.A., Dip.Ed.

Mr. S. L. Woodbury, D.T.P.C., D.T.S.C., T.T.C.
(Man. Arts), Dip.Art(R.M.I.T.).

Dr. N. W. Saffin, Ph.D., M.A., Dip.Comm.

Mr. G. A. Dunbar, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.

Mr. H. G. Stolk, B.A., Dip.Ed.

Mr. K. F. Reidel, I.P.T.C.(Adelaide).

Mr. W. R. Hill, B.Comm., Dip.Ed.

Mr. R. Browning, A.C.T.T. Uni. Subs.

Mr. L. R. Spencer, W.W.T.C.

Mr. C. O. Fisher, B.A.(Dunelm), Dip.Ed.

Mr. A. J. Gannan, B.A., A.C.T.T.

Mr. E. A. Beer, T.S.T.C.

Mr. C. A. Board, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.

Mr. L. G. Kossatz, Dip.Art, T.S.T.C.

Mr. I. P. McGregor, B.A., Dip.Ed.

Mr. A. M. Rice, I.P.T.C.

Mr. I. A. Atchison.

Mr. T. Horman, 3rd Year Eng.

Mr. H. E. Hudson, Nat. Art Gallery.

Mr. W. M. Robb, Reg'd Teacher.

Mr. F. C. Streiberger, T.T.C.(Germany),
Phys.Ed.Inst.

Mr. R. Van Donger, T.C.(The Hague).

Mr. D. R. Venn, Dip.Agric.

Miss J. Tannock, B.Sc., A.T.T.I.

Miss M. G. Bleakley, T.T.C., D.T.S.C.

Miss M. Bullen, B.A., Dip.Ed.

Mrs. M. Rogers, M.A., B.A.(Hons. Leeds).

Mrs. N. Dunn, T.S.T.C.

Mrs. S. Barrah, B.A., Dip.Ed.

Miss N. M. Cox, B.A., Dip.Ed.

Mrs. J. E. Mentz, B.A., A.C.T.T.

Mrs. G. J. Baud, Dip.N'craft, T.T.C.

Mrs. J. M. Jambon, T.P.T.C.

Mrs. K. A. Smith, T.S.T.C., Art/Craft.

Mrs. Y. Davis, Dip.Phys.Ed., T.S.T.C.

Mrs. O. Ablett, Mod.Maths., Uni. Course.

Mrs. J. Beecham, T.I.T.C.

Mrs. K. Feuchtersleben, Dip.Mus.

Mrs. L. Nilsen, Med.Sci.(Germany).

Mrs. M. Page, T.P.T.C.

Mrs. J. R. Pump, Dip.Food/Cookery.

Miss J. Richardson, Art Cert.

Mrs. A. M. Reiger, Dip. Typ., S'hand, B'keeping.

Mrs. R. Skinner, A Grade Sport.

Miss J. Byrne.

magazine committee

Linda Spencer, Susan Proud, Valerie Shanahan, David Lynch, Geof Hill,
Robert McCallum, Mark Matcott.

Editor: Mr. H. E. Hudson.

office staff

Mrs. L. B. Davidson, Mrs. J. G. Edney.

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EDITORIAL

TO RIGHT A WRONG . . .

Australians are generally in the right mood to give the kind of support 'their' Aborigines are seeking. A substantial yearly donation, not a charitable handout, which may be used to achieve political freedom and correct many of the injustices our Aborigines have had to suffer, is the ideal help needed.

Ringwood High is a school of healthy young Australians, mentally, socially and economically, and yet with all these attributes we have a very selfish attitude when making these same opportunities available to our fellow Australians—the Aborigines. For some reason we seem to feel that to donate two cents each week to the Freedom From Hunger Campaign is the beginning and end of our weekly good deed. I'm not condemning this Appeal, for it is helping the starving, and often down-trodden people of the world, to gain confidence in their newly won security. But Ringwood High's trouble, like the rest of Australia, is that we are trying to cope with International problems without first rectifying those within our own backyard.

Money is not the only means of aid. We must re-educate ourselves to the cause of the Aborigine by reading, and taking a greater interest in them, not by trying to hush them up and hide them away in the squalor of a rundown, primitive 'settlement'. We must learn to tolerate the backwardness of many Aborigines and remember that it was *our* selfishness which brought about this state of affairs.

As a nation we are unwilling to integrate the only true Australians into our 'civilised' society. We place the Aborigine in an inferior position, because of our egotistical self-indulgence.

After all, if we are prepared to squander thousands of dollars a year in an attempt to educate our white Australians, who often have little or no incentive to learn anyway, why not fork out a little to educate *our* native Australians?

Social Service activities must be directed towards providing scholarships, uniforms, books,

housing, fares, living allowances and fees for the Aborigine. And in the meantime we should try to discover what it is within us which causes us to ill-treat the Aborigines by disregarding them. As educated men and women, do we honestly think that the Aborigine is a peasant or moron?

For generation upon black generation the Australian native has trained both his body and mind to be alert to danger, pain, love, nature, life and survival, and has a past to be proud of—a 'fair dinkum Aussie' in every sense—and yet we want to disown him for the pigmentation of his skin. Colour is only a minor part of humanity's makeup, so let's try to show that we are at least human and present the Aborigine with the same opportunities as we offer ourselves. After all, as a freedom-loving Democracy we are appalled when we hear of America's racial injustices, and yet as soon as the situation is compared to our Aborigines, we shove it aside into the dim recesses of our mind, "convincing" ourselves that we never show intolerance or cruelty towards our black brothers.

Wake up Australia! Remember, we are only white, and have little else to be proud of but our whiteness.

The Aborigine shares a common bond by virtue of his skin colour but the only bond, which we appear to share, is the yoke of our selfishness, which has echoed and continues to echo through the archives of time.

Let's throw off the yoke of our pride in an effort to emancipate the Aborigine through education and social integration. Give him his equality, his mind, his Lake Tyers Settlements, and a chance.

Finally I ask you—would you, pupils of Ringwood High School and future Parents of Australia, tolerate your native name persistently and arrogantly being written in small letters . . . as do the 'aborigines'?

Indignant SUE PROUD, 5B.

MAGAZINES

"Why a School Magazine?" Why, indeed! This is a question often asked, and repeated, over the years, particularly when payment is involved.

In some schools a magazine is produced more than once during the year, which of course involves a number of people in a considerable amount of work—all the time. While this is an excellent thing for the school and its inhabitants, it is hardly possible in a school such as Ringwood. Firstly, there is the cost. Secondly, lack of personnel editorially and a lack of interest in the purpose of the publication.

It could be said that the Parents' and Citizens' Association manages to produce News each month, which is true enough. But in this instance willing Mums and Dads do the work of production, whilst various people are responsible for the contents. Another reason this publication continues to bloom is due to the generous help given by various business people in the community.

The most important purpose of a School Magazine is twofold—as an historical document, and a vehicle by which students are encouraged to express themselves in prose, poetry, argument, fun, art or record their interests in hobbies, organized or otherwise.

Over the years, it has been found that when a school wishes to acknowledge or celebrate its existence in time, the magazine is the one document which proves invaluable to organizers in recalling past years.

During the brief life of Ringwood High, much has been recorded which would otherwise be lost forever. One looks with pride at the progress of past students in their chosen careers and recalls that many of them first gave vent to their thoughts, contentious or otherwise, in the pages of their school magazine. Only recently the writer was given a copy of this year's magazine from Warrandyte Primary School, in which group photographs recalled old residents of eighty years ago!

We, at Ringwood High, have been praised for our production from many sources, including the Secondary Schools Inspectors, which gives us heart to continue. But without a continued pride in the School, the work being done, and a sense of history-in-the-making, Our Magazine would wither and die.

So, for the future, let "Yakkity" grow in stature both historically and culturally—thus fulfilling our motto—"Culture and Service".

H. E. HUDSON.



DESIGN . . .

Erica Sefers, 2D.

prefects



FRONT ROW, L to R: G. Rechnitzer, Henriette Mueller, B. Carrington, J. Beattie, P. Lewis, H. Fairley.

SECOND ROW, L to R: M. John, C. Gleeson, C. Shannon, J. Fairley, S. Kimberley, R. Carruthers.

THIRD ROW, L to R: M. Lloyd, N. Miller, L. Adams, R. Herron, S. Hateley.

FOURTH ROW, L to R: S. Dear, R. Hall, R. Ord, M. MacDonald.

prefectesses . . .

Prefect, Likes, Dislikes, Favourite Pastime; Favourite Saying; Favourite Food; Aim; Probable Fate.

Jo Beattie; some tall Americans; running home to turn the stove off; leaving the stove on; "on behalf of . . .!"; boiled eggs; to travel (preferably to America); swaggie.

Lorel Adams; Colette—her bed companion; learning French verbs, nouns, grammar, etc.; getting a natural sun tan unnaturally; huh?; diet slim with honey; flirting with young in ternes; French teacher.

Sally Dear; purple hair, red sports cars, culottes; mink stoles (she's jealous!); scrounging money and collecting eggs; sort of . . . you know . . . um . . . check-em-quicks; probation officer and sociable worker; behind bars!

Heather Fairley; kilts, bagpipes, haggis; small writing; crashing into Kimberley's gate posts (she didn't see!); I can't see the board squint!; everything; to control monsters (grade 6 size); being a monster (what size?).

Henriette Mueller; laughing at "Toby"; parlez-en francais; I'm not Fred!; apples (2 a day); to learn to speak Japanese, Russian, Afghanistan, etc.; humour (less) calculus teacher (ho! hum!).

Marcia Lloyd; boys (what more do you want!); her green blazer, athletics training, white socks; watching Peyton Place (for lessons?!); giggle . . . giggle . . .; meat; to marry a rich doctor; marrying an agricultural scientist.

Merryle MacDonald; top lockers (she's never had one!); Norook "twits"; avoiding excursions;

oh bother; stuffed monkeys; to grow tall; to stay 5'1".

Sue Kimberley; mysterious telephone calls; being on time; teaching sixth form boys ballet; oh hel-p!; calorie-free bananas and cream; to come on time for Miss Jewell; late class.

Shurlee Hateley; girls who bring locker keys; imperfections; studying; I'm go anna fail! free food; first pianist in the Sydney Opera House; no future—too dumb!

prefects . . .

Prefect; Likes; Dislikes; Favourite Pastime; Favourite Saying; Theme Songs; Aim; Probable Fate.

Barry Carrington; Fritz always to be immaculately dressed; fat physics teachers; karate; how about a kiss?; Marie the dawn is breaking; nuclear physicist; radio-active dust.

Ross Ord; electric blankets; power strikes; eating; sleep wonderfully warm with "Linda"; I feel pretty; fly boy in R.A.A.F.; flying kites.

Chris Gleeson; Tintern; Dorry doing a "Dack"; imitating General MacArthur; don't ya wish you had lips like mine; everybody's heard about that bird; chemist; Viet Cong.

Russell Hall; birds and maidens; ducks; playing marbles and billiards; I was just going to say "Beauty Goldie"; it's been a hard day's night; engineer; cricket ball.

Robert Carruthers; drag races up Bedford Road; 6 cylinder cars; trying to get car started; ". . . of course the handbrake's off"; king

Marilyn John; Chadstone salesman; house assemblies; going to Chadstone; there goes Auntie Nade & Hi Eve; pickled onions!; to head a revolutionary coup in R.H.S.!; five years Matric!

Catriona (Tiggie) Shannon; Texans; missing out on a green blazer; writing lo-ong letters; uhuh . . . they nearly died; pizza and Coke; to be rematerialized as an "Aussie"; to be deported?

"off" the road; taxidermist; lead driver for A. E. Kinman.

Robert Herron; I thought everybody knew; censored; censored; censored; one day my prince will come; personnel officer; assistant to the assistant garbage collector.

Niel Miller; tops on the go-go scene; funnier jokes than his own; being a bum!; when are we going to Winlayton again?; the biggest and the best in Africa; world famous engineer; beachcomber.

George Rechnitzer; starting riots and fights; civilians; judo; I'm really not a sharpie!; el silencio; top class engineer; top class engineer.

James Fairley; hunting at Warrandyte; work; parking on the Warrandyte Road; Dad, can I have the car?; I just want to make love to you; champion rugby player; Aussie Rules orange-boy.

Peter Lewis; go-go girls; no-no girls; Tracey's Speedway; !?X—!—X?!; they're coming to take me away; to eventually get out of Matric.; taxi-driver.

THE FISHING CONTEST

- The boys were lined up on the pier, Lines and bait in hand with the gear. Spectators were watching the boys nearby, Giving encouragement; making them try.
- One boy stepped up, his line to throw Into the water for his first go. The next stepped up, then a third boy came, Each of them trying to win some fame.
- A fish came up on the second boy's line, Weighing approximately three pounds nine. His score went up from nought to four, So he threw out his line to catch some more.
- The contest was ending; only minutes to go, Each boy drew his line for the very last throw. Four boys had caught fish, two had missed out; Two of the fish were haddock, three were trout.
- The prize was presented to the boy who had won, For catching two fish instead of just one. He was happy indeed as he received his prize, You could tell it was so by the gleam in his eyes.

M. MOORE and C. ROGERS, 1D.

SEA—THE CONQUEROR

I stepped briskly onto the wind-whipped dunes and headed quite firmly away from the white-washed cottage that lay amongst the trees bordering the beach. There was no reason why I should be captive in that small room while the wind and the elements were out there, whistling their freedom! The sharp, cutting sting of blade grass made my legs feel hot and raw, and the fierce wind played with it, bending and slapping, wildly trying to un wrench the tough grass from its haven. But the blade grass had fought the battle many times before, and now it was established, creeping in every direction along the dunes, taking firm grip of the barren grains. Both it, and the sand, would live on in interdependence, despite the wind.

The caves were a mile or two to the south of the small cottage, a tenacious outcrop which defied the currents ever wrenching at its sides. I loved the sand and the rock for their strength, and hated the water and wind, always cutting away, never losing power. But just walking into the wind, defying its mastery and cunning, gave me a sense of power entirely new until I had visited these shores. And now I would come every year to feel the freedom they gave me.

I surveyed the infinite stretch of tilting grey water that ended in foam lashing onto the hard sands. This was one force I could not defy—one force which was too strong to conquer. With a certain amount of deadly fascination I moved toward the breakers, across the stretches of white which squeaked and crunched with each step, restless and protesting under my weight.

The pressure of loneliness was both terrifying and wonderful. At that moment it was I who was master of all I surveyed—except the grasping, chilling sea.

The caves grew firmer in substance, no longer surrounded by the hazy mist which had partially enveloped them when I had walked from the cottage. Now I heard the resounding crash of powerful charges of current on the rocks, and felt the breathless anticipation that always came to me while the water was drawing back with a long, drawn out gasp, trickling through little gutters and alleyways to join in a combined fling onto the rocks once more. Here the sea was a swirling, eddying jumble of white, blue and grey. The rocks nearly wholly covered by water seemed submissive, doomed to a horrid death, but then, after that death, the sea subsided and the rocks breathed again, until the next high-tide.

I knew little of the tides in this district. I thought I knew where the high-tide level was,

however—a little way below the strangely-formed cave which I had visited twice before. This cave was a mystic monument of all that was weird to me. In little passage-ways and crevices, up tortuous corridors lit with glowing moss, were thousands of little things that live in a cold, black glistening world. Pools and streams caught by the rock held mysterious weeds and creatures by the thousands moving silently amongst the dankness, all part of a great, mysterious movement. The wind whistled and whined hollowly as it groped its way along these passages, completing the effect. It all had the challenge of the unbelievably fantastic.

The fascination once more came upon me. I slid over the slimy rocks to the opening of the cave, confident in my knowledge of the high-tide mark, and consequently unafraid of the heightening, swirling mass sucking its way toward the level of my cave. The ferocity of the attacking waves seemed greater than usual, but my expectancy overwhelmed my doubts as the goal was reached. Listening and watching, I clambered amongst the shelves and pools, inspecting the new pools and their smoothly swimming inhabitants.

As I explored, the booming grew louder, the sky growing darker, and at the sound of one particularly startling crash I turned towards the mouth of the cave, a light grey patch between the black-brown frame of rocks. Spray splurged up and gurgled into the cave. Terror rising within me, I sprang towards the entrance, over which the water was rising. I could not move. Frozen with shock and a paralysing fear, I realized at last, that the sea had won as I stood watching the fingers of swirling, black water reaching for me.

JEANETTE BRYAN, 4A.

SCHOOL

I like school. I think it's fun,
But this isn't so for everyone.
Some find it boring, some find it dull,
I don't see how, when each day is so full.

Full of laughter, full of games,
Full of friendships, full of names;
Names of subjects, English, Art,
Sport, best of all, where all take part.

Teachers playmates, girls and boys
Busy corridors and lots of noise,
Thinking, learning, writing too,
Doing the best that you can do.

Yes indeed I find it fun,
It ought to be so for everyone.

D. WATERTON, 1D.

Y A K K I T Y



Mr. G. S. Ormandy, former R.H.S. Head,
frequently pays us a visit.

A STUDENT'S THOUGHTS

Not to the mother of solitude will I give myself

Nor to the mother of art, nor the mother
Of conversation, nor to her of fire and wings,
Nor to the mother of the ocean, nor the mother of
The downcast, nor the mother of the solitude
of death;

Nor the mother of the open fields, nor the
mother of Christ.

But I will give myself to the father of right-
eousness, the

Father of cheerfulness, who is also the father
of rocks,

The father of beauty and love.

An arm of flame has come and I am drawn

To the desert, to the parched places, to the
wild landscape;

And I shall give myself to the father of right-
righteousness.

LINDA SPENCER, 5C.

Y A K K I T Y

ON MEN

What do men think we are on this earth for?
For their pleasure, to breed a race of snotty-
nosed egotistical male-children as dominant
and conceited as their fathers.

The world these days is too big, and the prob-
lems insurmountable for men alone to handle.
For thousands of years men have been masters
of the world, and women have enjoyed and
accepted their place in life. But, in this day
and age, there is more to life than making one
man happy, you must cope with everyone.

That does not mean that our whole "civiliza-
tion" is to become extinct, just because many
women realize there are other things in life
besides being a mould to duplicate their tradi-
tional families and feelings. We must face
facts! This world is modern, and rapidly
expanding. Always experimenting, accepting
new ideas and standards in accordance with
the needs of the majority, and for the best of
both man AND woman. Why, therefore, should
women retain their old and slavish position in
the world? Tradition, that is all.

Women want to change, but men like things
the way they are, and so are prepared to keep
us in ignorance, for their own pleasure. No
man enjoys the company of a woman who wants
to fight for "Equal pay", and the recognition
of female rights, because they believe it is
unfeminine. But who is to say a woman can't
discuss these things on equal terms with "males"
and still wear perfume, nail polish, a low cut
dress and a fashionable and becoming hairstyle?
It's not the women who say this, but the narrow-
minded men. If only you'd give us a chance.
Recognize the fact that we have other needs
than your selfish, insincere love. Or are you so
afraid, that for once we'd get the better of you?

"SUFFRAGETTE."

SOME NEW RELEASES

Singing, by L. Toe.
Carpentry, by Bill Dahouse.
The Return, by C. U. Later.
Dogs Diseases, by Ray Bees.
Keeping Your Temper, by Ray Ges.
Geometry, by May K. Line.
Never Come Here, by B. Gone.
Disconnections, by Y. R. Cutters.
Better Butter, by Polly Unsaturated.
Journalism, by S. A. Writer.
Numbers, by A. T. One.
Botany, By I. V. Bush.
Funerals, by R. U. Dedman.
Cliff Tragedy, by Eileen Dover.
Digestion (by L. Juice).
The Runaway Russian, by Isinickinoff.

MURRAY DON and TOM FOLEY.

PEOPLE WHO WRITE ON DESKS

I hate those pests who write on the desks,
They must love making things look a wreck.
But, when I see them, I move away
And try not to get in their way.

Sometimes I meet them in a room,
When they're writing with "la plume",
But one of these days, they'll get *such* a shock
As if they'd been hit by a rock.

I *wish* they'd stop writing on desks,
And give it a long, long rest.
When they do, they should have a dream,
Which will make them wake up and scream.

PATSY SHUSTER, JENNY MUNRO, 1A.

SEA'S HARVEST

Three men went sailing away to sea,
Where the waters were wild and free,
To catch some food for their families
In ones, twos and threes.

Three wives sat waiting at the lighthouse tower,
Talking and chattering together,
While the waves grew bigger and higher,
Like unto a funeral pyre.

Three corpses, next day, came in with the tide,
They were pale, cold, and stiff as could be.
Three wives screamed, "Why have they died?,"
For the husbands who sailed far out to sea.

So now we ask this question of you,
What is life? **What do we do?**
You live, you die and go away,
Never to come back to stay.

"TONI" PICCOLO, 1B.

PORTSEA AQUARIUM

The Portsea Aquarium is situated on the beach and has many varieties of fish, shark, stingray and octopus. Its popularity has grown during the last few years, because there are many unusual fish on show. Some have spikes, some have long tails, others display all the colours of the rainbow.

The fish are in tanks attached to the walls, and people throw money into the large pool upstairs, trying to hit the sharks and stingrays. The money is later collected, and donated to the school for blind children.

Sharks are very dangerous, but those at Portsea Aquarium are so well-fed that they do not jump up and try to eat you.

The large stingrays only move fast when disturbed, but mostly they cling to the tank with their tentacles. Many of the fish on display are from the tropics and are brightly coloured, but others have been netted from a three mile area around Portsea.

G. SCHILLERBERGER, 1D.

UNHAPPINESS

What is unhappiness?

When you are sad,
The whole world lets you down,
And *you* think you're bad,
But no one would even frown.

Yet, you go on
In the same unhappy way,
As if life had let you drown,
And people look and laugh, and play,
Calling you a funny clown.

They don't understand your feeling,
As if they'd even try.
They look at you with freezing,
And tell you to go and cry.

People only think of pity,
When they themselves need it,
Then they think people are so *cruel*,
As if they'd fought a duel.

What I remember when I was three,
Which isn't very much,
Is happiness all around me,
Birds, trees, flowers and such.

When I got up in the morning,
The sun was shining bright,
Birds were gaily singing,
And flowers were dappled with light.

But now those days have gone;
I'm too old for this child's play,
I've been told this, times and times anon,
By many who weren't so gay,
But I think you're never *too* old, to have a
happy day.

ANTONETTA PICCOLO, 1B.

LOSS OF Lt. BEER

Lt. Beer, who has been in command of R.H.S. Cadet Unit for the last two years, is leaving at the end of this year. He has shown both the enthusiasm and initiative which is so necessary if a cadet unit is to be efficient and well run. Thanks again, Lt. Beer, for being such a good C.O. We wish you best of luck at your new school.

HAPPIEST DAYS OF MY LIFE

I think of my life as a series of colours. The first six years are silver because I can remember being happy, but I cannot remember why.

From the time I was six-and-a-half until I was eleven, the colour is a bright happy blue, with golden week-ends and golden holidays. The summer evenings are a misty gold, softened by the slowly fading twilights in which I can remember playing.

From the Indian summer when I was six, to that Christmas are bright, blue days, but spotted and threaded with the gold of gay times and fond memories. During that time I had my first real best girl-friend. She came just as Indian summer was kissing us goodbye with the soft tears of warm rain, the last of the year. Often, after school was finished at two o'clock, we would walk the mile to the library, feeling like flying owing to the icy north wind which blew at our cheeks and noses, making our eyes dance for the joy of the day.

It was autumn now and the paths were carpeted with the rich scarlets, yellows and oranges of fallen leaves. Scarlet oaks, maples, elms and golden ashes, all lent a hand in painting the scenery, already so rich in colour, with new winter clothes. We would collect all the brightest leaves of the most interesting shapes. Our pockets and arms would be filled by the time we reached the library, and reluctantly left the leaves at the door. When we returned for them they had usually been strewn by the frosty north wind all around the dry brown grass among the other leaves. Undaunted, we always gathered more on the way home.



How do you want it . . . Rare, medium rare
or well done?

R. FRAZER, 4C.

We had a white Christmas that year, as usual, but we had more snow. On Christmas there was eight inches of fresh white blanket covering the dirty streets and lawns and settling on the branches of trees, weighing them down and looking like soft, white leaves. On that morning, after church and presents, the street was alive with young children in bright new winter outfits, with shiny new sleds and toboggans, carrying twice as many people down the snowy slopes than their manufacturers would have believed possible. The brightness of the blues, reds and greens of winter woollens were matched by grinning pink faces set with eyes sparkling like Christmas lights.

From the top of the hill I could survey the whole area. There were children sledding, building snow forts and having snowball fights. It made the neighbourhood look like Santa's elfland, and everyone felt as if he were in elfland. No one was angry with anyone else; there was enough snow for everyone. There were ten days in which to enjoy without school and, above all, it was Christmas—gold and blue.

KELLY L. SKINNER, 4A.

LIFE AS FREEDOM

Darkness falls like a wet sponge.
Engulfing the glass boxes, towering,
Gigantic, dwarfing wandering forms.
Weird constructions made ugly and
Unsightly in the glittering sunlight,
With windows reflecting other glass boxes,
Revealing bald heads and long
Noses. Trapped as a caged lion,
Pawing to be free and alone.

How I envy new born lambs.
Not quite old enough to fear, or
To understand.

Freedom is life, without it we are
Trapped. As brothers, not at all
Different or individual, but part
Of the "rat race," not to heaven,
But to hell.

LINDA SPENCER, 5C.

WANTED!!!

Secondhand Model Racing Car
Track from a Speedmarks
Battery-operated Racing Car Set
See: GRAEME PARRY
Form 2E

OUR SUNNY NORTH

My family and I have just returned from a holiday spent with my Grandparents at Edmonton, Nth. Queensland.

We left Essendon Airport on a cold, wintry day, at 1.30 p.m. in a 727 Jet. The first stop was Mascot, Sydney, then on to Brisbane. where we changed to a Viscount and flew to Townsville and Cairns. We reached our destination at 8.30 p.m. after a journey of over 1800 miles, and what a warm welcome! It was over 80°!!

Edmonton is seven miles out of Cairns and is surrounded by towering mountains. It is a sugar cane area and each day we saw the diesel locomotive hauling trucks laden with cane on the way to the mill. We were lucky to be shown over the Gordonvale Sugar Mill and see the cane processed into raw sugar.

We drove via the Gillies Highway, which winds round many mountains and bends, to see the Atherton Tableland. At the top we saw crater lakes and walked along jungle paths.

Another scenic journey was the Kuranda Motor Rail trip. The little train chugged and puffed up the mountains for twenty-one miles. passing through fifteen tunnels. The views were lovely, also the cascading waterfalls.

The highlight of the outings was Green Island, which took an hour and a half to reach by launch from Cairns. On arrival we were taken in glass-bottom boats, to view the coral and fish on the reef. The coral is a mass of most beautiful colours. We also saw a sea snake, turtle and shark, but the main attraction at the Island was the Underwater Observatory. where you view the coral and sea creatures through port-holes. There are twenty-four kinds of living coral, and fifty species of fish, inhabiting the reef waters.

We also visited tropical beaches and Hartleys Creek Zoo. Everywhere we noticed the brilliant colours of the Poinsettias, Bougainvilleas, Crotons, and Orchids.

My holiday made me realize what a vast and wonderful country we live in.

KERRY MARSH, 1D.

THE TALKING

(FOR PETER)

It takes time to hear what the sands
Are saying, nudged by the wind.
And then you cannot put it into words,
Nor tell why these things should have a voice.

All kinds of objects come on the tide-washes
In the course of a year.

With a throaty rattle, weeds, driftwood,
The body of birds and of fish-shells.

I have hardly ever really considered shells
As being bones,
Maybe because of the sound they can make.
I once saw sand shifting
As if it were water.

Shells shut out the sea,
The bones of birds were built for floating
On air and water,
Those of fish were devised for feeding in depth,
While man's bones were framed, for what?

For knowing the sands are here,
And coming to hear them a long time,
For giving shapes to the sprawled sea,
Weight to its winds,
And wrecks to plead for its sands.

These things are not limitless:
We know there is somewhere, an end to them,
Though each way you look
They extend farther than a man can see.

LINDA SPENCER, 5C.

DOM. SCI.

Many exciting and amusing things happened at the Domestic Arts Centre, this year. At the beginning of the year we received new table-tops for the benches, and potstands, which were in different coloured polished woods. A non-stick Majestic Frypan was also obtained.

One amusing incident occurred involving a certain person from 4E, who coughed whilst putting cochineal into her icing. As a result it turned out a bright red—a colour which is usually associated with red flannel underwear. A set of oven-mitts and tea towels were burnt, and cakes which should have turned out to be a bright golden colour, came out pitch black.

During second term, 4E did quite a lot of cooking for the Freedom from Hunger Campaign, in the form of coffee scrolls, but a certain cookery teacher burnt some of the scrolls, thus reducing the profit margin. After this incident the Dom. Sci. Centre was a mess, but it did not take us too long to clean it up.

We paid a visit to Heinz, 57 Varieties, Factory during Term Three, and now know all that Company's cooking secrets.

Our thanks are given most enthusiastically, to Mrs. Dunn and Mrs. Lee, for all their help throughout the year. This was help without which we could not have done, during the period under review. Now, it only remains to wish everyone the season's greetings and good luck.

CAROLYN BUCHAN.
ZOLIA JEZEWSKI.

Y A K K I T Y

MY OWN, MY NATIVE LAND

For several months last year I enjoyed almost another A.F.S. experience as I travelled throughout central and eastern Australia on an extensive "see my own country campaign". It was a journey of thousands of miles in which I saw what must surely be some of the most exciting and spectacular scenery in the world, and one where I met many wonderful Australians and enjoyed their tremendous hospitality. And I am still wondering why most Australians seem so keen to get out of this country as fast as possible and "see the world" than to see what this huge continent offers within.

After a week in Adelaide where I took trips to Victor Harbor and the south coast, to Barossa Valley, Lobethal and Mt. Lofty, and other interesting spots, I headed inland to Woomera. Here I saw the ELDO operations and visited one of the huge radar tracking sights. Then on to Coober Pedy to do some opal fossicking and to enjoy some wonderfully warm and sincere hospitality from the Italian miners in their neat, clean and comfortable underground homes where the temperature stays at a constant 75°.

Then on to Ayers Rock, through the desert and drought stricken areas of Victory Downs cattle station to enjoy a delicious steak barbecue at Curtin Springs en route. Here also we met some old Aboriginal women who offered us hand-made aboriginal weapons and implements for "two bobs".

Ayers Rock casts a magic spell on the beholder; this huge natural monolith is incredible and weirdly beautiful as it rises. a mass of glowing red from the colourful desert of the Central Australian plateau. One day I climbed its smooth, rich dirty ochre-red walls and the next day I flew over it in a Cessna and indulged a smile at those below as they laboured up its windy, slippery and slightly dangerous ascent. It is seven miles around the Rock and many fascinating hours were spent in exploring the many caves which contain paintings, carvings and legends of the nomadic tribes which for centuries made the Rock a centre of their religious and cultural activities.

Another wonderful day was spent in the Olgas; 61 domes of rocks, 30 miles from Ayers Rock. These rocks do wonderful things with the light of the sun; at dawn they are pale gold, by mid-day misty brown, later turning a deep purple and finally at sunset producing a glowing crimson.

Y A K K I T Y

Alice Springs was a delightful surprise; a modern thriving town with a permanent population of 5000, greatly augmented by the tourist traffic. Nestling in a natural valley surrounded by the rugged MacDonnell Ranges, Alice Springs is a green oasis set in stark contrast to the vivid colours of the Red Centre. My host family, the Marriotts, daughter Margaret being on AFS in America. Reading Margaret's first letters home and hearing about the last minute rush to get off to the U.S. brought back many memories.

I visited Alice Springs' many historical attractions; the Flying Doctor Base, School of the Air, Flynn Memorial Church, Overland Telegraph Station and the first site of Alice Springs on the Todd River, Pichi Ritschi Open Air Museum and Bird Sanctuary. Trips to Palm Valley, Hermannsburg Mission, Santa Teresa Mission, King's Canyon, and Standley Chasm, were taken, and were most memorable because this is the Namatjira country of brilliant red, yellow and orange canyons, blue ranges and snowy white ghost gums, all of which my camera faithfully recorded and about which I have bored all my friends at slide nights!!

Travelling north along "The Track", as the Stuart Highway is popularly called, I had short visits to Tennant Creek, Larimah and Mataranka. Sixty miles south of Tennant Creek were the Devil's Marbles—hundreds of granite boulders which the Aborigines believe were the eggs of a mythical rainbow snake. Near Mataranka I saw the cemetery of old Elsey Station, immortalized in Mrs. Aeneas Gunn's book, "We of the Never Never". After three days' travelling we were right into the tropical areas known as the Top End and the flat country had changed miraculously; the road was no longer straight for mile upon mile, but wound through wooded hills, quaint scattered little towns such as Pine Creek and Adelaide River. An everlasting stream of empty beer cans* were a sure indication that we were in the dry north!!

A diversion at Adelaide River took me to the Adelaide River War Graves where an impressive War Cemetery is maintained in neat and attractive gardens. Here lie the victims of the Japanese bombings and others who lost their lives in the Territory in World War 2.

Darwin is a friendly, thriving young city of 15,000 people. It contains many unusual and attractive buildings which suit the tropical way of life. I stayed with Mr. & Mrs. Harry Giese whose daughter Diana also was having a fabulous time in the U.S.A. on AFS, and so we relived many experiences through Diana's letters home to her family. The Giese family really spoiled me and took me on some marvellous trips in and around Darwin, as well as flying me to several aboriginal settlements—Snake Bay on Melville Island, Bathurst Island Mission, and Maningreda Settlement in Central Arnhem Land. We also enjoyed trips to Victoria River Downs Station where I found it difficult to grasp the idea that it is 5,494 sq. miles in area and that it is 185 miles from the north east to the south east corner. An exciting day was spent at Coolibah station where much of the film, "Jedda," was made in the century old stone homestead. "Brumby" handling on Fitzroy station was another exciting experience, even if it was only from the stock yard fence!!

I took the opportunity to address the Darwin High School students and found that there is much interest in AFS in this area. An evening was also held to talk with, and show slides to, the prospective AFSers for 1966. And I enjoyed an afternoon with the Shakespeare family whose son Peter was also on AFS in America.

It was with regret that I had to say farewell to Darwin . . . it was hard to imagine that somewhere down south people were rushing for trams, trains and buses, and that the streets were crowded with shoppers, and a dirty, hazy sky overlooked all their endeavours, for in the north, haste and turmoil just don't exist!

Next stop was Mt. Isa. where I saw over the mines and surrounding areas, before continuing on to northern Queensland where all formality is broken down by a hearty and ready handshake and a warm genuine invitation to "have a cuppa" no matter what time of day one calls.

A wonderful week was spent on the Barrier Reef, using Green Island as my base for trips in glass bottomed boats and numerous other excursions out on this wonderful work of nature. A few days were spent cruising among the islands of the Whitsunday Passage and a hectic three days were spent on Hayman Island. Inland travels took me over the Atherton Tablelands to Mareeba and Atherton, centres of rich tobacco and sugar growing areas. And a never-to-be-forgotten experience was a trip on the scenic Kuranda railway from Cairns.

In McKay I visited the Eimeo Mango Plantation which my great, great grandfather had founded in 1870 when he brought seedlings from Tahiti and planted this impressive avenue of trees.

Mt. Morgan mine was impressive and made my stay in Rockhampton a most interesting one. Here, also, I visited the huge beef cattle sales at Gracemere and saw big Brahmin bulls bring quite phenomenal prices when one considers the drought conditions existing at that time.

Further AFS contact was made at my next journey break at "Bucaan", the home of Alana, John and Tracy Shaw. Lani was in Tennessee in 1960/61 and it was like old times to sit and chat about those days on the J.V.O., or that time in New York, or the cable cars in San Francisco . . . and so on. Highlights of my stay here were rising at dawn, to muster stock, dipping cattle for ticks, learning to play "polo-crosse", attending a rodeo and above all, the long hours of horse riding on clever and hardy stock horses which would go all day and knew more about chasing stock than their riders.

A week in Brisbane, a few days at Surfers Paradise and then Sydney. Carole Hertzberg gave me the run of her house and also organised a terrific get-together with the N.S.W. returnees, in particular the 1960/61 group. Mile after mile I walked through Sydney's fascinating streets and gardens, and many intriguing hours were spent in King's Cross—mainly just wandering and watching . . .

Beautiful and gracious Canberra was next on my itinerary, a capital city of which any nation can be proud. An interesting afternoon was spent at the Royal Australian Mint where I saw Australia's decimal coins being minted. For hours I wandered around the Australian War Memorial, marvelling at the history contained therein. Visits were made to Parliament, the Australian-American Memorial and Duntroun, whilst longer journeys were made to Mt. Stromlo, Yarralumla and the Cotter Dam.

A four day tour of the Snowy Mountains Scheme climaxed my trip. As I travelled through this rugged area I could almost imagine the heroic "Man From Snowy River" as he galloped through this rugged terrain. The immensity of its construction and the future power and water provisions of the Snowy Scheme are amazing and I couldn't help but ponder a similar project in the centre of Australia where water conservation is of such

importance for future development.

"And now I'm back to the city's blight
Where towering buildings dim the light,
Where clocks rule time and dictate days
And sun is lost to man-made rays."

However, I am very proud of the fact that I am an Australian belonging to such a wonderful country, and finish by quoting Dorothea MacKellar: "I love a sunburnt country . . . the wide brown land for me."

JUDITH BYRNE, 1960/61 AFS Returnee.

* A sign of progress! Since the bottle days.—
Editor.

FOR A FAVOURITE . . .

Dear Mrs. Ablett
Is determined and sweet,
Her glossy white hair
Is so pure and neat.
We all like Mrs. Ablett,
We think she is tops,
And we'll never be dunces
While she is the boss.

The boys all annoy her
Until she gets cross,
Then she threatens to leave us,
Oh! What a grievous loss.

The girls just sit there
As quiet as white mice,
And she thinks we're as sweet
As sugar and spice.

Dear Mrs. Ablett,
We think you're true blue,
And we're sure that others
Admire you just as much as we do!

BARBARA SCATTERGOOD, Form 2E.

THE STUDENT-OPERATED BANK

The student-operated bank has had quite a successful year. Students who have deposited money throughout the year have been most co-operative and it has been a pleasure to be associated with them. Many of them have deposited considerable amounts of money, the largest being \$78; but only twenty new accounts have been opened.

We have noticed that after the holidays most of the students deposit large sums of money but as the year goes the amounts dwindle.

The aim of the bank is to encourage saving, and if everyone banked each Wednesday this would encourage more people to take part in its running.

Y A K K I T Y

It was revealed by the manager of the Ringwood Branch of the State Savings Bank, Mr. E. Wilson, that Ringwood High owns a combined balance of \$8,642, the highest of any school in the Ringwood-Croydon district. Even though we had the highest balance in the district only three hundred and twenty-five students have accounts, and of these, only about forty deposit money each week. How about the other two hundred and eighty-five, or even the whole school doing likewise?

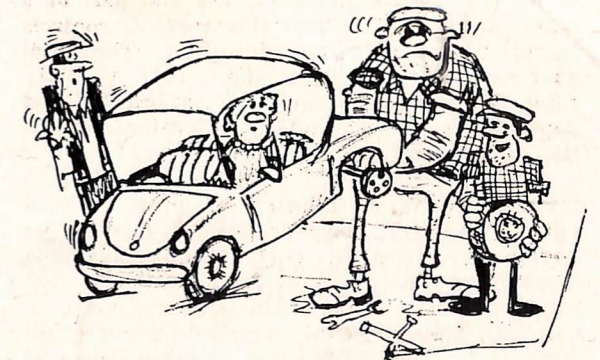
I would like to thank Annette Bosaid, teller, Zofia Jezewski, clerk, Valarie Harrison, Maree Shields and others for helping throughout the year. Also I would like to thank Mr. Beer and Mr. Ned McMillan for their able assistance, without which the Bank could not have operated.

CAROLYN BUCHAN (Accountant).

SCIENCE TEACHER'S MESSAGE

During the latter part of the year the R.H.S. Mothers were addressed by Mr. A. Dunbar, Science Master, on various aspects of Subject Teaching, giving advice which should benefit students in their work through a closer understanding between parents and their offspring.

In his address, Mr. Dunbar advocated a wider range of subjects and a variety of interests for secondary school students. "The adolescent gains the experience which is so vital to him," Mr. Dunbar said. "It is through this avenue that we can hope to breed more responsibility for the individual, and for society—and so produce a better citizen." he added.



"Actually his name is "Hydraulic",
but we call him "Jack" for short.

R. FRAZER, 4C.

Page 15

GEOGRAPHY ESSAY

As all Melbournites "know", theirs is the best, most modern, progressive and stylish city in Australia. However, as Sydney-siders believe exactly the same about Sydney, there exists an ever present controversy. As a Melbournite here are the facts as I see them!

Sydney was founded as a convict settlement, in 1788, with a completely autocratic government. The convicts were slowly but steadily replaced by more convicts up until 1851 when a dramatic change came over Australia. Gold was discovered! It is at this stage that Melbourne becomes predominantly important. Victoria's goldfields were more extensive than those in N.S.W. Gold brought migrants from everywhere and the population was increased enormously, but as the gold petered out light industry developed because labour was plentiful.

Geologically Melbourne seemed considerably better off than Sydney for Sydney is predominantly sandstone and shale with clay plains. The first settlement at Botany Bay by Phillip had to be abandoned because of the sandy soil and farm lands prospered only on the clay plains around Parramatta, where Australia's first wheat crop was successful.

Melbourne's geology consists mainly of a silurian bedrock of sandstones and shales with sand and gravels over this while basalt plains extend to the north and west of Melbourne formed from lava flows from the now extinct volcanic ranges of Mt. Macedon. Sydney is unfortunate in having no volcanicity at all and the more fertile soils to the east were a cause of the greater development eastwards of Melbourne.

Both cities are controlled on virtually the same basis of local government. Sydney has 2 cities, 2 shires, 26 municipalities and part of 5 other shires and State Government controls larger affairs such as education. The local government controls local affairs such as roads, rates, lighting and so on. The parliaments and departments of both states are located right in the city centre.

Concentration of industry is similar in both cities. Sydney's concentration is due to its having an excellent port, readily available labour, and plenty of power and water. so that transportation is no problem with the water so near. In Melbourne the same situation applies, being at the head of the bay, and the centre of the transport network. Sydney has an advantage with its harbour, but the Yarra River is a great asset to Melbourne, and in both cities decentralisation has so far been unsuccessful.

Sydney industry can be located in four main zones. The inner zone consists mainly of small factories with light industry such as clothing and cosmetics. The intermediate industrial-residential zones consist of many established industries, or used to. such as tanneries and wool scouring works. Now manufacturing industries, chemical industries, and textiles industries are becoming prominent along with others. The waterfront zone consists of those industries which require bulk-handling or shipping of their products. These products are oil, sugar, phosphate and food. The newer areas are located in special zones allocated for industrial use. A great variety of industries are located in modern factories, and are placed so as to provide minimum congestion and be close to residential areas. In this respect, Melbourne is very similar to Sydney, with the inner area close to markets, producing clothing, food, etc., and the intermediate area consisting mainly of general and electrical engineering, with the lighter side, such as appliances, closer in. Heavier industries like G.M.H. and Ford are being located in modern factories farther out on the fringes at Broadmeadows and Dandenong.

In Melbourne, as in Sydney, the major road outlets have grown, causing congestion, and the local government is controlled by City Councils. State Parliament controls through its departments, agencies and boards and the Federal Government, which is gradually taking powers from the state governments. controls taxation.

Early development of Sydney residentially was mainly to the south, with the North Shore rugged and awkward to reach while the southern areas were stimulated by local industries. It was not until ferries began to ply and the bridge began operations that the North Shore really began to develop rapidly, aided by electrification of suburban railways. Thickly populated residential areas almost enclose the Central Business District, being densest and most evident to the south-east.

Melbourne has developed much greater on the east than the west—the west side being mainly flat, windy and rather arid. Development to the east, south-east and along the eastern side of the bay, where the surroundings are hilly, green, and thickly vegetated, has been rapid.

Both cities are centres of communication by land, sea and air, of commerce, finance and government, thus greatly influencing the two States and proving of importance to the Commonwealth.

Sydney's port can undoubtedly be classified

as one of the best in the world, and has a tremendous advantage over Melbourne with its huge, deep, natural harbour, which requires very little dredging. Sydney spreads inland without ever being far from the waterfront, and 152 miles of water frontage provides many sheltered anchorages. The main work of the port is to handle the import and export of goods, and acts as an important passenger terminal, providing for about 200,000 passengers a year. The greater part of its activity is concentrated to the south, between Balmain and Woolloomooloo. Some of the main docks are Pyrmont, Balmain, Darling Harbour and Circular Quay.

Melbourne's harbour has been almost entirely man-made and is a river port, making constant dredging a necessity. The port-area is about 10 square-miles as against Sydney's 21 square-miles, and is under the control of Harbour Commissioners since 1877, and is entirely self-supporting. There is a railway system, and extensive work has been done on roads, buildings, amenities for workers, as well as a Port Emergency Service for fire protection, divers, first-aid, safety and security. There are 108 berths and the wharves have specialized functions to facilitate ease of handling for sugar, phosphate, oil, dairy products, steel and so on. Main docks are Victoria Docks, Atherton Docks and Station Pier.

Sydney was badly planned in the beginning and today Sydney has narrow winding streets and almost intolerable congestion. A plan for the future will reserve certain zones for industry, parks and gardens. It has also been decided to maintain a "Green Belt" of rural areas, reserves and parks. The aim of this belt is to limit outward expansion thus giving authorities a firm basis for designing and installing roads, electricity, gas, water, sewerage and other services.

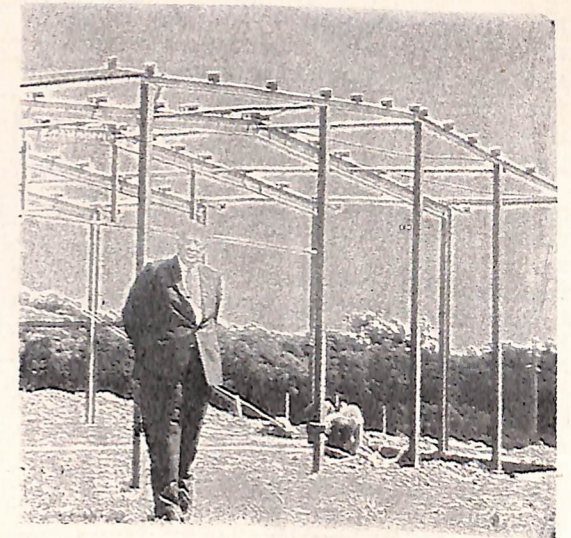
Melbourne, which was well planned from the start with wide, straight streets, has also seen much unplanned development. There is a master-plan similar to Sydney, with a system of freeways and "ring roads" designed to provide ease of movement to and from the City.

Taking most aspects of these two urban centres into consideration, many similarities are evident. Sydney had the advantage of its harbour and Port, whilst Melbourne is fortunate in having been well-planned from the beginning, but both cities must give thought to long-term planning for future expansion.

GREIG HORMAN, 4B.

Y A K K I T Y

A Dream Coming True . . .



Mr. Ormandy completes a survey of the Assembly Hall's skeleton.

THREE LITTLE GIRLS FROM SCHOOL WE ARE!

We're the girls as you can see
Who have their eyes on Form 3D.
Our conduct's well-known throughout the school,
But we *try* to behave when we see Miss Jewell.
Our English teachers come and go
So much, we don't know what to do!

Mr. R, who teaches Maths,
Likes to specialize in Graphs,
But our Cookery teacher, Mrs. Dunn,
Always makes our lessons fun.
And Mrs. Baud as you all know
Is trying to teach us how to sew.

Poor Mrs. Davis who teaches Sport
Is now running round the "chicken pox" court.
While our Typing teacher, Mrs. Reiger,
Bustles round, cos she's so eager,
But Mr. Gannon who teaches History
Contrives to make it one big mystery.

Mr. Hudson who drags us through Art
Tries to make us take it to heart.
Now we're glad to say—our story ends,
But we hope you'll all remain our friends.
We hope however that Mr. Hodge
Will never notice that from him we dodge!

TROIS JEUNES FILLES.

Page 17

TOMORROW—ANOTHER DAY!

No man's my master!
I walk alone—
Half the time being animalistic,
The other half, slightly human.
If not grovelling for food
I slave in a factory or on roads.

Cast out for laziness,
I turned to Nature's land
And joined in the hard race for survival.
Racked by pain for nourishment
I once, after stumbling around blindly,
Fought with a crippled dog
For a decaying bone.
I won, and feeling slightly better pain,
Picked up the dog,
Allowing him to join me in my drifting.

Towns loomed up and passed by,
Most closed eyes, but others took pity
And graced our presence with slavery and
sneers.

In the big city "luck" pointed its finger,
And for half a month, a scavenger man used
my travels

For use in his literature,
And his stomach filling.
We received little or nothing
And returned to our country with the beasts.
My crippled friend more than once near died.
But my loss would have been great;
So he regained his weakness.

No man's my master!
I am my own master!
Master of all I possess,
My dog, and nothing;
But tomorrow's another day!

CHRIS WHITE, 5B.

THE ROADRUNNER

This story is about the Roadrunner from the United States.

This slender bird of the south-western United States and Mexico, also known as the Chaparral cock or snake killer, is a member of the cuckoo family. It reaches a length of almost two feet, half of which is made up of a coppery green-coloured tail. The back, and head plumage, is bronze coloured, and on each side of the head there is a short bright red stripe. Road runners rarely fly; however, their fleetness of foot is remarkable.

How do they catch their food?

Reptiles, such as snakes and lizards, make up the main portion of their diet. When catching and killing a poisonous rattlesnake, they will approach within the snake's striking distance, with wings partially spread, head bobbing up

and down, and stepping gingerly from side to side. These antics are probably performed to tease the snake into striking and confuse it.

When the snake strikes, the bird very quickly jumps into the air, out of harm's way. This performance is repeated many times. Finally the snake tires, and it is then that the bird strikes out with its long sharp beak, delivering blows that soon maim and kill the reptile. After very carefully examining the snake to make sure it is dead the roadrunner takes it by the head and swallows it whole.

The nest of this bird is a flimsy affair built from twigs, sometimes on the ground, but usually up in a small bush. A brood of 6 to 8 are raised each year, and are fed mostly on insects, and occasionally a small lizard.

That is all I know about the roadrunner.

SUSAN KIERYS, Form 1B.

ART REVIEW

This has been an interesting year in the Art Rooms of R.H.S. Creative work, brought about by the imaginative use of common materials, has been on constant display throughout the year.

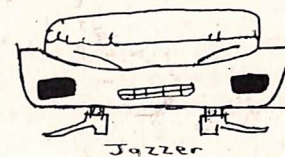
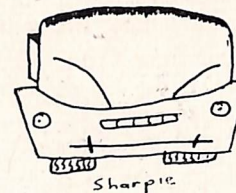
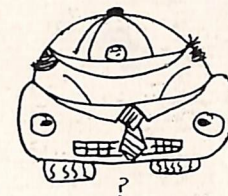
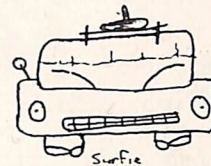
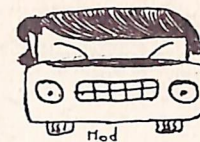
A bright start to '66 was made by the Intermediates' vibrant "Op Art" panels, which gave our not-so-bright Art Rooms a much-needed lift.

The Leaving students followed this up with interesting and colourful paintings, and some fascinating pieces of "junk sculpture". Displayed around the rooms were weird and wonderful sculptural forms created out of anything from cigarette packets to piano innards. Pride of place, though, was given to the life-size papier-mache figure which proved an excellent model for junior paintings.

At the end of Term One Form 5, accompanied by Mr. Kossaty and Mrs. Smith, visited the Argus Gallery to view an exhibition of Contemporary Australian Art. The Show presented a wide variety of styles and subjects dating from 1940 onwards. The students found it interesting to see the actual works of artists whom they have studied and read of in Art Books.

Russell Drysdale, Arthur Boyd, Sidney Nolan, were only some of many such artists. John Percival's "Ceramic Angels", as usual, did not fail to make an impression. But perhaps the most valuable experience is gained by seeing more recent art works by artists whose names do not yet appear in our Art Literature.

The strange sculptural forms of a recent group, "The Annadale Realists", were on display and these either inspired or urged the Leaving people, under the guidance of Mr. Kossaty, to create their own pieces of "junk sculpture".



A LA MODE!

Although this has been the only outing so far for Art Classes, the Junior Forms seem to benefit greatly from their occasional outdoor sketching periods, where they become aware of the natural beauty surroundings, that so many people take for granted.

Term Two proved interesting and enjoyable for the Form One students. They worked together on Group College and produced large, colourful Murals which have since been on display around the walls of the two Art Rooms. These successful projects led to individual papier-mache masks decorated with any bits and pieces which pupils could lay their hands

on, and then hung from the steel girders across the ceilings.

By the end of the year, although the art rooms appear somewhat overcrowded with nearly a year's work on display, they are certainly finishing with an atmosphere that was lacking at the start. The students have gained valuable experience and new doors have been opened to them through their learning and knowledge of Art. Careers in Interior Decorating or Design, Architecture, Design in Industry, Fashion and Textiles are only some of the many available to those who are interested.

But, for most students, Art helps to fulfil the need and desire for self-expression, and aids in the development of our future citizens.

K. SMITH.

HOW TO PASS EXAMS

If you're very bright
This is what you'll do at night.
You'll read your Black and Wood,
And not act like a hood.
Then, there's always French,
Which is harder than a park bench.
When it's Maths with Mr. Rice
You watch your step, or pay the price.
Oh! There's Science with Mrs. Venn,
Quick! Fill your fountain pen.
Soon you'll have History with Mrs. Page
So beware! Don't put her in a rage.

TONY MARTIN, 2B.

SUNDAY MORNINGS

Sunday morning, all is quiet.
Mum abstains from her "slim-quick" diet.
And Dad rises, all agrumble and agroan:
The lawn, 'tis true, must be mown.
Up kids, destroy the quiet,
Now, Sunday morning becomes a riot.

ADRIENNE LOSIN, 3A.

GOLD

If you find some
Gold in a stream,
Don't let out a scream,
Just build a fence
In your own defence.

If you've a
Miner's "right,"
Keep panning till
It ceases to be bright.

S. FELL.

THROUGH THE PANAMA

I awakened to the gentle humming of the ship's engines and I quickly dressed in light summer clothing, as it was going to be a very hot day.

We were just entering the famous Panama Canal, and I wanted to get a good view of it before the rest of the passengers on the S.S. Northern Star came on deck. It was fairly early and we hadn't yet had breakfast.

When I saw the locks coming into view, I also saw that my brother and a few other early birds were on deck with me. As we neared the locks, I failed to see how such a huge ship could possibly pass through the narrow channel. We had to wait a while before entering the great gateway, during which time I had breakfast with my mother and brother. When we again went up on deck, we could see the water in the lock gates rise as the water outside went down, until they were both on the same level. Then the huge gates opened and the ship sailed through. There were many of these gates, and finally we had passed through all of them.

When we were sailing through the other side of the canal, we could see the "caymans" as the natives call them, or alligators, splashing around in the water. I did not fancy the thought of swimming at that spot!

So ends my enjoyable experience of passing through the famous Gateway for World Trade—The Panama Canal.

J. COLE. 2D.

RECORDER GROUP

If any Monday lunchtime you have heard squeaking, and sometimes a few tuneful notes coming from Room 22 it's not the cats on the back fence as you might have thought, it's the Junior Recorder Group practising.

But really, we have had a very successful year under the very able guidance of Madame Feuchtersleben. Our group consists of about thirty members, these being a Tenor, a Treble and the rest are Descants divided into firsts and seconds. Earlier this year we attended the Music Festival in the Prahran Town Hall and performed creditably. We hope to be able to play for the whole school in the new Assembly Hall before the end of the year. The group would like to thank Madame Feuchtersleben most sincerely for her patience and time spent training us.

We are looking forward to next year, when we hope to continue the good work.



This happy group enjoys our "study corner" in the garden.

A YANK'S MESSAGE AND IMPRESSIONS

It seems only a short while ago I was shovelling snow from a walk when the posty delivered a letter which introduced me to my new Aussie family. At the time I thought the Australian continent was very dry with vast resources, the inhabitants of which, apart from the Aborigines, were descended from convicts and spoke with a rather unusual British accent. So I packed my bags and left my home to make a new one.

"Well, uh, it's good to be here and I hope I'm able to make friends with a lot of you," and there I was, with the shortest speech on record, so Mr. Hudson told me. It wasn't long before I was propagating a head of hair, after being known as bonehead; riding my bike to school on the left-hand side of the road; beginning to pick up a few Aussie words and dropping some American ones; becoming a member of Blue House, Woorkarrim; and learning to "barrack" for the right team which, by the way, is Melbourne. And so I began to settle in with this 'Weird Mob'.

By some stroke of good fortune I was placed in Form 6B, where we repeatedly assured Mrs. Rogers that England would never be the same without her. We had many diversified talents in our Form and my colleagues, especially, used

Y A K K I T Y



David Lynch, our A.F.S. Exchange Student from America.

the back cupboards in room six, in association with the expression "woop", to the best of their advantage.

In August, when Catriona Shannon returned, we devoted our time to making "I Hate Yank" signs which I proudly displayed, but we still covered a great deal of work with some quite colourful and interesting educators.

My assimilation into the Aussie way of life has been enhanced by the warm, friendly people who populate Australia. It has been marvellous to join such a great mob of teenagers, who think of others, especially a little boy in India, and are able to make an American feel at home.

There is another American A.F.S.'er out here who always tells me she's from the heart of America, Kansas City. Well maybe I'm not from the heart of America, but it's obvious to

Y A K K I T Y

me that I've come to the heart of Australia—Ringwood!

I've been very fortunate to tour much of your country, from the desert outback to the rainforests of Victoria and Tasmania. My Australian history and geography lessons have come alive with visits to Broken Hill, the Victorian Goldfields, Port Arthur, the Wimmera, and the Kiewa Hydroelectric Scheme. I haven't seen everything by far, but I've seen enough to tell me that Australia is a vast and marvellous country.

Beyond doubt the A.F.S. programme of exchanging teenage students is the best way to promote international understanding and peace, because the impressions gained when you are young, are something you carry with you forever. Because of all the things that threaten mankind with destruction today, we must all strive for world peace. To be able to do this, one must believe in mankind, and to do this you need to have experienced the good side of people, which I have done, to a large extent, during this year.

I came here as a Yank, and when I leave I'll return as an Australian-American.

To all of you thanks so very much, I hope I have enriched your lives as you have mine.

DAVE LYNCH.

FUTURE GENERATIONS

In backyards today, we hear
Shattering noises of children
At play, with their "combat" toys.
They no longer play hop-scotch
Or ride on a scooter,
But hunt down their sister
And plan how to shoot her.

Why not help them grow up
In love and peace?
With things and thoughts on high
Not thought and things of times gone by.
Don't trouble their minds with foolish hate
They're young, they're healthy,
Let's keep them that way, it's getting late.
Let's settle our differences
With civilized conferences.

A child of the Bomb
His mind doesn't grow,
He suffers in life,
Much more than we know.
So let's leave them alone, let them grow
Without living in fear of war and disaster
Don't muddle their minds; that's a rotten show,
But show the way, for them to master.

SYLVIA SEFERS, Karalla.

Page 21

THE GREAT PROTECTOR

The twilight shone upon a black coal sensitive face,
The full mouth quivered, and flickered with terror.

Eyes flashed with incoherent fear,
The brow beaded with scarlet pools
And creased with tortuous years of life.
As the white ones came closer,
Their blood red complexions merged into one;
Veins protruding on their brute faces.
They strike the dark one down, like a low creature,

And there he lays. cold with death,
On the cruel earth from whence he came.

Where is God now?

Where is the Great Protector?

MIMI CARRUTHERS, 4D.

PRAISE FOR R.H.S.

The following letter appeared in the Ringwood "Mail" after it became known that R.H.S. students had adopted Fatelal, the little Indian boy at "Raphael", Dehru Dun, India. We might add that Fatelal will continue to be supported by R.H.S. for some time to come, when it is hoped he will have been trained for, and earning his own living. Here is the letter:

SIR—May I congratulate you on giving prominence in your issue of March 17 last to the work being done by the students of Ringwood High School on behalf of Group-Captain Leonard Cheshire's home for incurables at Dehra Dun, India.

How refreshing it is to read of this example of disinterested citizenship by the younger section of the community and how commendable it is to know that it comes from that frequently maligned section.

Apart from our admiration for this signal venture we are particularly interested because the Association of Apex Clubs has adopted for its 1965/66 National Service Scheme: 'Aid to Mentally Retarded.'

The Apex Club of Croydon as part of this scheme has adopted a mentally retarded child at the Cheshire home for the trifling sum of one hundred dollars per annum.

This opportunity is available for any other member or group in the community who no

Austro-American Family . . .



"Lanky" Dave Lynch with his Aussie Sister and Brother — Julie and Gordon Cowling.

doubt will receive a similar warmth from letters such as the copy of the one enclosed.

I trust that the shining example provided by the students of Ringwood High School will be emulated by many other groups and individuals in the local community.—Yours faithfully, B. D. Horgan, Assoc. of Apex Clubs.

(This, of course, is not the only Social Service which Ringwood High supports. Each year new worthy causes come to light and are helped by our "widow's mite." Ed.)

Y A K K I T Y

WHAT IS PHYSICAL EDUCATION?

(Henceforth known as Phys. Ed.)

In a technical sense, physical fitness can be viewed as a measure of the body's strength, stamina and flexibility. In more meaningful personal terms, it is a reflection of your ability to work with vigor and pleasure, without undue fatigue, with energy left for enjoying hobbies and recreational activities and for meeting unforeseen emergencies. It relates to how you look and how you feel—and because the body is not a compartment separate from the mind, it relates to how you feel mentally as well as physically.

Physical fitness is many faceted. Basic to it are proper nutrition, adequate rest and relaxation, good health practices and good medical and dental aid.

But these are not enough. An essential element is physical activity exercise for a body that needs it.

REQUIREMENTS FOR THE PROMOTION OF A NATIONAL PHYS. ED.

If the maintenance of the physical health of the Australian people is to stand on the broad basis of a radical improvement in Australian competitive sport, we can summarize as follows:

- An appreciation of Phys. Ed. by the whole school population. Whoever is not won over to sport in his school years is lost to it for ever.
- Improved facilities: the layout of Gymnasiums, Swimming Pools and open-air Stadiums in closest connection with the school and available for the daily gymnastics period.
- As soon as possible the "daily gymnastics period" and together with it, "Phys. Ed." as a means of education in its own right contributing to the harmonious development of the whole person.
- Much more competition and improved organization of competition between schools. The formation of special training groups for the sports afternoon and the formation of teams representing schools which play off in points competitions and championships.
- The creation of greater possibilities for more youths to distinguish themselves. It has yet to be shown that competition for its own sake is in the interest of total education.
- Better co-ordination between schools and sports clubs and sports associations, based on a mutual recognition of the part played by each in the formation of character in youth.

Y A K K I T Y

- Complete academic training of Phys. Ed. teachers with the aim of establishing their integration into the pedagogical complex of the school on a satisfactory posting with other disciplines.
- Physical, intellectual and psychological elements must each play their proper role in the formation of youth, and it must be recognized that each plays an equally important part in education.

F. STREIBERGER,
Phys. Ed. Instructor, R.H.S.

THE SEA

Crash of giant breakers,
Sound of water washing sand,
Changing depths that bring joy, And cause sorrow,
Some of both to every man.

Different colours, ranging blue to green,
Quickly turning anger to something quite serene.
A thing of destruction,
Yet a necessity—the sea.

GARY SHORT.

THE BEWITCHED LAKE

Jenny, Pip and Penny made a doleful trio as they sat huddled together in their corner of the train. Jenny and Pip, who were fifteen, and identical twins, had long, wavy honey-coloured hair, startlingly deep blue eyes and a delicate bone structure. Penny, who was thirteen, had dark wavy shoulder-length hair, brown eyes and was rather stoutly built.

The children were on their way to live with their Grandfather after the death of their mother and father's disappearance whilst on a hunting safari in Africa.

As the train drew into Addleberry Station, the three children gathered up their luggage and hurried out. Five minutes later the station was empty except for an elderly gentleman, who introduced himself as their grand-father. He soon had them flying over the moors in his sports car to what he called, "The House", but which appeared to the children, a castle.

A week later the mischievous trio were exploring one of the many unused rooms of the castle, when a panel of the wall slid open! They entered wonderingly, and found themselves, as they had always imagined, in a passage. Pip started off to the right closely followed by Jenny and Penny. The passage was in semi-darkness, and there was a steady, cold draught which proved, as Pip explained, that somewhere along the passage lay another opening.

Pip's explanation relieved Jenny and Penny

Page 23

considerably, as they had seen the door by which they had entered close quietly behind them. So they followed the passage until they came across the opening. After hurrying along for about a quarter of an hour, the passage widened suddenly until it became a small room where there was a table, a chair and some sacking which had obviously served as a bed! Someone had actually lived there! Suddenly their attention was drawn to the faint sound of someone, or some thing, moving. They looked up in time to see a dog disappearing around the corner of the passage. They ran after it, hoping it would lead them to freedom.

But although the children followed the dog as fast as they could, they soon lost it. They looked at each other, trying to appear brave and more cheerful than they felt. Penny, who was usually quiet on such occasions, put forward the idea of calling the dog to see if it would come back. They all knew how hopeless this was, but were willing to try anything, so they called and shouted very loudly, but only the echo of their own voices came back. When they ceased some eerie noises began, as if their voices had awakened all the old voices and sounds of the passage. Frightened, they rushed on, as if by doing so they would stop the new noises, but this merely seemed to increase the sounds.

Pip, by this time, was near screaming point because the noise was making them more tensed every moment. Then, as if by a miracle, Jenny saw a speck of light in the distance. She did not have to tell the others, because they too had seen it and were rushing towards it. As they came closer the air seemed colder and damper. After what seemed hours they were breathing in great gulps of fresh heather-laden air.

They found themselves in a sandy cove which puzzled them, because the only lake they remembered ever being mentioned, was several miles away and they had not travelled more than a mile in the tunnel. But here they were, standing beside a lake in a gorge.

Jenny suggested putting their feet in the water while they thought matters over. So they dabbled their legs while they pondered.

It was impossible to climb out, for in some places there were walls of smooth, weather-beaten rock up to 50 ft. high. After a while Jenny noticed that the water, which had only covered her feet before, was almost up to her knees. Excitedly she drew the others' attention to this and they all scrambled quickly further up the beach. After a while the same thing happened, so they turned to re-enter the tunnel but found, to their horror, that they were cut off from the entrance by fifty feet of deep, dark, dangerous-looking water. Looking at each other with apprehension, they realized that this was

a tidal lake! Penny soon guessed why they had not been told about the lake, but thought she had better keep it to herself.

The youngsters had almost shouted themselves hoarse, and started to become desperate as night drew on, for now there was only about five square yards of dry land upon which to stand, and their cries for help were much weaker.

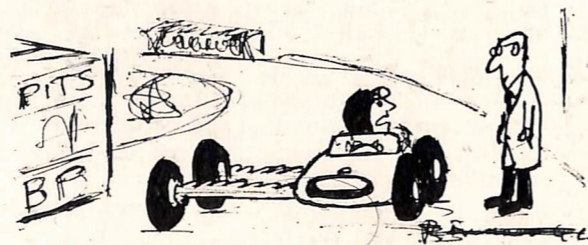
Pip had just made up her mind for the worst when, looking up, she saw several well-armed but surprised men, from their grandfather's mansion, peering over the side of the gorge. Ropes were lowered, and as they were being pulled to safety the water, with a swishing sound, engulfed the ground on which they had been standing.

Soon they were sitting rugged up, sipping steaming hot mugs of chocolate and recounting what had happened in the tunnel, and how they had come to the gorge. The angry faces of the hired-hands slowly turned uncertain, then sheepish, as they listened to the story.

It seemed that grandfather had heard the children calling from the tunnel, but being very superstitious, thought it was the devil come back to avenge himself for the murder of one of the ancestors of the mansion. According to the legend the coming of the devil would be heralded by cries from the walls of the mansion, and the rising of the water in the bewitched lake which would also send forth a crying sound. He had then called together the hired-hands, armed them and told them to follow him to the gorge where they were to kill the devil before he could emerge.

When grandpa was asked why he thought the gorge was bewitched, he said that the waters rose and fell as they pleased, at which the children were shocked to find that fully mature grown-ups could believe such things, and could not help laughing, much to every-body's discomfort.

Penny explained, when they stopped laughing, that the lake was not bewitched at all, but was fed from an underground river, which overflowed into it, causing it to rise and fall like the tides.



I found she drifted a bit on right-hand corners.

R. FRAZER. 4C.

Y A K K I T Y

Everyone was silent at first, then began to laugh and make plans for exploring the gorge as soon as possible.

In the middle of this merry-making there was a knock at the door, and the children's father entered! The children were overjoyed. Then father explained how he had wandered away from the main party in Africa and couldn't find his way back. He had wandered around the jungle cold, wet and exhausted, for some days before encountering a scientists' camp. There he had collapsed from exhaustion and a raging fever from which it had taken him several weeks to recover. As soon as he was able, he set out, with the scientists' guide, for the coast where he had taken ship for England, where he learned that his wife had died and his children had been sent to Scotland, where he had followed them.

As their grandfather had enrolled them at the local school for the coming term, their father decided to live at the Mansion and teach at the school. So now they all live together in the Mansion, which is brighter and gayer because of them. Also, there is no more talk or thought of evil spirits.

ANNE LOGAN, 2B.

SURVIVAL IS SELFISH

Wild animals hunt and kill their prey,
They want to survive, if only they may.
But there'll always be someone
Who wants more than his share,
Just enter his territory, if you dare.
So it is with people, today and anon.

They cannot live without greed,
Always wanting more than they need,
Never satisfied with what they've got,
And when they see something,
They want the lot,
Causing someone, a nasty sting.

Nature can be cruel and destroy many people,
But it's just as gentle as man can be feeble,
For he is a killer of all his surroundings,
Just waiting to hear a time-bomb's poundings.
Man creates war, but not survival,
He must gain more, than his selfish rival.

So what does man do, but cause distress
For those who try to do their best.

SYLVIA SEFERS, 5C.

Y A K K I T Y



SURPRISE . . . SURPRISE!

NATIONAL PURE BOOK* WEEK, 1966

*referring of course to the well-cared-for pure maths books of the demented section of form six.

This week our National Pure Book issue is composed entirely of poems, etc., compiled by great men of the past and present ages; such men as Napoleon, George Washington, Captain Cook and others.

Our selection begins with one by Louis XVI just before he was executed (beheaded). It is very short, mainly because he composed it as his head was lying in a basket. It begins:

'Roses are red
Violets are blue
Dear pure-book
I've lost my head over you.'

As this poem was being written down by someone in the crowd, the writer, obviously overcome with emotion at being spoken to by a head, wrote:

'Roses are red
Violets are blue
Your pure book is much smarter
It didn't end up like you.'

From Louis XVI we venture to Napoleon, who is reported to have composed this poem while making love to Josephine:

'Roses are red
Violets are blue
I wish my pure book
could be here, too.'

It is obvious from this poem, that Napoleon regarded his pure book as his best and closest friend. Among those who took their pure-books with them as their closest advisers and friends was George Washington, who when crossing the Delaware gave vent to these lines,

Roses are red
Violets are blue
Sea voyages are sweet, my pure book,
But not as sweet as you!

Captain Cook also took his dear pure-book with him on his voyage to Australia. To his book he said:

'Roses are red
Violets are blue
These men are black
But I'm glad you're blue.'

Madame Pompadou (a bit of a girl) had many love affairs, and one day while carrying on with the stable hand, she composed these lines (which obviously have her pure book in mind)—

Roses are red
Violets are blue
My pure book makes love
Twice as good as you!

To conclude our issue of NPB, we have two more poems dedicated to Jimmy Fairley and

Sally Dear.

The first is to Sally (Sally is obviously pictured as frustrated because she has no pure-book).

Roses are red
Violets are blue
Everybody else has all the fun,
Why can't I have a pure-book too?!
and finally to Jimmy:

Roses are red
Violets are blue
It's a pity your pure-book
Is more handsome than you. (Obviously not true, so no offence!)

(*Pure Book: Obviously meant to sweeten the lives of great people and hardened sinners. Buy one today and become a confounded pure nuisance to all and sundry.—Ed.)

YEARLY SERIES

Now I lay me down to bed,
And hope to wake up with my head.

The floorboards creak,
I cannot sleep.
The wind howls through the trees,
Oh! I feel an awful breeze.
The clock strikes twelve, and out they come
Marching, marching one by one.
My Teddy Bear runs to me,
And jumps upon my knobbly knee.
Little Black Sambo sings his song
And here is Mother coming along.
The Toys hurry back to the cupboard shelf,
And now I'm left here by myself
Waiting and waiting; that's the end.

Continued next year . . .
same time . . .
same place . . .

"TROIS JEUNES FILLES."

R.H.S. CHOIR

This year the Choir has performed extremely well under the leadership of Mrs. Feuchtersleben, who trained us. We had regular practices at lunchtime each Wednesday at 12.20.

During August, the Choir went to a combined Schools' Folk Festival at Croydon High School Assembly Hall. We are told we did very well at the Festival.

Our pianist was Karen Baud and our conductor, Mrs. Feuchtersleben. We all enjoyed Choir very much during the year and look forward to 1967. We thank Mrs. Feuchtersleben for all the work she did during the year.

Y A K K I T Y

This Year's A.F.S.er . . .



Christine Foley, who is now in Bel Air, U.S.A.,
on an A.F.S. Exchange Scholarship.

DROUGHT

The sun beats down on the parched dry land,
Not a blade of grass can be seen,
Flocks of sheep huddle close at hand,
Hand-fed, yet so weak and mean.

The dying cattle stagger and fall,
In their endless search for drink,
The carrion crows screech out their call,
Watching and waiting, as the cattle sink.

Worn-out, exhausted, motionless, dead,
The trees stand gnarled, gaunt and bare,
Beside the dry creek bed,
And a feeling of death hangs in the air.

There's no relief from the sun so red,
As it burns high up in the sky,
No relief for man or beast,
And the beasts, if not men, will die.
Unless God, in His mercy, will send us rain,
To make our earth produce again.

CAROL ROGERS, 1D.

Y A K K I T Y

DEAD CITY—DEAD ME

I walk among the ruins
Of a dead and lifeless city.
My ears ring with the savage cry of guns,
And my eyes are dazzled by light.

I've been hiding;
My stomach burns hungrily.
I've a dry-as-dust mouth
And my feet are bare and sore.

My arms—where are my arms?
They hang, lifeless beside me;
There's no feeling in my fingers,
My hands don't grasp.

I try to reach out to the world,
But am exhausted and fall
Face to the earth.
Yet, though my body falls, my soul rises.

No longer do my ears ring
With the sound of guns.
My eyes are no longer dazed;
I no longer hunger, or thirst.

My feet are now clad,
And my hands grasp
Timeless truth by the head—
For now I know—I'm dead!

SYLVIA SEFERS, 5C.

HAUNTING SPRINGTIME

Lace-whipped clouds float o'er the trees,
Rustle through jade firs, across dark seas.
A whisper's heard, a quiet beckoning of spring,
A siren, enticing white-twigged birch
To shed its tired disguise and sing.

Spicy tangs of life, once more are breathed,
Melancholy soft sighs are heaved,
Bent men, hands gnarled, grasp out,
Entwining around the draught of hope,
Like new harvest wine.

A wisp of foam, edges frayed and torn,
Scuds hurriedly to bid new life adorn.
Cloaks of colour, freedom, hope and youth,
Taken from closets dusty and grey,
To drown old winter's reign, callous, cold,
uncouth.

"SUFFRAGETTE."

Page 27

THE QUESTIONS THEY ASK!!

"No!!! I do not have a pet kangaroo, nor a koala bear."

"Yes!!! We do speak English as our native tongue, and I do know some aborigines."

Such questions as these confront any Australian visiting a foreign country. I was no exception.

I spent one year as an American Field Service student in Arlington, Texas, U.S.A.—a small town mid-way between Dallas and Fort Worth. I found the people very friendly, and most interested in, although ignorant of, Australia and her citizens. Apart from those Americans connected with Australia through World War II, and those who had read of the increasingly important role played by our nation in Vietnam, or had seen the movie "On The Beach", most of my new acquaintances knew of little except kangaroos, sharks, Perth, the Great Desert and Great Barrier Reef.

What I most regret about my year in the United States is that, to many Americans, I was all they would ever see of Australia. This responsibility was mine to bear, whether harmlessly joking among friends, or making speeches to various club and organisations.

In many respects my American life differed from that to which I had been accustomed. For the first time I experienced a closely-knit community life, the torments and pleasures of brothers, and the trusty companionship of my camera wherever I went. But my year was not completely novel. I found the same genuine warmth and friendly understanding of the people, the same importance played by school in the student's life, and the same social pleasures as Australians. All these valued experiences are now either recorded on film, savoured in my memory, or pasted in a scrap-book weighing twenty pounds.

Contrary to the many and various warnings, I have found re-assimilation into my Australian way of life not too difficult. Undoubtedly, this can be attributed to the friendship and understanding of my family and school. For anyone wishing to apply for the American Field Service scholarship, the main advice I can offer is a genuine enthusiasm to go right ahead, for the advantages truly outweigh any problems that may arise.

CATRIONA SHANNON, A.F. Ser.

Award Winner . . .



Graham Bentley received an Adventure Training Award, which could lead to a Prince Philip Award.

NONSENSE RHYMES—APOLOGIES

Mr. H., he teaches English,
But we think he's quite a clown,
We're pretty sure, he can't distinguish
A verb from a noun.

Mrs. A. teaches History
And we learn our lesson well.
How she bears us is a myst'ry,
But all agree, she's really swell.

The lady who teaches Music,
We call her Mrs. F., for short.
Though crotchets and quavers make us sick,
We must admit we've been well taught.

Our Mr. O.F. teaches French,
A subject which causes the brain a wrench.
To Mr. F. we say: "Merci Beaucoup",
His patience, will see us through.

Mrs. Sk. is quite a winner,
To her bookshelves she's always true.
But she'll treat you like a sinner,
If your Library book's overdue.

Mrs. P. is really sweet,
Her manner's quite engaging.
But if your Home-Man. is not so neat,
She CAN go all enraging.

Y A K K I T Y

Mrs. B. loves to sew,
And demonstrate the Herringbone.
Which is a stitch she loves to show,
But draws from us, many a wail and moan.

Mr. S. loves Maps and Charts
And calls it all Geog.,
But when to you, this knowledge he imparts,
It's no good sitting like a log.

If at Sport you do excel,
Then Mrs. D. and Mr. S.'ll treat you well,
And, maybe, if you keep the rule,
You'll surely represent the School.

With Mrs. S. and Art, you must acquaint,
For she's a whizz with brush and paint,
And if you like creative stuff
You'll get from her, more than enough.

Mrs. J. is our Geom. teacher,
But Maths and Science are her feature,
And when you're good at your equation,
She overflows with real elation.

PATRICIA NEWBY, IC.

TO LIFE

Life is youth, the right to be free,
Pleasures through doors that have no key.
Recognition of souls in God's true light,
An alcove of safety in darkness of night.

Life is all of these things, many and more,
And the world goes on, to pass through life's door.

But on arrival at St. Peter's gates,
We recall all our past loves and hates.

We realize as endless time goes on,
We have lived our life
But God has won.

"SUFFRAGETTE."

WHAT IS SAID . . .

"Come follow me; I'll show you the way,
Where no threat hangs over you, day by day,
Where water flows freely, on soft pure earth,
And you live your life, for what it is worth.
Trust me, I'll never be false,
I would sell you freedom, at a very fair price."
That's what they say . . .

Freedom is something you cannot buy,
It's something we earn, you and I.
Has anyone ever really been free
And felt, like a blossoming tree?
Freedom, what is it?
Is it something that doesn't exist?
That's what we say . . .

Y A K K I T Y

Why do you follow me,
Like sheep to their slaughter,
Then hesitate, because you are free.
If life is so precious
Don't destroy it, when you think you ought to.
Because I'm not victorious.

So why listen to me?
I'm nothing at all.
Why listen to them?
They're likely to fall.

That's what I say!

SYLVIA SEFERS.

Who Won . . . ?



An interesting moment in the unresolved Basketball match between Teachers and Students.

TURN ME TO RAIN

Turn me to rain,
Let me fall so I may crawl.
Wash me away, then the clouds will pass,
And the sun will shine again.
But don't send me away, too far,
You'll need me to make your life complete;
So turn me to rain,
Then we can live again.

Everything is green,
Life is worth living, so it seems.
At first I will fall gently,
Touching your hand,
But this bond will grow strong.

The pain will begin, then fade;
So turn me to rain,
Then I may come, go, and come again.
I will bring happiness sorrow and pain.
Make this our life,
Don't make it a game;
So turn me to rain,
We may love again.

PAUL WRAIGHT, 5B, KARALLA.

Page 29



Passing-out Parade for 1966 was witnessed by many parents, together with the entire school. Heathmont Primary School Drummers helped the marchers swing along in fine fashion.

PUCKAPUNYAL, '66

On arriving at Scrub Hill it was evident that the Army was controlling the weather, as well as our movements. There was a continuous dismal rain falling, pushing its fingers into every corner.

After "de-bussing", we found that we had only two tents, and that we would have to erect the rest ourselves. This in itself was no easy task. But with water and mud thrown in, it was a dirty and laborious job. However, after a great effort by both Cadets and N.C.O.'s, spurred on by C.S.M. Bentley, the whole Unit soon moved into a drier habitat, and although we had no electricity, everyone appeared happy. The remainder of the day and night was spent issuing stores and equipment for the following day's bivouac.

THE BIVOUAC: After a late start, we arrived at State Forest and started out for our respective platoon areas. Each Platoon Commander had selected a hilltop for his defensive position. Each platoon moved into position, set up camp with a defensive system. After consuming a hasty lunch, the exercise began in earnest. These were tactical exercises. Each platoon sent out a section to attack the other platoons and H.Q., while the remaining section stayed in

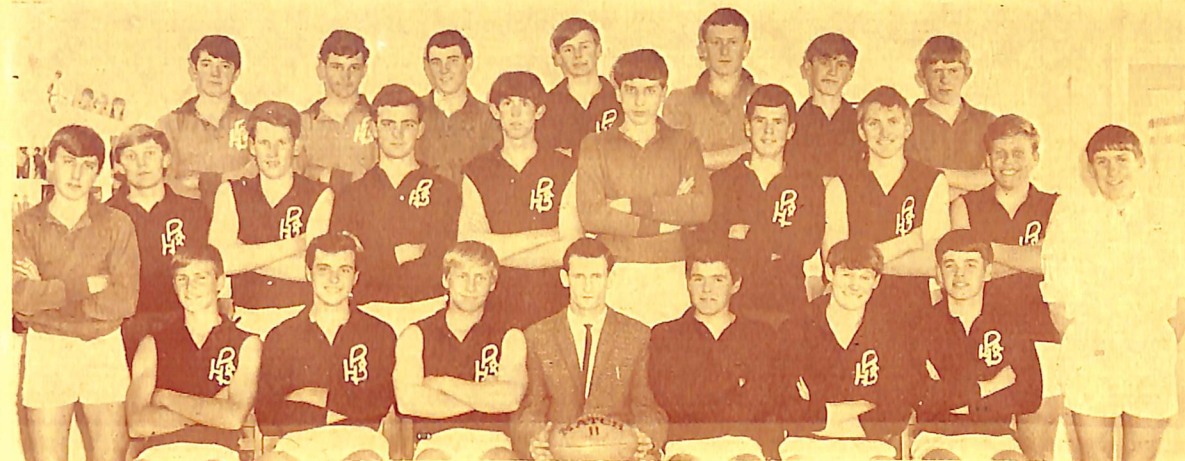
camp so as to defend it. As night settled down and it grew colder, everyone made preparations for tea, which was eagerly received by the near exhausted Cadets. It was also time to commence night patrols. During a brief encounter, in which Platoon One set off en masse to attack Platoon Three, only to meet them "head-on" as they came in to attack Platoon One. One unfortunate Cadet had his head in the path of a flying rock—used to conserve ammunition—and immediately blood began to ooze freely from the gaping wound. After wiping away enough blood to recognise him, the two Platoon Commanders decided that he should be taken to H.Q. for a check-up.

On the way, the casualty and three escorts decided to attack Platoon Two. So after carefully stalking the area, they arrived just in time to see the H.Q. guerilla party capture the whole Platoon. Calmly we walked in and took both captives and captors! A great tactical manoeuvre by a minor "medic" force!!

The casualty finally reached H.Q., after being led off in the wrong direction four times, by the senior rank of the escort. Luckily he had suffered only a minor cut on the head and was able to rejoin the ranks of his platoon.

● CONTINUED ON PAGE 35

Y A K K I T Y



FIRST EIGHTEEN

MY LOST FRIEND

A young boy, slightly younger than I,
Once lived, and shall always be remembered,
Not for bravery or courageous deeds,
But for kindness and being a cherished Son,
And a charming brother.

Yet one day I shall join the dead too,
Then, we shall know, and understand
Why we are chosen, as was he.
He was loved by those who knew him.
God, the Righteous, also loved him,
And chose him to be his friend.

I have often questioned God,
Yet I receive no answer.
Why must one so young die, and be buried?
Is it foolish to question, and not accept answers?
For I shall never really know,
But I shall forever ask and be curious.

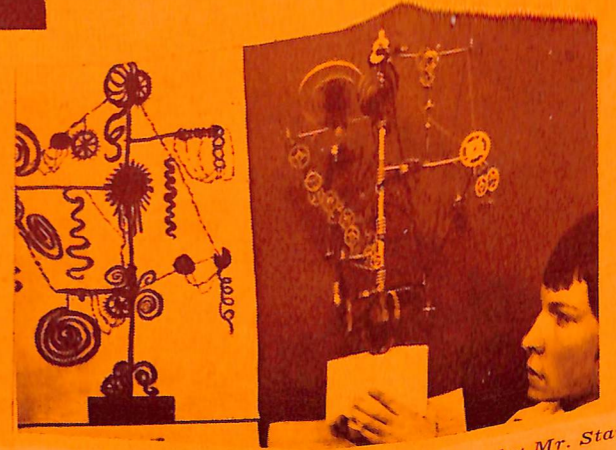
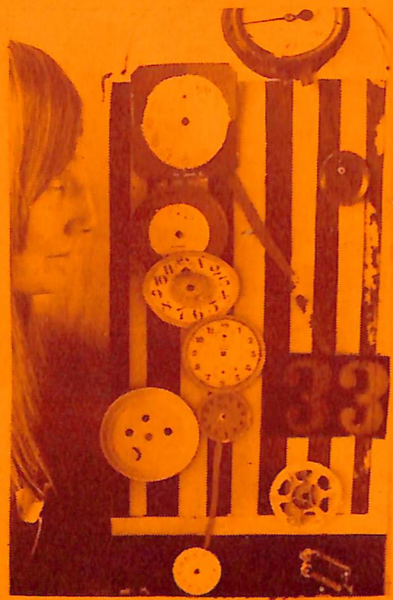
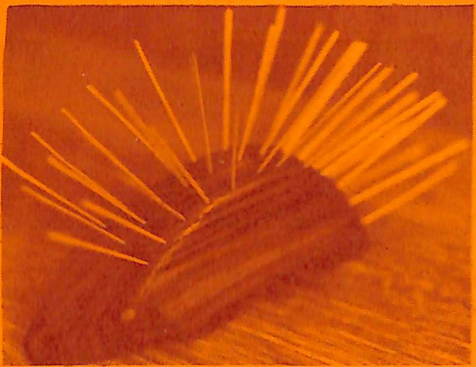
God wanted a small one to protect and befriend,
So he chose my friend, and I am proud.
Yet I am still sad and lonely without my brother.

LINDA SPENCER, 5C.



SENIOR ATHLETICS

Y A K K I T Y



POP, OP. JUNK ART AND CRAFT, BY OUR STUDENTS.

Photographs by Mr. Stan Woodbury.

prefects' concert . . .



Some of our Prefects are happy to disguise themselves!

WAYS OF OLD

Everything seems so new,
Shiny, untouchable, that's you.
Forward as far as you can go
Beyond the mountains of time,
Backward is not in your line.

If you slow down, you're a clown,
You laugh at me and say I'm no good.
You stare at me, I'm just another piece of wood.
But what happened to the ways of old?

I want to go back to my shady tree,
Where my mind was so at ease,
There you could tease me no more
And time strolled along on no particular course.
Back to the ways of old, that's the life for me!

Why do you keep pushing me?
I've done nothing wrong.

All I want is the joy and peace of my world.
Kick me—my heart feels no pain,
Shatter my dreams—I can still think.

You act without reason,
And have already forgotten tomorrow.
New seasons come, but they'll never replace the
past!

I'm still living in the ways of old.

PAUL WRAIGHT, 5B, KARALLA.



SENIOR SWIMMERS

Y A K K I T Y

● CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

The bivouac ended next morning with a few dawn raids. The Unit withdrew, with the distinction of being the only school on its proper allocated bivouac area.

The following day, Sunday, meant visitors, enabling cadets to leave the area with their parents. "Goodies" rolled in freely and many couldn't even attend evening mess!

Monday morning brought firing procedure into action, and in the afternoon it was put to the test at the "mini"-range. This served as preparation for the Open Range the following Wednesday. Everything was successful here, with C.S.M. Bentley quite ably conducting the range practice himself.

On Tuesday the First Year Cadets did drill and weapon training all day, while the second and third year Cadets received specialist training.

Wednesday morning saw everyone at the Open Range, firing the .303 rifle and Bren gun. Here the Unit was praised highly by the firing officer for its discipline, efficiency and weapon handling.

Cadet Jenkins of Platoon One achieved the honour of being the only marksman, that is, registering a hit with every shot.

On Wednesday afternoon the Cadets were involved in more drill and weapon training, while Platoon Commanders went on recce. patrol of Scrub Hill, which was to be the scene of a night exercise.

That evening blank ammunition was issued and everyone was marched to the starting point at the base of Scrub Hill where the Unit was split into three sections which were to move off separately, at 15 minute intervals, with Section One leading. The objective was the fortified summit of the hill, the route to which was straight up the steepest slope along a tank track about ten feet in width.



Lieut. A. Beer presents the Year's Awards at the Passing-out Parade, whilst Headmaster Hodge looks on. Mr. Hodge took the salute and carried out the Inspection.

Y A K K I T Y

Section Two, which moved off fifteen minutes ahead of Section Three, managed somehow to arrive at the objective ten minutes BEHIND Section Three. So far, no one has been able to fathom out how two sections could pass each other on a ten foot wide track, without seeing or colliding with each other!

At the conclusion of the exercise, and after the Cadets had been marched back to camp, a small detail of N.C.O.'s carried out a recce. on the 8th Field Ambulance positions, preparatory to a dawn attack, which later resulted in a crushing victory for the glorious troops of R.H.S.!

Thursday morning was spent in rushed preparations of the lines for inspection by the Commanding Officer of Southern Command. Thursday afternoon saw the return of all Army equipment no longer needed, and on that same day, also, it came to the thoughts of some of the Cadets to give Mr. Beer a small party to celebrate his first wedding anniversary. One certain C.S.M. almost lost the little crown on his sleeve, through his efforts to get a suitable cake, without Mr. Beer knowing. No doubt both Mr. and Mrs. Beer enjoyed a little "nibble" on this cake after the camp had ended!

The next morning, Friday, was spent packing equipment and generally cleaning up the camp site prior to marching out.

As the buses moved off, thoughts were cast back to the pleasures and disappointments, the victories and the failures over the previous eight days. For some it would be the last sight of "Pucka" until they visit there with a National Service ticket in hand!

Back at Ringwood a few people were waiting to welcome back many "long lost" Cadets—naturally they were of the opposite sex!

Although it has been said before, I would just like to repeat the fact that because of his transfer to Sale, Mr. Beer will be ending his teaching at R.H.S. and his career in the Cadets. It has been only two years since he has been connected with us, but during those two years he has injected into the Unit fire, energy and enthusiasm, which, although not readily shown by some, is present in the ranks. I know that this spirit in Mr. Beer himself, has been greatly appreciated by all concerned, and we are very sorry to see him go.

But I speak for the Unit as a whole, when I say, "Good luck wherever you go, Mr. Beer."

C.U.O. H. ROURKE, Platoon One.

Page 35

ANNUAL CAMP ROLL CALL, '66

1 PLATOON: C.U.O. Rourke, Sgt. K. Copeland, Sgt. R. Glover, L/Cpl. D. Bentley, L/Cpl. R. Waddell, Cdt. M. Bott, J. Briggs, M. Dash, W. Harding, P. Jenkins, W. Keillerup, R. Olney, R. Paine, M. Pollitt, C. Rechnitzer, G. Smith, S. Spencer, P. Stoker, M. Thwaites, J. Venn, K. Vowels.

2 PLATOON: Sgt. Czarnecki, Sgt. D. Gotts, L/Cpl. R. Fleckhammer, Cdt. H. Bansagi, D. Chivers, M. Coad, D. Czarnecki, D. Mitchelmore, H. Parker, G. Parry, P. Roberts, K. Shields, G. Simpson, G. Stewart, G. Wardrope, M. Wierzbicki.

3 PLATOON: C.U.O. Dyer, Sgt. G. Bentley, Sgt. C. Dunstan, L/Cpl. D. Farrall, Cdt. T. Foley, A. Frederic, B. Goeman, A. Jamieson, M. Mattcott, L. Mullins, P. Nightingall, S. Turtle, G. Waddell.

HEADQUARTERS: Lt. E. A. Beer, C.S.M. G. Bentley, S/Sgt. S. Butler, Sgt. C. Ciastkowski. It was regretted that C.U.O. Gleeson and Cdt. Gleeson were unable to attend Annual Camp due to the unfortunate demise of their father.

PLATOON ONE

Platoon One has had a very successful year in a number of ways.

Firstly, Platoon One was the only Unit which had 100% attendance for the bivouac held at Nayook, and at each weekly parade. For Annual Camp we had an attendance of twenty-one out of a possible twenty-three.

Congratulations are due firstly, to L/Cpl. D. Bentley on his promotion prior to Camp. It was well-deserved. Secondly, to the only marksman in the Unit, Cdt. P. Jenkins, who scored a possible shoot on the Open Range at Pucka.

Thanks, also, to Sgt. K. Copeland for his help throughout the year, without which the Platoon would not have functioned as harmoniously and smoothly as it did.

C.U.O. H. ROURKE, O.C.

PLATOON TWO, '66

On the 24th February Sergeant Gotts was allotted to Platoon Two and it was not long before he had twenty-three cadets formed into an active and efficient unit.

Towards the end of first term a Bivouac at Noojee was held, which gave our cadets an opportunity to put into practice the tactics that they had been taught during theory lessons at school. We were very prominent in the exercise which was aimed at the capture of "Viet Cong" in the Noojee area.

Congratulations to Cdt. Fleckhammer on being promoted to Lance Corporal. He is one of the cadets who has shown the ability and enthusiasm required in a good cadet.

Undoubtedly the highlight of the cadet year was the annual camp at Scrub Hill. We feel every cadet in Platoon Two enjoyed themselves. Although the setting-up of camp was done during pouring rain no-one suffered any illness. The camp was a marvellous experience for those who attended, as it gave them the opportunity to fare for themselves and extended their knowledge of army life. Little difficulties such as freezing nights and cold showers were overcome by all cadets.

In conclusion, this year has been a good one for us. We hope each cadet has enjoyed it, and at the same time gained a certain insight into military life.

C.U.O. GLEESON, SGT. CZARNECKI.

PLATOON THREE

For the Cadet Unit as a whole, 1966 has been quite a successful year, except for one disappointing factor—the lack of numbers attending parades. Platoon Three managed a strength of only eighteen at weekly parades. However, with these small numbers I feel we have operated quite efficiently. This standing is sure to be continued through Cdt. Anderson and Farrall, who gained promotion to L/Cpl. during the year.

Within the first few active weeks, Sgt. Bentley moulded the rabble, claiming to be first year Cadets, into a well disciplined and efficient body of troops.

Our bivouac at Nayook was the first experience, for many, of the rigours of guerilla warfare. Despite our hardships in striking the worst camp site, and having our hoarded supply of "fruit pudding" stolen by an intruder from an enemy platoon, I think the bivouac was enjoyed by all.

Annual Camp was also extremely successful, with Ringwood High being commended time and time again on their excellent drill, discipline and weapon handling.

Finally I would like to thank every member of Platoon Three for their co-operation and interest throughout the year, and wish them all the best for their future years as Cadets.

C.U.O. P. DYER, O.C.

DAWN ATTACK AT SCRUB HILL

At our briefing we were informed that the 8th Field Ambulance, Australian Regular Army, was operating a Field Hospital, under bivouac conditions, in the scrub near our own Camp site.

This was supposedly in preparation for their posting to the battlefields of Vietnam.

Our task was a "search and destroy" mission on this Hospital. The attack was to commence at dawn so it was necessary to leave by 0500 hrs. For many this was indeed difficult, as the weather was not at all "tropical". However, true to their cause, fifteen of the Unit's "crack" troops assembled next morning outside H.Q. Ammunition was distributed lavishly and we were given chalk to mark tents with a distinctive "R" (Ringwood of course!), which showed that our lightning attack had been a brilliant success. With all in readiness we headed for the Hospital.

The general plan of attack was for two main forces of six men, under the command of C.U.O.'s Rourke and Dyer, to sweep through the enemy lines along a North-South axis. A harassing party, under the command of C.S.M. Bentley, positioned themselves on the outskirts of the lines to create a diversion. When this squad opened fire, the attack was to commence. The hazardous part, moving up to the enemy lines undetected, was yet to come. But, with our expert training in night movement our forces moved into position and . . . BANG!! BANG!! The attack was on!

C.U.O. Rourke's squad moved into the fray first, firing and marking tents as they ran, followed up closely by C.U.O. Dyer's squad. Ambulances, jeeps, tents and ponchos were all marked and claimed as "destroyed". Where was the Medic's defence?

The marauding Cadets carried on their rampage without opposition until Sgt. Copeland was brilliantly brought to the ground by a flying tackle from a previously insignificant Medic. C.U.O. Dyer was rendered helpless with an enemy gun barrel thrust into his back. C.U.O. Rourke also found himself rather "forcibly" apprehended. Now, with our rifles seized, we were bundled off helplessly into an Interrogation Tent, where, surprise of surprises!! we were joined by Sgt. Czarnecki and Cdt. Pollit. Without his rifle, Sgt. Czarnecki resorted to his next best weapon—his mouth! Taking advantage of this unintentional diversion, Sgt. Copeland burst past his captors to freedom, showing superb elusive tactics. After this miraculous escape our guard was strengthened, but after several threats of torture and punches in the mouth, we were graciously permitted to return to our Camp, but without our rifles!!

At 0900 hrs. next morning those who had been captured returned to get their rifles and at the

same time reconnoitre the scene of the glorious battle. Jeeps, tents, and in fact, every visible piece of military equipment bore a large "R" or words to the effect that the "Viet Cong had been!!"

Even though this attack was a complete victory for the Cadet Unit—that is, of course, excluding the degradation of being captured—it was indeed a pity that we couldn't have captured that Ambulance and brought it home, wasn't it, Ted???

C.U.O. P. DYER.

IN PRAISE OF A FORM . . .

The Form I'm in, makes *such* a din,
It drives me to desperation,
Don't you consider it's a horrible sin,
We've got *such* a bad reputation?

The teachers who come to instruct us
Are filled with the wildest frustration.
Our ringleaders set out to corrupt us
And lead us into temptation.

As you pass the door, there's always a roar,
Scarce anyone's paying attention.
Each afternoon—Oh! It's *such* a bore,
The whole Form's "doing" detention.

Tho' the term's well on, the year's near its end,
A fresh page we'll turn, to our lessons we'll bend,
So let's rally, without hesitation
To our teachers, and be a *real* inspiration!

ANITA VAN DER HOUT, 2B.

THE DROVER

The distant goal gleams in his eye,
But the weather is hot, and the good grass gone;
Yet, onwards he drives them, how long before
they die
With the weather so hot, and the sweet water
all done?

So many are dying,
And the Drover is sighing,
But, that distant goal
Still lives in his soul.
As onwards he urges his weary sheep,
With the weather so hot; how long can they
keep?

ADRIENNE LOSIN, 3A.



1 B



1 A

Form Teacher: Mrs. Page.

Form Captains: Rosalind Wickham, John McLaughlin.

During 1966 we have made a good start at High School Life and now that we know each other pretty well, we feel we are a hard working team.

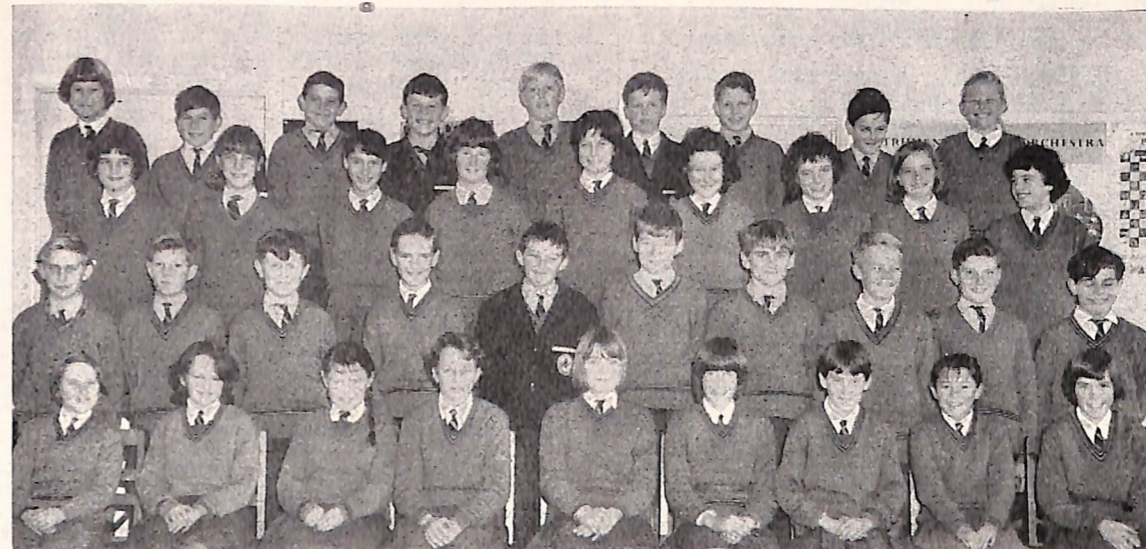
The boys' favourite subjects are Woodwork with Mr. Woodberry, Art with Mr. Kossatz, "Mech. Drag." with Miss Richardson, Phys. Ed. with Mr. Streiberger, and sport.

In the House Athletics we had two girls from our Form competing. In the Relay and High-jump, Julie Dash and Rosalind Wickham.

In the Under 13 cross-country, Jan Frearson obtained third place and Rosalind Wickham fifth place.

In the House Swimming Jan Frearson and Patsy Schuster represented their Houses, and in the Interschool, they also represented the school.

We have a couple of boys in the Softball Team, John McLaughlin and Peter Rogers. The team won every match played during the season.



We also had a couple in the Hand-Ball Team, Ian McLean and Peter Newton.

The form held a Social Service Fete run by Janice Byrne, Sheryl Hogarth, Vicki Nash and a few assistants, and raised a sum of \$4.16.

Altogether it has been a very good year for our Form, thanks to the help given us by Mrs. Page.

1 B

Form Teacher: Mr. Streiberger.

Form Captains: Janet Hamilton, Roland Warner.

Unfortunately there is little to tell about our Form. We are regarded as a very noisy and talkative mob, but we don't think so.

First year at High School is very exciting, with new subjects, new teachers and Phys. Ed. Of course sport is good, too, and many of our Form mates have played in Inter-School games and Inter-House events, both Swimming and Athletics.

Some of the boys have hobbies such as Railway Club, Violin, Piano and the Saturday occupation of "scrounging" at the tip. Anyway it has been an interesting year and now we feel we are *real* High School students!

We thank Mr. Streiberger for his help as Form Teacher and boys know him best as Phys. Ed. instructor. So good luck for next year, we'll see you then.

1 D



1C

Form Teacher: Mrs. J. Jambon.

Form Captains: Barbara Trotter, Philip Pearson.

During Term Two Shirley Thomas came to us from Morwell, where she had been Captain of her Form, so Mrs. Jambon thought it would be a nice gesture if we made her Vice-Captain with Denise Hibbs.

We have not won the Cup for room tidiness, yet, which indicates that we must be a lazy, untidy lot. But we *have* tried!

Quite a number of the girls and boys took part in the Prefects' Concert and Meg Howatson led a Recorder Group in a number of items. Meg and Denise are also in the Choir which visited Croydon for the Music Festival.

During August we held a Stall in aid of Social Service, and raised \$18, including a collection made during Form Assemblies. Our Social Service effort was directed towards helping the Tissell family who had the misfortune of losing their house and contents in a fire. With Mrs. Jambon's help and guidance we purchased two canteens of cutlery and some tea-towels which were greatly appreciated by Mrs. Tissell.

Anne Lievesley, our champion athlete, plays Basketball in the Methodist Association. Her team won the cup for the best Junior Methodist Basketball Team in Victoria. Anne was also second in the long jump during the House Athletics. Meg Howatson was in the winning Tennis Team.

During Term Two John Aust left us for Tasmania and now resides at Travalyn. And, "big

deal", Ian Tunnicliffe went to live in Italy. We've no doubt he has already put on weight from eating too much spaghetti. He is living some 40 miles from Milan, or Milano in Italian. Phillip Pearson will be deserting us in December, for the United States where he will live at Raleigh, North Carolina. These boys are certainly on the move, but we wish them all luck in their new environment.

Leonard Budrys spent some time on a Pig Farm at Eduipper, where he helped perform some very delicate operations on the poor "porckers". We hope his experience will be of value to him later in life.

Many of the boys, like the girls, have performed well at sport, while Robert King appeared one day, exceedingly tired, after a long, long hike with the Scouts.

We would like to thank all our teachers for their help and patience with us, and we especially thank Mrs. Jambon for her kindness and help as our Form Teacher, as well as instructing us in Maths and Science.

Now we take this opportunity of wishing everyone all the best for 1967.

1D

Form Teacher: Mrs. Feuchtersleben.

Form Captains: Margaret Moore, Carol Rogers, Peter Hart, Greg Carpenter.

Choosing captains was our first task at the beginning of our first year at High School.

1E



1E

Form Teacher: Mrs. Beecham.

Form Captains: Joanne Fly, Chris. Puckey.

There are seventeen girls and nineteen boys in 1E. Our Form Captains have been ably assisted by Vices Sue Warner and Barry Dennis, who helped carry out their many duties very capably. Chris, where's your Roll Book?

One of our greatest achievements seems to have been the holding of the Dedman Cup for Room Tidiness. On some occasions, we must admit, our excellence in this matter has been entirely accidental.

Our effort at the Fete was reasonable, but with experience we hope to do much better in the future. When one of our Form mates was unfortunate enough to have the house burnt down, we combined with other First Forms to collect money, clothing and household articles for the family. We also collected money for the Indian Boy appeal.

Early in the year we gained a new member from Alice Springs who told us many interesting things about life in Central Australia. but she later left us in favour of northern sunshine. Our most recent newcomer, Peter Bancroft, hails from Woomera. When are you sending up the next rocket, Peter?

Two geography excursions this year, arranged by Mr. Stolk, have greatly increased our knowledge of orchards and dairy farms.

At Olympic Pool we were represented by Leigh Woollard and Graham Ross. Now training for the Combined Athletics are Sue Warner, Linda Mountford and Bill Briggs, who competed in the Inter-House Aths. Keen members of the Junior Hockey Team are Kaye West and Christine Harry.

Exams!! Well we're always optimistic . . . Same to you for next year and thanks, Mrs. Beecham, for your patience and help.

2A

Form Teacher: Mrs. Nilsen.

During the year our Form has participated in most School and Inter-school activities.

We have lost only one of our students during that time. At the end of Term Two Rod Male left us for the country and Mrs. Nilsen has been a great help to us in the capacity of both Form Teacher and Science Teacher. We wish to thank her, and all our teachers, for putting up with us during the year, and hope they will stay with us during 1967. With their encouragement and help, we have achieved a great deal—we hope!

As a Form, we wish everyone a happy and successful New Year.

CRAIG AUSTIN, PETER HASLAM.

This was carried out by election, just like parliament.

The Form was quite excited after the mid-year exams, when it became known that Carol Rogers topped the Form Ones, with Margaret Moore second.

During the year five of our Form-mates, Gina Kornow, Mary van Battum, Pamela Troman, Carol Rogers and Margaret Moore, ventured forth with the Choir and Mrs. Feuchtersleben, to Croydon High Assembly Hall, which did very well at the Music Festival.

While we are talking of music, we must mention Margaret Enting and John McCrae, who took part with success in the violin section of the Dandenong Music Festival of Youth.

Another outing of note was the visit to Prah-ran Town Hall for the Recorder Concert. On the way back to school, we had lunch in the park before visiting the Botanical Gardens where we fed the ducks and swans which insisted on following us around the lake.

Kerryn Marsh went to Tasmania during the September vacation where she was runner-up in the Junior Tennis Championship.

Everyone was sorry to bid farewell to Mary van Battum, who returned to Holland with her family. She was presented with an Autograph Book and Diary with our best wishes for the future. We hope both gifts will remind her of R.H.S.

Finally we must thank Mrs. Feuchtersleben for her help throughout our first year at Ringwood High.

1D—THE BOYS

Barry Alderson—An around sportsman.
Greg Arnett—Closely related to a "Real Estate Agent".

Greg Carpenter—Closely related to the "Canteen".

Greg Downs—Just a quarter of our "Gregs".
Steven Erickson—"A friend of everyone."

Geoffrey Griffiths—"Always plays up on scout camps."

Roy King—"Commonly known as Baldy."
Peter Lankashire—New from the Philippines, but settling in well.

John McRae—"A Great Musician."
Brian McGoldrick—"Always quiet!!!"

Darrel Mitchem—"Good things come in small packages."

Steven Simpson—"Photos are my hobby."
Brian Proud—The brains of the "Outfit".

Peter Veenhuizen—"Another mighty Dons supporter."

Greg Schellenberg—"Another Collingwood supporter."

Graham Williams—Travels from Warrandyte every day, "Just to go to school."

2B

Form Teacher: Mrs. R. Skinner.

Form Captains: Michael Pratt, Anita Van Der Hout.

Our Form has completed a very successful year. The Form Captains carried out their work conscientiously. Each term we have succeeded in increasing our Social Service Total and have been represented in many sports.

Football: Harry Parker. Phillip Gange, Peter Gleeson. Softball: Terry Bacon, Ronnie Crawford, Gary Morgan. Hockey: J. Haygarth, R. Langford, I. Pagram, P. Roberts, A. Logan, S. Redmond, L. Chegwidde. Tennis: Murray Sanders. Athletics: Fiona Campbell (High Jump), Phillip Gange.

We would like to thank all our teachers for their help and interest during the year. We are looking forward to the holidays and another happy year in 1967.

2C

Form Teacher: Mrs. Pump.

Form Captains: Judith Hampson, Peter Maher.

Vice Captains: Robyn Lukey, Robert Taylor.

We have had quite a successful year in 2C, and would like to thank Mrs. Pump for her patience with us during the year.

To our surprise we discovered that our students have a number of varied hobbies. Julie Cook plays the piano, Christina Robin and Lynette German study ballet and have also shown aptitude for swimming and competed in our sports during the year. Sonya Laekner has been heard singing. With practice she could be successful in the future. Quiet Karen Winn breeds rabbits; Norma A'Vard loves riding horses, while Christine Smith and Vicki Munro are interested in tennis and athletics.

Judy, our Form Captain, has proved herself excellent in this capacity and a good leader of our girls. She has been a wonderful help during the year. Two new students arrived this term; Cheryl Mudge from Maribyrnong and Carol Bickertan from Rosanna High. We hope they were happy with us.

Our boys are quite active in the school cadets, namely Wayne Kiellerup, Mark Dash, Russell Paine, Shane Skinner, and Dennis Walton. They attended a cadet camp at the end of second term, but as yet we have not been enlightened on any of their activities. Many of the boys belong to the Boy Scouts and we hear that some are interested in motor cars. Paul Mountford and Mark Dash have been advised to become comedians.

To end a very successful and happy year we are having a form picnic. Once again many thanks to Judy and Peter who have kept 2C in order during the year.

2D

Form Teacher: Mr. H. Hudson.

Form Captains: Pam Keegan, Ralph D'Arcy.

In general the year has been a good one, although we have been accused by all and sundry of being noisy and undisciplined. Of course these charges are not true, and many of us will never agree to that.

The girls have made themselves useful in many ways during the year, by baking and selling scones to help raise money to purchase Prefects' Blazers. During the Fete we raised quite a tidy sum by washing staff cars. Beverley MacDowell attended the Recorder Eisteddfod at Prahran Town Hall and ten members of the Form who are in the Choir, visited Croydon High's Assembly Hall for the Croydon Music Festival and were praised for their efforts.

Karen Baud was Captain of Woorkarrim Juniors, Janet King, Captain Noorook Juniors, Ruth Rogers, Captain Karalla Juniors, while Colleen Bentley won the under 13 Cross-country run and Jenny Allen was victorious in the under 15 section.

Most of the girls took part in School Sports: Volleyball, Softball, Basketball and Tennis and earlier in the year a visit was paid to a Gymnastic Dispay in Melbourne.

The boys began the year with a roll-call of seventeen, later increasing to twenty with the arrival of Robert Bennett and Ronnie Van Winkel, from Aquinas College. and Richard Teather from Seymour.

In Sport, most of the boys represented their Houses with reasonable success. Garry McCubbin ran in the Cross-country as well as playing football. David Muller captained the Softball team very successfully and professionally—at times instructing Mr. Hudson in the finer points of the rules, when he was umpire.

Four of the boys, R. Bennett, R. Van Winkel, P. Matcott and P. Stoker, joined the Cadet Corps during the year, but Bennett and Van Winkel resigned for reasons best known to themselves. It has come to our notice that Ian Purse writes, edits and produces a Family Newspaper, regularly, of very high quality.

We have all had a very good and enjoyable year under the "guidance" of Mr. Hudson. Now we would like to wish everyone all the best for the coming year.

2E—THE WEIRD MOB

GIRLS

Linda Anderson: A great Form Captain, as well as a great talker.

Corinne Brown: There's one in every nice Form, extra nice.

Glenda Coad: A fan of whose? I wonder?
Wilhelmina Coenders: Is she the short talkative one?

Ann Dowling: I thought good things came in small packages?

Linda Dunlevie: Lately she has discovered there is more to life than work.

Lesley Gray: She stops, wonders, looks—and then what!!

Susan Griffiths: I think she knows how to talk, but I haven't heard her yet.

Dianne Hartwich: Her interests are broader than the syllabus.

Vivien Kennedy: Less talk. More work, I think it's called.

Cheryl King: King of talking or boy-chasing?

Kerry McGuinness: Party mad.

Leanne McQuay: Up and coming comedienne.

Janice Norman: The little "big boss". Cheerful, cheeky chatterbox.

Linda O'Brien: She's quiet and tries hard.

Sheryll O'Brien: One of the clan.

Janet Quinn: Works between talking.

Vivienne Quinn: Always tries (to look like she's working). Fascinated by windows.

Julie Rowntree: Uses her head, her mouth, mainly.

Barbara Scattergood: Scatterbrained, but too.

Judy Stephens: Seems a quiet type—I wonder!!

Megan Stockall: Boys, Boys, Boys.

Heather Whyte: Tiny, but terrific.

Linda Willers: Whispering! Working! Willy.

BOYS

Bruce Cam: Mild in school, but a tiger at football.

Anthony Davies: Professor. The dream of every teacher.

Niel Davies: A reliable Form Captain, when he's not being a pest.

John Grayling: Professor John. Under 95% is a low mark.

Graham Hagland: I think he's a clown or is he a nut?

Malcolm Hale: Somebody tell him Aussie Rules are different to Rugby.

David Kimberley: Hast the strangest . . .

Wayne King: Girls, bikes and school in that order.

Michael Kinnan: Tiny English chap; keen on soccer.

Bruce McDonough: Acts like a professor, but sometimes I wonder.

Alan McLean: Can't resist holidays, even if they are at the wrong time.

Grant Nichol: Inclined to be a worker.

Robert Newton: Mr. Football of R.H.S.

Graham Parry: A tough lad in uniform—otherwise??

Terry Richards: The chewing gum rocker.

Andrew Rose: A trier, but not a footballer.

John Snelders: Classroom-dodger.

Tom Stieber: A big lad with a big following—of girls.

Ken Waddel: His jokes affect others—in several ways.

Peter Wadsworth: Keen on sport—even at Maths time.



JUNIOR SWIMMERS

3A

Despite the melancholy routine of our daily Studentship, a few exciting (?) events have brightened our lives.

The cream (?) of the Third Forms for '66, 3A was ably led by David Quin and Pam Creed. During our various outings we have proven ourselves worthy, intelligent, quiet, well-behaved and a boon to discipline-loving teachers—perhaps!

Perhaps, also, our two languages had their effect upon us, but we do not think ourselves more superior than others, nicht wahr? At this juncture may we pay tribute to the overpaid, underworked teachers, who also are happy to holiday in peace, especially our most illustrious and studious master Herr Gannan.

As to sport, we have done quite well. None have excelled in a particularly great degree, nor are any particularly weak. Whilst maintaining our intellectual status we have also developed a healthy and uninhibited attitude in our way of life. Of course we are now enjoying the relaxed extra-curricular activities which abound in our particular world (?). Frohe Weihnachten!

3B1

Under the guidance of our Form Teacher, Mr. Rice (Bubbles), and despite the efforts of our Masters to slay us with exams, the boys of 3B1 have enjoyed a successful year. (?)

By some miscarriage of justice, Gordon (Sparks) Spargo and Colin (Carrots) Carrington were elected Captain and Vice, respectively, of the Form.

Among our distinguished group we have many "sports"—on the field, that is.

During the year the boys went to MacDonald's Engineering Co. at Richmond, with our Metal-work Teacher, Mr. Spencer, and enjoyed the outing. Some of us actually learned something.

Four of our Form mates joined the Educational Tour to New South Wales and Northern Victoria, which they found most rewarding.

A very enjoyable visit to St. Kilda, with Mrs. Nilsen, was a highlight of our year—the reason, the Folklorica Ballet. This was an unforgettable colourful experience. Of further interest was a visit to the Observatory with Mr. Gannan and Mrs. Nilsen.

Our illustrious Form Master, Mr. Rice, seems to enjoy our company to such an extent that he delights in detaining us after school. His favourite pastime is handing out essays to the people he "likes", covering extremely difficult topics. From this we deduce that the people he "likes" gain extra educational experience. Despite all this, however, we wish him well and send our greetings for 1967 to all and sundry.

3B1

Form Teacher: Mr. Rice.

Form Captains: Val Jenkins, Val Walker.

A is for Athletes of which there are few,
 B is for Barbara just one of that few,
 C is for Cathy, who talks only to boys.
 and D is for Day-dreams, our one hope and joy.
 E is for Exams, our favourite pastime ??
 F is for Friede, who laughs all the time.
 G is for Glenda, Glenda and Gail,
 and H is for Holidays, one subject none fail.
 I is for Intelligence possessed by us all.
 J is for Jan who's anything but small.
 K is for Kaye the quietest of all
 and L is for Lillian, Leonie and Louise.
 M is for Margaret so easy to please,
 N is for Neddy one of the Form.
 O is for Oh! we create quite a storm,
 P is for Patience required by our teachers,
 and Q is for Questions addressed to us creatures.

R is for 'Rithmetic, which we can't do!
 S is for Suzanne and the Susans two.
 T is for Teachers, whom we adore???
 and U is for Uniforms, strictly the Law.
 V is for Valerie, of which there are two.
 W is for Wendy who goes round with Sue.
 X is for exhausted, which we are now.
 Y is for why! Well we've just written a poem.
 and Z is for Zee—American, don't you see?

3B2 GIRLS

Form Captain: Lynette Norton.

Vice Captain: Susan Casey.

All of the fifteen girls in our Form have almost completed a successful year's work in every way. Judith Cannon came top of the form in the mid-year exams.

We held a very successful Form party at Lyn Wisdom's place at the beginning of the September holidays, and we hope to hold another, just as successfully, at the end of the year.

There are two "athletes" in the Form, Alison Thomas, senior basketball, and Yolette De Zilwa, senior hockey.

We all feel that we have nearly completed a successful year. Season's Greetings to All.

THE 3B2 MOB.

3B2 BOYS

Form Captain: D. Bentley.

Vice Captain: K. Howatson.

Form 3B2 boys have had a very successful year. For this we would like to thank all our subject teachers and especially our diligent Form teacher Mr. Van Dongen. We hope their recuperation does not take long. The boys are listed for your convenience and ours (mostly yours):

(Student So-called; Nickname; Remarks.)
 Graeme Barry; Grimey; features: what features?
 Dennis Bentley; Bub; likes football, cadets and scouts.
 David Blanchard; Rolly; likes food and resembles nickname.
 Philip Broadley; Phil; likes crowding at lockers?
 Max Collis; Max; quiet? A friend of Nightie.
 Clive Connely; Killer; tough—tenacious—sickening.
 Keith Corbett; Ralph; features: uggh! Likes slot cars!
 John Eddy; Egghead; likes radio, does microphone at assembly.
 Ken Howatson; Howie; likes scouts and urging geography teachers.
 Peter Kornow; Korny; like radio, electronics, etc. . . . etc.
 Mark Lee; Mark; likes scouts, attentive student?

Steven McGoldrick; Macca; for information ask a certain Moureen.

Philip Nightingall; Nightie; quiet? A friend of Max's. Likes Cadets.

Gary Simpson; Simmo; nothing can be said as nothing is there.

David Walker; Davy; toughest member of Form, watch him?

Graeme Walker; Squawker; likes football and belting up Clive.

Peter Wallace; Wally; leads "Wally's Wreckers" and likes PAM!

Signed: "WE TWO, TOO, of 3B2."

3D

Form Teacher: Mr. Aitcheson.

Form Captain: Paul Roberts.

Vice Captain: Keith Vowles.

We are one of the smaller Forms, due to the fact that there are no 3D girls. This may be an advantage, but we are yet undecided. We have proved ourselves as good sportsmen—almost all the Form are. The most successful members of the Form, which was decided by the exams, are Keith Vowles 76%, Gary Hancock 69% and David Chivers 64%.

We had a few extra additions to the Form during the year, one of whom was Ken Townsend, from England. He talks quite strangely. Next is Stephen Troman who also comes from England and is somewhat of a monster in size. Another is Ross Balderston, from Tasmania, who is quite good at exercising his jaw.

PETER ROBERTS.

3E

Form Teacher: Mrs. Baud.

Form Captains: Kathy Marsh, Sheila Blackmore.

Our Form has had an interesting year and have been "fortunate" in having three teachers for English and two for Geography. We held a Mannequin Parade and a Stall, for Social Service, early in the year from which we raised \$11.

Being an All-Girl Form, we have had to join Form 3D for some lessons, from time to time. This, we did not like.

Our Form Teacher, Mrs. Baud, is appreciated and liked by all in the Form. She has been very patient and helpful throughout the year.

Kathy Marsh, Gail Kelly and Cheryl Matthews are competing in the Inter-School Athletics, while Cathy Evans, Kay Sullivan and Vicki Harman were in the School Swimming Sports.

Earlier in the year we went on a C.P.P. excursion to the State Savings Bank, at the Show Grounds, which we found most interesting.

Now, we all hope to do well in our exams and are looking forward to 1967! Best wishes for the coming year.



JUNIOR SWIMMING

4A

Form Captains: Stephen Campbell, Lynda Boardman.

Vice Captains: Bruce Anderson, Sue Lewis.

After being told to put some "rave" into the Magazine, we present the results of our frustrated final attempts:

Firstly we were well represented in all areas of sport, but our members are so modest that they wish to remain anonymous.

Now we would like to thank Garry Meier for the wonderful job he did in organizing our Form's effort for the Fete and we don't need to mention that 4A won the fund-raising competition with \$140 this year.

Some of our members went on a geography tour this year in Term Two, and a couple of them are still recovering from the shock of coming into contact with water when they fell in the snow.

And now, a word about our overseers. Mr. McGregor shows the progress of his team—Port Melbourne—every Saturday, by being in a bad mood the following Monday. Rather keen on advertising Port Melbourne's merits. Mr. Board teaches us science in between water-pistol duels with Mr. Venn.

Mr. Ingwersen—Everyone's got a hobby. Mr. Ingwersen is seeing how many pieces of chalk, and random dusters' he can throw in the bin during one period. His score is decreasing due to the necessity to throw it at pupils instead, which is more fun anyway.

Mrs. Mentz—Thank you for the experience

matrics



of looking through the theodolite. We obtained a good look at a prize cumulus cloud.

Miss Cox was by far the best Charleston at the School Social. Mr. Gannon—We offered to be in the Prefects' Concert and sing German Folk Songs but Mr. Gannon was, for the first time, against the spreading of German Kultur . . . wonder why? Mr. Fisher—Thanks a heap for the excellent film on . . . er . . . Julius Geizer. Fred won the noughts and crosses tournament, we think he did, anyway, for it was a bit too dark to tell for sure.

We want to thank all our teachers, who've persevered and done a beaut. job. We appreciate it very much—all forty-one of us.

4B

Form Teacher: Mr. L. Kossatz.

Form Captains: Carol Dicker, Neil Duncan.

We hope we have successfully completed the year's work. (What a wishful-think . . .! Editor.)

Consisting of 43 students, we are the largest of all the Fourth Forms and "naturally" we are noisy, which has gained us quite a reputation.

Although our Form is not the brainiest, it is very successful on the sports field. Nearly half the boys play Inter-School sport, usually to the disgust of Mrs. Mentz, who has her geography periods disrupted. Football, tennis, baseball, squash, hockey and softball are the sports in which our boys excel.

Due to last minute organization by Mr. Kossatz, the Form raised a surprisingly large sum of money for the School Fete.

We "kid" ourselves we are liked by all and sundry, and would like to thank our teachers for all their help, so patiently given. We give a special "thank you" to Mr. Kossatz, whose guidance has been appreciated by all.

The Girls have their say . . .

We have had a good year despite the fact that a certain teacher kept telling us "4B be quiet or you can do the rest of the course on your own." Mrs. Mentz had a very trying year with us, but I think she finally got it across to us that we HAD to WORK in Geog. French was the most stimulating lesson and everyone was so attentive that in the end Mr. Fisher quietly told us to "TAISEZ-VOUS".

Jackie McKean is the happiest member of the class (you can guess why?). Cathy and Noela are generally quiet but when it comes to Normie Rowe they really let themselves go. Stephanie and Helen were the only two from our form who went on the snow trip and from their tales we believe it was a success.

Jenny and Linda both have hidden talents. Linda writes terrific essays and Jenny is an excellent artist.

Miss Cox is a "fab" teacher and gives an interesting lesson until she is interrupted by the two "Yakkities", Mary and Cheryl. Judy and Leonie are the quiet sophisticated members of the Form, attentive in all subjects (ha! ha!). There is always something new in the gossip centre and Barbara, Marion, Marilyn and Marg. discuss the latest, Cheryl and Kathy go by un-

Y A K K I T Y

noticed at school. Why? Because they have outside interests.

Seriously we would like to thank all our teachers for putting up with us this year, especially Mr. Kossatz, who we hope has as much fun at his next school.

4C

Form Teacher: Mr. M. Robb.

Form Captain: Faye Muggleston.

Compared with other Forms, ours is small, with only twelve girls and twelve boys. Faye Muggleston and Karelee Brown swapped duties as Captains at the half year, which worked quite satisfactorily.

Apart from School Sports, the only excursions we indulged in were a visit to the School Tennis Courts and Oval for geography. Leonie Munro, Sandra White and Marjorie McDowell went on the geography trip to north-eastern Victoria and came back with so much to tell us—not necessarily about the geography either—about bus breakdown, two a.m. arrival at destination and a snow fight at Mount Buller.

Leonie, Sandra and Ali van der Zweep represented us in the School Softball Team and Marianne-Serbinski kept going at Basketball.

As we are doing the Commercial Course, we hope we shall not mess up the business world by reversing our C.P.P. rules. There is a certain group which has gained a reputation for giggling, especially during Maths and Geog., and Sandra usually ends up with hiccoughs. We missed Mrs. Reiger for a time when she was away nurs-

matrics



Y A K K I T Y

ing an infected throat, but now she has returned we wish her well.

Generally it has been a good year, but for some of us it is our last before trying our commercial knowledge on an unsuspecting boss. We thank all our teachers for their patience and help, and especially Mr. Robb, our Form Teacher, who also instructs us in Maths. Best wishes, everyone.

Now for the Boys . . . Australia's potential business tycoons. The following is the dossier.

Mick (Anderson)—What he lacks in years is made up in brains. **Brads (Bradley)**. He has every smart answer. **AB (Buchanan)**. He doesn't worry, 'cos Les' been told the Government will look after him. **Bluey (Cannon)**. Is he the red-haired terror? **Jimmy (Faulds)**. It's weight that counts! **Frizz (Fraser)**. Nobody would ever pick this lad.

Harry (MacCallum). He tries hard—and then some! **Hughie (McGillivray)**. Envied for his position in the Aths Squad. **Bob (Russell)**. The best thing that ever happened to 4C. **Rutherford**. Dack on 'em! **Yacky doo, Husjo, Yuh, Yuh, Yuh, Yuh. Larry (Thompson)**. Horses, Horses, Horses, Natty over horses. **Webbie (Webb)**. Never been late for class. Hope you enjoy the future.

4E

Form Teacher: Mr. N. Dunn.

Form Captain: Wendy Mossop.

Vice Captain: Zofia Jazewski.

4E consists of fourteen girls. We lost one girl earlier in the year, but gained another in her place, but she too left to get a job. We

have representatives for the Bank, Pound, Sports Store and Staff Room helpers. For social service, we collected \$30 by making cinnamon scrolls to sell to the pupils.

At the School Fete we ran a Chinese "Dragon Inn", where we sold fried rice and made \$15 clear profit. This success was partly due to a certain Geography teacher. Five of our girls went on the six day Geography tour. One of our more athletic pupils, Jeanette Dennis, won the school Cross-Country Run, and came tenth out of the Mountain Division.

Congratulations to Lee Knox who won the discus and javelin and is to represent Ringwood High in the Mountain District Division Athletic Sports. Lee also came second in the Victorian Championship and first in the Schoolgirls' Championship with her javelin.

Our fete and social service representative is Dianne Nicks.

A thank-you to all teachers who have put up with our Form throughout the year, with a special thank-you to our Domestic Science and Form teacher, Mrs. Dunn, who has shown remarkable courage in coping with us.

5A

Form Teacher: Mr. Board.

Form Captains: Heather Foers, Bronwyn Grouse, Steven Cook, Doug McDonough.

The new year soon got under way. Surfing forth went the crash of the new wave of students, eagerly devouring knowledge and looking on the brighter side, where the wake isn't. The crest was vigorous and persil white. Reaching and plunging ahead were the future honour students of Sixth Form, one proving herself worthy enough for selection to spend a year in America. Our sincere congratulations to Christine Foley.

Sport still flourished, despite disciplined study, and there was many a half day spent with only half the class present, due to the insistent call of Inter-School Sport.

Unfortunately, excursions were few and far between, but we thank our English teachers for their trouble in providing us with two helpful and enjoyable film screenings in a local hall.

The traditional Fifth Form Snow Trip was again enthusiastically supported, and the eighty-two starters were comfortably placed. A solid thirty-five inches of powdery snow covered the ski-run and tyre tubes, sleds, car bonnets and plastic flew down the slope and out of the mist carrying upon them, or close behind, screaming and laughing snow-enthusiasts. The presence of the Form's lone, bald-headed sharpie at school next morning, without even a sniffle, has astounded everyone. Butch, how did you do it?

The day was a tremendous, and, fortunately, accident-free success. The accompanying teachers, I'm pleased to say, were all well-behaved and a credit to the school. Furthermore, they may look forward to being asked again—watch it, Mrs. Dunn, Miss Cox, Mr. Stolk and Mr. Kossatz!

Although a fair jump from Fourth Form, the year has been an interesting one, and to those who may have to repeat, best wishes.

Finally, on behalf of the Form, I'd like to thank each of our subject teachers for their co-operation, and to those who have almost given up, every success in their future tasks.

Seriously, we were a happy lot, and between our seven girls and thirty-five boys we had many laughs together.

May the New Year bring you good fortune!

STEVEN.

5B

Dear Parents, Pupils and Ex-Students,

Once again 5B has proved itself the "most outstanding" Form in the School. This year we have been capably controlled by a distinguished gentleman with a receding hairline, who is fondly referred to as "Uncle Bob".

Our scholastic achievements for the year are insuperable, with Dale Evans, Glenda Pottenger, Ted Czarnecki and Paul Wraight taking top awards in the Humanities.

Sportswise, we have enjoyed the notable prowess of Peter Barelli (Volleyball), Ian Roberts (Football), Jeff Moore (Athletics), Ted Czarnecki (Swimming), Bruce Rosel (Swimming and Football) and last, but not leastly, that dogmatic enforcer of Volleyball justice, Chris White. But we must not forget the "weaker sex", who once again proved their ability with the help of lovely Lorraine Mitchell (Swimming), Marg. Anderson (Basketball and Athletics), Marg. Knight (Basketball and Swimming) and our Girls' Basketball Captain, Glenda Pottenger.

Our social activities this year have not been limited and the happy, smiling faces of 5B were seen at Chris Foley's send off at Essendon, the snow trip to Baw Baw, socials and school parties. The major fund-raising effort for '66 was \$86, achieved with the help of a Fairy-Floss Machine at our school Fete, which was capably run by the pink and very sticky Val Shanahan and Rodney Parnell. Our Form Captain, Kerry Bolger, has been trying to establish a Students' Representative Council, which we hope will be operating very soon.

This year, our Form has been especially honoured by a very respectable, clean-cut group of chaps known to society as "Sharpies". Being interesting newcomers to the social set, their "good" work has been a source of constant and varied discussion!!

It can safely be said that the most colourful members of the Form would be "Ginge" Paine, who has gained the admiration of her comrades and wonder of her teachers. Ian McCubbin, the astute leader of the Sharpies, has gained, by his own methods, the respect of all. "Zorba" Gamlin, whose nifty footwork, and audacious wit, has converted at least 100 pupils to "Zorbarism"; and "Snowy" White, who has not only added a dash of silver white colour to the student masses, but has also managed to break every girl's heart in Form Five.

A rumour is whispered at the lockers lately, that Douglas William Carter, Stuart Craig Manson, Lorraine Mitchell, Sue Paine, Val Shanahan, Cathy Shearer, Marj. Knight, Sue Baker, Ivy Collins and Joanne Whitehouse, will be leaving us this year. Two new students this year, Tony Robertson and Margot Malcolm, will also be leaving. Ah, but that's life! We know they have made many friends, but we're certain that Margot will be keeping in touch with a particular someone, heh, Margot?

On the whole it's been a very pleasant and rewarding year and thanks to the quiet, stabilizing influence of Eeka boy Hillard, Frederick Motteram, Sicky Robertson, J. chass Robin, Cuddles Wierzkicki, Julie Flynn, Zorba Tamlin (and followers, Judy Harrison, Lindy Stevens, Mary Thorney and Cheryl Trotman (although her 'stabilizing' influence is doubted) that we have managed to maintain a spotless escutcheon! Thank you, 5B and our teachers.

6A

This has been a very amusing year for most with the "Punch" line still to come at the end of November. This may appear to be an axe over our heads but it is nothing to having endured one or two duster fights with the Griffith" of 6A, Marie Harry.

During the September hols. Mr. Tyler took five senior students on a trip to S.A. but the festivity declined after they pushed the car up the first few hills. Speaking of cars, Gordon Pratt, Selwyn and Buck are thinking of charging admittance fees to a Drag Race along Bedford Road each morning and they are looking for a slice of the bets on the second heat to the fish shop each lunch time. The roll was marked and regularly, once a month, its whereabouts were inquired into. We didn't have a Form Picnic, we just sent the food to Mr. Dunbar. The presence of Barry Carrington in our midst

has a definite subduing effect on our form assemblies, which is essential to the control of the wild, riotous, behaviour of the girls. Hoping you didn't get too hysterical reading these notes and lots of love.—6A.

P.S.: A good time was had by all!

6B

The year 1966 was an enjoyable one, but apparently there was some sort of revolution during the Christmas holidays, for shortly after the start of the new term, the Hodge regime was in full swing. Under the new "leader" many changes were made, but 6B was very fortunate? in that Mrs. Rogers was still with us.

Apart from a few unavoidable occupational hazards, we feel sure that our teachers must also have had an enjoyable year. Unlike previous years, students under their expert care were almost perfect and showed enthusiasm, not only for their schoolwork, but for the school gardens. It was not unusual during school hours to see groups of students wandering around, discussing improvements. It is to be hoped that next year's Matrics will be equally interested and will keep up the good work.

It was delightful to see how eager some of us were to accept the changes. Table Tennis was a new extra-curricular activity introduced this year and certain students became so enthusiastic they began extra lessons at . . . (??)

As always, there were new additions to the Form. We, and especially our Female Head Prefect, are very grateful to A.F.S. for sending us our Form Captain—all 6'7" of him! Other newcomers include Pam R., whose slant-eyes can be attributed to her sojourn in the Orient; Bob, who found Melbourne's weather a pleasant change; Geoff, who came from Carey to teach us social etiquette; Nancy, who came to study biology; Val, the ex-Bayswater glamour girl; and Pam D., whose previous whereabouts are a mystery.

Almost a newcomer, is Trina, who recently returned from Texas, U.S.A., where she found that the inhabitants "nearly died" at the sight of our school uniform!

It was a great mode this year for students, boys especially, to get their licences—or is it licenci??; although a few had trouble in keeping them! Others might have had the same problem, but the cars were not quite "up to it".

In conclusion, we would like to thank our teachers for putting up with us; and we all promise to visit them next year in the "Home for Mentally Deranged Teachers".

the houses

WOROOA

After the Swimming Sports had concluded, Worooa was placed third; an excellent effort considering our lack of accomplished swimmers. However, we were well represented by P. Brown and B. Enting.

In the Inter-House competition we had a good year. The Volleyball Team enjoyed moderate success under the leadership of P. Barelli. Our Squash Team did well, with P. McLaughlin representing the school. The Baseballers also performed well with K. Connell and D. Marsh gaining a place in the School Baseball Team. The Footballers only had one win, but B. Carrington, R. Carruthers, I. Castle and R. Hall played in the school's 1st XVIII. B. Esplin and K. McDonald represented the House in the school's 2nd XVIII. Our Cricket Team finished equal first with B. Carrington, I. Castle and R. Hall representing the school cricket XI. Also our Tennis Team won the Inter-House competition with four out of the six Inter-School Tennis Team being P. Lewis, P. Jenkins, N. Miller and C. Sobbatt.

We again won the Athletics by a comfortable margin. The win was a great team effort, P. McLaughlin, P. Enis, R. Carruthers, B. Carrington, I. Castle, K. McDonald, P. McLean, all showing excellent House spirit.

On behalf of the House I would like to thank Mr. Beer and Mr. Tyler for their inspiring leadership, and Mr. Streiberger for the coaching he gave our Athletes. But, it is a pity that Mr. Streiberger's talents were not used more by athletes from the other Houses. As House Captain, I would like to extend my appreciation to my fellow-students for their support and the House Spirit they exhibited.

WOROOA GIRLS

After a battle of wits and showing great determination, Worooa won the Athletic Sports at Jubilee Park. Our excitement at being the victors overcame our disappointment at not being able to use the school oval for the House Sports. In all fairness we must mention Karalla, which put up a valiant struggle—but all in vain, against the enthusiasm and skill of Worooa. We were represented in the School Athletic Teams by Marcia Lloyd, Heather Fairley, Heather Foers, Helen Maher, Lee Knox, Vicki Munro, Jan Lawson and Julie Dash.

Although we were also enthusiastic about the Swimming Sports, our House Spirit was not matched by our skill! Worooa's Swimming Team is Marcia Lloyd, Heather Fairley, Lesley McKean, Jan Lawson, Francis Snowdon, Robyn Cook, Brenda Coggins, Jan Frearson and Patsy Skinder.

Inter-school sport interfered with the standard, and consequently the enthusiasm, of the weekly Inter-House matches. Seventeen members of the senior Worooa House were in school teams. These included Glenda Pottenger and Marcia Lloyd, captains of the school Basketball Teams; Marie Harry, captain of the school Hockey, Elizabeth Pumpa, captain of the school Cricket, and Barbara Austin, captain of the



SENIOR SWIMMING

school Tennis Team. Twenty-two members of the Junior House were in school teams.

Worooa won the Inter-House Cricket and Hockey. Our thanks go to Mrs. Davis and Miss Cox for organizing our sport. We would like especially to thank Mrs. Davies for her attempts to increase our interest in House matches.

Personally, I think this has been a good year for Worooa and I am not referring to just the sport matches we have won but also to gain in confidence. The success of these points is due mainly to the girls themselves, both junior and senior. I thank them all for their help, patience and for the privilege of being their Captain. Julie Cook was the able Captain of the Junior House, with Janet Quinn her vice-captain and Mrs. Skinner the House Teacher. In the Senior House Miss Tannock has, as usual, shown her vital concern in House matches, with Marcia Lloyd being of great assistance to me. We wish Worooa well in the future.

JO BEATTIE.

YAKKITY

WOORKARRIM

1966 has been one of Woorkarrim's best-ever years. Our teams being the ones to be reckoned with in all fields of sport. In almost traditional fashion, we landed our ninth successive win in the Inter-House Swimming. Although hotly contested it was the combined efforts of the whole team which brought us victory. Many fine individual efforts were made by Wayne Sutton, Gary McCubbin, Steven Ericson and Fred Boon.

Great participation and enthusiasm played their part in notching a victory in the annual Cross-Country, although in the end quantity reigned over quality. Thanks must go to Doug Henchcliffe and Russel Wright for the quality. Also in Athletics we notched a few winners through the agency of Bert Glover, George Rechnitzer, Russel Waite, Doug Henchcliffe and Robin Close, to finish fourth.

Our Squash players had difficulty in fielding a team so it was left to Peter Williams, David Adams and David Hulm to bear the brunt of the onslaught. Even with a shortage of manpower, these diehards managed to scrape up a couple of wins for the year.

Similarly the Cricket Team, headed by Russell Waite, went unrewarded, with only one "disputed" win for the year.

The Volleyball followers, Ted Czarnecki, Jeff Moore and the mob, were ambitious enough, but failed in their attempt to capture the Premiership and finished runners-up to the Karalla boys.

SENIOR ATHLETICS



YAKKITY

The Footballers teamed well together and put up excellent performances every week, providing several members to the School Team, such as Robin Close, Graeme Gration, Russell Wright, Peter and David Quinn, Raedy Cencic and Kerry Bolger were our only consolation at finishing second to Noorook for the House Premiership.

The Juniors have enjoyed only mixed success. These up and coming juniors achieved success without any startling achievements, augurs well for the future.

The Baseballers must be congratulated on gaining the Premiership, protagonists being the Waddell brothers, Chris Hulm, Chris White, David Curlewis, Murray Dow.

Headed by George Rechnitzer the Tennis team; Doug Henchcliffe, Selwyn Ellis, Andrew Jelowski and Charles Rechnitzer, tackled every game with enthusiasm, but failed to gain any notable achievements.

Woorkarrim's success this year is due to the members themselves, which would not have been realized, however, but for the firm guiding hand of our House Master, Mr. "Porky" Stolk, in maintaining 100% attendance on sports days.

House spirit plays a major role in the functioning and progress throughout the year, and it can be said with surety that the standard set by Woorkarrim is outstanding, and I sincerely hope that Woorkarrim will maintain its reputation, in spirit and character as well as numerically.

Capt.: ROGER MOYE.

Vice: GEORGE RECHNITZER.



JUNIOR EIGHTEEN

WOORKARRIM GIRLS

We began the year traditionally by winning the Swimming cup for the ninth successive time. Congratulations to all members of the House, especially our three champions; U.12 won by Lee Woollard, U.15 by Bronwyn Erikson, and the U.16 by Janet Shannon. I would like to thank Janet especially for her help and enthusiasm throughout the year.

Congratulations to Worooa for their win in the Athletics. Although Woorkarrim finished fourth. I would like to thank all the girls for their enthusiasm and co-operation. Congratulations must go to U.15 joint champions, Kathy Marsh and Cheryl Matthews, who put a great deal of effort into their sport.

Woorkarrim girls have done very well in House sport this year and have been well represented in School Teams. Volleyball, J. Holmes, A. Bush, H. Cowden, M. Greger, L. Boardman, S. Dear, J. Cannon, M. Wickham. Basketball: J. Shannon, M. Serbinski, M. Knight. Softball: S. Steel, C. Douglas, B. Cassidy, C. Matthews, S. White, E. Salvador. Hockey: S. Bailey, S. Hatley, B. Growse. Tennis: M. John.

Throughout the year Woorkarrim has co-operated well in striving for success. Congratulations to the boys, without whose help we would not have been so successful in the Swimming Carnival and the Aggregate Cross-Country.

In August this year, we welcomed home Woorkarrim house mate Catriona Shannon after her twelve months in the U.S.A. It was great to have Tiggy back with us, as she has always

been a driving force in Woorkarrim's success in the past.

I would personally like to thank Janis Holmes whose help, encouragement and support has been of great assistance. Thanks also to Karen Baud and Pam Keegan for the part they have played in leading and encouraging the Junior House. Special thanks must go to House Teachers, Miss Bleakley and Mrs. Pump, for their interest and enthusiasm.

On behalf of all the Woorkarrim girls I would like to thank our popular sports mistress, Mrs. Davis, for her everlasting encouragement and help during the year.

Finally I wish the House every success in the future and I am sure that all future House captains will find the position a happy one, with complete encouragement from all its members.

MARILYN JOHN.

SWIMMING, 1966

CHAMPIONS: Open, R. Ord, J. Van Wyn-garden; U.16, G. Czarnecki, J. Shannon; U.15, P. Brown, B. Erikson; U.14, W. Sutton, G. Ross; U.13, G. McCubbin, P. Schusler; U.12, S. Erikson, L. Woolard.

HOUSE RESULTS: 1, Woorkarrim, 258 pts.; 2, Noorook, 187 pts.; 3, Karalla, 165 pts.; 4, Worooa, 158 pts.

YAKKITY

ATHLETICS, 1966

CHAMPIONS: Open, John Boyce and Jim Fairley equal, Heather Fairley; U.17, Robert Glover. Heather Foers; U.16, Neville Rourke, Jacki Bovell and Kathy Marsh, U.15, Les Mullins, Karen Bibby; U.14, Robert Lethbridge, Vicki Munro; U.13, Philip Pearson, Sue Warner.

HOUSE RESULTS: 1, Worooa, 287; 2, Karalla, 272; 3, Noorook, 259; 4, Woorkarrim, 239.

KARALLA BOYS

Senior Captain: Graeme Bentley; Vice Captain: Ken Anderson.

Junior Captain: M. Pratt; Vice Captain: A. Thatcher.

Karalla's year was most successful, to say the least. The two main Inter-House battles, Swimming and Athletics, were by no means one-sided. Although Karalla did not figure significantly in the Swimming, it showed its true form in Athletics, being beaten by only a few points into second place. We were exceptionally well represented by the enthusiastic juniors of the House. All credit due to Worooa. Neville Rourke once again proved his brilliance, by successfully capturing the U.16 Championship, although it should be noted that many athletes from this House will represent their school later in the year, at Olympic Park, truly a high honour.

The other occasion when all Houses participate—the Cross-Country—Karalla fared well. Not being able to carry off the aggregate, many boys indicated that they will be difficult to beat in similar events in the future. One in particular, Gordon Spargo (U.15) attained 5th place

in the entire field; a good effort.

The usual Wednesday Sports Period has taken a new form, although still Inter-House. The 'enthusiasm' displayed by the Sports Master, Mr. McGregor, has enlivened and revitalized House spirit which had slackened in previous years. Thank you, Mr. Mac! This liveliness and House Spirit, in turn, instilled into the minds of our members, by fair means or foul!

The House Football team, due mainly to the lack of 'tall timber', shared third position with Worooa, each winning one game—against each other. But the House was by no means let down in this sporting activity, for no less than six players were members of the First XVIII: K. Anderson, C. Gleeson, P. Swann, I. Roberts, A. Taylor, G. Bentley.

The Cricket Team always proved an annoyance to the other Houses. Captained by K. Anderson, we acquitted ourselves well, providing members for the first XI.

Thanks to our Phys. Ed. Instructor, Mr. Streiberger, the game of Volleyball has been revitalized, with Karalla undefeated. John Boyce, R.H.S. High Jump Champion, captained our Volleyball team most capably.

Baseball, Tennis, Golf and Squash were not without keen participants, and these aspects of House competition show great promise for the future, especially with the ability displayed by our Juniors.

Thanks are due to the 'lone wolf' of a House Master and his 'junior' counterpart, Mr. Dunbar and Mr. Rice respectively, who have suffered physically and mentally throughout the year, instilling House spirit into the 'hearts' of its



SENIOR HOUSE CAPTAINS

YAKKITY

Page 53

occupants. Ever reliable for the enthusiastic pre-game pep talk, which proved both beneficial and informative.

The female half of our House has proved itself a dependable source of competitors and winners of all activities. Laurel Adams led this side of our sporting adventures.

In concluding, I would like to pay tribute to the 'unsung heroes' of the smooth functioning of the House. Vice-Captain, Ken Anderson, did an excellent job, collecting competitors for events in both the House Swimming and Athletics. Thanks, Ken!

So look out next year, Karalla intends to wipe out any deficits it may have incurred this year and prove to be the 'Golden' House. Thank you,

GRAEME BENTLEY.

KARALLA GIRLS

Senior House Captains: Lorel Adams, Sue Kimberley.
Junior House Captain: Ruth Rogers, Pam Williams.

During the year, Karalla girls have been represented in all Inter-School teams and have done quite well in Inter-House sport.

Karalla came second to Worrooa, by a very narrow margin, in the House Athletics Meeting. After holding the lead all day, we were defeated by only 2½ points. Girls who gained places in their events, and went into the school Athletics Team, are Jacky Bovell, Margaret Anderson, Marion Mitchell, Pam Miles, Gail Kelly, Lorel Adams, Sue Warner, Fiona Campbell and Margaret Mourick.

We did not do quite as well at Swimming, finishing third only. Gail Ross, Lorraine Mitchell, Lyn Wisdom, Bronwyn Proud, Lynette German and Jocelyn Cole all competed in the school team.

The Cross-Country Run was our greatest success, winning all sections easily. Open: 1st Jeanette Denniss, 3rd Jacky Bovell. Under 13: 1st Colleen Bently. Under 15: 2nd G. Korno, 3rd Ruth Rogers. All of these girls competed and put up a good showing in the Inter-School Cross-Country at Healesville.

We were represented in Inter-school teams by the following girls—

Basketball, Senior: Margaret Anderson, Lorel Adams. Basketball, Junior: Pam Williams, Fiona Campbell. Hockey, Senior: Pam Roman, Jeanette Denniss. Hockey, Junior: Linda Chedwiggon, Kay Langford, Anne Logan, Julie Hagar, Kathy West. Volleyball, Senior: Nancy Dow. Volleyball, Junior: Jocelyn Cole, Margaret Mourick, Janice Norman, Helen Hadley, Vivian Quinn. Softball, Senior: Linsay Crook, Kerry Crook, Leonie Munro. Softball, Junior: Colleen Bentley, Margaret Munro, Glenda Finger, Julie Carter. Tennis, Senior: Susan Kimberley. Tennis, Junior: Jenny Buchanan, Kerry Marsh.

Our representative for the Citizenship and Academic work was Nancy Dow, and the Karalla girls won the House Mistress' Cup for the first half-year.

Lastly, on behalf of the House I would like to thank Miss Cox for her help and support as House Mistress this year.

SWIMMING

Fine performances during the House Swimming Sports by many old and new stars boosted our hopes for a win at the Inter-School Swimming.

Our brigade of budding swimming aspirants

descended on the Olympic Pool, boastful and confident and ready to answer all challengers. "Pride cometh before a fall," they say. Well the saying rang true; the end of the day found our fitness and enthusiasm sadly lacking, and in need of resuscitation.

We managed to salvage the Senior Aggregate Shield, through the agency of Wayne Sutton, Janet Shannon, and the boys U.15 and U.16 relays.

ROGER MOYE.

SENIOR BOYS' VOLLEYBALL

Generally speaking, Volleyball had a very successful year, which could be attributed to fine team-work with oodles of team-spirit, and a true sense of sportsmanship.

Although we did not have a perfect record, we did manage to win convincingly three out of a possible five. Our first game against Croydon at Ringwood was an easy win, 5-0, for us. Against Upwey at Ringwood it was just as easy to defeat them 5-0. But against Mitcham at Ringwood, it was a different story. In a thrilling marathon game we were defeated 2-3. Against Croydon at Croydon the following week in a very similar game as the week before we were defeated 2-3. Croydon was a very much improved team from the last time we met. A few weeks later we managed to catch up in our form by defeating Upwey 5-0. This was the day on which Peter Baralli was unfortunate enough in an after the game incident, to break his leg.

The team would like to thank Mr. Streiberger for allowing us to train at lunchtimes, also for the help he gave in marking out the courts. We also thank Christopher White for being our official linesman.

The members of the team throughout the year were:

John Boyce (capt.), Robert Glover (v. capt.), Howard Rourke, Peter Baralli, Geoff Hill, Alex Steiber, Geoff Gibson, Malcolm Pollett, Neville Rourke, Gordon Spargo, Robert Fisher, Douglas McLean, Richard Koralewski.

JOHN BOYCE.

NOOROOK GIRLS

Senior House—Captain: Merryle McDonald; **Vice Captain:** Dianne Deuter.

House Mistress: Mrs. Mentz.

Junior House—Captain: Janet King; **Vice Captain:** Loou-anne Barker.

House Mistress: Mrs. Smith.

Although Noorook girls have not had a particularly brilliant year, we have acquitted ourselves reasonably well. Once again, for the

sixth consecutive year, we came second to Woor-karrim in the House Swimming Carnival. Even so, House Spirit and enthusiasm, among most, were very good. Leola Snaith and Joanna Van Wiggarden went on to the Inter-School Sports.

In the Athletics, Noorook came third, but with extra effort next year this could be improved upon. Karen Bibby and Christine Warne are in the Inter-School carnival.

In the Cross-Country run, we had only limited success. D. Deuter, L. Snaith, S. Deuter and J. Rowntree were among those who gained places.

Noorook was well represented in Inter-School sport with M. Parkes, D. Deuter, S. Deuter, L. Snaith, J. McLeod. A. Morras and L. Coenders in the Senior Basketball, M. Doak and K. Bibby in Tennis, with T. Burrows and A. Van der Zweep in Softball.

Among the Juniors J. Rowntree, J. King, S. Simpson and G. Walker were in Basketball, L. Foster and T. Barker in Volleyball. In Inter-House matches, we have done quite well with the Seniors in Term Two, winning Softball, Basketball and Tennis.

I am sure that the thanks of all Noorook girls go to the House Mistresses, Mrs. Mentz and Mrs. Smith, for their help and encouragement. I am sure that with a little more effort and enthusiasm, next year will prove to be a winning one for Noorook.

MERYLE McDONALD.



JUNIOR
HOUSE CAPTAINS

Y A K K I T Y



JUNIOR ATHLETES

Y A K K I T Y

NOOROOK BOYS

Captain: R. Ord.

Vice Captains: C. Prytula, P. Ireland.

House Master: Mr. Browning.

As in previous years, Noorook was prominent in all Inter-House sporting fixtures during the year.

The Swimming Team came a hard earned third in the sports held at Croydon. Swimmers who did well, were G. Horman, A. Snowdon, S. Ord and P. Gange with R. Ord winning the open championship. We were again placed third in the Inter-House Athletic carnival. Individual winners from Noorook included J. Fairley, L. Seignior, L. Mullins, R. Ord and S. Ord with J. Fairley and L. Mullins being school champions of their respective age groups.

The Senior Cricket Team won the House competition through an excellent team effort. Better players included L. Seignior and C. Prytula, with a special mention for Steve Misson. Following its cricketing success the Noorook Football Team beat all comers to become Top House for 1966. Members of the House Football Team to gain selection in the school first 18 were R. Ord, C. Prytula, L. Seignior, P. Ireland, J. Fairley and S. Ord.

The Baseball Team won many games and were well served by M. Butler, D. Gotts, B. Hollingsworth and J. Briggs. The House Squash Team led by R. Warne took all before them with convincing wins. Members to do well were P. Greenland, Joe Van Winkle and Ross Warne who all represented the school. Mr. Browning and the management of the Ringwood Squash Courts must be thanked for their help and co-operation throughout the year. Our Volleyball Team had a somewhat "patchy" season with one or two good wins and ten or twelve bad losses. Best players were R. Korolowski, O. Nilson, H. Sosenko and D. Jamieson. The Tennis Team again won the House Competition for 1966. I. Beith, S. Lavender, J. Bradly, P. Pop- hem were the players most responsible for the team's success.

Sincere thanks must be given to Mr. Browning for his support and keen interest in the House. I would also like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. McGregor for his great effort in getting sport at R.H.S. "on its feet".

ROSS ORD.

BOYS' TENNIS

Peter Jenkins, Neil Miller, Ian Beith, George Rechnitzer, Peter Lewis, and Peter Dyer had a successful year as R.H.S.'s Senior Tennis Team, by winning this year's Inter-School Tennis Competition.

R.H.S. was also winner, in Division One, against Croydon, Upwey and Mitcham High, losing only one match to Mitcham. Our team

then beat Norwood, four sets, forty games to two sets thirty-eight games. Norwood High was winner of Division Two which included Boronia, Lilydale, Bayswater and Norwood High.

We, at R.H.S., are rather proud of our achievements during the year and trust that 1967 will find the School again in this victorious position.

Boys U.15 Tennis Champion
P. BULLOCK

OPEN Tennis Champion:

PETER BULLOCK and LES MULLINS were both selected to play in the Melbourne East representative team in the Victorian U.15 School-boy Championships.

BASKETBALL

Our Basketball A Team, under the experienced guidance of Mrs. Skinner, managed to win three, and draw one, out of the six games played against schools in the district. The team consisted of:— Margaret Anderson, Lorel Adams, Janet Shannon, Dianne Deuter, Allison Thomas, Heather Foers, Louise Coenders and Glenda Pottenger, who all played with enthusiasm and drive throughout the season.

In the Final Week of Term II, carefully selected members of the staff "attempted" to play us. What with cheating, and the "lenient" umpiring of Mr. Stolk, they managed to win by a small margin.

By the end of the year after a challenge match we shall know who is supreme!

Capt. GLENDA POTTENGER.

V. Capt. HEATHER FOERS.

FOOTBALL FIRSTS

Captain: R. Ord.

Vice Captain: C. Prytula.

Coach: "Big Mac".

This year found R.H.S. showing their true form by winning the Mountain Division competition. Of the 6 matches played, against Croydon, Mitcham and Upwey, we won 5, losing to Croydon, but making up for this loss by soundly beating them in the return game.

In the District Grand Final, we played Norwood High in "Duck's Weather" but, unfortunately, we were beaten by 8 points after a bad first quarter. We owe much of our success this year to our coach, Mr. McGregor—Port Melbourne, ex-North Melbourne and Grong Grong Matong 5ths—who worked hard with foot and tongue to get us to the top.

We had many consistently good players throughout the year, but undoubtedly our top player was Robin Close, who always gave his best. Other good players included R. Ord, C. Prytula, K. Anderson, "Hook-Foot" Gleeson,



SECOND EIGHTEEN

R. Maye and R. Cencic. Many players had their first game with the 1st eighteen this year, the most promising players were S. Ord, I. Castle and G. Gration. A special mention must go to A.F.S. Student Dave Lynch, the whole 6'7" and 15 stone of him, who worked his way into the Seniors, and quickly made his presence "felt".

Our team for 1966 was basically—B.: S. Ord, I. Roberts, B. Carrington. H.B.: P. Ireland, R. Cencic, G. Bently. C.: I. Castle, K. Anderson, R. Maye. H.F.: G. Gration, R. Hall, P. Quinn. F.: C. Prytula, G. Gleeson, R. Close. Rucks.: L. Seignior, J. Fairley. Rover: R. Ord. Emg.: A. Taylor, P. Swan, D. Lynch.

FOOTBALL JUNIORS

Coaches: Mr. Beer, Mr. McGregor.

Captain: R. Newton.

Vice Captain: R. Lethbridge.

This has been a very successful year although we did not win the grand final. In the first match we beat Mitcham by 3 goals and then convincingly defeated Croydon by 100 points. The next match against Upwey was harder, but we still managed a ten goal win. Then we met Mitcham again and thought we were in for our first loss, but a calmly kicked goal by R. Lethbridge in the last minutes won the game by 1 point. Against Croydon we kicked badly to score 5.15 to 3 points. The next game against Upwey was postponed. Then came the grand final against Lilydale. Although we all tried hard, we were beaten by 6 goals and for the second

year in a row we had lost the grand final. All the players would like to thank Mr. Beer and Mr. McGregor for helping us through the season and I'm sure we would not have won the games we did win without them.

INTER-SCHOOL SQUASH

This year our team has had quite a successful season. The main match of the season was against Croydon High, but although they were the eventual victors, they still bear the battle scars from our meeting. Quite accidentally, Croydon and Mitcham players seemed to be constantly in the way of our racquets. I can quite honestly say that my team-mates fought courageously at every encounter with the opposition. Unfortunately competition throughout the season was not up to expectations, mainly because we constantly thrashed Mitcham and Upwey, yet our encounters with Croydon proved to be quite disheartening. A vote of thanks should go to all emergencies and fill-in players.

Our players for the year were:

- (1) Peter Greenland (capt.).
- (2) Joe Van Winkle (v-capt.).
- (3) Peter McLaughlan.
- (4) Peter Williams, Graham Robb, Ross Warn.

Finally we would like to thank Mr. Browning, our coach, who devoted much of his time training us for our matches.

PETER GREENLAND.

Y A K K I T Y

Y A K K I T Y

MATRICULATION

Chris Bate: Honours 1 in Pure, Honours 2 in Calc, French. Pass in 3 subjects, Commonwealth Scholarship.

Nicholas Bate: Honours 1 in Geog, Honours 2 in Biol, Eco, Acct, Pass in 1 subject, Commonwealth Scholarship.

David Blore: Pass in 4 subjects.

Chris Bronner: Pass in 4 subjects.

Alan Burlock: Pass in 3 subjects.

David Chamberlain: Pass in 3 subjects.

Ian Cobcroft: Pass in 4 subjects.

Leigh Copeland: Honours 2 in Pure, Pass in 4 subjects.

Peter Crawford: Pass in 4 subjects.

Gary Crozier: Pass in 2 subjects.

Jacenty Czarnecki: Honours 2 in Chem., Pass in 4 subjects.

Robert Davies: Pass in 5 subjects.

Wadym Dobriansky: Pass in 2 subjects.

Ian Enting: Honours 1 in Pure, Calc, Phys, Honours 2 in Chem, Pass in 1 subject, Commonwealth Scholarship, Senior Scholarship, Exhibition in Physics.

Bruce Faull: Pass in 4 subjects.

Robert Findley: Pass in 3 subjects.

Robert Flowers: Honours 2 in Pure, Pass in 3 subjects, Commonwealth Scholarship.

Patrick Fulton: Honours 1 in Calc, Honours 2 in Pure, Pass in 2 subjects, Commonwealth Scholarship.

John Glover: Honours 2 in Pure, Pass in 3 subjects.

Tony Hancy: Honours 2 in Modern, Pass in 4 subjects, Commonwealth Scholarship.

Michael Haynes: Pass in 3 subjects.

Chris Healey: Honours 2 in Eco, Acct, Pass in 3 subjects, Commonwealth Scholarship.

Robert Herron: Pass in 4 subjects.

Ian Hester: Pass in 2 subjects.

Ross Horman: Honours 1 in Pure, Honours 2 in Calc, Pass in 2 subjects, Commonwealth Scholarship.

Bruce Lavender: Honours 2 in Calc, Pure, Pass in 3 subjects, Commonwealth Scholarship.

John Leermakers: Pass in 4 subjects.

Kelvin Legg: Pass in 3 subjects.

Peter Lewis: Pass in 3 subjects.

Peter Mourik: Honours 1 in Pure, Calc, Phy, Chem, Commonwealth Scholarship.

Ken Newton: Pass in 2 subjects.

Alan Pearce: Honours 1 in Acct, Pass in 3 subjects.

Peter Scollary: Honours 2 in Acct, Pass in 3 subjects.

Richard Schurmann: Honours 2 in Phy, Pass in 3 subjects.

Michael Shum: Pass in 2 subjects.

Bill Slater: Honours 2 in Geog, Pass in 4 subjects.

John Stanley: Honours 2 in Phy, Pass in 3 subjects.

Laurence Smith: Pass in 2 subjects.

Chris Thatcher: Pass in 2 subjects.

Brendan Tunstall: Pass in 4 subjects.

Roger Wickham: Pass in 3 subjects.

Roger Wolfe: Pass in 2 subjects.

Roger Vass: Honours 2 in Pure, Calc, Phy, Pass in 2 subjects, Commonwealth Scholarship.

Wong Tiong: Pass in 2 subjects.

Helen Alexander: Pass in 4 subjects.

Jillian Astel: Honours 2 in Pure, Pass in 3 subjects.

Margaret Bennett: Pass in 3 subjects.

Carole Bryan: Honours 2 in Geog, Pass in 4 subjects, Commonwealth Scholarship.

Lorraine Cavill: Pass in 4 subjects.

Judge Cahpman: Pass in 5 subjects.

Judy Evans: Honours 2 in Geog, Pass in 3 subjects.

Carol Felton: Pass in 3 subjects.

Ynys Gamlin: Pass in 3 subjects.

Brigitte Geisler: Pass in 4 subjects.

Dawn Hambly: Pass in 4 subjects.

Rosemary Hately: Honours 2 in Lit, Pass in 4 subjects.

Cheryl Hill: Pass in 4 subjects.

Christine Jackson: Honours 2 in Pure. Calc, Phys, Chem, Pass in 1 subject, Commonwealth Scholarship.

Lorraine McCubbin: Pass in 3 subjects.

Fiona McGillivray: Pass in 4 subjects.

Rosylyn Moore: Pass in 4 subjects.

Glensys Mossop: Honours 1 in Geog, Honours 2 in Lit, Pass in 3 subjects.

Maybell Muir: Pass in 3 subjects.

Barbara Orzechowshi: Pass in 4 subjects.

Wendy Perkins: Honours 2 in Geog, Art, Pass in 3 subjects, Commonwealth Scholarship.

Helen Radok: Honours 2 in Geog, Art, Pass in 3 subjects, Commonwealth Scholarship.

Kaye Rutherford: Pass in 4 subjects.

Keitha Smith: Pass in 2 subjects.

Cheryl Steel: Honours 2 in Lit, Pass in 2 subjects.

Melittal Steure: Honours 2 in German, Pass in 3 subjects.

Glenda Sullivan: Pass in 3 subjects.

Angelika Timms: Honours 2 in Lit. Pass in 4 subjects.

Keonie Trotman: Honours 2 in Geog, Pass in 1 subject.

Margaret Washuson: Pass in 2 subjects.

Robyn Williams: Pass in 2 subjects.

Penny Wilson: Pass in 5 subjects.

LEAVING — 1965

Six Subjects

David Adams
Marty Bos
Chris Burden
Barry Carrington
Robert Carruthers
Ron Cawood
Gordon Cowling
Ross Dean
Peter Dyer
Selwyn Ellis
Chris Gleeson
Wayne Henderson
Neil Miller
Evan Patullo
Peter Pavey
Gordon Pratt
George Rechnitzer
Alan Robinson
Hans Sosenko
Jock Thwaites
Joseph Van Winkel
Russel Waite
Ross Warne
Bruce Warne
Bruce Whitehead
Sheree Bailey
Meridith Brown
Sally Burtin
Angela Bush
Gayle Cooksley
Margaret Cowden
Julie Cowling

Dianne Dueter
Heather Fairley
Helen Grove
Marie Harry
Lorraine Hall
Shurlee Hatley
Janis Holmes
Kathleen Jackson
Marilyn John
Susan Kimberly
Linda Leech
Marcia Lloyd
Merryle McDonald
Janet McLeod
Henriette Mueller
Kristine Murray
Gayle O'Neill
Marylyn Parks
Janet Shannan
Susan Schurmann
Suzanne Wallace

Five Subjects

Peter Anderson
James Fairley
Russell Hall
Robert McCall
Peter Mitchell
Ross Ord
Christopher Prytula
Russell Sinclair
Andrew Walter
David Wigley

Lorel Adams
Barbara Austin
Josephine Beattie
Sally Dear
Margaret Doak
Yvonne Lowe
Linda Leech
Dianne Mitchell
Lela Snaith

Four Subjects

George Geoffrey
Digby Gotts
Douglas Hichliffe
David Hulme
Harry Nash
David Palmer
Allan Taylor
Louis Clarke
Julie Little
Linda Richards
D. neke Van Bodegraven
Christine Whittington

INTERMEDIATE

Ten Subjects

Graham Allen
Ian Beith
Graeme Bentley
Richard Byrne
Graeme Carter
Ken Copeland

David Curlewis
Edward Czarnecki
Murray Dow
Andrew Evans
Michael Fell
Thomas Foley
Robert Glover
Doug Miles
Stuart Ord
Peter Quinn
Bruce Rosel
Jeffrey Walton
Mary Attik
Edith Balough
Erica Bate
Pam Chapple
Lindsay Crook
Christina Douglas
Julie Flynn
Heather Foers
Christine Foley
Judith Harrison
Judy Holberry
Susan Mueller
Susan Paine
Glenda Pottenger
Carole Pricor
Joy Ringrose
Elizabeth Rogers
Valerie Shanahan
Dianne Wickham
Joanna Van Wijngaarden



JUNIOR ATHLETICS

Nine Subjects

Robin Close
Peter Ennis
Graeme Lunn
Jeff Moore
David Rourke
Charles Nilsen
Margaret Anderson
Penny Gamlin
Christine Collins
Anna Ellerbock
Jennifer McKenzie
Lorraine Mitchell
Glenda Nicks
Margaret Parker
Elizabeth Pampa
Catherine Shearer
Mary Thorney
Robin Woods

Eight Subjects

Bruce Austin
Ken Briscoe
Stuart Butler
Chris Hulme

Ian McCubbin
Doug McDonough
Doug McLean
Rodney Parnall
Malcolm Pollit
Ann Blore
Trudy Bungey
Anne Caple
Dale Evans
Bronwyn Growse
Wilhelmina Persons
Susan Proud
Joanne Whitehouse

Seven Subjects

Kerry Bolger
Radoslav Cencic
Chris Ciastkowski
Stephen Cook
Jeffrey Gibson
David Marsh
Eric Millard
Fred Motteram
Ian Perkins
Max Wardle
Stan Wierzbecki

Susan Baker
Glynis Blackmore
Cherie Chamberlani
Louise Coenders
Pamela Foster
Colleen Fredericks
Barbara Horn
Regina Sauter

Six Subjects

Terry Causon
Richard Foster
Richard Handerek
Paul Quinn
Ian Roberts
John Witts
Pamela Butler
Beverly Cassiday
Ivy Collins
Sylvia Dexter
Janine Kirmsse
Marjorie Knight
Janine Lee
Neva Lee
Margaret Saines

Elaine Salvador
Linda Spencer
Lindy Stephens
Robyn Wardle

Five Subjects

Ian Campbell
Doug Carter
Lester Coulthard
Leslie Kenneday
Stuart Manson
Sandra Brunnsden
Anna Mazur
Dale Roberts
Pauline Robins
Annelie Skinder

Four Subjects

Peter Barelli
David Burden
Andrew Radford
John Robin
Deborah Bailt
Adrienne Garner
Judy Kenneday
Bronwyn Snowden

EXCELSIOR

Last night I dreamt I'd found the key.
To riches, fame and glory,
Pilgrims flocked to honour me
And hear my wondrous story.
From all around the world they came
By land, by sea and air.
So I set a date for one day soon,
My secret to declare.

To seat them all, at length I chose
A beach quite near the sea.
However, this proved far too small,
So I borrowed the M.C.G.
But thousands more arrived next day
And seating was a strain,
Whereat I took the only safe recourse
And hired the Nullarbor Plain.

At last I stood on Ayers Rock
With microphone in hand,
About to say the fateful words
To a hushed, expectant land.
Below me stretched the waiting crowd,
Like a field of cotton.
Then, with a shock, I realized
The secret I'd forgotten.

My feet were fixed, the huge crowd roared,
My leaden heart felt dead

As a million voices shouted, "fraud!",
I wakened up in bed.
So now you ask what was this thing
That to me was so auspicious?
The simple truth! I'd found
A better word than, Delicious.

Donated by DALE EVANS, 5B,
from T.N.G. Insurance Magazine.

BASEBALL, '66

This year was by far R.H.S.s best season for Baseball; winning quite convincingly from Croydon, who put up the best opposition, Mitcham and Upwey in a six game round. After winning our way to the Grand Final, we defeated Boronia 14-2 in a hard-fought match.

Full credit goes to every member of the team for an excellent sustained effort during the season, being undefeated and winning the Grand Final.

Outstanding players for the season included, R. Waddell who did an excellent job as Catcher, K. Connol. D. Gotts and M. Butler as Pitchers for the season, and R. Herron.

Our thanks go to Mr. McGregor, who assisted in marking out diamonds and acquiring badly needed bats and gloves. Thanks also to Mr. Hill and Mr. Beer for umpiring our matches.

Scores for matches against Upwey, Mitcham and Croydon were: Ringwood d. Croydon 26-2, Ringwood d. Croydon 9-5, Ringwood d. Mitcham 12-1, Ringwood d. Mitcham 11-1, Ringwood d. Upwey 14-11, Ringwood d. Upwey 14-1.

HUNGRY

I am in a prison, a prison of hunger,
Walled in by the wants of my mind.
People are always dreaming,
Children are always screaming
And keep asking for more.

How can they live, when they have nothing to give,
They buy a car, then they buy love,
Some are hungry for the little things of life,
The tender touch, the warmth of love,
But many think only, and live only, for money.

Eagerly they get, eagerly they waste,
But life continues at its tasteless pace
Through dreams, damnation and finally death.
Disillusioned world, wake up!
Please. before it's too late,
Before they shut the gate.

As I walk through these golden, dirt-filled streets
I see faces—some happy, some glum;
It's alright when you've won,
But what happens when you've lost?

People living today and gone tomorrow,
These hungry people, some greedy,
Do they ever think of the needy?
Hungry—so many starve!

They want love.
We all want something, but we seldom receive.
We'll never escape this hunger,
We'll be hungry forever—
Hungry till hunger dies from within.

PAUL WRAIGHT, 5B, KARALLA.

SCHOOL POUND

Under the direction of Mrs. Dunn, the Pound has operated very successfully during the year.

However, owing to the amount of unclaimed books and equipment it would be appreciated if parents stressed the importance of names on belongings. Valerie Harrison and Maree Shields would like to thank all concerned for the help they have received.

Front Cover designed from a papier mache sculpture by Elaine Salvador

AUSTRALIA FELIX

Harvester alone in a field of grain,
A solitary reaper.
Red coat glinting in the evening beams,
Discs furrowed and laid bare,
The rust brown acres of farmland.
Where one year sheep, another wheat,
Have grazed, and grown
Under Australian skies.

"SUFFRAGETTE."

THE FLAGS HAVE FLOWN

The flags have flown,
No one hears you anymore.
You have freedom, but the chains still cling,
You'll drag them for as long as you sin.
The burden's too much, lighten the load,
But it's too late to start your life again.
Look to the future, leave the past behind,
You'll never find another world.

The flags have flown,
They are falling, never to fly again.
When your time has come, you'll find a new life;
It may be eternal!
It may be hell.
You are not judged,
You must decide,
So make up your mind,
Don't be left out.
But, be quick!
This earthly life is too short.

The flags don't fly for long,
The sun is setting,
The shadows are lengthening.
The light is fading,
It will soon be dark,
Don't let them get you in,
They'll only tell you lies,
So, don't follow the crowd,
You'll only be brought down.

Watch where you go,
Every step is paved with danger,
Don't fall in, it may be too deep,
So follow the light,
Let it shine
Don't close your eyes,
But if you wander,
If you don't care, the door will close,
For the flags have flown—
Then it's the end!

PAUL WRAIGHT, 5B, KARALLA.