

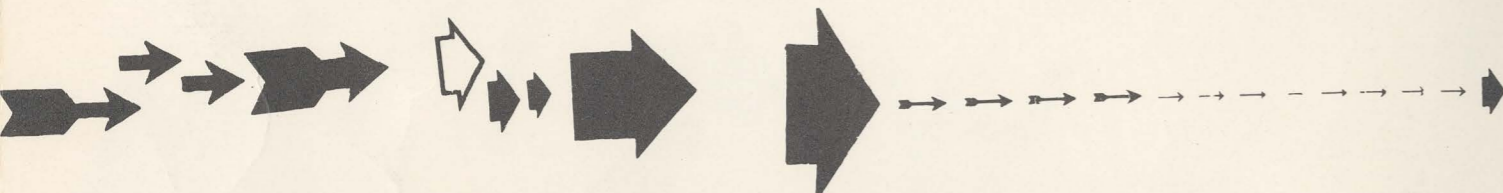


mercury 69



margaret Ramsay  
(miki)

Heather Telfer



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In the last four years two new high schools, at Hurstbridge and Montmorency, have been established but our total attendance has still increased, this year's total of 1,030 being the highest ever and, according to current estimates, it does not appear that there will be any decline in our attendance in 1970. It is significant that the increase in attendance in the senior school still continues, for the enrolment in forms 5 and 6 this year (160 and 80 respectively) is the highest ever. As has been noted in earlier years this growth comes because of the need today for increasingly higher qualifications, together with the awareness of parents and students of the opportunities available at the tertiary level. It is necessary that all senior students should learn of the opportunities available and that they should make the fullest effort to take advantage of the opportunities which exist, for the rewards are great.

In February came the most valuable addition to the school buildings in recent years. This was the science block for which we had been waiting for so long and which has filled a great need here. Teachers, parents and pupils have all spoken in appreciation of this attractive unit and of the complete range of equipment which it contains.



The school, in keeping with the other secondary schools, has attempted much experiment with curriculum changes. This year the first step was taken to designing a four-year 'non-vocational course' for both boys and girls. All Form 3 students take a basic course in English, Mathematics, Science, Humanities, Art and Creative Design. Experimental curricula changes are developing towards a concept of total education while maximum student involvement is obtained in pilot courses by considering individual interests, needs and abilities.

Extra-curricula activities still play a large part in school life, an outstanding feature being the presentation of "The King and I" which was held in second term. Thanks are due to all who assisted with this production. Our annual inter-school carnival with Albury High School was held late in July, but unfortunately did not reach the successful standard of former years.

My thanks go to all members of staff for their unobtrusive and sterling work during the year, while I thankfully acknowledge the full cooperation and practical assistance of parents' organizations during 1969.

.... H. T. MORAN.

FAREWELL TO MISS WATSON

Promotion, particularly when it is well earned and most deserving, is a matter for congratulations. The loss to the school, however, of a highly competent teacher, a teacher who takes a keen and active interest in school affairs, a teacher who considers teaching a vocation and not just a job, is a serious loss. It is a matter for dismay and regret rather than for congratulations. News of Miss Watson's promotion, therefore, has given rise to mixed feelings—of regret at the loss her departure has caused, and of satisfaction that her nomination as Deputy Principal at Strathmore High School is richly deserved. Miss Watson does not take up her appointment at Strathmore until 1970, but her services are already lost to the school as she has, in the meantime, been seconded to the Board of Secondary Inspectors.

Miss Watson's interests have been wide and varied. She was the first secretary of the P.T.A. and was actively concerned with the formation of this association. A great deal of her time was also spent with problems of student adjustment and motivation. Her concern in these matters led her to take a course in student counselling. It is in the field of student/teacher relationships that she will be most missed. Miss Watson had an acute awareness and a sympathetic understanding of the problems many new students had in making the adjustment from a primary school to a high school. She interviewed all new girl students, a task that normally took several months to complete, and she had the ability to establish quickly a contact with the students. Her interest in the girls as individuals helped them to feel at home and settle in more quickly to the new environment. It is not surprising, therefore, to learn that Miss Watson was a most popular teacher, both with the staff and students.

IS THERE A CHANGE?

..... D. Nottle  
A. Griffiths  
P. Newbury

In these days of high speed automation and computers, education lags badly. Not only is there lack of money, but facilities in many schools are still archaic. In our own school, with a total population of 1035 pupils, we are forced to use toilet blocks designed for, at the most, 800 students. However, the Education Department and government are working on the problem and, within the next 10 years (if we're lucky) everything will be "apples"—or will it? But what has been done and will be done, not only in Eltham but in the whole State? The following interviews have been designed to try and help you, the reader, obtain a few of the answers to the many questions which are, no doubt, troubling you.

Both Mr Moran and the Assistant Minister for Education, Mr Rossiter, were very helpful and straightforward. We would like to thank them for their help.

In the year 1963, a new Headmaster became initiated to Eltham High School. Now, 7 years later, the same man, Mr H.T. Moran (known to students and parents alike as "The Boss"), reveals his thoughts on the future of the school, how he has tried to run it, different aspects of students' opinions and a personal thought on civilization. Just to put the record straight, let it be said now that Mr Moran has not been liked by all of his pupils, but nor has he been hated. He has been a reasonably fair and just headmaster, although he has the reputation of a hard taskmaster.

When asked whether the type of student who attended Eltham High School had changed, Mr Moran did not answer the question directly. It was his opinion however, "that there are more mature students in the school than in previous years". He presented a table of figures which show that the number of senior students has increased, and if you take it that senior students are mature, then his opinion is correct.

Figures for 1963.		Figures for 1969.	
Fifth Form	94	Fifth Form	164
Sixth Form	35	Sixth Form	82
Total	129	Total	246
Total pop. in 1963—833		Total pop. in 1969—1035	
% of senior students 1963		% of senior students 1969	
15.5% of total population.		23.8% of total population.	

Mr Moran gave, as the reason for the students becoming more serious and more mature, was that pressure on students had increased greatly, and that the casual attitude of former years had been lost. The whole school had in fact lost its casual attitude and was now becoming a complex machine. In conjunction with the school becoming complex, Mr Moran gave the warning that if Eltham did become too large it could become uneconomic to run.

With this in mind, the question was broached about further extensions to the present school buildings. However Mr Moran said that at the moment there were no definite plans for further building although he stated that there was "every need for further extension" Mr Moran did not hesitate to comment on the fact that no expense was spared on the construction of the new science wing. The questioning continued in the same vein and the point was raised about senior and junior high schools. Mr Moran stated that they would be an improvement tending to keep population figures at a constant level, but at the same time, he could not see this type of high school being introduced for some time.

The interviewers now changed the whole aspect of the conversation and asked several questions about underground newspapers and political discussions among students. Mr Moran readily discussed these two questions and aired several views that showed he was not in opposition to either idea. He felt that an underground newspaper, if run properly and with the absence of any scurrilous or defamatory articles, would be a good idea. He did say, that if it was an objective type newspaper, he would not bar its presence in the school in any way. Political discussions within a school were always a touchy matter, Mr Moran stated, but if run correctly, and with both sides of the question having a fair hearing, he could see nothing wrong with them. Although he did say that teachers should not become too involved in these discussions as they held an undeniable position of influence in the school.

Mr Moran gave no startling or unusual answers to a question on tradition and, in short, he said that "it would probably always remain in the school" and that "tradition does no harm to a school". Finally, came the time-honoured question "What do you consider to be your most important achievement at Eltham?". The interviewers sat back and waited for a long list of 'I have done this, and that, and so on,' but it never came. Mr Moran modestly laid no claim to fame, and said that any praise should go to teachers and parents before himself. He stated that any ideas broached by students, parents, teachers, or himself were not just decided on by himself, and that others had worked equally hard. But, he has perhaps one most significant achievement in that he has managed to break down some bureaucracy and now gives senior students some say in the running of the school and they are allowed to broach ideas for the betterment of conditions.

When asked for a 'tip' to the future, Mr Moran hinted at the building of another new high school within a few miles of Eltham. As a final gesture, Mr Moran presented us with a quotation from a small book, which was not red in colour, and gave us a valuable philosophy for civilization in general.

"A thousand years of Western Civilization will be judged not by the achievements in the intellectual field, but by what this civilization has done for its less intelligent members—whether, for instance, it can ensure that they lead happy, confident, purposeful lives as respected citizens."

INTERVIEW WITH THE ASSISTANT MINISTER FOR EDUCATION MR ROSSITER. THEME: CHANGE. 29/4/1969.

Q.1 Sir, in many High Schools at the present time, there is over-crowding, with facilities such as toilets etc. barely coping with numbers. Has the Department a definite overall plan which will alleviate the position within the next five years?

A. I can't answer that question yes or no. It's like asking a fellow has he stopped beating his wife yet; if he answers yes he is a wife-beater, if he answers no, he has been a wife beater and he is a nasty fellow, but he has seen the light. We are governed by the amount of money we receive from the treasury year by year. Now, within that continuing restriction we have the surveyor's planning branch of the Education Department which is looking ahead trying to plan for areas which have a sudden excess of population or a sudden recess of I, personally, today, have signed orders for the closing down of several schools in the East Gippsland area. Now, they are only small schools admittedly, and the population is tending to gravitate from lonely outposts into the cities; we just don't know or we can't anticipate, and use public moneys for this. We can't anticipate where growths of population will occur within the next 4 to 5 years. But we do our best.



Q. At what stage (population-wise) does a school become too complex and uneconomic to run?

A. This is an interesting question, because over the years the state has tended to produce High Schools of a thousand or more. I have got one in my electorate, Brighton High School, which, I think, is one of the largest co-educational High Schools in the state. Now, in some senses it is too large, about 1200. It wavers on either side, but mainly about 1200. I believe the optimum size of a High School is about 700-800. I think the Department has come to this view and is to produce schools like the Maryvale type High which is about 600-800. 800 seems to be the optimum.

Q. Is the plan for Junior and Senior Highs still proceeding?

A. It is still proceeding. There are at least 25-30 sub-committees, appointed by the Director General of Education, working on the final planning of this separation of Junior and Senior levels.

Q. Are there plans, at the present time, to raise the official school leaving age?

A. This is an evolutionary thing, it is being watched very thoroughly. It would be every educationists aim to have the school leaving age uniform throughout Australia, in each State, at 16. And, in fact, if I cannot be held really accurately to this, I think there is a policy in each State that this be done at some stage. The leaving age in Victoria has been raised from 14 to 15 and the Government is keeping under consideration the raising of the school leaving age to 16. But, remember, there are some problems here too; as we saw when we raised it from 14 to 15. You have to immediately increase the number of primary school teachers, which means an increase in primary school studentships, which means more money. Then, you've got to increase the number of secondary studentships and I don't need to tell you about the nonsense which is going on now with regard to the differing views in the community about the standard and the qualifications of secondary teachers. So, the whole thing is really complicated and involved.

Q.2 A number of people have, from time to time, disputed the need for students to matriculate in order to reach a satisfactory minimum level of education—

Q. Do you consider it essential for students in general to reach this level?

A. I think any educationist worthy of the name would always be planning to raise the level of the qualifications with which a student leaves his schooling; and it is an evolutionary process. In my fathers day it was the qualifying certificate, in my day the merit certificate and then we have seen a gradual growing of the intensity within the community to have it from intermediate to leaving, to matric., and this is all good. But you will never, however, eliminate that group in the community, maybe because of economic circumstances, maybe because they just don't want it, who will gravitate from intermediate, to leaving, to matric., even if you made it compulsory.

Q. Can you see ways in which the cost of matriculation (to the pupil) may be lowered?

A. No, I can't. The cost of education, in the community, in my view, will always be increasing and therefore the cost of matric. to the pupil will increase too. It is possible, and I AM NOT on a political level now, if you get the welfare state in its entirety, and that would come under a labour government, you may find the labour government would so allocate funds that this lowering of the cost would come about. But, I must hasten to add that some other services would suffer in that event.

Q. What can a High School administration legally do to enforce the payment of subject levies etc. by a pupil.

- (i) Under 15 years of age? and
- (ii) Over 15 years of age?

A. NOTHING!

Q. Many students who reach intermediate level have no way of discovering the pre-requisites for certain university courses. What is your opinion of the feasibility of the Education Department providing such information in conjunction with expanded educational guidance facilities during the student's 4th year?

A. This is the ideal. It should be done. But it depends on manpower, the training of the various people concerned. It's a pretty specialized business and you mustn't have just anybody off the street, or anybody untrained. And I'm certain the parents wouldn't want these guiding young people unless they were trained in these matters. Training requires a full-time university course, for a start in psychology and vocational guidance. These things are what we want.

Q. Does the Department regard the present teaching bursaries bondage system a fair and equitable one? Is there any likelihood of a change in the system within the next few years?

A. The Department must insist, and it must insist until there is a change of policy in the Government of the day, that the teacher who it trains enter into a bond to serve the Department for some years after the teacher has finished his training. Now, the teacher gets an allowance of about \$24 a week while he is in training, and he gets some sort of accommodation allowance. He is fairly well-treated while he is there for three years, either as a primary teacher or three years as a secondary teacher, plus one while he is there getting his education qualifications. He finishes up as a primary teacher with qualifications that will take him anywhere in the world in the teaching profession. He finishes up in the secondary area as a degree man, and a half a degree man. Now, I defy anyone to tell me anywhere else in industry, or in the professions, where the lawyer, or doctor, or dentist, or whoever, finishes his qualifications getting-time, and is paid this money while he is doing it. So we say, that the person who gets this money for 3, or 4, or 5 years has some responsibility to give some service in return for the money spent in his training. That's the basis of the bondage system.

Q. Do you feel that the Department in its present form is cumbersome. Is there a need to streamline methods in general, in view of the increasing number of schools in the State?

A. Yes, it is indeed cumbersome. The previous minister, and the then Assistant Director of Education, Mr Brooks, went to look at the decentralized system in New Zealand. There are some aspects of it which can be related to the Victorian area. I, with other officials, have investigated the N.S.W. system and we feel that there are some aspects which can be adapted to the Victorian system. But, because we have had a centralized system grow up since 1872, we just can't change it overnight and switch it to a N.S.W. or New Zealand system. The Minister has indicated in the House that he is working on and examining the whole question of the decentralization of the education system.

Q. What is the official policy of the Department in regard to "underground" newspapers as such?

A. The official policy of a Department of Education is that the headmaster or principal of a High School, Technical School, Higher Elementary School, or a Primary School, is responsible for the maintenance of discipline, good order and organization of the school. Now, where there is any indication that within the school there appears to be actions taken which will undermine the control of the headmaster, and there must be a control within this sort of system, it is an authoritarian control, the headmaster is empowered to take what action he deems fit. Now, that is the policy of the Department. That is how the Department sees it.

If it gets to a political level, and underground newspapers can be deemed to be subservise or seditious, then this would not be a matter for the State Government, but the Federal Government under its all-embracing powers regarding the safety of the realm under subversion, sedition, and treason. So this becomes another matter, and you have other influences coming into the question of internal management of schools.

## INTERVIEW WITH MRS JENKIN, GUIDANCE OFFICER, AT ELTHAM HIGH.

J. Spence  
D. Nottle,

Theme : The Assessment System.

In an interview with Mrs Jenkin, we sought out an interesting opinion on the present-day assessment system. Through our discussion we were able to realise just how clumsy our present methods are in assessing a student—for the disadvantages and injustice of these methods seem to outweigh any of the advantages.

Mrs Jenkin stressed that in assessing a student, an opinion was being forwarded which summarised the ability and personality of an individual—particularly in the junior forms, where the use of a letter mark includes both ability and attitude to work. This type of assessment is good only as far as the reader understands the key being used; a single letter is unable to convey a real assessment and in most cases a long, written report would be of more benefit.

This system of letter marking is however, more satisfactory than the present percentage system followed in the senior forms as a preparation for university. Using this method, competition is introduced into an examination which actually covers only one certain aspect of schooling—the test of ability. Exams, resulting in a percentage mark are a race in which there must be a top mark and a bottom mark. This system of ranking is wrong—Mrs Jenkin quoted an example in which the "cream" of a large selection of students may be separated and placed in separate classrooms, yet as a result of exams there still remains top and bottom in spite of extraordinarily high marks.

Taking the matriculation examination aside as being something

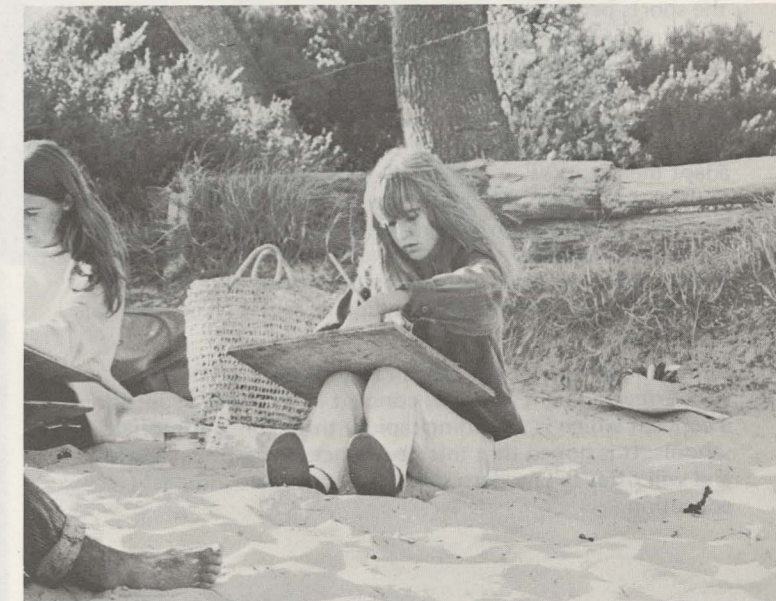


unique, the type of assessment found here is far from satisfactory in the view of Mrs Jenkins. This exam is devised by the university to fail one-third of the applicants, thus excluding them from university. However, those only wishing to pass matriculation are at an immediate disadvantage in that they are amongst competitors for a tertiary level. Here, Mrs Jenkin suggested that a separate university entrance exam be established for those wishing to continue their studies.

We also questioned Mrs Jenkin about the system of Report Books. She stressed that these reports were a personal link between three people—student, parent, and teacher. It is therefore wrong for an employer to demand this personal link, when all he really needs confirmed is the fact that "Billy Smith has completed so many years at secondary education".

If the employer does require further information about his applicant, then it is his responsibility to prepare a separate test for his own satisfaction.

In the interview Mrs Jenkin revealed that she is far from satisfied with the present assessment system. The aim of education is to supply a broad, sound education, helping all students to branch out into particular fields. But the assessment system of today restricts this aim for the very reason that it enforces progress at the same rate. The marking system should be abolished and each individual guided into a field, at the same time progressing at his own natural rate—some students could take five years to accomplish what others manage in half that time, but the main point is that each student has reached a certain standard by his own natural progress.





# literature

## MY SCHOOL ..... Gillian Cocks VI

1969 has brought many changes to Eltham High School. Not only have new changes been introduced but experimental changes of other years have been continued. These include the continuance of the Duty System by sixth form students, which replaced the prefect system three years ago, and the abolition of formal exams for the junior school.

The three 'R's' are no longer the bases for an Eltham High School education. The study of Indonesian has been introduced to third year students. French students now learn this language in a carpeted language laboratory. Girls can now study sheet-metal and woodwork while the boys learn basic cookery. Needlework no longer requires the perfect stitchery of an embroidery sampler but requires a creative mind and nimble fingers to manipulate dry grasses and seeds into interesting wall hangings and mobiles. With the advent of television teachers of mathematics and science can use the school study programs presented as visual teaching aids.

Sport, too, has undergone a general overhaul. The organisers of sport have tried to vary activities as much as possible during the two periods allotted each week. They have done this in an effort to interest every student and to ensure at least two periods of relaxation a week for senior students. For the active sportsman the usual choice of games is offered; boys can play football and cricket, girls can play hockey, softball, or basketball, and anyone can play tennis and table tennis. For the less energetic students a variety of cultural activities is offered and for the scientist, geology and astronomy have been included as well as a variety of individual sports. Such a wide variety of interesting activities is offered that every student can participate and enjoy the sports periods.

These changes could not, of course, be implemented or be successful without the enthusiasm of the staff and the foresight of the headmaster. Individual staff members have rallied to the cause and most have taken an active part in the supervision of sports and cultural activities. They have been willing to adapt their methods and principles to the demands of a less militarised form of education. The enthusiasm of the teachers however is not enough, so to supplement their arduous new equipment has been purchased and classrooms renovated accordingly. The new systems can be successful only if full co-operation is provided by all students and it seems that this is not lacking.

In making these changes Eltham High School is contributing to the development of a new concept in secondary education; a concept which is spreading rapidly throughout Victorian schools. It is hoped that this new concept will be successful and will offer the modern student a freer more indulgent education.

## MY SECONDARY EDUCATION ..... M. Bruere VI-A

After six years of secondary school, I have many impressions of my education. My most vivid memory is of four years, whiled away, followed by two hard years actually learning.

In Forms One to Four I remembered hundreds of facts (most of them barely related), passed an examination at the end of each year and then promptly forgot most of my "learning". If I repeated those examinations, I would fail many of them.

The "sampling" of all the subjects in the first four years at high school is given to every child who attends. Unfortunately, through no fault of the teachers, pupils or anyone else, the pupils achieve virtually nothing and are still ignorant of what the subjects are really like.

For example, knowing that air contains mostly nitrogen and oxygen and the earth revolves around the sun is not what science is all about; knowing that William the Conqueror became king in 1066 and Hitler came to power in 1933 is not the study of history, and so on. Science consists of being able to understand and use *related* facts; being able to *interpret* a series of historical facts is the study of history.

After having had to choose between an art, science, or humanities course, the student (in ignorance of what the other two courses really entail) has two years in which to get to university level in that course. These two years are much much harder and contain three times as much work as any of the previous years.

In my first four years at high school I remembered hundreds of facts, all learnt off by heart and forgot them after the examinations. The last two years at high school are the hardest years I have had and are infinitely more interesting because I am really learning. I think this education system is rather unbalanced.



## PROFILE OF A MAN Robert Scott, 6B

He was no easy person to know  
—no-one knew him exceptionally well  
He held his head where no-one could reach  
—his mind delved into that which is known  
yet beyond—into realms of thought untrod.  
He was the man of yesterday's hope.  
—a man that lived but for an instant  
—yet lives still—elsewhere.

He had that noble brow of constant thought  
lined with lines of perpetual grief.

His head was bald as though burning thought  
had singed his pate.

His shaggy white eyebrows  
(separated by that fleshy deep furrow of worry)  
hung suspended over diamond eyes of insight  
—eyes that could burn holes  
into Man's fortress of knowledge,  
—and send beams  
into his blackest night of ignorance.  
—eyes too that burned with hatred;

and suspicion,  
and jealousy.

—yet glowed warm with affection;

with kindness;  
with gentleness;  
with love.

—eyes that shed tears of shame;

tears of doubt  
and tears of joy.

—and saw nothing, never;

for even sleep could not close them

—for then they saw that which is not mortal,

that which is God,

that which shows clearly that which is not.

His fine, sensitive nose of discovery

—that delicate organ of smelling things out

was no mean protuberance,

—but jutted originality into the sky

and accentuated intuition with a breakage knob.

He had a beard of densest subtlety

that hid from eyes what has never been seen

—that inner self of self-hood.

—yet from this thick mat of obscurity

came those gentle words of concern

framed in eloquent harmony.

—yet also coarseness and harshness of tongue

fell from those well-phrased lips.

—words fell that were echoes from the soul

of him which no-one knew

—yet who all loved and envied.

A complete face

—a complete mind

—complete purposes

and complexities lines

created in Man

a complex Man

—he who is all of us but none.

.... Roswitha Cartarius, 6-B.

Like an eternal flame the wisp of life clings to the paltry flesh  
Grasping that by which it holds fast to those choices of physical  
existence  
Unswerved, undaunted by the pains of the flesh,  
Unheeding of the life's flow of blood;  
Letting it flow—like water along well-worn channels of an eternal river  
Only, almost in pathos, clinging to the feeble flesh  
With a will of iron the life thread serrates the human existence  
Only one more—another attempt to hold fast to physical existence  
Like a pinheld tiger it lashes out—its powerful desire to not  
succumb to the willowy hands of death  
But little succeeding.  
Death! Uninvited it drags not, but rather sweeps silently over the  
soul  
Ofttimes it comes unannounced; like an unwelcome guest death slams the  
door and settles itself on the armchair of existence—the soul!  
Then it does battle with life; death never prolongs its visits  
It comes, steals those treasures dearest to the physical existence  
it spirits away as a shadowy demon of the immaterial world  
Leaving behind only the vacuumised shell of what was once the  
vital body and brain of a man.





# Loneliness

... by Andrew Crowe, II-D

(By AN OLD AGE PENSIONER)

Here I sit broken hearted,  
Thinking of times when friends departed.  
I put the kettle on to boil  
Start dusting furniture,  
Oh, how I toil.

I remember the times when I was young,  
Chewing on my bubble-gum.  
I remember my teacher Mrs Berty  
Who always gave me two out of thirty.

All of a sudden the kettle whistles,  
I rush to the stove.  
My spine, it bristles.

Oh what a life without a friend,  
No one to whom a letter I can send.

At night in bed,  
I think of the morning of which I dread.  
The same dull, monotonous day,  
Oh how I wish in bed I could stay.

One day it will happen,  
But I won't be sad,  
It will put an end to my lonely drag.

... by Tim Graham, II-D

Someone's crying. Someone  
Who thinks he is dying.  
Poor old soul  
Just sitting there  
Crying and sighing,  
Moaning and groaning.

Just sitting there,  
While little rivers run down his cheeks.

... by Margaret Howard, II-D

Emptiness. No friends. Nothing to do. Silence.  
Emptiness. Staring at the sky. Thinking about different things.  
Silence. Alone in the world. Maybe animals would be your friends.  
Who else could you turn to?

... by Christing Allock, II-D

Alone without love, she sits in her dark room. No one knows how she feels, except the howling wind and crying rain that runs down the window pane. Her child has gone far away but the thought will always be there. She sees its happy face everywhere and wonders if she will ever be happy again; tossing and turning in her thoughts.

... by Jeannie Zokharov, II-D

He has been in prison for ten years. He'd got used to it. When he first came to prison the world seemed to be coming to an end. He used to lie awake at night thinking 'Will I ever be free? How long can I bear this without going mad?' Nowadays he just didn't think—he went about his jobs, ate his meals, jogged around the court during exercise periods with his mind in a sort of vacuum. Sometimes he did think, but stopped quickly because it hurt too much. The only way to survive was not to think, then you didn't hope or feel angry at some injustice of the prison warders. Life was just getting up, going about the day's work, going to bed and falling to sleep. That was the best way to be.

## ANTI-HEROES

.....David McConnell VIA

An anti-hero could loosely be described as one who is different; that is someone who has a physical or mental abnormality incorporated into his character. Persons of very dull intellect, persons considered to be naive and persons of very big or small physical stature are all prospective anti-heroes. In fact, anyone with any general disability, weakness of character or peculiarity falls into the category of prospective anti-heroes. Very general instances of this would be the possession of a funny gait, a peculiarly shaped head or a characteristically blank countenance. Indeed any noticeable facial expression of humour, anger, surprise, or rapture that appears abnormal or humorous to observers are in precisely the same boat. It would seem obvious that every single individual amongst us would fall into one of these categories, and so there is yet one more qualification required for anti-heroism. That is the prospective anti-hero must be noticed and picked out as a person with an abnormality. In doing so the abnormality might often have to be exaggerated. Thus the anti-hero is an unlucky individual who is singled out, through his peculiarities, as an object of scorn and ridicule.

There are many reasons why the anti-hero falls victim to the derision of his fellows. In an attempt to show off and build up their own egos, the tormentors suffer from the delusion that they themselves are normal and have a better character. All of us have at least a small degree of sadism in us and in some cases ridicule and humiliation of another person can possibly be satisfying. Of course there are some who go along with pointing the finger at someone else merely because others do it. Apparently without the capacity to create for themselves, such idle and thoughtless people can find nothing better to do with their time than to destroy. The aspect of intolerance could also come into the picture. A cantankerous individual, annoyed by a mannerism or characteristic of another, may seek to destroy the mannerisms or persecute the possessor. Thus this derision of anti-heroes is caused by idleness, thoughtlessness, selfishness, intolerance and a desire to destroy.

On a small scale, these are reflections of many of the causes of the troubles in our modern world; these are characteristics which eat at the heart of society's cohesion.



Scorned by his "friends", perplexed by his uncertain situation, where, or to whom does the anti-hero turn? Finding himself hounded, there are two possible fates awaiting him. Firstly he may grow out of the peculiarity. Secondly, he could learn to live with an incessant chorus of ridicule. In the first case, a part of a human's imagination and individuality has been destroyed. Forced to live at a lower level of happiness, an individual in the second alternative will virtually always be burdened with a bundle of extra worries. People may regard the third alternative as preposterous. However, may I remind them that most perverted minds result from the pressure that society brings to bear on individuals. Misfits into society — those who, because of lack of ability, are unable to fit into society anywhere — are exaggerated cases of anti-heroes. Unable to find normal happiness as society has no normal place for them to fill, they search for happiness in some abnormal way and the way in which their mind thinks could change. All this process is aggravated by the fact that, all the while, there are many in society who laugh at them and make them more abnormal. Thus a person with a small abnormality, afraid of what people think and afraid of their laughter, either develops into a misfit, a person who is forced to live with unceasing derision, or grows out of his peculiarity.

This anti-hero cult is most prevalent at schools. Here people are of weaker and less developed character; so either fall victim to scorn more easily or fall victim to temptation to ridicule and mock others more easily. If a youngster is ridiculed at school—his first major encounter with others of his age—he may become unsure of himself, thus being ridiculed more, and in turn growing more and more away from a normal life, and so on. [

Idleness, thoughtlessness, selfishness, intolerance and a mania to destroy; the causes of anti-hero mockery are undoubtedly undesirable qualities in a society. Derision of anti-heroes appears to result in something possibly bad but never good. As mockery of anti-heroes appears to be bad in all respects, there should be no place for it in today's society.



# the king and i

## THE KING AND I

Eltham High School broke a tradition this year when they staged Rogers and Hammerstein's "The King and I". In previous years Gilbert and Sullivan has been staged with remarkable success, but even though there was a break with tradition this year the success attained, if this can be judged by the audience's reactions and the comments of the critics, was large—probably larger than was expected or hoped for.

The "Young Sun" critic in her review stated that the production was excellent; that the actors were more than able to cope with their parts; that scenery and costumes were very professionally done. These comments must be agreed with and it is to be doubted that there is any exaggeration.

The stars of the production were Ross Bebbington as the King, and Soraya Geveaux as Mrs Leonowens. These two actors fitted into their parts well, and although the singing was demanding because of their untrained voices, they were undoubtedly the highlights of the production. The major supporting roles by Martin Carter (Louis), Philip Charlwood (Prince Chululongkon), Debby Hunt (Lady Thiang), Pauline Crocker (Tuptim) and Tim Gearing (Lun Tha) were well acted, and these performances no doubt aided the rest of the cast in their efforts. Alan Griffiths' performance as Sir Edward Ramsay is worth a mention. It was only a short speaking part but on all three nights his overpowering appearance with a cigar was enough to spark the audience off into laughter.

Another facet of the production which was well done was the Mime, and the choreography (Mrs Webb) for it. These were extremely successful and at the end of the production the Mime was perhaps the most talked-about phase of the musical.

The Royal Children must also be commended on their discipline and self-control on stage. This is not only a tribute to themselves but also to Mr Adrian Callinan who spent a great amount of time and energy on "drilling" the children.

Undoubtedly this musical was a great success and it seems likely that this new style of production will continue for as many years as Gilbert and Sullivan did.

### STOP PRESS!

The following awards were won:

- BEST STAGE DECOR AWARD,
- BEST MALE ACTOR OF THE YEAR (Ross Bebbington)
- RUNNER-UP BEST FEMALE ACTRESS (Soraya Geveaux).





## IN THE SAND

... P. Norman, 6B

In the sand,  
We run:  
dance:  
laugh:  
We play games for fun.  
we are gay—in the sand.

In the sand,  
In our dancing  
and running  
and playing,  
We live life for what it is.  
we are happy—in the sand.

In the sand,  
Amidst laughter  
and friends,  
we forget  
The bonds that tie us.  
we are free—in the sand.

In the sand,  
In the sun  
and water  
that sparkle and dazzle,  
We forget about war.  
we forget those who have needlessly fallen—in the sand.

In the sand,  
By the sea  
we think:  
we create:  
We discuss:  
and we discover our real selves.  
—In the sand.



## TOM CAT ... Fiona Belbin, VI-B.

The tom cat so yellow and rumbling  
reclining aloof on your chair.  
So guiltless and self-effacing!  
To move him you would not dare.

When with your hands you nudge him,  
the tom cat moves not a hair;  
but sighs a great sigh,  
and smiles upwards  
naive as a lynx in its lair.

His purr is so ingratiating.  
His eye says you're not fair at all.  
He tries to be so pacifying.  
It's too much for one child to bear.

Hinting more strongly, you shake him  
and ruffle his yellow-gold hair.  
So he sinks down with audible snuffling,  
And you are still without chair.

So with both hands you grab him,  
and sit down, placing him on your lap,  
with great care.

You pat him and congratulate him,  
And say he'll be happier there.  
But with a great deal of squirming and grunting,  
succeeding your stockings to tear.

The cat leaps and runs to the landing,  
with ideas that he's safer there.

## THE LION

... M. Howard, 2-D

Powerful, majestic the lion stands,  
Reigning lord of a wide, brown land.  
And challengers of all kinds he will meet  
With a record of victories and not one defeat.

His golden mane and tail, his mighty stride  
Breeds jealousy among the younger males of his pride.  
They dream of the day when they will stand,  
Like him, the King of the surrounding land.

A lioness comes into sight, slowly dragging home her kill.  
She is hungry, but she must wait 'til the lion has eaten his fill.  
But his Highness does not finish his midday meal.  
A report rings out — and he lies quite still.

Alas. No longer the monarch stands  
Watching over the prides of the brown land.  
Man! The destroyer! In his slaughtering conquest  
Has sent the lion to his place of eternal rest.



## ISOLATED BODIES

... S. Gevaux, V-C.

Walk! for few buses will carry you.  
Run! You'll miss the train that carries you—  
To your doom—the rest of your life in this world.  
This light world, that sees through one  
Aparthied blue eye.  
This cruel world that turns its  
scornful head in shame.

Ah! Your house.  
Such a picture of tenderness are your children....  
They haven't eaten today ... no job.  
They stand under the dilapidated veranda  
waiting for you to come home,  
Your wife looks through the broken window,  
She was once very beautiful,  
Now she's very ill.  
Oh, they'll employ her,  
She works very hard at the menial jobs none  
Of the townfolk would do,

That's why she's sick  
She keeps the children, for you, no job.  
With the night you come into your own,  
For in the dark they can't see your colour.  
Sleep. To hide from the world in sleep  
Your bed, warm, small, security  
As you pull the blankets over your head  
Security as in your mother's womb you lay,  
Where no one could touch you.  
You slide down further,  
Looking for this security, but no,  
You'll never find it, not even in your bed—  
For see, even the sheets are white.





EPITAPH

.... P. Baker, 6-B.

There were people in dressing gowns trying to help. There was a woman sitting on the edge of the road crying.

"Help me, somebody, help me!" and there was blood all over her face. Somebody lay still in the middle of the road, his arm cut, the torn limb looking like so many layers of red, soft rubber. He was bleeding from somewhere, the head, I think. The blood was still on the road when I walked past the next day.

A woman lay even more still than him. She was dead. Funny thing that, she didn't bleed much. Just died, that's all.

Her kid lay in the gravel, slowly writhing and whimpering to itself, not understanding this sudden disruption of everyday life. Someone wrapped it in a blanket and told it to lie still, but still it moved, perhaps to see if it was alive.

Chrome strip and seat stuffing lay spread about on the road, like leaves before a playful wind. Bent and torn into grotesque shapes; by themselves they were so unrecognizable as to be insignificant, but, when seen as a whole, they added a thousand unnecessary elements of horror. The car was torn across the rear seat. The impact must have been taken there, torn the car across top and bottom and strewn the burden out, like limp rag dolls, bounding and skidding frenziedly along the road, to sit up and whimper for help, or just smash into a tree and die.

The driver would never have sobered up so quickly in his life. He was walking around, inspecting the damage, both to car bodies and people's bodies, and he was lucky he didn't cut his feet on the glass.



A LITTLE WORM

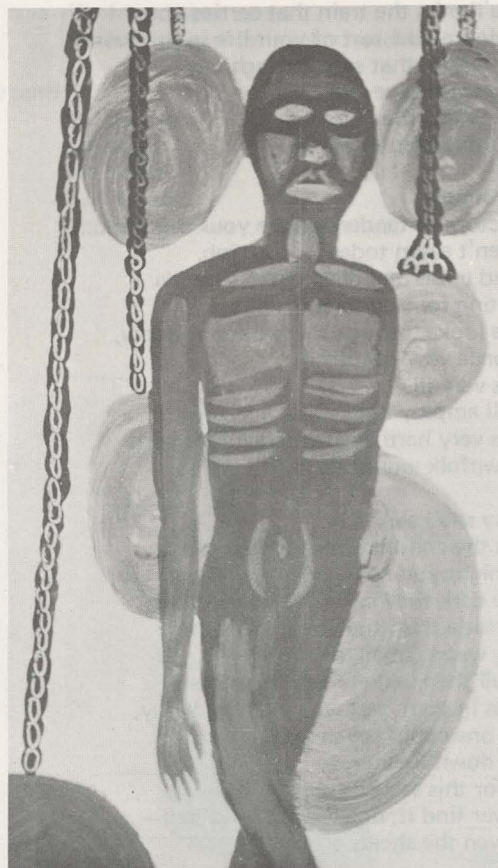
.... D. Nottle,

One day a little man walked down to a stream and sat and sat and sat. For three, four, 5, 6 moons he sat there, doing nothing, speaking to nobody. A frosty night floated down and wrapped its cloak around him. In the bright morning sun he was dead. Now, along came a policeman who saw the little man sitting there like a guru. He booked him for obstructing the traffic, although nobody used the path; only to find the man couldn't pay the fine because he was dead. As this policeman was only a country bumpkin, he assumed the man had just sat down for a rest and had had a coronary occlusion (he had discovered these words in his new edition of Mad). But at this moment up came little worm who whispered in the policeman's ear these words "This little man was murdered". Immediately the policeman cordoned off the area but didn't find any evidence. The worm, the Crown's main witness, was given protection and lived quite comfortably in an apple house (because he was an apple-worm). When the trial arrived little worm gave evidence which proved conclusively that it was a case of murder. In a reedy voice little worm squealed "When sitting in my little apple house in my little apple tree, I spied with my little eye Frosty Night come creeping up and smother little man".

Uproar reigned and for weeks Frosty Night was the most sought-after member of the community. About four weeks later one dull and terribly unimaginative clerk, in the little clerk's office, discovered that a frosty night had been reported that night. The policeman was sacked and sent off to tend his little cabbage patch and little worm was sent back to his little apple house in his little apple tree. He had only wanted to see his name in the paper.

If you think this story is queer, remember—

It is possible for any worm to twist and turn. And the law, because it is blind is open to this kind. So never lay in a worm your hope And don't forget to remember me When he, you choke.



REFLECTIONS OF A CHINESE STUDENT

They love him, they despise him,  
He is respected, he is hated.  
To the West he stands as a symbol of aggression.  
To them he is their idol.  
He is China, China is his.  
A man so strong and powerful  
Authority to millions of them.  
He loves them, he despises them.  
He wants them to learn  
But not to criticize.  
He loathes the West, they loathe him.  
He is their morale, their leader, their destroyer.  
Is he man or phenomenon?  
He is simply Mao Tse-Tung.

.... Anne Osman, IV-C.

THE SOLDIER

He was given his first gun  
At the age of twenty-one,  
Shot his first soldier  
"Oh, wasn't that fun?"

A soldier he lived  
A soldier he died,  
Killed twenty people  
Came his turn  
And he cried.

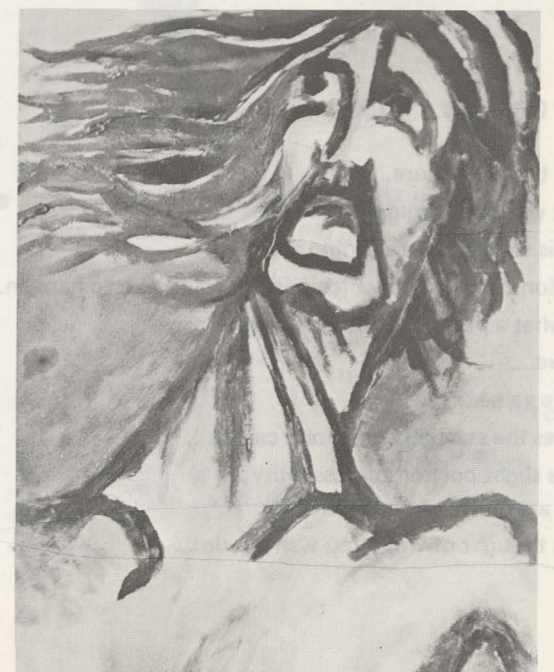
.... Damien Skipper, 1-C.

THREE YEARS IN HELL

Returned without a word or sign  
They wander back unchanged  
In looks, stature or voice  
But their minds don't stay the same  
They went out but for the game  
To see the fallen kind (how wrong?)  
Their eyes were bright when they went out  
Filled with childlike hero-worship  
Filled with their own greatness  
Their command tactics ringing in their ears  
Their cards burning in their hands  
They thought they'd see the sun—  
Not so, when they were out  
All they saw was sweat and blood  
Salty liquid dribbling down their brain  
Remoulded them, their minds  
As much as what they saw.

The starved children, napalm struck,  
The fallout signs upon a dying child,  
The mark of death on every head,  
The way of mouths to feed.  
It changed their eyes to feverish shock  
Their minds were moved to other thoughts  
They almost died but not from pain  
Of physical death but living death  
Of mind and soul.  
Coming on and turning back  
The countless hypocrites  
They come to war to fight and kill  
They ran to cry and die  
They are those who pose and boast  
A changed man understands them not  
And what he thinks he does  
Is forgivable? I know not this contradictory world.

.... Sandy McLeod, IV-C.





THE SAGA OF A TV VIEWER

Little box sitting there blaring,  
Screaming at me to buy this—  
SOAP, CHOCOLATE, SMOKES.  
SOAP, CHOCOLATE, SMOKES.  
NO. NO. NO.  
STOP. STOP. STOP.

Block my ears,  
The voice of the man enters  
my subconscious, revolt against brainwashing.  
CAR, TV, REDUCED PRICES,  
CAR, TV, REDUCED PRICES.  
HELP, HELP, HELP,  
OBLIVION, OBLIVION, OBLIVION.

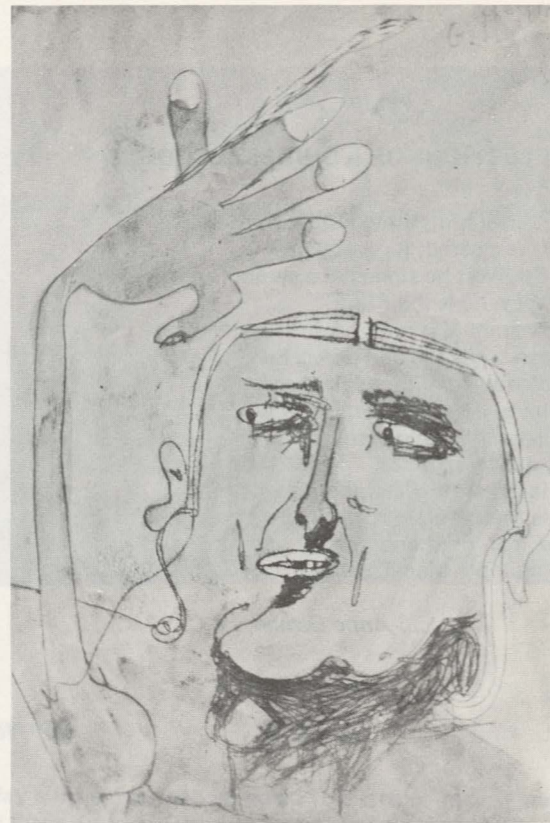
Can there be no escape?  
My eyes see flickering images on a silver screen.  
Close the eyes, block the ears which —  
still hear his reedy voice.  
SOAP, CHOCOLATE, SMOKES,  
CAR, TV, REDUCED PRICES,  
GO AWAY, GO AWAY, GO AWAY,  
COLLAPSE, COLLAPSE, COLLAPSE,  
DEATH.

.... D. Nottle, VI.



IDEAS ON DREAMS by Form I.

- ....they can be your future....
- ....the most wonderful things in the world....
- ....a dream is sometimes a warning....
- ....imagination of the mind which people would like to happen....
- ....idea of what a person's future will be....
- ....have value....
- ....have little value....
- ....sometimes the starting point for a career....
- ....contain a slight portion of possibility....
- ....give you a wonderful night's sleep....
- ....mainly a thought of what you want to do....



Mita, Mita crying mother falling, dying  
Burning pain, stinging hurt  
Purposeful death, drawn upon word  
Conscience, where are you?  
Where is your hiding head?  
Ostrich, ostrich in the sand.  
Is part of the conscience of your mind  
What good there was is turned away  
Instrument used for war becomes  
Instrument of war and lives to kill  
Lives for impact, to murder  
Whilst dying still continues.

So sleep and ignore the useless pleading  
Close your eyes  
Mist cloud, anvil shaped dreams emerge  
Symbols grow in your inner mind  
Bursting out in dreams

"Mushroom, don't eat my white dove  
Let my dove live, mushroom—  
Rain, don't sink my water  
Don't burn the seas—  
Alas, you were a toadstool;  
And have poisoned my friends  
But small worm though I am  
You have trodden on and killed me."

Wake worm or what name is associated with you—  
Wake and see the round, full moon rising  
And know your soul's apathy  
To your filthy murder  
Continues until the world is stopped  
By bomb, agent of war  
For peaceful worms.

.... S. McLeod, 4-C.

THE FLAMES

The flames leap and dance  
Flickering shadows on the wall  
Caverns of glowing red coals  
Glimmer.  
And the silver smoke  
Wreathes through the air  
As though in a trance.

Melanie Wittshire—1-C.

LONLINESS

The world is cruel,  
In a cold dark cell,  
You get fed on gruel,  
Life's worse than hell.  
No one will care,  
The cell is still,  
The cell is bare,  
And I am ill.  
No one to talk to,  
Not a spider or rat,  
No place to walk to,  
How I dread that.

... Jennifer Smith, II-D

Strange,  
That people love  
The sun  
Its tan  
Its fun.  
But when the colour's naturally there  
The people have no home anywhere!

Sue Walker, VI-A.

A rose,  
pink and fragile,  
seen striving to escape ..... untainted,  
from the putrid mass.  
Stinking rubbish,  
in this shattered bin of time.  
Only one hand, from the gloom,  
hoping ..... wondering—desperately.  
Will it ever reach the light?

Jan Carter, VI-B.

AUTUMN

Autumn has come,  
The leaves are falling,  
From the high poplar tree,  
Onto the warm soft ground.

.... Ross Guenther.

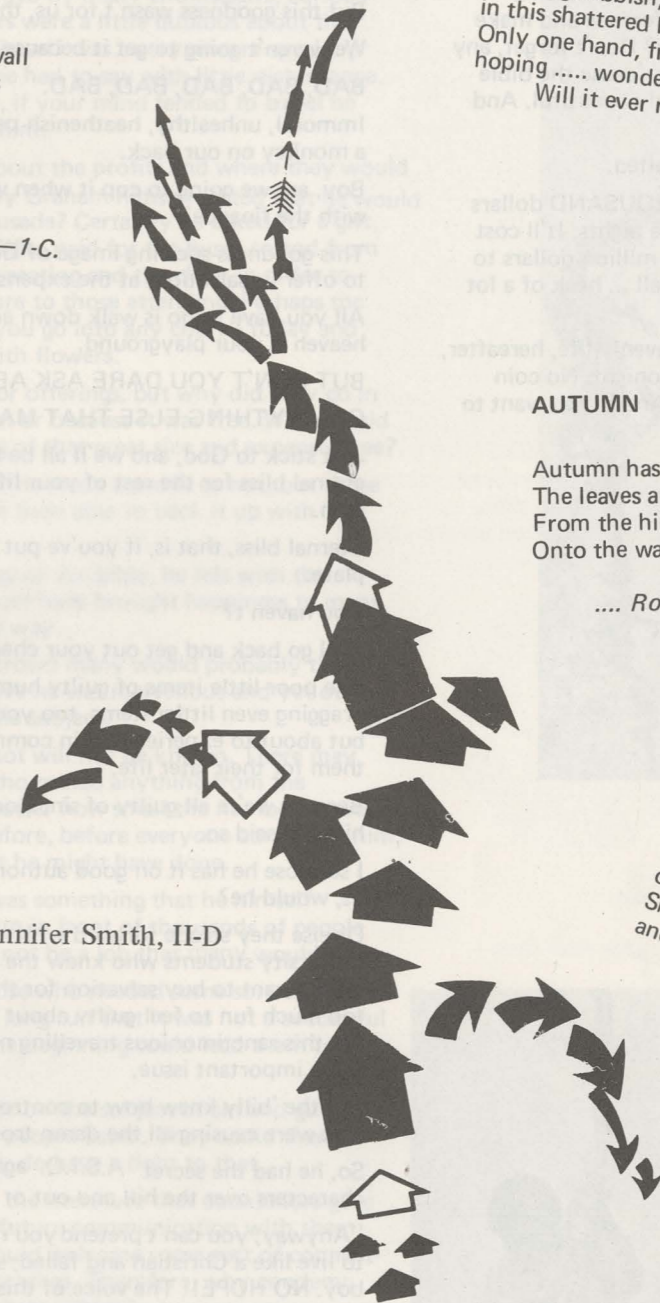
SMUGGLERS, SMUGGLERS.

Smugglers, smugglers  
In the night raid the king  
of all his right,  
Smuggling goods across the sea,  
and selling them to me.

.... Wayne McAlear.

Someone's crying, someone  
Who thinks he's dying.  
Poor old soul,  
Just sitting there,  
Crying and dying.  
Moaning and groaning.  
Just sitting there,  
While little rivers run down his cheeks.

.... Tim Graham





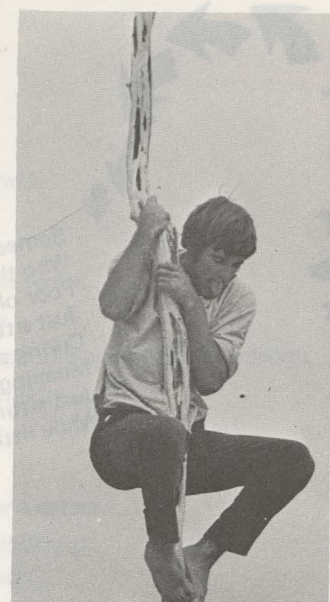
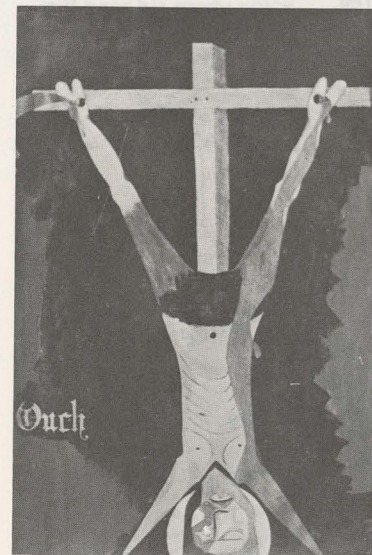
"Now you know we don't charge you on these buses, but any donations will be greatly appreciated. You don't have to. But we would greatly appreciate any donations. God will pay for these buses but if you want to help Him, feel free to do so. Feel free. Remember, God is watching. All your deeds are noted for ... ah ... THAT day. And if you can't decide between a donation of one dollar and two, split the difference and make it three. Ha, Ha, Ha! Now, brothers, a hymn? Don't forget, any donations . . . . Jesus loves me, Yes I know, 'cause the bible tells me so ... beautiful, isn't it brothers? Truly beautiful. And true, true, true!"

The milk train rolled onwards. Salvation awaited.

"Do you realize it's cost FORTY-EIGHT THOUSAND dollars to run this show so far. And that's only three nights. It'll cost 250 grand before it's over. And it's cost one million dollars to even get this show on the road. That's one hell ... heck of a lot of money.

"So, just to be sure of your place in that heavenly life, hereafter, you better make it a BIG SILENT offering tonight. No coin rattling. Rustle of paper. Music to my ears. And if you want to

Can there be no mercy?  
Autumn breezes & an autumn breeze  
The leaves are falling  
From the high poplars  
Onto the warm soil



make it with St Peter, you better donate big.

SO GIVE, PEASANTS!!!"

The hillbilly continued his spiel.

Goodness spewed forth from the incandescent rostrum.

But this goodness wasn't for us, this was to be had in heaven.

We weren't going to get it because we were bad.

BAD, BAD, BAD, BAD, BAD.

Immoral, unhealthy, heathenish people, all running around with a monkey on our back.

Boy, are we going to cop it when we die! Unless we come good with the finance?

This goodness-spewing image of God had come to save our souls, to offer us salvation, at the expense of our bank accounts.

All you have to do is walk down and see a counsellor, and heaven is your playground.

BUT DON'T YOU DARE ASK ABOUT VIETNAM!!

OR ANYTHING ELSE THAT MATTERS!!

Just stick to God, and we'll all be happy and you can live in eternal bliss for the rest of your life. After that, you're on your own.

Eternal bliss, that is, if you've put a nice fat offering in the plate.

You haven't?

Well go back and get out your cheque book.

The poor little items of guilty humanity shuffled forwards, dragging even littler items, too young yet to know guilt, but about to experience it in commercial quantities, to prepare them for their later life.

Because we're all guilty of sin; God said so. Or at least the hillbilly said so.

I suppose he has it on good authority. He wouldn't try to fool us, would he?

Or else they strode forward with a self-confident air, superior university students who knew the whole thing was crap. They didn't want to buy salvation for their souls; they were having too much fun to feel guilty about it. And they were going to pin this sanctimonious travelling neurosis salesman down on some important issue.

But the 'billy knew how to control them. They were the ones that were causing all the damn trouble in the world.

So, he had the secret A.S.I.O. agents escort the more vocal characters over the hill and out of sight.

"Anyway, you can't pretend you're not guilty of sin. I've tried to live like a Christian and failed; so YOU—you've got no hope, boy. NO HOPE!! The voice of this repository of the ridiculous rang electronically loud through the night air.

"Salvation ..... God will come again ..... we are all guilty ..... guilty ..... guilt ..... guilt ..... sin ..... filth ..... degradation ..... hell ..... unclean, unclean unclean, communism, love ..... SIN!!"

You must have had a very unhappy childhood, 'billy. Wouldn't your father take you to the circus?

For a little man, 'billy, you hold a lot of dirt. The funny thing is : people pay for it.

WAS BILLY GRAHAM WORTHWHILE? J. Harrison

The Crusade of B.G. was attended by many enthusiastic, curious people. Some enjoyed it, others were a little dubious about the value of the lessons. Graham himself was a very sincere speaker; his audience listened to what he had to say with little disturbance. He was an electrifying speaker, if your mind tended to travel he snapped you back to listen to him.

Criticism fell on the crusade about the profits and where they would go But is it not true that Billy Graham himself stated that he would not make a profit from the Crusade? Certainly he asked for a gift, but that was not compulsory. Who paid for the buses to and from the Crusade? Who paid for the seating and the choir in order to bring more comfort and pleasure to those attending. Perhaps the flowers were not needed, but you go into any church today and you will find a clean church with flowers.

Many quibbled at the appeal for offerings, but why did they go in the first place? To hear Graham or because it was free. Why should people be treated to something of that great size and expense, free?

It has not been proved whether he made a profit or not, but those who have claimed this have not been able to back it up with answers.

He came to preach the wordings of the bible, he left with the satisfaction of doing so. He could have brought happiness to many and helped them in some small way.

As people dispersed from the crowd many would probably think it was bosh, others would believe he was marvellous and yet others would be very thoughtful on the subject.

Whether he was successful or not will not be known. There may have been only a few people who gained anything from the Crusade. But I think that no matter how small the number, it would be a reward for Graham. Therefore, before everyone condemns him, why not think of the good that he might have done.

He came to help people, as it was something that he himself wanted to accomplish. To get up in front of thousands of people and talk about religion, would not be a job that many would want.

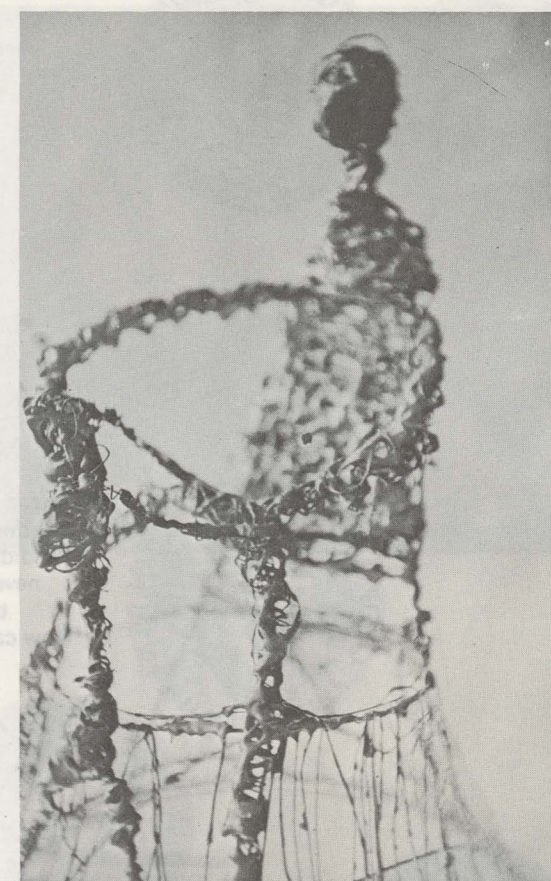
His talks might have helped those who needed some sort of path to follow. They might find in the long run that it was not a successful path, but that small belief in the beginning could lead them to further satisfaction.

At times he was a little dramatic on the subject of sin and guilt, but his dramatic method made people listen. They could then make up their own minds. They do have a right to that.

I personally did not appreciate the literature that counsellors gave to you; it was almost a tag for future communication with them. However quite a few people would welcome some sort of connection with the crusade and its teachings. Therefore, why condemn what one man does in order to help others?

An argument could arise as to the necessity of heart transplant; it is just a barbarity with human guinea pigs. The answer would be it is only helping the human race to discover more methods of surviving longer. — A good cause. Therefore could not Billy Graham help some person in a temporary mental lapse, not physical, to gain confidence. It might be few and wide but so are heart transplants.

Therefore, live and let live.







The wind blew gently,  
We stood silent  
Heads bowed,  
Thinking of what happened—  
Or maybe not.

Wendy Hooker IV-A



Anzac Day brings back memories to some people,  
but doesn't mean so much to us.  
We did not live through the war  
never even existed—  
then.

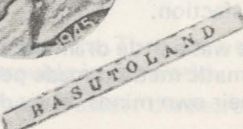
How can we remember? ... K. Downie, IV-A



Anzac Day,  
Comes once a year,  
And we think  
Of people who gave their lives —  
For us.

Two minutes.  
Two minutes only,  
We stand

And remember. ... Sandra Barnett, IV-A



Standing with bowed heads,  
The sound of the Last Post,  
Remembering men at war,  
Silence throughout the crowd.

The wind softly blowing,  
The flag slowly moving in the breeze  
The trumpet blowing has finished  
Heads slowly looking up  
Still there is silence throughout the crowd.

The assembly is over.  
People murmuring as they move off,  
The men were remembered—  
For a while.

... Pam Doherty, IV-A

MISTY MORNING

It was a misty day,  
And all the mist  
Was spread over the place.

You could hardly see the trees at all.  
The birds were flying by,  
And in the mist they fluttered,  
As if they were trying to keep warm.

.... Sheryl Findlay, 1-B.



A COLD MORNING

On the way to the park the frost lay white on the ground,  
The trees all green and fresh, stood high  
The grass beneath our feet was icy and crisp  
And the dirty brown water flowed over the huge rocks swiftly.

.... Caron Boyd.



THE FAIRYLAND

The fairyland seems to appear  
When the cold and frost is near  
Birds here and then there  
And then they seem to disappear.

This fairyland makes you think in reality,  
It plays on your mind and I think  
It's fine.  
The fairyland.

.... S. Matters, I-D



UPPER, MIDDLE, AND SLUM. ... D. Nottle, VI-B.

Sordid filth, in a blackness which unnerves the watcher. Crumbling masonry, rotting floors, pools of putrid liquid, rats which — scuffle over broken furniture. An old couch, pages of a pornographic magazine fluttering in the ugly wind. Street walkers with eagle eyes looking at all men who happen— to walk on by. One-night affairs which never last, can this be all that is left. Is this life?

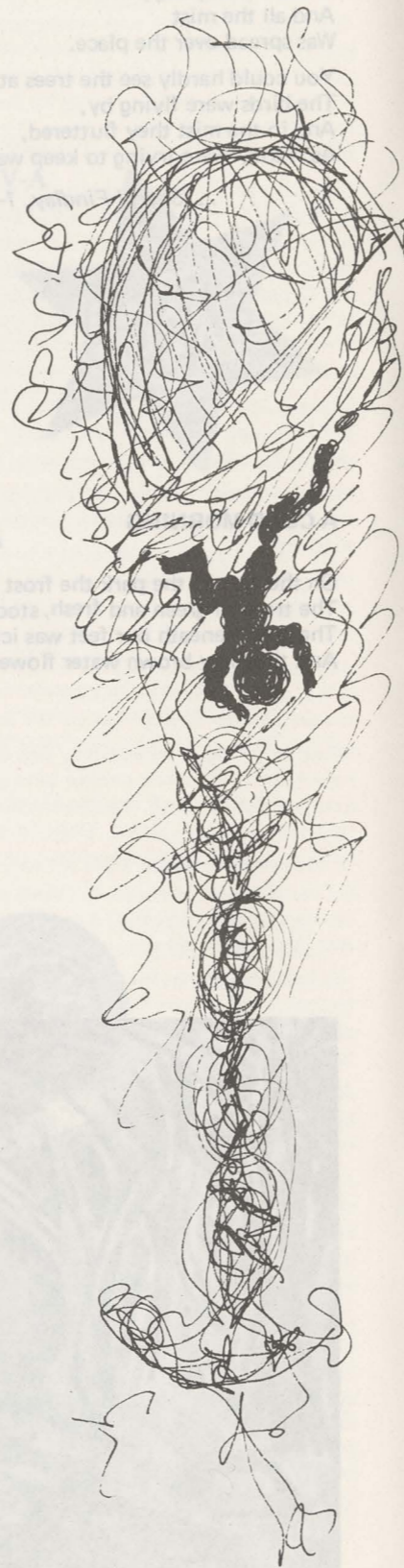
Squealing baby, shut up with a backhand that breaks a tiny jaw in two. Half a dozen bottles, a drunken stupor, stench of rotting food. What next, a gleaming new car from an upper middle class family, looking the other way, thinking of — clean sheets, good food, good wine—home. Sees street walker, shake of head, from driver who really likes his secretary. Drive on home, nothing sordid, no filth on the floor, all clean, disgusting what goes on in slums. Uproarious party, good red wine, whisky and soda ends night in drunken brawl. People go home, not man with wife none of this lower class morality. Is this life?

THE RISING OF A SUN

As flakes of red filtered Through a bloodless sky In pain of waiting lay a woman, Wanting, for her first child's cry. Many suns had risen. Gone. Many years had flowed away. For centuries she had waited In longing of this day. A sun burst into glory O'er a grey, grey plain From the woman's aching Burst a son of pain. Unceasingly through a blinding day In a roaring of life and sun She loved her child—her hope The last remaining one.

The sun dipped, slowly dying Grey the plain, grey the woman's head, As she sat in hopeless sorrow Holding her son. Already Dead.

.... Maureen Watts, V-D



.... Margaret Howard, 2D

The sun had just peeped over the horizon, as the mother eagle set off in pursuit of nourishment for her young. Soaring high above the eyrie, her sharp eyes scanned the valley below, in the hope of seeing some rodent, unaware of her presence, and who had left the safety of its burrow, to wander the countryside in search of food, as she had done.

After searching the valley for miles, the bird of prey had just settled on a large rock overlooking the valley, when a movement caught her eye. The weariness in her wings left her and immediately she was alert.

It was a grey-coloured rabbit, full grown, and seemed to be trapped in some way. On her first reconnaissance she had seen a number of men in the same place, cutting long poles from the surrounding trees, so she was careful to make sure the men had gone. A platform, made from the poles and stretched between two rocks did not worry her.

Satisfied all was safe, the eagle spread her mighty wings and flew down into the valley, circled and came about. The next time she attacked.

Her talons ready, she grabbed the rabbit, and tried to fly away. But it was tied. The bird was puzzled. Then a hand spring up from in between the poles, gripping one of her legs in a strong unbreakable hold. It was a trap! Struggling desperately, she lashed out at it with her free claw. A scream of pain came from the owner as blood streamed from the scratches. The grip relaxed slightly. Other men appeared, one with a cage.

In desperation, the eagle pecked at the same hand. Its grasp was released and she flew away, with a portion of the rodent in her powerful beak.

Far below her, the men argued among themselves, as to whose fault it was. But the bird didn't care. She was safe, a bit shaky, but safe.

THE HORSE

.... Lois Glasgow, 2D.

Thundering down the mountainside, tail and mane flying; fiery, beautiful. What it is like to be free.

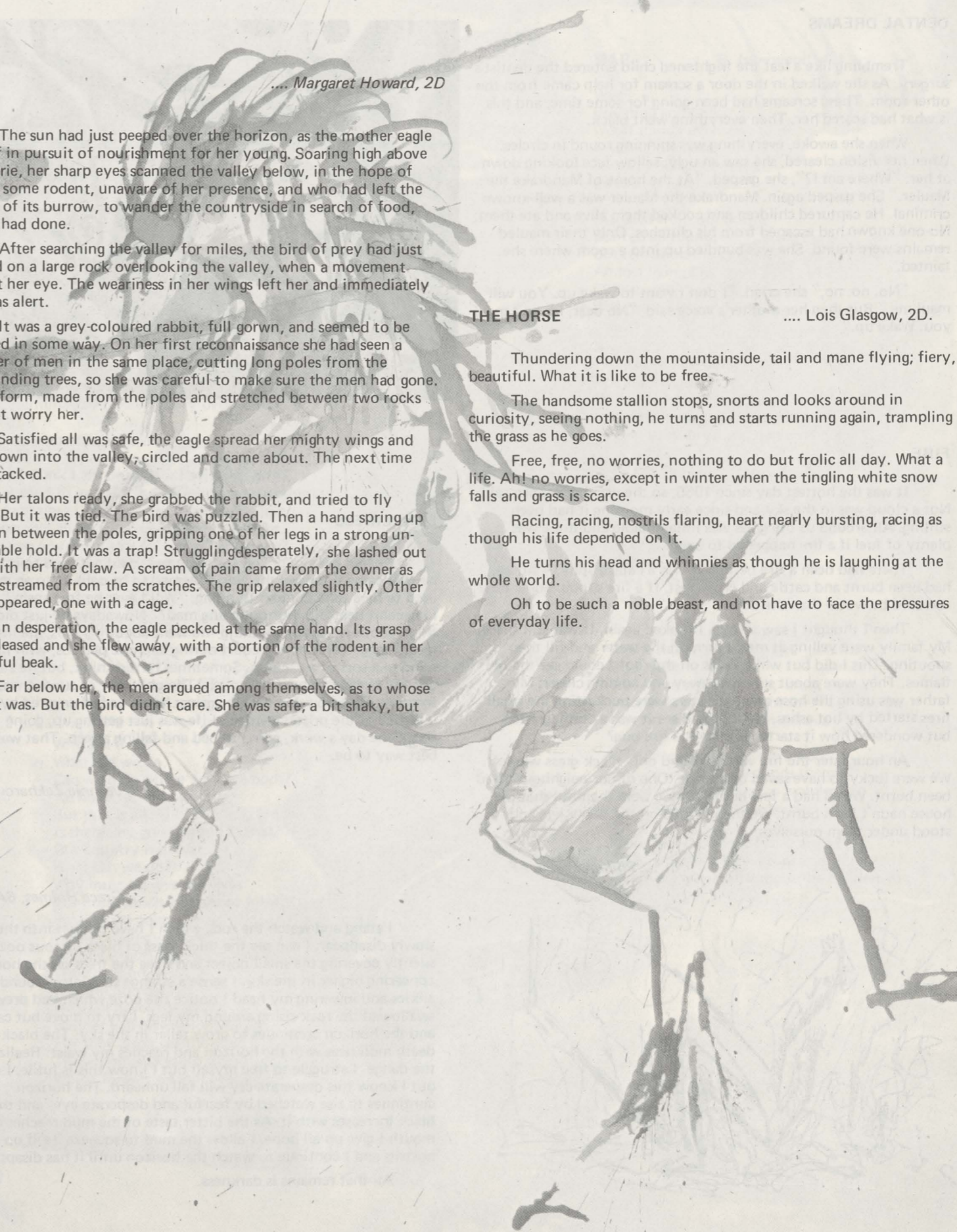
The handsome stallion stops, snorts and looks around in curiosity, seeing nothing, he turns and starts running again, trampling the grass as he goes.

Free, free, no worries, nothing to do but frolic all day. What a life. Ah! no worries, except in winter when the tingling white snow falls and grass is scarce.

Racing, racing, nostrils flaring, heart nearly bursting, racing as though his life depended on it.

He turns his head and whinnies as though he is laughing at the whole world.

Oh to be such a noble beast, and not have to face the pressures of everyday life.





## WHAT IS CIVILIZED MAN?

.... R. Bebbington, V.B

For a man to be civilized, or so the dictionary says, is to be cultured and not barbaric. He must have reached an advanced stage in social development. This seems vague. "Cultured" can apply to the most primitive races on Earth. For example, Aborigines have a rather complex culture, so surely they are "cultured". One could hardly call Aborigines "barbaric", and most certainly they have rigid rules and customs, benefiting the whole tribe, or society.

I doubt very much if we could call hoodlums or criminals civilized. A person who could bash an old lady and steal her savings, smash windows and slash train seats for no reason other than paranoid joy, is certainly not civilized by any tribal standards. These people are a menace to society and are barbaric, and are therefore uncivilized.

To be civilized is a relative thing, relative to standards set within that society. Surely Maoris feel they had an excellent society, civilized by their way of thinking, then white man came in and called them uncivilized, as they were in the eyes of white man. The settlers had a certain society with certain morals and because Maoris were different, they were called "uncivilized". Imagine, for example, a society of beings in which strange customs and honours were adhered to. Imagine they believed that eating their grandparents after death was honourable and delectable—saving food, labour and expenses of burial. Grandfather knew he would be eventually eaten and was proud that he could give pleasure to his family. Imagine also, that this society had established this concept since the beginning of its existence. They would certainly not consider it to be barbaric or uncivilized, but to the dissimilar thinking of a being from another society, it would certainly be uncivilized.

Civilization, therefore, is relative to the thinking of beings within the so-called civilized society. Whether a man is civilized or not, depends upon his behaviour within his own society.



.... I. Rootsey, V.B

When talking about this topic, one must define a civilized man. It does not necessarily mean a man who has been educated to a high standard, drives an expensive car, is well respected and is a good citizen. A man does not have to live in a thriving metropolis in order to be civilized—a native living in the wilds of Africa or South America can be as civilized as any well-respected person in the community. Therefore I believe that a civilized man is one who can view things rationally, can understand the environment and the people with whom he lives, and most important of all, being able to solve the problems which confront him in a sensible and reasonable manner.

When man first appeared on earth he was confronted with many problems which threatened his life, but as time went by, he mastered his environment and has existed for many years. In the jungles of Africa and South America there are many natives who have never seen a motor vehicle, never heard a radio or any such things found in our modern world, yet in many ways, they are civilized. They have lived like this for centuries and have mastered their environment; they have understood and overcome their problems in a sensible and civilized manner. And in fact, when we compare our society with their simple existence, we find that, in many ways they are more civilized than us. In their society the

tremendous difference between the wealthy and the poor classes is not found. Also, their young men are not compelled to fight a war that many of them know nothing about.

These primitive people have learned to live in peace and tranquility with their surroundings while modern man ploughs on with little thought for his fellow man or his environment. It is sad, but true—that civilized man is becoming rare in our modern society.

## FREE FOR FREEDOM

.... Sandon McLeod, IV-C.

She stood on the sand and stared across at the other side of the river. The tall blank behind her reflected seemed to lose their prison-like quality and the building became a majestic castle, quivering, misty, and faraway, in the grey dawn of the morning.

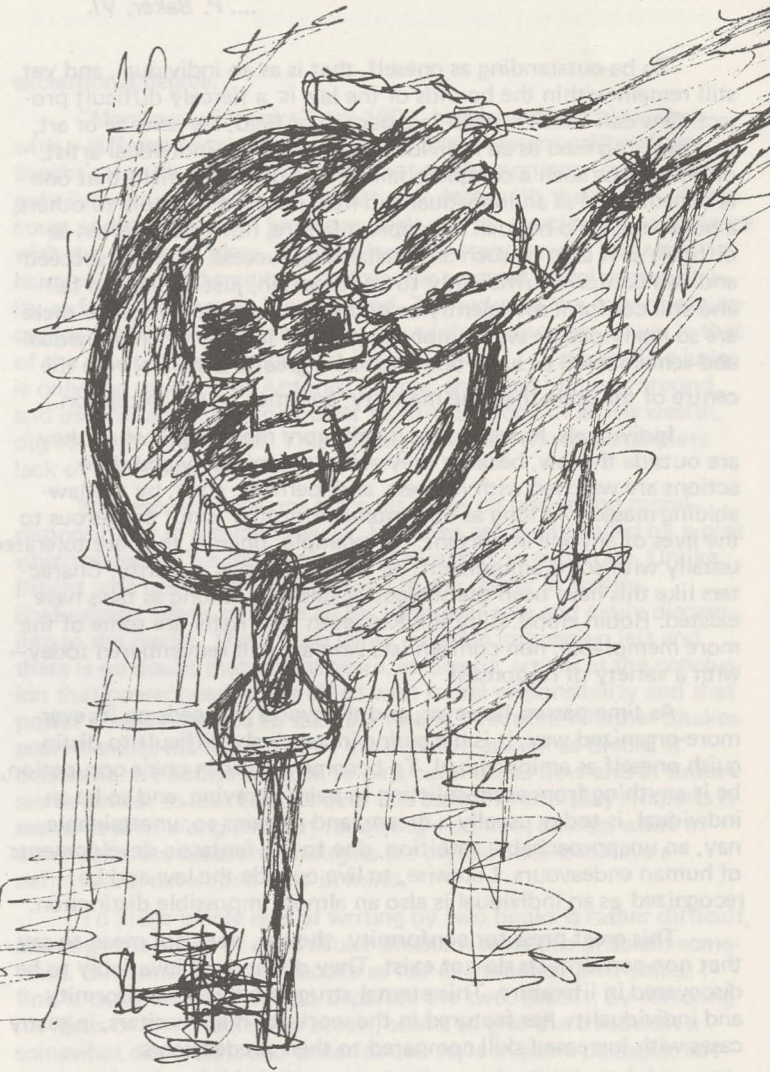
The jangling sound of the matron walking down the steps swinging her keys awoke the young girl to awareness of her bleak surroundings. Oh, to be on the other side where everybody was free. She did not think of their feelings. They did not know what it was like to be shut away from the world, the only glimpse of that place being the other side of the river. They only had to go to work each day. Selling their wares in the streets, labouring in a factory, and trying to make ends meet whilst clothing and feeding their children. No, they did not value their freedom, only their lives.

On the other side of the river the woman who came there every day looked across at the building. She envied the people there. They had warm beds at night, proper clothes to wear and a hot meal three times a day! What a life! She did not know what the people were there for. She's heard rumours of course. Government secrets were their job, she had heard.

"Government secrets" was right. The people in this cut-off place were a government secret. Nobody knew why they were there. Nobody was going to know. The girl thought this as she looked out over the river and tried to shut out of her mind the thought that for the rest of her life she would be living—if you can call it living—in a place devoid of human people, relationships and emotions. She had no friends here. Friends were outside.

How hard it is to be a political prisoner but at least you know you are there for what you believe is right.

And the grass on the other side of the river grew tall; and the old woman stopped coming; day rolled on to night.



## THE DAY THE LABRADORS CAME TO SCHOOL

I was listening to the melodious sound of Lynne's voice as she sang "Hair", when quite out of the blue she interrupted her enchanting song with an even more exciting screech "The puppies are here!" and before I knew what was happening she was clambering over the pile of debris on her desk.

But she was soon directed back as was everybody to listen to Mrs Moore as she talked to us about the small, sleepy bundles of fur. Then, after a warning about holding the puppies properly, we were allowed to handle them. I watched the smile grow on Lynne's face as she held the white-shaded one. When she passed it on to me I knew why she had smiled with such pleasure.

After many had held the delightful little pups, they were put on the floor so that we could see their awkward way of walking. Soon they started to whine, they were hungry, so they were put into the basket and carried out.

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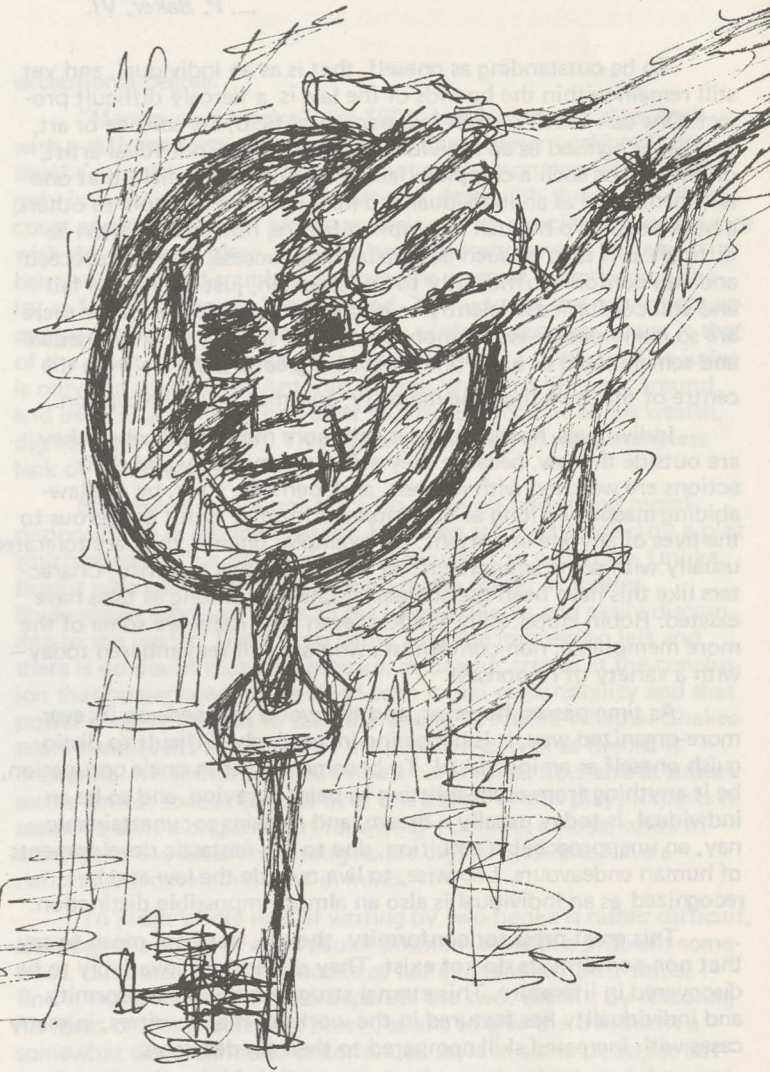
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To be outstanding as oneself, that is as an individual, and yet still remain within the bounds of the law is a fiercely difficult project. One can excell oneself in a particular field, say science or art, and be recognised as an individual scientist or an individual artist, or one can be such a complete failure in a particular field that one is remembered as an individual and held up as an example to others, a bogey-man. To be such a complete failure, however, is often as difficult as it is to be such an outstanding success. One can succeed and still conform sufficiently to be forgotten, just as one can fail and still conform sufficiently to be forgotten, simply because there are so many people who simply succeed or fail. To be an individual and remembered as such, one must be a greater distance from the centre of the scale than the majority, and thus be the exception.

Individuals, however, are much more memorable when they are outside the law, because they are in the minority and their actions are watched with interest, and, perhaps, envy, by the law-abiding masses. As long as their non-conformity is not dangerous to the lives of anyone important, for example, oneself, they are tolerated, usually with some amusement, by the conformist majority. Characters like this have been the subject of tales for as long as tales have existed. Robin Hood. Billy the Kid, even Ned Kelly are some of the more memorable, non-conformists who are still remembered today—with a variety of responses!

As time passes, however, and the world proceeds on its ever-more-organized way, it is becoming increasingly difficult to distinguish oneself as an individual. To become master in one's occupation, be it anything from atom-splitting to paint-spraying, and so be an individual, is today usually a dream, and remains so; unattainable, nay, an unapproachable ambition, due to the fantastic developments of human endeavours. Likewise, to live outside the law and be recognized as an individual is also an almost impossible distinction.

This great press for conformity, though, does not mean to say that non-conformists do not exist. They do, and are invariably to be discovered in literature. This eternal struggle between conformity and individuality has featured in the works of many writers, in many cases with increased skill compared to their predecessors.

Shakespeare was concerned with this when he wrote "Hamlet" in which Hamlet is placed in the position of choosing between avenging his father, that is conforming with the social standards of the day, or forsaking vengeance according to the demands of his individual character. Similarly many of Steinbeck's characters are individuals fighting against conformity. This is true of Danny in "Tortilla Flat", of Mayor Orden in "The Moon is Down", and of Doc in "Cannery Row".

As Shakespeare's play progresses, one can see Hamlet being torn between a desire to do what is expected of him, to conform, to kill his uncle, his father's murderer, and to let him survive, following the dictates of his character, a character developed with a love of peace and learning, both of which he acquired at Wittenburg. He realizes that he is expected, at least by those who know the circumstances of his father's death, to right this wrong by killing Claudius. Two of those who expect Hamlet to attempt revenge are Claudius, who sends him to England when he suspects Hamlet knows the truth, and Horatio who supports him at every turn. Both of these, then, show that the standards of the day did not forbid Hamlet from killing Claudius, in fact that this action would have been approved.

Doc's natural individuality extended further than this. He trusted the people of Cannery Row, not naively or without reserve, though, because they were his friends and he knew them well enough to know to what lengths his trust was justified. He never locked the door when he left the laboratory; he sometimes lent them his car; and they were free to use a bed if they needed it. He realized, however, that the truth was not always appreciated, and to explain his non-conformity to others, he sometimes used fabrications to prevent misunderstandings over his idiosyncrasies; and he put away his prized records when Mack and the boys gave him a party. Doc was not a naive individualist, he was shrewd enough to be able to enjoy living that way.

The skill, then, of presenting the conflict of individuality and conformity has not been lost by modern writers. Within my limited experience of literature, I feel that the modern writers are equal to, if not better than, the writers of previous centuries. This may be due to many factors, one of which may be the greatly increased experience of modern writers. Shakespeare's experiences would have been limited with England and the contemporary literature of his life. Steinbeck, on the other hand, had had the experience of a world war and travelled over a large part of the world compared to Shakespeare. His reading would have included works from many more sources than Shakespeare could have had access to. Also, I feel that as time progresses, so does literature, and that skills and techniques are not lost upon the death of one writer, but absorbed and refined by other writers. Steinbeck's subtlety has not been lost, it will be used by other writers, and Shakespeare's lingering over the developments of the action has not been forgotten as obsolete.

The fact that Shakespeare showed Hamlet as being conscious of this conflict of conformity and individuality in his mind detracts from the effectiveness of the play. Hamlet abuses himself throughout the play for being so weak and procrastinating about the killing of his uncle, a killing which he knows he would be justified in carrying out. One is constantly aware of the individuality and conformity of Hamlet incessantly, and after a while this produces a discordant effect, displeasing to the ear and frustrating to the mind. Shakespeare has written Hamlet as a character of high intellect, but low physical activity, thus making the act of killing Claudius necessary of a sudden impulse, the duel with Laertes and the rest of the play deals with Hamlet attempting to justify that which heeds no such justification.

The writing of Steinbeck, however, is much more subtle than this. He writes of this struggle, conformity versus individuality, while being seemingly unaware that such a thing exists. "Doc", in "Cannery Row" lives his life at Western Biological in the fashion that pleases him, doing his research in a definitely non-conformist manner, and living among the tramps, hoboes and Chinese storekeepers that the rest of Monterey avoided. Doc did this in a completely natural way, with no affectation, or aloofness, or artificiality, which is often seen in Hamlet's behaviour. For example, Hamlet refrains from killing Claudius while he (Claudius) is praying, on the self-excuse that he wishes to send Claudius' soul into perdition, not heaven. The unconscious reason, however, was that he could not kill anyone, even Claudius, in such a pre-meditated fashion. He needs some impulsive moment to perform the murder. This, though, he refuses to admit to himself. Steinbeck's character, however, shows no such self-deception and is thus an individual to a greater extent than Shakespeare's "Hamlet".

The fact that Doc is an individual is easily seen. He lives as he pleases, being accepted for himself, and not as one of a certain category, by his Cannery Row neighbours. When the influenza epidemic came to Monterey Doc treated the patients in Cannery Row who were too poor to go to one of the more fashionable doctors, and he did this naturally, without considering the pro's and con's of the matter and without reference to his actions afterwards. He did it because it was necessary.

The statement made in reference to a comparison of eras of writing is too general and the treatment required to do justice to all periods of writing would be exhaustive. However, I do not agree, nor for that matter disagree, with the statement. To illustrate my point I have chosen William Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" and Bertolt Brecht's "Threepenny Novel" as the two books I will compare. Before the question can be answered successfully several terms must be defined to ensure that there is no confusion. Firstly, the term "power"; this can mean political power, monetary power, the power of influence, or the power of justice. In this case, the last three are the ones that I am concerned with. Moral responsibility is, however, a more abstract term, and the words can only be defined by the society of the times. This is one reason why the question is so difficult. There were different moral values in both periods. However I think I will have to judge it by my own standards.

Both writers present a different view of the problem, not only in form—one being a play, the other a novel—but also in the way they present their attitudes. It seems that both came to the same conclusion, that is, power should be closely linked with moral responsibility and that ethics and morals should be the guiding force for the power. They both say that power, if not used correctly, corrupts, and a man with no ethics and morals who has power is the most dangerous type of person in the world.

Brecht, post 1900, portrays a crumbling and decadent capitalist society with an almost 'tongue-in-cheek' style. But there is an undercurrent in the novel, of power, its misuse, and the lack of moral and ethical standards when the power is put into use. There is no one man dominating the whole book with his power, but a series of men who try to flex their power and then find themselves in trouble. Several of these characters, although misusing their powers, mainly monetary and influential, survive the ensuing crash, but there is a doleful warning as one or two others come crashing to the ground. But this warning goes unheeded and the other characters go on their merry way .... to destruction?

The disguise that this relationship between power and moral responsibility comes under is a thick one. But in places it clashes through and Brecht's opinion is revealed in an almost blinding manner. It then becomes obvious that a great deal of thought has gone into the preparation of this disguise and that it is revealed only when Brecht feels it is appropriate. There is a masterly skill in the control of these "appearances" of Brecht's ideas; as you obtain the impression that he never loses control and never becomes too fervent in the expression of his ideas and opinions. He reveals slowly, and in single bursts, what he wants us to comprehend and never gives his real ideas too much or too little treatment; his handling of the problem is extremely good, and the perception attained is of an

exceptional degree.

"Merchant of Venice" pre-1900, besides being a play, deals with a different type of power, and is of a different calibre from Brecht's. In this play the power is not solely monetary power, nor only influential power, but a great part deals with the power of the court and the power of justice as dealt out by a society in accordance with the society's ideas. Shylock has monetary power, but after being misused and snubbed, he loses his sense of moral responsibility as far as the money is concerned. The judge of the case is influenced by the fact that Shylock is a Jew while his greatest power is that of the court and of justice. But is justice bent? I think so. The judge is only too eager to let Antonio go free, and then he turns around and uses his all-embracing power to strip Shylock of all his wealth, dignity, and self-respect. This action, above all, shows a complete lack of moral responsibility.

Shakespeare does not place his views on power and moral responsibility in a thick disguise. His ideas are thinly veiled by a plot which allows all his impressions and thoughts to penetrate. Unlike Brecht who has his thought coming to the reader in flashes, Shakespeare seems to make all his ideas available and easily discernible to the reader. There is certainly a lasting impression left and there is no doubt that Shakespeare, as Brecht, arrives at the conclusion that power needs to be allied with moral responsibility and that power is easily warped to take the wrong direction. Whether Shakespeare handles his treatment of the problem as well as Brecht is debatable. He allows the idea to be a continuous flow and at times seems almost to lose control over this aspect of this play. In parts it seems to drift along without following a definite course, while in other parts the ideas and thoughts are crystal clear and have a definite and developed view in mind.

To judge whole eras of writing by two books is rather difficult, although the study of a particular problem eases this problem somewhat. But considering the books as fair examples of their times, I find it extremely difficult to separate the two. Brecht, by revealing his ideas on the problem in bursts, seems to give the treatment a somewhat discordant and uncontinued style in some passages; but on the other hand this helps to make the reader think and does not let him coast along. Shakespeare is the exact reverse. His ideas in contrast, flow along, although sometimes losing direction, gaily, but tend to make the reader think less on this particular aspect of the play. Both Brecht and Shakespeare handle the problem well, and their perception and depth, although not faultless, is really amazing. Neither author shows complete greatness in their treatment of the problem, but their weaknesses seem to be in contrasting fields and thus balance each other out. In the field of language and expression both has his own particular style and although Brecht's is a translated version, and as such loses some of his touch, his is no less a masterpiece than Shakespeare's,

So I feel that, using these two books as the base, there is no difference between the two eras of writing.

Styles and language may have changed, but authors do not change and although their treatments of a problem is an individual effort no particular era excels another. Possibly one author may be more competent than another author on one topic, but this same author could be very incompetent on another theme. For a person to say that one era excels another in the treatment of the problem of 'the relationship between power and moral responsibility' is ridiculous. Brecht and Shakespeare are separated by hundreds of years, yet they both come to the same conclusion although their styles, dislikes, likes, and prejudices, may be different.



Friday the 13th of June was dark and drear. "Be here tomorrow at 8.30 sharp" they told us to a chorus of groans. No "Saturday morning sleep-in" that week-end. Oh well! We had asked for it.

The next day dawned sunny and clear and freezing cold. The frost was on the grass and in everyone's bones. Everyone was at school before half-past eight, anxious to get started; the result of which many parents had to dash home and collect forgotten lunches and travelling rugs. We might as well have slept a little longer since the buses did not arrive till nine o'clock (half an hour late) by which time nearly everyone was suffering from frost-bite.

Ten minutes later we had discovered all that we needed to know about the reclining seats, windows, public address and heating systems, and settled down to a comfortable journey. Then our driver and guide for the tour introduced himself as Spud Maher and began boasting about his beloved North Eastern Victoria.

We were disappointed to discover that we were going to miss out on a boat trip to the Eildon; the owner had his licence confiscated. But this part of the day's activities was to be replaced by a visit to Mrs Serle's Museum-farm. We spent an interesting half-hour admiring some beautiful old fire engines, carts, and a butter churn.

We then visited Snob's Creek Fish Hatchery where many of us tried persistently and very unsuccessfully to catch some fish. By this time Spud and Tom, the other driver, were getting very hungry and threatened to leave us when we discovered a baby wombat in the car park. It belonged to a tall man with a beard. They finally dragged us away and we sped off to Eildon for lunch.

After lunch we clambered back in the bus and settled down to the bus and settled down to the rather long and unpromising journey ahead of us. A few stops and many snacks later we arrived at Harrierville after dark. There was a mad scramble for the best bedrooms and everyone wanted to examine the sitting rooms, bathrooms, and loos.

The tea bell had gone half an hour before we settled down to it but no-one was really hungry as a result of the afternoon snacks. After tea most of us settled down to table tennis, reading, or the various games of pontoon, poker, and 500 that were going on. Poor Mr Shaw lost miserably.

We all had a late night but most couldn't sleep because of the cold and excitement. Next morning we got up early and went outside to find the place white with frost and the temperature below freezing. We went for a walk to examine the scenery we had missed the night before in the dark. Across the road from "Bon Accord" where we stayed there was an historic display of Harrierville and beside it a branch of the Ovens River danced in the morning light. About two miles back along the way we had come the night before was Harrierville cemetery which was a focus of interest during our stay.

After a good breakfast we left for a day on the Kiewa scheme. The Mt Beauty valley surrounded by snow-capped peaks was a lovely sight in the morning sunshine. We passed the Clover Dam which was small and pretty and stopped at the larger Junction Dam with its fascinating structure. We then went on to the impressive McKay Creek Power Station where we were conveyed 250 ft. underground to examine the massive machinery.

In the afternoon we went on the chair lift at Falls Creek and then onto the Rocky Valley which was most impressive, with the dark clouds overhead and the deep icy blue-black waters of the lake held back by the black rock walls of mountains and the tiered dam which were covered with white patches of snow.

That night Mr Poulton staged a sceance that upset a few girls and kept everyone else up to the early hours.

The next day we were exhausted but ready for more fun. The plans for the day had to be altered as it was a public holiday and the places we had intended to visit would have been closed so, much to everyone's delight we went to Mt Buffalo National Park where we spent the morning staring goggle-eyed at the magnificent Buffalo Falls. We visited the Chalet, had a delicious picnic lunch, and then spent the afternoon tobogganing on the Cresta Ski run. By the end of the day we were wet, exhausted, and hungry. That evening after an enormous tea we settled down in front of the fire, played cards and discussed our day. Most of us were badly bruised as we discovered when we tried to sit down.

Tuesday our last full day in the North East was very interesting. After visiting the Bright Pine Mill we went to historic Beechworth where we visited the Powder Magazine, Burke Museum, Kelly's Cell, and the cemetery where the graves of both Chinese and Europeans captured our interest for about half an hour. We admired Beechworth prison from afar and waved to some of the prisoners. After that we

had to follow the fanatical Mr Poulton on a gem-hunting expedition to a nearby creek where the boys failed in an attempt to throw Mr Shaw in.

The next morning we packed and sadly got ready to set out for the last time. Still we were happy in the hope of getting free samples at the Milawa vineyard. Mr Poulton stood firm but after much whingeing we were allowed to buy a little wine—for our parents of course. We then went on to Shepparton, eating our lunches on board the buses.

At Shepparton we admired their beautiful park and visited Campbell's Soup factory which stank to high heaven and nearly made people sick. Then we headed home and arrived early that evening, tired (although we had slept nearly all the way home) but happy.



Every time I spoke seriously to my father on any subject at all, I dreaded what I knew was coming. The same stubborn argument of our concerning what I would do when I left school. When we had finished our debate on the equal pay dispute, the usual words were said, the usual silence felt. How could I tell my father that I just wasn't meant to be a typist in an office with some monotonous rigmarole of adding, subtracting, dictating, and coffee breaks, and that I couldn't settle down to a desk and be content?

"Well, what are you going to do?" the expected question came. I stared at the chipped blue cup on the table begging it to fill my mind with the needed words. I felt almost contempt towards this cup—its life set out for it with no hard decisions, no painful emotions of hate, resentment, or helplessness. As I looked at it words formed in my mind. "You know what I want to be is a social worker; why do we have to go through it again. I'm sorry I can't change my mind—I believe I am meant to help people in any way they need me." I softened my voice from contempt to a soft, explaining tone.

"Dad, I can't bear the thought of sitting all day in an office feeling that all I've accomplished for the day is writing a few letters to some clients for a boss. I want to ease someone's mind, find in a tomorrow of darkness a small spark of hope that someone will want to live for and fulfill. I want to feel I'm helping a life, a part of the human race, to see their way when all seems lost."

I grit my teeth in angry defiance towards the unwanted tears that had sprung into my eyes. Why must I always get upset and cry like a child? Why couldn't I argue like an adult? I felt so strongly towards this occupation, that even the thought of any other job seemed unbearable.

I blew my nose to prevent any more stupid tears and watched my father as he also groped for new words to voice his strong-felt argument which I appreciated as valid. I could understand his wanting me to work now and earn a wage, pay board to help clear up money situations, pay for my own clothes and stop the never-ending demand for money that school work demanded. He couldn't understand how I could want to study my youth away through high school and on to university, not earning a stable wage until I was twenty-two. The great money demand would also make the burden heavy on my younger brothers and sisters. It all pointed towards my selfishness. Again my eyes filled with tears—this time with shame.

My father stared at the same blue-chipped cup, and suffered the same loss of words. He finally said "I know you want to be a social worker, and I grant that you'd do a good job at it, but not everyone can do what they want to, and although I would like you to have what you want, I'm afraid you'll have to accept the fact that you are one of the unlucky people who have no choice in their career. You're not alone. I wanted desperately to be a dentist instead of carpenter, but I accepted the fact and made the best of the job to give you kids a fair education; and you've no right to want to take that education from any of my children!"

I wept bitterly from despair and shame. He must have felt guilty about that last sentence, excluding me from his family because I asked for more, because he laughed feebly.

"You know I asked that blue chipped cup for an inspiration to help me explain my feelings."

Once again I glared at the blue cup and suddenly asked: "And it helped you? A social-worker helps people too dad, only they give expert advice to help people over any problem, even ours. Your father, with a social worker's help, may have been able to do the right thing for you, and with the help of a social worker we could sort out our problem calmly and sensibly. I'd like to aid people like that too, Dad. We've just proved that a form of help is needed, haven't we?"

"I guess so, child" he said. The blue cup had helped as I knew I could.

"It'll be a lot of give and no take for all of us for a long while. You realise this, don't you?"

Should advertising with all its paraphernalia be allowed to influence us so much? I think not. Advertising in the modern world is subject to debate. Should psychological advertising be allowed? Is it necessary to have ugly billboards and posters destroy the appearance of country and city?

These are a few points concerning advertising today. I think advertising is absolutely essential in any way of life. It is a means of communicating between tradesmen, and producers and the general public who consume or buy.

Advertising is a major industry, employing artists, designers, engineers, photographers and many other important organisers and people. Surely if a great curb was placed on the advertising industry, thousands would suffer.

Although advertising is essential, it is often presented in a horrifying manner. I am referring to the 'Great Australian Ugliness'. Our suburban and city advertising. Instead of sticking up hideous masses of unpleasant little boards, a district committee should be arranged, and be responsible for tasteful advertising around shopping areas. These should be in the form of large, suitable shaped sculptures or boards, containing dozens of producers' products, arranged in an orderly and artistic fashion, not jumbled and scattered over hundreds of yards.

Committees for checking up on psychological advertising should also be organised, and these could investigate television advertising. Ideal television advertising would take the form of a short enjoyable film before the main movie as it is at the theatre. Once the movie has started, ads shouldn't be allowed to intervene. The producer of the film has gone to great lengths to create an atmosphere in the story of the film. Why should an advertisement destroy it?

And so after all is said and done, advertising is necessary in our society and need not be annoying if organised and arranged in an aesthetic manner.

Advertising takes many forms. On television especially, there is far too much. On a commercial station there is six minutes of commercials to every half hour of program. These interruptions come about every ten minutes through a picture, which disturbs the train of thought in the observer's mind. This ruins the atmosphere of the film, which the producer strives to create.

Billboards, and signs all over shops are another form of advertisements. These uglify Australia! Canberra, the capital city of Australia was designed without these posters and ugly signs, to present to overseas visitors a typical picture of Australian cities. How untypical!!! If Canberra can survive without them, why can't Melbourne, Sydney, and all other towns?

I do not feel that advertisements should be scrapped completely, but rather, limited in their numbers, and varied. Last night, in one half-hour program on a commercial television station, I saw the same advertisement repeated eight times. This repetition is not the way goods should be sold. People should be approached on a truthful basis. They should be told exactly what they are buying in a respectful manner. They should not be treated as brainless idiots who cannot understand anything unless it is drummed into them.

Definitely, it is time that a law should be brought in, modifying all commercials.



## THE FUNCTION OF THE CHORUS IN 'MEDEA'

.... Rita Zosens, 6B.

Being detached from the actual action of the play, the prime function of the Chorus of Corinthian women is as commentators. Their commentary involves observation and assessment which, I feel, has a significant influence on our final judgment of both Medea and Jason.

The sympathy of the Chorus is largely directed towards Medea, and they view Medea's passion for revenge as justifiable.

"To punish Jason will be just.

I do not wonder that you take such wrongs to heart."

The Chorus feels particularly for Medea's becoming a stateless refugee. After Medea has been ordered out of Corinth by Creon, they sympathize with her — 'Your grief touches our hearts'. In this respect the Chorus embodies the view of the other minor characters in the play.

However, the Chorus does not determine the dramatic events in the play, and for this reason, I feel, we are able to identify ourselves with them, feeling the same sympathy for Medea's plight. Their view of the justification of Medea's execution of revenge on Jason, presents us with a side that must be taken into consideration in ultimately assessing Medea.

Jason's actions are viewed by the Chorus in an unfavourable light — 'You are acting wrongly in thus abandoning your wife'. This view, also, makes us question Jason's own justification for abandoning Medea for a new wife.

The Chorus is also valuable in providing an insight into Medea's nature, which illumines, to some extent, Medea's motives for revenge. They reflect 'This passion of hers is an irresistible flood'. This makes us question whether the passionate devotion of Medea to Jason, and her consequent desperation arising from his wrongs and insults,

adequately justifies her measures of revenge.

The question that they put to Medea —

"If your husband is won to a new love

The thing is common; why let it anger you?" —

is one that we must consider regarding Medea. For the answer we look to Medea herself, and become more acutely aware of her nature, which is important in understanding her revenge and the play.

The universal generalizations, made by the Chorus throughout the play, are also important, for in the light of these generalizations we are able further to understand Medea's actions. The Chorus states that—

"Visitations of love that come

Raging and violent on a man

Bring him neither good repute nor goodness."

This indicates the intensity of Medea's love, which, when frustrated, produces an intensity in reaction.

The appeals of the Chorus enhance our reaction to Medea's plight. They appeal to the Gods to prevent them from becoming, like Medea, lone wanderers with no one to turn to for sanction.

"This is the most pitiful of all griefs

Death is better."

Here they identify themselves with Medea, which is also required of us.

The Chorus raises, in our minds, the question of what measures of revenge are just. It is right to punish Jason, but does this give Medea the right to subject innocents to her desired end? The Chorus are strongly opposed to Medea's slaughter of her children to revenge Jason. It is the 'course of evil' for the children are innocent, and the Chorus reflects at the end of the play that innocence is 'the gods' loveliest gift'.

'Can you steel your heart?' and other similar pleas made by the Chorus to Medea, makes us aware of the intensity of passion, and hurt that could force her to sacrifice her children for revenge. This is heightened by the allusion of the Chorus to only one precedent of a mother having murdered her children. And in her consequent misery she plunged into the sea. Here we, also, glimpse at the misery that Medea, too, will suffer. This, I feel, enables us to feel sympathy for Medea in what, normally, would be a detestable deed.

The Chorus not only reflects the sympathy of the other characters for Medea, but also the general respect for Athens. They refer to the people of Athens as 'children of the blessed gods' and the city is 'watered by sacred rivers ... giving protection to its friends'. It is here where Medea will receive her sanction.

In the final scene of the play, the action enters the world of the supernatural, and Medea finds herself possessed of a dragon-chariot sent by the sun, and a knowledge of the future. The Chorus enforces this supernatural element in their final speech—

"Many are the Fates which Zeus in Olympus dispenses;  
Many matters the gods bring to surprising ends."

We are able to identify ourselves with the Chorus in 'Medea' being detached from the dramatic events that occur there. Hence, we, too, feel sympathy for Medea's lot. The Chorus provides a valuable insight into the intensity of Medea's passion, and a view concerning Medea's justification for revenge, which must not be overlooked in our assessment of Medea and Jason. Their view of Medea represents a compromise which, I feel, sums her up well—

"This pitiable bloody-handed fiend of vengeance".

## TURMOIL OF DECISION

.... R. Catarius, VI-B.

I feel as though;

inside of me

My soul, my heart and mind

Fighting amongst themselves for solitary possession

Of my every action.

How can a mind—

Once unhurt, unstained, unnamed,

Again conceive the probable bliss

Existing in a child's world?

Neither a child nor adult

I'm tossed,

As a ship on the roaring seas of time and age;

Inexperienced in the adult ways

—Yet too old to cling to childish dreams

some of which

Have remained.

Everpresent, they grow

from childhood to womanhood

Eventually to mature or die.

Life!

The essentiality of man.

My soul, my mind and heart,

Warped by a golden fear

—Not terror—rather a happy fear

In the unexpected knowledge of adulthood.



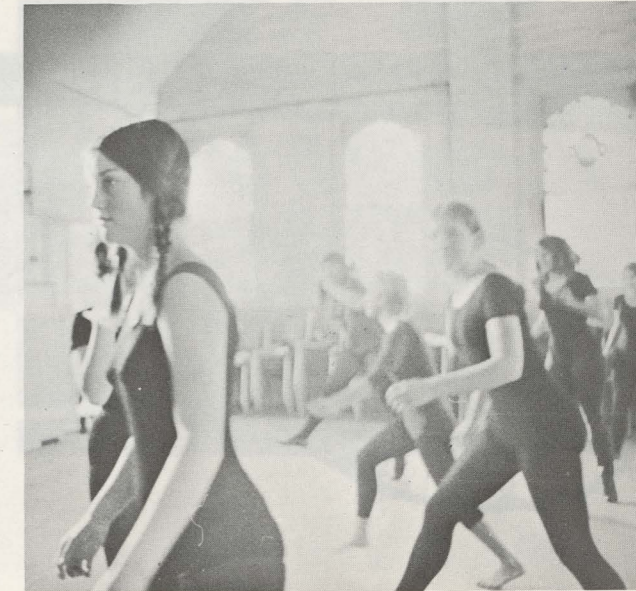
The extraordinary skill of the dancing teacher, Antonio Rodriques, was in no way diminished by the lack of experience of the members of his class, who complemented this by unbounded enthusiasm, to make the session of creative expression a novel and exciting experience for all concerned.

Antonio Rodriques is recognized as an expert in his field, having toured the world as the leading male dancer of the Catherine Durham Dancing Company. We were indeed fortunate to get him to instruct our senior pupils during sports time this year.

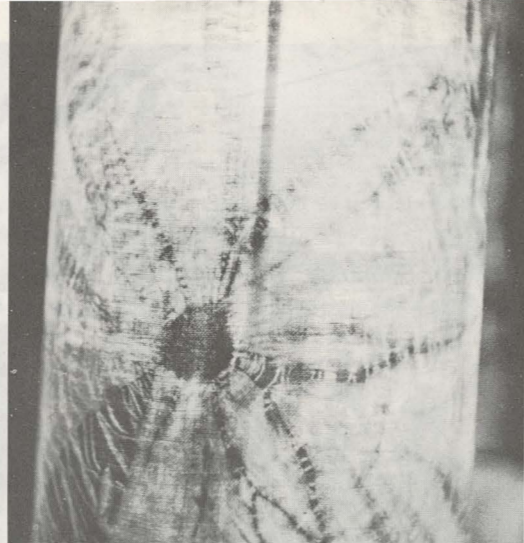
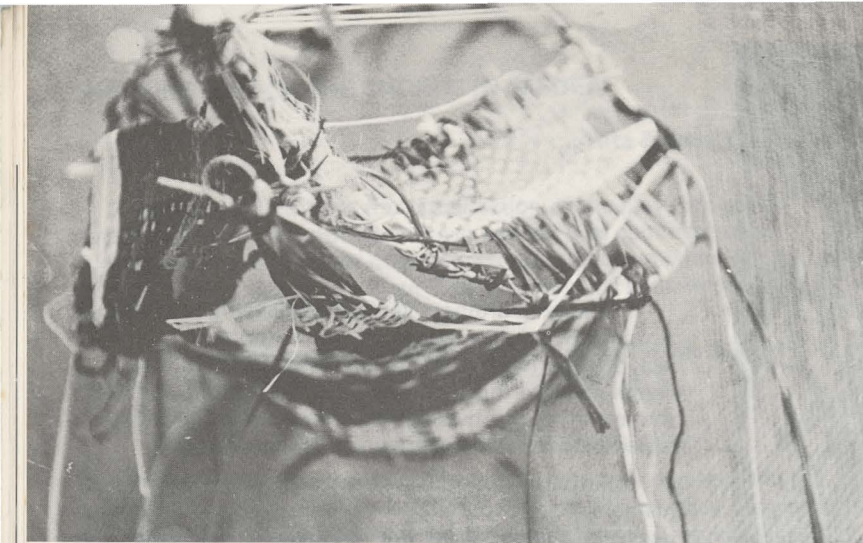
The members of his class include some promising dancers, with the inherent ability to express themselves through the rhythm of the dance, and individual expression is the key to Antonio's dancing.

Kay Reece and Jan Carter show a feline grace in their creation, and Jan Dalliston is in no way handicapped by her height, just to mention a few of the pupils.

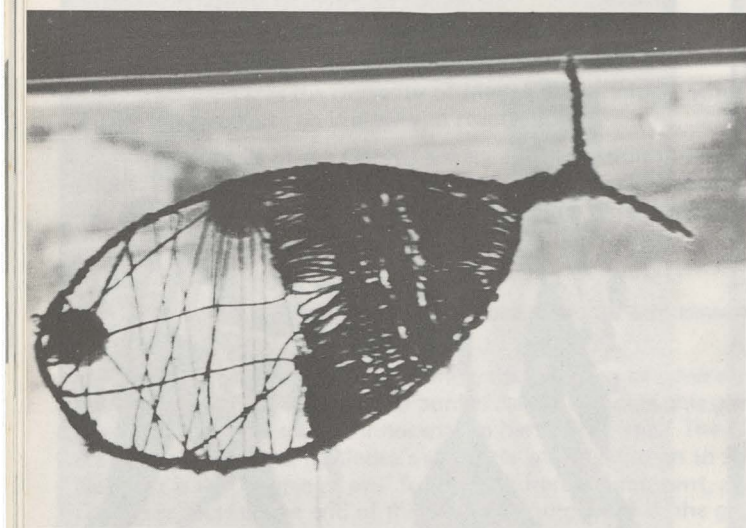
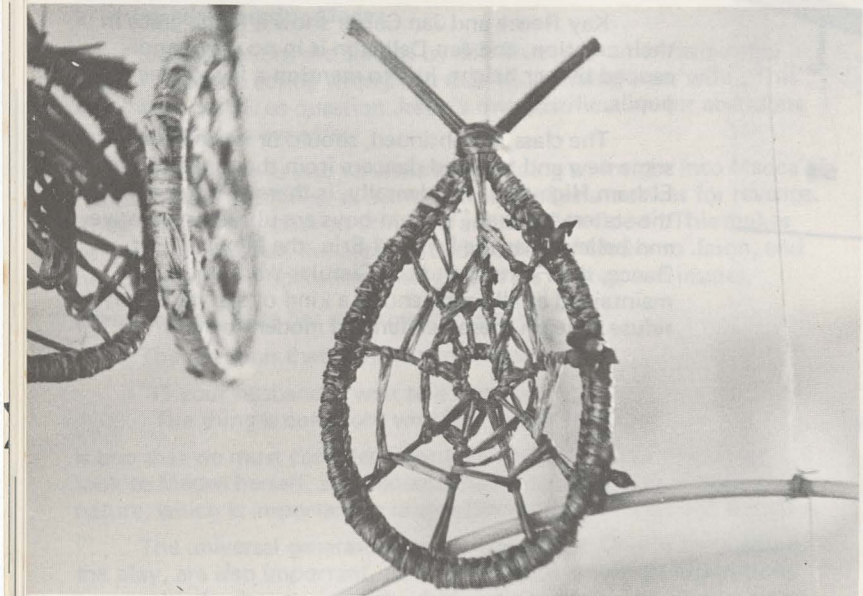
The class, if continued, should bring to light some new and talented dancers from the ranks of the Eltham High girls. Incidentally, is there any truth in the statement that "Eltham boys are ultra-conservative and believe that the Pride of Erin, the Mexican Hat Dance, the Foxtrot and the Circular Waltz must be maintained at all costs, and as a kind of sabotage they refuse to learn these newfangled modern dances?"





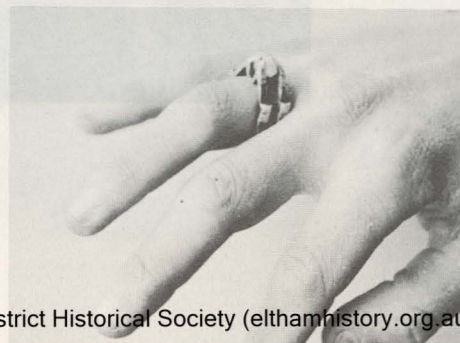
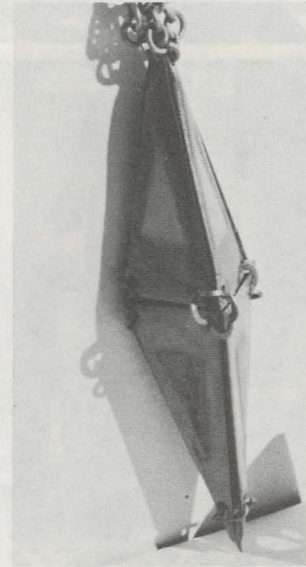
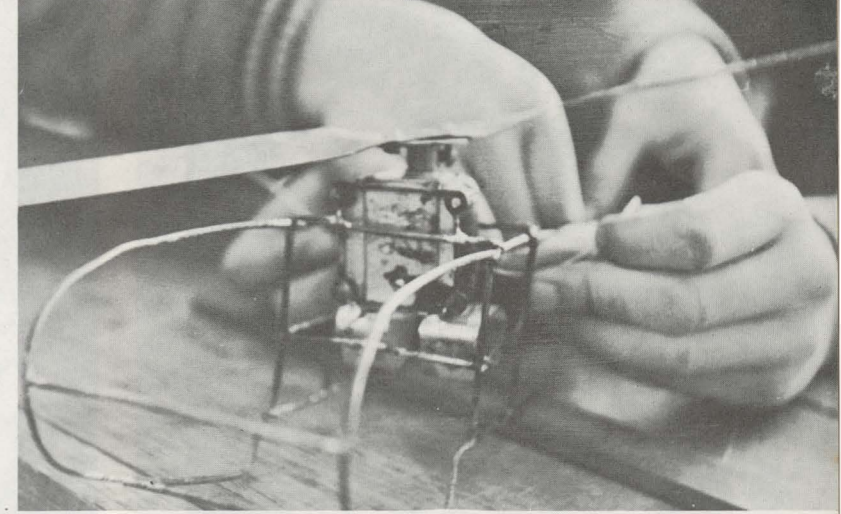
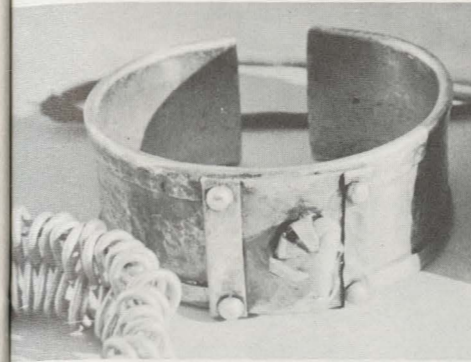
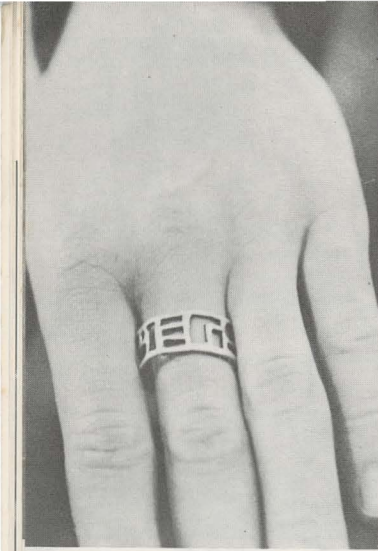


# art and craft

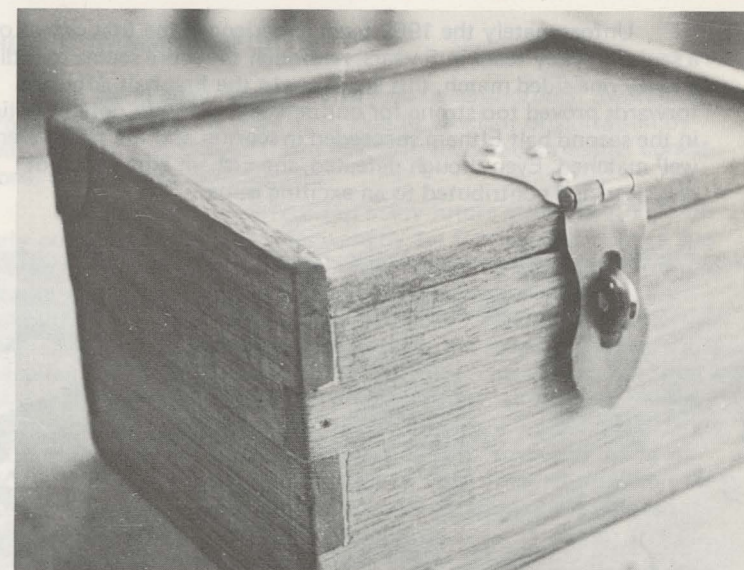
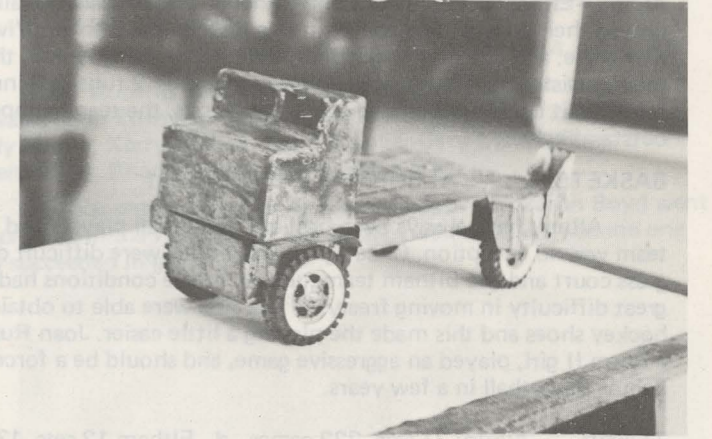
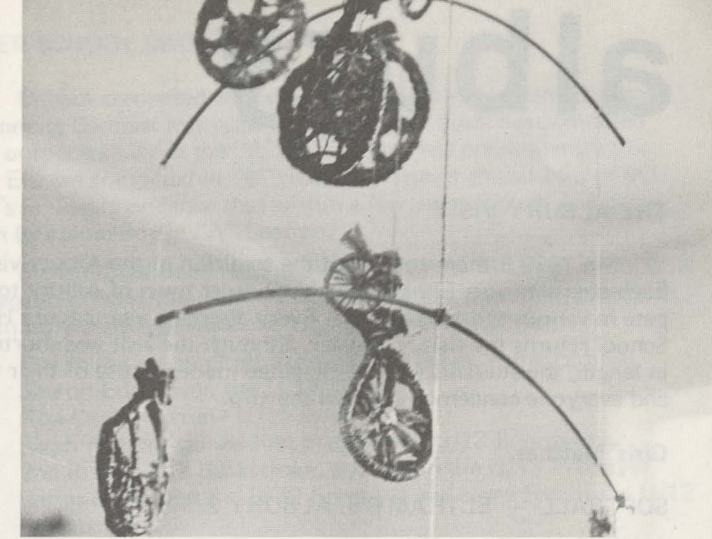
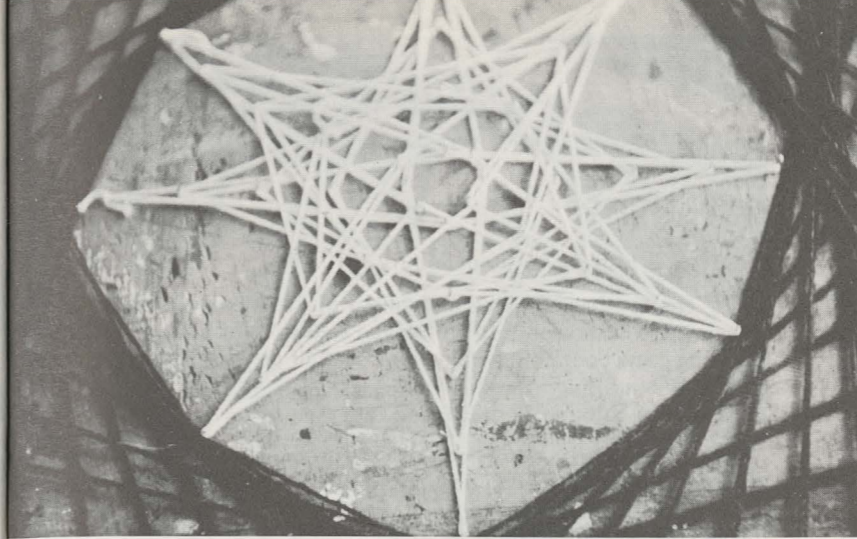




# lost wax casting









## SCHOOL ATHLETICS

The House Athletics carnival held in March on the School oval. Due to efficient planning by the sportsmistress, Mrs Scott, and sportsmaster Mr O'Keefe, the long programme including many new events was completed successfully.

Competition this year was keen and towards the end of the day, quite exciting. The highlight of the day's events was the Boys Open High Jump. Matriculation student, Don Muir, a Victorian Junior High Jump champion, naturally won the event, and for his efforts was awarded the trophy for the most outstanding Athlete, 1969. Anita Bateman won the trophy for the most outstanding girl Athlete. Anita competed continuously and consistently throughout the entire day gaining 7 first places and 1 second place and was also Senior Girl Champion.

Other Champions were—Senior Boy: Robert Scott.

Inter. Girl	—	Susan Scott
Inter. Boy	—	Ian Shakespeare
Jun. Boy	—	R. Blackwood
Jun. Girl	—	Jackie Barnes

Although Andrew Girls won each section, Andrew figured fourth in the final aggregate. Everard and Rutter competed keenly for second place, finally Everard coming third, Rutter second, with Stewart House emerging victorious. Details of aggregate winners—

Junior Section	Girls	—	Andrew House
	Boys	—	Stewart
Intermediate	Girls	—	Andrew
	Boys	—	Stewart
Senior	Girls	—	Andrew
	Boys	—	Everard
Final aggregate	Stewart	—	404 points
	Rutter	—	376 points
	Everard	—	367 points
	Andrew	—	335 points.

The Combined Athletics Carnival had not been held when this magazine was sent to the printer.

## SENIOR SPORT

### SOFTBALL

This year softball has become a winter sport and so the usual summer team were engaged in other teams. Hence a new team was formed containing many new members. The opening match of the season was played against Banyule High School. Banyule was defeated easily which was surprising since the team had had no practice together. Regular practices were then held and Mrs Moore coached the team and introduced a new method of batting which improved the team's performance greatly. Although they were unable to defeat Macleod in their second competition they proved themselves against Reservoir, the score being Eltham 19 d. Reservoir 4. Although at the beginning of the season the girls were inexperienced their standard, through persistence and practice throughout the season, has greatly improved. A second team competed regularly each Sunday and represented Eltham High in weekend competition.

## GIRLS HOCKEY

1969 was another successful year for the girls Senior Hockey team. The team won all their matches defeating Heidelberg, Macleod, Banyule, Watsonia, Reservoir and Latrobe conceded a walkover. The team continued to compete in the Northern Division Pennant Match against Lakeside High School. The game was evenly contested but Eltham emerged victors defeating Lakeside 7-3. As premiers of the Northern Division, Eltham played Oak Park High School, Premiers of North Western Division in the semi-final for the Metropolitan

Championship. Oak Park, however, proved too strong for Eltham and won the game 3-1.

The successful 1969 season was due to regular practice, a persistent team effort and expert coaching by Mr Smid. Due to the changing attitude towards sport and its position in modern education, the hockey team kept no record of outstanding players and had no regular captain. This attitude encouraged good team play and harmonious team relationships.

## SENIOR GIRLS BASKETBALL

The senior girls basketball team completed a fairly successful

season. Our first match against Banyule ended in a draw—12 all. The next game we lost to Heidelberg after a tough match. We then lost again against Watsonia but the girls put up a hard fight. Our spirits were lifted when we won convincingly against Macleod, 11-17. This started a winning streak for us. Our next two matches against Latrobe and Reservoir were won well and all the girls played a very good game. Our success was due to the efforts of Mrs Griffiths, who had training very hard.

The biggest game of the season, the match against Albury, turned out to be a very hard game. The conditions were very wet and slippery but the girls adapted themselves well. We lost this match 21-42.

## SENIOR GIRLS' TENNIS

The senior girls' tennis team completed a more successful round of competitions this year, yet were unable to make the finals. The team began the season with a win against Banyule High School and finished with a drawn game against La Trobe High School.

## GIRLS' CROSS COUNTRY

Inter-school cross country events were held this year at Banyule High School. The events were in 3 sections—Senior, Intermediate, and Junior.

The Eltham Junior team won their section in the final aggregate. First former Rosemary Storey was first to complete the course in the time 11 mins. 30 secs. J. Paynter came in sixth in the time 12 mins. 27 secs, and B. Kueffer came in ninth.

In the Senior Section, Anita Bateman was the most successful winning the event in the time 11 mins. 31 sec.





## JUNIOR SPORT

### JUNIOR FOOTBALL

This year junior football was not one of the school's strongest sports. Due to our lack of bigger players and straight kicking forwards we were unsuccessful in six of our seven matches. We were narrowly defeated by Banyule, Watsonia, and Latrobe. Our success of the season was our win over Hurstbridge, after a goal was scored on the siren. Thanks are due to Mr Croft who coached the team.

### VOLLEY BALL

For most of us it was our first inter-school competition in volley ball. After some help half way through the season the tem improved and was able to win a few more games. Our best players in these games were Anita Magrin and Gail Bennett. As captain, I would like to thank the team for good sportsmanship, when we won and lost, also Mrs Scott for coaching us.

### BASKETBALL

The Junior Girls basketball team had a successful season this year; they lost only one match. Mrs Griffiths coached the team and they thank her for her expert coaching.

### HOCKEY

The Junior Hockey Team had a very successful round of matches. As we were undefeated we became Northern Division "A" Section Premiers. We won most games easily. Our best win was 15-0 against Hurstbridge. Macleod put up a tough fight and we were almost beaten, final score being Eltham 1 Macleod nil. The most consistent players were Lindy Stirling, centre forward, and Jennifer McDonald left fullback. Our thanks and appreciation are extended to Mrs Scott who coached the team so well.



JUNIOR HOCKEY

## ADVISORY COUNCIL MEMBERS

Mr G.M. Bruere  
Professor D.E. Davies  
Mrs D.H. Bassett-Smith  
Mr A.D. Evans  
Mr A.D. O'Hara  
Cr J.V. McConnell  
Cr D.C. McKenzie  
Dr A.S. Fitzpatrick  
Rev Fr Brierty  
Mr F.X. McMahon  
Mr M.A. Spence  
Mr K.E.P. Morahan  
Mrs R.L. Hillier  
Mrs Bird

(The Headmaster, Mr H.T. Moran,  
is the Secretary)

All this, of course, is in addition to various maintenance work not covered by Education Department Works and Building allowance, or for the employment, for one day a week, of a gardener, the beneficial results of whose work are so evident around the school. The Advisory Council, in addition, is responsible for the control and function of the school cafeteria, and in this respect worked in harmony, through the Cafeteria Sub-Committee, with the Mothers' Club..

A long term project with which the Council has been concerned for many years is a new library, concerning which the Council was addressed in May by Mr R.A. Reed, Assistant Director General of Education, when Council was assured that Eltham High School was high on the list of those high schools which could expect a new library to be erected in the school ground as soon as funds are made available.

### P.T.A. Members

#### Teachers

Mrs Laing  
Miss Rutherford  
Mr Neale  
Mr Baker  
Mr Auer  
Mr O'Keefe  
Mr Callinan

#### Parents

Mrs Jacka  
Mrs Anderson  
Mrs Hodgson  
Mrs Bassett-Smith  
Mrs Ziebell  
Mrs Venables  
Mrs O'Hara  
Mrs Zakharov  
Mrs Bell  
Mr Phillips  
Mr Strover  
Mr Mitchell  
Mr Bell  
Mr Lloyd  
Prof. Davies

### Mothers' Club

President: Mrs O'Hara; Secretary: Mrs Hillier;  
Treasurer: Mrs Anderson.

### Exiting Staff — 1969

Miss K.N. Watson — to Strathmore High (Vice Principal)  
Mrs D.J. English — to Brunswick Girls' (Principal)  
Mr J.A.M. McLeod — to Fitzroy High.

## ELTHAM HIGH SCHOOL ADVISORY COUNCIL

As usual, the Council has had a busy year and it is fitting that its achievements should be recorded and known.

The Council has been responsible for the spending of a considerable amount of money—well in excess of \$2,200 this year—on providing equipment facilities and amenities for the school. These include such items as a tape recorder (for French), a projector and black-out curtains (for Art), a record player (for English), the construction of a third basketball court, purchase of pictures placed in the school corridors, purchase and installation of cupboards for audio-equipment, purchase of filing cabinets, and the planting of some 50 trees and shrubs on the southern side of the school ground.

## 1968 MATRICULATION EXAMINATION

Eltham students, once again, completed a successful Matriculation year.

38 students passed matriculation, with two students, Michael Kilpatrick and Robert Bennetts obtaining 4 firsts. A total of 15 first class honours and 37 second class honours were gained by students.

## COMMONWEALTH UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS

Rhonda Nelson	Nicholas Carter
Michael Gearing	David Grigg
Michael Kilpatrick	Ronald Morcom
Mari Gray	Robert Bennetts
Peter Kueffer.	

## ADVANCED EDUCATION SCHOLARSHIPS

Dennis Parker	Ian Pascoe
Nicholas Webb	Ann Bradbury
Mari Gray	

## SECONDARY STUDENTSHIPS

Rhonda Nelson	Michael Gearing
Nicholas Webb	Robert Ziebell
Ann Bradbury	Robert Bennetts
David Draffin	Peter Kueffer

## ARTS AND CRAFTS SCHOLARSHIP

I. Scott	K. Kronberger.
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There were also 14 Primary Studentships offered.



**ELTHAM HIGH SCHOOL STAFF**

- MORAN, H.T., B.A., Dip.Ed.  
 NICHOLLS, John, T.T.C.(Man. Arts) 1st Hon., D.T.S.C., 5 Uni.Subs.  
 CALLINAN, A.P., B.Comm., Dip.Ed., T.P.T.C.  
 DONALDSON, K.G., B.Sc., Dip.Ed., T.P.T.C.  
 McLEOD, J.A., B.Comm. (N.Z.) Dip.Ed. (Melb.)  
 POULTON, Julian, B.A., T.P.T.C.  
 WILSON, R.J., B.A., A.C.T.T.  
 CREED, P.J., B.Sc., Dip.Ed., T.S.T.C.  
 PECK, H.L., D.T.S.C., Dip.Art, A.C.T.T.  
 AUER, P.R., B.A., Dip.Ed., T.S.T.C.  
 NEALE, H.J., B.A., Dip.Ed.  
 PEART, G.D., B.Comm., Dip.Ed.  
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