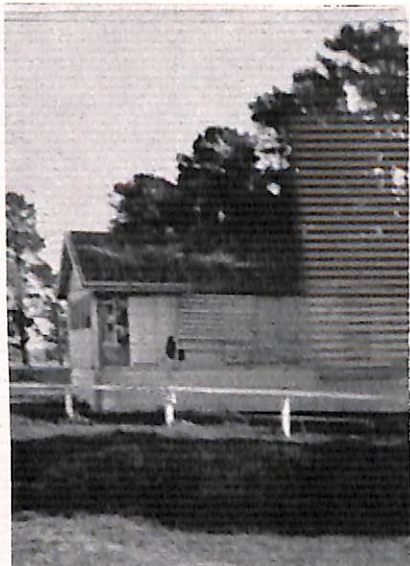




the gate '68

**dandenong
high
school**





the editor's page

For five long years I, like every other student who ever attended a secondary school, looked forward to being a matriculation student. Those deified beings at the top of the school seemed to me to be the nearest to power and perfection that a student could be. With their braid, and privileges they floated in some sort of heavenly permissive society.

When in my Leaving year those whom I knew in the Matric. year became less like gods and more like ordinary pupils, but a certain mystical aura of respect still existed. They drove cars to school, did not need a lunch pass, and could use the pixie lawn at the front of the school. They seemed apathetic towards extra-curricular activities and, like everyone else, I vowed that things would be different next year.

And so, still suffering from delusions and idealism, I entered my Matric. year. After the shine began to wear off, the year ahead stretched before me indefinitely. Just hard slog! No pleasure! Not even time to be better than last year's class. And so the year passed, and exams loom even closer.

Please do not criticise us if we did not live up to our hopes and aspirations. If our promises proved impossible, so will yours. You cannot change the system in one short year so crowded with study; but we all hope that we established something that will benefit others to come to the school. Perhaps next year things may be different. And so the circle becomes vicious, or the vicious a circle.

The same applies to the magazine and its staff. We condemned last year's mag. yet find that we have trouble to do better. (We all hope we have succeeded). To encourage response and contributions we have embarked on everything short of publicity stunts. We have embarrassed the staff, the pupils and ourselves, and gained little, if nothing, in response. The tin (bin) remained untouched for weeks, only to be filled occasionally with sunflower seeds. And still we got the reply — "Next week, I'm too busy now." You so often shattered our hopes!

We appealed, even begged and in our humility you responded with a rush of articles, and entries for the cover competition. Please do not keep next year's committee in such a state of nerves. Thank you.

I could have talked about the changes in the school, in routine, buildings and curriculum, but I feel that all this has been dealt with in other articles. And as repetition is the root of all boredom (no comment on the implications this has concerning much class routine) I have omitted the usual meander.

The Editor, and his staff.

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Andrew Winstanley
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Drama Producers

BLUEGUM
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CLEMATIS
— Lorri Meers.
— Alex Kariko.
ORCHID
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WATTLE
— Lyn Synot.

Choir Conductors — Senior and Junior

BLUEGUM
— Coralie Hayse.
— Yvonne Daly.
CLEMATIS
— Robyn Pretty.
— Andrew Green.
ORCHID
— Christine Yates.
— Helen Kirkam.
WATTLE
— Annechris Vat.
— Helen Stubbs.



staff, 1968

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SENIOR MISTRESS:

Miss M. O. Power, B.A., T.P.T.C.

SENIOR MASTER:

D. J. Cocks, B.A., T.P.T.C.

The following have been attached to the staff for the whole or part of 1968 —

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 Mrs. E. H. Vukmirovic, Univ. Subs.
 Mrs. R. C. Thomas, T.P.T.C.
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R. J. Lambert, B.A., Dip.Ed., T.P.T.C.
 P. S. Rich, Dip.Art., S.A.T.C.
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 R. M. Summers, B.Com., Dip.Ed.
 C. J. Watkins, Dip.Phys.Ed., T.S.T.C.
 J. F. Donegan, B.A., Dip.Ed.
 J. D. Price, B.Sci., Dip.Ed.
 K. J. Adams, Univ.Subs., T.P.T.C.
 J. R. Henry, T.P.T.C.
 D. W. O'Brien, Tech.Quals., A.C.T.T.
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 G. Luke, Tech.Quals.
 A. S. Oxenham, Tr. Cert.
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 J. L. Austin, Univ.Subs.
 R. T. Mason, Cert. Art.
 M. I. Edwards, Univ.Subs.
 Z. Hegyi, M.Sci.
 B. G. Hole, Tech.Quals.
 T. Richardson, B.Com.
 G. Davey, Art
 Miss R. Bullock, Dom. Sc.

SCHOOL CHAPLAIN: The Rev. K. Heath, B.D.



staff notes — 1968

Some scattered impressions from the staff room — not necessarily in chronological order.

Another year... wonder how GM likes his new school? We'll certainly notice his absence. His Matric. results were fantastic! So were Jane Hillhouse's — remarkable really for her first year.

Will they ever finish building and renovating around this place? The assembly hall looks good, hope it's big enough?

Seem to be some promising staff members. My word, some of the young ones look scared. Nice to have Miss Power back. She could hardly feel at home even though she was here before. Eleven years is quite a break.

DC has a different approach as senior master. He's a cunning blighter — has you talked into something before your know it.

Hope the Head's op. goes well. No doubt DC will manage well in his stead.

What a ridiculous state of affairs — all these Matric. kids and no Physics teacher. Time something was done about the staffing system.

Haven't noticed that JM has a Chinese accent. Maybe he didn't meet any Chinese on his trip to Hong Kong?

The new building seems to cut down on the amount of walking around the school. About time Physics was taught.

Ca1C. seems to be popular. Maybe it's the intriguing accent? The kids seem to have dropped the "Up, up and Away" theme song.

What a way to spend a day! The Olympic Swimming stadium must have been designed by a deaf architect.

Good luck to TK. That's a plumb job to land at Vis. Ed. Ken Tenner didn't last long. It seems that Huntingdale needed him more.

This staff common room's terrific. At last, a haven away from kids.

Poor RS! Fancy landing the sport at this juncture. Seems determined to make a go of it.

Delighted for OG. A second daughter. He'll never raise a cricket team at this rate.

Glad to hear HM's doing well. So's DC. At least that Physics seems to be settled.

The Rev. must be mad! Fancy taking sixty Matric. kids on a week-end camp? Hope it goes well.

It did. He must have some influence up there!

House comp. seems fairly good. Pity the school teams mean so little. Must admit it reduces the interruptions.

Sixth form seem to have committees for everything. Wonder how much they get done?

The dancing classes are fantastic. Those girls have done a marvellous job.

Do youngsters really enjoy this din? Why don't they look happy? I preferred the old type of social — must be getting old.

Remarkable how these little kids can stand up in front of a crowd and debate. What happened to the seniors? BOJ seems to be plumper than in his DHS days.

Are all these interruptions for choirs worth it? I wonder what a full class looks like?

Splendid night — seems those kids were making good use of their time. How many schools could raise one such choir? EV seemed quite overcome.

Now it's drama! Oh, well, there's still third term left for work. Maybe these activities are more beneficial than any class lesson?

At last, appointment confirmed. Cheerio D.H.S. after twelve years. Most enjoyable. Maybe I'll be back.

I.W.

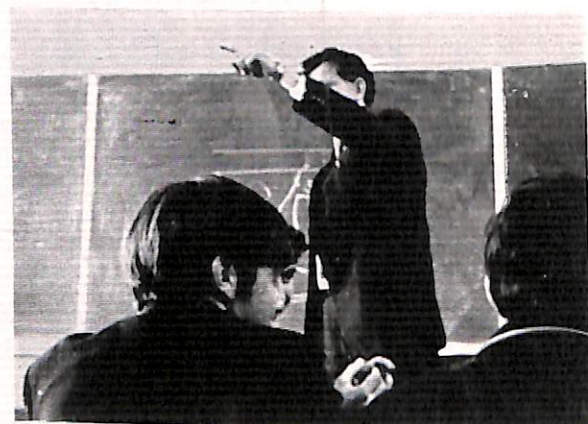


in 1967

From the 1967 Matriculation Class of 131 students, 33 of whom were new to the school, a total of 59 gained passes and 12 passed by Compensation. There were 44 second-class honours gained, 28 first-class honours, 1 General Exhibition, 1 Adult Education Scholarship, 8 Commonwealth University Scholarships, and 11 Secondary Teaching Studentships for University degrees.

Twelve students now attend the Frankston Teachers' College, two attend the Christ College in Caulfield, six attend various Secondary Teaching Colleges, three are at Pharmacy College, four at R.M.I.T., and four at Caulfield Technical School. Those at Monash University are: six in the Art faculty, eight in the faculty of Science, five in Engineering, five in Medicine, and eight in economics and Politics or Law. There is one student in each of the faculties of Veterinary Science, Science, Commerce and Agricultural Science at Melbourne University, in Latrobe Humanities, Flinders University (S.A.) and in the faculty of Rural Science at the University of New England in N.S.W.

1969 is jubilee year



is this progress?

During the six years for which I attended D.H.S. there were enormous changes. All these changes were beneficial to the school's prestige, ability to teach, reputation, and general standing in the community (with which teachers in the school have often become obsessed.) All have been detrimental to school spirit, a sense of unity and solidarity among students and the history of the place.

In the first instance, new buildings have been erected — undoubtedly an advantage for any school for, with the new facilities, comes the opportunity for new and better teaching methods. But as these new buildings went up, so old ones came down, severing links with many ex-students. I can no longer identify myself with D.H.S. when the very rooms in which I learnt no longer exist, or have been changed beyond recognition. The same thing happens when past teachers are transferred and replaced by new ones who have no particular enthusiasm about the traditions of D.H.S.

Secondly there have been changes in school policy.

The new ideas of student leadership have minimised the amount of time and effort that teachers have had to put into extra curricular activities without relinquishing any of the rigid and stifling control they have over all facets of school life.

Rather, it makes their authority more devious and insidious and only serves to frustrate and exasperate those students who do give the time and energy to organize such activities.

The abolition of formal assemblies, speech nights, inter-school cross-country runs and worst of all, inter-school sport in general, has tended to make school life a little drabber, a little more monotonous! Now even mid-year exams are being done away with. They were, in my time, a change of routine that one could be sure of. The only diversions that remain are the inter-house choirs and drama which I think are an excellent opportunity for budding young artists to develop talents otherwise untapped in normal school life. The abolition of the egg appeal was a sad blow to inter-house rivalry and spirit. The lack of support or encouragement for debating may be an indication of the dangers teachers see in students thinking too much.

All these changes, however, are in themselves not all that serious. The danger is that students may become apathetic, take things for granted or never think of alternatives. Never become weak or instantly submissive to your beliefs. Beware of regimentation or attempts to suppress your individuality for the sake of convenience, in running the school.

Provided this sort of spirit flourishes in the school and while at least inter-school athletics and swimming survive, D.H.S. will always be the D.H.S. as I remember it.

Michael O'Ryan, 1967

this is progress?

After many hours of intensive study trying to decide exactly what M.O. was trying to say I came to the conclusion that he loved dilapidated buildings, cross-country runs and examinations, and disliked teachers and progress.

He praises and condemns progress in the same breath. He would rather see the old buildings remain and crumble in preference to seeing new ones built. I am of the opinion that a school operates for the convenience of the present students and teachers rather than to provide nostalgic memories for ex-students and if, with the building of new rooms, old links are broken, this cannot be helped. But even still, the feeling of an 'exile' for D.H.S. should not be the love of buildings but rather what the school means in itself; surely this feeling should be based on the intangible not on material things like desks and floorboards.

I will certainly concede that the transfer of teachers from one school to another is bad, but if M.O. is inferring that this is an innovation he is suffering under a delusion.

But now I am led to what I consider to be the most important part of M.O.'s criticism of D.H.S., that is, his attack on the new committee system inaugurated in 1967. The various committees to organize and control certain aspects of school life were initiated for two reasons.

D.H.S. receives a number of matric. students from other schools, who under the old system could not gain sufficient recognition and popularity to become elected prefects. Obviously this aspect alone made the old prefect system obsolete.

Under the old system, school leadership was in the hands of an elite group — a world unto themselves. Not only was there a tendency for the prefects to be dominated by the sports' enthusiasts, but any individual who was not lucky enough to have this honorary degree conferred upon him, and yet hoped to prove leadership was completely ignored by the "jet-set."

One cannot be idealistic enough to believe that any organization in its embryo form, could fulfil every expectation immediately; and the new school system is no exception. As for it prompting a "more devious and insidious control by the teacher," this is pure nonsense and makes M.O.'s argument seem rather childish and petty.

Although M.O.'s arguments are so confused, I cannot resist the temptation of taking him to task over one particularly glaring error — the position of debating in the school. This year, because of the work of some sincere members of the Debating Committee, debating has again become an important extra-curricular activity in which the standard and interest are continually rising.

Therefore, although M.O. has tried to show us the error of our ways in being initiators, he will not succeed as long as students have enough intelligence to reap the benefits that progress has to offer.

Helen Stubbs, 1968



school calendar 1968

7th FEBRUARY: Beginning of First Term

29th FEBRUARY: Inter-House Swimming Sports

One attempted drowning, and a win to Orchid (Bluegum second, Wattle third, and Clematis fourth), were about the most exciting events of the day when the annual Inter-House Swimming sports were held at the Pakenham Pool. The order of excitement was probably in that order, too! Other minor incidents of the day were the bus trips to and from Pakenham and the loss of courage which the staff suffered when appointed members of the staff swimming squad, in the staff-student clash.

(For those who did not hear about the attempted drowning, or hear the truth about it, I would now like to put an end to many nasty rumours to the effect that it was actually a student plot or the beginnings of a mass revolt which failed. Mr. K. Szidat has actually been found guilty of attempted manslaughter, unprovoked attack and thorough wetting of Mr. Watkins. See, it was not anything to do with the students).

Anontymouse.

12th MARCH: Inter-School Swimming Sports

Again Dandenong High School went to the Olympic Pool. And again we tried valiantly to win back the Monash Division swimming shield. Unfortunately we were again defeated — by Noble Park. Perhaps next year, with all those up-and-coming swimmers in the junior forms, we will do better. Thanks go to all the swimmers, supporters and those on the committee. Again that old and much-used phrase can be used — a good day was had by all.

Robin Drury, Form 6.

15th MARCH: Tasmanian Trip

On the 15th of March, 1968, members of Form 3, accompanied by Miss McDonald, Miss Coram, and Mr. Henry, left by plane and bus for a tour of Tasmania to learn of the early history of Australia's convict settlements.

The tour, from this point of view, was a huge success, and much was learnt by all.

That is: Who kept the bus waiting outside D.H.S.? Who nearly got left behind in the "Ladies" at Essendon airport? Who was sick as soon as we reached the motel? Who got barely four hours sleep? and who cried desperately, "Heavens, James, I've left my ring back at the motel!"?

Adnyl Lesshut.

15th-17th MARCH: The Matriculation Conference

Camp

Fifty-four enthusiastic young adults set out in one petite bus to the Mount Evelyn National Fitness (?) Council Camp not far from Lilydale (we know that it is only a matter of seven short miles from Silvan, don't we!). A few general comments on the camp — we would like to praise the high standard of hygiene in the kitchen, apart from those odd fags in the onions, flies on the potatoes, and dog — even if it was only four months old! The food was not popular, especially that macaroni and cheese! You can stop laughing now, Ian! We socialized a great deal, because they said they wanted fraternization, but why were they constantly pulling boy from girl? Couples were retrieved from the bushes, what a pity, and in the nick of time, eh, Lumpy?

Didn't see any teachers at the dances — well you can hardly call Merryl a teacher, can you? What were they doing instead? Shame, shame. A little movie magic went on, Andy and his movie machine and Jen and her candid(?) camera. What did go on after lights out? Andrew, what were you doing in that closet, and why did you sleep in the shower? Anti-social or something?



THE HIKE — All fourteen miles of it, but we all made it, yes, even the cleaning lady. Strawberries are better by night, aren't they? Good morning, good morning, good morning. Yes, surprisingly enough it was a good morning when most of us returned, but two of them are still walking! What happened to the stragglers? Still walking down lovers' lane?

THE SWIM — The spirit almost drowned, but only the good die young? Meanwhile, back at the ranch — some campers have hard feet — a walk in to Mt. Evelyn and back — barefoot! And all for a %\$!#@† drink!

NATURE STUDY — Yes, I really mean it! The case of the eel, the snake (well, baby snake, then), and the scorpion. Not forgetting Humphrey's platypus gathering exhibition down, or was it up, the Olinda Creek. Of course, we didn't find one, but that is beside the point. Why did a certain young lady fall in — what? — the creek, amongst other things — in search of the platypus? Too eager for a biological find? The tramp was fun — at least if you didn't fall off like some people we know — but the volleyball played over and through the trampolines was even more fun. The rafters were too low for a certain brand of cheese. Table manners displayed varies — for example examination of food particles prior to their destruction by the molars of one research biologist we know.

And now we can prove that this year's Matrics. are the kindest yet — they give their shoes away to the poor and needy. A plea — Eve, hands off Bob Dylan, and the rest! The swimming pool without water was like a pub without beer — Mt. Evelyn was feeling the water shortage too.

CONCLUSION — A more marvellous way of getting to know one another would be hard to find. We feel that we benefited tremendously from the frank discussions, and appreciated the great effort made by those members of our school's ILLUSTRIOUS staff who attended. I think that the Matrics. who did not attend regretted this after, and perhaps next year more students, together with more members of staff, will be able to attend the 2nd Annual Matriculation Conference Camp.

McClod and Co.

4th APRIL: Warragul teams visit

Summer: Warragul High came to Dandenong to play a series of sports matches and to see the city kids. This was done as the Dandenong High School students were given time off from classes to watch the games. Everyone enjoyed themselves and after a good feed, Warragul left us, to return next year to continue a unique event in the school's routine.

Pauline Maclean, 6C.

11th APRIL

On the 11th of April members of Form Three left by bus on a guided tour of the Australian Paper Mills at Maryvale. Also included in the informative excursion was a visit to a typical Australian timber mill. Everyone, except the teachers, enjoyed themselves.

Ann.

3rd MAY: A.S.C.M. Conference

Eight Matriculation English Expression students attended an A.S.C.M. conference at the Sacred Heart Convent, Glen Iris, to discuss three of the most controversial novels ever to be included in the Matriculation syllabus. They were "Sons and Lovers"; "Go Tell it on the Mountain"; and "The Fringe Dwellers." The seminar which began on a Friday night took the form of preliminary sessions and discussions groups. We were addressed by Mr. Hansen (a university lecturer and the author of "The Tiger and the Rose"), whom we all found illuminating and very informative. But the most beneficial attribute of the conference was the opportunity to hear and appreciate the views and beliefs of others and to voice our own. The discussions, although primarily based on the novels, covered innumerable problems pertaining to the individual and aspects of life, love and death. When the conference came to a close on Sunday afternoon, all students had appreciated its value and I am sure that because of it many gained a greater insight into the novels as well as a deeper understanding of human experience in general.

Helen Stubbs, 6B.



7th MAY: Inter-House Athletics

The annual school sports were held on the school oval and for once it was a day of fine weather, and, as usual, a day of vigorous competition. Enthusiasm and house spirit ran high, resulting in many broken records. (Were there any broken bones?) The winning House, Bluegum, received the cup from the acting headmaster, Mr. Cocks, and the runners-up were Orchid, followed by Wattle then Clematis. May the competition be as fierce and as exciting next year!

Peter Statton, 6B.

9th MAY: Matriculation Conference at Dandenong Girls' High

A conference about SEX! Blushes.

A conference about sex; in mixed company! Deeper blushes.

But nevertheless on 9th May, Matriculation expression students from seven schools attended a conference at the Dandenong Girls' High School, the main topic being "Morality and Personal Relationships." Despite the blushes and shaking of heads, the conference proved a success and most students left shaking heads but appreciating its benefits. The conference was organized by the Australian Student Christian Movement, and was addressed by Dr. Oldmeadow, a competent and informative speaker.

The schools were evenly divided into several groups with approximately equal numbers of men and women in each. The group leaders, who were previously selected from Dandenong High School students, instigated discussion to which all members of the group contributed. At the end of the conference each group was asked to submit questions to the speaker. As can be imagined, the questions were of an infinite nature and on innumerable topics. Dr. Oldmeadow did his best in the time available to answer as many as possible. Certain questions raised in this session had not been considered by others and thus many students benefited from the conference in many varied ways.

Discussions were held in such a frank and mature way that nowhere could be found sly winks or embarrassed giggles. Such conferences as these are sadly lacking, and, I hope, that because of the success of this one, more will be encouraged in the future.

Helen Stubbs, 6B.

10th MAY: End of First Term

21st MAY: Beginning of Second Term

H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh's Third Commonwealth Study Conference

Within a very tight schedule this study group, consisting of representatives from the countries of the British Commonwealth, visited the school between 11.30 a.m. and 2.00 p.m. The aim of the study conference is to provide a practical examination of the impact on people and communities of the application of science and technology, industrial relations, the living environment, the management of economic development, the role of the government and education and training. The latter being the reason this group visited our school and spoke to representatives of the school, including the principal, members of staff, advisory council and school welfare club members and selected senior students. Their thanks went to the students and those representing the school for their information and co-operation, and the Fourth Form girls for the luncheon they provided.

Ross Hopkins, 6

13th JUNE: Senior Social

Our first great old time social in the new Assembly Hall. Preparations had been made for four weeks . . . dancing lessons had a spontaneous effect . . . bodies crammed the hall every lunch time to dance to "swinging stereophonic sound????"

The Big Night arrived, at first sight there appeared to be an art show in the hall . . . thanks to Ralphie!

But gradually all the bodies came — and it turned into a senior social (thanks to the committee). The primitive band struck! O'Dowds were swinging everywhere! . . . floor show and what have you? Multiple casualties occurred when "Zorbo" stepped in.

From the earlier scepticism about ball-room dancing, everyone appeared to have an enjoyable time. (i.e., the social was a great success).

Faybelles, 6C.

24th JUNE: Australian History Excursion to Walhalla

The trip to Walhalla, which was organized for the Matric. Australian history classes, proved to be a great success. Thanks must be given to Mrs. Mackenzie and Mr. Ogilvie who organised the trip and accompanied us. The weather on that day was not at all favourable, but nevertheless, we all enjoyed ourselves, exploring the township, the surrounding hills and mines. The persistent rain made the ground very slippery and several people came home a little the worse for wear. But somehow everyone enjoyed themselves and it was a tired, dirty and hungry group that arrived at Dandenong after the long bus trip home.

Claudia Sereda, Form 6.

11th JULY: French Dinner Escargots . . . Snails

The main topic of discussion at the French dinner, held on the 11th July, was that of "Snails," especially after the tasting of this delicacy had taken place. As a result there were mixed feelings which varied considerably with each person and his/her tastes. Other items on the menu included: Consomme' Julien, Entrecote Minute, Salade Verte, Salade de Pomme de Terre, Fromage and Cafe' Noir.

The dinner was enjoyed and appreciated by both the Leaving and Matriculation French students and the members of staff, Mr. Mitchell, Miss Power, Mr. Cocks, Miss Lipscombe, Mrs. Vukmirovic, Miss Pryn, Mr. Muskens and Mr. Donegan. Many thanks must go

to each student who helped with the preparation and the cooking, but, above all, to Miss Lipscombe and the Fifth Form cookery students for the time they had given over in order to make the dinner a success.

VIVE LA FRANCE!

Dianne Umbers, 6B.

19th JULY: Dandenong Teams Visited Warragul

They said it had to be written. O.K., it will be written. I hunted through all the old 'Gates' to see what to write — nothing. Not a sentence on the biennial tradition of the schools, i.e., "competitive" sport between the Warragul and Dandenong sports teams. But they said it had to be written. So — both schools thoroughly enjoyed the visits. It was written!!??

Winter: Three busloads of screaming, howling D.H.S. students went to Warragul, i.e., the bush. We were welcomed, in the rain, by the headmaster of the High (much shuffling of feet and disorder). The teams were about equal. We won some and they won some. We had afternoon tea and after a cheery farewell by Warragul Tech., we left.

Pauline Maclean, 6C.

7th AUGUST: Debating Committee Report

This year the debating committee has managed to resuscitate debating after a year in which it was suffocated by student apathy. To raise interest in Debating as a House competition, throughout the school, we have created three levels, and to the winning Houses of these trophies will be awarded. These sections are Junior, whose winner was Bluegum; Intermediate, in which Clematis had a victory; and Senior, where Bluegum was again victorious. We were fortunate enough to be able to have the services of Mr. Barry Jones, an ex-staff member of Dandenong High School, as adjudicator, and as the finals were held in the new school hall, this has been a memorable season in Dandenong High School Debating tradition.

Alison MacLeod, Secretary.



14th AUGUST: Choral Night

"Come to the choir . . . the conductress yelled. If you don't . . . we'll come and get you . . . wherever you are." Oh, gosh . . . despair . . . only six girls and Ray . . . Good ol' Ray . . . Oh, gosh, what am I gonna do?" Good ol' Ray to the rescue . . . he valiantly calls . . . "Get along home Coralie, Coralie, get along home Coralie. Coralie . . . I'll drag 'em in today." Holy Shadrack . . . here they come . . . boys . . . boys . . . and more boys. They're in . . . quick . . . "Lilian guard the door. If anyone tries to get away . . . hit 'em with the baton." Much later — "Practise, practise, we need practise," the despairing Coralie cries. Out of the midst a triumphant voice yells . . . "We'll make it fellas . . . we'll make it." "Shut up, Leigh, and sing." After much screaming, singing and eating, we, like the other houses, were ready for the kill. Comes the night . . . out of tremendous sportsmanship we let Wattle win, and we came second, then Orchid, then Clematis. Hooray for Bluegum — it was fun anyway!

Carmel.

(Instead of a general report, we thought you would like to hear about what goes on behind the scenes of the senior choirs).

Committee.

Junior Choir

Another fabulous night due to the hard work of the conductors and Mrs. V. Orchid were successful, Clematis came second, Bluegum third and Wattle fourth. But again while the competition was fierce, the spirit of fun was just as strong. Many up and coming singers for the seniors!

20th AUGUST: Senior Social

What a wonderful night! Old time and modern dancing to the music of the Vibratones, seemed to please all. Again our thanks go to the girls in the office who taught, during their luncheons, the various steps of the ballroom dances. The social committee was again the producer of an evening which was enjoyed by all who attended — both teachers and pupils.

22nd AUGUST: Senior Drama

Bluegum victorious again — Clematis, Wattle and Orchid hot on the trail. It is truly wonderful to see such competition and competence, which makes for a wonderful night for all concerned, as well as the audience. Pity we were not able to use the new Assembly Hall — wretched curtains!

10th-12th SEPTEMBER: Art Exhibition

After two years without an exhibition, this year's art exhibition in our own Assembly Hall was a great success.

Over two hundred paintings were exhibited, with various pieces of sculpture, pottery, woodwork and needlework. Several art films and a film made at the school were shown by Mr. Adams and the school's Film Society. The exhibition was officially opened by Mr. H. Secomb, the Chairman of the Dandenong Festival Art Committee, who offered his congratulations to Mr. Rich, saying that he was amazed that such a professional exhibition could be produced by students.

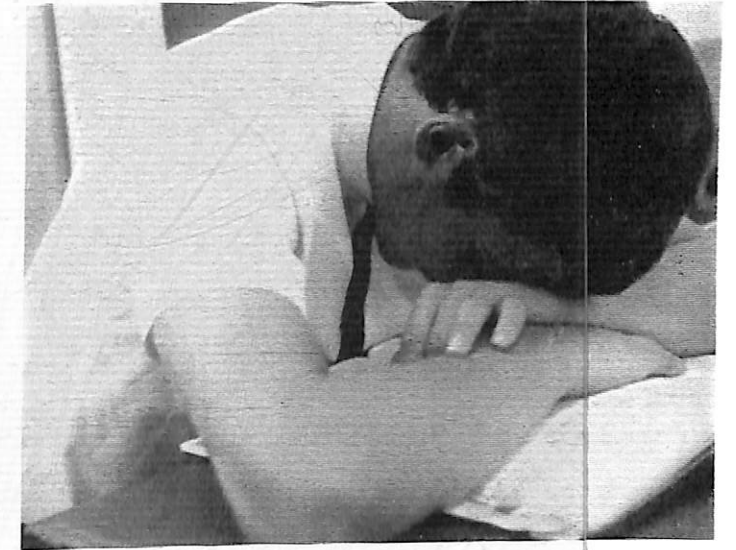
During the three days and nights the exhibition was open, many visitors and school students passed through the doors; all were very impressed. May next year's exhibition and many others to come, be just as successful.

27th SEPTEMBER: Inter-School Athletics.

Although we fully expect to emerge victorious, we have a good excuse ready in case — "The Aths. came right in the middle of exams!"

4th OCTOBER: School Fete.

Excitement is mounting and plans are being made for all sorts of novelties to extract a huge pile of dollars from any victims who dare to be present at D.H.S. on October 4th.



4th-6th OCTOBER: Matric.-Literature Seminar at "Bethany", Healesville.

At the time of going to press this project is still in the future. Well known university speakers should provide stimulation for the discussions which will be held by students. Participating schools Caulfield High, Oakleigh High, Doveton High, Glen Waverley High and D.H.S. We expect to find close to a hundred literary 'bods' at "Bethany."

19th OCTOBER: Past Students' Dinner.

Eighty-six ex-matriculation students enjoyed a "get-together" in the Hall with present and past members of the School staff. Apparently Back-to-school was a popular project organized by C.P.

31st OCTOBER: Junior Drama.

These are the lucky ones. They will have first use of the fully dressed stage in the school Hall — complete with long-awaited curtains. We expect magnificent performances.

SOCIAL SERVICE

The Golden Roast coffee tin with the form number marked on the outside has become as much a part of school life as the piece of chalk and the note book. Why is it so?

The main reason I feel is the need for everybody to learn the responsibility of caring for others, particularly those who are less fortunate than the average student and teacher in the school.

Some people in the community including a few students, complain that we are always being asked to give to this or that charity. In fact it might be fair to say we all get "cheesed off" now and again, but

some-one has said, "While there is a human need, there must be someone to alleviate the need." Another factor which we must take into account is that of the affluent society in which we live. It may be that a few students who attend the school come from homes where Mum finds it rather difficult to make ends meet. However, as a recent survey in the school showed, most of the students spend a great deal of money on themselves — some of it for necessities, some of it purely to satisfy their whim of the moment. One class averaged approx. \$8.50 per head in spending on these whims, where as they only gave .3 cent to Social Service. The average class in the school spent approx. \$3 per head and gave 1.6 cents to Social Service. The best class in one week raised 50 cents per head for the care of others.

The great difference between thought for self and for others as shown in these figures, especially in the poorest givers, indicates the need to include in education the training which Social Service can provide; that is of course if the students and the teachers see it as a learning experience, but for some it is just another chore.

Fortunately, many see it another way — that of helping provide a guide dog for the blind (a question here for the doubter — "Should only a rich blind receive a guide dog?"), a chance of survival for young infants through giving to the "Save the Children Fund", help for the Babies Homes, Spastic Children's Society, Royal Children's Hospital, Wallara Retarded Children's Centre, and many others. As well as this we annually help support an aboriginal girl attending the Shepparton High School — this year to the extent of over \$100.

As this magazine goes to print we will be involved in our biggest effort ever in endeavouring to raise over \$5000 with a "Walkathon for Charity." Together with the \$700 we annually raise for social service this money will assist those whose need is far greater than our own. I feel this is a vital aspect of school life.

K. W. HEATH,
Chaplain, Social Service Organizer.

"a poem does not have to mean or be — it is"

B. McDonald.

Every poem has to mean and has to "be," and yet every one has an existence apart. Each "is" in the sense that what is communicated is the poem itself; a living entity, conveying a meaning which is not quite sayable, but nevertheless said. It (the poem) is not the story, moral, message; theme or any other abstraction that can be made in prose. These things permeate and pervade it inextricably, but they are not it.

In any worthwhile piece of poetry these exist two levels of meaning, one which is paraphrasable and one which is not. The former is that meaning in poetry which is the inevitable consequence of the use of language as the material of art: words necessarily mean, and necessarily convey ideas. The meaning of poetry at this level, especially the ballads, poems of satire and contemporary events, is usually obvious. In fact, in many poems, for example, **Wordsworth's "Daffodils"**, the meaning is too obvious. Perhaps in such poems, the fault lies not so much in the meaning being too obvious, but in the fact that the poetry doesn't rise above this most elementary level: the level at which those people who insist on talking of poetry as being "about" something, remain.

But the meaning of poetry also functions at another and higher level, one at which meaning may wholly escape paraphrase. Here we are concerned with what we might term the "living heart" of poetry: that synthesis achieved by the poet of the physical, emotional and intellectual worlds into one complex, complete and immediate whole; the synthesis of each one of the individual parts into a vital, organic pattern.

Whether or not we accept the precept that art is an escape from chaos; we can see that the very discipline or restraint by which the artist achieves form is itself a mode of expression, and therefore in the very structure of the poem itself lies meaning.

All art can be looked upon as a pattern informed by sensibility, a pattern which evolves from an intuitive apprehension of a subject, rather than from an imitative representation. A poet's variation of rhythm and metre is determined by his particular sensibility. Lyricism in poetry is a certain direct manner of giving expression to an emotional state. We do not attempt (and indeed in many cases could not) to rationalise

the expression, having regard only for the emotional equivalent of words. Their literal meaning may even at times be absurd. The personality of an artist in any field cannot be exaggerated. There exists always an intangible element which is the expression of the artist's individuality, which, when everything else is shared in common, leads to totally different results. Forgetting for the moment the impersonality attributed to great art, we will always have in art a personal element, a distinguished sensibility, a unique and private vision.

It is at this point where much misunderstanding arises as to the real nature of art. People become too intent on "meaning" (in its narrow sense) and overlook the existence, albeit passive, of sensibility, and the fact that objects received in sensibility have their own separate objective existence.

The appeal of all art surely lies not in conscious perception, but in intuitive apprehension.

The artist is impervious to ideas at his peril, but his business is not with the presentation of his ideas as such. Communication of experience will not explain art — including poetry; it is rather a communication of feeling and emotion, the transmission of understanding. For a poem's existence, its meaning lies somewhere between the writer and the reader. It would seem that often, by the time the experience a poet wishes to communicate has settled down into a poem, it may be so different from the original as to be hardly recognisable.

Moreover, the experience in question may be the result of a fusion of feelings so numerous and obscure in origin that even if there be communication of them, a poet may hardly be aware of what he is communicating, and what is there to be communicated was not in existence before the poem was completed.

Once again we come back to the second level of meaning: that is, what is communicated is the poem itself, and only incidentally the thought and experience which has gone into it; that not only may the meaning of a poem escape paraphrase, but it may be something larger than the author's conscious purpose, or something remote from it.

By a poem's having to mean, I don't mean "mean" in the didactic sense (that is, that it should teach), but rather in the sense of T. S. Eliot when he says, "If we are not moved, then it is as poetry meaningless." It is not by telling us about life that poetry does this, it is by being life. It "is."

Trotsky distinguishes between the artist's beliefs as held, and the artist's beliefs as felt. There is a large body of poetry, especially religious verse, to whose ideas we may not assent, but to which we may give emotional as opposed to intellectual belief, and which consequently, in Eliot's sense, has meaning for us.

The poet, therefore, is concerned primarily with feeling, and emotion, a fact recognised by W. B. Yeats in one of his last poems, **"The Circuc Animals' Deser-tion"**:

"I must lie down where all the ladders start,
In the foul rag and bone shop of the Heart."

A work of art, including a poem, is present not so much in thought as in feeling. That is why deliberate analysis cannot in itself lead to the pleasure to be derived from that work of art. Such pleasure is a direct communication from the work of art as a whole.

Perhaps my case can best be summed up by Robert Frost, who makes the point that—

"Poetry is what is lost in translation."

Footnote:

1. * T. S. Eliot in his *Four Quarteto* expresses the poet's pre-occupation with form, the struggle to give shape and meaning to "The general mess of inprecision of feeling, undisciplined squads of emotion."

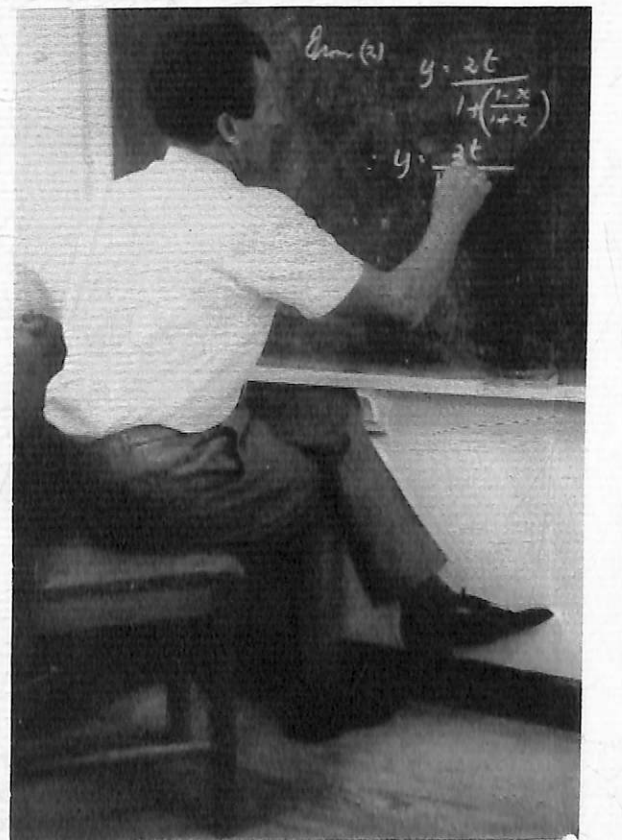
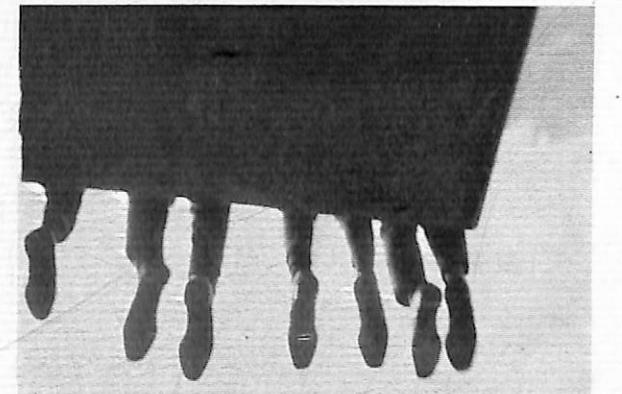
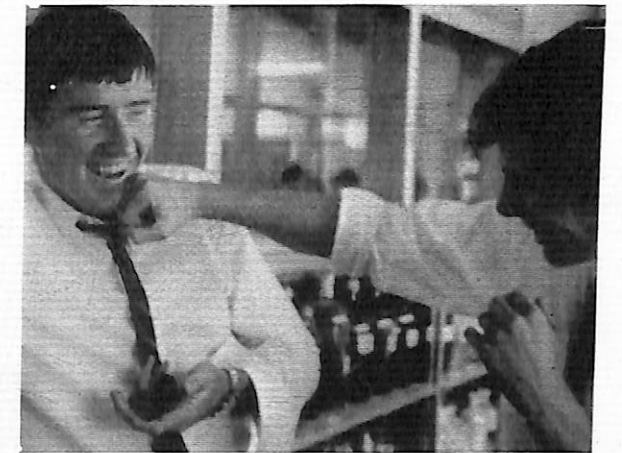
* In considering form as a mode of expression, let us consider Michelangelo's sculpture. The people who complain that his Christ in the well-known *Pieta* is too small; that his women are too masculine, that is to say, that some of his work is not life-like, or like life, fail to understand the difference between art and life. Art is not life and should not be seen, as seeking to directly imitate it. Michelangelo's form embodies meaning for himself, as an artist; it is a reflection of his own peculiar sensibility.

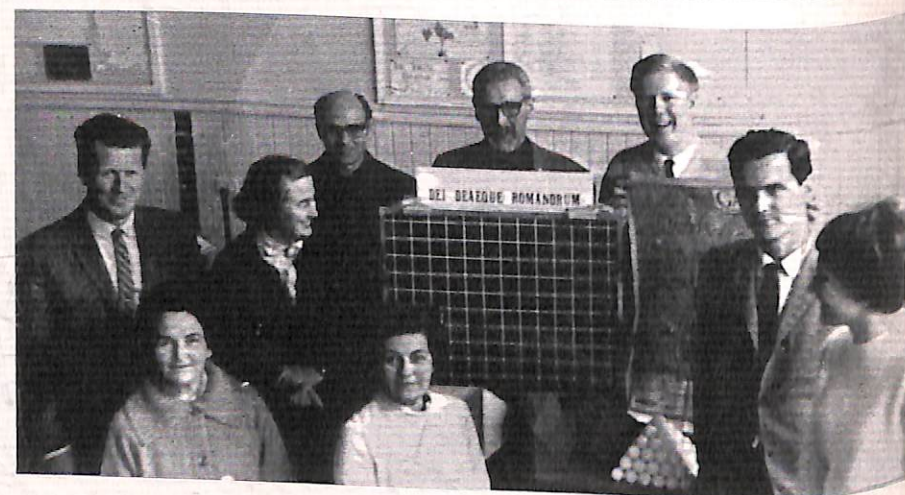
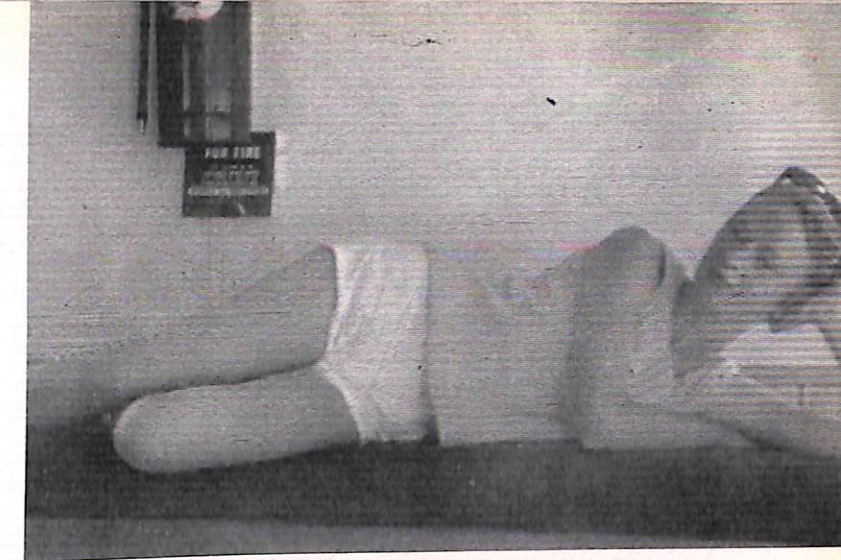
2. *Consider John Donne's **Song**:

"Goe and catche a falling starre,
Get with child a mandrake roote . . ."

or even John Lennon's

"I sat belonely down a tree,
humbled fat and small."





essays

THE FOUR-LEGGED GRAVE: A PARABLE

Once upon a time there was a horse. He was quite an ordinary horse, except maybe for the fact that he was obese and was a funny kind of off-white colour. One day, however, this horse, whose name was Nutshell, went mad. The stark raving kind. Maybe it was because he ate something and he disagreed with it or maybe it was a congenital defect that had lain dormant or something, but anyway he went nuts.

He became, quite suddenly, a four-footed psychopath, running around killing other horses and cows and even sheep, the big bully. The people of Kockibityoo, a small, peace-loving town, thought at first that he could have been rabid but since he never frothed at the mouth and did not have fits it was quite unlikely that he had hydrophobia. Anyway, one week, 24 horses, a flock of sheep, and two cows passed on before the town council got together and after three and a half hours discussion decided that something had got to be done. As it was Kindness to Animals month, however, the most immediate solution to the problem was impossible. After all, one cannot be kind to an animal by putting a bullet through his brain.

Another week went by, and Nutshell's rampage continued unchecked. When the council met again they decided that, Animal month or no Animal month, Nutshell would have to go, one way or another. Of course the RSPCA objected, and when the local M.P. heard he was shocked to the back teeth by this suggestion. One can't shoot a horse during Kindness to Animals month, because a horse is an animal. And so another week went by.

A simple, hard-working but impatient farmer, A. Nockabowt, soon became tired of these dilly-dallings, as it was mostly his livestock that were being "snuffed out." So one day he grabbed his shotgun and loaded it with the intention of doing away with the wayward equine. However, he neglected to put the safety catch on and when he threw the gun into the back of the jeep it exploded and blew a hole in the petrol tank. Naturally, this also put quite a hole in farmer Nockabowt's plans, as it had been the only fire-arm he had possessed, and also the only jeep and now bits of both lay scattered all over the place. Meanwhile, back in town, the K.T.C. heard of Nockabowt's rash plans and ordered him to stop. The farmer, not to be done out of more livestock, however, crept out in the dead of night one night freshly armed and put a bullet between Nutshell's big bloodshot beady eyes.

Poor Nutshell didn't know what hit him. He was dead before he even got up off the ground. And to make sure he was quite, quite deceased, the brave and intrepid farmer emptied both barrels of his shotgun into the corpse. By now the horse was quite, quite dead, dead as a doornail, as a matter of fact. Now Nockabowt decided he had better bury the body so as not to leave any evidence of the crime.

So the cunning, courageous farmer dug a grave and pushed in the rigor mortised corpus delicti. When he filled in the repository he found that he had not made it deep enough and Nutshell's nether limbs were sticking up out of the grave. As the white legs sticking up into the sky would not go unnoticed for very long, Nockabowt decided to go home and get the chain saw. Then he had a sudden pang of remorse, and decided that he couldn't bear to chop off Nutshell's legs. He felt it would be desecrating the body. And, besides, if Nutshell went to heaven he wouldn't have any legs to run around on. Suddenly a light globe appeared in the farmer's head, and he rushed home and got a can of black paint. Naturally you know what he had in mind.

As graves go it was a trifle strange, but the folk of Kockibityoo, who didn't know it was the last resting place of a nutty equine named Nutshell, soon came to accept the sight of the four regularly arranged black posts on farmer Nockabowt's property. Nothing more was said by the K.T.C. about ridding the countryside of the horse, as he had conveniently, if mysteriously, disappeared, and everyone lived happily ever after.

MORAL: If you happen to be a horse, and you happen to go mad, make sure there is nobody creeping around you in the dark with a shotgun.

Pam Mundy, 5B.

THE WORLD IS SICK

Revolution and violence reign and despair prevails. The inevitable result of this sickness, of which the assassination of Senator Kennedy is only the most recent symptom, must be the total decay of what we have come to call our civilized society.

The situation is one which can never be explained or remedied. Men of every generation will condemn their fellow man as being degenerate, and their world as being obsessed with violence. There is, and never will be, a solution to a world where "revolution and violence reign and despair prevails."

Looking back through history we can see that no generation has been better than another. That which one generation considered evil and eradicated, another fostered; and vice-versa. Each age had its problems of violence, despair and morality; each age cured that which it thought the worst, and in doing so created another problem; but no age was perfect or pure. Our ancestors realised that slavery was wrong, so they freed the negro and gave him rights; now new problems have arisen which we, their descendants, must eradicate. New problems will inevitably be created and our children will have to become aware of them and then turn to solving them.

As we shrug-off old problems and diseases, we become more aware of others which in the past either had not existed, or were not noticed by us. The world is gradually becoming aware of many of its problems and many old cancers are being eradicated, but new disease will break out in other areas and attention will be turned to them.

Today many more people are questioning our ideas and ideals. Many are realising that, that which in the past we have venerated, is no longer of value and we must find something to put in its place. Men and women all over the world are realising that to exist in ignorance is not to exist in bliss! Ignorance is no longer excusable! Man must be made more aware of his destiny, his morality and his responsibility to his family, his friends, his God and himself. People are realising that it is healthy to question, to review and renew. That it is better to question than to sit back on our laurels and let the rest of the world go by.

Very often the most conscious part of the community is the student body. He is still sufficiently idealistic to try to reform the world he lives in. The apathetic complacency of the outside world has not had time to disillusion and soften his mind. Thus in most instances it is the student who is aware of the problems of society and wants to do something about them. This thinking element need not be teenage but anyone who is sufficiently informed, interested and willing to do something about what he sees around him.

Despair is a common complaint in this world and we all have a way to overcome it. Very often it is the intellectuals who become depressed and consider that the only way to get things done is by violence. In this case they can be led by reactionaries and revolutionaries to try violent means of reform and to create public awareness. Often their ideals are thwarted and their demonstrations perverted to wrong usages. Ultimately this situation will lead to either public awareness or suppression.

Why is it that most people look on a state of unrest, questioning, violence or even revolution as decay? It is possible that a situation must boil to achieve good. It is possible that new truths, knowledge and standards can arise from revolutions. When we view a revolution in a communist country, say Indonesia, we see possible good, but many Indonesians only see evil. Like beauty, the value of revolution is in the eye of the beholder.

Much of the despair, violence and sickness of the world is due to the values that we hold as ideal. Contentment and happiness are too often placed too low on our scale of values. Money, power and sex are high in our esteem while consideration of others and kindness are often not considered. We race after knowledge, yet when we achieve it, it is only to be one step ahead of our enemy and fellow man, in the race to kill each other.

We question our morality, especially that of the young, yet it is the older generation who places such a morality before them. They, too often, don't have the chance to choose! Television, fashion, art, advertisement and products are aimed at the sex of the younger generation. No wonder that they are confused! No wonder that the world can be termed sick!

But when all the shouting and fuss has subsided and the problems overcome, then will man have to worry. For it is then that he must fight his complacency, apathy and nonchalance. It is then that he is at his worst, it is then that the world is sick. When man can no longer see the faults in his world, it is

then that he must worry. Man does not change — only the times; he can change the times but never himself.

John McPhee

Minister for Housing

Nothing grieves me more than to see all these poor, bewildered people homeless or squashed up in small, poorly ventilated houses of more than ten or twenty years old. I often sit in my study in the quiet, and worry about what these people are to do. Just last night I was upstairs in the library reading, when I glanced out the window and saw the chimneys smoking in those horrible little slums.

Yesterday I asked a typical working family man to the house and we had a little game of billiards in the billiard room while we talked about how he manages. He had dinner with my wife and I in the dining room, then we retired to the smoking room and spent a casual hour in conversation.

I only wish there was something I could do, but it takes money to clear slums and I have to fight for what I get for them now. Why I once argued with the P.M. for nearly an hour in the lounge before he submitted to give a measly \$100,000 more. My favourite room is my air-conditioned bedroom, because in here I can think comfortably about the problems facing me. Yes, I think and worry about housing conditions nearly all day.

Kenneth Williams, 4L.

A Student's Responsibilities

Studying and the passing of exams immediately come to mind as obligations a student must fulfil. For on these his whole future depends. Also to be considered is the student's family, who will give moral and financial support throughout his school days. These surface and obvious responsibilities are easily seen and must be considered when pondering the responsibilities of a student. Less often taken into account are intellectual and moral responsibilities which he has to recognise.

Our universities are notorious for being societies within our society demanding great freedom of speech. A university is the centre of much intellectual thought, both radical and conservative, and there is little fear of retribution from university authorities when one expresses such thoughts. Just as many take advantage of such freedom, as those who abuse it. Too often it is only of those who abuse it that we learn.

Education is not just book-learning. A good book-worm may be a poor citizen. Education must develop within the student a personal philosophy applicable to his own needs and the situations he will find himself faced with. Such a philosophy should be based on a respect for other peoples and their ideas.

A point which often arises when the role of the student within society is discussed is — to whom and for what is a student responsible? Is he perfectly free to do as he wishes or has he a role to fulfil other than becoming a cog in a mechanised world?

Responsibility is at the very centre of a student's life. The impression a student creates, whether on others or the world around him, depends on his understanding and accepting his responsibilities.

Ironically enough, the student most often brought into the public eye is one who creates a bad impression. Long hair, sloppy clothes, and an obnoxious attitude to many subjects which it is fashionable to regard as "sacred cows," is too often the type which is presented to the public. Whether this type of student is typical is another question.

The student has a responsibility to fulfil in many ways, no one less important than another. In fact, the responsibilities of a student as an entirety must be accepted, for surely, without one, are not the others meaningless?

Klava Sarenkoff.

The Family

The Family is a necessary unit of human society and hence must be protected.

A family is a very special unit of society and comprises people, that is, human beings who are capable of living and sometimes working together as one body. The parents are responsible for the children of the family and their education. Within a family certain qualities and attributes are moulded. The parents try to develop the ideas and feelings of their children in order to pave their way into society. Respect, understanding and consideration are very important in this development. These qualities are best developed within a family because, as it is a small unit of human society, it becomes a very important part of the child's education and subsequent step into society. The family becomes a "stepping-stone" in the road to acceptance into the outside world.

The social implications of a family are very important but were even more so in the earlier years of the last century. This can be readily seen in Jane Austen's novel "Pride and Prejudice." If you were from a "good" family, that is, one with land and capital, you were accepted into the society almost without question. Your family background and financial status became very important. In the early years a person's childhood, education in the finer arts, such as music and literature, gave the basis for your behaviour in the adult society. Respect, was the all-important quality in a person who wanted to become part of the society and this could only be obtained in the close relationship of family life. The girls of the Bennett family were introduced into society in their early teens because of the financial status of the family. Elizabeth and Jane were accepted without question because they had the qualities of respect and understanding coupled with outstanding talent in the finer arts. They knew how to act in company because of the family relationship.

Although today, the family relationship with regard to the finer arts, is different, the family as a unit has become very important. A closely-linked family, with parents who are very interested in their children's education, not only academic but also moral education is more likely to succeed whereas a family with no proper relationship or unity becomes unnecessary because it provides no sound basis for the development of ideas and personal qualities in the children. These children usually are unstable and emotionally insecure and thus are unable to properly fit into society. For this reason, the family as a unit in a human society is essential.

The influence of family life on a person gives that person some experience on which to base their behaviour in the society. If that person grew up with respect for his parents as well as understanding and sympathy, he will be a worthwhile member of society. If there is no real family life, this person is generally unable to fit into society because he has had no real experience in living and working with people. This instability and, in most cases, insecurity, becomes the basis for a very unhappy life as an active member in a society. Because this person is unable to understand or respect his fellow human beings, as a result of a disunited family life, he becomes a separate unit of society with no relationship with or interest in the rest of society. The family then also becomes a very important part of society and should thus be protected and nurtured. It is necessary for the growth of a cohesive society.

Yvonne McGuire, Form 6

THAT THE VOTE SHOULD BE GIVEN TO ALL AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN

To exclude the eighteen, nineteen and twenty year old from the voting public in a country where in almost every other way they are treated as adults is blatant hypocrisy. This two-faced, archaic rule can do nothing but harm. By continuing to treat these people as children as regards politics, but allowing them adult rights in almost every other way indicates the rather shaky foundations upon which our so-called affluent society exists. Society is afraid of progress, and there is no doubt that to give the vote to young men and women over eighteen is progress.

There seems to be some doubt as to whether the eighteen year old (and I speak of the eighteen year old as an example of the three age groups, being the youngest and most open to criticism) has the intelligence and maturity to make a decision on which form of government he prefers. One should remember however, that these people have had a minimum of fifteen years' education and about ten years of those actually at school. Many of the middle-aged voters have been at school until only fourteen years old, and some less. With the modern teaching methods the eighteen year olds enjoyed, their education would be equivalent to eleven or twelve years of that of the middle-aged voters, and then only if they left at fifteen. There is no doubt that today's young men and women

are far better educated than many of the so-called respectable middle-aged voters. It should also be remembered that there is a minority among school students who leave at fifteen, therefore the eighteen year old is generally an extremely well educated young adult.

The eighteen year old man can join the army fight a war and die for the ideas of the politicians who he cannot even vote for. The twenty year old can be conscripted against his will and forced to fight and possibly die for the views of the same politicians, who will not allow him to vote for them. The Australian government has not yet decided to conscript seventeen year olds, as the South Vietnamese has, so the young man in Australia has a few years of non-voting adulthood behind him before he must be a non-voting soldier ready to die for an archaic government with demented ideas and little or no sense of the rights of man, particularly young men.

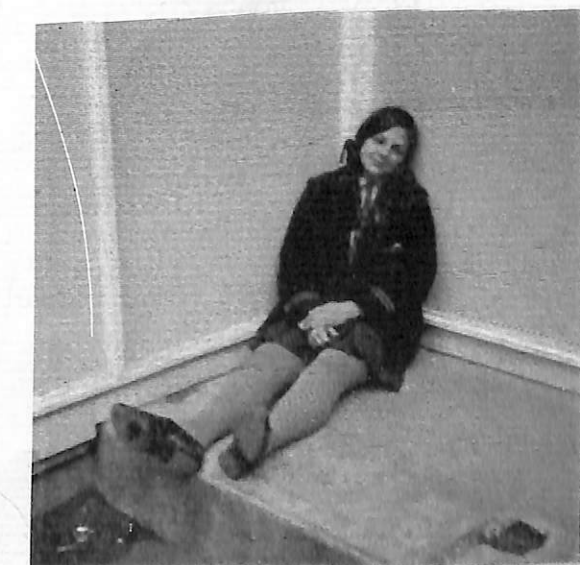
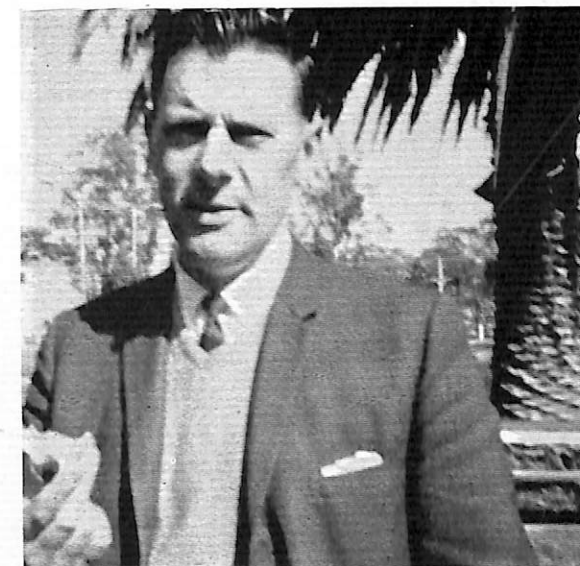
The eighteen year old is permitted to get married. This great privilege and great responsibility, must be undertaken by mature, responsible people. These people, who can marry, have a family, and partake in all the other doubtful pleasures married people enjoy, cannot vote for the government which protects their interests, gives them endowment, grants and houses to live in. They cannot show their satisfaction, or dissatisfaction for the government in any way which is satisfying. We must not over-estimate the power of a vote, but nor must we forget that it is the easiest and most direct way of expressing appreciation of the government. The eighteen year olds cannot do this.

An eighteen year old is permitted to drive a car. This is also a great responsibility since it can endanger the lives of many people. Young people are often blamed for the high road deaths, yet youthful exuberance combined with the large number of young people who drive cars, and who drive them a great deal, can easily be seen as the main reasons for this. What is not mentioned in the accident reports is the number of young drivers who arrive safely at their destination. The entire eighteen year old age group cannot be penalised for the mistakes of a very small minority. This is gross victimization.

It has long been stated that Australians are apathetic. This reputation is based on the mass of the Australian people, the middle-aged. There is certainly truth in it. Australians generally are set in their ways, resist change, and will not interfere with anything unless thoroughly aroused, an infrequent occurrence. It is very lucky this reputation was not aimed at the eighteen year olds, because the speaker could justifiably be called a liar. Young people form opinions based on fact, change their opinions often, and are generally more capable of distinguishing good from bad, or good from better, than most middle-aged Australians. Eighteen year olds are very young, vibrant, full of the joie de vivre, but also generally mature, capable and responsible adults.

If eighteen, nineteen and twenty year old people are better educated than their parents, can fight and die for their country, endanger the lives of others in a car, marry and have a family and have not yet begun their senile decay as most middle-aged people have, they have the right to vote for their government.

David Leyonhjelm, 5B.



poetry

President X Announcing His Party's Latest Programme for the good of the people.

My friends,
It is without doubt,
That man has reached the
Height
Of his achievement.
And it is without doubt
That man has never
before
been
As we are today.
In view
of that fact
My party is sponsoring
A new programme,
Which we know
will greatly
benefit
the people.
The party will endeavour
To find
a god
suited to our needs
and desires.
The party will take,
Once found,
Steps necessary
To ensure
The god
Is suited
To the people
And their wishes.

Jen Simmons, 6

A DREAM

Down where the waves crash and roar,
There's a shack with a rickety door.
There are pots, pans, candles, dead lambs;
On the chair, on the floor, right near the door.
There a queer sort of smell,
Like that of the 'sea',
There's a great blob of 'seaweed'
Just next to me.
Oh, the 'sea' is the place that really haunts me.

by Stephen Brown, 1A
(this is my first try)

SILVER

A gate was dragged open,
A voice called,
"Silver,"
She came,
Meandered through the gate,
Up the track,
Into the ramshackle dairy,
She was slapped affectionately,
And a beam dropped,
Anchoring her in the bail;
A hot wet rag was produced,
Her bag was washed to remove
The grime of her days adventures;
A stool was dragged up,
The cocky sat down,
Placed the bucket under the udder,
And commenced to milk.
At first the milk came slow,
The hands moved,
Squeezed,
Slowly,
But as the pressure built up,
The milk flowed faster,
Filling the bucket with milk,
White and foamy,
Hot and creamy;
Silver was eating,
Eating chaff,
Licking round the feed box,
With her,
Thick,
Long,
Red,
Tongue.
Two quarters are emptied,
Slowly,
As the pressure dropped,
She was stripped,
To remove the last of the milk;
The rear quarters were emptied,
The cocky slid out from underneath the cow,
Picked up the milk bucket,
Kicked the stool out of the way,
Freed the cow;
Silver backed out of the bail,
Meandered toward the gate,
Feeding all the way.

D. Van Damme, 5

GHOST

Mr. White had a fright
In the middle of the night.
Saw a ghost eating toast,
Half way up a lamp post.

by R. Stokes.

THE MOON

Strange the things I think, strange.
I mean weird, eerie. Like I was alive.
The world is asleep — deep sleep — dead.
It is quiet, deathly quiet. The hum of the big city is
still present — that is perpetual. But people
aren't making the hum — it is a fact of nature —
no-one makes it, no-one stops it.
Yet it is quiet, unnerving quiet.
It is cold — very cold.
But I don't feel it. I am asleep too.
There is a frost, white, majestic. And the moon.
My feet are asleep, dead. They feel not the cold.
So my useless legs, dead.
And my arms
And my hands.
All that's life is my brain, eyes, ears. And the moon.
I have forgotten the world, society. They are dead.
I am not its slave now. I am free. It is dead.
I have left behind my wretched body; my wretched
human instincts.
All there is now is me. And the moon.
The moon is full. There it is in its evil beauty.
I must DESTROY it.
It is strong, devilishly strong.
We are locked in mortal combat. Me and the moon.
But my mind has been conditioned to treat evil, —
by society.
I OVERCOME.
Strange the things I think, strange.
I mean weird, eerie. Like I was alive.
Norman Lowe, 4L

THE LAST MONTH

Young men on transport
A helmet finally marked with months.
One month left to go.
Blood type, dog-tags, torn khakis,
Torn limbs, torn minds, torn pages
From an order sheet.
Flak from ground fire.
Cigarette clasped between lips.
Teeth gritted. 'Copter escapes.
Small bullet enters long body,
Vital organs make a path. The heart
Shattered. Small puncture in the skin,
Bruised edges. No blood, no tears,
No pain.
No months left to go.
Yellow butterfly flits over death.
Just another statistic.

Pam Mundy, 5B

In the beginning was
Man,
In the end
Man
will be
And between the beginning
and the end is
Man.
And
Man
surveyed the world.
And realising it was his
Divided
dark
from
White.
Saying
The White are good
but the
black
are
evil.
So
Man
isolated
himself.
And Man
created the state.
But the individual
Scorned the state,
Created of many individuals,
And sought the Truth
— Elsewhere.
But found it not.
So
Man
was sent Truth.
But
Man
in the sureness of knowledge
Mocked and scorned
Truth.
Hid the Light
for seeking
Truth,
and found sanctuary in the dark.
Thus
Man
is,
has been,
and
shall be.
Until
Man
creates
the End.

J.S.

Life is blind.
Love's a fool.
So what is left
For me to do?

J.S.



UNCLE LUKE

Uncle Luke thinks he's cute
But Grandpa thinks he's cuter
He stays out late and is only 98
With Grandma on the scooter.

by Andrew Kotliaroff

HIS LAST STAND

There had been rivalry for many years,
Between our Jack and Tommy Sheers,
So finally, they set a date,
When one of them would meet his fate.
That right, the gunmen soon to meet,
Pictured themselves on the showdown street,
Where they would test their courage and skill,
Hoping each other's graves they'd fill.
Their day came sooner than expected,
People left the streets to be protected,
When the two men from each end of town,
Rode in on their horses, one black, one brown.
Curiously, some people at their own expense,
Watched the bodies stand erect and tense,
Their hands resting close to the trigger,
Waiting for movement from the rival figure.
Guns left their holsters and shots rang out,
The wounded man let out a shout,
And forced through his bleeding mouth, "I tried,"
The last words spoken before he died.

Stephen Gilbee

FIRE

Fire is destructive,
It leaps to destroy,
Like one in anger
Resolved to annoy.
The crackle and the roar
And the sizzle of the flames
Which all seem to dance
On the wide stretch of plains.
Its heat is intense,
One cannot endure,
Takes all in its path
Leaves nothing secure.
The terror and distress
It causes the maimed
Who cannot escape
From the tenacious flame.
Fire-fighters fight
With all their might,
To extinguish the fires
Which give such a fright.

Beth Inglis, IV S

A MAD MAD STORY

The frog looked at me and said,
"Hello beautiful flower person."
I grabbed my daffodil and said in defiance,
"Hello ugly frog."
The frog can jump, I can jump.
The frog says, "Come and jump with me."
I say, "I will jump with you,"
"Good" says the frog,
"Good" says I,
After our jump we sit down.
"Let me smell your flower" say me.
"Will we play leap frog?" asks I.
"As long as you don't squash me" says frog.
We play leap frog, I don't squash frog.
ORRK SPLOB, I squashed frog.
"Goodbye good friend frog."
I lay my daffodil on him and leap frog away.
Julian, 4C.

Man, man,
What have you done?
This time,
I fear,
The End
Is near.

J.S.

FIRE

The gum-tree dry
Did spy
Upon its way
On this hot day
A bushfire fast.
The bell-bird sang his tune
But very soon
Would not
As it was getting hot
Up in the tree.
The sneaking fire snuck
Towards the bracken stuck
Upon the ground,
Coiled round and round
The gum-tree tall.
The devil crept
Where grasses slept
While drying
Dying
In the sun.
This is the end.
Now who will mend
The gum-trees tall
And bracken's hall
In this dead wonderland?
Elizabeth Gearing, Form 4

SNAKE

Slithering blithely, glimpsed by the moon,
Silver scales of its white bellied danger
Flash a warning true.
Between the cracks and through the gnawed holes
of gaping darkness,
Shunned by man and hunted as prey
This venomous idol slid to halting silence,
'Midst the realm of man.
An ugly sneer upon his lips,
He rose;
And looking down through eyes of steel,
He laughed, —
A laugh of cold, of hate, of war,
Of race, of death, and even more —
A laugh of hunger deep inside,
Where lions roar and lions hide.
And finally when cold had gone,
And hate and war had disappeared,
A new laugh came, like one of old,
Except that joy had taken hold.

Jennifer Sealey, IVL

DAYS END

The man is near home,
The day is done.
His dogs are tired.
And so is the sun.
In the air
Hangs a cloud of dust;
But the man keeps going,
His eyes half shut.
He's home at last,
He's wet and hot.
Gets his soup
Out of the pot.
He comes near the fire,
The flames rise high,
Sits in the armchair
And mutters a sigh.

Kitty Scheirs, ID

EPITAPH FOR THE HUMAN RACE

The Crematorium

Blue grey smoke on the distant sky,
Shows that the end of life is to die.

J.S.

THE WAR

Two years of his life he has been in the war
Two years wasted in killing, burning, destroying
And for what?
Perhaps he once had some sense of morals about this
war
And knew what he was fighting for —
But they are dust
As are so many strong young men
His mates killed, people with limbs hanging by strips
of bloody flesh.
And the blood:
Sticky blood coated with dust.
And well he remembers the first time he killed his
fellow man
And times since.
Only one month to go and it will all be behind him
Then he can leave this hell,
Yes he will leave, but he will not forget.
Louise O'Ryan, 4L

The world has gone astray,
I fear we've lost our way.
But where we're bound,
I have no doubt,
We shall,
Quite soon,
Find
Out.

J.S.

SNAKE

His silent life ebbs slowly from his veins;
I watch him turn and toss as death grasps with icy grip.
No more he moves along the grassy velds
Nor enters the world where Pluto dwells;
Never will he come to sip the limpid water of the lake
For death is subtle but it is sure;
He will no longer pass my door.
Shane McArdle, 1VL

INTIMATIONS ON IMMORTALITY

Sailing o'er the seas of time,
This fourth dimension has been conquered.
Immortality.
Equanimity and contentment await those,
Who are willing to make the grasp.
Eternity.
Otherwise that ubiquitous shroud
Of mortality will engulf you.
Dexter Ross, 4L



Dear Editor,

I am writing to you because my teacher told me to, but I don't have anything to say. Sometimes my teacher gives us a topic but even then I find nothing to write about. It's hard to write about nothing, especially when you have nothing to say. I can remember when I was little and at Christmas, my grandfather used to send me a present and I had to write to him. Even then I had nothing to say.

Don't you think it is a waste for a teacher to tell you to write something, when you have nothing to write about? You could be doing all sorts of things instead of writing about nothing. I mean, it is a waste to write about nothing, unless you have something to say about nothing. I have nothing to say about nothing and thus I am writing about nothing. I suppose it's not very pertinent to write about nothing but I've nothing to say!

It seems pointless writing about nothing and I suppose it's not very polite. Am I wasting your time? I hope I'm not wasting your time with nothing, but my teacher says I must write something for "The Gate." Do you think it rude of me to write about nothing?

I hope not.

Anyway it seems I have written a lot about nothing so perhaps writing about nothing isn't so irrelevant as I thought, as I've filled a lot of foolscap.

Yours faithfully,

Grahame.



the school role 1968

Form 6A

Abraham, Christopher
 Arnott, John
 Brook, Warwick
 Hargrove, David
 Heathcote, Ivon
 Hocking, Graeme
 Hole, Richard
 Kenyon, Graham
 Ladner, Peter
 Mills, Colin
 Panasewycz, Peter
 Sholer, Andrew
 Smith, Dennis
 Stuart, Roderick
 Wilson, Raymond
 Williams, Russell
 Auldridge, Helen
 Daly, Yvonne
 Gillbee, Carol
 Johnson, Susan
 Macaulay, Helen
 Macleod, Alison
 Mears, Helen
 Pretty, Robyn
 Savenkoff, Klava
 Taylor, Janice

Form 6B

Broderick, John
 Coram, Ken
 Francis, David
 Home, Gerald
 Hopkins, Ross
 Midgley, Graeme
 Monssen, Kevin
 Nicola, Dimitrius
 Nicoll, John
 Nish, Dennis
 Patchell, Jeffrey
 Smith, Ronald
 Statton, Peter
 Whitmore, Peter
 Winstanley, Andrew
 Wlodarczyk, Ted
 Wylie, Peter
 Turner, Graham
 Caluk, Mary
 Frankel, Lilian
 Gilbert, Lois
 Havse, Coralie
 McGuire, Yvonne
 Penfold, Diane
 Stubbs, Helen
 Synot, Lynne
 Umbers, Diane
 Yates, Christine
 Hargrove, Margo

Form 6C

Archer, Brian
 Eberlein, Ralph
 Fletcher, John
 Gillett, Roger
 Green, Andrew
 McPhee, John
 Rivette, Steve
 Stevenson, Robert
 Bartlett, Ann
 Clay, Anne
 Crawford, Pauline
 Mayhew, Edith
 McLean, Pauline
 Morley, Judith
 Palmer, Fay
 Robbins, Cheryl
 Rogowski, Irene
 Simmons, Jennifer
 Vat, Annechris

Form 6D

Ashford, Paul
 Brown, David
 Byrne, Geoffrey
 Campbell, David
 Cheeseman, Daryl
 Childs, Raymond
 Drury, Robin
 Colenso, Peter
 Elliott, Jeffrey
 Gilhome, Richard
 Grantham, Robert
 Griffiths, Andrew
 Kariko, Alexander
 Karpenkow, Eugene
 Lowe, Rodney
 Meerman, Frank
 Merat, Barry
 Miller, Allan
 Murphy, Frank
 Osborne, Bruce
 Salmon, John
 Tipping, Graeme
 Tune, David
 Tune, Dabid
 Wagstaff, Robert
 White, Geoffrey
 Sereda, Claudia
 Sinclair, Joan
 Stevens, Jennie

Form 5A

Betts, David
 Bongers, John
 Davies, Alan
 Davis, Barry

Drwzynski, Andrew
 Kellett, Bradley
 Lewinski, Richard
 Mitchelson, Christopher
 Oldmeadow, Graeme
 Rowler, Dennis
 Spirling, John
 Surace, Vincent
 Taylor, Barry
 Thorson, Ian
 Vogt, David
 Vogt, Robert
 Webb, Wesley
 Wilson, John
 Winstanley, Clive
 Woodfine, Neil
 Woods, Richard
 Armstrong, Cheryl
 Briggs, Pam
 Dougherty, Anne
 Fox, Sharon
 Garrett, Christine
 Gooding, Rhonda
 Hall, Vicki
 Hooper, Doreen
 Palmer, Rhonda
 Price, Jeanette
 Sharp, Barbara
 Wilkinson, Irene
 Williams, Glenda
 Watson, Ruth

Form 5B

Banschikoff, Vasily
 Bryan, Duncan
 Clutton, Gregory
 Dalton, Kevin
 Davies, Brian
 Davies, John
 De George, Dennis
 Ferguson, Paul
 Florence, David
 Holder, Lindsay
 Hooper, David
 Jefimenko, Walter
 Kemp, Colin
 Kinne, Janis
 Leyonhjelm, David
 Meyer, Ian
 Monk, Kevin
 Smith, Robert
 Sufra, Sam
 Tsaoussi, Jimmy
 Van Damme, Dennis
 Westwood, Christopher
 Carless, Pamela
 Gilbert, Judith
 Gilham, Lorraine
 Huisman, Diana
 Jewell, Rosemary

Jobling, Wendy
 Korlowski, Dianne
 McFarlane, Beverley
 Meerman, Sasja
 Mundy, Pamela
 Olds, Lynette
 Vryken, Harriet

Form 5C

Aisbett, Stuart
 Baker, Robert
 Bartlett, Barry
 Brasacchio, John
 Dunemann, Jeffrey
 Fielder, Leslie
 Furguson, Trevor
 Glenton, Robert
 Hall, Anthony
 Kelly, Christopher
 Kendall, Raymond
 McQueen, Michael
 Pearce, Mark
 Pritchard, Ian
 Ritchards, Barry
 Robinson, Russell
 Surace, Santo
 Wilson, Trevor
 Aitken, Heather
 Bates, Marilyn
 Birch, Virginia
 Buettner, Barbara
 Conchie, Suzanne
 Furyk, Nadia
 Jacobs, Simone
 Kelly, Suzanne
 Kingman, Julie
 Kirkham, Helen
 Palmer, Merryl
 Poulter, Leslie
 Schmidt, Petra
 Taylor, Paula

Form 5D

Anderson, Leslie
 Duncan, John
 Kavanagh, Phillip
 Kolacz, Paul
 Korteman, John
 Macri, Salvatori
 Mallon, John
 Mathews, Grant
 Mislicki, Peter
 Osborne, Leigh
 Talarico, Leo
 Wall, Garry
 Walton, Stephen
 Witkowski, Ted
 Zlonzak, Robin
 Ansell, Margaret
 Dawson, Cynthia
 Dawson, Jill
 Forkgen, Carol

Kaledinskas, Laima
 Male, Sue
 McLellan, Heather
 Miller, Deanne
 Nutt, Marion
 Orton, Jeanette
 Rees, Kathrine
 Ryan, Patricia
 Sloan, Robyn
 Smith, Jeanette
 Thomas, Erica
 Towers, Terry
 Yaremczuk, Maria
 Young, Gwenyth

Form 4S

Aldrick, Kaye
 Anderson, Glenda
 Backman, Elizabeth
 Boden, Judith
 Buckley, Diane
 Carter, Brenda
 Collins, Diane
 Dallazanna, Anna
 Elkin, Nadia
 Gearing, Elizabeth
 Furs, Margaret
 Hawkesworth, Dawn
 Hindson, Ruth
 Idczak, Teresa
 Inglis, Elizabeth
 Jansz, Rosemary
 Jarema, Helena
 Jennings, Sharon
 Laing, Patricia
 Leemon, Lynne
 Midro, Maria
 McLellan, Margaret
 Nicholkin, Zina
 Olinkiewicz, Olga
 Patterson, Carolyn
 Pickering, Kaye
 Pyke, Heather
 Pope, Anne
 Rogers, Anne
 Rogers, Greer
 Slabicka, Christine
 Szwaja, Monica
 Umbach, Irmgard
 Wagstaff, Vivienne
 Wright, Susan
 Woodware, Lorraine.

Form 4M

Ahern, Vincent
 Ballinger, Ian
 Bradshaw, Graeme
 Chant, Barry
 Crawford, Graeme
 Croombe, Leonard
 Croy, Alan

Daly, Stuart
 Da Rose, Rodney
 Davies, Ronald
 Derkson, William
 Gallo, Fernando
 Hastie, David
 Heathcote, John
 Highgate, Gregory
 Jordan, David
 Mason, Stephen
 Mathews, Edwin
 Mironov, Victor
 Papadopolous, Philip
 Pearce, John
 Perkin, David
 Polianski, Gregory
 Price, Garry
 Pyke, Stephen
 Reeve, David
 Russell, Neil
 Shaw, Bruce
 Smith, Ian
 Sundstrom, Geoffrey
 Verschaeren, William
 Vanes, Barry
 Wemyss, Ian
 Wiese, Russell

Form 4L

Barry, Raymond
 Brooks, Howard
 Byrne, Lindsay
 Clark, Malcolm
 Holman, Stephen
 Lowe, Norman
 McArdle, Shane
 McCallum, Peter
 Miller, Robert
 Murray, John
 Nicholas, Paul
 Novakovic, Peter
 Perrin, John
 Ross, Dexter
 Salvo, Charles
 Smithard, Stephen
 Williams, Kenneth
 Allott, Shirley
 Baker, Yvonne
 Barrett, Robyn
 Bergin, Lynette
 Bonk, Olga
 Cole, Margaret
 Dalglish, Dianne
 Dunckley, Lynne
 De Stefano, Rosemary
 Hickman, Rhonda
 Klein, Jantje
 Leed, Christine
 Luxford, Maree
 McHugh, Carole
 Murdoch, Lesley
 O'Ryan, Louise
 Owers, Leslev
 Sealey, Jennifer

Smith, Robyn
Taylor, Kathryn
Thompson, Janette
Wells, Kathryn
Woods, Marilyn
Zamberg, Selga
Selway, Marilyn

Form 4C

Barter, Stephen
Cameron, Douglas
Cameron, Geoffrey
Drosg, Alex.
Edwards, Richard
Hikisz, Henry
Jackson, Colin
Larkin, Christopher
Matthews, Gregory
Medwell, Robert
Meerman, Antoon
Potts, Bruce
Rankin, Julian
Roberts, Noel
Savenkoff, Paul
Singleton, Gary
Smith, Graeme
Stone, Robert
Van Damme, Allan
Foulston, Edward
De Jong, Rita
Dowel, Kerry
Frost, Pamela
Henthorn, Susan
Jarema, Mary
Joncour, Linda
Jones, Noeline
Kellett, Wendy
Klein, Hilda
Korteman, Elizabeth
Marriner, Elizabeth
Salmon, Jennifer
Smaluch, Halina
Stubbs, Suzanne
Tettis, Zambicka
Walde, Rose Marie
Watson, Pamela
Winberg, Vicki

Form 4A

Bell, Brian
Bortignon, Fiorenzo
Bowen, Gary
Cahir, Peter
Childs, Robert
Clark, Greg.
Cork, Michael
Davie, Robert
Geibl, Rudolf
Goodburn, Ronald
Gwzdziwski, Raymond
Heatherington, Paul
Jones, Stephen
Macumber, Wayne

Melasecca, Robert
Monahan, William
Page, Kevin
Poole, Henny
Sikora, Wally
Sparkes, Ian
Sutton, James
Toodgood, William
Watkins, Jon
Armel, Yuan Jean
Barnett, Carolyn
Duffy, Paula
Haskell, Jennifer
Ahyres, Toni
Henderson, Ann
Jennings, Vicki
Joyner, Lynette
Kombos, Kathy
Leyonhjelm, Jennifer
McNamara, Jeanette
Roberts, Jan
Thorson, Dianne
Tonkonoga, Elizabeth
Wearne, Jennifer.

Form 3F

Betts, Phillip
Brown, David
Constantine, Phillip
Cooney, Peter
Cosentino, Vincent
Covington, Gary
Jewell, John
Kreun, Kaise
Konieczny, Edward
Koster, Alex
Llewellyn, Phillip
Long, John
Mathews, Alan
McHugh, Peter
Nichols, Wayne
Quinlivan, Peter
Siwes, John
Surace, George
Brandi, Tony
Andrews, Trudi
Bates, Sheryl
Bode, Cornelia
Bonk, Mary
Boughton, Deborah
Caluk, Susan
Carless, Annette
Davison, Jacqueline
Giarratana, Carmel
Morozoff, Maria
Sark, Anne
Sharp, Janice
Silk, Jennifer
Stadlober, Sybil
Tremayne, Angela
Werrett, Marilyn
Williamson, Jennifer
Chapple, Susan
Nuutinen, Maria

Form 3R

Aertsson, Oscar
Booth, William
Dawson, Gregory
Dell, Darrell
Dulfer, Alan
Frindt, John
Gallucci, Gino
Gillbee, Steven
Gorter, Paul
Macreadie, Ian
Mislicki, John
Ahyres, Roman
Salvo, Joseph
Stevenson, Ian
Watson, Robert
Young, Ken
Cusack, Paul
Mallett, Samuel
Aisbett, Angela
Bushman, Innes
Downes, Jill
Eberlein, Karen
Ffrench, Mavis
Field, Susan
Hickman, Pat
Higgins, Deborah
Johnston, Caroline
Kirkham, Lynette
McPhee, Ann
McQueen, Susan
Morehouse, Lynda
Orwin, Heather
Palmer, Denise
Pyke, Christine

Form 3H

Broadway, Ricki
Callaghan, Garry
Cox, Trevor
Forkgen, Lance
Gallie, Robert
Glover, John
James, Bruce
Jones, Brian
Kasper, Fred
Lerias, George
Leslie, Neil
Martini, Rainer
McFarlane, Stuart
Nakon, George
Rowlands, George
Southorn, Brian
Van Es, Leon
Wadsworth, Barry
Gibbons, Nick
Armstrong, Robyn
Becker, Joy
Bird, Jillian
Clutton, Lucy
Cole, Judith
Coxon, Julie
Curtain, Robyn
Garner, Annette

Kirpichnikova, Natalie
Lean, Janis
McGregor, Helen
Nash, Jennifer
Pettigrove, Betty
Reynolds, Judith
Richards, Heather
Sansom, Lesley
Santoni, Wilma
Van Houten, Annie
Watson, Helen
Yardley, Janice

Form 3D

Adam, Colleen
Adamson, Robynne
Bracken, Cheryl
Cameron, Dawn
Clarkson, Beverley
Collorafi, Loretta
Dicker, Christine
Drosg, Regina
Everlinge, Johanna
Glowczynski, Helen
Gunn, Marion
Haverkamp, Magdalena
Hoskings, Catherine
Hulme, Joan
Jeffrey, Laurel
Lovie, Rozlyn
McDonald, Robyn
McLellan, Roslyn
Mann, Margaret
Murray, Janet
Nowell, Mary
Scott, Rosemary
Sutton, Christine
Tuhon, Rhonda
Warren, Jennifer
Widdows, Carol
Shaw, Gillian
Cranny, Colleen
Abblitt, Michael
Cooper, Alan
Hernfield, Ken
Herra, Michael
Highgate, Alan
Ioannidis, Kleanthis
Kendall, Trevor
Kotliaroff, Andrew
Rogowski, Sigmund
Sutton, Edmund
Stokes, Richard
Welch, Phillip
Buncle, Lionel

Form 3L

Anstis, Anthony
Baker, Colin
Becker, Max
Briggs, Peter
Davies, Kevin

Davis, Griffith
Donnelly, Anthony
Ewin, Wayne
Felter, Joachim
Fuller, Christopher
Gearing, David
Goring, Robert
Greator, John
Griffiths, Robert
Hendrie, Peter
Jarvie, Graeme
Jobling, Brian
Jolly, George
Marchinton, Roy
McLean, Rodney
Pascoe, David
Pridham, Garry
Roberts, Geoffrey
Smith, Richard
Wall, David
Williamson, Garry
Wilkie, Malcolm
Wright, Douglas
Winters, Donald
Beech, Margaret
Crosby, Susan
Mackie, Margaret
Tulloch, Julie
Turnbull, Kerry
Vrijken, Mary
Yule, Margaret

Form 2A

Chimoni, Anthony
Chuprinoff, Vasile
Clark, Roger
Crawford, William
Cunningham, Allan
Davey, Andrew
Davies, Peter
De Santis, Maurice
Dow, Christopher
Dulfer, John
Edwards, Peter
Ellis, Peter
Francis, Andrew
Furyk, Ivan
Gay, Tony
Gilbert, Jeffrey
Gilchrist, Stuart
Zombor, Bela
Clay, Elizabeth
Constantine, Faye
Dalglish, Robyn
Dallazanna, Nella
Dawson, Lorraine
De George, Nina
Denham, Margaret
Dierickx, Jill
Dudar, Marianne
Dunkley, Gayle
Edwards, Christine
Freake, Michelle
Furs, Cathy
Hamilton, Jeannette

Form 2B

Abberton, David
Anderson, Allan
Ansell, Robert
Armstrong, Wayne
Arnold, Gregory
Ballas, Peter
Balmer, Guy
Basaldella, Mariano
Bell, Andrew
Birch, David
Bishop, John
Boden, Graeme
Brown, Peter
Bulleid, Neil
Byrne, Paul
Carlson, Raymond
Cameron, Gregory
Cheeseman, Noel
Wright, Peter
Allan, Moira
Baptist, Kaye
Barnett, Suzanne
Bird, Leigh
Birkett, Debra
Blandford, Lynne
Booth, Lynda
Bridge, Shirley
Bunnett, Rosemary
Buckle, Elaine
Callaghan, Carolyn
Callewaert, Hennie
Cameron, Robyn
Coram, Julie
Hamilton, Julie
Radford, Debbie

Form 2C

Chillinski, Michael
Nicoll, Peter
Noy, Gregory
Orton, Ian
Palmer, Robert
Patterson, Colin
Pearson, Thomas
Richardson, Stuart
Robertson, Stephen
Rogers, Barry
Sarafis, John
Sarakin, Nickolay
Schmidt, Andrew
Sellings, Cliff
Sereda, Victor
Shaw, Gary
Smith, Donald
Threlfall, Alan
James, Sharon
Kuyl, Yvonne
Maddocks, Wendy
Marr, Carmel
Marshall, Susan
Mason, Pam
Melbourne, Julie
Miller, Geraldine

Milnes, Deborah
Missen, Pam
Neeves, Mary
Nekrasova, Leonilla
Newton, Lisa
Pearce, Kathrine
Perry, Davina
Saunders, Christine
Wild, Rita

Form 2D

Farmer, Steven
Griffin, Robert
Hay, Robert
Hendry, Alan
Hostnick, Ray
Hughes, Derek
Joyner, Paul
Kelly, Christopher
Kloester, Robert
Lanchashire, Gary
Llewelyn, Peter
Male, Donald
Mallon, Geoffrey
Mancuso, Greg
Maxwell, Douglas
Meerman, Jacob
Nash, Stephen
Winters, Danny
Caffrey, Lesley
Erskine, Alexandria
Garnett, Lorraine
Golding, Allison
Gooding, Suzanne
Green, Anne
Hamilton, Jennifer
Hakwesworth, Karen
Hayres, Ann Marie
Hutton, Janece
James, Anita
Jarvis, Marion
Jobling, Louise
Jolly, Rhonda
Kelly, Lynne
Kunst, Astrid
Legg, Kitreena

Form 2E

Churton, Victor
Sunstrom, Graeme
Synot, John
Talarico, George
Taylor, Bradley
Threlfall, Garry
Tidmarsh, John
Turner, Barry
Wain, John
Ward, Trevor
Watson, John
Wells, Ian
White, Brian
Wilkie, David
Wilson, Colin

Woodward, Trevor
Wright, John
Young, Lance
Buncle, Rex
Perrin, Susan
Poole, Maria
Pyke, Susan
Richardson, Wendy
Saunders, Rosalie
Seamons, Jennifer
Sewell, Lynne
Szalecki, Helen
Taylor, Margaret
Titcher, Joanne
Tremayne, Gisella
Tulloch, Barbara
Turner, Marlene
Van Der Wolde, Wilma
Vluq, Dorise
Williams, Elizabeth
Winberg, Lynnette
Godfrey, Leonie

Form 1A

Adam, Martin
Alkemade, Derek
Allot, Triston
Arnold, Phillip
Badagoff, Paul
Barrett, John
Bartlett, Ian
Black, David
Bonk, John
Borschman, Terence
Bradbury, David
Brown, Stephen
Bryan, Peter
Byrne, Peter
Cassinati, George
Chuter, Barry
Baker, Wayne
Adamson, Jennifer
Aidone, Nella
Aitken, Heather
Armenopoulos, Mary
Baksheev, Zoia
Banchikoff, Vora
Baptist, Roslyn
Boce, Birata
Bowen, Lesley
Royd, Karlene
Rurchardt, Eva
Cabaniuk, Christine
Campigotto, Zeralle
Carter, Fiona
Clarke, Jennifer
Clementson, Lesley

Form 1B

Crowley, Andrew
Dagleish, Alexander
De Boer, Ronald
Derksen, Hubert
Desiatoff, Michael

Drosg, Heinz
Duneman, Shane
Flannagan, David
Fletcher, David
Garrod, Byron
Geibl, Herman
Golotta, Frank
Greaves, Mark
Hancock, Ronald
Hatswell, David
Humphreys, Wayne
Baker, Brian
De Santis, Lema
Doyle, Nicole
Druzynski, Krystyne
Dykes, Alana
Edwards, Susan
Elkin, Nina
Fawcett, Annette
Foster, Suzanne
Frost, Lynette
Garrett, Mandy
Garrod, Sonia
German, Lesley
Gould, Gillian
Grigg, Vicki
Hamilton, Shirley
Hargreaves, Marlene
Dietmann, Jutta

Form 1C

Korlowski, Kenneth
Kristalyn, John
Linton, Phillip
Malishev, Alex
Matters, Geoffrey
Millard, Wayne
Mitchell, Robert
Morris, David
Mowatt, Gordan
Munday, Stephen
Nicholson, Colin
Nictas, Stephen
Noble, Gary
Oldmeadow, Russell
Olds, Roger
Palmer, David
Stokes, Leslie
Jenkins, Fiona
Joncour, Vicki
Judd, Deborah
Kasper, Monica
Kitrinides, Lidsa
Lawrence, Judith
Lovie, Sandra
McGuiness, Debra
McLean, Leonie
McPherson, Judith
McVean, Catherine
Mann, Carol
Moore, Deborah
Morley, Lynne
Newsome, Karen
O'Connell, Kerry
Prolongeau, Maria

Form 1D

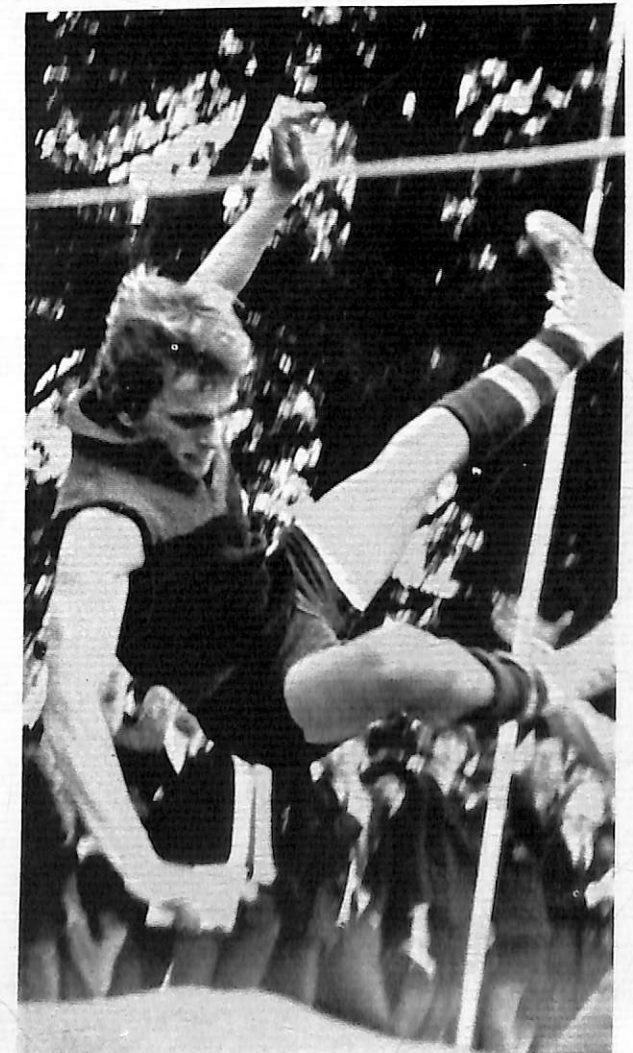
Price, Trevor
Pyke, Bruse
Rice, Alan
Russell, Ian
Savvo, Tony
Schonewille, Geoffrey
Sheehan, Gary
Smallwood, Rodney
Stevens, Robert
Sutton, Rodney
Swaan, Nicholas
Triantafyllou, Evangelos
Tyler, Christopher
Umbers, Richard
Vanderwert, Jerome
Wearne, Ross
Springfield, Stephen
Nuutinen, Harri
Sarachman, Natalie
Saunders, Sharon
Scheirs, Catharina
Schmidt, Elizabeth
Schmutter, Patricia
Slattery, Colleen
Smaluch, Brigitte
Strug, Anna
Thompson, Cosette
Thorson, Janette
Titcher, Susan
Turenko, Anna
Van Damme, Elizabeth
Van Dyk, Josephina
Vriend, Jannetyle
Wagstaff, Elizabeth

Form 1E

Cole, Rodney
Colenso, Robert
Collorafi, Peter
Coulson, Ian
Cox, John
Dam, Richard
Jovanovic, Micky
Kennaugh, Gary
Kingman, Vernon
Pieterse, Michael
Plantzos, Manuel
Rizak, Bohdan
Whitemore, Craig
Wilkie, Alister
Wright, Nigel
Yates, David
Slywa, Marko
Cooper, Robyn
Crosbie, Julie
Davidson, Lesley
Dawson, Gael
Hearn, Patricia
Henthorn, Dianne
Herra, Sandra
Jefimenko, Valerie
O'Rourke, Desma

Orwin, Ruth
Riddell, Rosemary
Wemyss, Karenne
Wilkie, Heather
Wills, Donna
Zwolak, Violet
Goudberg, Nicole
Henderson, Thrift

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Kevin Adams Alex. Olenberg

W. Soy

R. F. Fidler

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Helen J. Coram

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