

JUBILEE....

- 1969 -



the gate

STAFF LIST

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Senior Master: Mr. D. Cocks
R. Lambert
I. Burden
T. Richardson
M. Henry
J. Henry
J. Austin
R. Summers
B. Hole
K. Szidat
R. Ogilvie
J. Price
R. Chapman
J. Gay
G. Luke
J. Muskens
R. Gunstone
J. Donegan
D. O'Brien
C. Watkins
K. Adams
L. Caile
J. McGarvin
J. Van Niekerk
P. van Pinxteren
S. Wassylko
A. Oxenham
C. Hogarth
R. McGill
R. Fletcher
P. Rich
M. Darby

Senior Mistress: Miss M. Power

Mrs. W. Leenstra
H. Mitchell
A. Daly
S. O'Brien
J. Barnett
N. Burden
M. Windsor
W. Anderson
C. Lloyd-Jones
M. Trigg
E. Vukmirovic
J. Miller
M. Sierakowski
J. Charlesworth
Miss B. Creed
P. McDonald
J. Williams
R. Bullock
M. Pryn
P. Robert
B. Lipscombe
M. Cunningham
J. Pratt

School Chaplains: Rev. K. Heath
Fr. J. Daly

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Miss Nichols
Miss Ellis
Canteen Supervisors:
Mrs. G. Howard
Mrs. D. Hawkesworth

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Mr. J. Whitehead
Mr. W. Dow
Mr. C. Beck
Mrs. N. Lambert
Mrs. F. Senior
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District Interests' Reps. —
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Mrs. C. Hendrick
Municipal Rep. —
Cr. R. Wagstaff
Secretary/Principal:
Mr. K. Mitchell
District Inspector of Schools:
Mr. C. Stocks

HOUSE CAPTAINS

Orchid — Chris Yates
Clive Winstanley
Wattle — Diana Huisman
Les Fielder
Clematis — Lorraine Gilham
John Wilson
Bluegum — Helen Auldrige
Robin Zonzak

DRAMA PRODUCERS

Orchid — Barbara Sharp
Wattle — Lynne Synot
Clematis — John Mallon
Bluegum — Helen Auldrige

CHOIR CONDUCTORS

Senior—
Orchid — Bill Surace
Wattle — Lyn Olds
Clematis — Petra Schmidt
Bluegum — Helen Auldrige
Junior—
Orchid — Helen Kirkham
Wattle — Sue Stubbs
Clematis — Marilyn Werret
Bluegum — Harriet Vryken

COVER

Designed by the Publications Committee and adapted from a photograph taken by Kevin Davies, with technical effects by Neil Baylis.

The Publications Committee wish to express their sincere thanks to Mrs. Anderson for her help in producing the magazine, Mr. Chapman for the use of his camera, Neil Baylis, an ex-student, without whose help many of the photographic effects in this magazine would not have been possible, and all our friends who helped.



PRINCIPAL'S PROLOGUE

Dear Students and Ex-Students,

I feel that my space in "The Gate" this year should be used to record something of the thoughts associated with the word "jubilee," which is defined in a dictionary as "fiftieth anniversary; public-rejoicing." It is certainly the fiftieth year of our establishment, and although the rejoicing may not be public, it should at least be expressed by those who have been associated with the school.

You will find in later life a change in your thinking as to the significance of the school. Today it may appear to you to be merely a place you must attend to acquire qualifications necessary to commencing the career of your choice. To many of you, it is already more than that, for you have commenced to absorb some of those qualities, difficult to define, which produce a school tradition.

To those who take much from the school, and give something of themselves in return, this attitude will persist and strengthen as the years pass. This has been well evidenced during 1969, as the news of approaching Jubilee celebrations has been communicated to as many ex-students as it has been possible to reach. I have been delighted to meet and to receive letters from so many of these, because it is evident that their secondary school days at Dandenong are retained in their memories as something to be treasured and cherished.



True, as one grows older, there is a tendency to reject the bad days and to embellish the good ones, but everything indicates that the latter far outnumber the former in the school lives of our ex-students. To those who read these words, I take this opportunity of wishing them from their old school success, health and prosperity in the years that lie ahead.

In this Jubilee year, I have a special message for those at present in attendance at the school. From its earliest days, Dandenong has had a proud record of academic success, but each year has been more of a challenge than the previous one, as enrolments have increased and competition for scholastic distinction more intense. A few figures may make this plain: in 1950, 12,600 pupils entered Form 1 in Victorian High Schools; in 1954 only 23 per cent of these were still in attendance in Form 5. In 1964, 31,473 pupils entered Form 1, and in 1968 59 per cent remained in the schools as Form 5 students. In 1962, there were 3,873 Matriculation pupils; in 1968 there were 8,700.

The wise will get the message. To all, my best wishes for a safe and happy long vacation, and a successful year in 1970.

K. B. Mitchell

PRINCIPAL





EDITOR'S EPISTLE

In my five years at another Dandenong secondary school I had criticized and rubbished D.H.S. as much as anyone, and in 1968 I came here with an apprehensive feeling of insecurity, but nevertheless prepared to observe the traditions and customs of the school and make a comparison with my old school. At this time of the year I can now say that the battle of loyalties has been called a draw.

D.H.S. has a long and distinguished past, and in 1969 I hope that we have contributed to making the jubilee year one that will be remembered as one of the high points in the school's history.

The jubilee edition of "The Gate" has been compiled, not as a factual dossier on the past, nor as an accurate record of the year's events, but as a glimpse into what we might expect to see in the next fifty years.

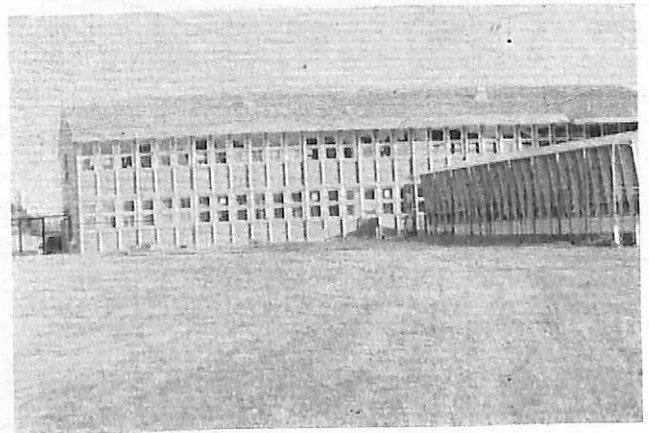
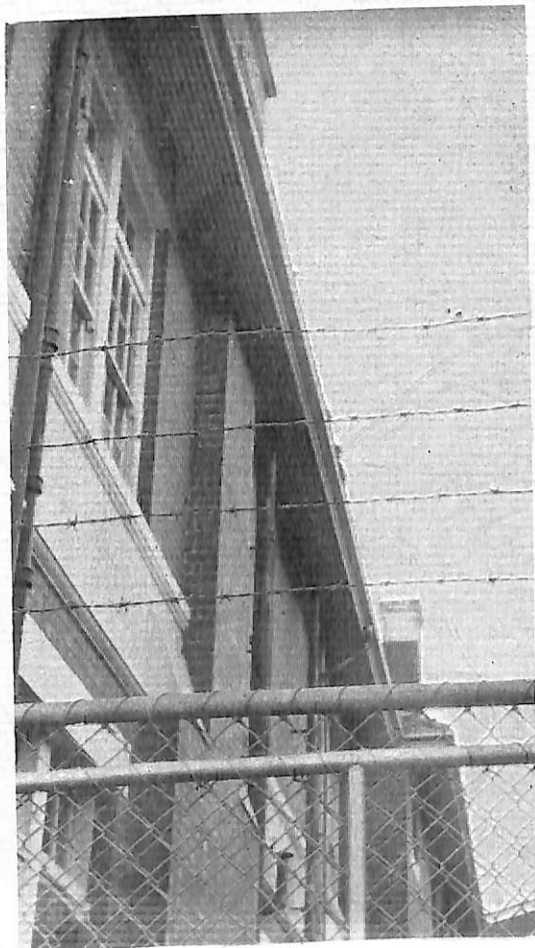
Many people will criticize us for this, but I feel that the past has been adequately catered for in the history book that was published earlier in the year. It is the responsibility of "The Gate" to open up and project the future before us if possible. To do this we have made every attempt to present the original art, literature and ideas of tomorrow's artists and writers, today's students. This year we have endeavoured to make "The Gate" a magazine that has something of interest for all forms, rather than just a commentary on matriculation life.

Throughout the year we have made innumerable requests for contributions, which with the exception of Form II, failed to inspire anyone to any great literary heights, not even to put pen to paper. We have done the best we can to produce a magazine that is acceptable. One that entertains, informs and comments on the life of the school. If you find that it has nothing that interests you, perhaps you could remedy the situation by contributing your services next year.

FABER QUISQUE FORTUAE.

Let's not forget while we celebrate our jubilee year that the fifty years of service to the community by the school must serve as a springboard to continue the tradition into the next century with a new vigour that is typical of D.H.S.

Les Fielder (Editor)



QUOTES FROM CHAIRMAN IAN (1st EDITION)

or—"The Agony and the Agony"

or—"Prelude to 'The Power and the Gory.'"

NOTE: The editor wishes to thank the chairman for his consent to these quotes being released for publication in "The Gate." (We didn't have enough to put them all in a red book).

Further Note: These quotes were extracted from numerous letters, agenda notes etc.; they may not mean anything, but does life . . .

Chapter 1: In the beginning . . .

Join a committee heh! . . . oh, alright, which one? This sheet of paper looks cleanest, I'll put my name on it, that'll do . . .

First meeting today; had better go . . . is this the publications committee? It is! Good, I'll just wander down to the back . . . what's that? you want me to be chairman. That's not very funny, you know, ohh, you're not laughing!! Well if nobody else will take it on? Ohh, they won't!!!! . . . I suppose I must . . . now some office bearers . . . this meeting is now closed.

Chapter 11: Somewhere in the middle of the mess . . .

Secretary Jeff, take this down — "Yes Sir."

. . . Well, many meetings and much frustration later, Mrs. Anderson told me, "Ian, you have to have half the magazine prepared in the next month." My reaction Jeff, can you guess my reaction? Jeff replies, "That's not very funny you know, oh you're not laughing!!" . . .

. . . Next day, Secretary Jeff enters stage left: "Chairman Ian, roughly 99 per cent of the committee is involved in drama so I'll be seeing you." . . . But Jeff, the magazine!! (Jeff exits). Oh, well, editor Ileana, she will help (editor Ileana leaves school). . . .

Chapter V: A note to editor Les from Chairman Ian . .

Well, Miss Power and gory, thinks our last bulletin was pretty groovy . . . I wanted an underground newspaper . . . remember our resolution to have a newspaper — hah, I laugh about it!! . . . Something like Lot's Wife . . . oh the Agony and the Agony. . . .

Chapter VI: The Day after the Drama Festivities . . .

. . . A note from editor Les to Chairman Ian . . .
. . . This materials pretty good . . . this I am wrapped in . . . one finger eh! didn't it get sore though? . . . what a name for a masterpiece "ge" . . .

Chapter X. Any other rubbish we found in the Chairman's desk . . .

. . . Gee you're pretty photogenic . . . you load it this way. Ian Baker . . . whoops, no you don't . . . You didn't clean the rollers . . . \$30 worth of film . . . those social photos we've nothing but a long headache . . . Congratulations Committee, we did it, the best Jubilee magazine in the school's history . . .

Chairman: Ian Pritchard
Publications Committee







TASMANIAN TOUR

As the plane landed on the tarmac at Devonport airport it commemorated the final section of the tour, the flight home.

We boarded the plane and once we were seated we let our minds wander and to imagine the things past, present and future. Past meaning — the last few enjoyable days we had spent on the tour. Present meaning — the flight home. Future meaning — the classroom, the teacher and most of all the work.

But getting back to the subject of the flight home, yes, it was a beautiful picturesque sight, the blue ocean lying beneath us added the contrast to the land that lay behind us and the never ending sky above us.

Slowly, the fading light of day and the approaching black of night gave a new air to things. A feeling of mystery and intrigue. And then, before us lay the glimmering lights of a live, pulsating city — Melbourne! The town we had not seen for the past five days.

The bright, sparkling lights shone in the gloomy blackness of this cold winter night. We circled Melbourne, a different Melbourne, startling, yet reassuring. A Melbourne which we had never seen before. Not the hustling, bustling, growing city as you think while walking down Bourke Street, but a glamorous city, a paradise in its own right.

Yes, this plane journey gave us more than a flight into the heavens, it gave us a new look at a city we just take for granted, a completely different vision of OUR CITY — MELBOURNE.

The flight home was the best part of the journey, it was the doorway to a new understanding, an understanding of an incredible city.

Linda Ramsay (1D)



SWIMMING SPORTS

With a predicted temperature of 88 degrees, a cloudless sky and a cool breeze, this year's swimming sports were off to a good start.

The organisation of the sports had been given a lot of time and work but the fact that only half a day had been allotted to this usually day long occasion caused certain results that tended to spoil the sports.

With a 9.15 a.m. start, the sports were fifteen minutes behind schedule at event 28 and nearly 25 minutes behind by event 36. This led to the hurrying up of events and to the point of running two events simultaneously, and an attitude of "not here, don't race," and this caused much bewilderment to many house organizers. The mammoth relay was left till last and caused the sixty or so competitors to get dressed in the time it took to present the Swimming Cup to a victorious Orchid. A lot of confusion was caused in the dressing areas with officials continually hurrying up the process so that buses would not be delayed. If all the rushing was in order to give students extra study time, then the objective was not gained. After a 2 o'clock form assembly and a lazy, hot hour of nothing that could even resemble work, we were dismissed. If Devonton could only be gained for half a day then this too is a poor excuse.

Kevin Dalton (VI)



MATRIC CAMP — MARCH '69

The majority of Matric. students left early on March 14th to head to the seaside resort of Anglesea which, if it had of known, would have secured the hatches for the approaching onslaught. The actual camp site was well planned and the first day was occupied with habitation, explanation, discussion and, of course, consumption. Saturday was an eventful day, rather hushed by the disastrous hike the night and morning preceeding. Undaunted by a 2 a.m. bed and a 7 a.m. rising, many students swam, hiked and freely took part in the day's activities. Much was learnt from the discussions and all people concerned would like to thank the teachers for their co-operation. A last minute beach riot and stocking up on food and drinks for the trip home preceded the abnormally peaceful homeward journey. Depositing a teacher in town was the only event that attracted attention from the sleepy heads in the bus. After another hour we arrived home, and it was exactly 60 hours from when we departed. A lot can happen in that time, you know!

Kevin Dalton (VI)

S.R.C.

The Students' Representative Council has established itself as "the students' voice" at D.H.S.

Elected Committee for 1969:

Chairman: Graeme Oldmeadow.

Vice-Chairman: Dennis De George.

Secretary: Dexter Ross.

Treasurer: Annette Carless.

Staff Liaison: R. J. Lambert.

Some of the activities initiated by the S.R.C. during 1969:

1. More excursions and school socials.
2. Improvements to uniform requirements.
3. Suggestions for curricular alteration to cater for student desires — e.g., film appreciation, sport.
4. Relief in congested areas within the school.
5. Safety crossing in Herbert St.
6. More notice boards to improve communications within the school.
7. Fund Raising —
 - (a) Sale of D.H.S. Histories to advertise Jubilee Year.
 - (b) Tuck shop facilities at Sandringham Athletics Meeting.
 - (c) Visiting lecturer.
 - (d) Out of uniform day.
8. Suggestions and discussion to improve litter problem at school.
9. Advocacy of improvement to the facilities and service at the school canteen.
10. Presentation to Mr. Mitchell on his departure on long service leave.
11. Discussions and recommendations concerning permanent school camp — proposal to hold a Walkathon to help finance the camp.

The S.R.C. relies on the enthusiasm of every individual at D.H.S. If you have thoughts and suggestions which will help to improve the educational environment here, don't keep it to yourself, pass the information on to your Form representative and let all benefit at D.H.S.



THE FOURTH FORM CAMP

Well, we got to the camp site at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, after a long and boring 3 hour boat ride from Port Welshpool. We set up camp and made dinner, then the rest of the form hiked in, in almost darkness by torchlight.

We dropped off to bed just after nine, but somehow we just couldn't get to sleep on the hard ground. Strangely enough no one else could quite get to sleep and one person in particular made sure of it, by yelling out every half hour "half-past 12 and all's well." This went on all night and at 4 o'clock everyone except the teachers were up, trying to warm themselves on a pitiful little fire that someone had constructed.

On the next day no one felt much like doing anything energetic and so we loafed around all day. That night we literally staggered to bed just after dinner at 6.30 and slept soundly until 7.10 the next morning. We all felt fighting fit, until some teacher decided that we should go on a hike to Waterloo Bay, which was six miles.

On Friday we were all up before six and we had breakfast and decamped before 7.30. Then when the boat came in about 8.00 half the form walked out to the Overonne car park which was 14 miles. We got back to Dandenong at 4.45 p.m.

THE EXCURSION TO THE MUSEUM

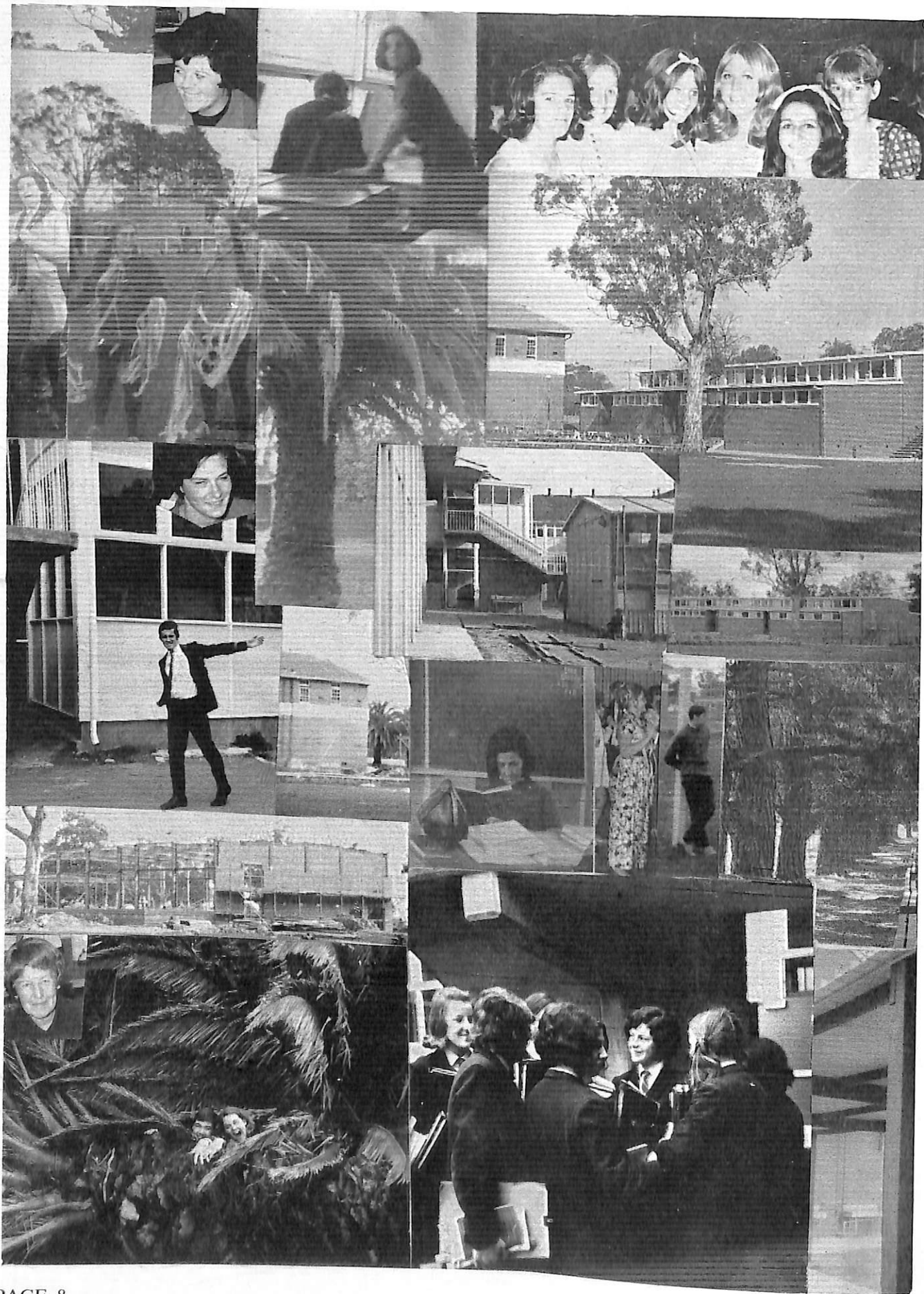
We departed from D.H.S. at approximately 9.15 and travelled into Melbourne via the Princes Highway. We reached the Museum about 10 a.m. When we entered we were divided into two groups. The first group was again divided. Half of the first group were taken into a small, curtained room where one of the ladies in charge talked about rocks, how they are formed, and where they came from. After that we saw a film about different rocks. This lasted about half an hour.

When we left the room we looked around. We were given a paper with questions about the solar system. This also took about half an hour. We then went into the planetarium where we were told about the different positions of the stars in winter, summer, northern and southern hemispheres. This lasted about an hour.

We left the Museum and went back to the buses and departed for Dandenong. We ate our lunches on the bus and arrived back at D.H.S. about 1.40 p.m.

Overall it was a good day.

Heather Aitkin (IIA)



SENIOR DRAMA

On June 11th Dandenong High School witnessed the first Senior Drama Festival in the new hall. Overall things went very well — having the hall at our convenience really helped each house as was evident in the magnificent performances.

Orchid, after a rather terrifying ordeal concerning the front curtains, went on to win. Their play, "The Man Who Wouldn't Go to Heaven," produced by Barbara Sharp, was obviously enjoyed by both cast and audience alike. Honourable mentions went to Robert Miller, Grant Mathews and Noreen Malone as Tharielle.

Second place went to Wattle and their production of the Eugene O'Neill Drama, "Where the Cross was Made," produced by Lynne Synot. They had a tough time at first due to the excessive noise from the audience, but soon the dramatic nature of the play engrossed the audience and they settled down to enjoy the play. Sue Stubbs won the Best Actress and Best Performance Cups for her terrific portrayal of the captain's daughter and Ian Meyer won an honorable mention for his role of Nat.

Other good performances came from Jeff Dunemann, and Les Fielder as the mad captain.

Third place went to Clematis for "The Bones of My Toe," produced by John Mallon. Audience reaction to this Australian comedy was exceptionally good, and perhaps due to Wally Jeffimenko who also won best actor award for his performance of Tom. Cheryl Eavis as Mrs. Dickie and Ruth Watson as Hilda also gave sterling performances.

Bluegum came fourth for their play "The Faithful Widow of Ephesus" produced by Helen Auldridge.

Everyone enjoyed this sophisticated comedy, but unfortunately they did not interpret the play as the adjudicator would have had it and therefore they forfeited a better position.

Honorable mentions went to Mary Sierakowski as Daphne and Judith Endacott as Hermoine.

Janis Kinne and Kevin Dalton

were also popular as the lively ghosts.

Thus the 1969 Drama Festival was a great success thanks to the hard work of so many — too numerous to mention but still indispensable. All the plays were of a very high standard as many surprised parents and teachers commented on. Not everyone can agree with the the adjudicator — this is never possible, but we did appreciate his advice and judgement.

I hope that the Drama continues for many years to come — not only does it stimulate house spirit, but it also promotes a great friendship between everyone concerned.

John Mallon (VI B)
1969 Drama Committee

PUBLIC SPEAKING AND DEBATING COMMITTEE

President, Erica Thomas; Vice-President, Robert Smith; Secretary, Wally Jeffimenko; House Reps. Colin Kemp, Judith Endacott, Lois Hirst, Mary Sierakowski, Deidra Scally, Grant Mathews, John Duncan, John Mallon, Dennis De George.

This year the Debating Committee added to its name, "and Public Speaking" for the simple reason that at the beginning of the year we ambitiously decided not to limit our talents to inter-house debating alone.

In our first meeting for the year the Committee decided that our aim would be "to promote a forum for students to express themselves. We realize now that we were too ambitious! We encountered many unforeseen difficulties which encompassed house debates alone, throughout the year, hence limiting the extent of our extra activities.

This Committee, however, despite enormous obstacles, lack of support generally, and incurable headaches, did attempt to satisfy those who were not particularly interested in debating but rather in public speaking as a whole. By the time this magazine is issued we will have at least tried, if not been successful, to hold a series of public speaking lessons for anyone interested throughout the school. These lessons are designed to help those who feel they know nothing about speaking in public but would

like help through hints, suggestions and individual attention to the needs of each student.

We will also have arranged two inter-school debates with Warragul High School, to take place on the same day of the sport competitions between the two schools. Several Oxford debates have also taken place, and although these were not as successful as we would have liked, they were of a relatively high standard for the experimental year in such a practice.

The Committee is very grateful for the help accorded by Miss Pratt (Orchid), Mr. Donegan (Bluegum), and Mr. Price (Clematis), for their part in debating, and particularly Mrs. O'Brien of Wattle who helped and encouraged during the many times of frustration and disillusionment certain members of the Committee experienced.

An extensive report is being composed for the Debating Committee of 1970, so that the members, we hope, will not have to be so disorganised as this year's Committee.

Congratulations to the Houses which won the final debates, and good luck to all for next year.

Public Speaking and Debating Committee, 1969.

FILMING AT THE PROM.

Those five days hurried by and only hours before we were due to leave the Prom., Mr. Adams, a wizard (also) with films, decided that the last group should begin their film.

So after "breakfast" we began walking, filming whatever came into view and at the same time trying to follow a script. Budding actors and actresses splurged forth into the world of the film industry and developed their own script which now appears unowned.

It seems apparent when watching the film that many of our 'stars' were caught in the act of . . . But divulging the contents of this particular film is not my mission in life (says Anne).

However, I will disclose the fact that this film may be shown at a later date when all concerned have finished with censorship.

Jenny (IV A)

A LITERATURE EXCURSION

Early in first term, "select members" of the Lit. class went to R.M.I.T. to see a performance of the controversial play, "The One Day of the Year." The trip into the city was rather unique as nothing out of the ordinary happened — that is except for a superb solo from Kevin D. — a perfect overture to the play itself. (By the way most people enjoyed the play and the general opinion was that it was "well done").

However, from the moment we left Storey Hall things began to move, or rather NOT move. Some of our illustrious group weren't particularly worried that we had only seconds to catch our train and, therefore, it seems as if it was pre-planned, we were forced to get a later train. LUCKY US!

As a result of this we found ourselves sharing a carriage with, among other, five almost paralytic young gentlemen.

Shortly after the train departed, thanks to the antics of two certain young ladies when the lights went out, the carriage was soon cleared of all the passengers except for our inebriated friends.

These gentlemen, inevitably fascinated by D.H.S.'s fabulous array of future Miss Worlds, and as well as being under the influence, began to become somewhat of an embarrassment to our lovely ladies, as well as to Chris and Noreen. However, the fair damsels need never have worried as there, in the next compartment, straight out of Camelot, were our own knights in shining armour. The damsels in distress, headed by Mesdames Synot, Auldridge Yates, Malone, Kirkham and Palmer were soon relieved of these would-be gentlemen suitors by our knights, headed by Sir Les of Fielder, Sir Grant of Mathews, Sir Kevin of Dalton, and the one in the corner who admired the plastic cuff links so much. And apart from a few, shall we say, sticky moments, the villains were soon neatly swept up and the ladies swept off their feet.

So as the train pulled into the modern terminal at Dandenong, a

sigh of relief was heard all round, except for Sir Les who was soon off on yet another quest, this time for the famed "tree of a thousand wishes" (HMMMMMMMM!!).

But even after this nerve wracking ordeal we were glad to see that at least things hadn't changed on the V.R. . . .

(Moral? . . . beware of apprentice chefs bearing gifts . . . eh, Helen?)

John Mallon (VI B)

SPORTS COMMITTEE REPORT

At the inaugural meeting in February, under the steady guidance of Mr. Summers, we the Sports Committee prepared a small constitution stating our general aims for 1969. These were basically, to stimulate and strengthen house sport by encouraging a more active participation, and to arrange more inter-school sports fixtures.

The accomplishment of the former aim was given a tremendous boost when sixth-formers were given the option of competing in senior sport. The participation of many sixth-formers added a depth and keenness to house sport, which had been lacking from house sport in previous years.

The success of the latter aim has been the result of a combination of events. Failure seemed inevitable when in term one the only inter-school fixture completed was the traditional match against Warragul. Things looked grim as we approached the end of term 1. Then came the sporting coup of 1969; the giant visit by D.H.S. teams (boys) to Melbourne High School. Despite many impending difficulties the matches finally eventuated and the trip proved a success. It is hoped that this fixture, a new innovation for the school will continue in the same tradition as the Warragul matches. Further excitement arose around the school when it was announced that Dandenong had rejoined the Monash sports division and a full round of winter, inter-school matches were to be played. These matches were the necessary remedy to revive the flagging sport tradition in a great school.

Yes, '69 has seen a general improvement in school sport; both within the school and in inter-school matches. Much of this improvement can be attributed to the great work of Mr. Summers and the illustrious members of the Sports Committee.
Garry Wall (VI)

MUSIC COMMITTEE

The office-bearers in the committee this year are Christine Yates (Chairman), Erica Thomas (Vice-President), and Lynette Olds (Secretary).

The choral competition which was held on August 7th, was a most enjoyable and successful night. The senior choirs each sang a three part spiritual "Climbing Up the Mountain," which was the set song; a unison from musical comedy; and a girls' song of either Scottish or Irish origin. The junior choirs sang a unison and a two-part song.

The adjudicator, Sister Mary Winifriede, awarded first place to Wattle, conducted by Lynette Olds, who were followed closely by Orchid (Bill Surace); Bluegum (Helen Auldridge); and Clematis (Petra Schmidt). It was a very close competition with only three points between the results of the four houses.

In the junior section, Orchid, conducted by Helen Kirkham, were victorious. Following places went to Bluegum (Harriet Vrijken); Wattle (Sue Stubbs); and Clematis (Marylyn Werrett).

In addition to the cups for first place, a cup was presented by Lilian Frankel — a most interested ex-student, to be held each year by the winning senior conductor. Sister Mary Winifriede presented a trophy to be held by the winning junior conductor.

Earlier in the year, a folk club was formed, and meetings were held weekly at lunchtimes. Each meeting was compered by a student or teacher who presented a particular type of folk music, or songs of a particular artist or folk group.

Senior girls formed a small group which sang a hymn at the Anzac Day ceremony. We hope this group will be the basis for a larger school choir in the future.

THE COLLECTED THOUGHTS OF ONE GREAT MAN

An old brown man with long white hair,
You don't know and I don't know
But I wish that I could go,
I wish that I could go up high
Way above the silver sky,
Wherein sits a yellow dog
Hidden by the dark green fog.
Way above the realm of Heaven
Right up to the step of seven.
On the step is where I'd stand
Holding out my long right hand,
Looking down on earth below
Seeing people come and people go.
I have no need of all you people
What I need is my church steeple,
My steeple is my friend you see
And he is also friends with me.
He lives upon a rhubarb cloud
Of which he is so very proud.
And in the crimson realm of Heaven
Which is below the step of seven
There is an old man sitting there
An old brown man with long white hair.
And he is smiling sweetly at
A purple girl in a tartan hat.
A little to my right I see
A very well shaped lily-tree,
Its much in use at funerals
Especially those of generals,
And in a playground over there
Swings a child with golden hair.
I think it's almost dinner time
But food served here is murky slime,
Not even fit for the slimy toad
Who lives beside a pale mauve road.
I shall sit and meditate.
Upon my willow-pattern plate,
And I shall watch the world go by
And they shall live, but I will die.

When I am dead my soul will fly
It'll soar above the silver sky.
Up above the realm of Heaven
And up into the step of seven.
Upon that step I will sit down
And I'll pretend to be a clown,
I'll wear some baggy pants and find
Some way to make the people kind.
I'll turn that little orange boy
Into a heaping pile of joy,
I shall make the trumpets blare
I'll catch rabbits in a snare
I'll make the sun and moon to rise
And I shall make the people wise.
I'll think great thoughts and I shall be
An eternal, unsolved mystery.
But I know that this will never come
No-one else will play my drum,
For I am tied on the Wheel of Life
Bound to Man's eternal strife.
They could have had a warrior bold
A man of wisdom with a heart of gold,
Instead they chose a babbling fool
One who will merely be their tool.
I am the fire, I am the spark,
I am light but they chose dark
They chose to put the fire out,
To bring their own downfall about.
So I shall let them carry on
Let them have their battles won,
I'll leave them to their tiny world
I'll leave them have their flag unfurled,
For I shall soar away up high
Way above the silver sky
Up above the realm of Heaven
And up into the step of seven
I shall live my days at peace
For I have found the Golden Fleece.

Ralph (V)

Overleaf
"CRUCIFIX"
Original Painting by R. Eberlein



ART COMMITTEE REPORT

The Art Exhibition, held from 8th to 12th September, was a great success. It was opened on Monday, 8th by Mr. Harold Farey, head of the Art Department at Caulfield Techn., and during the week many parents and members of the public visited the Exhibition, praising the standard of work on display. The success depended on the work of art teachers and students of Form V and VI who gave up their last week of term holidays.

During the year we have helped in designing house banners, and hall decoration for socials and other school functions. Our committee's activities have been limited mainly because of lack of numbers but we expect many interested Form V members to form the basis of a successful 1970 Art Committee.

Dianne Korlowski (VI)

TRUTH

When Life becomes
A mere word,
And men become
Just pieces of clay,
The Universe will finally be
Rid of its most irritating FLEA.

Dexter Ross (V A)

"HURRAY FOR ADS!"

Contrary to some people's beliefs, advertisements are not all effective brainwashers and nuisances. Perhaps the "if you can't beat 'em, join 'em" attitude could be applied to this topic. Instead of leaving the room for a "cuppa" or such, next time your favourite television show is interrupted, sit back and take notice of the brilliance and ingenuity of the advertisements.

On doing this, you will surely be amused by the man who talks in dog language, and you may even end up "singing along" with the advertisements. I know that everyone in our family does. Even during the day my little brother goes around chanting, "I'm your friendly Herald boy." Does this mean that "Baa, baa, black sheep" and all his friends are outdated?

There are many other catchy tunes such as the "Cambridge Whistle." One little character, "I.C.P.O.-T.A.," is quite a well-known phenomenon in Melbourne, while the "Coon Cheese" advertisement is so well-known that if a photographer asks his customers to say "cheese" when posing, they often say "Coon" instead, just like in the advertisement.

Doubtful as I am as to whether or not the advertisements have any bearing on the sales of their products, if looked on from the right point of view, they are interesting and amusing. Perhaps one day you may even find yourself "Going Well With Shell."

Liza Newton (III C)



DEATH OF A PILOT

The flack is flying all around
The will of freedom drowned by sound
Life or Death?
Flashing, flying, tumbling down
Control gone, towards the ground
Life or Death?
Smoke and fire blurring by
The choice now is live or die
Life or Death?
With a terrific crash the end will come
Makes one more to that countless sum
Life or Death?
Death.

John Watson (III C)

SPACE AND POVERTY

Why spend money on expensive space projects, while more than half of the world is starving?

Recently, the great world powers have been putting rockets into space. Only two or three astronauts can travel in these space ships, and only for a few days. These space ships cost millions of dollars to build and, if any parts are defected or lost, the project must be postponed or abandoned, with loss of millions of dollars to the builders.

The astronauts also run a risk. They might become sick on their journey, and sometimes, in the case of three unlucky astronauts, they may be killed while training. This does not happen often, but it may happen.

While all this money is being spent, millions of people are living — and dying — in poverty. If all the great world powers spent some of the money they used on their space projects, helping all the hungry and poverty-stricken people in the world, the poor would eventually be able to earn their own living, enabling their helpers to continue with their space projects.

Anyway, why have a highly advanced station on another planet while two thirds of the world is hungry.

Jenny Rule (1D)

MORALS CAN BE TRUE

This story is about a hood named Bezerk and some dame named Letsgo.

Well, ya see, it all started when "Big Daddy Bezerk" roared up in his fully customised Harley Chopper bike with the big blue purple heart on the front. Of course, you guessed it, he was, as usual, running from the local fuzz.

He rushed inside the first pad he could find and there, standin' right smack in front of him was a real cool chick called Letsgo. Well it was love at first sight, man you should have seen them, they were doing everything but wrestling. Well there was only one logical thing to do — elope.

It didn't take long for Letsgo to pack a bit of gear — an old pair of jeans, her Sunday denim, a T-shirt and an old Brown Shoe (that was all she had — bar what she had on, and that wasn't much), and they were off leaving a trail of burning reefers.

When they were over the border, where the fuzz couldn't touch them, they hung around all the disco's and got in with a bad crowd.

Big Daddy Bezerk was wise to the bad crowd so they quit everything and got married first chance they got.

Although everything went alright after Letsgo and Big Daddy got hitched, I sure do feel sorry for Letsgo. Boy, what a name, Letsgo Bezerk . . . MORAL — never marry a guy with a dumb surname like Bezerk — especially if you have a pretty dumb Christian name like Letsgo.

S. Mundy (II C)

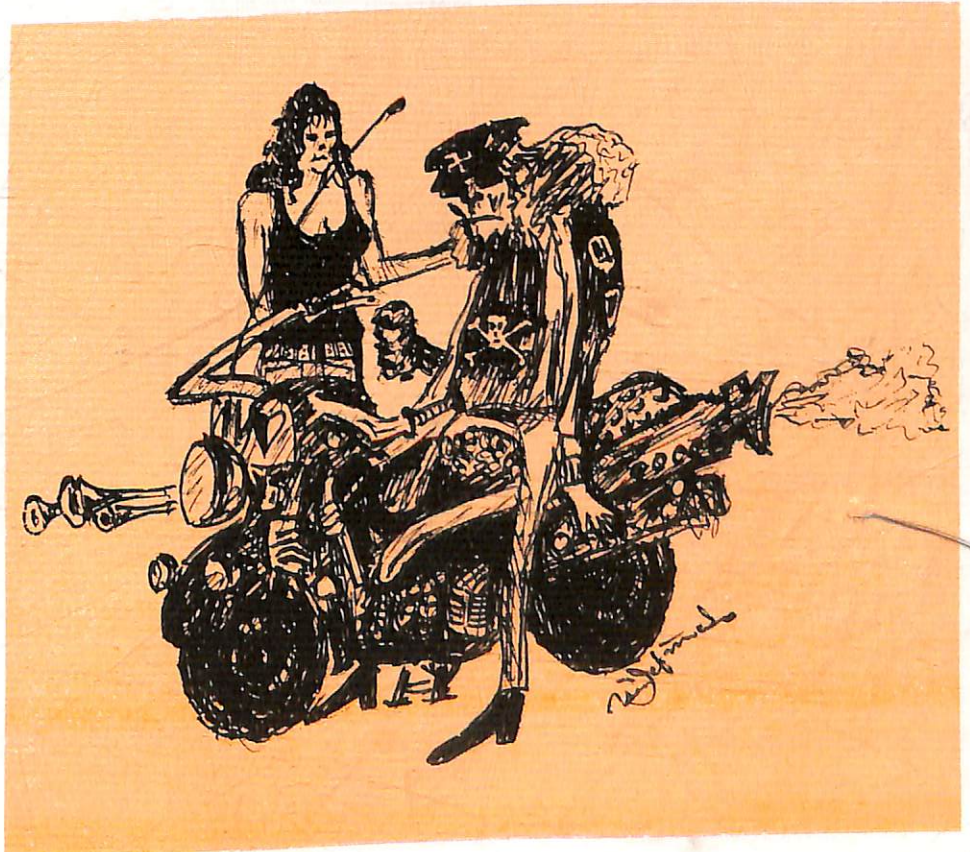


HUMAN NATURE

The immortal gods of yesteryear
Lie encrusted and smothered,
With the dust of many centuries
Of mankind's disbelief.

Man's fickle nature and his inability
To remain static in Life,
Have brought these formerly revered deities
To their deaths of deaths:
OBLIVION.

Dexter Ross (V A)



THE DREADED TEACHER EATER
(Dedicated to our English teacher, Mrs. Lloyd Jones)

The dreaded teacher eater was
A menace in the school, because
He'd quietly enter the Common Room
(Which was as silent as an empty tomb)
And then he'd make a sudden rush
To tramp a teacher into mush.
He'd then begin to devour him
And make the others spirits dim.
For they all knew that all too soon
He'd grow quite hungry and re-enter the room
And in them grew a sense of doom.

But one sad day (for students at least)
This happening happened — but sadly the beast
Chose a terrible teacher named Mrs. L/J.
And ate her in this terrible way.
But not long after, he gave a sway
And on the oval he passed away.

A vet was called to find the cause
of death. And then he had to give a pause
And said, "I'm sorry, but the cause
Is food poisoning."

English Lover (IIC)

NOISES

When ever I lie as still as a mouse,
These are the things I hear in my house,
The creaking of the back door
The thumping of feet on the floor,
Dad singing while showering.
Two little brothers howling,
Smell of burnt toast
And the smell of an appetising roast,
My big sister cackling
And something which is rattling,
My violin squeaking
And mum shrieking.
The transistor at full blast
The noise of the lawn mower cutting the grass,
The scratching of a tree against the house
And my little brother dancing which he thinks is grouse,
The birds around chirping
And dad burping,
These are only some of the things I hear in my house.
"So what do you hear when as still as a mouse."

Leonie McLean (IIC)

THE DEPRESSED POET

I sat myself down and picked up my pen,
But I hadn't a thought so I tried again.
Now this wouldn't do and my mind was still blank,
My head was heavy, and my heart — it sank.

The thing I needed was inspiration
And to copy ideas was a great temptation.
I racked my brain and strained my mind,
So in the end, my name I signed.

Carol Widdows (IVE)

**HAIR OR SUDDENLY EVERYONE'S JUST
ANOTHER BEARD**

As one walks down any corridor in D.H.S. one cannot help noticing the pre-eminence of the hairy face, a trend which, because of its size, needs to be commented on. To grow or not to grow, a beard? That is the question which many male teachers have faced their faces with. Answering it involves a study of the motives of the beard grower. Some would have us believe it is for the sake of warmth, an obvious piece of rationalization. Others, when asked "Why the fungus?" just mumble a few conciliatory sweet nothings into this "natural extension of themselves" (the fungus) and no more is heard.

As no valid reasons come forward from the Hairy Ones, what then are their motives in growing beards: On the part of one or two teachers it looks like a vagrant attempt to prove man's superiority by trying to turn the beard into a status symbol unattainable by "some" women. On others it is sheer vanity as evidenced by the sculptured forms and absurdly clipped and trimmed edges, they sport (Mr. Burden and Mr. Price).

Think then of the position of the men who bravely go forth, bare chinned, into this jungle of hair. There are, of course, those for whom the struggle is too much and when caught in a position from which they cannot escape they succumb. Such was the case of Mr. Adams — one week on Phillip Island under the influence of the bearded Mr. Henry and then Mr. Adams was — just another of the beards.

Mr. Heath's fate was unintentional. He didn't really grow a beard, it was just that the hair from above retreated too far.

One word of praise must be included for one of the true upholders of the beard, Mr. McGill, whose hair growth goes unchallenged by the caprices of clippers and scissors.

There are, an as yet unmentioned group of men, those who bravely jut out their hairless chins, no, we're not talking about Max (G.O). This group is headed by such valiants as Mr. Summers and Mr. Ogilvie. Also Mr. Cocks who is involuntarily supporting the hairless look a little more thoroughly than he originally intended.

A word of advice to those who are considering to switch sides: Mr. Van Pinxteren could look just as distinguished as, if not a little more rakish, than Mr. Muskens, if he grew a similar Van Dyck.

While admiring the painstaking care with which the bearded ones trim their growths one finds it necessary to continue the Australian tradition of pity for the underdog, therefore, "Hail to thee, great hairless ones. You stand alone armed only with a razor and a foggy mirror, risking infection by a nicked chin. Hail to thee and long may you shave."

Noreen Malone (VIB)

**"AND GOD MADE THE LESSER LIGHT TO
RULE THE NIGHT." — Genesis.**

Chapter fifteen, "Introduction to Waves," summarized and well-absorbed. The clock on the desk indicates that the time is shortly before midnight. I pack my books, ready for the daily last-minute run to the station. I shower, and go to bed; not tired — very alert. This is routine, and as I turn off my bedroom light I know what is about to happen this night, as every other night.

The darkness isn't so very dark. Charlie-next-door has left his outdoor light on. Crammed with physics facts, I might consider myself in the penumbra of night. At that I have to giggle — I feel drunk with the satisfaction of knowing things that even my clever mother doesn't.

Sleep isn't due for some time — thank heavens! At least I have time to think, to remember, to visualise those former happy days. I guess Dad is right, I'm ageing quickly, already remembering my past school-days as the funniest and happiest time of my life.

Get out! You sneaking, horrible thought. Out of my mind; even if you do only occupy a small back corner. I don't want to think about you. Leave me alone with my happy thoughts. Out!

There's someone else in my bedroom. He's big and frightening and he's creeping across the floor. I know he's trying to be silent — he thinks I'm asleep — but the floorboards creak, and he must have asthma. I open my eyes wide, but he's still out of sight — behind the door — his progress from the door to my bed is always so very slow.

I don't know what he wants with me. Something usually happens before he is too close. Most times Mum has to get up to visit the loo, and hearing her, he makes a quick get-away.

I'm terrified. My eyes are shut tight because I don't want to see him. Is my electric blanket on too high? I'm perspiring all over, and my fists are clenched. My nails are long and are digging into my palms; it hurts like hell, but at least the pain manages to keep me alert enough to be able to fight off this stranger, should I have to tonight.



A light goes on; I see its reflection on the hall wall. Mum! Saved again . . .

I relax my hands, but I'm still too hot. Adjust the blanket control. I should be able to settle down now. It must be nearing one thirty, so I've only five hours sleeping time ahead.

Dad groans through his half-sleep as Mum gets back into the large bed. Jenny and I used to adore bouncing on that bed — it's so springy. Those were the happy days.

What's that I hear? Another creak. Creaks at regular spaces — or PACES?? He usually flees for good when Mum interrupts him. A little more daring than usual tonight. My fists reclench.

I've got to stay awake to fight him off. Please God! But I'm so tired . . .

It's too late; he's got hold of me. In the split second as he grabs me I have glimpses of horrible, unreal things. Skeletons dance, bodies decay about me, wounds — flesh and blood — crawl with parasites. It seems that way. It's all death, death. And it is scaring me. Why? I don't care if I die tomorrow. It's not my death, but it is death all around me.

Let me go, you horrible dream! How dare you grab me so violently when I'm trying to relax?

Alison Smethurst (VIA)



ominous, black,
confined to greatness in the spheres of man.
Breathless, tense,
expecting perfection but still knowing the fault.
Timeless, ageless,
— words said before in the mirror of mind and thought
heard haunting, dead?
Alive!

Primitive, expressive,
appreciation sown with thousands and reaped by one.
Weary, tired,
pursuing a goal, striving for life, labouring t'ward death
False, cruel,
— words said before, but few are aware,
many know, hate?
love!

John Mallon (VI B)



FABER QUISQUE FORTUNAE

TIM

FRED'S MATRICULATION YEAR

Fred is the average high school student, keen to start the new year, along with many promises and convictions of the work he is going to do and the marks he will obtain in his examinations.

Fred, like many of his fellow students, has found the first five years at high school reasonably easy, the work has not been terribly difficult and he managed to pass all six of his Leaving subjects.

Matriculation, so Fred had been told (by brothers, sisters, mums, dads, aunties, uncles, grandmas and grandpas and many other interfering relations) is hard! There is lots of work, assignments, essays, etc., as well as personal problems which will arise. But Fred, as I have said, is keen and is completely sure he will pass with flying colours at the end of the year.

And so he begins his first week as a sixth former, a student, who in theory, has the same authority as a teacher over all the humble, clinging juniors (?) below him.

"Ah, this is the life," says Fred to his previously mentioned relations, "who said it was hard?" He joins as many committees as he can; swimming (although he almost drowned at Christmas), social (never been to a school dance before), debating (couldn't argue his way out of a paper bag) — you name it, Fred was in it.

After school has been back for two weeks, the swimming sports are held and Fred is there organizing and helping in any way possible (he is house captain, as well, you know). With these out of the way Fred decides he had better do some school work (you know, work on books, maths, etc.). And so he successfully completes one week's work before the Inter-School Sports take place. Of course Fred is once again an organizer and is recognized by the sports mistress and master as a keen, alert, hardworking young boy (too bad for his Matriculation Certificate).

The time of the athletics sports arrives — Fred's house (the purple and green one) is way in front of the others and as he feels it should remain that way he begins trials and spends many hair tearing hours raising "the best team ever." (Fred by the way has now done two weeks work).

Someone tells Fred that the social is due next week, but before this is a Matriculation camp. He is told that it is for the benefit of all Matric. students that he attends. So Fred goes away for the weekend, has fun, comes home tired, dirty and not in the least bit interested in doing any study.

Then the social, "Oh, this will be fun," he says, "All socials are groovy." Fred is chairman of the committee and he organizes a very good social which unfortunately flopped. Of course, he had to put in a lot of work to find a suitable band (which wasn't very suitable) print tickets, sell tickets, decorate the hall, and finally after it is all over clean up the mess which is left. But still he tell his relations, "it was all in a good cause."

Then comes the first term holidays. Fred loads his bag, his back, his bike and every available person with his books. Oh yes, Fred is going to study hard during

the holidays (Fred has failed five out of five exams — consistent at least).

Term two is under way. Fred had beaut holidays. He went out every day and watched television every night. His parents of course are worried but they guess that he knows what he is doing. He has never failed before, therefore the last exams he had must have been very difficult, for their "Darling Frederick" to fail.

The work piles up and Fred is slowly sinking, sinking, sinking. . . He helps with debating, choirs, drama, and every one loves Fred — Except Fred, he is just about to complete his third week of term one's work when term three begins.

One week before the Matriculation exam, Fred panics! And boy does he panic. He locks himself in his room, with his books — doesn't eat, sleep or relax and emerges on that fateful day in November to sit for his first exam. What has happened to our plump, happy, laughing, friendly Fred. In his place is a skinny, pale, sad, aged boy with big black bags under his eyes. That day in January arrives and Fred doesn't look at the paper. His relations do but Fred already knows he has failed.

We Matrics implore, "Don't let what happened to Fred happen to us, help us or else we will end up like Fred, a small, helpless figure lying on the floor with house notes scattered around — blowing in the wind — Please."

Lorraine Gilham (VI C)



He was never late a single tick
From the time he was hired
And so they gave old faithful Dick
A watch when he retired.

* * *

Fighting the war on poverty
Is not a recent quirk,
I've always thought the way to win
Was just to go to work

David Llewelyn (1C)

ODE TO APOLLO 11

O, Almighty beings, if you be here with me,
As surely you must, then be appeased.
I do not mean to tread your holy sanctity
But do it I must, for leaders must be pleased.

Your rocky thrones which tower o'er my head.
Your mighty halls which stretch for miles around.
O, please don't make this place my final bed.
But let me live, to plant my feet on native ground.

Although your roof is strewn with precious jewels.
Although your rugged slopes are palace walls.
I do not wish our craft a stubborn mule
And be forever trapped in lunar malls.

Alan Anderson (II C)

One unsure foot stealthily and silently groped to find
a sure footing on the ladder which led to a surface not
yet touched and harmed by man's constructive and
destructive actions. Several seconds later another foot
could be distinctly seen on the same rung as the other
foot. Both were now trembling with undescrivable
anxiety. There was still one rung separating man from
earth's satellite, the moon. Slowly the seconds dragged
on until after one would have thought that eternity
had passed, that a jubilant and frightened as-
tronaut dangled one foot under the ghostly moondust.
Suddenly another foot followed suit and now precisely
at 1.00 p.m. on that historic morning of the 21st of
July, man had successfully gained a stepping stone
which would now lead him further into the solar
system.

M. Kages.

AFTER THE LAST FAREWELL

After the last farewell
The quietness deepens.
The restless pines, swaying,
Whispering, conveying
Some hidden message to the sky,
Begin to mourn.
Each year, familiar faces disappear,
Who knows what lies ahead for those
Who leave the all-protective,
Ever sheltering branches.
Who cares to know?
Except the whispering, mourning pines.

Joan R. Stephens (VI E)

ODE TO A NATIONAL SERVICEMAN

Freedom's cry, the scream of pain
Is there anything in life to give us hope?
Our opinions do not matter,
The machine guns drown us out
To be sent to Vietnam is our punishment
What, we ask is our sin.

Ian Pritchard (VI)

IT IS THE LITTLE THINGS IN LIFE WHICH ARE IMPORTANT

The train clatters in the same old way. Two Italians
chatter loudly on one side of the carriage, while a man
on the other side reads the morning newspaper as he
does every morning, day in, day out, year in, year out.
A woman knits busily in the corner so absorbed in her
important little thing.

They are all happily contented, like unthinking pup-
pets. If only I was like that, but I am apart from them.
My mind wanders along the used paths of my younger
life, as the people in the carriage drift a million miles
away in the haze. The sound of the knitting needles
clacking fades, I can no longer read the headlines of
the newspaper near me, I do not hear the voices any
more. My thoughts move to my life as I wonder what
was it all about? What did I accomplish? Suddenly it
all seems so worthless, and an uncontrollable tear
wends its way down my weathered cheek.

I thought I was right. All my life I worked myself
up and all for them. I came up to this from nothing.
Everything I did was for them but they do not appre-
ciate it. They never did, not even when they were
small. I worked my fingers to the bone and for what?
They did not love me then or want me. Now I cannot
work and they still don't want any part of me.

Didn't I build myself up from nothing to being
the leader of an industrial empire? I am important
and respected by everyone in the business world. They
couldn't even kiss the feet of some of my friends.

Anyway, I owe them nothing. They owe me their
good lives. I offered them the best of everything —
schooling, social life, clothes, but they couldn't handle
it. The first boy could not even stick university out —
a soft life like that. He said he did not think it was
what he really wanted. He never wanted anything —
a lazy scoundrel right from the start. My other son was
the same — wouldn't come into the business I had
moulded so carefully for him, the whole world laid
at his feet but he chose another way. I taught him a
well-deserved lesson when I kicked him out of the
house. I know I was right. They should have followed
in my footsteps; at least I think I was right.

They did have everything. I was not able to take
the boys to their games or help with their home-work
like other fathers, but other fathers did not build up
a solid future for their children like I did. They didn't
understand me, and they never tried.

Even if I was not at the scholarship ceremony David
should have understood. How could such a little thing
be so important to him? Strange, that was the point
where any remaining bond between us was broken. His
marks fell and he left university to become a drifter —
a failure to follow such a successful father.

But was my life a success? Sometimes I wish I had
taken just that little time from my work. Sometimes
I think I too am at fault. My life's work can be seen
in buildings and bank account — all the things that
count.

Who am I kidding? All that is worthless, when there
is no-one to love, no-one to need you. If little things
are so unimportant, why am I crying?

Chris Yates (VI)

MURDER

Spine tingling screams rang out through the cold June morning. A body lay mangled on the earthen floor, a knife protruding ruggedly from its bloody back. Heavy footsteps could be heard limping awkwardly to the caves beyond. Outside the sea was thundering against the rocky side of the cliff and as the foam turned upward it became a crimson red.

It was a sunny December morning, five months after that disastrous murder. Two children came skipping down towards the beach. The tide was out and the mouths of several caves were now in view. The children set their picnic basket down on the sand and took their beach-coats off, ready to go for a swim, but instead decided to stroll along the waters edge, playing with the waves.

One of them pointed to what looked like a pile of seaweed but as they came nearer an eeriness captured them. Neither seemed to want to go on but each would rather go on than tell the other that he was scared.

It was the youngest who spoke first, "I don't want to look at it, I want to go home," she cried. She began to cry uncontrollably.

"Don't cry," the older one consoled, "If you don't want to go, it doesn't matter, but I'd better go and see what it is. You stay here and look after our things." "O.K.," the younger replied.

Her companion started walking forward. Her thoughts began to run away with her. She was three feet away when she stumbled and fell. She looked at the thing on the sand as she fell. Instantly she was sick, violently sick. She turned and ran, she ran as hard as she could till she reached the youngest.

"Go home!" she yelled, "tell Mum and Dad to come down here and bring the police."

The child sped up the track. It was the longest fifteen minutes in her life for the elder, while she waited for the police and her parents.

At last she heard the police siren and stood silently waiting. She saw her parents coming and tried to run towards them, but, the face of the body came back to her and she fainted.

Nicole Doyle (11B)

THE AGED BOXER

His old, cuffed trousers waving age,
His rugged ways within him rage
The scars upon him state the ways
That things were like in the "good old days"
He sits, then laughs in loud guffaws,
Remembers his fights, and fights galore;
When thirty years back he was profound.
And he'd fight with anyone for a pound.

But then his boxing days did end
With a swift K.O. against Jack Krend
He got out of the ring and walked away like a champ
But he carries still the defeated stamp.

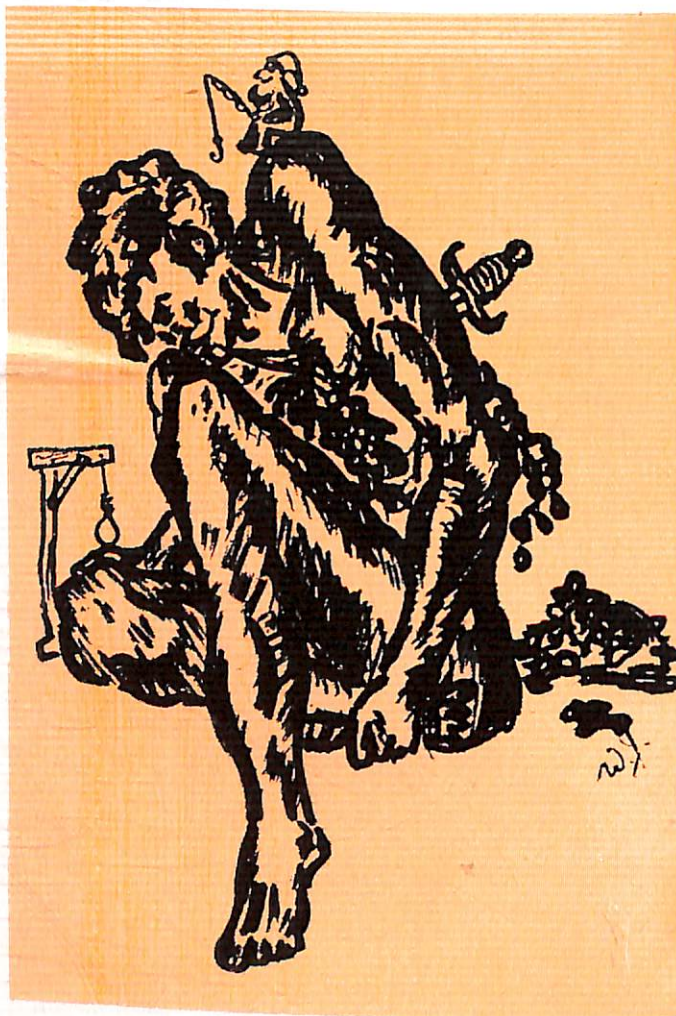
Anonymous (11A)

THE TWO BATTLES

The crack of gunfire and thunderous roar from distant bombs,
The shriek of half-dead men who strive to maintain life,
The hidden work of the Master who prepares their dingy tombs,
Of those who felt the other end of the bloody knife.

On the other side is a battle,
A struggle to survive the hardships, the misery, the want,
The children who have frames like skinning cattle,
Who have no chance out on the battle-front.

Jill Dawson (VIB)

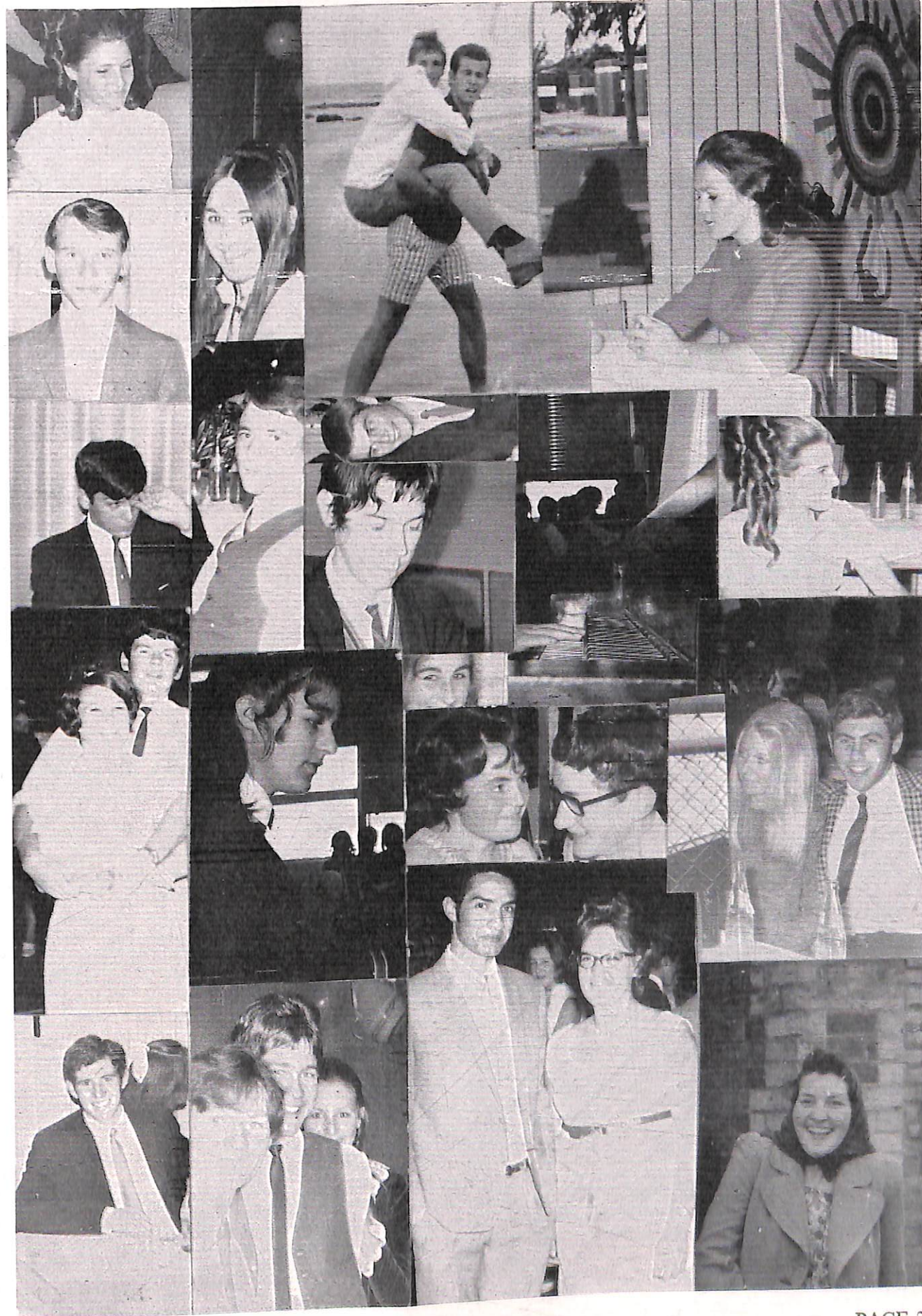


THE SWAGMAN

Green valleys for white flocks of sheep;
red deserts for black crows;
dark billabongs for light of stars . . .
and me for all of those.

Ragged trees for kookaburras;
Ridge-rocks for the close of day with colours;
roads for tramping . . .
me for all of those

Peter Byrne



"SPHERE GE" — IN RECOGNITION OF MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN

Person, do you groove? We groove, it swirls like a mauve. Thing about the time has come, the fuelig . . . it is done, it is I, it is I, I, I, I, I, it is eye. Eye, eye, eye Capgun. He zapt him right . . . right . . . right between the eyes, the ides, the ides of arch. Hey bunguler, bungalo box. Zap tramp - trampstop . . . great, groover, "Y". 67 gallons of polystyrene cement . . . @ 4 & 9c/much. Glue your nostrils up, up, up, up, up, high on airplane cement and bana skins . . . shins I ggroove. . . Ihurt . . . hert. Plastic type sneakers. Beak . . . to you know King. Great. Many thanks also go to my tear fear naer dear groover at thes ame thyme. Max. . . . is tres george. Oh, stop, stop. . . I can't take it any moer. No, no no no no no no, no. no Suzie . . . Suzie . . . Yes, yes, yes, I've always known is it an? It reds. Red, red, my girl, my stones. Pauses, thinks, sphynx, rock, rok, roll, leading naked asbestos and a jelly ink flame through an Hour of agonisinz. Discomfort sphere, ge. Green horizon playing the fool in the 19th position at an E. Normous speed. Washing day at the beach. I lack. Ilaac Nooton. Multicoloured mirrors on his boots, a funny boat drives the track. My head hue.. poileds grove quietly at the Rhode-side. There is pain and 16 hours ghoti. Sphinchthemn. K, Na, Ca, Mg, Al, Zn, Fe, H, Cu, Ag, $\frac{1}{2}$. . . Man I think you're groovy, what do I appreciate till jhyu. Revolting number nine. Autographed picture of King Gnik. Glick. Prestidigitation is the in thing to do at a byppil. Grunch from allied sauces. Clark, the mini skirted pendulum. Adoration of the central light well. (I). Sacrifice to a light well (a). The victim, after. Penelope, a napple, groovin on a Sunday with nuts on top. Rose coloured newspaper. Question; indecision; quandary; ???what? when? Why? Who? Could it be? Pwak. Spratt. Home on the strange. It is a warrant for my arrest . . . my I see it? Yes, sure hal. Do ya do ya do ay ya wanna go down, down, down; what's the matter cant you Ghet off the groun' I got a million. Packed by . . . packed my braggs. Electrochemical serious man, get off of that bus, groove onto the ground. Nahsti . . . Man friendly, man groovy, Preserved by kind emission of his brother, the county jail. The first is a Sunday. Let's hear it for "The bonzo dog do dah band" Clapclapclap applause spontaneous. To average. Man does it hurt head to ask the questions such as they never did before but no theyd. Hatefula the new kind of kinkdomas good as said, but never minded because he had a chewy feeling in his blue prockee pruntee converted convertible chrome plated horizontal limitation differentiator, which, as if it was about to take off, steralized the veeblefetzter instrict accordance with A.I.F. internatio, was seen not saying how wonderful my finger feels on your trigger on a cold and morning, ate thirty seven dozen cases of cowboy's hash (The tea was laced with milk) while sitting all the while upon the highly recommended by the duke of wales at the time, relaxing in a tin bath on the front porch of the house in north ryde he had built by blue biro, who, incidentally used slave labour from the USA at a cost of £6:3:2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d, was seen to destroy the last one by disconnecting the large sized saucepan control, by one of our reporters who was staying in the district for the current kite fattening championships being held at the time just behind the local number twenty nine, every monday night at senev thirty, be there early because the fight will start even earlier than you ever expected, and candidates are advised to allow time for cleaning braxtons BEFORE entering, as the stewards will not permit during race time, and will eject anyone whose ideas differ from those of the competent stewards, because while they were in jail after last week's meeting, a lout came in and advised them that this would be a good thing to do, having been inspired to come and tell them this, he said while sitting from his bed, pickikng his nose which is evidently transcendent in that itca, a quality he inherited so he tells us, from his third cousin's father's uncle's sister's grandmother's brother's aunt's next door neighbour on his father's side by Zelda, her second wife while preparing for the next one, to be built at the saloon across the street from the bank which has a manager who has complained bitterly that it should be builded opposite his bank as it would obscure his view of the municipal rubbish dump, a view he is alleged to have enjoyed from birth, whereupon the fact that he was born in a bank was contested by the postman who delivered him too? However whenever Manuel heard this, he promptly dismantled his because, he said, "they inspire one to do rash things," this being pertinent to the fact that he is also, as everybody knows, and no-one doubts. Of course this did not keep away the flies which were bad at that time of year as usual. Was it noy? A sad thing in our day of modernization, thing how it will have been then? Will we just? Who is their amongrel? And what about the limited dissipation of universalism . . . can we let this go buy noticed? Why don't you go right out now and kiss a masochist here you are my good man, wear it with pride? what you would fright; are you left handed or right? . . . Yes!bo. Oh, no, it couldn't, it wouldn't . . . What would you do if I tuned out of sing-sing? Taurel, andtardy oilless can't you? It ma kkeks snow different if you're rich ore melts. Dunger deal. Yes cheif, and loving it . . . that is sometimes. I'm fixing a hole where the junk gets in and starts my mind a wandering then it will blow When I get bolder, losing my nerve, many clears around . . . groove down man dont deride the hoarses . . . their buck rogers instinct wil make them?Whet's the groove uncle Mac?Granted.A man. Reds rytup.Jak up the bean,stork.Do your thing Fwank.Eye want some too. Here,here . . . halt, who goes thair? Who grooves like we greened?What do you on for a docore pellskeas? Node whiskey. Wet. Child Bev Dean, Sphere ge



NIGHT

Common enough;
Light peeping under curtains drawn:
Shadows moving:
Muffled sounds breaking the silence of night.
But what lies within?
Children feeding.
Babies bathing,
T.V. blaring with
Wide eyes staring . . .
Or is it still?
Rhythmic ticking of a faithful clock,
Or odd dripping of a loose tap
Breaking soundless spells.
Mothers knitting,
Fathers reading,
Children playing a
Quiet game: relaxing . . .
Or is it gay?
With fun and laughter.
Someone's son with someone's daughter.
Music's beat,
Flying feet,
Light hearts meet to
loose or keep.
The shimmer and sheen with shadows shifting.
The talk. The mixing. The socializing
But one by one lights disappear.
Noise stops.
All is still.
Sleeping,
Waiting:
Waiting for the next sundown,
The next night.

Kerry Turnbull (IVB)

Overleaf
"SAMPAN"
Original Painting by J. Kinne

NOBODY'S MISTER

Small Mr. Nobody,
Nobody's little mister.
In you are embodied,
The virtues of our Bourgeoisie.
* * *
Beneath the sickly, ruddy glow
Of a neon sun,
And in those canyons
Of steel and glass,
I see you madly rushing through Life.

Your dreams have been shattered
On so many occasions.
Don't you see it's futile?
For you are an insignificant speck of flotsam:
Rising, sinking, turning, burning;
In the unpredictable stream of Life.

Your life is not your own,
For it belongs to that insatiable Beast,
Which we tenderly call Society.
Don't try to fight it, Mr. Nobody!
For you will be broken and discarded,
Like so many forgotten things
On a rubbish-pile.
* * *

Mr. Nobody doesn't hear my words,
My words he will not heed.
For he no longer remembers how to live:
He has now been conditioned to exist.

Dexter Ross (VA)



THE TRUE HIPPY

The street thronged with people, and yet the Hippie with his girl close beside him stood out among the neatly dressed people, going about their ordered lives.

He stood out because he seemed to represent something that was alone but not lonely amongst the gregarious crowd, something content amongst the discontent and something loving.

He was dressed as a hippie dressed, maybe this set him apart even more, gay clothes, happy and carefree adornments. A gaily coloured headband contained his hair, wooden beads hung around his neck and danced above a gleaming copper buckle. His faded blue denims seemed amiss amongst the business suits and his sandals made a music of their own on the pavement. The girl went barefoot, and she too wore faded blue. Her own headband set off her yellow hair and a striped shirt made the outfit complete.

His other article of clothing was a leather waistcoat, gaily painted with vibrant hues of zig zags amongst the profusion of curving psychedelic pattern work. On the back of this was painted a yellow rose in full blossom. Its stalk was still connected, and on it the thorns stood out starkly, even to the extent of being out of place.

Presently they came to a park bench amongst the autumn finery and the pair took a seat, clutching hands, sitting close together.

"Kyneton," the girl queried, "how come you painted the rose on your back?" She knew the answer but still liked to hear him say it.

"Its serenity, beauty, calmness all contained in one," he replied smoothly and fully.

"But why the thorns?" volleyed back Cheryl.

"But they are the most important part of the rose, for they protect its beauty," said Kyneton.

"How does it protect its beauty?" queried Cheryl. "Simply and adequately," returned Kyneton, "you see a rose has many qualities and beauties which can be beheld in many ways. You can look at it and enjoy its colour, its form and its fullness. You can touch it, feel the texture of the petals and the dew spread thin upon it.

"But of course, its most precious quality is its perfume and this too we can experience by holding it close and enjoying its fragrance."

"Of course, you can hold it quite easily without being hurt, hold it lightly and gently and you can experience its delight. But, if you grasp it firmly, in a clenched fist, it fights back, it hurts, its thorns cut, and lacerate the hands and you feel pain. It is only protecting itself because it is no longer free, you are confining its beauty so that its longer able to be shared. If you clutch it, you clutch it because you wish it to be yours and yours only, not allowing it to attract its own admirers."

"I still don't understand," pleaded Cheryl. "It's like you and me," said Kyneton. "You are an object of beauty, I can look at you and behold your form, I can feel and caress your body and we both receive

pleasure — because of the pleasure we have given the other. We respect and feel concern for each other and so enjoy the ultimate pleasure of each of the other.

"But I can hurt you, not in a physical sense, but in an emotional sense. I can confine your feelings, take away your freedom and suppress your emotions. And so enjoy the ultimate pleasure of each of the other.

"But as the rose made its captor release it, your hurt emotions make me release you, for if I have encroached upon your sanctity and your emotions, my emotions are equally hurt because we have a wonderful ability of feeling sorry for someone we've hurt, or loving someone even more because we have made them happy, and their happiness infuses into us until our happiness again becomes theirs. That is why our love can be so unbounding and endless and so intense."

"I see the light," whispered Cheryl, and the world walked on.

One other adornment was present around the border of the rose, in gaily printed letters was inscribed "Ours is not to question, but to do, with God as my Master."

John Kliska (VI)

THE STRANGE WORLD

Blazing heat on a dusty, mountain road,
And a tired school boy, trudging wearily up the hill,
Carrying books and pens in his over-sized load,
Past the meadow, he catches sight of the mill.

An ancient relic of a hundred long years,
The old mill stands, defiant against age,
The sun beats down on a dozen, dirty ears,
As the children enter their tiny, charcoal cage.

The boy is frightened as he walks through the broken door,
And all is quiet, bar the random hum of a bee,
He cautiously makes for the back desk, unsure,
Locked up in this strange dungeon, unfree.

The teacher approaches with a friendly, amiable smile,
Her cheerful voice, so different from the rest,
She stays, and sits to chat a little while,
And so the boy has passed his hard test.

The day goes on, while the heat increases,
And the mill still stands, old, hot and beaten,
With a silent cry, the paint now releases,
Another day's heat, it forcefully has eaten.

Minutes before the bell, when school dismisses,
And the teacher allows the youngest boy to go,
The others shout and scream with horrid hisses,
It was his first schoolday, and only the teacher can know,
Freed again, the boy stares blankly into a clear blue sky.

In the closing stages of a long horrid day,
He thinks of his brand new world with a heavy sigh,
And starts to walk slowly on his long, truesome way.

Jill Dawson (VI B)

DISCRIMINATION

The sea kissed the shore and the setting sun shone on the mirror-glass surface causing a lighted sensation on the sea. I had been walking for miles on end with no destination in mind. My footprints in the sand were still visible when I turned my head. I had thought over my situation while I was walking, but without coming to any real conclusion. The sound of the endless waves overwhelmed me, so I decided to sit on the rocks and absorb the peaceful environment. I was alone, but contented. I had so much longed to be away from the scrutinizing faces that had forced me into my situation. I was finally free.

I recall back in the old country there was none of this. I had loved every day and night and I could talk freely with my mates and I was happy. But, now I am sad with grief and I . . . Oh dear God, I pity myself. I felt a hot, wet drip flow down my cheekbone and drop noisily into the pool of water under my feet. I got up and started to walk again. The sea crashed on a nearby rock and I felt the spray on my face, cool and refreshing. I almost felt alive.

Why am I resented? Perhaps it is because I am from a different country, maybe my language. "Please God, relieve me from this resentment." I can no longer bear it; it has driven me to lunacy. If only my family were here they could help me. I alone cannot break this barrier. I have often heard their voices talking behind my back in a low and scornful tone and I feel my blood boil with anger and suddenly something inside me speaks to me, "Don't do any thing rash or prepare to accept the consequences." I have never gone against this voice for it is the only thing that keeps me in link with humanity. How can I escape, never to return? If I give myself to the sea the light of life would be out forever for me, but, damn, I have a life to live and I am going to live it to the full and nothing is going to stop me. Oh, if only it were that simple! How can I start a new life without being reminded by them. It is hopeless, my ability, my life, my understanding, have forsaken me and I have to be prepared to accept the circumstances.

The longing for freedom was overpowering me. I looked out to the horizon, so blue and shimmering and looked back towards the way I had come. The choice was mine and mine alone. I started to walk towards the sea, the wet sand squelching under my feet. Again the voice inside me started to speak. This time in a shrill and frantic voice: "Don't do anything rash or prepare to accept the circumstances," but this time I disobeyed my voice. I shut my ears and started to walk further out in the sea. The waves were splashing around me and the sea-weed had wrapped itself around my legs and hands; it was dark and slimy, but it felt good. The water was shoulder high and the voice inside me was fast and shrill. The sun had set fully and I felt my feet being swept up from the sea-bed. Light shone beyond the horizon, gradually its intensity faded. Soon it was dark.

C. Salvo (V E)

THE DAY THE SCHOOL WAS CLOSED

It was a freezing Wednesday morning, as I lay in the warmth of my bed. By eight o'clock I was awake. I got out of bed, got dressed, and had breakfast by 8.40. After I had done my shoes and cleaned my teeth, I got into my boat and rowed over to Gary's house. The wind was blowing, so naturally the road was rough but me being the sturdy sailor man that I am, I gallantly rowed on. It took me a full half hour to get to Gary's house.

Seeing that it was very windy, Gary decided to borrow his dad's 600 horse powered dinghy. We then picked up John and Alan, and while on the way up Anne street, John spotted a maiden in this dress, or was it that dress?

"Hey!" exclaimed John, with a grin, "She ain't wearin' no dress!" Quickly I jumped overboard to save here. I courageously pulled her closer and closer to the boat. John put out his hand to help, but as he saw her face, "Urrr! She's got the worst bloomin' face I ever seen!" Quickly we pushed the old scrag back in.

We then continued on our way to school, but to our delight it was deserted. We looked in all the windows, but found no one. After a two-minute search we went home. Because my house was the nearest, we went to it.

It only took us five minutes to get home, so we moored the boat up the side of the house. My expert eyesight detected that there was an open window. My most intelligent brain thought of the reason for the open window. A murderer had come to burgle our house. Quietly I told Gary, Alan and John of what I planned to do, but, them being the chickens that they are . . . Silently I swing into action, and with one blow of my powerful hand, I rendered him helpless.

I then took him down to the police station where he was found guilty for the killing of Mr. and Mrs. Smith. He was hung in the electric chair until dead. (Later on, he was gassed on the gallows). The authorities awarded me a medal for "Bravery Above and Below the Call of a Citizen."

Russell Oldmeadow (II)

AUTUMN

Leaves are falling
No birds are calling,
The sky is grey and sad,
Mother Nature prepares for the Winter.
And the children come out to play.
The wind slowly rushes through the trees and takes
the beautiful leaves.
No more sun, no more leaves, just the bare trees
bending in the breeze.
All the animals tuck away for the winter to stay.
They are not worried, they feel secure for Mother
Will wake them for sure,
The season passes and the sun warms the earth,
Then a big awaking occurs —
Birds start singing, flowers and leaves are everywhere.
Hooray! The people shout,
It is Springtime again!

Maria Lautenbacher (II)

THE 51st STATE OF U.S.A.

We are being asked to perform the nuclear war dance to the tune of Waltzing Matilda. Australia is really nothing more than an obsequious satellite of the U.S.A.

Is Australia being influenced by America, if so, how, and to what extent? Economically and politically Australia has strong relationships with the U.S.A. The major proportion of foreign investment for the development of Australia is coming from America. Australian armed forces have been allied with American troops in Vietnam where neither the U.S.A. or Australia has a self-interest.

The U.S.A. investment in Australia is based solely upon profit motive. The government in Australia is stable and the interest rates are high, which most assuredly guarantees a high return for their money. The buying of shares in Australian companies and industries gives the Americans ownership and in several cases control of that company. Such an example is General Motors- Holden, established in 1948. The company was initially granted £3 million by the Australian Government, and 51 per cent of the shares were issued to Australians. The remaining 49 per cent were sold in America. Theoretically this should give Australians control of the company. However, Americans bought a further 2 per cent of the shares, so that they now own and are able to control General Motors- Holden. With such a strong American influence in Australian companies, they are in a position to dictate to the Australian Government policies which are complementary to their interests. There is little doubt that this investment is assisting in the development of Australia and consequently proving beneficial.

However beneficial this development is to Australia it would be more beneficial if the development was financed by Australians and the profits retained in Australia. And then the ability of the Americans to determine Australian policies would be reduced and we would retain our national independence.

Since the end of World War II in 1945 Australia has developed its spirit of independence but now however is leaning towards the U.S.A. Australia allied herself with the U.S.A. in the Korean War and also on the controversial Vietnam issue. To follow American policy so unswervingly gives the impression that the Australian Government is cringing to the U.S.A. Now Australia appears to be left out in the cold, as the U.S.A., with a change in government and policy, has decided to withdraw their troops from Vietnam. Previously, Australia had justified her position in Vietnam with a strong case for the assistance of democracy. We are now left with troops in Vietnam and little justification for withdrawing them, as the fight for democracy is still continuing there.

A costly decision on the part of the Australian Government is the purchase of the F-111. An order for the aircraft was placed in 1964 and an estimated price was announced. However, as mechanical difficulties with the fighter-bomber became more frequent, the price increased. Great Britain, who placed an order for the F-111 at the same time as Australia, cancelled it when

the price rose. Australia, nevertheless, stood firm and refused to cancel the order as the cost spiralled. This not only indicates the Australian Government's stupidity but also signifies the influence U.S.A. is wielding over the present Australian Government.

Further evidence of America's dominance over Australia, is the establishment of American nuclear missile bases here. It can be argued that these will serve as defence for Australia; but similarly it can be argued that these might prove an attractive target for any foreign power which might take offence over any relatively small matter.

Australia, although theoretically it gained independence in 1901, was very much associated with Great Britain until World War II. During the war Australia discarded her dependence on Britain and emerged as a really independent nation. Now, however, we are merely surrendering our independence to America and becoming associated with her in a similar manner to the way we were fondled by Britain. Australia at the present time is definitely under a strong American influence, both politically and economically. If the present policies continue the domination will become stronger until we are reduced to nothing more than an obsequious satellite.

Garry Wall (VI)

THE REVIVAL OF HARRY

As he lay there silent and still
And the doctor bowed his head,
So soon his length was being measured . . .
While a slip-shod prayer was said.

Then the mourners went downstairs
And began to jump with joy,
Their hearts were filled with sheer delight
At the death of the mean old boy.

Next his belongings — I counted three,
Were spread out on the floor.
Three belongings to twenty relatives?
Such a pity he didn't leave more.

Then came the great celebration
That marked this eventful day.
And in the midst of rejoicing,
A mourner was heard to say:

"Up in 'is room lies poor 'arry,
Cold as an 'alf-drowned rat.
But now that he's gone forever,
I barz 'is good suede 'at."

The party lasted for hours
And the empties were stacked in a truck.
For Harry to stop inhaling,
Had started a streak of luck.

But then came a terrible shock
Which knocked nearly everyone flat,
For, shivering in his pyjamas,
Was Harry — he'd come back.

Carol Widdows (IVE)



THE SCHOOL ROLL, 1969

FORM 6A

COOKE, Ronald
COWLING, Graeme
DE GEORGE, Dennis
GILLET, Roger
GRIFFITHS, Andrew
KAGIE, Anthony
McKELVEY, William
MURPHY, Francis
PEARCE, Mark
PEEK, Kenneth
SIMMONDS, Ian
SMITH, Robert
STEPHENS, Michael
TSAOUSSI, James
TUNE, David
VAN DAMME, Dennis
VICTOIRE, Jean
CARLESS, Pamela
KORLOWSKI, Dianne
McFARLANE, Beverley
OLDS, Lynnette
POULTER, Lesley
SAVENKOFF, Klava
SHARP, Barbara
SIERAKOWSKI, Mary
SMETHURST, Alison
WATSON, Ruth
WILKINSON, Irene

FORM 6B

ANDERSON, Leslie
BAKER, Ian
BANSCHIKOV, Vasily
CLUTTON, Greg
DUNCAN, John
KINNE, Janis
KOLACZ, Paul
MALLON, John
MANISON, Gary
PRITCHARD, Ian
WYATT, Jonathin
BRIGGS, Pamela
DAWSON, Jill
EAVIS, Cheryl
FURYK, Nadia
GLIDDON, Eril
HIRST, Lois
JACOBS, Simone
JEMMESON, Jennifer
KIRKHAM, Helen
MALONE, Noreen
MEERMAN, Saskia
NUTT, Marion
ROGOWSKI, Irene
SCALLY, Deidra
SCHMIDT, Petra
THOMAS, Erica

FORM 6C

BOUQUET, Henri
CORAM, Ken
DALTON, Kevin
DAVIES, Alan
EBERLEIN, Ralph
FERGUSON, Trevor
FRANCIS, David
HANSSON, Alan
KENYON, Graham
OLDMEADOW, Graeme
OSBORNE, Leigh
RAE, Ian
SURACE, Vincent
TAYLOR, Barry
THORSON, Ian
WALL, Garry
WILSON, John
WINSTANLEY, Clive

WINTER, Murray
WOODS, Richard
MIDGLEY, Graeme
ARCHER, Brian
BIRCH, Virginia
DAWSON, Cynthia
GILHAM, Lorraine
MILLER, Deanne
PALMER, Meryl
TAYLOR, Paula
WILLIAMS, Glenda

FORM 6D

ADAMS, Michael
ASHFORD, Paul
BORMAN, Johannes
BRYAN, Duncan
CHILDS, Raymond
FARRUGIA, Charles
FERGUSON, Paul
HEWSON, William
HOLDER, Lindsay
JEFTMENKO, Walter
KEMP, Colin
KERR, Donald
KING, Phillip
KLISKA, John
KRONK, Phillip
LEYONHJELM, David
McFARLANE, Ronald
McQUEEN, Michael
MEYER, Ian
MONK, Kevin
MURPHY, Shane
SURACE, William
WEBB, Wesley
COSSENS, Shirley
HUISMAN, Diana
JOBING, Wendy
VRIJKEN, Henrica

FORM 6E

BRIGGS, Peter
DALY, Donald
DRODGE, Robin
DUNEMANN, Jeffrey
FIELDER, Leslie
MATHEWS, Grant
AITKEN, Heather
ANSELL, Christine
ARMSTRONG, Cheryl
AULDRIDGE, Helen
BODGER, Cheryl
CONCHIE, Suzanne
ENDACOTT, Judith
FUNGIE, Myra
GILBERT, Judith
HOOPER, Doreen
HUDSON, Margaret
KINGMAN, Julie
MUNDY, Pamela
MURPHY, Glenda
SANNA, Ileana
STEPHENS, Joan
SYNOT, Lynne
TAYLOR, Karen
YATES, Christine

FORM 5A

BYRNE, Lindsay
CHANT, Barry
CLARK, Malcolm
CROCOMBE, Leonard
CROY, Alan
DAVIES, Ron
HANNON, Christopher
HEATHCOTE, John
JONES, Stephen
MATTHEWS, Edwin

McCALLUM, Peter
McMAHON, Peter
MEDWELL, Robert
MORGAN, Terry
MONAHAN, Bill
NOVAKOVIC, Petar
PAGE, Kevin
ROSS, Dexter
SPARKS, Ian
SUNDSTROM, Geoffrey
PAWLYSZYN, Peter
BOWEN, Larry
INGLIS, Beth
O'RYAN, Louise
SALMON, Jenny
SLABICKA, Christine
TAYLOR, Jenine
THOMPSON, Jan
UMBACH, Irmgard
ZAMBERGS, Selga

FORM 5B

CHILDS, Robert
DA ROSE, Rodney
DROSG, Alex
DONAZZAN, Roger
MILLER, Robert
NICHOLAS, Paul
PERRIN, John
SMITH, Ian
ALLOTT, Shirley
CARTER, Brenda
DALLAZANNA, Anna
de JONG, Rita
DUNKLEY, Lynne
GEARING, Elizabeth
HALL, Linda
HAYRES, Toni
HENTHORN, Susan
JENNINGS, Vicki
IDCZAK, Teresa
KLEIN, Jantje
MURDOCH, Lesley
NELOWKIN, Zina
OWERS, Lesley
ROBERTS, Jan
SMITH, Robyn
TONKONOGA, Elizabeth
WRIGHT, Susan

FORM 5C

BORTIGNON, Fiorenzo
BOUQUET, Louis
CAHIR, Peter
CLARK, Gregory
DERKSEN, William
HASTIE, David
KENDALL, Raymond
LIVING, Gary
MASON, Stephen
MELASECCA, Robert
ROBERTS, Noel
VURENS VAN ES, Barry
HYNDMAN, Noel
ANDERSON, Glenda
BAKER, Yvonne
BERGIN, Lynette
BONK, Olga
DALGLEISH, Dianne
DE STEFANO, Rosemary
FOX, Sharon
LAING, Patricia
LEED, Christine
LEEMON, Lynne
PATTERSON, Carolyn
WOODS, Marilyn
STARR, Nigel

FORM 5D

AISBETT, Stuart
BONGERS, John
CAMERON, Jeff
CORK, Michael
DAVIES, John
DALY, Stuart
EDWARDS, Richard
ENGLAISE, Tony
PERKIN, David
POOLE, Henny
PYKE, Stephen
ROBINSON, Russell
RUSSELL, Neil
SHAW, Bruce
VERSCHAEREN, Will
ZLONZAK, Robin
JAYAMAHA, Bryant
BARRETT, Robin
COLE, Margaret
FORKGEN, Carol
JEWELL, Rosemary
KOMBO, Katherine
MARRINER, Elizabeth
ORTON, Jeanette
STUBBS, Suzanne
WELLS, Kathrynne

FORM 5E

ARMEL, John
BARRY, Rae
BARTER, Stephen
BROOKS, Howard
CRAWFORD, Graeme
GEIBL, Rudolf
HOLMAN, Stephen
McARDLE, Shane
MIRONOV, Victor
PRICE, Gary
REEVE, David
SALVO, Charles
SMITHARD, Stephen
STONE, Robert
VAM DAMME, Allan
WILLIAMS, Kenneth
BARNETT, Carolyn
BODEN, Judith
HICKMAN, Rhonda
KELLETT, Wendy
LUXFORD, Maree
McNAMARA, Jeanette
SEALEY, Jennifer
TAYLOR, Kathryn
DON, Alexandra

FORM 4A

BOOTH, William
BROWN, David
CONSTANTINE, Phillip
COSENTINO, Vincent
COVINGTON, Gary
DELL, Darrell
DULFER, Alan
GILLBEE, Steven
GORTER, Paul
JEWELL, John
KONIECZNY, Edward
LLEWELLYN, Phillip
LONG, John
MALLETT, Samuel
RIZAK, Roman
SALVO, Joseph
TAYLOR, Jimmy
AERTS, Sue
AISBETT, Angela
ANDREWS, Trudi
BATES, Sheryl
BODE, Cornelia

BUSHMAN, Innes
 GARLESS, Annette
 CHAPMAN, Kaye
 EBERLEIN, Karen
 FIELD, Susan
 HICKMAN, Patricia
 HIGGINS, Deborah
 KIRKHAM, Lynette
 McQUEEN, Susan
 ORWIN, Heather
 PYKE, Christine
 SARK, Anne
 STADLOBER, Sybil
 TREMAYNE, Angela
 WILLIAMSON, Jennifer
 WERRET, Marilyn

FORM 4B

AERTSEN, Oscar
 ANSTIS, Anthony
 GREATOREX, John
 GRIFFITHS, Robert
 JARVIE, Graeme
 JOLLY, George
 McLEAN, Rodney
 MORRICE, Alistair
 MURRAY, John
 PASCOE, David
 PRIDHAM, Garry
 QUINLIVAN, Peter
 STEVENSON, Ian
 SURACE, George
 WALL, David
 WILKIE, Malcolm
 YOUNG, Kenneth
 CUSACK, Paul
 MANGIAPANE, Peter
 BEECH, Margaret
 BIRD, Lyndelle
 BONK, Mary
 CALUK, Susan
 CHAPPELL, Susan
 CROSBY, Susan
 DAVISON, Jacqueline
 FFRENCH, Mavis
 GARDINER, Sherrie
 GIARRATANA, Carmel
 JOHNSTON, Caroline
 MACKIE, Margaret
 MOREHOUSE, Lynda
 SHARP, Janice
 SILK, Jennifer
 TULLOCH, Julie
 TURNBULL, Kerry
 VRYKEN, Mary
 JAYAMANA, Marian

FORM 4C

BAKER, Colin
 BECKER, Maxwell
 BETTS, Philip
 BRIGGS, Peter
 BUNCLE, Lionel
 CLUTTERBUCK, Ian
 DAVIES, Kevin
 DAVIS, Griffith
 DAWSON, Gregory
 EWIN, Wayne
 FOULSTON, Edward
 FRINDT, John
 FULLER, Christopher
 GEARING, David
 HANISCH, Kenneth
 HENDRIE, Peter
 IOANNIDIS, Kleo
 JAMES, Bruce
 JOBLING, Brian
 KASPER, Fred
 KENDALL, Trevor
 McFARLANE, Stuart
 MISLICKI, John
 NAKON, George
 NICHOLLS, Edward
 SAVENKOFF, Paul

SAVIO, Roy
 STOKES, Richard
 SUTTON, Murray
 TOOGOOD, William
 VURENS VAN ES, Leon
 WATSON, Robert
 WELCH, Phillip

FORM 4D

BRANDI, Tony
 BROADWAY, Victor
 CALLAGHAN, Garry
 COONEY, Peter
 COX, Trevor
 SMITH, Richard
 DONNELLY, Anthony
 FELTER, Joachim
 FORKGEN, Lance
 GALLIE, Robert
 GALLUCCI, Gino
 GORING, Robert
 JONES, Brian
 KOSTER, Alex
 KREUN, Karst
 LESLIE, Neil
 MACREADIE, Ian
 MARTINI, Rainer
 ROBERTS, Geoffrey
 ROSS, Dale
 ROWLANDS, George
 SOUTHORN, Brian
 WADSWORTH, Barrie
 WAILES, William
 WATKINS, John
 WRIGHT, Douglas
 COLLORAFI, Loretta
 DROSG, Regina
 FRESHWATER, Rosemary
 GARNER, Annette
 GUNN, Narion
 McPHEE, Ann
 MURRAY, Janet
 PALMER, Denise
 SANSOM, Lesley
 SCOTT, Rosemary
 TUHAN, Rhonda
 VAN HOUTEN, Annie
 YARDLEY, Janice

FORM 4E

ADAM, Colleen
 ADAMSON, Robynne
 BECKER, Joy
 BOUGHTON, Deborah
 BRACKEN, Cheryl
 CAMERON, Dawn
 CLARKSON, Beverley
 CLUTTON, Lucy
 COXON, Julie
 CURTAIN, Robyn
 COLLINS, Diane
 DICKER, Christine
 EVERLINGE, Johanna
 GLOWCZYSKI, Helen
 HAVERKAMP, Magdalena
 HEATH, Marlene
 HOSKINGS, Catherine
 JEFFREY, Laurel
 JENNINGS, Sharon
 LEAN, Janis
 LOVIE, Rozlyn
 MANN, Margaret
 McLELLAN, Margaret
 McLENNAN, Roslyn
 McGREGOR, Helen
 MOROZOFF, Maria
 NASH, Jennifer
 NOWELL, Mary
 OLINKIEWICZ, Olga
 PETTIGROVE, Betty
 REYNOLDS, Judith
 SHAW, Gillian
 SUTTON, Christine

WATSON, Helen
 WIDDOWS, Carol
 KIRPICHNIKOVA, Natalie
 KOENIG, Marlene
 JANSZ, Rosemary

FORM 3A

ANSELL, Robert
 ARMSTRONG, Wayne
 BIRCH, David
 CHEESEMAN, Noel
 GRIFFIN, Robert
 LANCASHIRE, Gary
 RICHARDSON, Stuart
 SUNDSTROM, Graeme
 TALARICO, George
 BAPTIST, Kaye
 BLANDFORD, Lynn
 BRIDGE, Shirley
 BUCKLE, Elaine
 CAMERON, Robyn
 CLAY, Elizabeth
 CONSTANTINE, Faye
 DAWSON, Lorraine
 DENHAM, Margaret
 DIERICKX, Jill
 DUNKLEY, Gayle
 EDWARDS, Christine
 GODFREY, Leonie
 HAMILTON, Jeanette
 JARVIS, Marion
 JOBLING, Louise
 KUNST, Astrid
 KUYL, Yvonne
 MASON, Pamela
 MISSEN, Pamela
 NEKRASOVA, Leonilla
 SAUNDERS, Christine
 TREMAYNE, Gisella
 TRIMNELL, Heather
 WILD, Rita
 HEROLD, Sylvia

FORM 3B

BYRNE, Paul
 DOW, Christopher
 DULFER, John
 FRANCIS, Andrew
 FURYK, Ivan
 GILBERT, Jeffrey
 HAY, Robert
 HOLT, Rodney
 NICOLL, Peter
 SEREDA, Victor
 TAYLOR, Bradley
 McKASKALL, Peter
 ALLAN, Moira
 BARNETT, Suzanne
 CALLEWAERT, Henny
 CORAM, Julie
 GARNETT, Lorraine
 GOODING, Suzanne
 GREEN, Maree
 HAMILTON, Jennifer
 HAWKESWORTH, Karen
 HAYRES, Anne
 HUTTON, Janece
 JAMES, Anita
 JOLLY, Rhonda
 MADDOCKS, Wendy
 PERRIN, Susan
 PERRY, Davina
 SAUNDERS, Rosalie
 SEAMONS, Jennifer
 TAYLOR, Margaret
 TAYLOR, Marjorie
 TITCHER, Joanne
 TULLOCH, Barbara
 VAN DER WOLDE, Wilma
 VLUG, Doris
 WILLIAMS, Elizabeth

FORM 3C

ANDERSON, Allan
 BALLAS, Peter

BROWN, Peter
 DAVIES, Peter
 DE SANTIS, Morris
 EDWARDS, Peter
 FARMER, Stephen
 GARINER, Roderick
 HUGHES, Derek
 JOYNER, Paul
 KELLY, Christopher
 KLOESTER, Robert
 LLEWELYN, Peter
 MALE, Donald
 MAXWELL, Douglas
 MEERMAN, Jacob
 NASH, Stephen
 ROBERTSON, Stephen
 SARAFIS, John
 SCHMIDT, Andrew
 SMITH, Donald
 THRELFALL, Alan
 THRELFALL, Garry
 WAIN, John
 WATSON, John
 WHITE, Brian
 WILSON, Colin
 WINTERS, Danny
 WOODWARD, Trevor
 YOUNG, Lance
 BIRKETT, Debra
 DALGLEISH, Robyn
 KELLY, Lynne
 MELBOURNE, Julie
 NEWTON, Lisa
 PEARCE, Kathleen

FORM 3D

ARNOLD, Greg
 BALMER, Guy
 BELL, Andrew
 BISHOP, John
 CARLSON, Raymond
 CLARK, Roger
 CRAWFORD, Bill
 GAY, Tony
 GILCHRIST, Stewart
 MALLON, Geoffrey
 ORTON, Ian
 PATTERSON, Mark
 SARAIKIN, Nicky
 SYNOT, John
 TURNER, Michael
 VAN RAVELS, Chris.
 WARD, Trevor
 WILKIE, David
 WRIGHT, Leigh
 WRIGHT, Peter
 ZOMBOR, Bela
 TURNER, Barry
 COTRONEO, Anthony
 CALLAGHAN, Carole
 DALLAZANNA, Nella
 DE GEORGE, Nina
 FREAKIE, Michelle
 FURS, Kathy
 GOLDING, Allison
 HAMILTON, Julie
 LEGG, Kitreena
 MARSHALL, Susan
 MILLER, Geraldine
 MILNES, Debra
 NEEVES, Mary

FORM 3E

ABBERTON, David
 BASALDELLA, Mariano
 BODEN, Graeme
 BUNCLE, Rex
 CAMERON, Greg.
 CHUPRINOFF, Vasile
 CHIMONI, Tony
 CUNNINGHAM, Alan
 DAVEY, Andrew
 ELLIS, Peter
 HINES, John

HOSTNICK, Roy
McGRATH, David
MANCUSO, Ezio
NOY, Gregory
PALMER, Robert
ROGERS, Barry
SHAW, Gary
CHILLINSKI, Michael
BIRD, Leigh
BUNNETT, Rosemary
DUDAR, Maryanne
JAMES, Sharon
OLSZEWSKI, Dianne
POOLE, Maria
PYKE, Susan
RADFORD, Debra
RICHARDSON, Wendy
SZALECKI, Helen
WINBERG, Lynette
McGRATH, Judy
CALLEWAERT, Hennie

FORM 2A

ADAM, Martin
ALKEMARDE, Derek
ALLOT, Tritan
ARNOLD, Phillip
BADAGOFF, Paul
BARRETT, Milton
BARTLETT, William
BLACK, David
BONK, John
BORSHMAN, Terence
BRADBURY, David
BROWN, Stephen
BRYAN, Peter
BYRNE, Peter
CASSIMATY, George
CHUTER, Barry
FLETCHER, Gregory
ADAMSON, Jennifer
AIDONE, Nella
AITKEN, Heather
ARMENOPOULOS, Mary
BAKSHEEV, Zoia
BANSCHIKOFF, Vara
BAPTIST, Roslyn
BOCE, Biruta
BOWEN, Lesley
BOYD, Karlene
BURCHARDT, Eva
CABINIUK, Christine
CAMPIGOTTO, Nerella
CARTER, Fiona
CLARKE, Jenny
CLEMENTSON, Lesley
HEROLD, Dirk

FORM 2B

BAKER, Brian
CROWLEY, Andrew
DALGLEISH, Alexander
DAVID, Jeffrey
DE BOER, Ronald
DERKSEN, Hubert
DESATOFF, Michael
DROSG, Heinz
DUNEMANN, Shane
FLANNAGAN, David
FLETCHER, David
GARGANO, Pasquale
GEIBL, Herman
GALOTTA, Frank
GREAVES, Mark
HATSWELL, David
HUMPHREYS, Wayne
WYNBERGEN, Lambert
DE SANTIS, Lema
DIETMAN, Jutta
DOYLE, Nicole
DYKES, Alana
EDWARDS, Susan
ELKIN, Nina

FAWCETT, Anette
FOSTER, Suzanne
FROST, Lynette
GARRETT, Mandy
GERMAN, Lesley
GOULD, Gillian
GRIGG, Vicki
HAMILTON, Shirley
HARGREAVES, Marlene

FORM 2C

KORLOWSKI, Kenneth
KRISTALYN, John
McGRATH, Peter
MALISHEV, Alex.
MILLARD, Wayne
MITCHELL, Robert
MORRIS, David
MOWATT, Gordon
MUNDY, Stephen
NICHOLSON, Colin
NOBLE, Gary
OLDMEADOW, Russell
OLDS, Roger
PALMER, David
TARANOV, Alex.
BARATH, Tom
JENKINS, Fiona
JONCOUR, Vicki
JUDD, Deborah
KASPER, Monica
KITRINIDOV, Litsa
LAWRENCE, Judith
LOVIE, Sandra
McGUINNESS, Debra
McLean, Leonie
McPherson, Judith
McVEAN, Catherine
MANN, Carol
MOORES, Deborah
MORLEY, Lynne
NEWSOME, Karen
O'CONNELL, Kerry
PROLONGEAU, Maria
LAUTENBACHER, Maria

FORM 2D

CARVIGNESE, Mario
KIPPING, Wayne
PRICE, Trevor
PYKE, Bruce
RICE, Alan
RUSSELL, IaL
SCHONEWILLE, Geoffrey
SHEEHAN, Gary
SMALLWOOD, Rodney
STEVENS, Robert
SUTTON, Rodney
SWAAN, Nicholas
TRIANTAFYLLOU, Evangelos
TYLER, Christopher
UMBERS, Richard
VANDERWERT, Jerome
WEARNE, Ross
EDE, David
SARACHMAN, Natalie
SAUNDERS, Sharon
SCHIERS, Catharina
SCHMIDT, Elizabeth
SCHMUTTER, Patricia
SMALUCH, Brigitte
STRUG, Anna
THOMPSON, Cosette
THORSEN, Janette
TITCHER, Susan
TURENKO, Anna
VAN DAMME, Elizabeth
VAN DYK, Josephona
VRIEND, Jannetyte
WAGSTAFF, Elizabeth
HOWIE, Ruth
ALDERSEA, Marion

FORM 2E

COLE, Rodney
COLENSO, Robert
COLLORAFI, Peter
COULSON, Jan
COX, John
DAM, Richard
IOVANOVIC, Micky
KENNAUGH, Gary
KINGMAN, Virnon
PIETERSE, Michael
PLANTZOS, Manual
RIZAK, Bohdan
SLYWA, Marko
WHITMORE, Craig
WILKIE, Alister
WRIGHT, Nigel
YATES, David
COOPER, Robyn
CROSBY, Julie
DAVISON, Lesley
DAWSON, Gail
DONNELLY, Vivienne
GOUDBERG, Nicole
HENDERSON, Thirt
HENTHORN, Dianne
HERRA, Sandra
JEFIMENKO, Valerie
O'ROURKE, Desima
ORWIN, Ruth
RIDDELL, Rosemary
WEMYSS, Karenne
WILKIE, Heather
ZOMBOR, Margarit
ZWOLAK, Violet

FORM 1A

BAIRD, William
BAKER, Paul
BAKER, Richard
BAKSHEEV, Michael
BAYLIS, Gregory
BLACK, Brian
BONNE, Edgar
BRAUNSCHWEIG, Jess
BURY, Robert
BYRNE, Stephen
CALLAGHAN, Glen
CAMERON, Warren
CAMPBELL, Peter
CARTER, Kim
CENDRILLON, Jacques
CHADWICK, Christopher
CHANDLER, John
CHASEMORE, Daryl
CLAY, Trevor
TRIGG, Robert
AIDONE, Giovanna
AIDONE, Nella
ANSTIS, Valerie
ARNOTT, Raelene
ATKIN, Kaye
BAKSHEEV, Pamela
BEAN, Kim
BEECH, Janet
BIRKETT, Ann
BRIGGS, Jennifer
BROWN, Leanne
CAKETT, Lindsey
CHAMBERS, Trudi
COVINGTON, Janine
CROSBY, Michelle
DAVIDSON, Susan
DERBYSHIRE, Jane
ANDERSON, Julie

FORM 1B

COONEY, Alan
COOPER, Stephen
CRAWFORD, Shane
DARLINGTON, Garry
DE LACY, Kevin
DEMPSTER, Gregory
DERKSEN, Robert

DOODY, Christopher
DOVEY, Gregory
EDEN, Wayne
ELLIS, Bruce
FARRELL, Danny
FAZIO, Gregory
FORD, Wayne
GARRETT, Mark
GODFREY, Peter
GREEN, Russell
HAMILTON, Bruce
MALISHEV, Andrew
WYNBERGEN, Hans
EVANS, Janine
GAY, Jennifer
GEARING, Wendy
GEIBL, Cornelia
GEORGE, Valerie
GIANGINIS, Kathryn
GILBERT, Colleen
GORSKI, Janina
GOUDBERG, Janine
GORTER, Yvonne
GUTHRIE, Carol
HAMILTON, Susan
HAMILTON, Terese
HARGREAVES, Diane
HENDERSON, Margaret
HINTON, Elizabeth
TAYLOR, Helen
GRIFFIN, Jacqueline

FORM 1C

HIGGINS, Stuart
HOWARD, Kevin
JOBING, Thomas
KIRPICHNIKOV, Ivan
KIRPICHNIKOV, Johnny
KOLACZ, Peter
LIKKE, Randall
LLEWELYN, David
McGUINNESS, Dean
McKASKILL, Bruce
McLACHLAN, John
McMAHON, Arthur
MATHEWS, Kenneth
MEAKIN, David
MITCHELL, Stephen
MONAHAN, Peter
MONTEATH, Stuart
TOSSEJEAN, Noel
HEROLD, Derek
BEAMES, William
HURLE, Janice
HYNDMAN, Victoria
IOANNIDIS, Maria
JEWITT, Yvonne
JUDD, Margot
KEESMAN, Janette
KELLY, Cynthia
KOZUSZEK, Mary
KUYT, Cornelia
LANCASHIRE, Janine
LENNOX, Deborah
LEYONHJELM, Kerryn
McCALLUM, Margaret
MACKENZIE, Shirley
McMURRAY, Carol
MASON, Beverley
MASSIGNANI, Diana
STANLEY, Alana
FINN, Elizabeth

FORM 1D

HYNDMAN, Richard
MOORES, Peter
MURPHY, Andrew
MURRAY, Philip
NEWALL, Kenneth
NEWTON, David
O'CONNELL, David
PETTIGROVE, Wayne
PHILLIPS, Peter
PAGLIA, Guy

PYNT, Neil
 RAYNER, Daryl
 RICHARDSON, Alexander
 RICHARDSON, Geoffrey
 RISELEY, Stephen
 ROGERS, Myron
 SANDFORD, Neal
 SARACHMAN, Bohdan
 SHIELLS, Robert
 CAFE, Sharon
 DE MOOR, Rita
 MILNER, Lorraine
 MITCHELL, Julie
 MONSHOUWER, Francyna
 MOREHOUSE, Jillian
 MOROZOFF, Tasia
 MURDOCH, Sharan
 NUUTINEN, Pirjo

OVCHINNIKOV, Lisa
 OXENHAM, Any
 PANAYI, Evangalia
 PERRIN, Jennifer
 PRESTON, Michele
 RAML, Helga
 RAMSAY, Linda
 RULE, Jennifer
 SARAIKINA, Maria
 FORM 1E
 DONNELLY, Alistar
 PAVLIC, Josip
 SHILL, Richard
 SMITH, Gary
 SMITH, Gregory

SOTVIAKIS, Sam
 SPANINKS, Grant
 STUBBS, John
 TETTIS, Harry
 THRELFALL, Rodney
 TREMAYNE, Erwin
 TRIANTAFYLLOU, Micky
 VAN ZON, John
 VUKADINOVIC, Vojo
 WAGSTAFF, Jeffrey
 WATTS, Malcolm
 WEMYSS, Trevor
 WIDDOWS, Terry
 WINTERBURN, Stephen
 BERRY, Douglas

ANDERSON, Julie
 MITCHELL, Cathie
 SAUNDERS, Karen
 SCOTT, Pamela
 SECOMB, Denise
 SIENKIEWICZ, Sandra
 SMITH, Karen
 SMITH, Lesley
 STEUNENBERG, Jennifer
 TAYLOR, Robyn
 TURENKO, Natalie
 VAN DER WOLDE, Esther
 VRIJKEN, Frances
 WALL, Robyn
 WILLIAMSON, Ann
 ZWIERS, Judy
 ZWOLAK, Marianna
 HOLT, Linda
 STEEN, Joan



We shall always remember "Jubilee" Year as the year they cut down our trees.



“ . . . And they saw everything that they had made, and, behold, it was good, and on the last page they ended their work which they had made and they rested.”—

Apologies to Genesis ch. 2.



Hele Tenapye.



Chris Dike
behave yourself
Lynnette

W. R. R. R.

Angela Ausbitt

To Chris
house of
Corn

Ram Rya

David Brown

Jude Andrews,

p-Constant

For Long

To Christine
from Karen
Chakin

Pat

Coaching

Handwritten signature: *Arman*

G. Salvo



Give Herd

To
Jury
from
B. Smith

20/11/20

Love Family

Deborah Higgin