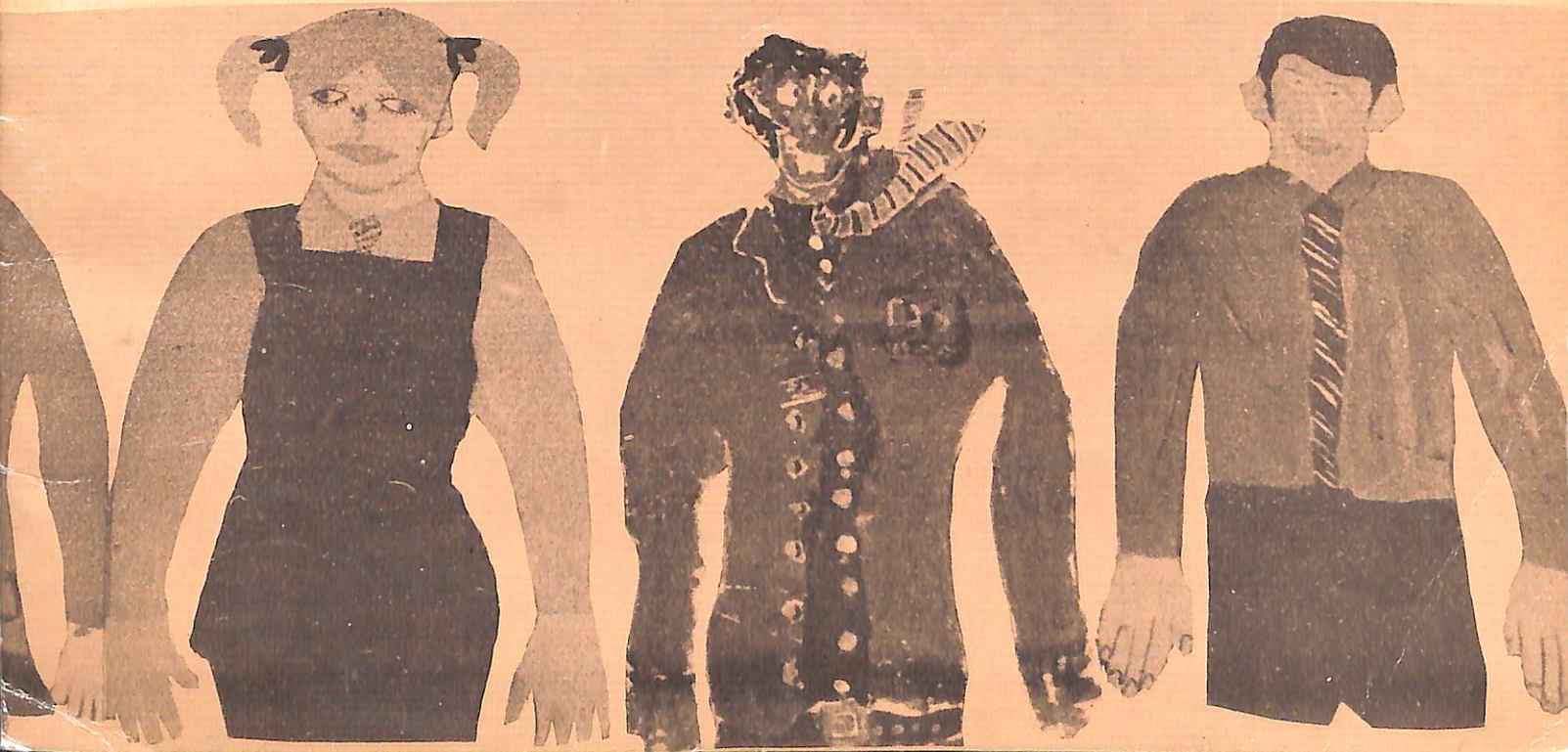


1970



HAPPENING '70 AT D.H.S.

FEBRUARY :

Some time at the beginning? New faces, old faces, fat faces, thin faces — no faces?

MARCH :

First major crisis — inter-house swimming. Glorious day! Orchid won! Some fabulous new (and old) swimmers emerged . . . and what a sight! "Swan-Lake" Leenstra doing her spectacular "bomb-shells"! The "Ides" of March find the Matrics led by "Big Julie" Heath, attending the seminar — and cheeky Private Barnes displaying his washing-up skills acquired in Vietnam.

APRIL :

School swimming sports, and all our little seals acquitted themselves well. Most notable were: Stu Daly, John Murray, Leonie Richardson, John Creatorex, Wayne Nicholls, Sue Dykes and Julie Barfoot.

The 22nd, and the first of many attempts to hold the aths sports. Orchid lead — but the best is still to come.

MAY :

And those travelling troupers from D.H.S. take off for Canberra, while for the rest it's holidays, holidays, and more holidays! (Can't wait till second term!)

Term reports are issued and returned. (Notice the matrics using the library more?)

JUNE :

The form one and two culture vultures go for their annual orchestral concert.

JULY :

A crowded month! First of all — the Drama! Orchid won again (is there no end?) Then Choirs — but those sweet, senior choristers of Bluegum, with their angelic rendition of "Little David" took the adjudicator's fancy, and they snatched victory from out of Wattle's grasp. To make matters worse, they took the double, with their winning Junior Choir. But Wattle fought back, and managed to take off the Senior and Intermediate Debates.

AUGUST :

The Senior Social (always a success?), and end of Term Two. Holidays again, and this time a trip to Queensland for some of those other D.H.S. trippers.

SEPTEMBER :

And everyone starts the last slog home! It's not long now!

NOVEMBER :

The matrics leave. Exams hit. "Many a tear has to fall — but it's all in the game."

DECEMBER :

Finish! Leave! HOLIDAYS! Christmas! See ya next year!



NOTICE

The Principal has noticed that teachers have been found dying on the job, and either refusing, or neglecting to fall over. This practice will cease forthwith, and teachers found dead in an upright position will immediately be removed from the payroll. In the future, if a student notices that a teacher has made no movement for a period of one hour, it will be his duty to investigate the cause, as it is almost impossible to distinguish between death, and natural movement of some teachers. Students are asked to make a very careful investigation by holding a pay packet in front of a suspected corpse, this being considered the most reliable test.

There are, however, cases where natural instinct has been too deeply ingrained, and the hand of the corpse will make spasmodic clutches for the pay packet even after rigor mortis has set in. The most successful test in this case is to whisper "Saturday work for school," as this has been known to restore animation to a body which has been motionless all week.

The above mentioned tests should not apply to the Principal, Head Master or Head Mistress, as in their case, movement of any kind is unnecessary.

Anonymous, Form 4

IMMORTALITY

Wretched man,
Unravel your mind.
You seek immortality,
But your ignorance
Darkens the truth.
Stubborn man,
You have eternally
Searched for a Holy Grail —
Disguised as immortality.
Wretched man,
You live but a paradox,
Your brutality aids
Not your search.
Peace,
For you seek
Peace,
While venging
War,
Despicable Man,
You grovel to God;
But those hands
With which you implore
Are still detestably
Discoloured from
Your neighbour's life blood.
Wretched man,
Educate thyself.
Seek not understanding
Through another's life
Seek not the key to
Immortality,
For thine end as yet
Destined.
And thine destined end is —
Death

Stephen Mason, 6B

THE TRIP

She is on a trip
A trip into the unrealistic world
A world where nothing is real
A world of nothing
That world of nothing
Is a place of haunting shapes.
Shapes that move slowly,
Shapes that are colourless,
Shapes and lumps that
Quiver and shake,
Shapes and lumps that are
Horrible and ghastly like ghosts
It is a world where nothing lives.
Even she doesn't live there,
She just visits it.
Every day, every hour.
The trip is not enjoyable any more.
It used to be.
It used to be fun.
That was when the world
Was always happy, never sad
Everyone was merry and gay.
Now they are queer and sad.
She thinks she's the only one,
Who still has fun.
But she isn't enjoying her trip.
The trip is a nightmare
A terrible, horrible one
Into nowhere.
It haunts her, she screams
And runs from
That journey she has to take.
She can't help herself any more.
She's far too much under
The influence of drugs!

E. Van Damme, 3B

ON EDUCATIONALISTS

In order to study the unique being that flatters itself by the use of the name "Dumkidius tri-teachus" or alternatively "Braticus bashupicus" we must make careful examination of certain particular specimens.

The male of the species is at times quite aggressive but it is noticed that on the whole those specimens that display a fungal attachment to the lower region of the cranium particularly surrounding the facial orifice are indeed the more placid. The species known as "Mathematicus Gunstonian" exhibits a glorious profusion of vivid red fungi and is by far the most entertaining. He has been known to enter on quite lengthy orations, for no apparent reason, on the probability of Warragul winning the footy, given that four Dandenong men have malignant hang-nails, and the likelihood of turning up four aces from a deck of jokers if the player is left handed. This particular specimen was originally located in Warragul but seems to have suffered no ill effects and, indeed, flourished, in the transplant to the big smoke.

A further specimen of note is of the name "Henricus biologica" who, when not in verbal conflict with the afore mentioned "Gunstonian" peddles strange and unintelligible writings in the form of student manuals to unassuming, innocent matriculants at a buck twenty-five a piece. This species is to be noted for his admiration of the female or vice-versa, and never fails to accumulate quite a youthful collection; a strange phenomenon thought to be as a result of ginger streaks in this fungal growth around the facial aperture.

The most dangerous specimen is paradoxically the smallest. It is known commonly as "Headmastia abovallia," and has been known when provoked to spit fire on all aggressors, leaving nothing but smouldering cinders. When aroused his spirit is frightening but when left to his own devices, free from all unnatural disturbances, is as amiable as befits his stature. He is an interesting specimen and despite his physical brevity appears, by some incomprehensible method, to be able to lead other specimens in

the irregular wanderings of daily existence. This specimen is quite rare and is difficult to study because of his isolated environment.

As is common in many species the female of the "Dumkidius tri-teachus" is more venomous than the male. However it is frequently underestimated, with frightening results. Both "Historiana creed" and "Historiana andersonia" are capable of making the casual observer feel his ignorance. The versatility of the former is quite remarkable. It has been observed that without the slightest flinching or nervous hesitation she can change from extolling the delights of the black plague to the wonders of Christian Humanism without leaving the vaguest impression on her observers. This is often thought to be the result of an apparent magnetic attraction emanating from knee high boot buckles capturing the male gaze and diverting all thought.

Of course, the species known as "Dontalktomuch inalibrary" is a most fascinating specimen. Her pained, futile cries of "You're wasting your time," reverberate through hollow minds and fail to have any effect on the raucous multitudes. She has been noted to have produced a parasitic offspring almost devoid of sensibility and completely lacking in initiative. Obviously a freak, this offspring should have been drowned at birth, as it would have alleviated much unnecessary wear and tear on society.

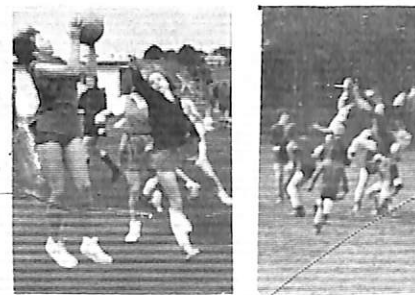
The Anglo-literary "Triggasaurus predominatus" presents for us a mother image which by close observation of immediate relatives proves to be hereditary.

In the final analysis one finds that the species can be summarised thus:

Predominantly parasitic but occasionally beneficial;
 Industrious but misguided;
 Occasionally lecherous but mostly innocent;
 Predominantly devoted but deliberately pessimistic;
 Quite often intelligent but obviously sadistic.

Very definitely anonymous.

LOVE is being late home so as to take a detention class



WARRAGUL VISIT 1970

During the first term of this year, D.H.S. was again besieged by Warragul High School.

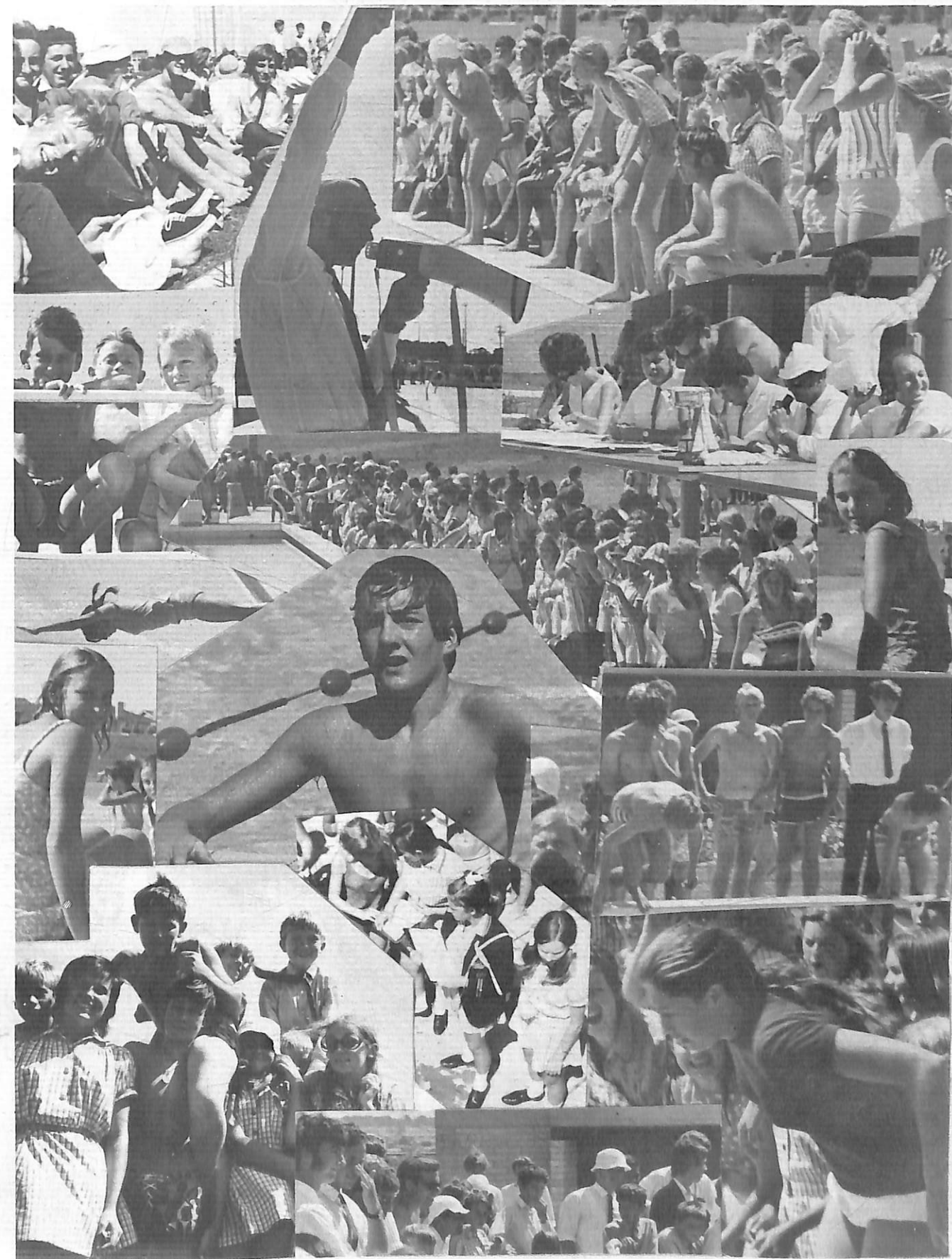
This traditional event was rather special because of the high-spirited performance of the competitors and the excitement of the spectators.

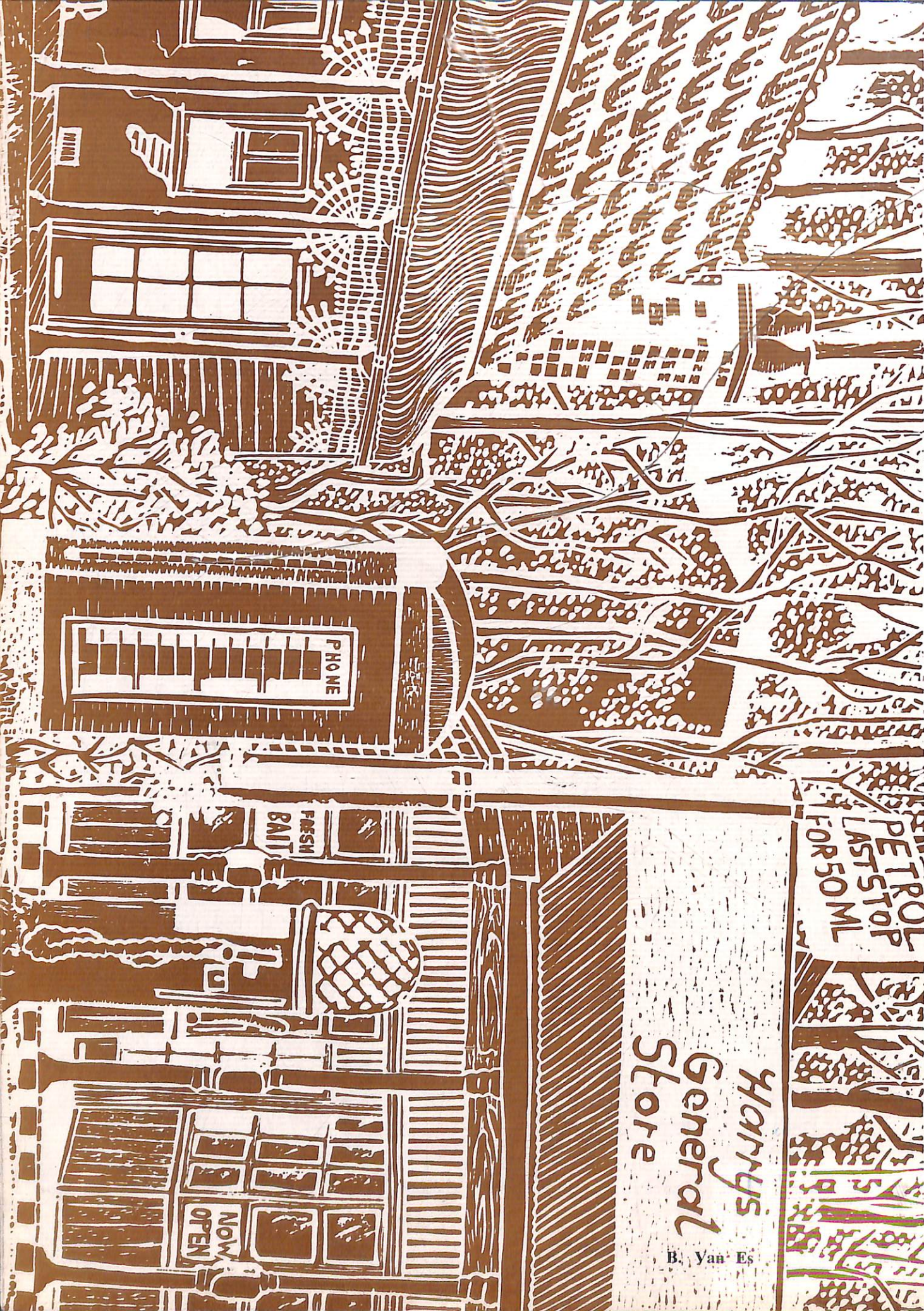
The Senior Cricket match created hysteria, since we won by one run! "Horrie" and "Bas" require a special mention, for they spearheaded our fight-back and eventual win.

The girls' cricket was a draw-card match, in which Jenny Smith caused havoc and demoralised our Warragul sisters by taking several glorious wickets.

All the sporting teams performed remarkably well, and deserve praise for making the day a great success.

Summing up then, D.H.S. had a landslide win, and the whole school enjoyed the welcome break from normal routine.





house Notes

BLUEGUM HOUSE NOTES

After a very democratic election Ian (Baker) and I became House Captains and together with Jan (Klein) and Graham (Crawford), we set off — aiming to win everything that came our way

But, unfortunately, our winning streak seemed to run out after we were beaten by the other houses in the swimming sports . . . not to be disillusioned though! Everyone swam well; it's just that the other teams swam better, and anyway, there's always the Drama and debating and Choirs and Athletics.

Tony McDonald, with a splendid effort, put on a fine performance at the Drama Night, but somehow, the adjudicator didn't seem impressed, and so we came last again; and even though no one got a mention, we all thought you were great!

Along with the second term, came Debating and together with Shirley (Allot), we desperately put together some teams. The junior team won their debate, but again, the fourth form and senior teams went down and even though Clematis won the debate on "Women's Superiority," I still think Bluegums on top, for this was truly proved when we won both Junior and Senior Choirs. Thanks Jenny (Sealey) and Louise (O'Ryan) and Pam and Marion and Miss Gas — you were all tremendous but thanks most of all, to all the kids who sang — you were really magnificent and deserved to win.

Well! two cups with that green ribbon! — who knows with the second half of the athletics and Junior Drama coming up next term, we may have a few more! But don't become too disillusioned if we don't for it was great fun trying this year and if we keep on trying next year, we'll get there again!

So come on you Bluegumites — SHOW'EM WHAT YOU CAN DO!

Olga Bonk

CLEMATIS HOUSE NOTES

For the first time in many years Clematis has had a reasonable amount of success due to a great improvement in the co-operation of house members.

Swimming Sports

The year opened with the usual hastily arranged swimming sports. Clematis excelled themselves with their house spirit. It was a team effort with individual help from Leonnie Richardson and John Greatorex.

Senior Drama

Capably produced by Jan Thompson and Rosemary De Stefano. House spirit was again prominent. Evidence of this was shown by the many people who assisted in make-up, props and costuming. Honourable mentions were awarded on Drama Night to Donald Smith and Marilyn Werrett.

Debating

The debating teams this year were a credit to the house, this was due to Jimmy Bartlett's good organising. Two teams reached the finals: these were the fourth form, and the senior team. The fourth form team was Lynne Blandford, Gayle Dunkley and Dawn Turley. Seniors were Innis Bushman, Chris Pyke and Leonnie Richardson. Thanks go also to all the other Clematis House Debators.

Choirs

Clematis, where was your House spirit when Choirs were on? It seemed to be lacking when numbers were required. This will have to be improved if Clematis is to take away the shield in 1971.

Thanks must go to our Senior Conductress Kathryn Taylor and pianist Margaret Taylor. Also our Junior Conductress Jenny Silk, and Pianist Marilyn Werrett.

KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK CLEMATIS!

J. Orton

ORCHID HOUSE REPORT

To date Orchid has been successful. So far we have won the swimming sports and Senior Drama competition and are winning by a wide margin after the first half of the Athletics Sports. In the recent Choral competitions all participating performed well to obtain second and third placings in the Junior and Senior sections respectively. With more support from the rest of the house we may have done better.

Debating finals and Junior Drama planning and rehearsals are

under way and seem to be progressing very well.

As house captains we are proud to belong to Orchid House and are pleased at the support that we have received throughout the year.

Long live ORCHID!

A. Kagie and R. Jewell

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF WATTLE

"Wattle can't be beaten for we never know defeat."

Whatever merits Wattle have attained in the events of 1970, they have always remembered the words of their house song.

Wattle may not win everything but their house spirit always shines through and this is enough to make the whole thing worthwhile.

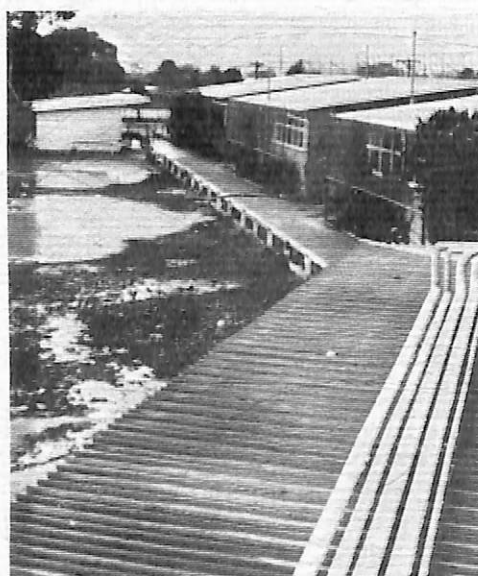
The swimming team lead by Jenny Salmon acquitted themselves well even though they didn't win. We all encouraged our team and I am sure that next year we will take the cup.

At the time that this article was written the Athletics were not yet completed but I'm sure Wattle will have shown their house spirit and good sportsmanship. In the debating competition Wattle showed her superiority and won both Senior (fifth and Sixth forms) and intermediate debates — here we must thank Miss Creed and Helen Mounsey for their invaluable help. In senior drama, although we came a close second we distinguished ourselves by having both best performance (Les Fielder) and best actress (Suzanne Stubbs) chosen from our play. Thanks go to Kathy for producing the play. Of course we can't forget choirs; although we started with a bit of strain we eventually showed our best — remember the girls' song achieved the highest points and we only lost by one point. Thank you Peter and Julie.

The juniors have done a wonderful job too, and we all thought you were beaut — but don't worry there is still next year. With the help of Wilma and Robert, I am sure you will put up a good fight for the Junior Drama Trophy.

No-matter what, Wattle house is a team and we will never be separated or downcast. Although we are only small we've got "one helluva lot of spirit" and that's what counts.

Sue and Paul



Janice Sharp — Our Exchange Student in the U.S.A.

Janice Sharp, a pupil of this school, was selected by the Dandenong Rotary Club to attend an American high school for one year as an exchange student.

She is presently living in Bend, Oregon, but has travelled extensively throughout the country. Below are a few extracts from Janice's letters which may give you some impression of her stay.

"The house I am living in at the moment is like most American homes. It is made of wood and has all the 'mod-cons' — dishwasher, central heating, drying cabinet, etc".

"The city is a mass of freeways going everywhere. I have got quite used to driving on the right hand side of the road with a left-hand drive".

"The school is absolutely fabulous. It has an auditorium about the size of our town hall, a gymnasium the size of our Assembly Hall and all the class and lecture rooms are furnished with the latest equipment."

"The courses you can choose here are really good. You can take choir, drama, speech, orchestra, auto-mechanics — all sorts of 'funny' things".



"I will tell you a little about the prom. Five girls are chosen to be on the court. They are all called 'Princesses' and on the night of the prom a queen is chosen and crowned. All the boys ask a girl to go with them, and before the dance they take her out to dinner and buy her a corsage".

"Many problems confront the young student in this part of the world. The greatest threat to boys is national service. I was talking to a friend one day and he said to me, 'For three years I have complained that I don't want to go to college. Now I have no choice. I have to go to college or be drafted'".

"The problems of drug use and abuse exist throughout both senior and junior high schools. In late 1969, magazines had it that 10-15% of students had smoked pot. Some say however, that in the larger cities, such as New York, and Los Angeles, 50% of high school seniors have smoked it".

"Tonight my friends and I are going 'bombing' around. Theresa is going to have the car and we will probably drive around for a bit, and then go to 'Shakey's' — the place where everyone meets".

"As time has passed, I have learnt to value the friendship and sincerity of the American teenagers more and more. Their attitudes have been filled with warmth, friendship, and interest".



SADNESS

I saw her face briefly covered by the fine mesh of the curtain and surrounded by the black of the window frame. Long silver blonde hair fell around her face, yet not shielding the sight of crystal tears cascading down her cheeks. The sun's light played in the tears creating tiny, exquisite rainbows. Pale blue eyes were fringed by the pale brown eye lashes. Her mouth quivered slightly, only to be stilled and drawn into a thin pale line. An aura of sadness hung closely to her face—an impenetrable aura. It made me sad to think that one so young and innocent should feel such deep emotion. I saw her face; briefly . . .

Jan.

MURDER

Soft footsteps in the hall,
A bony hand
Clutching the knife,
Ready to plunge it
Into the unsuspecting man.
The victim is reading;
He does not hear
The footsteps drawing nearer.
The murderer is behind him;
He makes a sudden dash
With knife in hand!
Soft footsteps leaving,
Going softly down the hall,
And the corpse lies on the floor.

Lisbeth Monteath, 1D

POLLUTION

Charlie and I are Americans and we live in a rather tough neighbourhood. I think we both realise we're fighting a losing battle against progress, but do you want to live in a world without trees?

Reflecting on my youth, I guess you could say I had a happy childhood. Charlie had nursed many children like me in his hothouse, but right from my very first shoot, something special existed between us. I had my very own alluvial soil plot and dined only on a prescribed set of vitamins. Charlie placed me on a top shelf, with a commanding view, yet I knew little of the big, cruel world which existed on the other side of that glass wall.

When I reached adolescence, Charlie said I was mature enough to fend for myself. So this enthusiastic three-foot sapling, took his place in the world on Hartley's Corner, in King's Park. Immediately my neighbours warned me of the dangers associated with park living. My predators were little boys with pocket knives, dogs with a keen sense of smell and above all, progress.

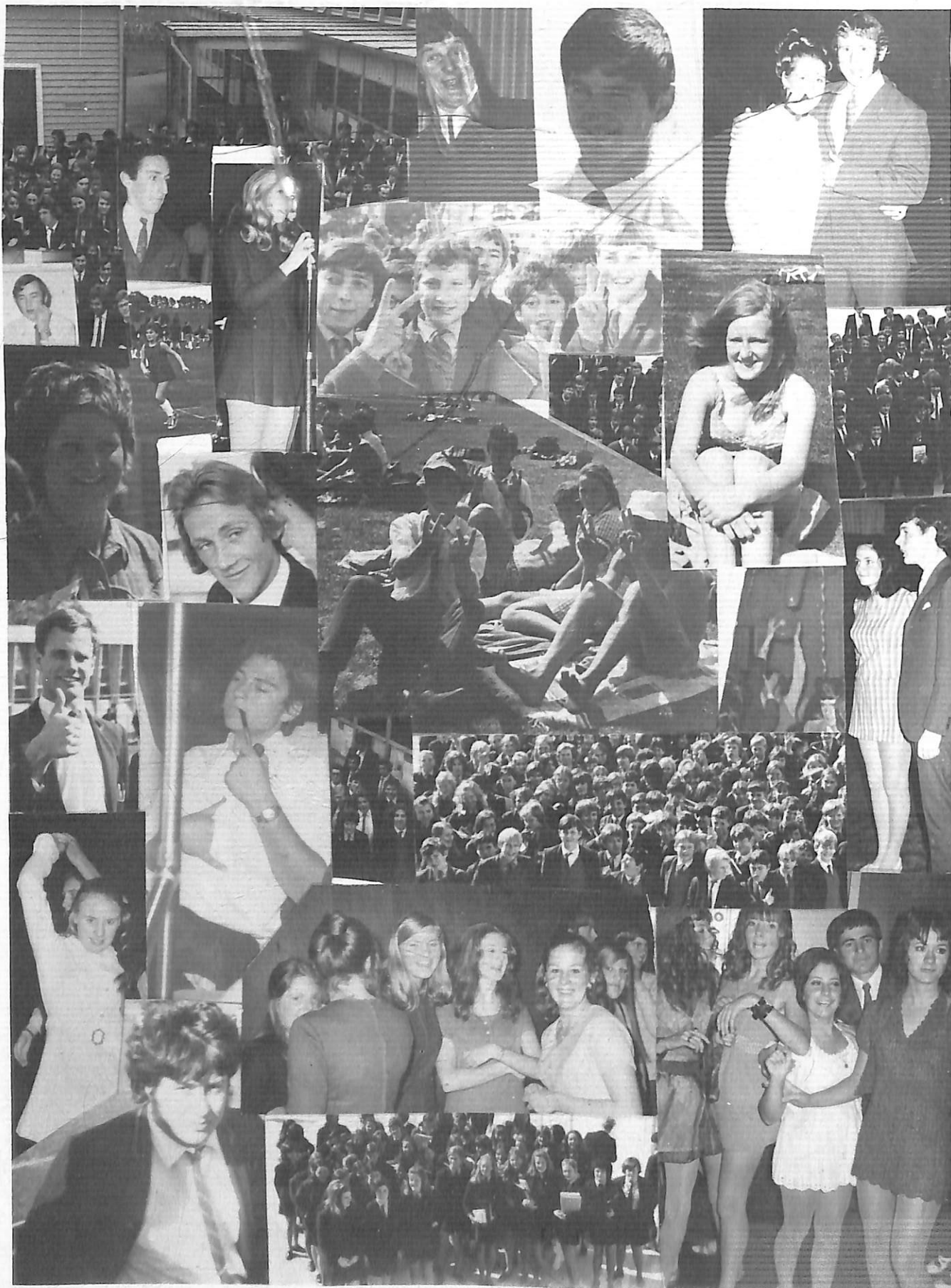
Hartley's Corner was so named because the Jim Hartley statue dominated the surroundings. The pigeons used to play havoc with the immortal Mr. Hartley, but nowadays they don't even land in King's Park. You see, our problem is pollution!

For some reasons the birds find the toxic content of our air far from stimulating; I'm afraid carbon monoxide and the other by-products of civilisation never agreed with my respiratory system, either!

Industrial fallout causes the majority of illnesses in the park. Charlie cremated two of my neighbours just last week and I have a feeling I'll be the next to perish. Fumes from the adjacent chemical plant have paralysed my whole left side and I now suffer from asthma because of the dust build-up on my foliage. Civilisation's affluence has left King's Park with many such legacies. The soil I live in has deteriorated to a worthless powder. Charlie spends the majority of his time trying to cope with the litter problem and our reticulation system no longer affords us the blessing of pure water.

It never seems to rain in King's Park any more. I guess it has something to do with our smog problem. Progress is dictated by demand and this city's industries run continuously. The shroud of smog now lingers as a grim reminder of the price of progress. Sunlight once shone on King's Park, consequently growth was prolific. Temperatures in the high seventies are a rarity today. The sun's rays — our lifeblood — are unable to penetrate this industrial fog. The park directors are at present engaged in a battle with city hall. It seems inevitable that our area will be re-zoned industrial. Thus the park, slowly dying from the effects of pollution, will now bow to progress. My thoughts wander to the future. The feelers are out — progress and its aftermath — pollution, is a world threat.

LOVE is giving up lunchtime table tennis for yard duty.



CHEWSDEE — ANITS SEENYA ARSEMBLEE DAE AD DANEENONG HI!

Thas rite — toodae iz arsemblee dae — wede bedda huri ore elze weel be lait.

Mista Donigun iz thair — wavein hiz hans. I fink e wanz zumting — e duz — he wanz uz too moov upp tha frunt. The big sicks (Horry Heefcoat, Earnie Chan, Monna, Derrow Murehed, Stew Ortun and Red Rusul), ar orlredi upp thair, bud tha sicks fourm gurls are crinjin in tha bac seets — trieing too apere inconspicuous — feerin thad thay two, wil bee thrust upp too tha frunt.

Mista Lambut givs tha signul an fife humdread stewdense rize simultaneuslee. Tha effect iz fantaztick, az tha offishul parti enterz too an aplorse ov slaping seets. Ow illustreus conductris, (Missers Fee), asendz the staje an ledes uz threw a tere-jirkin rendishun ov tha skool song. Fife humdread bodeez taik there seets az Revheef waitz pashuntlee. E begs uz too gif genruslee too Soshul Servus, an wif vage threts seets imselv. Miss Pow then taiks tha micrafoan an intraduses uz too tha gesd speeker . . . (tyme parses) . . . Eez bin torkin fore thurdy minuts — keep goin mait! — thadz fordeen minuts ov Maffs gorn — jus ang orn fore anuva twennie minuts. Miss Pow iz lookin ad er wotch an oppin frum wun legg too tha utha — bad luc — eez god tha messaj — stil, thurdy wun an a arv minuts woznt bad goin.

Coxee (ow feelus leeda), givs uz ow instrukshuns fore deeparcha, an inn wun fel swupe, fife humdread bodeez ryot threw tha sighed dor.

Too ded. Ate woonderd. Ow bes totul yed!

Tha Holi Mol.

LOVE is wanting to come to school on Monday morning.

HAIRY MOTH

Big hairy moth knocks at my window pane:

You can't get through,

You can't get through!

That furry moth does not hear me

And he continues to dash his little head —

You remind me of people I have known.

This rather insignificant moth,
Is the epitome of the present world.
Everybody rushing in ceaseless energy
After some self-made ideal —
Materialism and the almighty dollar are gods.
Gods that destroy and debase,
Gauge human endeavour in terms of cash.

Still that stupid moth continues to knock.
Pelting his brains out with endless zeal.
If you don't stop that noise hairy moth,
I'll kill you,
I'll kill you!

Dexter Ross, 6A

TIDAL RIVER CAMP

The trip from D.H.S. to Wilson's Promontory took us approximately three hours and we arrived at Tidal River at 11.30 a.m. After unpacking our gear and eating lunch, the tents were 'erected' and we later set off on a hike to Squeaky Bay, about 2½ miles away. Tired out after this mere 'stroll', we all wondered how we were to survive the 20 mile hike to Sealers Cove the next day.

We left the camp Tuesday morning at 8.30 a.m. Two miles of bitumen later, and after walking up and down and around the hills for another 6 miles, we finally emerged upon (or was it, into .?) a swamp, through which we walked until reaching Sealers Cove for lunch. At this point, the overnight hikers left and headed for Refuge Bay where they were to spend a night, and the second party returned to Tidal River.

Wednesday morning we hiked to Picnic Point, returning back around the difficult headland. Miss Gas courageously offered to bring up the rear, and let the boys lead the way. By nightfall the overnight hikers had also returned to base. Congratulations, fellas!

At Squeaky Bay, the next day, we became drenched in the surf. Hetty and Lippy loved it too. But on Friday, it was time to return home. The tents were pulled down, the buses boarded and we arrived back at school at 6 p.m.

All the kids wish to thank the teachers' (Ginger Pink, Teddy, Killer, Lippy, and Hetty ???) for making the trip so enjoyable and great fun.



TEACHER TALK

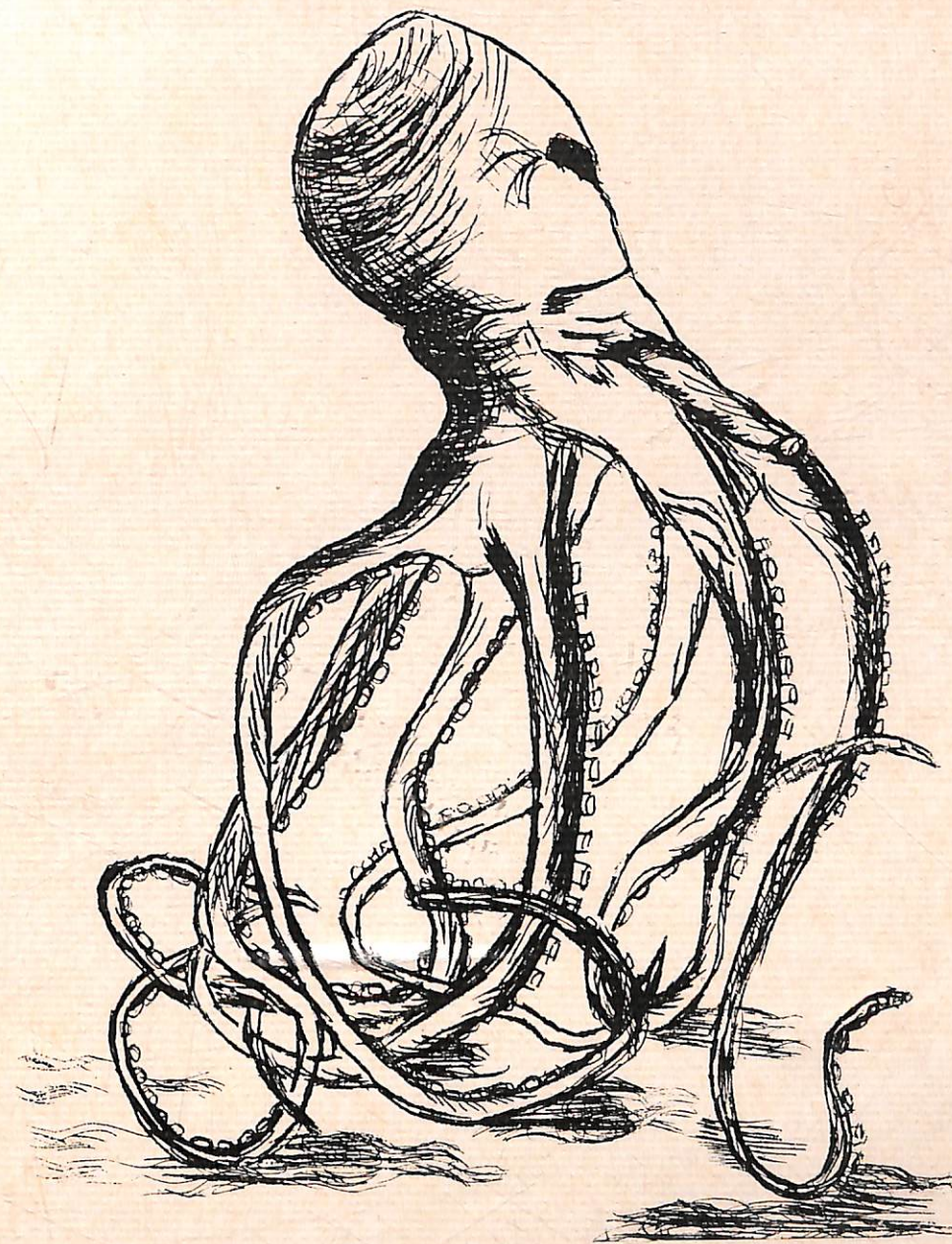
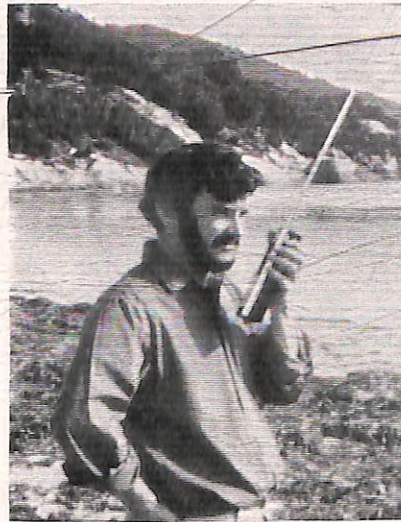


What happens in the Staff Room? Just what happens anywhere you put fifty odd(?) people together over coffee — talk, talk and more talk. Then slowly the personalities emerge: the sportsmen (Towering Tony and Jumping Jack), the stirrers (Booster Barb and Tricky Dicky), the sexy (Jezabel Jim and Mondayitis Mick), the sane (the Dawson double dame damask) and the serious (Loping Lonnie and Tender Teddy). But teaching is a peculiar profession apart from the above insecure elements it attracts potential pillars of society: the politicians, (Clapper Chas), priests, (Kindly Kev), policemen, (Kaput Kurt), politemen (Alluring Alan), petitemen, (Huggable Helen) and the odd professional, (Tripper Tim).

With such people, how could you help but have a few highlights of 1970. Like the day one notable absentee rang through the news of his "cold" from Sydney's Bondi. Or when the dark horse (Delicate Dougie) wiped the floor of all comers at table tennis. Or when the two share-dealing cliques suddenly started to speak to each other again as the market rose.

But not all of the action was in the staff room. The supports in the Bristol nearly split heads just as much as strikes nearly split the staff. School dances even raised a predictable batch of groovers from their TDT soft seats, and Ann and Heather can (v)ouch for their smooth passage round the floor. One notable staff dancer was observed to be continually hitching his pants up while dancing, and later complained that school dances were too inhibiting! Above all though, true character emerged at parent-teacher nights. Any listener could swear suits were worn by All teachers EVERY day and EVERY pupil passed EVERY exam. (And WE remark on how KIDS have got their parents bluffed!).

To the notables lost during the year and the few more planning to be elsewhere at first bells, '71, all wish you the very best! Long may nicknames, nocturnal notions, nonsense narrations, normal neuroses and Noddy remain part of staff room professional! Heaven forbid notes, nationalism and neutrality!



Anita James.







Ian Atkins

SIX HOURS, FIVE MINUTES AND THIRTY SECONDS TO DOOMSDAY

The white rocket with the red star streaked off its launching pad, blazing a trail of flame through the sky. Prior to the launching no sign had been given to indicate the political confusion that this seemingly ordinary launch would cause.

The Premier lay back in his leather seat lazily flipping through a handsomely bound volume titled "The Bolshevik Hordes." A telephone buzzed on his desk.

"Mr. Premier . . ."

"Cease your babbling, fool and get to the point," rasped the impatient Premier.

"One of our missiles has gone off course and will wipe Washington, D.C., off the map in six hours, five minutes and thirty-one seconds," gasped an exhausted Soviet scientist.

"Great Scott! I had better get on the hot line to Dean Martin at once," replied the Premier.

"Why Dean Martin?" queried the other.

"He's their President, isn't he?"

Minutes later the real President was contacted.

"Whah, Mr. Premier, you have — ah — disturbed mah (burp) nightcap!" grunted the President.

The situation was rapidly explained.

"Well, we'll jus' clobber that missahl with our — ah — Nike ABM," exclaimed the President. "And ah warn you, Mr. Premier, if that missahl lands on top of me, the world will be plunged into nuclear warfare!"

Seconds later, two six-spread coveys of high-speed ground-air missiles were triggered toward the supposed location of the missile which, according to calculation, was already on its drop. Five minutes later the telephone on the Premier's desk buzzed for the second time that fateful day. It was the scientist. "Mr. Premier! All missiles have missed!" he whimpered.

"I'm heading for my bomb shelter!" cried the Premier.

"Mr. Premier, that missile was never headed for Washington. It is now careering through space at escape velocity."

"And who is responsible for this ridiculous fiasco?" roared the Premier.

"I am," was the reply. "The computer was broken, so I did the calculating myself."

"Idiot!" said the Premier.

The snow fell softly upon the sleeping city of Moscow.

The sun was going down in Washington.

The world could breathe again.

Andrew Harris, 1C

RECOLLECTION OF A FILM GROUP'S HISTORY IN BRIEF IN "FISH-EYE-LENS"

Film app. now,
Got to do some filming
With some Yank's camera
And his film.
Take one — scene one,
Our director cries out,
And our deadly earnest or rotten
actor

Walks into the picture.
Then, with a dumb look,
She smiles into the camera,
Fogging up our lens.
Take twelve — scene six,
"Come on now! yells our near-
hysterical director.
"Let's have a bit of movement."
(The lousy crew "nicks off")
"SMART ALECS!! COME
BACK!!

End of prod. five
Going into six.
Take thirteen — scene nine.
Got to screw up a flag —
Some funny thing with a few stars
And a square in the top corner.
Take eighteen — scene four.
Some dirty rat
Forgot to load the camera!!

Kevin Pritchard, 1D

JOURNEY OF A DREAMER

Miscellaneous pieces of junk
Float in and out, round and about,
Down the spout of my mind.
A rabid dog and a green horse
Are swirling in an eddy of mist.
And yet again,
An elusive dream
Plays tag with a mote of dust.
What would life be worth
If we didn't possess
Some inviolable corner in our
brains . . .
Where the individual rules the
Cosmos
And Love and Beauty pervade all?
Like the rotating, black figures on
a Grecian urn,
My mind does wander thus:
Only to be snatched from the lofty
realms
To the grimy humdrum of present
life

Dexter Ross, 6A

ETERNITY

The undernourished yellow steel duck rattled round and was shot down, upside down, rattled round, shot down, rattled down and . . .

The spinning wheel went over and over and came back to nowhere at the same instant that the ferry left the pier, carrying who knows what to who knows where and back again.

Drink another glass, christ the pub opens at ten and shuts at ten and opens at ten and shuts and open and drink another . . .

Form one, two, three, four, five, six, six, six the crazy wheel spins, spins,

the ferry churns;

let me finish —

Drink another blasted glass and watch the replay,
The replay, of the replay, of the replay, of the replay; and that damned duck continues to die.

Open one book and close it, the record goes round and round,

Open another, and that pine tree builds itself again again and again and again, and my son will have sons who will have sons who will have sons who will . . .

Not even death can kill.

Not even eternity can dull the razor sharp inconsequence of oblivion while that duck continues to die and die and die and die . . .

Let me either start or finish, finish, finish,

Don't let me revolve in this infinite, impersonal vastness of never ending ignorance.

Les Fielder, 6D

THE WIND

Whistling, howling down the chimney!

My tiny candle almost blown out,

I creep about I hear a shout

The house is surely haunted.

The wind, the wind; It's always blowing.

Never a pause, never a break.

Howling along through the trees in the forest,

Scaring the daylights out of me!

It screeches through the empty rooms.

And through the broken shutters

Tears the howling demon, invisible.

When daylight broke and silence reigned amoment,
I felt relieved that the wind had paused for breath.

Lisbeth Monteath, 1D

Love is going without lunch so that you won't break a school rule by going home.



Lesley Owers

THE UNCONQUERABLES

The air was alive with ice, muffling a low-toned song. I could hear the snow and sleet aiming their targets of poisoned ice at our feet

While the ravines and jagged cravens below seemed to be inviting us to a cold eerie death

We tramped on.

Unaware that our oxygen tanks were low, and our food supply was rapidly deteriorating

We headed for the summit — the unreachable summit.

The sun was slowly sinking now, behind a mass of gleaming ice, and our wind masks were fogging up.

The huskies were curling up in a nest of dark, muddy snow.

That was our cue for turning in for the night.

The whole heavens were black, even the unconquerable mountains seemed to be at peace with us.

But there was a lingering air of mystery that filled our systems with hope.

Hope to conquer the "unconquerables"

Heather Edney, 1C

THOUGHTS ON LIFE

And in the end,
The love you take,
Is equal to
The love you make.
Beatles

We have two ears and two eyes, but only one mouth;
therefore we should listen and watch, twice as much
as we speak.

M.H.

Don't put off till tomorrow what you can do today,
Because if you enjoy it,
You can do it again tomorrow.

M.H.

To love is to live.
To marry is to die.

M.H.

Don't it always seem to go,
That you don't know what you've got
till it's gone

LOVE is cutting your sideboards for Mr. Cocks



Glenn Callaghan

"S — THAT FOR WHICH WE STRIVE"

"Holden, Holden, Holden, Holden," I read, but be ye not deceived — this is not an ad. for GM's. this was read from a precious document obtained with raw currige and great personal sakrifice from the environs of a much publicised building in our noble state capital. At this time (each second is but a drop in the oceans of the aeons) my vision was obscured by the drops running into my eyes. "Get out of the rain ya great git." I followed my companion's advice and seeked the shelter of his auto.

After further study of the formidable and awe-inspiring document I found my name. "Ah, here it is: Holder, L. T. — 34083 OID, 2OC, 2ID, S" — pause . . . "What the hell does 'S' mean?" This exclamation, emitted at the group in general, fell on deaf ears, for the others were still in feverish consultation on the sea of names spread before their eyes. As I digest this, a look of consternation and self reproach X's the visage of J.T. I refrain from making inquiries of the cause of this for fear of facial lacerations and alterations of the molecular structure of the cranium (and not only that, he might hit me).

Suddenly, Bev spots her name somewhere on the horizon, and after having mumbled the garbled code, exclaims, "What the hell does 'S' mean?" Don also realises he lacks this info and reads from the code key, "'S' — satisfied the university requirements of the board." — bunch of sadists, why don't they say it in English?"

The possibility of a matric pass makes its appearance and, as our minds boggle, Jim takes out his vengeance on the accelerator of his cool FE (and I said this wasn't a Holden ad — tsk!). We dropped a neat Uie and dragged off into the distance amid cries of: "What'd Astro get?" "Lyn got straight B's," "So'd Ferg but he missed expression." "Fife passed." "Look up Dennis De G." — "Nah, waste of time." "Julie's there." "Monkey can be a professional bushwacker." "We gotta call into Ginnie's on the way home." "Hope they'll take me without physics," etc. etc. . . . etc., etc.

We had previously grappled with the milling multitudes which had overflowed on to the carriageway preventing the throughflow of traffic, but since it was about midnight the traffic volume was not great (which was fortunate because there were "stewdence" all over the road). We had anticipated our emotional stresses and had taken in a flick to divert our minds. We had unwittingly selected "The Wild Bunch" and left with a glad-to-be-alive feeling (everyone in the film was shot to pieces). This was probably fortunate since, being left eroded of emotions, we were able to view our own reactions, and those of others, with clear heads.

At times like this, the character takes many radical changes in the course of a few minutes. One finds oneself first intimidated by the huge gathering of others in exactly the same predicament as oneself. But this is forgotten as the urge to set one's mind at ease becomes more prevalent. The animal instincts come to the fore as the competition for papers becomes more fierce and continue with only minor interruptions (like when one stops to notice a well stacked adjacent bird whose body is inadvertently in contact with one's own) right up to the struggling,

frenzied climax at the door of the building. After having obtained one's paper the urge is completely reversed and one seeks a convenient place to view the results. All manner of places are utilised for this — doorways, footpaths, gutters, car roofs, tram tracks, you name it baby.

The vicious in-fighting for papers is slowly reduced and replaced by more heart rending scenes as long pent-up emotions are released and a tasteful mixture of wild ecstasy and souls in torment becomes apparent. We saw a girl making an attempt on the world long-distance cartwheel record (we had quietly steered her in front of a passing car before moving on) and passed a bird crashin' on with a cop. In contrast to these observations we found an entire copy of "The Age" torn into one-inch squares. After a time the crowd had cleared and this place, which for a short time had been greatly elevated in importance in the minds of those present, was deserted, only to be held in reverence by future results-getters.

I close on this note; for the information of those who will in future, find their name amongst the matric (or H.S.C. as it is now known) results and in the unlikely event that the results code does not change, S means you passed kiddo and the best of luck to you (unless you miss uni entrance, and everything else — like me. Then? . . . well the seventh year isn't all that bad).

Signed: Zinl the repeat

THE RACE

The engines are revving
the cockpits are heading
towards a piled-up car.
The wheels are squealing,
the drivers are feeling
the heat of the burning tar.
Tearing down the straight,
crashing through a gate,
and bouncing into the crowd.
The Lotus teams are winning
all the way from the beginning
and they're feeling very proud.
A. Sables, 1D

THE BIRDS

I see the apples rosy red ripe,
The birds that are flying above me
The colours, oh! Such glorious
sights,
Flashing past, wild and free.
But I wave my arms in anger,
As they swoop on my crop.
My fruits are all in danger
From the birds that peck them—
to drop.

Diana Gleeson, 1C

The Jubilee '69



It all started when I was 12,000 miles away from Dandenong High School. "Were you ever on the staff?" "Yes," I hastily and proudly replied. "For five months — I was a student teacher in 1942." That was the beginning of what was to be a most stimulating, nostalgic experience, at the Jubilee weekend on October 3-5, 1969. Fifty years old — a school founded in 1919 at the close of the first world war. Mr. P. Langford, fresh from the war to the headmastership, gave the school his regimental colours — light blue, dark blue and red.

Well do I remember that first meeting of our "decade" group to prepare for the Jubilee. What were we there for? I think — to supply names and addresses of our contemporaries — but somehow that didn't happen. "So and so — who was that? Oh, yes! I remember — wasn't she the one who . . . And do you remember when? . . . And 'Old Brum' came along. . . ." How the years rolled back as long-forgotten memories and events crowded back upon us!

But this was only the preliminary. At last came the weekend itself — when memories of people became realities and we saw again those once familiar faces — twenty, thirty and forty years on — "You haven't changed a bit," you lie, hoping to hear the same in return. And what a joy to be at that first dinner on the Friday night — with Mr. J. Griffiths, Mr. Andrews, Mr. Cooke and Mr. Mitchell — all fit and able to withstand the pummelling they received from the "exies."

Saturday afternoon of the Jubilee — the assembly in the hall. Did you end up in the room of the wrong decade — as I did. What did it matter? There was a common bond. Have you seen "Squeaker McLean?" "No! — Is she here? Where?" "Quadrangle!" More dashing! If only we could split into a dozen pieces and see everyone! — be everywhere! — But all too soon the time had passed. Still we must not forget the wonderful atmosphere of the church service in the hall on Sunday morning — with Chris Yates (very much a present student) accompanying a huge Dandenong High choir.

What a fantastic job was done by all those pupils (present and past) who organised the actual celebrations — especially Dennis De George, Dr. K. Griffiths and Mr. M. Oldmeadow. Those of us who came from afar to enjoy the fruits of their labour say a big "Thank you" — for a marvellous time.

See you at the next Jubilee!

One who was there.

THE BOARDING HOUSE

I am Mrs. Flunty and I live at 13 Jant Street. I live in a boarding house with Mr. Want, Mr. Sleek, and the owner Mr. Crupt.

I am an inventor and my last invention was an automatic backside smacker.

A terrible incident happened to me when I shifted in. It isn't the best when one woman has to share one bathroom with three men and I dreaded this thought.

As a result I decided to take some precautions. I set about another invention. It was some distance from the bath tub to the door, so it was impossible for me to hear if someone was going to enter. To overcome this problem I widened the plug hole so I was able to build a small machine under the bath that gave off signals when someone was going to enter. This signal had worked several times before, but one unlucky day I was feeling very tired. I went to sleep in the bath, and when Mr. Sleek was going to walk in, the signal went off loudly and it gave me such a fright that I accidentally pushed the plug out of its hole and with a great rush of water I slid down the drain pipe which I had widened.

Doreen Leed, 1D

FOR WANT OF A FRIEND

I am black in this world of freedom. But freedom is something which I have yet to experience: Yet it is something which should be a part of every man: no matter how minute that part may be. Does this mean I am not a man? Yes, I am a second class, sub-human, existing only because I was brought into this world of cruel vices by parents who hoped better for me than they themselves had known.

They were sadly mistaken.

White men have developed their minds in the field of creation only. As far as harmony between the races goes, they are primitive. Primitive because they fail to understand that all people given birth and the right to live ARE equal. Colour, shape, size or sex has no bearing on the matter what-so-ever. All men are born the same way so all men should live the same way.

Preference should be given to none.

Here in Australia, it is the Aborigine who is the Native Father of the land, but now, he is nothing. Dirt. White men have over-run the country, ruled it the way they want it, grown and built what they so desired, and as for the Aborigine — 'he is oblivious; merely a dis-used savage who is retarding the progress of Australia.'

Will the world go on like this forever? Yes, I am inferior now as I always will be; inferior because Man is too proud to accept me as I am.

BLACK !

Carol Widdows, 5D

Love is Mr. Cocks cutting your hair for you.

UP THE SUMMIT

Up the summit or bust !

This is our slogan.

Who cares if we become covered with snow dust.

Our sherpa is named Hogan —

Through the frosty wind,

Over all the crevasses;

At night we snuggle up in our warm sleeping bags

For protection from the cold wind.

Through the passes

Up rocks so slippery —

Oops, there goes a rock down, down, down.

All of a sudden I'm getting jittery.

On we turn our oxygen tanks

Up we go up, up, up . . .

We're only sixty feet from the top flank.

We have reached the top.

I'm so happy.

I plant the flag.

John Kunst, 1C

BUSHFIRES

The humid days of spring are nearly over now.

With summer hot and sweltering, looming on our brow.

With summer comes the fires, flickering all a-glow,

As the foresters report from towers, the news to those below.

There are frightened creatures running

from the crackling roaring fire.

But as they run, the firemen come, from work they never tire.

Through searing heat we run to them

with terror in our eyes,

To save our homes and families

from the peril of the fire.

Denis Secomb, 2E

The birds sank quietly down

Into the sheltering trees

As darkness slowly crept

Over the far horizon.

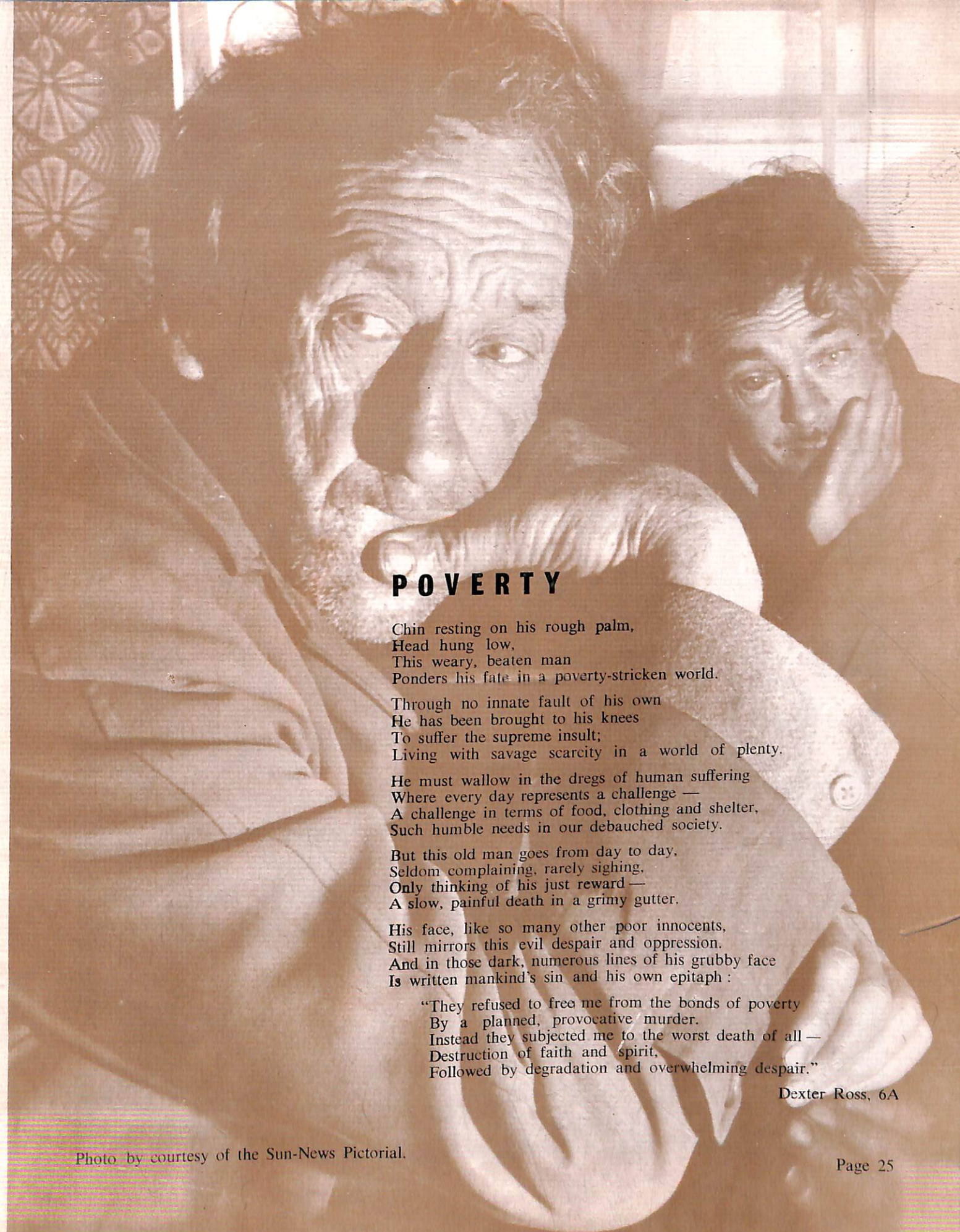
The moon shone brightly bold

Over the silvered lake

And the lone boat drifted on

Her boatman lost to sleep.

Diane McNamara, 1D



POVERTY

Chin resting on his rough palm,
Head hung low,
This weary, beaten man
Ponders his fate in a poverty-stricken world.

Through no innate fault of his own
He has been brought to his knees
To suffer the supreme insult;
Living with savage scarcity in a world of plenty.

He must wallow in the dregs of human suffering
Where every day represents a challenge —
A challenge in terms of food, clothing and shelter,
Such humble needs in our debauched society.

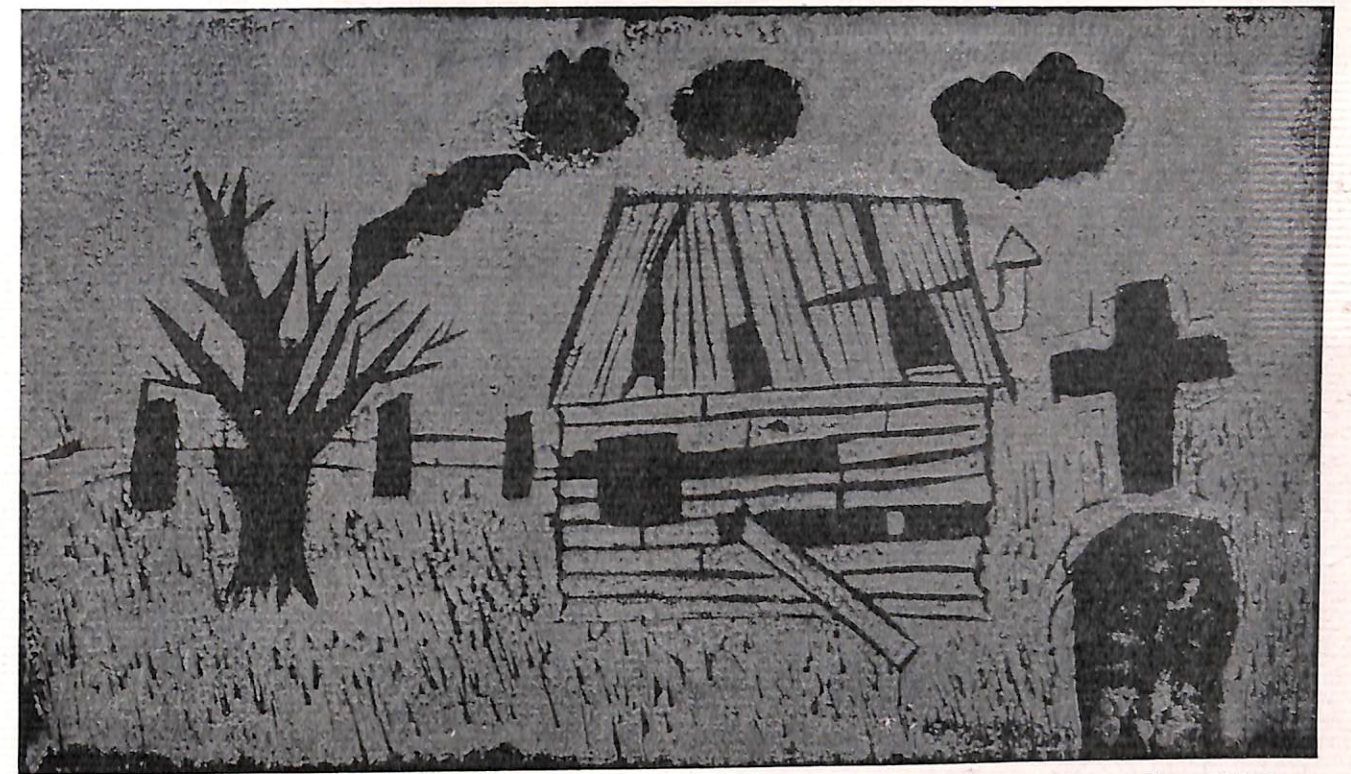
But this old man goes from day to day,
Seldom complaining, rarely sighing,
Only thinking of his just reward —
A slow, painful death in a grimy gutter.

His face, like so many other poor innocents,
Still mirrors this evil despair and oppression.
And in those dark, numerous lines of his grubby face
Is written mankind's sin and his own epitaph:

"They refused to free me from the bonds of poverty
By a planned, provocative murder.
Instead they subjected me to the worst death of all —
Destruction of faith and spirit,
Followed by degradation and overwhelming despair."

Dexter Ross, 6A

Photo by courtesy of the Sun-News Pictorial.



Bryce Lindsay

The deafening shrill cry of the thrush echoes throughout the fruitless land, while the scaly picketed fences are alive with the melody of birds
The season's just begun, and already the white apple-blossom has had its tender petals pecked to a lifeless brown.
A barricade of peach and cherry stones were laid between the birds and I.
No harm could come to the brilliantly-coloured creatures, their only enemy was old straw-jack.
Heather Edney, 1C

THE BIRDS
Every night
They swoop
Soar, dive
Lost in flight,
Up, up there
No, there
Hundreds of wings
Noisy, anxious.
Hurry, hurry
Sheltering trees
Welcome them
Home again.
Diane McNamara, 1D



BOWEN, Lesley
BOYD, Karlene
BURCHARDT, Eva
DE SANTIS, Lema
DONNAZZAN, Gina
DOYLE, Nicole
ELKIN, Nina
FAWCETT, Annette
FROST, Lynette
GERMAN, Lesley
HEARN, Patricia
HERRA, Sandra
KASPER, Monica
McVEAN, Catherine
NEWSOME, Karen
O'CONNELL, Kerry
PROLONGEAU, Maria
SARACHMAN, Natalie
SCHMIDT, Elizabeth
SMALUCH, Brigitte
STRUG, Anna
TURENKO, Anna
WEYMYSS, Karenne
CUTTS, Julie

FORM 2A
BOYS
BAIRD, William
BAKER, Paul
BAKER, Richard
BAKSHEEV, Michael
BAYLIS, Greg
BLACK, Brian
BONNE, Louis
BRAUNSCHEIGG, Jess
BURY, Robert
BYRNE, Stephen
CALLAGHAN, Glenn
CAMERON, Warren
CAMPBELL, Peter
CARTER, Kim
CENDRILLON, Jacques
CHADWICK, Christopher
CHANDLER, John
CHASEMORE, Daryl
CLAY, Trevor
SING, Karl
TRIGG, Robert
MONAHAN, Peter
LANE, Paul

GIRLS
AIDONE, Giovanna
AIDONE, Nella
ANSTIS, Valerie
ARNOTT Raelene
ATKIN, Lucy
BAKSHEEV, Pamela
BEECH, Janet
BIRKETT, Ann
BRIGGS, Jennifer
BROWN, Leanne
CAKETT, Lindsey
CHAMBERS, Trudi
CROSBY, Michelle
COVINGTON, Janine
DAVIDSON, Susan
DERBYSHIRE, Jane
HIKISZ, Helena

FORM 2B
BOYS
BAXTER, John
DARLINGTON, Garry
DERKSON, Robert
DE LACY, Kevin
DOODY, Christopher
DOVEY, Gregory
ELLIS, Bruce
FARRELL, Danny
FAZIO, Greg
FORD, Wayne
GODFREY, Peter
GREEN, Russel

HAMILTON, Bruce
MALISHEV, Andrew
WYNBERGEN, Hans
TOSSE, Mario
LEBRASSE Jacques
MARION, Bernard
GIRLS
EVANS, Janine
GAY, Jennifer
GEARING, Wendy
GEIBL, Cornelia
GEORGE, Valerie
GIANGINIS, Kathy
GILBERT, Colleen
GORTER, Yvonne
GORSKI, Janine
GOUDBERG, Janine
GRIFFIN, Jacqueline
GUTHRIE, Carol
HAMILTON, Sue
HAMILTON, Terese
HARGREAVES, Diane
HENDERSON, Margaret
MITCHELSON, Jeanette
TAYLOR, Helen
MITCHELL Cathie

FORM 2C
BOYS
DEMPSTER, Gregory
HEROLD, Derek
HIGGINS, Stuart John
HOWARD, Kevin
JOBING, Thomas
KIRPICHNIKOV, Ivan
KIRPICHNIKOV, Johnny
KOLACZ, Peter
LIKKE, Randal
LLEWELLYN, David
MC GUINNESS, Dean
MC KASKILL, Bruce
MCLACHLAN, John
MC MAHON, Arthur
MATTHEWS, Kenneth
MEAKIN, David
MILNE, Duncan
MITCHELL, Stephen
MONTEATH, Stuart
ABBOT, Gary
SAVANNAH, Stephen
GRAWFORD, Shane

GIRLS
COTRONEO, Maria
EDWARDS, Susan
FINN, Susan
HURLE, Janice
HYNDMAN, Victoria
JEWITT, Yvonne
JUDD, Margot
KEESMAN, Janette
KELLY, Cynthia
KOZUSZEK, Mary
LENNOX, Debora
LEYONHJELM, Kerryn
MC CALLUM, Margaret
MC KENZIE, Shirley
MCMURRAY, Carol
MASON, Beverley
MASSIGNANI, Diana
STANLEY, Alana
BEAN, Kim

FORM 2D
BOYS
DORNING, Peter
HYNDMAN, Richard
JAYAMAHA, Anton
MILBURN, Michael
MOORES, Peter
MURPHY, Andrew
MURRAY, Philip
NEWALL, Kenneth
O'CONNELL, David
PETTIGROVE, Wayne

PHILIPS, Peter
PUGLIA, Guy
PYNT, Neil
RAYNER, Daryl
RICHARDSON, Alexander
RICHARDSON, Geoffrey
RISELEY, Stephen
SARACHMAN, Bohdan
SHIELLS, Robert
FARAH, Naji
GARRETT, Mark
GIRLS
CAFE, Sharon
DEMOOR, Rita
MILNER, Lorraine
MITCHELL, Julie
MONSHOUWER, Francyna
MOREHOUSE, Jillian
MOROZOFF, Tasia
MURDOCH, Sharon
NORTH, Janet
NUUTINEN, Pirju
OVCHINNIKOV, Lisa
OXENHAM, Annie
PANAYI, Evangelia
PERRIN, Jennifer
PRESTON, Michele
RAML, Helga
RAMSAY, Linda
RULE, Jennifer
SARAIKINA, Maria
WILLS, Catherine
HUNTER, Constance
DEN HAAN, Fiona

FORM 2E
BOYS
BERRY, Douglas
DONNELLY, Alister
MC LARDY, Phillip
PAVLIC, Josip
SHILL, Richard
SMITH, Garry
SMITH, Gregory
SOTIRAKIS, Sam
SPANNINKS, Grant
STUBBS, John
TETTIS, Harry
TREMAYNE, Erwin
THRELFALL, Rodney
VANZON, John
VUKADINOVIC, Vojo
WATTS, Malcolm
WAGSTAFF, Jeffrey
WEMYSS, Trevor
WINTERBURN, Stephen
WIDDOWS, Terry
EDEN, Wayne

GIRLS
ANDERSON, Julie
HOLT, Linda
SAUNDERS, Karen
SCOTT, Pamela
SECOMB, Denise
SIENKIEWICZ, Sandra
SMITH, Karen
SMITH, Lesley
STEEN, Joan
STEUNENBERG, Jennifer
TAYLOR, Robyn
TURENKO, Natalie
VAN DER WOLDE, Esther
VRIJEN, Frances
WALL, Robyn
WILLIAMSON, Ann
ZWIERS, Judy
WILLS, Patricia

FORM 1A
BOYS
AABERG, Flemming
ALLAN, Dale
ANSTIS, Michael
ARMEL, Francis

ARNOLD, Mark
ATKIN, Ian
BAKSHEEV, George
BOURKE, Trevor
BOYLE, Robert
BRYAN, Donald
BUCKINGHAM, Kenneth
BURY, Geoffrey
CAMPBELL, Alan
CAMPBELL, Ian
CLUTTON, Peter
DUGGAN, Gary
PASCAL, Francis
MAYA, Patricia

GIRLS
AERTSEN, Patricia
ALKEMADE, Lisa
ANDREWS, Corinne
ANDRIGIANAKIS, Irene
ASHFORD, Judith
BANFIELD, Margaret
BANSCHIKOV, Rosa
BAPTIST, Robyn
BARNES, Barbara
BATES, Corinne Glenys
BIRKETT, Susan
BLANDFORD, Jill
BODE, Karin
BOWEN, Christine
BUETTNER, Bettina
BUNNETT, Debra
CHRISTOFORIDIS, Ourania
CLARKE, Valerie
COOPER, Julie

FORM 1B
BOYS
COLENZO, Alan
CONRON, James
COSENTINO, Frank
CRAM, David
CRONJAEGER, John
DAVIS, James
DOBSON, Noel
DOMENICOS, Peter
DRISCOLL, Geoffrey
EDDINGTON, Callum
EDWARDS, Peter
ELKIN, Vladimir
EWIN, John
FANCETT, Ronald
FARRELL, Charles
FISERS, Adrian

GIRLS
BARFOOT, Julie
COULSON, Lynne
CRERAR, Lorraine
CURTIS, Jeannette
CZEKAJLO, Luba
DAVISON, Jill
DE JONG, Marie
DIXON, Irene
DOWER, Luise
DUNEMANN, Melody
DYKES, Kerri
EAVIS, Susan
EBERLEIN, Gabriella
EDNEY, Gayle
ELLIS, Christine
EMERY, Julie
FLANNAGAN, Dianne
FLETCHER, Elizabeth
FORD, Denise
FRANCIS, Kim
FRINDT, Katrina
JOOSTEN, Margot

FORM 1C
BOYS
FERGUSON, Brian
GALLUCCI, Mario
GARRETT, Stephen
GAVA, Stephen
GAY, John

GRAMC, John
HARRIS, Andrew
JOHNSTONE, Donald
JOLLIFFE, Brian
JONES, Alan
KLOESTER, Barry
KUNST, John
LEGG, Brian
LINDSAY, Bruce
MALISHEV, Alfonasi
ROCHE, Eugene
PATERSON, Andre

GIRLS
EDNEY, Heather
GARNER, Sharon
GARRETT, Maria
GLEESON, Diana
GRAY, Wendy
HALL, Maree
HARDY, Leeanne
HARGREAVES, Brenda
HENDERSON, Helen
HINES, Ann
HOLT, Wendy
HURLEY, Lynne
INGLIS, Valerie
JACKSON, Lynda
JAYAMAHA, Sandra
JEWELL, Jennifer

JOHNSON, Debra
JOSE, Donna
KIRPICHNIKOV, Zoia
MC GUINNESS, Debra
THOMPSON, Patricia

FORM 1D
BOYS
MARINO, Anthony
MAXWELL, Gary
METE, Michael
METLENKO, George
MOROZOFF, Alexander
NEDIC, Eric
NIKOLAIDOU, Nikos
ORTON, Peter
PETIC, Milan
PRITCHARD, Kevin
QUINLIVAN, Daryl
SABLES, Anthony
ST. MART, Louis
SHEVCHENKO, Sasha
STEPANEK, Peter
THARLE, Russell
BOUCHERVILLE, Jacques

GIRLS
EDNEY, Vicki
KEMP, Glenda
LEED, Doreen

LEONIDAS, Koula
LOTTO, Lina
MACAN, Bernadette
MC GUINNESS, Dale
MC LEISH, Linda
MC MANUS, Patricia
MC MILLAN, Rae
MC NAMARA, Diane
MC PHEE, Heather
MEYER, Joanne
MITCHELL, Gaye
MITCHELSON, Linda
MONTEATH, Katherine
MORGAN, Dorothy
MORLEY, Roslyn
NEUGEBAUER, Anne
SCHONBERGER, Geraldine
BANFIELD, Linda

FORM 1E
BOYS
MITCHELL, Peter
RICKARD, Maurice
SHARMAN, Kevin
TOOGOOD, Gary
TOWERS, Stephen
TREMAYNE, Edward
TUHAN, John
TURNER, Garry

VAN WITSEN, Pat
VINALL, Donald
WEARNE, Michael
WHELAN, Michael
WHITE, Kieran
WILD, Colin
WOLFE, Ian
WORTHINGTON, Michael

GIRLS
NOBLE, Deborah
OLSSON, Jennifer
POOLE, Helena
PRESTON, Wendy
PRICE, Lesley
ROGERS, Carol
SCHMIDT, Rita
SCOTT, Jennifer
SOTIRAKIS, Anna
STEPHENS, Heather
SUNDSTROM, Maree
TOGNAZZINI, Sandra
THOMPSON, Janette
WALTON, Mary
WEBER, Cornelia
WHITE, Robyn
WILLIAMSON, Jean
WILSON, Astrid
WOLFE, Annette
WRIGHT, Ellen

AUTOGRAPHS

Eng. — B
M I — B
M II — C
Fr — B
Chem — C
Phy — A.



COMMITTEE PRESIDENTS

Art	—	B. Derksen
Athletics	—	G. Crawford
Drama	—	S. Stubbs
Magazine	—	M. Cole
Music	—	G. Binder
Routine	—	J. Klein
Public Speaking	—	H. Mounsey
Social	—	L. O'Ryan
Social Service	—	K. Williams
Sport	—	S. Aisbett
S.R.C.	—	P. Barnes
Swimming	—	R. Childs

ATHLETICS CAPTAINS

Bluegum	—	L. Murdoch G. Crawford
Clematis	—	J. Thompson L. Crocombe
Orchid	—	D. Dagleish R. Donazzan
Wattle	—	S. Stubbs G. Price

SWIMMING CAPTAINS

Bluegum	—	J. Klein S. Daly
Clematis	—	V. Jennings W. Ver Schaeren
Orchid	—	D. Hooper R. Robinson
Wattle	—	J. Salmon B. Shaw

CHOIR CONDUCTORS

Senior	
Bluegum	— J. Sealey
Clematis	— K. Taylor
Orchid	— R. Smith
Wattle	— P. Novakovic
Junior	
Bluegum	— L. O'Ryan
Clematis	— J. Silk
Orchid	— L. Kirkham
Wattle	— S. Gardiner

DRAMA PRODUCERS

Senior	
Bluegum	— T. McDonald
Clematis	— R. DeStefano J. Thompson
Orchid	— R. Jewell
Wattle	— K. Wells
Junior	
Bluegum	— M. Jarvis
Clematis	— D. Smith J. Watson
Orchid	— E. Clay
Wattle	— W. Van Der Wolde

DEBATING CAPTAINS

Bluegum	— S. Allot
Clematis	— J. Bartlett
Orchid	— J. Carragher
Wattle	— H. Mounsey

STAFF LIST

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Mr. K. B. Mitchell

Senior Master :
Mr. D. Cocks

R. J. Lambert
P. Rich
R. G. Ogilvie
P. A. van Pinxteren
I. F. Burden
R. G. Gunstone
K. F. Szidat
A. T. Harrold
J. F. Donegan
J. Price
M. Henry
K. J. Adams
J. R. Henry
D. W. O'Brien
A. D. Lawrence
C. Hogarth
J. L. Austin
T. Richardson
J. Muskens
J. van Niekerk
R. D. Maclean
S. Wassylko
G. Luke
C. A. Swart
L. Caile
K. Murray
A. Oxenham
Q. Buckley

Deputy Principal :
Miss M. O. Power

Senior Mistress :
Miss B. Lipscombe

Mrs. W. E. Anderson
Mrs. E. Vukmirovic
Miss M. J. Brown
Miss B. Creed
Miss M. Cunningham
Mrs. W. Leenstra
Mrs. M. Sierakowski
Miss H. Hay
Miss F. Gass
Mrs. M. Trigg
Miss J. Williams
Mrs. M. Windsor
Mrs. A. Daly
Mrs. P. Jones
Miss J. Pratt
Mrs. J. Charlesworth
Mrs. N. Burden
Mrs. S. J. Buckley
Mrs. M. Whittle
Mrs. Wright
Mrs. Mandarino
Mrs. Griffiths
Mrs. E. Scott

OFFICE STAFF
Mrs. J. Funston
Miss H. Nichols
Miss A. Ellis

ADVISORY COUNCIL MEMBERS

Parents Reps.:
Cr. M. G. Jarvis
Dr. J. R. Jewell
Mr. G. A. Newton
Mr. C. W. Taylor
Mr. N. K. Tulloch

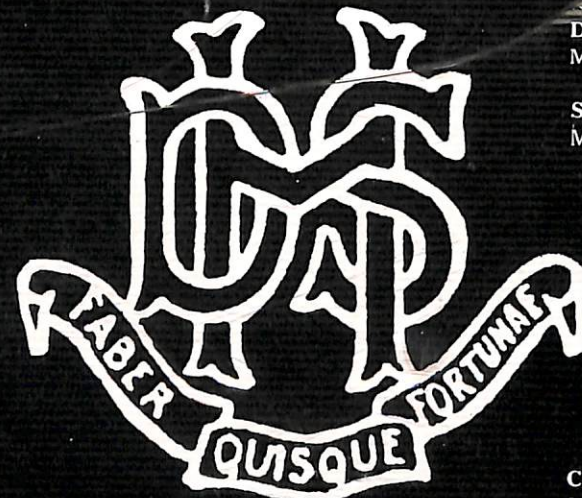
Municipal Reps.:
Cr. R. K. Wagstaff

District Interests Reps.:
Mr. P. H. Childs
Mrs. E. Green
Dr. K. R. Griffiths
Mr. L. D. Sharp

Mothers' Club Reps.:
Mrs. C. J. Hendrick
Mrs. B. E. M. Francis

District Inspector of Schools:
Mr. G. G. Stocks

Secretary/Principal :
Mr. K. B. Mitchell



CANTEEN SUPERVISORS

Mrs. G. Howard
Mrs. D. Hawkesworth

MAINTENANCE STAFF

Mr. J. Whitehead
Mr. W. Dow
Mr. J. Mitchell
Mrs. S. Whitehead
Mrs. W. Milner
Mrs. F. Senior

HOUSE CAPTAINS

Bluegum — O. Bonk
I. Baker

Clematis — J. Orton
G. Sundstrom

Orchid — R. Jewell
A. Kacie

Wattle — S. Stubbs
P. Kolacz

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