

1972

THE
GATE

DANDENONG HIGH SCHOOL

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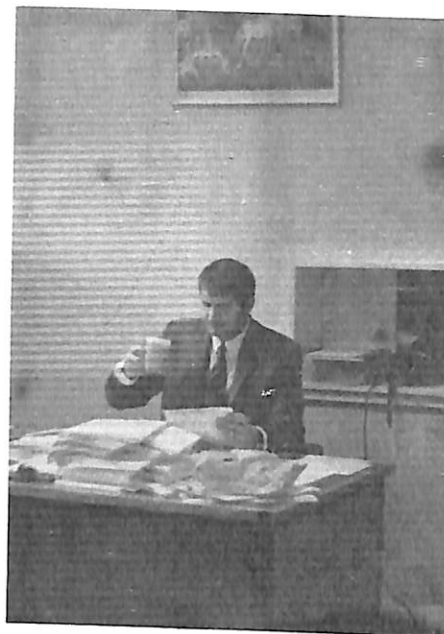
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FABER QUISQUE FORTUNAE

DANDENONG
HIGH
SCHOOL

• 1972 •

EVERY MAN IS THE ARCHITECT OF HIS OWN FUTURE

**DANDENONG
HIGH
SCHOOL**

~1972~

INTRODUCING

I have come to Dandenong High School at a time when many important changes are occurring in education. Within the last four years, the decisions as to what a school teaches have passed from the Education Department and the Victorian Universities and Schools' Examinations Board, to schools and teachers. The inspection of schools, and external exams for below form VI, have also lost their effect.

Not only have teachers individually within the school assumed responsibility for the content of education, the methods and the assessment, but teachers collectively have applied policies on admission to the teaching service, on the work-load, the conditions of work, and so on.

Students also, both within the school and collectively throughout the state, have sought more say in education.

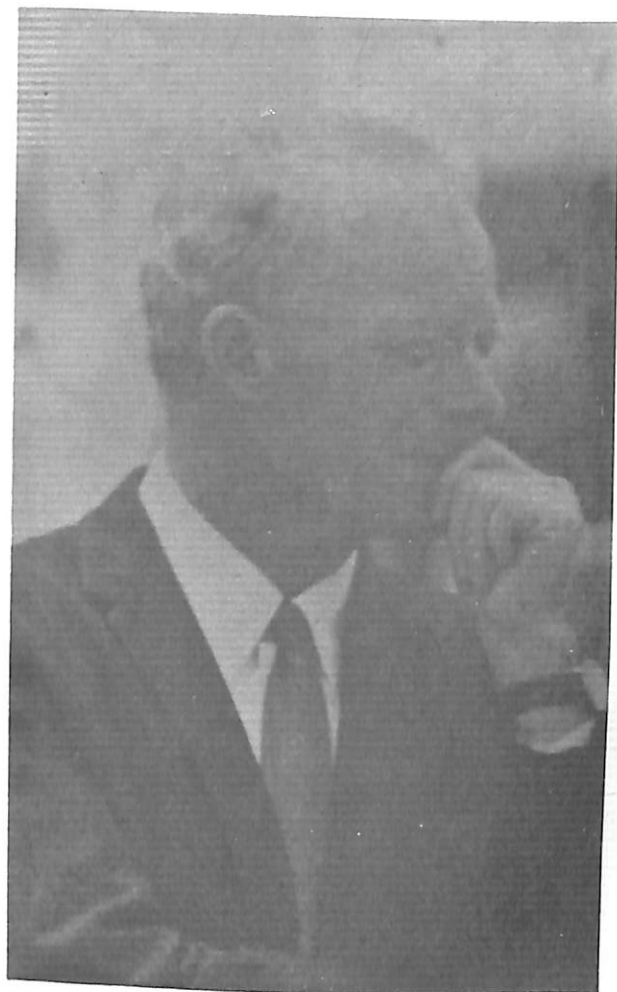
Parents and educationalists from outside the schools, have engaged in much discussion on education generally, criticism of schools, demands that schools do this or do not do something else, and the press, radio and television have made much of the whole subject. In the past, parents have not been close enough to the schools and possibly they are now beginning to take their correct share of responsibility for the education of their children.

Through all this, the Principal of a high school has clear and definite duties. Some are imposed on him by law — he and his teachers must care for the students as would a careful parent for a large family; he must see that they develop good habits of behaviour and appearance, that at least until the age of 15 they attend school and so on. He makes decisions concerning the numbers of teachers, the deployment of them, their conditions of service, concerning the physical facilities of the school, the educational progress of the school, the operation and housekeeping of the school structure. In many of these the staff share responsibility and authority through some of the Committees and Councils, in many it is desirable to have discussion between students, staff and principal. Parent organisations are either completely or partially involved with many decisions.

It is the Principal's duty to see that the appropriate people are involved. All other members of the school ought also to be vigilant that decisions are made by the appropriate people. In a time of flux, when we ought to be able to make the necessary changes by constitutional means, we must ensure that no one group (students, teachers, parents, principal, Department, or others) extends their "rights" at the expense of someone else's rights.

B. MOSS, Principal.

MIR. MOSS :





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Photos: Bob and Allan.

The Battle of Hastings

(and it's true meaning!)

I would like to open this essay by stating that historical accuracy tends to cloud the overall picture of why things such as Wars and Major Disasters happen, so I will keep to the ridiculous.

I suppose a good place to start would be to tell you where the Battle of Hastings took place. The Battle of Hastings took place at Hastings. It was held there for two reasons. Firstly, because if it was held in, say Burma, there would have been two armies sitting around at Hastings with nothing to do; and secondly, if by some lack of communication it was held in Burma it would have been the Battle of Burma and not the Battle of Hastings.

The next historical fact you eagerly await is the time. (If you were not waiting for this you had better read the first two paragraphs again). The Battle was held in 1066. The exact time is not known because William the Conqueror's watch had stopped. That year also saw the first printing of the Doomsday Book, and there were wild rumours that these two events were linked. Further investigation proved this rumour to be the doing of a Communist Subversion Group.

Now we get down to the important stuff. Who and Why? On one side were the Saxons led by Alfred the Great. They happened to be living in Hastings, and therefore England, (Hastings is not in Burma, contrary to popular belief), and decided that if they were going to be invaded they had better stage a decent battle to give the public their money's-worth.

On the other side were the Normans, led by William the Conqueror. Many people believe that William had set out to conquer England, but this is false. He had set out to conquer Iceland but through poor navigation, landed in England. William must not be blamed for this because, after all, he was a conqueror, not a sailor. Having landed in England, he figured it was only right that he should conquer it to live up to his name. After finding the Saxons and conquering England, William then moved on to Iceland but was defeated by the Icelandic kings. William protested on the grounds that the Icelanders rode into battle on penguins and were thus out of range, indeed right underneath his cavalry. The stewards dismissed the protest.

You may be wondering why the Normans, who couldn't defeat the Icelanders, were able to decimate an array of Saxons, reputedly nasty people. The answer to this is complicated. This has been partly accounted for by the fact that Alfred and his army had just defeated an army of Danes. Also, they had just run down from North Undova (a-long-way-away) to Hastings so as not to lose the battle by forfeit, and were rather tired. Rumour also had it that Alfred had eaten some burnt tarts that day and had a shocking case of indigestion.

A point of interest at this stage is the Bayeaux Tapestry. William the Conqueror, like most generals, had trouble with his men, some of whom had developed a quite unsavory habit. This is understandable because there were no Norman women in the army, and the Saxon women smelt terrible. William decided that he would like some record of his conquest and set these dubious characters to sewing and weaving the Bayeaux Tapestry, which tells the story of the entire battle. It is unfortunately, biased and did contain some pornographic petit-point stitching. This was attributed to one very proud corporal.

This brings us to the eventual implications of the Battle of Hastings. England was now ruled by French oppressors instead of German oppressors. Whether this was a good or bad thing has been debated throughout the ages. But one very important fact seems to have been overlooked. Way back in paragraph 5 the Normans were defeated by the Icelanders, and therefore were ruled by them. Since England was ruled by the Normans who were ruled by the Icelanders, it is logical to assume that England was ruled by the Icelanders. And on that intriguing thought I leave you, dear reader.

Anon. 6.



A bloodied sword
sun setting
a staff forgotten
stone walls
a chalice broken
wine flowing
a cold sky
black night
a child's scream
black black night.

L.R.

I see
I feel
I hear
I smell
I help
To be helped
I do not kill
I have hands
And feet
I walk
I touch
I talk with my mouth
But not very much.

Jeni and Sue, 4a.

IN THE END,

There was Earth, and it was with form and beauty;
And man dwelt upon the lands of the Earth, the meadows and trees, and
he said,
"Let us build our dwellings in this place of beauty".
And he built cities and covered the Earth with concrete and steel.
And the meadows were gone.
And man said, "It is good".
On the second day, man looked upon the waters of the Earth.
And man said, "Let us put our wastes in the water, that the dirt will be
washed away".
And man did.
And the waters became polluted and foul in their smell.
And man said "It is good".
On the third day, man looked upon the forests of the Earth and saw
they were beautiful.
And man said, "Let us cut the timber for our homes and grind the wood
for our use.
And man did.
And the lands became barren and the trees were gone.
And man said, "It is good".
On the fourth day man saw that the animals were in abundance and ran
in the fields and played in the sun.
And man said, "Let us cage these animals for our amusement and kill
them for our sport".
And man did.
And there were no more animals on the face of the Earth.
And man said "It is good".
On the fifth day man breathed the air, "for the winds shall blow them
away".
And man did.
And the air became filled with the smoke, and the fumes could not be
blown away. And the air become heavy with dust and choked and burned.
And man said "It is good".
On the sixth day man saw himself, and seeing the many languages and
tongues, he feared and hated.
And man said, "Let us build great machines and destroy these lest they
destroy us".
And man built great machines, and the Earth was fired with the rage of
great wars.
And man said "It is good".
On the seventh day man rested still, for man no longer dwelt upon the
Earth.
And it was good.



Stephen Mitchell 7.c.

one man's opinion

One truth which readily crops up about the nature of education is its extreme variability: the heavy reliance of all school systems on such factors as regional prosperity and heritage, and governmental efficiency and attitudes, creates a situation where no two schools are alike in the manner through which they build peoples' minds. So before launching into any comparisons of schooling in Canada and Australia, it would probably be best just to first establish that all points raised about "Canada" may only apply faithfully to my former secondary school in British Columbia (just as those made in reference to Australia could only be true in the case of Dandenong High). My old school was one in a fairly prosperous tourist "playground", where, though given only indifferent government support, it enjoyed a reasonable budget and a liberal-minded staff fond of experimenting; some of these traits were not realised 15 miles away, not to mention half-way across the country.

By the Canadian system, schooling has 12 grades, the last five of these considered secondary school. Though the year will run from September through June for Grades 1-10, many schools are now experimenting with a new system in Grades 11 and 12, one where the year is divided into two "semesters"—September through January, and from February to June. Therefore, rather than studying six to eight subjects for 10 months, students will do three or four for five months. With classes every day in each subject, students receive six hours of instructed time in each course weekly; by this method, a more "concentrated dose" of the more basic subject matter is given, in hopes that the pupils will simply absorb more of it.

Hour-long exams are given at least every two weeks, these marks, plus those for other assignments, being totalled at the semester's end to decide whether or not a student is "recommended". To receive your "recommendations" in a subject is to be absolved from sitting for its final: the teacher feels you know the course material well enough to be given credit for it. Those who are not recommended must give the teacher added proof of their competence — by doing reasonably well in another exam concerning the course in general.

With only four subjects to my name, I am a bit limited when it comes to contrasting the Canadian and Australian school courses themselves. English Expression stands very similar to our English, only there is much more encouragement of discussion in Australian classes. The Canadian

Mathematics course has only two divisions: "Math", somewhat of a combination of Australian "Pure" and "Applied"; and "General Math", a fundamentals course for slower learners. To compare the two countries, though difficulties arise to some extent from different terminology and teaching methods, it is still pretty safe to say that "Pure" and "Applied" are a cut above Canadian Maths; even if still taught on a 10-month basis, the latter courses could not equal the detail and complexity of the Australian work. Most of the contrasts in French and History concern the general attitudes held toward the subjects. Australian French places far more emphasis on written work than is the rule in Canada, where oral work takes up much the better part of class time; and in the teaching of History, the detailed analysis of controversies as a method of "getting involved" in the subject, is something never pursued in Canada with the zest of Australian classes.

These, however, are only superficial dissimilarities between the two systems. Much more interesting (and important) are the contrasts occurring in the respective "learning atmospheres". The university-type "aura" about Australian schools can sometimes be quite striking. In comparison to Canada, Australian students are far more independent of their instructors, who, though filling the traditional role in giving lessons, tend to serve more as "friendly reference"; students, studying to the extent they feel each section of the course demands, do most of the "educating" themselves, only looking to the teacher as a further source of knowledge, advice — and sometimes persuasion. This attitude toward schooling is probed in Canadian classes, but not nearly to the degree as is the practice "over here".

Complimentary to this responsibility handed the students seems also to be a reciprocal devotion to the work (at least, a devotion I never before have witnessed). As in Canadian Grade 12, Form 6 students are left to do their assignments in the knowledge that by this time they "should have reached the stage of mature decision-making"; in Australia, however, there also seems to be more of a genuine interest on the part of the students in their work. Partially responsible for this may be the stronger "academic atmosphere" of Australian schools. In Canada, the pressure of the student-body for athletic achievement is matched by a general lack of enthusiasm for anything scholastic or cultural; indeed, the recognition given by the Australian 6th Form to "academic abilities", and the acceptance of those truly interested in the fine arts is, to my mind, something only obvious in Canada at the first-year university level.

The extremities at which Canada and Australia may appear to stand are misleading — comparisons such as these always tend to emphasise divergence rather than convergence. Actually, despite the differences mentioned in organisation, teaching methods and attitudes, the two learning environments remain quite similar — only that in Australia it is one or two degrees warmer.

Don McNair.



AUSTRALIA

My first impressions on Australia were of wonder. I had been here before, 5 years ago, when I was just six. I first went to a school in Australia, and I first learnt to read and write in Australia. But now it seems different. I was disappointed in the weather the first weeks we were here. It was like England, rain, rain, and yet more rain. I was going to go to Lyndale High but when I saw Dandenong High School I thought I would much rather go to it. In England I did not do Latin and it will be strange. My class is nice (at least the girls are) and I hope to settle in soon. The lessons so far have not been difficult and the teachers are nice. There always seems to be things on and I hope to fit in with them. I, and my parents, are as impressed with the school as with Australia.

Caroline Paine, 1d.

DANDY v. KERANG

Dandenong High versus Kerang High on Comparison Oval today. Players are moving onto the ground now and Dandenong seem to be physically better equipped — Kerang 900 to Dandy's 1,100 players.

As I blew the whistle to begin the first quarter, I noticed how friendly players of both teams were. Nearing half-time and Dandenong, have been the life of the match, with high quality drama, choir singing, debating and other kicks, scoring several goals against Kerang.

By the close of the third quarter, Kerang came back into the game, defending themselves with casual lunch-time gossiping, plenty of sport and the odd operetta.

The final quarter, both teams have done their best, the scores are going up now — seconds before I blow the whistle to end the game — And . . . the scores are . . . Yes! the winners are . . .

Neither team won. I won! For I was the umpire who took part on both sides.

A FOOT IN TWO WORLDS (Greece and Australia)

The two worlds of my life are Greek and Australian. The Greek one involves my family, whilst my friends play the part in the Australian one. The conflicts arise when I try to lead one life abiding by rules of two systems.

If I am a Greek, then I must not neglect my native language as this would not please my parents. What an Australian may fail to understand is that although I can talk English with my family I cannot communicate with them, using it. On the other hand none of my Australian friends speak Greek so

I am forced to use English as my communicative language with them. The advantage of this would be the ability to communicate with both sides while they can only just understand each.

Amongst the many problems, which only common understanding can solve, is the conflict between the two traditions. At times it is easier on a migrant boy than on a girl, for, Greek families tend to lay down strict rules which must be obeyed. Whereas Greeks would rarely encourage their daughters to go out, dating or to parties, by themselves. Australian teenagers have the freedom of choosing for themselves, seldom is there any objection from the parents.

The migrant youngster, being in the middle of two cultures, is inclined to favour that which gives him or her greater freedom — obviously the Australian. This causes bitter moments of arguing, questioning and indecision within the migrant family. We can, no doubt, expect migrants to change some of their ways, but is it fair to ask them to change their entire lives?

There are more problems obvious than solutions. This does not mean however that there are no solutions. The solutions are there and can only be brought out into the light, if and when, each side plays the role of trying to understand the other. Each side must have the decency and nobility to accept the other culture not with questioning, but with understanding that any way of life is a result of past generations' tradition and the judgment of admittedly different nationalities but basically 'people' with the same physical and spiritual qualities.

THE STAFF TEAM.



A number of new recruits joined the ranks this year to offset the losses of some valuable players. The list of those who left the team features some impressive names, and perhaps a passing comment on each would be in order.

Rupe (the Red Terror) left us midway through the season, reportedly signed by Manchester limited. Judy also left us fairly early in the season, for overseas — she should return a more experienced player. Jim Cole (who?) only had a brief run with us. Maid Marion left for a while and Geiser has, after a lot of searching, actually found a fowler occupation and will soon be returning. Winneke was also forced to withdraw from the team for reasons partly beyond her control.

We recruited well this year and have a new captain to replace last year's leader who no doubt still "sticks" in your memories. Other recruits who have shown a lot of form include further reinforcements to the unbroken tradition of P.E. staff from England (is this all they can export!). We have also managed to share a player who completes the most unbelievable French duo ever assembled — the Atomic Twins. Two other new lads include a ruthless, outspoken brute of a Chem. teacher, and a lanky, athletic-looking American tourist/basketball coach cum Maths. (Sic!) teacher. The next two might keep you wondering, but a few clues will help. What other English teacher is J.A., not male, not 6'2" and not

ugly? And what deer is responsible for preventing scholarship in the senior library?

Several injuries occurred to players during the season, and you may recall the headlines:

- Soccer star hurts ankle trying to play the real game.
- Sandy star smashes shoulder trying to play the same game.
- K. M. KO'd at Matric. Camp.
- Luke takes on 2nd form at football. Result: Form 2, 1st; Luke, 2nd.

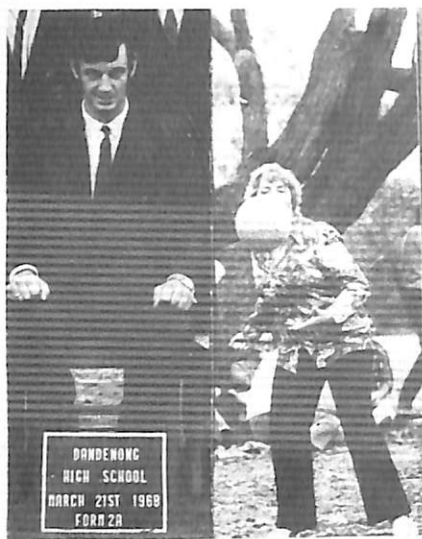
For relaxation some of the team have formed a "Fishermen Anonymous" club. Some interesting pieces of information have emerged about the "other side" of some of our stars. For example, Denis had illusions that he is J.C. on one trip and only started doubting them when he began to sink. Dick graced the last expedition with a treatise on his expertise in yet another field, and Rod the Cook and Neil the Captain provided a somewhat amused audience especially when his total catch was 1 cold Lew is another member of the group and possesses what must be a unique boat — it is propelled by a tow-line. Pete and Ron are the other two members and actually thought you were supposed to fish on these trips.

Some of the other key players you will perhaps recognise by guessing:

- who is all lit up (the complete stage and screen ANDYman);
- who is a star cricketer who bamboozles with both googly and quadratic equations;
- "boots his dog home;
- specialises in er teaching er up the Nile and er down the Rhine (irrespective of the subject);
- wins the popularity poll hands down (hands off!);
- plays, prays, puffs and protects;
- rolls her own;
- has 527 daughters in the school;
- we would like to say something nice but her husband is 6'4", 16 stone, mean, and picks her up after school every night;
- is a conservationist, ecologist, biologist and ski-er extraordinaire;
- we have trouble writing about her because she is so perfect, is the best teacher in the school, the kids all love her and the rest of the staff have inferiority complexes over;
- just overpowers you;
- can't speak highly enough of the wonderful responses she receives from some of her form 2 Maths. students;
- seems to be bolting off all the time.

Some other staff always manage to remain as unremarkable as they can, solely to miss inclusion in an article such as this, or too obviously remarkable to bother with limits and clues — even so, we think we comprise a pretty classy and formidable opponent this year and should come out on top at the end of the season.

Jack Austin.



the best disease of all time

To me, the only way to pass a Saturday is to venture to Victoria Park (the best place in Melbourne) and watch the best team in Melbourne — **COLLINGWOOD** — of course, mercilessly crush their cowardly and pathetic opponents. This essay, as you may well imagine is written by one who is mortally afflicted with the Victorian seasonal affliction known as "Football Fever". This strange malady strikes hundreds of thousands of Melbournians at the beginning of April, reaches its climax in September, suddenly disappearing in very early October. It strikes people from all walks of life and all ages. Its main symptoms include screaming, foaming at the mouth, a hoarse throat and a great tendency to thump anyone who barracks for the other team.

The disease occurs in weekly doses. On Thursday night, it starts to manifest itself as the devoted football supporter listens to the announced football teams on 3DB. Friday night is mainly devoted to preparing oneself, mentally and physically, for the big day ahead. After a sound nights sleep, during which the supporter dreams of the umpire being hit on the head by a goalpost felled by hungry beavers and the opposition team having their legs tied in knots, he is ready, for the fateful day.

An early start is necessary for a good vantage point, preferably behind the goals. A special kit is essential for a football supporter. One must be fully prepared, warm clothes, a beanie and a four foot long scarf in club colours are all basic requirements. Handy but optional accessories include, as follows: four sharp pencils to write down scores in a footy record. After each quarter one pencil may be broken up and thrown at opposition supporters. A substantial amount of money is necessary. This is to purchase the supporters staple diet, hot pies and sauce. Due to a great amount of barracking, excessive evaporation occurs through the mouth and a strange amber fluid must be drunk or rapid dehydration takes place. Another handy accessory is a footy record. This is the supporters bible and it contains all the information he needs to know. It makes good reading at half time and can be ripped up and used as ticker tape when the game gets hectic. This has two purposes. It is a way of showing ones appreciation of his team for a goal or a good piece of play. It also annoys supporters of the opposition side in front of you. But one must make sure the person in front of you is not bigger than yourself, as he may resort to pugnacious measures to stop the shower of ticker tape on his immediate person. The last accessory is a transistor, because a good football supporter never believes what he sees, especially when his team is losing.

Ten

A supporters main use to his team is to support and this usually takes the form of the uttering of certain colourful phrases. There are several phrases which are necessary for the vocabulary of an ardent supporter. Some of these phrases cannot be repeated for fear of censorship, but these phrases are only repeated by the uncouth members of the football crowd.

The umpire is the most criticised. Every decision against your team must be hooted. A really bad decision requires the uttering of two basic phrases, they consist of either "you rotten mongrel, umpire" or "how much did they pay you, ump". When a scuffle begins, a supporter should get really excited and yell "give him a knuckle sandwich" or "kick him in the head". When a large opposition player knocks over a small player on your team, the large player is continually referred to as a "log".

As the game comes to a close, the scoreboard, to the supporters' delight, shows his team has won by a multitude of goals. If they have lost, the supporter must blame the umpire, the weather or the dirty play of the other side. He then hurries home by train, lies on the sofa eating his tea and watching the replays, delighting in watching his team win all over again. On Saturday night, the weekly attack of "Footy fever" is almost over, although it flairs slightly as the supporter watches "World of Sport", for a final post mortem and the direct telecast of Association Football on Channel 0.

On Monday morning, all traces disappear and the football patron becomes a citizen for a few days until the following Thursday.

Bones, 6.



LIFE WITH VALUE

If one discards the notion of the existence of a God, then there is no meaning to life in the sense of divine purpose. But while one rejects this notion, the value of life takes on greater dimensions. There is the realisation that we possess life, and indeed it is our most precious possession. Material wealth becomes far less important, when we see that without life it means nothing. This way of thinking puts forth a special set of values. The prime value is the maintenance of life, and this life would, ideally, be free from physical and mental suffering.

An individual who sincerely aims for these values, cannot remain apathetic to social and moral injustices, and to the untold suffering and loss of lives that the horror of war can bring. If such an idealist is to be true to himself, he must direct his life to a goal, so that in some way he has fought against the oppression on human lives.

To live purely to gain pleasure for oneself, or to rely on the existence of a god, and do not question his judgement, are merely selfish forms of escape from reality. Such people will contribute nothing to the solution of problems, instead they live in the hope that if they ignore those troubles, then they will probably cease to exist. It, therefore, becomes the aim of some idealists to spark the social conscience of these people and bring them to enrich their own lives, and fight for the existence of others.

It would be an immense task to try to change the attitude of an adult, who is well set in his ways. It would be relatively easy, however, to achieve a generation of thinking and responsible people, by correctly educating them from childhood. The present education system, seems to be mainly concerned with the transfer of knowledge, and the students ability to retain these facts. However a system concentrating on the development of the child's learning capacity, emotional stability and reasoning powers, would give rise to adults who are quite able to cope with life, and would have the mental ability to help others. To such people, the idea of war would seem an absurdity. They would be unlikely to blindly accept dogmatic beliefs, rather they would question, and if necessary reject, and try to find the truth themselves. They therefore would not accept that it is right, when millions of people are starving, that affluent countries will

readily destroy their surplus food, rather than give it to these people because it would be uneconomical to do so. They would not allow countries to brutally murder in wars, so that their economy will be protected.

Thoughtful people will face up to problems and seek a solution to them, and because they value life above all else, they will oppose its destruction.

Carolyn Bingham, 6D.

A POEM

Flowers are so pretty
They look so sweet.
They smell so nice
Not like daddy's feet.

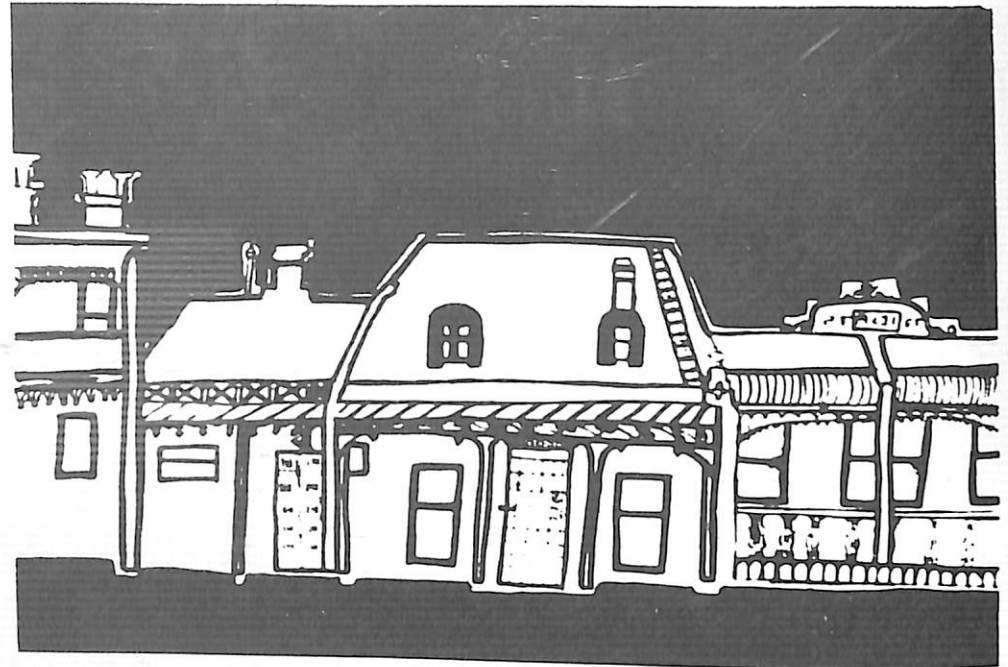
Anon.



MY POLLUTION POEM

Once upon a midnight dreary
While I pondered weak and weary
Thinking about what has happened to us all
Since pollution has had a ball
Ruining this and destroying that
But going about it slowly and surely like a cat
Laying waste only a bit at a time
And every one thought that all's going fine
Until one day they opened their eyes and saw
The earth has been polluted right down to its core
The air is fouled, the seas are dead
"The land's becoming useless", the young boy said
Because of man and man alone
Who has made this place not fit to put a home
And raise a family bright, happy and gay
Make hay while the sun shines they used to say
But the sun shines no longer; no more is there a day
Where the people can laugh, run, jump and play.
But who can we blame for what's been done
Surely not the children, so innocent, so young
But they will suffer, and that all of you know
To die in the muck, the rubbish, the filth, even the polluted snow.

Anon.



Mandy Garret, 5.



3000 B. C.
King Tutenaardvark.

WHY DO YOU CRY? (To a Vietnamese waif)

Why do you cry
When you have no tears left
What are you hiding
Behind that mask you wear?
It hurts to look at you
But I cannot turn away
Are you grieving for your people?
Or for us?
What is your life?
You are so young
And yet so old
Who stole from you the happiness of childhood?
It was your birthright
You see the world more clearly than do I
You do not have my prejudice
You know what we have done
I cannot make excuses
You are much older than I
Why did you have to grow so old?

Jill Godding, 5.

the newspaper

I knew from the moment that I awoke it was going to be one of 'those' days. Forcing one reluctant eyelid open, I managed to see one side of my alarm clock. Half past something. Six, probably; it couldn't possibly be 7.30 already. And anyhow, the paper hadn't arrived yet. Relaxing, I slumped back into my pillow.

It was a daily ritual in our house, that upon the arrival of the newspaper our two young darlings would collect it, and dash noisily into our room to wake us up, with the joyous news that some unknown corpse had been moulding in a bread-bin for six years, or that Mickey Mouse was on T.V. tonight.

However, unknown to us, our paper route had just changed incapable hands, and the bleary-eyed boy who finally tossed the paper over the fence and into the middle of my long-suffering geraniums was in fact one hour behind schedule. So, instead of crashing in with the paper at 7.30, Angela and Danny made their spectacular entrance at exactly 8.30.

Blissfully unaware of this fact, I allowed Angela to point out a picture of the 'Pwitty horsie' which would no doubt bring a smile to the lips of many, but had just lost me \$10 by running last.

Meanwhile, Danny was demonstrating his latest gymnastic feat; a rather wobbly triple somersault which appeared to include a few odd characteristics such as crashing into the bed, rolling sideways instead of forwards, and knocking the clock off the bedside table.

The crash, as it hit the floor awoke my wife, and she shot bolt upright in bed and stared accusingly at the ceiling.

"All right, who broke what?", she demanded, hunting blindly for her glasses. "Oh, John, where ARE my glasses? You didn't break THEM, did you? I can't SEE without them -- er, John -- John dear -- why don't you SAY something -- ?".

"It's alright" I muttered, handing her the glasses. "The clock fell, that's all".

I bent rheumatically to retrieve the object under discussion, and as I did so my glance fell on its hands. 8.30!

With a strangled yelp I leapt from my warm bed with more speed than sense, for in my haste I dislodged Angela, who had been perched on my knee-cap 'reading' the funnies.

She rolled dazedly off the bed and onto the floor, and upon contact started wailing like a cat begging for a boot to be thrown at it.

"Oh, Angela, I'm sorry, pet -- Must run -- Late -- Look after her, Danny -- ". With that garbled speech I loped with the grace of a pregnant hippo into the bathroom. Snippets of conversation floated in to me:

"W-a-a-a-ah!"

"John, what IS it -- Oh no!"

I commenced to shave in record time, and, five minutes and six band-aids later I dashed back into the bedroom.

I almost strangled myself with my tie, lost a button from my new shirt, banged my shin against the bedside table, and spent precious time searching for my shoes, which were finally discovered skulking under the discarded newspaper. They were unpolished, and looked shoddy.

Grabbing ruthlessly at the front page of the paper, I wadded it into a tight ball, and furiously polished my shoes.

"Breakfast, John. Bring out the paper" echoed from the kitchen, and, snatching it up, I raced out. Burying myself in the cause of all our troubles, I started reading how a cat had followed its master 150 miles. Stupid cat.

"Oh, John! Don't read it at the table!" whined my wife.

Slamming it down, I tried to gulp my coffee, which deliberately jumped out of my cup onto my tie.

Furious, I barked -- "Get me another tie! Danny! Tie! Quickly! BLOW your rice bubbles!"

My tie replaced, I launched another attack on the coffee. This time I almost mastered it, Almost. In fact, had it been for Danny reaching over to get the crossword page, I just might have made it.

But I didn't. Over went the cup, and I chalked up another round to the coffee, which oozed triumphantly across the table. I mopped at it half-heartedly with the newspaper, but gave up and used a dish-cloth.

My wife reached out for the slightly soggy paper and gazed at it, puzzled.

"John", she said vaguely, "Do they start counting from page 3, now?"

"No!" I bawled. "I used the first page on my shoes".

"Mummy, can I read the comics?" ventured Danny.

"Not while you're eating".

Angela gave an agonised wail. "There's coffee on the T.V. page!"

I grabbed at the offending object. "I want to see if it's going to rain" I mumbled.

I never found out. The paper knocked the sugar-bowl off the table, the milk on the eggs and the honey-pot upside-down in Angela's corn-flakes.

The paper was now a mop.

I was on my way to work.

THE END

By Anonymous.

WATTLE

After last year's success of winning the aggregate, Wattle shall again prove to be the superior house. Wattle came in with a big splash and opened up the year with a win in the swimming.

We were narrowly defeated in the Drama, produced by Robert Griffin (no fault of the actors of course!).

Our next competition was the choirs. The senior choir was conducted by Barbara Tulloch and accompanied by Sherrie Gardiner. Unfortunately, instead of "Morning Has Broken", a voice was broken? The Juniors, conducted by Margaret Taylor narrowly missed the cup.

Debates are still in progress, but no doubt our good debating qualities will be evident.

Junior Drama is still to come, produced by "Idball". With all the enthusiasm, this should once again prove successful for Wattle.

Athletics will be held in third term and with a win in athletics Wattle should take the cup again this year.

A suggestion from Wattle: card games should be accepted as an inter-house competition, as naturally Wattle has the best card players (especially 'Black B').

The house-captains wish to thank all the co-ordinators and those involved, who helped to make the year a success for Wattle.

Karen Eberlein.
Andrew Francis.



ORCHID

We entered the swimming sports "not with a bang but a whimper". Our hopes weren't dampened but we will have to improve on our belly-whackers. Robyn and Malcolm are working on it!!!

The disappointment at the house Senior Drama competition which we lost narrowly to Bluegum aroused our vengeance and a second chance to come out on top at the Dandenong Festival. Our first scene was the cause for some concern and after censorship and disappointment among the cast following hard practice those concerned couldn't get stuck into it.

However, Orchid proved themselves in the Dandy Festival by beating several school plays (including Bluegum's) and Chris, Paul and Stephen gaining the three top awards. Congrats!

Choirs were somewhat of a struggle since cards in the common rooms were preferable to many. Hh, Garth, John, Ian Twig etc. ...? Leonie Maclean, our competent conductor, shone above her choir but unfortunately participants were not too crash-hot. Leonilla carried victory for Orchid for the second year in a row with her Junior Choir.

Debating wasn't too successful, but our hopes are high for Junior Drama under the supervision of Sharon Cafe, which is to be held later next term.

The athletics are not far off, and already we are in training!!! Our aim is victory; our cause is noblehowever, next year opens a whole new field, and although our success was limited this year, our

house spirit has never waned! ("It never got off the bloody ground!" ... comment by Garth).

Oh well Orchid, keep it up. We are a friendly lot and it was about time some other house had its taste of success.

No more sentiment next year. Censorship is out for the future.

Your house co-ordinators,
John Jewell and Liz Clay,
and our right hand men,
Chris Saunders & Stuart Gilchrist.

CLEMATIS

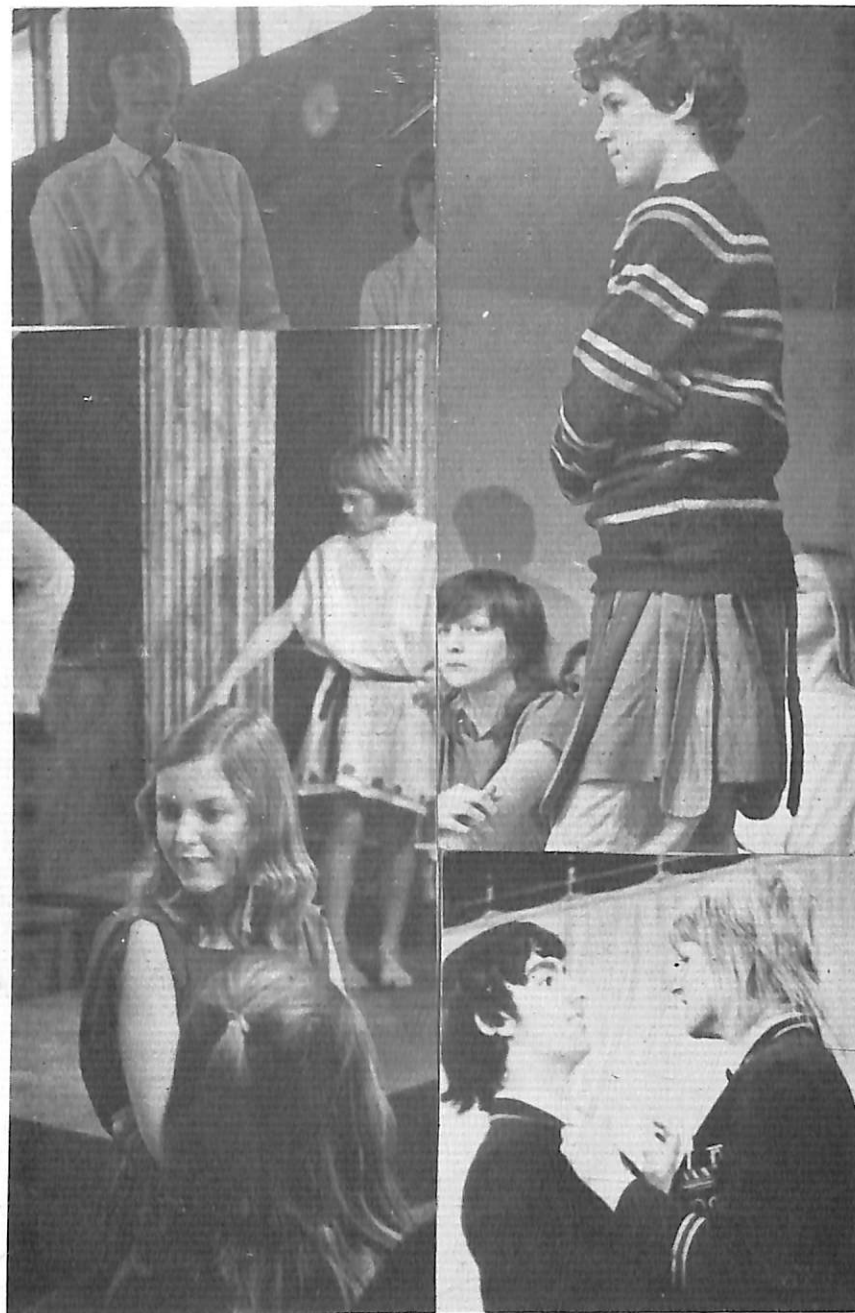
Improvement and more improvement to come, that's the Big Bright Future for our great house! This year we had a close second in swimming. Thanks to Max, and also to all those who tried their best.

Rod and Val worked hard to produce a winning choir and we think they did. A special thanks to all who participated and we hope the juniors catch the seniors' enthusiasm for singing. Don's sure to do better with the drama next year. He's got to get lucky sometime. The debating team is all set for a big win. Clematis endeavour will surely cause an upset in taking out the athletics.

Finally thanks to all teachers who helped us in our struggle. Fellow patriots please learn our house song and remember to cheer each other on, and do your best.

Anyhow, Clematis always has the most fun!

Andrew Schmidt and
Chris Pyke.



BLUEGUM

After rounding up our Bluegumites and forcing them on to the blocks at the swimming pool, we began 1972 with a spectacle of courageous(?) efforts by all. We came third, with the juniors especially showing great talent. From then we really got going. Our entry in the Senior Drama—"Ern's Incred. Illucin."—was produced by Mark Sierakowski, and performed by a large cast, studded with stars such as Mark Greaves, and Dave and Judy. This success was followed by a win to our senior choir. Pam Mason, with help from Marion Jarvis on the pianola and a real team effort brought victory. And although Judy MacPherson, Denise Secombe, as accompanist, and our juniors tried, we came an honourable third place. Liz Williams, together with two anonymous, but helpful fifth formers, and three partially co-operative and unco-operative teams of debaters, have managed to get our intermediates to the finals. All the best to them. Also a big thanks to those who took part in the cross country. And of course we mustn't forget Miss Gass, and Mr. Szidat and other staff members for their help and assistance throughout the year. At this stage of the year we are sure of further victory in the coming Athletics and Junior Drama competitions. Finally, all the best to the other houses, and especially to all members of Bluegum.

Marion Jarvis and
Rainer Martini.

CRIS' SICKEST SIX

Brilliant student of physics goes, elated, to his physics teacher:

"Mr. Gunstone! Mr. Gunstone! I have found a way to travel to the sun!"

Teacher patiently says, "I'm sorry, but it is impossible for man to ever hope to travel to the sun. He would be burnt up before he got there."

Student, still excited, says, "I know; but I have solved all that".

Mr. Gunstone immediately sends in his resignation to the Education Department, sacrificing his love for physics for the love of scientific advancement, accompanied (least importantly, of course) by slight(?) financial gain.

Having made world-wide arrangements for the exposure of his(?) idea he says to the student, "Tell me how you are going to do it."

To which the student replies, "I'm going to go at night".

Woodwork teacher walks into the woodwork room and sees a boy sawing an imaginary piece of wood. He is at first surprised, but thinking that the boy was quiet and not hurting anyone, decided to let him be. Then he sees another boy hanging from the roof. Teacher says "Hey, what are you doing up there?"

Student says "I'm an electric light globe".

Teacher says to student, who is still sawing, "Will you help me get your friend down? He thinks he is an electric light globe".

Student still sawing says, "No! If I get him down I won't be able to see what I'm doing".

New sixth form student, not used to the coffee served in the common room, complains.

"This coffee tastes like MUD!"

Old seventh form student says,

"So it should, it was just ground this morning".

Q. If it takes a week to walk a fortnight, how many eggs in a bunch of grapes?

(None, because ice-creams don't have bones, stupid!)

Q. What's the difference between a duck?

(One leg is both the same).

Ex-teacher, turned to drink, walks into a bar and says

"Triple whiskey, thanks".

Barman watches as, with the aid of two hands, he shakily puts it down.

Barman says: "Drink much?"

Teacher says: "No, spill most of it!"

Cris, Form 7.



Chris, Gwen, Karen, and Good Reef.



How can I tell you what lies deep in my heart.
The words fail me each time we speak and touch
Though I know the answer my lips will not reveal me
They refuse in every way to tell you of my troubled thoughts.
I am afraid.

The truth may hurt and I cannot bear to lose you.
So stay with me.

I know you are confused by my inconsistent ways
Yet I cannot tell what you need to know of me.

We wake up suddenly to find the world is different
Dreams are vague.

They disappear and leave the soul unsatisfied.

I had a dream that brought my desires close.

And I experience the power to feel something deep in my body.

A feeling that simple terms cannot describe.

A feeling that comes only from dreaming.

Reality could not evolve.

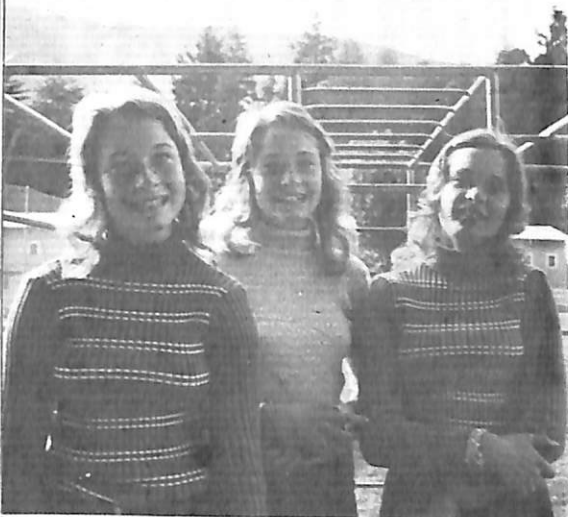
So I sought the comfort of tears until I was
enclosed once more in the uncensored world of sleep.

Love is a deception of the mind. Drawn by disguised infatuation the
unsuspecting victims are trapped in their own web.

You wake up to truth finding the bitter taste of reality.

But being fools the masquerade is cycled and Love continues to thrive.

M. Fiorese, 5c.



D.H.S. DIARY 1972

FEBRUARY

- 2: Back to school.
- 17: Form I Planetarium excursion.
- 22: Citations for 1971 H.S.C. students at Senior Assembly.
- 23: Inter-house swimming sports.
- 24: Lunchtime concert "Highway".

MARCH

- 3: Monash division swimming sports.
- 10—13: Form 6 camp at Shoreham.
- 17: Form 3 Old Melbourne Jail excursion.

APRIL

- 12: Senior Drama Matinee.
- 13: Senior Drama performance.
- 21—28: Form 6 Term I exams.
- 24: Junior choir — third at Dandenong Festival.
- 28: "Inspect" excursion to Dandenong Creek.

MAY

- 4: Senior Social. Senior drama success at Dandenong Festival.
- 5—22: Term I holidays.
- 25: Melbourne Theatre Co. in Hall. "Jailed"; "Crazy World of Advertising".

JUNE

- 2: Matinee performance "Post Horn Gallop" by Form VI Drama Club.
- 3: Evening performance.
- 7: Interscholar sport.
Dandenong v Heatherhill.
- 14: Dandenong v Monash.
- 27: Dandenong v Lyndale.

JULY

- 4: Dandenong v Oakleigh.
- 12: Dandenong v Noble Park.
- 14: Language Soiree: Bastille Day.
- 24: Sports Grand Final — Monash University.
- 26: Junior girls' cross-country — Monash University.
- 28: Form III Sovereign Hill excursion.

AUGUST

- 1: All-high football. Dandenong d. Hampton.
- 2: Dandenong d. Greythorn.
- 3: Warragul.
- 8: Dandenong d. Flemington.
- 17: Senior Social.
- 18: Casual Clothes Day.
- 18: Beginning of Term II holidays.

SEPTEMBER

- 6: Modern History Seminar — Hall.
- 12: Form I Orchestral Concert excursion.
- 13: Debating finals.
- 26: Form IV Geography excursion.
- 29: Monash Division Athletics.
- 29: H.S.C. Literature Seminar at Warburton Chalet — Ending Oct. 1.

OCTOBER

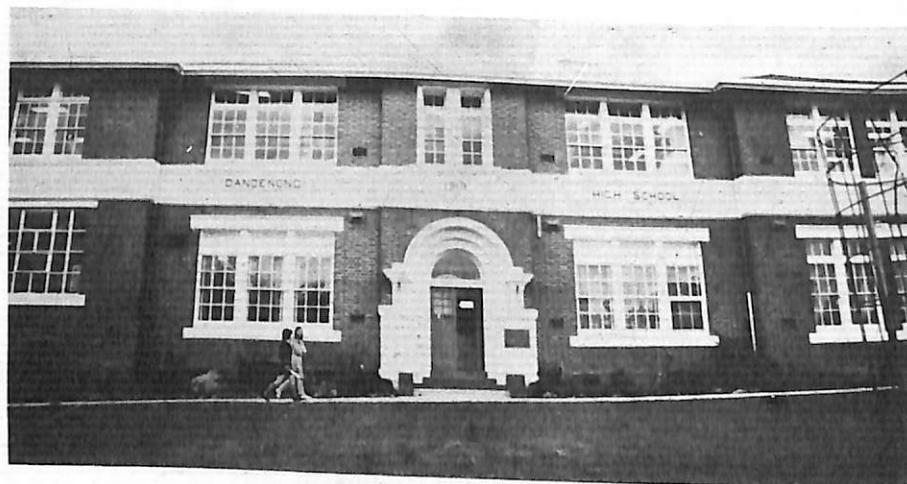
- 5: Junior Drama.
- 11: Melbourne Theatre Co. in the Hall. ". . . Pollution . . .".

NOVEMBER

- 6: Form VI Dinner at the "White Peacock".
- 13—18: Form V exams.
- 21: H.S.C. Final exams begin.

DECEMBER

- 7: Senior Social.
- 15: End of School Year.



THE LANGUAGE DINNER

As usual, the Language Night this year was a tremendous success for all concerned. The evening in the Staff Common Room on July 14 was slightly different to previous years as senior language students from St. Angela's College, St. John's College and Dandenong Girls High School were invited as well as language students from Forms 5 and 6 of DHS.

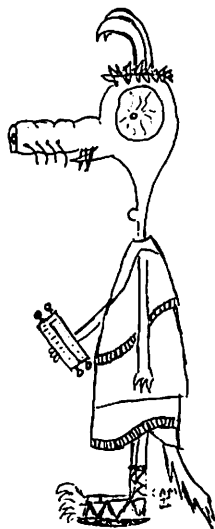
"La cuisine" was excellent and due respect must be paid to the "cordon bleu" cooks. Apparently, everyone survived after the snails and once over the initial shock, we found that they were really quite tasty ???!! French people are well known for wine also. (That's what J.W. and the Latin scholars mixed in the punch ??).

After the mad frolic of "follow the leader" around the school we crossed to Rome to hear the details of the news making the headlines and the weather for the following day. We were honoured to hear an interview with Mrs. Hannibal and many other well-known celebrities.

The staff members were absolutely delighted to see the Dutch Saint Nicholas and waited eagerly to see if their name was in his "Red Book". Obviously, the door lock given to Mr. Moss doesn't fit his door and we were disappointed that Mr. Lascaris' nuclear bomb exploded before he could put it to good usage ??? Miss Williams was quite overwhelmed with the portrait of J.D. and we hope that Frank hasn't overworked himself with the dumb-bells.

Anyhow, the evening was enjoyable for everyone and thanks must go to those who organised and arranged the evening.

B. Tulloch.



50 B.C.
Julius Aardvark.

A SAD STORY

amicus Caecilium visitat. amicus villam intrat. Caecilius amicum salutatur. amicus Mettelam salutatur. amicus canem quoque salutatur. canis amicum mordet. "Pestis! furcifer!" clamat amicus. Caecilius canem verberat. canis Caecilium mordet. Caecilius canem necat.

Simon Bartlett,
Deano Brandi,
Steven Rule, 2A.

MATRIC SEMINAR AT CAULFIELD GRAMMAR

1st June, 1972.

The topic of this year's annual seminar was 'Youth Seeks Freedom'. The speakers proved pessimistic, on the whole, as to man's, and therefore youth's future. Our Liz was given a well-deserved drum-roll introduction to her ridiculously-brilliant speech on 'Youth Seeks a Future', by the Caulfield Grammar Cadet Band.

Discussions were also held after speeches on 'Youth Seeks a Philosophy'.

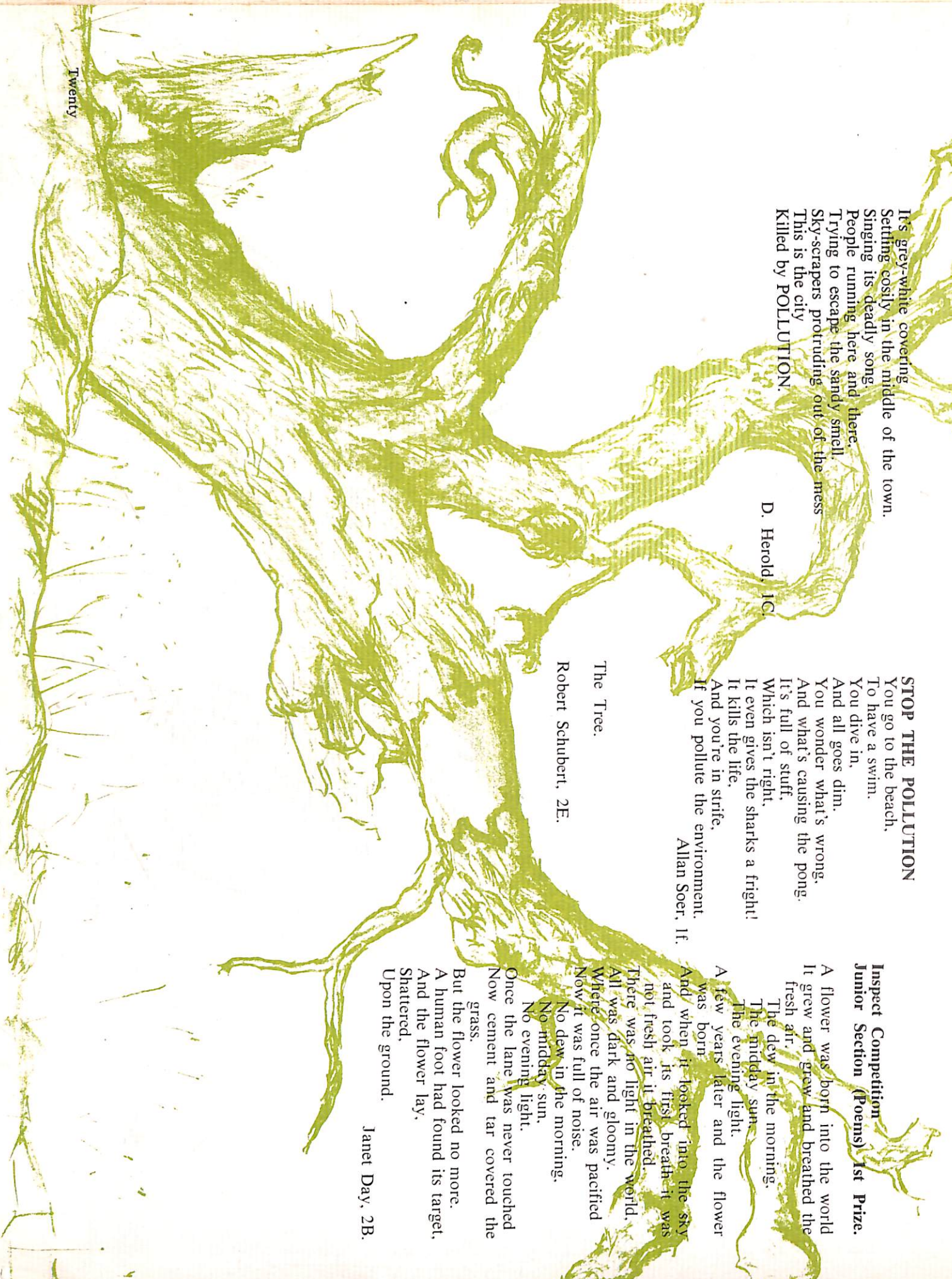
It was concluded that education is a very important factor in forming the opinions of youth; that a worthwhile education system is one which promotes freedom of thought; and that the over-population burden is the basis for all the problems, future and present.

It was definitely a day well-spent. Anne, Liz, Anita, Don and Rainer.

WHAT IS A COW?

A Cow is a completely automatic milk manufacturing machine. It is encased in untanned leather and mounted on four vertical movable supports, one on each corner. The front end contains the cutting, grinding mechanism as well as headlights, air inlet and exhaust, a bumper and foghorn. At the rear is the dispersing apparatus and an automatic fly swatter. The central portion houses a hydrochemical conversion plant. This consists of four fermentation and storage tanks connected in series by an intricate network of flexible plumbing. The section also contains heating plant, complete with automatic temperature controls, pumping station and main ventilating systems. The waste disposal apparatus is located at the rear of this central section, in brief the external visible features are:— Two lookers, two hookers, four stander-uppers, four hanger downers and a swishy-wishy. There is a similar machine known as a bull, which should not be confused with a cow. It produces no milk but has other interesting features.

Copied from the original by "Moo".



It's grey-white covering
Setting costly in the middle of the town.
Singing its deadly song,
People running here and there,
Trying to escape the sandy smell,
Sky-scrapers protruding out of the mess
This is the city
Killed by POLLUTION.

D. Herold, 1C.

STOP THE POLLUTION

You go to the beach,
To have a swim.
You dive in,
And all goes dim.
You wonder what's wrong,
And what's causing the pong.
It's full of stuff,
Which isn't right,
It even gives the sharks a fright!
It kills the life,
And you're in strife,
If you pollute the environment.

Allan Soer, 1F.

The Tree.

Robert Schubert, 2E.

Inspect Competition
Junior Section (Poems) 1st Prize.

A flower was born into the world
It grew and grew and breathed the
fresh air,
The dew in the morning,
The midday sun,
The evening light.
A few years later and the flower
was born.
And when it looked into the sky
and took its first breath it was
not fresh air it breathed.
There was dark and gloomy.
All was dark and gloomy.
Where once the air was pacified
Now it was full of noise.
No dew in the morning,
No midday sun,
No evening light.
Once the lane was never touched
Now cement and tar covered the
grass.
But the flower looked no more.
A human foot had found its target,
And the flower lay,
Shattered,
Upon the ground.

Janet Day, 2B.

* INSPECT'S UP THE CREEK *

Inspect this year, after facing many crises within the group (like no-one knowing what to do, or who was going to do it once they decided what they were going to do) finally got going with an excursion to Dandenong Creek.

About 100 students set out one fine day to conquer the creek and not one fell in, believe it or not! We planned that day to test the creek water by measuring the phosphate and nitrate levels, the dissolved oxygen content of the water, its depth and speed.

For those uninitiated people water speed is found by dropping a ripe orange into the creek and timing it over a measured distance. That wasn't too hard, but as oranges were in short supply we had to get them back again, which was an interesting process!

Some people feel that the creek is "all right, mate!" Well I hate to disappoint them, but it ain't. The creek (or should I say sewer?) has a very disturbing prognosis, and I don't mean maybe! One particular reading, taken in Bayswater, of the phosphate level showed that the level was comparable to those in Lake Eyrie in America, which doesn't say much for the creek.

As well as the sampling at the Basin, Bayswater, Heatherton Road and Hammond Road, we are taking a close look at the section of the creek between Heatherton Road and Greens Lane to see what is happening to it.

To start with we took a stroll along the creek one afternoon. A very "enjoyable" (?) pastime. We discovered one drain in particular that was sending forth a torrent of white "water". This substance unfortunately we could not identify beyond the fact that it was a solid suspended in the "water", but the location of the drain was interesting. It was behind the stock market. Another drain, this time behind the council truck yards, was rather a vile looking affair which gave off, as they say, "a lovely pong" and had an interesting trail of oil coming from it!

On the serious side of things (for once!) we have received information and help from the Dandenong Valley Authority, the Environmental Protection Authority, the Meteorological Bureau and, of course, Ian Campbell from Monash, all of whom we thank. We shall continue with this survey, extending it to cover more aspects of local pollution. We hope that more student participation will be forthcoming in the future.

Jill Godding,
Sherrie Gardiner.

Inspect Competition. Senior Section (Essays) 1st Prize. THE PRIME PROBLEM

That effective control of pollution of our environment be achieved, is of the utmost importance. Our very existence is dependant upon a solution to this problem. Our present world is the result of adaptation to gradual changes in nature, and if this state is to be maintained, then there must not be any drastic environmental changes to affect the delicate balance of nature. Man will not have time to adapt to such a change; he will perish. All selfish interests of industry and state, must take second place to the preservation of a life-sustaining environment.

The main source of pollutants comes from industry. Technological progress has been used very irresponsibly. Factories churn out dangerous gases into our atmosphere and allow chemical wastes to destroy water supplies. All life in the seas and rivers affected. Mercury contamination in the oceans is rapidly rendering fish unfit to eat. Fish cannot survive in the polluted rivers that industry has transformed into drains. Natural processes cannot cope with the huge amount of wastes. An unnatural situation is being created, and this could cause the eventual extermination of all life.

I do not believe there can be any valid argument against effective pollution control. Industry and the capitalist state will probably argue that it will cost too much in terms of money, to regard the problem as serious. But, if control is not enforced, it will cost very dearly in lives.

Industry is not the only culprit, there must be restrictions placed on all aspects of society; commercial and private. People must be made aware that they hold the world's future in their hands and that action must be taken now.

Unless pollution is controlled, then there is no future.

Carolyn Bingham, 6D.

What a friendly little fellow
Is that robin dressed in yellow
Sitting in a tall gum tree
Just as happy as can be
Then swooping down to pull a worm
Then resting on a bank of fern.

Philip Neale, 1c.

OUR EPITAPH.

Lyn Blandford: Suffers from a fatal allergy to properly-tied school ties. Her interests are rather debatable.

Robyn Cameron: No relation to Greg C. Partial tendencies to Ward.

Lorraine Dawson: Races the train from Noble Park each morning. Knows more about Australian history than Mrs. Anderson.

Allison Golding: Serenades Chris S. with renditions of "By the Light of the Silvery Moon". Loves disrupting Lit. classes (what was that?)

Sylvia Herold: "Fuhrer of the Urn". Great fan of football and Deep Purple. Owner of the only back-to-front DHS windcheater.

Ella Hubert: Member of the famous Ella and Bella duo. Wears regulation white tennis shoes.

Marion Jarvis: Member of the scarf brigade. Great fan of Jim O'Dea of St. Kilda. Plays "Black and White Rag" beautifully on the piano.

Rosemary Jewell: Eighth former. Has dramatic obsessions. Sister of J.J. Manager of the R.J. and J. Jewell Catering Service.

Yvonne Kuyl: Her Royal Highness. The big-wig at all those socials. Ian's Witch of the West.

Julie Melbourne: Musica studenta Superbissima. Conciencious Latin student. Joan's pet.

Mary Orfanidis: Ex-patriot of Kerang High. Ex-ex-patriot of Athens High. Wears see-through jumpers to school. Is always bumping her head on others' kneecaps.

Twenty two

Davina 'Dover' Perry: Ex-wife of Don Smith, and mother of John Watson. Native of the White Cliffs of Wales.

Chris Sadleir: Favourite song, "By the Light of the Silvery Moon".

Chris Saunders: Owing to lack of space herein, a supplement will be posted in the distant future when research on her Trials and Tribulations is completed.

Jenny Seamons: Cause of Helena Rubenstein's incredible profits from sale of nail polish.

Margaret Taylor: Another member of the scarf brigade. Hysterical junior choir conscriptor and conductor.

Joanne Titcher: Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Titcher. Very hygienic. Occupies her spare time leaning against walls.

Heather 'Mary' Trimmell:

Mary had a little lamb,
She called it George for fun.
And everywhere that Mary went,
.....?!!

Wilma Vanderwolde: George's fellow dyke-plugger. Can't think of anything else about Willy. For further information on her, Phone 792 4205.

Paul Byrne: High Priest of Black Mass. Doesn't believe in contraception. Loves "The Rhythm of Life".

Peter Llewelyn: Walking proof that smoking stunts one's growth. has webbed feet. Og's friend.

Rainer 'Trufimov' Martini: Still recovering from "Big Knuckle Merchant's" left hook. Ambition, to be a professional student.



Donald McNair: Canadian impurity. Likes Australian dentists. Son of a headshrinker. It's not errazerrr. It's rubbba.

Geoffrey 'Boonga' Roberts: Thinks he can play football. Thinks he can dance. Thinks he can drive a car. He can swim. What else can't he do?

Paul Sherer: A member of the grandpa set. Straight from the jungles of South Vietnam.

Trevor Ward: Likes Camerons (is that G or R?)

Ken Young: Safeway's "blue-eyed boy". "Where's Ian?" Gets his hair cut when he's told to. "Have you seen Ian?" Ian's jealous of his pink sox.

Ken Harrison: Favourite song "Click go the Shears". Favourite barber, R. Og.

Joe Salvo: Little Italian peasant.

Debra Birkett: Famous author of "Everything you wanted to know about Peanut Butter, but were too afraid to ask".

Anne Charlesworth: Theme song, "Hey there, Orgy Girl".

Carol Dicker: 6½th former. Good Reef, it's Coral. Can she play ludo! Not as good as Gwen, though.

Gweneth Edwards: 7th former. Champ at Ludo. Pretty good at hockey and footy, too. A game girl. Starches her pigtails for the socials. Lets her hair down with Swampy at the parties.

Sherrie Gardiner: 7th former. Sister of Rod G. Carries out mating experiments with George Muskens. (For Biol!). Has foot-in-mouth disease.

Anita James: Editor of this Literary Manifesto. Bossy type. Studied propaganda under Gaebels.

Mason-Smith: It is with great amusement that we take this auspicious occasion to announce the forthcoming wedding of Beverly June Mason to Donald Alan Smith Esq. in the too-near(?) future. Congratulations to the happy couple from the Defamatory Council.

Ian 'Swampy' Stevenson: Form 7. Tears his green pantyhose in his bike chain. Soon due to take off his trainer wheels.

Ian 'Satchmo' Trigg: Joe Cool, 7th former from Wesley. The original DHS Sheik. Favorite saying: "Meet me at the Casbah".

Malcolm Wilkie: Form 7. Winner of this year's "Safe Driver Award", presented annually by the Panel-beaters Association.

Robert 'Bruiser' Ansell: Little Big Man. Clark Kent in disguise.

Guy 'Balmer: Cradle - snatcher. Could write lots more but couldn't print it.

Graeme Boden: Obscene and a herd. Ian didn't think they made denim jackets that big!

Peter Ellis: Neither seen nor heard.

Greg Cameron: Animal lover, particularly likes Lions and Aardvarks. Gets randy at the Royal Show.

Rod Gardiner: Zorba, the frustrated composer. His name is often spoonerised to God Rardiner.

Angelo Gigliotti: The Godfather. Wants to know if its "Bring-your-own" to the social.

Geoffrey 'Jibber' Gilbert: Wild man from Scoresby.

Stewart Gilchrist: Has a very healthy attitude to rape, in fact he exhibits his sex-life publicly on stage.

Robert Griffin: Plays his organ under Lindsay's.



Douglas 'Sow' Maxwell: Good goalie for Flemington. Has a curly tail. Distant relation to Arnold Ziffel.

Christine Pyke: 7th former. Plays ludo with Good Reef and the rest. Vital segment of the terrible centipede. She intends to grow a red beard and smoke a pipe when she grows up, and passes form 7. Wears red and green striped gloves.

John Dulfer: Mild-mannered tennis player. No relation to Evonne Goolagong.

Robert Griffiths: Dr. Kildare of the Worm-Breeders' Association. Lives, sleeps and drinks at Monash. Form 7.

John Jewell: Runs a continuous party. Partner in the R.J. and J. Jewell Catering Service. The Wild Man of the DHS Hockey Team. Another repeater.

James 'Mason: The Invisible Muncher in Miss Bathols' (?) Pure classes. His Landrover is definitely due for the tip.

David Savage: Sky-dives into. Applied two hours late, in his 650 Yamaha parachute.

Andrew Schmidt: Yet another dyke-plugger. A fery nice boy. Still hasn't shot the postman.

Victor 'Bones' Sereda: A Communist, disguised as an ardent Liberal supporter. Hates Hawkes and Magpies. Wants to be a doctor, but will probably end up as the keeper of the aardvark pavilion at the zoo.

Sue 'Bugs' Barnett: Only girl who can sleep with her eyes open in Lit.

Liz Clay: . . . Guide . . . Has a Foaly and a Mooey and a Bully and a Calfy.

Julie Coram and Sue Gooding: The Two of Us, when people stop they smile and say they know it won't last. We're holding on fast to a dream. We don't know what they mean.

Lorraine Garnett: Proud owner of Myrmacophagus Myrtle Turtle Garnett. Switches on to L.X.

Maree Green: Knows her nudes back-to-front. Special request from Anne: Does her homework every night.

Karen Hawkesworth: Laughs and laughs and laughs and giggles and laughs and laughs and ad nauseam!

Anne Hayres: Takes her family on all the school excursions. Foundation member of the Born Free Brigade.

Pam Missen: Cuddles (verb or noun?) Ian's cousin. Flogs glasses from the Tooradin pub.

Sue Russell: No relation to Ken Leon, or Bert. Loves black. Correction. Ken Russell's neice, star of "The Devils".

Gisele Tremayne: Other half of the "Ella and Bella" team.

Dawn Muriel Turley: The Ki-Wi Kid. Joins Cuddles on their pub crawls. Requires no partner at the socials.

Allan Anderson: The Kandid Kamera Kid. Lives backstage in the hall. Emerges for the occasional English or Physics lesson.

Tony Anstis: The original card-sharp, assistant manager of the DHS Casino.

Bill Booth: Form 7. Model student. Eats yoghurt quietly in the corner.

Peter Brown: A walking - talking loud speaker. Honorary member of "Billy-Big-Ears Fan Club". DHS's answer to Bob Hawke.

Andrew 'Buster' Francis: Chief renegger. Champ of the cheats. His blazer is STILL not back from the cleaners!

Chris Kelly: Buster's fellow-renegger. His voice is still breaking.





Bob Kloester: His Royal Highness. Official door-bugger for the socials.

Edward Konechnyx: No ah-hh? Try Kon Conn, Konenzmyx, Konsnetchnieyx. Would you believe Eddy K? The Barry Humphreys of DHS.

John Lord: Oh Good Lord!!! The phantom panty-hose ripper!

Alain 'Sam' Mallet: Never misses a beat. Fan extraordinaire of Johnny Farnham? Thinks Johnny's fairy nice.

John Murray: Form 8. King Pessimist. Budding Bobby Fischer. Manager of the DHS Casino.

Greg Noy: Slick card - shuffler. Fred's friend (enough said).

Trevor 'Dimples' Woodward. Understudy for Shirley Temple. A bit heavy on the old tap-dance routine, though. Comes on thick with the bad jokes.

Carolyn Bingham: Member of Grandma set. Doesn't believe in marriage. Has a ring to show it.

Shirley Bridge: Raquel Welch of DHS. Loves diamonds and other Jewells.

Gayle Dunkley: The story of a poor farm girl, innocently swept off her feet by a (K)night in a shining yellow ute.

Karen Eberlein: Form 7. Ludo-lover. Third place in the centipede stomp. Missed her mouth drastically when applying her lipstick.

Pam Mason: Knows how to make the choir adjudicator sit up and take notice. Current Queen of the Harem. Redecorating the tent. Pink or blue?

Leonilla Nekrasova: The all-time Fiddler on the Roof. Our own Olga from the Volga.

Barbara Tulloch: Only bad habit is she hasn't got any. We can't write anything else because she's standing over us.

Mrs. Hill: Who's Mrs. Hill? Married with three delinquents. Doesn't know what she wants to be when she grows up.

Darrell Dell: Form 7. Knight in shining yellow ute.

George Jolly: Sings to Darrell in Pure. Participates fluently in Expression classes.

Doris 'Flossy' Vlug: Drives down the street on the wrong side of the football. Doris doesn't drive! And Don McNair is NOT a communist! Would you believe roller-skates down the street on the wrong side of the footpath. "That's too relevant" says Peter B. Three cheers for the umpire, hev Gritter!"

Russel Glen Murphy: It's Royal Highness. Proof that hair does not grow in rarified atmospheres.

George Muskens: Another 7th former. Wild Man of Amsterdam. Is thought to be related to the Marx Brothers (Harpo and Karl).

Stephen Robertson: D and D Hospital's best football player. Thrives on plaster.

John 'Sass' Sarafis: Sleeps in English, loves in French.

David Birch: Excellent card player. Earns 20 cents a week and loses \$4, at cards.

Garth Bradbury: Form 7. Hates a party or 3. Kicks his dog Slug with his Ugh boots.

Liz Williams: Always last on the roll. A patient sufferer of Chris Saunders. Big Knuckle Merchant.



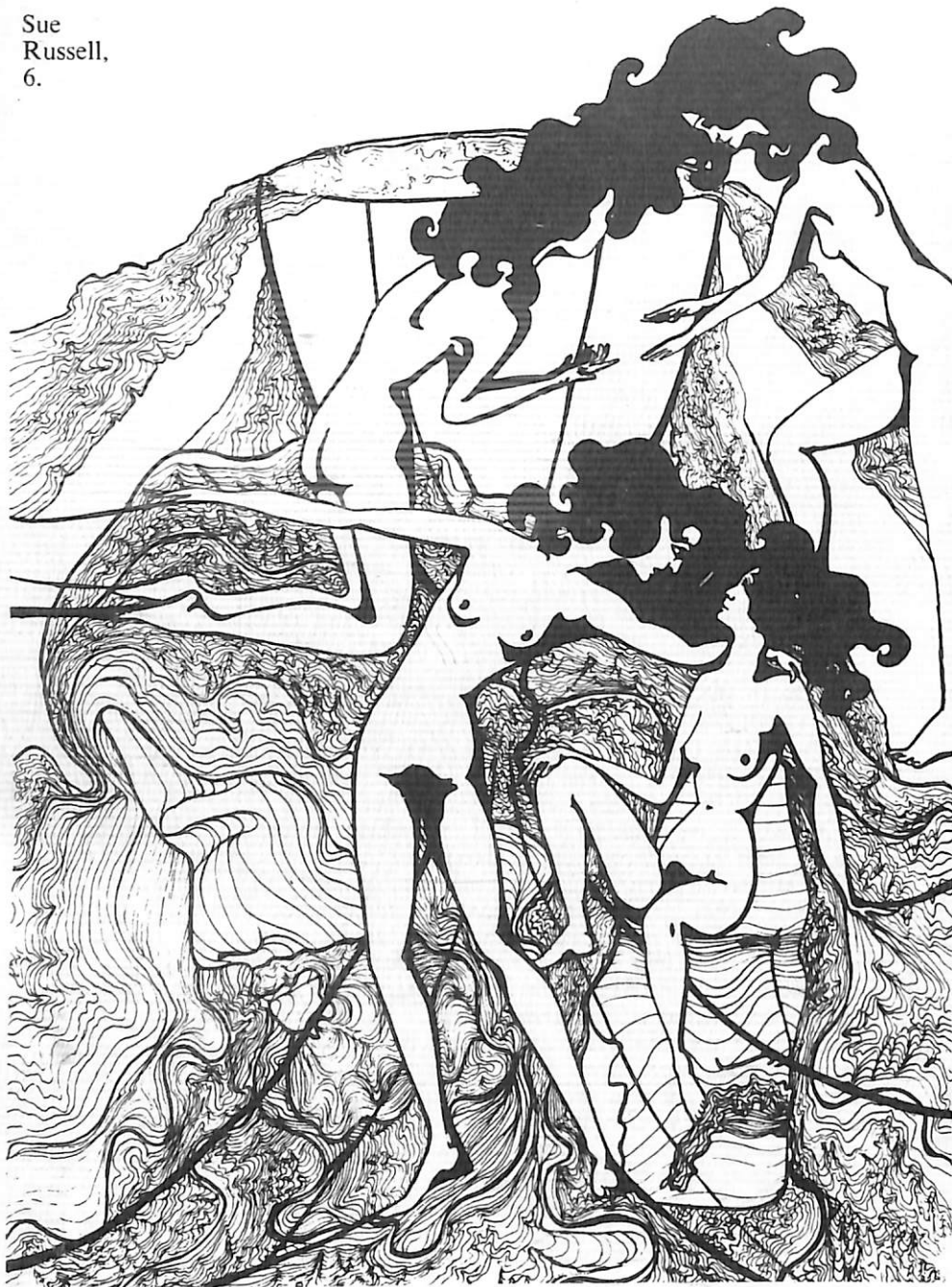
IN MEMORIAM.



(to those who didn't finish the year)

Oscar Aetssen
Donald Stewart
Angela Tremayne
Anthony Donnelly
Paul Gorter
Graeme Jarvie
Fred (buried deep in Brisbane)
Jacob Meerman
Sherree Miles
Marjorie Taylor
Mark Sierakowski
Gary Threlfall

And may we rest in peace.
Amen.



PARK BENCH

He sat down, hard, and swore at himself. Why had he had been so God damn stupid? He was hooked, oh yeah, he was hooked all right. It was too late to realise that now, but perhaps if he tried, really tried, he might break it.

He was good-looking, clever too. He was doing his matriculation at the local high school. He had a nice girl, oh if only SHE knew! She would help him, but he was scared to ask in case she'd leave him. But she loved him, she couldn't leave him! He remembered last night with a wave of longing, how they'd sat there close together, completely content just to be with each other. Love. Probably, he thought, this was why he'd come back to the bench — he'd found comfort in her presence last night and he hoped to cling to that feeling now. But it was shattered. Broad daylight and the sharp edge of reality had taken care of that. He wouldn't tell her, he decided, he couldn't bear to lose her, not now. He would have to do it himself, she would never know he was a junkie — if he could ever say "once". He knew that he must stop himself fast, before it was too late.

"Opium!" his mind screamed. Why? Why? Why? had he done it! Just to see, it was something different, you know. He'd taken pot before for kicks, and nothing really happened. Why should it turn out different with this damn stuff. He remembered that trip yesterday with a feeling of terror. It had been wild, really wild. First it was fun . . . but . . . but now nothing was real, he'd been taken away, far away. He had no feeling except for a frantic craving for opium, without it, it seemed, his life would break, shattered like a pane of glass. He was scared.

He wanted to weep, weep with tears of confusion and anger. He knew what he must do. But he dreaded it. With all the life in him he dreaded it. Life would be a nightmare while he was in the clinic, those long hours with his body and mind craving, screaming in pain and longing, but being denied. Yet he must go through with it. He **WOULD** go through with it. Not be ashamed. Not be frightened. And **BREAK** it. He got up and left the park, somewhat enlightened in his mind, and with determination. Determination. He would do it.

Di. Gleeson.

TEACHERS:

THEIR QUALIFICATIONS

Librarian: Qualified in "carpet-dragging": waffling - on, until called to answer the telephone; sitting on the heater for 8 hours a day without getting burnt. OR applying a penetrating glare upon the studious student.

Maths: Qualified in the art of bringing right-angles into daily movement. Honours in bending.

English: Qualified in the masterful art of jumping, not without painful repercussions. Colourful with the old slings.

History: Qualified in the "tireless voice technique" — honours in penetration.

Physics: Qualified in producing little Gunstanian gnomes. An out-of-work comedian. Founder of the new S.I. units of distance, time, and mass, the Gunstone unit.

French: Qualified M.C. Master of Snail-cating, and acute vibrations of the old vocal-chords.

Geography: Qualified in growing hair profusely about the upper lip region. Never reported to have adorned a tie.

A. Schmidt, 6.

TO PEOPLE

Who work and have worked towards unity, understanding and common good.

May you have strength, optimism and undaunted faith to face an overwhelming future.

Do not be waylaid by counterfeit values and trivialities, but invest in love, happiness, and that which is permanent.

May there be courage to change the things that are changeable, the serenity to accept those that cannot change, and the wisdom to know the difference.

what grows
fat on a
rolling
stone?

Mary, 6A.

CO-ORDINATING COUNCIL

1972

The function of the Council is, as its name implies, to co-ordinate all the extra-curricular activities within the school. Thus it performs a very necessary function since there must be few schools in the State that manage to fit into their year the great variety of functions which appear on the DHS calendar. As a result of the hard work and initiative the greater part of the school population participates in music, choirs, drama, debating, the art exhibition, the production of The Gate, a wide variety of social entertainment as well as outdoor activities and functions held to boost our social service funds. The newly-formed INSPECT has proved a further interest.

Early in the year, as soon as all committees have had time to plan their various activities, Council meets to discuss their plans and to draw up the year's calendar to suit the needs of all, eg, choirs must have a fairly clear practice period of eight weeks, obviously, during this period, drama must be curtailed, and so it goes on!

Council is representative of all organising bodies in the school and allows each to function without interfering with the work of others. Council meetings this year have been stimulating and frank and provided an excellent forum for exchange of ideas — student/staff and student/student.

During 1972, Council has spent some time in revising the original constitution roughly laid down in 1967. Membership of Co-ordinating Council is automatic for the Presidents and Secretaries of all the Sixth Form Committees and includes SRC and INSPECT. In addition there are such staff members as are closely associated with the student leadership programme. In 1972 these were Mrs. Vukmirovic (cultural activities), Mr. Harrold (sport), Mrs. Anderson (Form Six co-ordinator), Mr. Webster (drama and Chaplain), Miss Power (President).

This year's Form Six Committees and their associates on Co-ordinating Council look back with some pride on the achievement of 1972, and urge their successors to keep alive and expanding the student leadership programme at DHS.

THE HARDSHIPS OF UNMARRIED MOTHERS AND PRISONER'S DEPENDENTS

Two areas of D.H.S. Social Service aid this year which have been undertaken, were assistance to unmarried mothers and to dependents of prisoners.

Quite a number of these people are under extreme financial difficulty which results in emotional strain.

At present under the Commonwealth Benefits Scheme, the expectant mother receives only unemployment benefits until the time of her confinement. The highest category under this award allows \$11 which makes it virtually impossible for her to be self sufficient. But quite a few are rejected by their families and are faced with having to accept aid from charitable institutions. The mother receives \$22.75 a week after the birth of the child, and if she is living by herself without any other aid, she finds it very difficult to pay for food, clothing, and rent.

Dependents of prisoners are faced with an equally difficult position. Whilst the prisoner is in the process of going through court a great number of their families have no income. To worsen matters the family does not receive any financial assistance until a month after the husband's imprisonment. During this time a lot of mothers have no money to pay rent and buy food, and face repossession through falling behind in hire purchase payments.

The mothers in these two different circumstances, cannot understand why it should be necessary for their children to have to starve because the child's father had committed a crime, or the mother herself is not married. This year many girls have knitted clothes for the babies of unmarried mothers, and through contributions to Social Service a cheque of \$45 has been forwarded to the Prisoners Aid Society.

Extra help is vitally needed, and can be given if various forms are prepared to collect food, clothing, etc., which are especially needed during the Christmas period.

Students who would go to Wallara one day a month to entertain the children are required desperately. So if you have any suggestions or can help in any way, please contact the Social Service Committee.

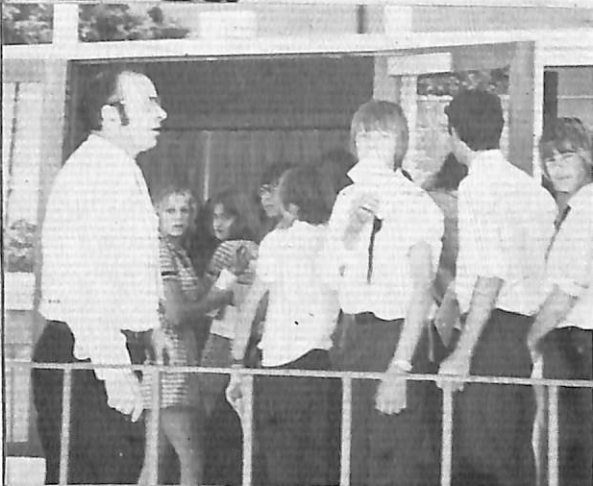
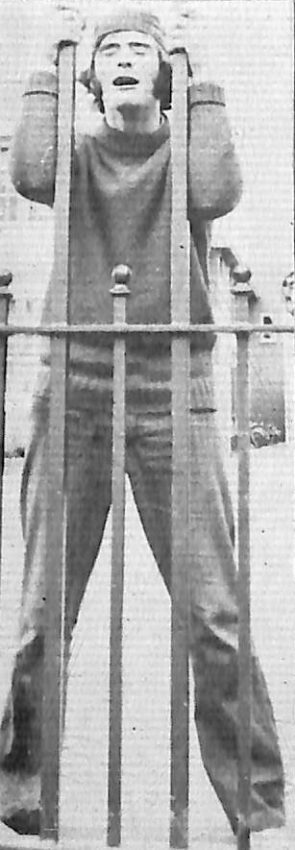
Ken Harrison,
Social Service Committee.

The birds have wings; we have legs
The poor in India have legs also
but WHY don't they walk like us?
They starve; they live just to die.
Why?

We must pray to help them reach,
To stand and smile at the sun.
"Please help," they cry,
"FOR WE SHALL DIE!"

Jeni, 4a.





THE MENAGERIE.

THE MENAGERIE

"Standby, studio two". "Camera on. Now!"

Good evening. Welcome to This Day Next Week. This is your host, Bill Just-Peachey, and tonight we will present a special out-of-depth report by the ABC's lovable, ace reporter, Mike Wontsee. We now cross over to Panberra for his report on the Panberra menagerie.

"Good evening, this is Michael Wontsee in Panberra. Tonight we will present a report on the famous and unique Panberra menagerie.

"The building which houses the menagerie is amid beautiful gardens; nearby is an artificial lake made by the beavers, Lake ~~Wentley~~ Burley. The caretaker assured me that the garden is absolutely necessary as it makes the inmates feel very much at home. He added, 'After a hard days rest, the animals love a swing through the trees, a chew on a gum leaf or just a plain wallow in the mud near the lake'.

"No zoo can compare with the Panberra menagerie. Its confines house some of the world's most unique creatures and it is by far the greatest collection of animals ever assembled. There are 184 animals in the menagerie, not including the numerous care-takers and the 12 million humans which keep the animals in plush luxury, without getting anything in return for their laboured efforts. This strange relationship is another first for Australia.

Our cameras were not allowed into the building since the head caretaker Sir Frunck Picker, warned us that the majority of animals were resting with great fervour and become vicious when aroused. We are, however, informed that people may be allowed to view the activities of the menagerie from a place known as the gallery. A strong glass partition protects the viewing public from flying verbal diarrhoea which flies very liberally around the building.

Twenty eight

"And now we come to the greatest attraction in the menagerie, the animals contained therein. They are of pedigree stock and are a very exclusive species indeed. There are two main species, but also there are numerous sub-species and assorted throwbacks. The hierachial structure within the two species consists of a leader, a deputy and the subordinate masses who unquestioningly follow the top 'dogs'.

"The animals' personal characteristics are varied but generally their colouring is divided into two main variations, with decidedly different characteristics. The largest species have a blue colour with liberal splashes of black, and have very short right legs giving them a decided limp, and causing them to lean heavily to the right. A sub-species of this group are totally black and lean so heavily to the right that their noses touch the ground. The second largest species have some short left legs but as a result lean very slightly to the left. The leader of one group is a truly amazing animal. It is a bald koala, with cute tufts of white hair surrounding large cauliflower ears. It answers to the name of Muck Marny, and is extremely affectionate to the head caretaker, Sir Frunck Picker, and extremely obedient to the black animals who in actual fact control the actions of the largest species. You may think that its impossible for koala bears to go bald, well you are right. It's not dandruff but it was lost in a fight with a kangaroo called Morton. The leader of the second largest species is a cockatoo. However, it seems to get its crackers from someone other than the head caretaker, Sir Frunck Picker, and as a result he hates it. It is a relatively intelligent creature that continually fights

"Another strange thing is that the largest species has incredible power. and pecks the koala bear. It answers to the name of Got Witless.

"These animals actually control the lives of 12 million people. They have the right to implement things called policies. The latest policy is truly amazing. The largest species is intending to buy the latest secret weapon, 24 F-112's. Each costs 10 million dollars. They are reputed to be rabid aardvarks that will attack anything. Despite the expense, the cost will soon be offset by a secondary function. The secondary function has not yet been revealed, and Sir Frunck, who can talk to the animals, said Muck Marny has first to consult his advisers.

"Every three years the menagerie is culled and reselected. Some new animals are introduced and some older ones which have outlived their usefulness are sold to the glue factory. Just hold on a minute, Sir Frunck is yelling something. Wait on, Oh my God the animals have escaped and they have a special liking for devouring reporters. Aaaah!!! Down Billy, down Boy!!!!"

Due to technical difficulties this report will be discontinued. Please stay tuned to our next programme. It is a repeat of a repeat of the repeat of the thrilling discussion with Reverend Bob Hawke on the sexual and moral problems of the North Zamboangan aardvark.

This is Bill Just-Peachey saying goodnight from This Day Next Week. ANY SIMILARITY WITH ANY PERSON, ALIVE OR DEAD OR OTHERWISE, IS PURELY INTENTIONAL.

Bones, Form VI.

And it came about that the sun chanced to look upon the earth. And the sight of death and hatred he saw filled him with despair. This sight that so disgusted him had once been a place of beauty where man and animals had roamed the earth together. Now the air around the earth was black and choked with filth, the seas that were once clear were now dark and murky, impossible to house a single fish. "It must be stopped", he thought, and called a meeting of the worlds. "We must make a decision". So a vote was called, and it was unanimous. The members of the board all stood up, and turned towards the earth. And there where the earth had once been, stars glistened where once they had not been seen. The members all smiled, shook hands and declared it a job worthwhile.

Jenny. 4D.

My artificial arm
Aids in my consumption of chemi-
cally-based foodstuffs
Dished on synthetic plastic plates.

I smooth my one hundred-per-cent
nylon wig,
And repair my "Natural Look"
make-up.
I fetch my imitation fur
And prepare for an evening of fake
laughs and false friends.

J.S.

With a weary effort
the expected pleasantries are smiled
at successive faces;
an expression of enjoyment,
permanent now through repetition,
masks the boredom
of the inner countenance,
void of recognition or interest,
like an empty Hallowe'en pumpkin
grinning foolishly, mocking.

D.B., 6.



Bill
Booth,
6

REVOLTING STUDENTS!

THE STRIKE — TUESDAY, JUNE 20

During June, the 3rd formers were supposed to go to Sovereign Hill as a history excursion. For weeks we had been organising ourselves and were all keyed and ready to go. At afternoon recess on the day before we were meant to go, Mr. Moss called us to the hall where he told us that he had cancelled the excursion. Only he and Miss Power were present; the three history teachers had no knowledge at this stage, of the cancellation!

As a form of protest, some students didn't go to school the following day. Some of those who did go to school refused to go to class and stayed in the middle of the oval. During the early parts of the morning most of the 3rd formers joined this group to protest about this.

An assembly was called in the quadrangle, and Mr. Moss explained why he had cancelled this excursion, and asked the students to return to class to work, but this explanation, to us, wasn't very helpful and the 3rd formers, joined by some 1st and 2nd formers, still protested until lunchtime.

After lunch Mr. Ogilvie came out to talk to us, and he tried to explain things, and we listened, argued and asked questions. Why didn't Mr. Moss talk to us? Was he afraid to face us? Did he think that he was in the wrong? Mr. Ogilvie stormed off and for a while we still stayed on and talked. After deciding it would be better to go to class, we decided that in the morning we would find the answers to our questions.

The next morning, we went to see Mr. Moss. We explained what we really thought we had a right to know, ie., how our school was being run, and Mr. Moss tried to tell us.

We feel that if the school is going to function properly that students and staff should talk more freely and should be consulted on some of the matters that are going to affect us. We think the strike was a good idea and we know that some benefit came out of it.

Concerned 3rd Formers.

FROM THE PRINCIPAL . . .

An excursion which was to have been held this day (Tuesday, June 20) was cancelled by the Principal. At the same time, it appeared that the school would not be able to provide staff for inter-school sport, or camps or similar activities.

The issue developed from a decision by a teachers' union that their members would not take more than two extra periods per week, whether or not these were caused by teachers' illnesses, staff shortages, or by excursions.

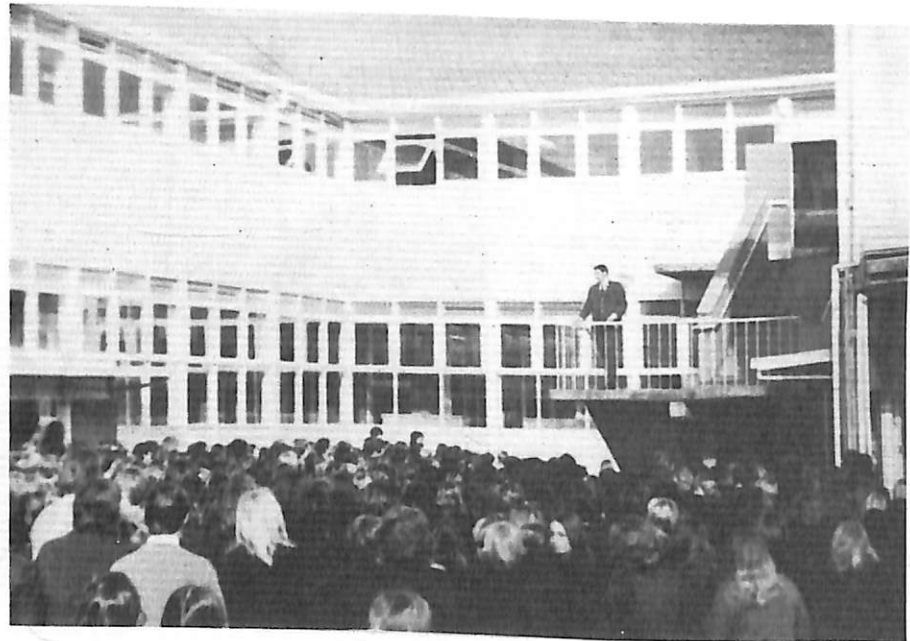
The Principal was faced with allowing excursions, with prejudice to the normal teaching in the school, or reducing the total extras by getting rid of all that were avoidable.

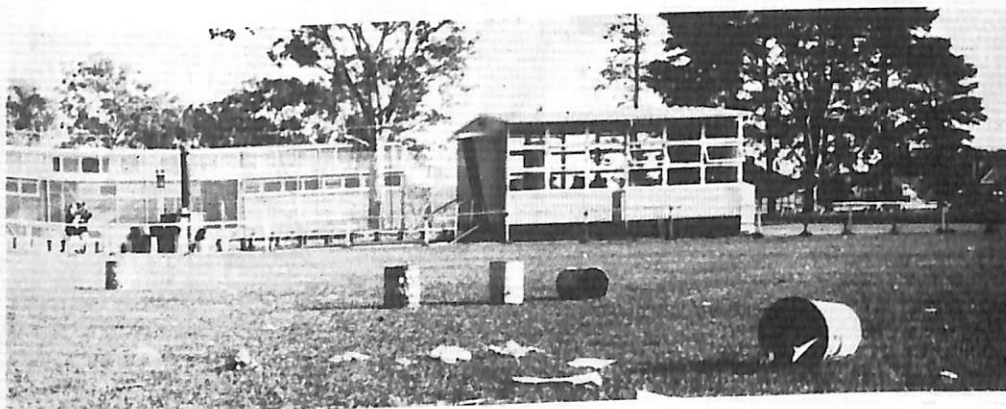
During the morning and afternoon there were many meetings of students who were very disappointed at the cutting out of excursions and inter-school sport.

The students eventually realised that the basic problem concerned conditions of employment of teachers, and that they have no responsibility or authority there, and that in fact their interest was delaying a solution.

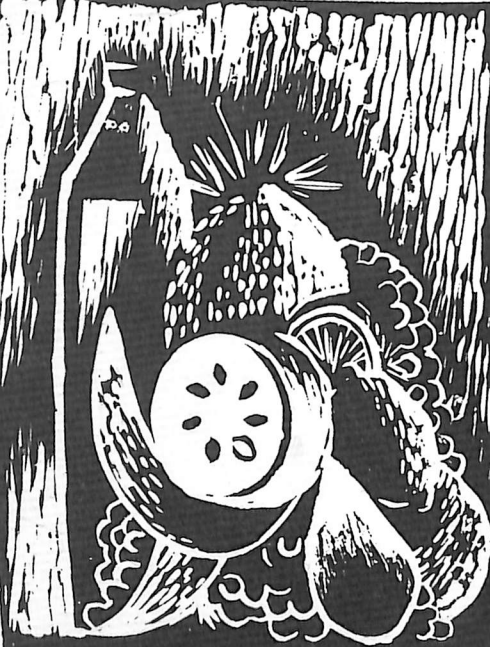
Discussion between the Principal and the whole staff at the end of the day reached agreement that will enable excursions and sport to be included.

Mr. Moss.





....and all that remained!



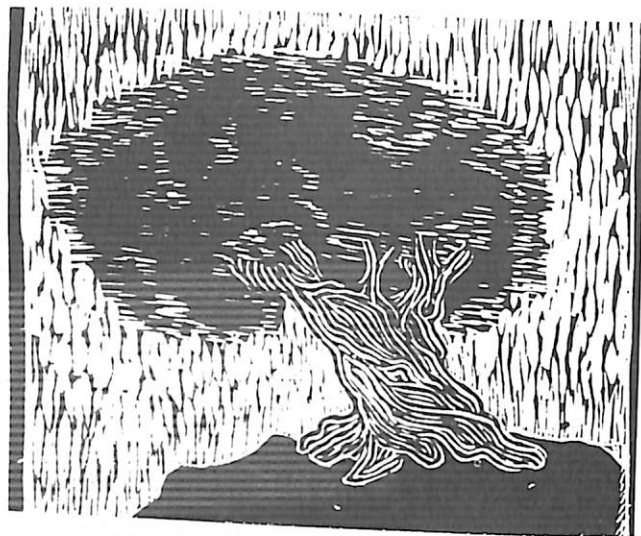


Peter
Phillips,
4B.



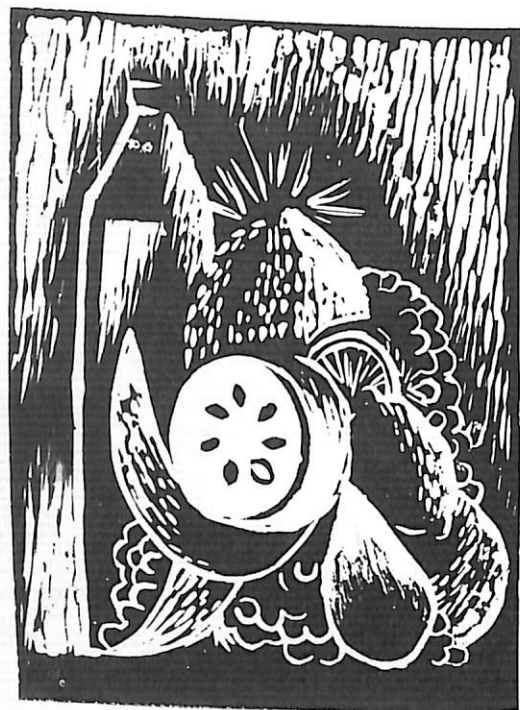
Daryl
Rayner,
4B.

Linda
Weil,
5.



Chris
Chadwick,
4C.

Sue
Titcher,
5B.



MY FRIEND

An hour has passed, all is quiet
darkness now invades
The night is coming into our lives
a darkness for all our days.

A chilly breeze blows across the field
gently rocking the debris
of a grotesquely disfigured shining bird
never to soar again.

Five men sit, with tears in their eyes
pondering the fate of a friend
A man whose mistake may rob us all,
and bring his life to an end.

Was it an hour earlier their hearts ran wild
at a sound they came to regret
Of ripping alloy on compressing steel
a sound they will never forget.

Now all life has gone. Man and machine
Leaving memories that have no end.
A shining bird died in a grassy field
with it, a man, my friend.

D. Savage 6.

CONFUSION

Colours swirl around me, things spark, jab at my head. Lines knot
together and cannot be untangled. Blobs spread over my paper and spoil
all else.

LET me dissolve into nothing, and start again with a clean sheet of
white paper — crisp white paper — and a sharp new pencil.

But my sheet of paper now is covered all over in colours, and pictures-
of-something, and things I am unable to recognise. It surrounds me. IN-
FINITELY!

TEAR a hole in my paper, and I might see through to some clear blue
sky! Build me a wide, safe bridge to span all this congestion. Then I can
climb through my thick paper walls and over the bridge, and run.

Then I would screw up my sheet of scribble and confusion and throw
it away.

! SOMEBODY !

A.J. 6.



I have a thing called Hope,
so calm, so sure,
that if the rope
of death were round
my neck
my heart would pound
but I'd be certain
that noose would fail
until the final curtain
fell and I bowed out on life.

D.B. 6b.

HOT

His head is getting hotter now,
The sweat is trickling down his
brow.

His thirsty throat calls out for a
drink

His brain is blurred, he cannot
think.

A cool clear stream is running near,
Its rippling sound are good to hear.
It does not notice the scorching day
It just rambles on, carefree and gay.
Melody and Donna, Form 3.

A GREYHOUND

A head like a snake
A neck like a drake
A back like a beam
A belly like a bream
Feet like a cat
And a tail like a rat.

Bruce Rademaker, 2d.

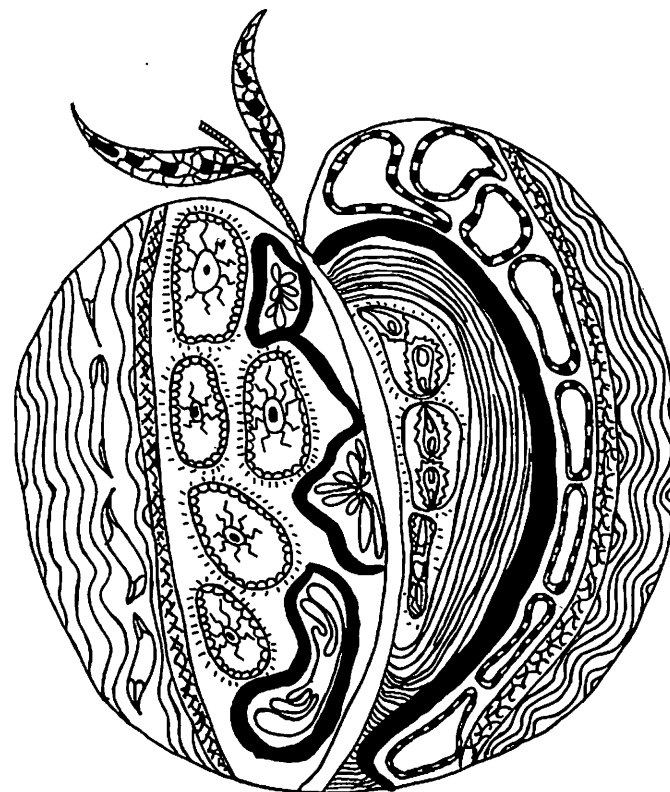
Look at the world with its blackened skies,
How long will it be till everyone dies?
Look what oils and chemicals did to the sea,
It won't be long till it kills you and me.
Doesn't everyone have the right to survive?
So it is against pollution that we must strive.
We must defeat this problem of pollution.
We haven't much time to find the solution,
We haven't done anything for so long, it's a sin,
Now we must fight, and we must win.

Bobbie Titcher, 2E.

TIME

Time, the endless eternity that governs the world
The indefinable abyss, the crater of the canyon
Of the sands of Time, slowly trickling away
Times forever moving forward
To its unknown and unforeseen future
Time can never be created or stored or stopped
It is the invisible governor of Man himself
From the centuries past to the centuries present
Time has elapsed, and Man has revolved around it
For time is the impenetrable barrier
That daily rules our life and love
Our fear and our hate
Forever we will try to harness Time
But we can never succeed
For time will always conquer and remain supreme.
Ever since Time has begun
Man has struggled to grasp its consequence
Its meaning
But always it has eluded his curiosity.
Man knows that he cannot touch time, it is not
Something physical or human.
Man is still young and learning.

Geoffrey Driscoll, 3F.



INDIFFERENCE IS...unwillingness to submit an
emotion for fear of being contradicted.

LOVE IS . . . who knows?
You tell me!

FRIENDSHIP IS . . . the second true precious
possession.

Sharan Murdoch, 4D.

EMOTION IS...love, hate, and all between.

RELIGION IS...hypocrisy that provides convictions
for indifferent people.

THE TOWER

They have built the tower
 At dawn, its very peak
 catches
 the spark of a rising sun
 A sun like a baby's
 grey eyes which
 open
 And stare at an alien world.
 At dusk, the spark
 has faded
 And like tired eyes
 bloody colours
 drench the tower's tip
 like scarlet roses frozen
 in ice.
 In mist the monolith rises
 tirelessly reaching where
 man has surrendered
 and when the night with her
 tireless veil seep down
 the tower's beacon
 flicks
 flicks with her
 oppressive beat.
 The numbing colours
 flying out to kiss
 the darkness
 and when the wind blows
 through the tower's steel
 reeds
 a deathly choir
 with tireless voices
 sing a canticle
 for man
 for the sentries
 whose pallid faces
 peer with blind eyes,
 from its top
 for the enemy.

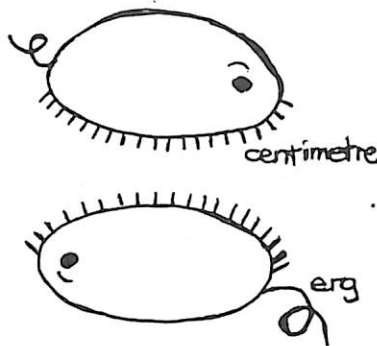
Paul Byrne, 6a.

He gave a groan and then a moan,
 Because he hit his funny bone.

Debbie Armstrong, 1a.

Matric. Applied Maths.

Lesson: 2.3974×10^4



1 erg = 1 dyne cm.

By Gunstone™

A STUDENT AT DANDY HIGH

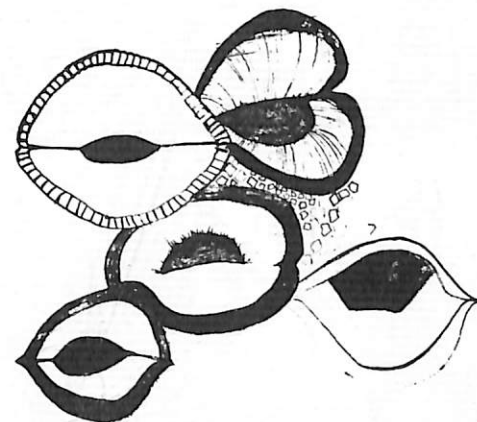
At school all intelligent teachers teach,
 And if we are in trouble, their help we reach.
 We must obey their every rule
 And talk politely to the teachers of this exciting
 school.

At this school, we, the lucky, are taught.
 After two periods we change for sport
 (where basketball, hockey and others are taught).
 We press our pens, we write and read
 And at the canteen, we, the hungry, feed.
 When it's hot we fidget at our desks
 And we are glad at recess to take a rest.
 To give our voices, at the choirs,
 For our house we never tire.
 Having a test is what we hate,
 But love the things that we create.
 We like to be at Dandy High
 And when we have to leave this school
 We'll be sad to say "Good-bye".

Betty Manias, 1D.

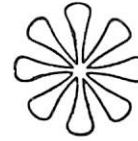
Not me
 or any of my followers
 Can judge another man,
 So don't become a hypocrite
 and imagine that you can.

Chris Sadler, 6.



Karen Mulgrew, 4B.

US



BURD, Patricia
CAMERON, Rosalyn
CERDOR, Sophie
CHRISTOFORIDIS, Olga
CLEAVE, Sandra
D'AQUINO, Grace

Form 1B

Boys

ADAMS, Mark
BURY, David
DE HAAN, Peter
DERBYSHIRE, Mark
DOYLE, Wayne
FERENS, Bohdan
GEIBL, Robert
GOODING, Bruce
GREAVES, Terry
GUTHRIE, Andrew
HALL, John
HEANEY, Harry
HENNEQUIN, Ghislain
HERMAN, Andrew
HOWLETT, Raymond
RADZIEJOWSKI, Werner
SARAIKIN, Vasily

Girls

ALLAN, Venetia
CORDINGLEY, Cheryl
COULTHARD, Joanne
DALE, Leanne
DAWSON, Judith
DAWSON, Kerrie
DOVEY, Carolyn
DYALL, Janette
EDWARDS, Julie
EMERY, Linda
FAWCETT, Suzanne
FLENTJAR, Karina
FULLARD, Alison
HARRISON, Deborah
HENNEQUIN, Stella
MARION, Christianne
MERAMBELIOTIS, Maria
SMITH, Margaret
THOMPSON, Annette

Form 1C

Boys

HUGHES, Newton
JACKSON, Andrew
JEWITT, Kenneth
JOLLIFFE, Colin
KIPPING, David
KOUMOUNDOUROS,
Emanuel
KRAINER, Marie
LARKIN, Brian

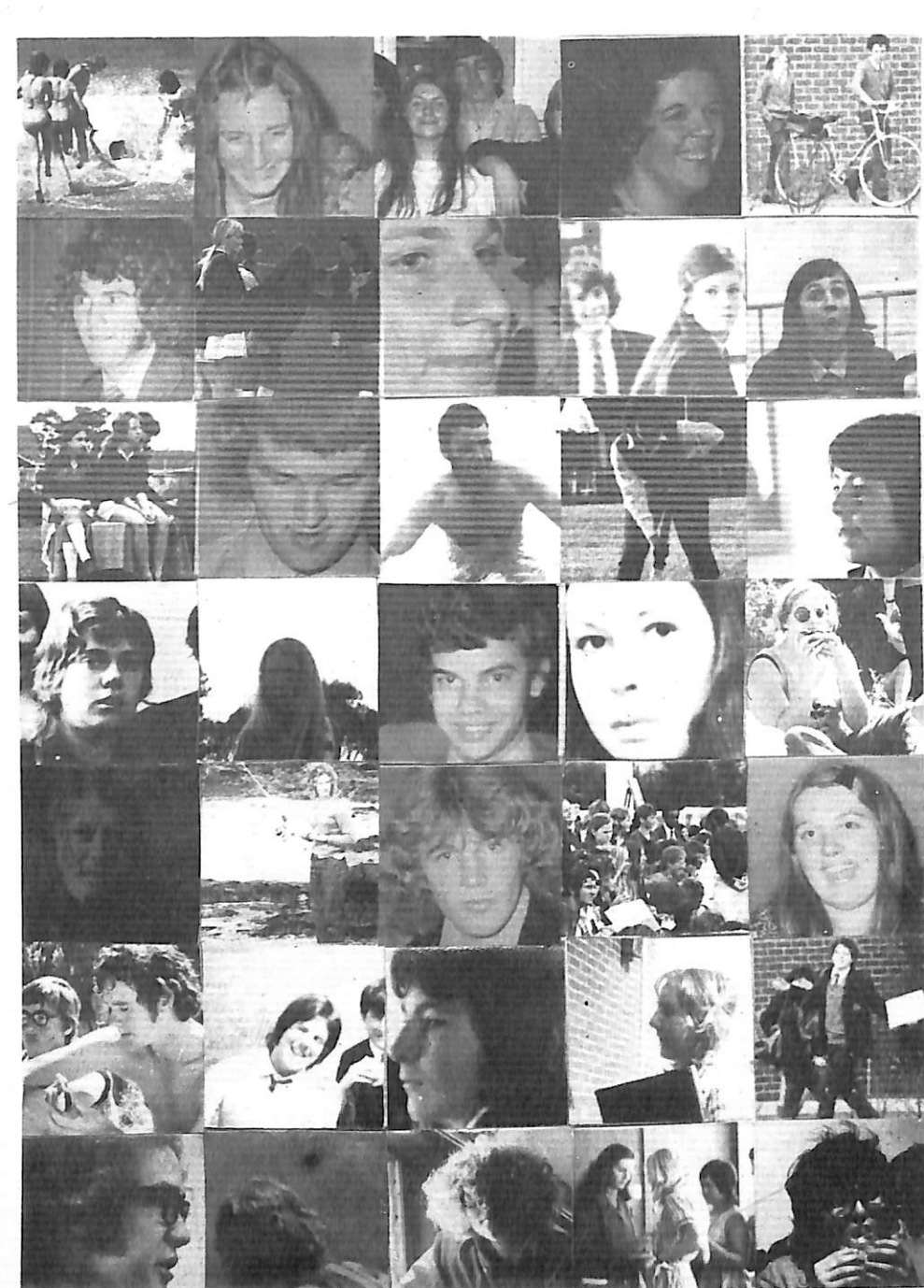
Form 1A

Boys

AIDONE, Vincent
ALGER, Peter
ANDELKOVIC, Ivan
BARANOWSKI, Andrew
BEGGS, Stephen
BERRY, Neville
BIANCHI, Ermanne
BOWMAN, Michael
BRADBURY, Paul
CAFFREY, Paul
CARTWRIGHT, David
CHAPPELL, David
CIRIC, Novica
COX, Neil
CZELAJLO, Walter
GEORGIOU, Andre
GIGLIOTTI, Peter

Girls

AFENTAKIS, Venetia
ALLEN, Deborah
ARKOUDIS, Anna
ARMSTRONG, Debra
ARNOTT, Keryn
AUCHETTL, Sherrie
AZZOPARDI, Maria
BARFOOT, Lisa
BARNES, Debra
BELL, Amanda
BENDLE, Karen
BREEDEN, Susan
BUCKLAND, Lorraine



LEES, Chris
LEWIS, Kevin
LLEWELYN, Geoffrey
MASCARO, Tony
MASSA, Victor
McDONALD, Philip
McGRATH, Raymond
NEALE, Phillip

Girls

CRERAR, Glenda
FRASER, Leigh
FURCTH, Judith
GARGANO, Maria
GOSLING, Carol
GREENLAND, Kerry
GWOZDZIEWSKI, Gabrielle
HAMILTON, Lynne
HARRISON, Lavenia
HENNEQUIN, Jocelyn
HEROLD, Darvia
HOMAN, Susi
HOWARD, Kerry
JUDD, Susan
KAVNOUDIAS, Helen
KELLY, Margaret
KENTTALA, Laila
KOVACEVIC, Susan
SMITH, Debra

FORM 1D

Boys

MELETIS, Nicky
MERAMBELIOTIS, Emanuel
METLENKO, Paul
MEULENKAMP, Neil
MILLS, Rodney
MITCHELL, Anthony
MURPHY, John
MURRAY, Brendan
NEAL, Steven
NICOLL, Wayne
OLSSON, Philip
OWEN, Michael
PACEVSKI, Mick
PALMER, Russell
PERRIN, Colin
PRIOR, Chris

Girls

COSENTINO, Elenor
DARWOOD, Patricia
HOLT, Veronica
KEITH, Leanne
LANGVIZER, Christine
LENNOX, Denise
LEONIDAS, Lea
LLEWELYN, Elizabeth
MAKUSHEV, Galina
MALLEY, Jacqueline

MANIAS, Betty
McCALLUM, Christine
McNAMARA, Leanne
MILBURN, Debra
MILLARD, Sandra
PAYNE, Caroline
PERRY, Sally
SQUIRES, Beverley
SUMYLA, Nancy

Form 1E

Boys

CAMPBELL, Murray
CARTER, Andrew
PROCTOR, Paul
QUINLIVAN, Paul
RENSBURG, Anton
ROBERTSON, Stewart
RULE, David
RUPPELL, Phillip
SACCO, Mario
SAUZIER, Gerard
SAVAGE, Michael
SAVANNAH, John
SCHONEWILLE, Wayne
SECOMB, Gregory
SHASHKOFF, Walter
SKODA, Dubravko
SOER, Allan

Girls

McDougal, Jeanette
MORGAN, Sharon
MOROZOV, Irene
MULLINS, Rhonda
NORMAN, Darlene
NOWELL, Margaret
O'CONNELL, Kim
OVCHINNIKOV, Vavara
PATTERSON, Christine
PHILLIPPI, Deborah
POLASEK, Victoria
POULTON, Janet
RICHES, Kay
SCHUBERT, Rosemarie
SCOTT, Annette
SHANKS, Colleen
SHREEVE, Sylvia
SMITH, Janet

Form 1F

Boys

BROWN, Guy
KEATCH, Barry
MILLARD, Peter
MITCHELL, Neil
STEENDAM, Robert
TRENFIELD, Gregory
TREWIN, Rodney

TRIMNELL, David
TUCK, Michael
TURTON-LANE, Neil
VAN DYK, Peter
VELLIN, Pierre
WALTERS, John
WILBY, Graeme
WOOD, James
YATES, Murray
ZYRAINOFF, Colin

Girls

LITTLE, Dorothy
MEZENTSEFF, Shura
STEVENS, Jill
STEWART, Wendy
TAYLOR, Kim
TOMLINS, Susan
TRIGG, Julia
TSAOUSSIS, Penelope
TURENKO, Lydia
VALLERI, Silvana
VAN PUTTEN, Wilma
VIS, Alice
VRIJKEN, Josephine
WHELAN, Judith
WHITTLE Robyn
WIDDOWS, Linda
WILLMOTT, Vicki
ZAFIROPOULOS, Vicki

Form 2A

Boys

ARMENOPOULOS, John
BABIAC, Eugene
BALINS, Eric
BARNETT, Warren
BARTLETT, Simon
BELLU, Allan
BOURKE, Brendan
BOYLE, Lance
BRANDI, Deano
BROWN, Paul
BUNCLE, Paul
CAMPBELL, Ian
CHANDLER, William
COX, Steven
CRAWFORD, Frederick
CRONJAEGER, Ian
CRONJAEGER, Leon
CROSBY, John
MACKEY, Douglas
RULE, Steven
SMITH, Ronald
TETTIS, Steven

Girls

ADAMS, Barbara
ANDRIGIANAKIS, Anastasia

AERTSSEN, Diana
ANDRUZZCZYSZYN, Maria
ARGYRIOU, Angela
BAKSHEEV, Vara
BARRON, Suzy
BARTLEY, Julie
BREEN, Debra
BREEN, Marita
BRERETON, Jennifer
BROWN, Cheryl
BROWN, Vicki
BUTERA, Giovanna
COLLORAFI, Annette
MILES, Debbie
HARMER, Michelle

Fcrn 2B

Boys

BARTLETT, Kenneth
DALGLEISH, Melvyn
BONNE, Lawrence
DAVIDSON, Anthony
DEMPSTER, Grant
DRAGOJLOVIC, Dragomir
DRAGOJLOVIC, Ranko
DAVIE, Thomas
DWYER, Malcolm
ELKIN, Paul
FALZON, Terry
FAZIO, Claude
FLAVEL, Gregory
GILCHRIST, Murray
GLEESON, Stephen
GRAHAME, David
GRAMC, Bernard
GRUBB, Andrew
GYE, Craig
JUKIC, Vincent
PHILLIPS, Martin

Girls

BAKSHEEV, Nadia
CAKETT, Jeanette
CAFE, Rosemary
CLEAVE, Rhonda
CORDOMA, Ann
DARWOOD, Irene
DAY, Janet
DENT, Wendy
DEVRIES, Leonora
DIERICKX, Linda
DORDEVIC, Sladana
EWIN, Jan
FLORENTI, Anna
FRENCH, Kathryn
HASTIE, Allison
HENSTOCK, Judith
HUGON, Marielyn
JUKIC, Jackie

Form 2C

Boys

BONNE, Marlon
HAMILL, Maxwell
HARGREAVES, Robert
HILL, Wayne
JONES, Colin
KIRPICHNIKOV, Vasily
KOSTER, Fred
LAMMANA, Tony
LAYFIELD, Jeffrey
LAZIC, Hardy
LEONIDAS, Chris.
LIEUTIER, Ashley
McLERNON, Rodney
McGRATH, Graham
McHUGH, Peter
McMAHON, Michael
McPHERSON, Spencer
MATHEWS, Robert
MERCER, Russell
MITCHELL, Mark
SMITH, Murray

Girls

BLACKHALL, Kay
CAPLE, Kathleen
DAVIE, Elizabeth
HURLE, Cheryl
INNES, Leanne
JAMES, Robyn
JOYNER, Karen
KINGSTON, Leonie
KRAVARITOU, Effi
KREUN, Wendy
LEEMON, Sue
LINDSAY, Cheryl
MacDONALD, Andrea
McKEON, Leonie
McLENNON, Leanne
MARTIN, Daniella
METE, Elizabeth

Form 2D

Boys

BIHELEK, Nagur
GRAY, Warren
MASTERS, Wayne
METZ, Frank
MONTEATH, Jeffrey
MORRICE, Chris.
MORTON, Terence
NICHOLS, Wayne
PASCAL, Charles
PEEBLES, Gary
PRITCHARD, Brian
RADEMAKER, Bruce

RICHERS, Stephen
ROBSON, Gordon
ROGERS, Kevin
RYCKER, Gary,
SACCO, Nick
SAINT-MART, Louis
SCABZO, John
SADIKAY, Sharmie
SMITH, Wayne

Girls

DAVID, Marilyse
MEYER, Nancy
MILKINS, Glenda
MILLARD, Cheryl
MORESS, Jenny
MORLEY, Elaine
MOROZOFF, Fedora
NEEVES, Sandra
NOWELL, Virginia
NUUTINEN, Sirpa
OVCHINNIKOV, Anna
PASCAL, Nirella
PASHLEY, Jillian
PLEITER, Christine
RAMPAL, Magda
RAMPAL, Corinne
RAYNER, Denise
RISSELL, Joanne

Form 2E

Boys

BLIGHT, David
FINN, Robert
RAFFERTY, Kevin
RIGBY, Rodney
ROBERT, Jean
ROGERS, Ivan
SCHONBERGER, Fred.
SCHOUW, Peter
SCHUBERT, Robert
SCOTT, Glenn
SIENKIEWICZ, Wally
SIENKIEWICZ, Michael
SHASHKOFF, John
SHAW, Neil
SHEEHAN, Bryan
SHERCHENKO, Leon
STANWAY, Peter
STEUNENBERG, Peter
SZWAJA, Laurence
TAYLOR, Leigh
TAYLOR, Victor
THEODORE, Colin

Girls

COCHRANE, Sue
MENGLER, Tracie
OCENHAM, Marilyn
SALMON, Penny

SAMORUKOFF, Galina
SARAIKINA, Vera
SECOMB, Mandy
SENGCKO, Maria
SHARP, Allana
SHARP, Susan
SMITH, Heather
STEPHENS, Marion
SZCZEPHANIAK, Debbie
TETTIS, Roula
TITCHER, Bobbie

Form 2F

Boys

CROMB, Thomas
DRISCOLL, Brett
FERRY, Percy
PLEITER, John
TAYLOR, Robert
THOMPSON, Clive
THOMPSON, Paul
TRENFIELD, Lloyd
TURNER, John
VALK, Maurice
WALE, Chris
WEARNE, Stephen
WELSH, John
WILLS, Anthony
WILSON, Robert
WITKOWSKI, Jurek
WOOD, Mark
WOOD, Mike
YOUNG, James
YOUNG, Stanley
ZEC, Stephen

Girls

DAVY, Jane
DUNCAN, Karen
McGRATH, Shirley
PIENING, Sue
PRIDHAM, Leanne
ROBERTS, Judith
TOMASSIAN, Veronica
TSAOUSSIS, Mary
TUCK, Jennifer
VANAKKEREN, Audrey
VAN DE WOLDE, Sharon
VINALL, Janet
VIS, Rita
WAGSTAFF, Barbara
WHITE, Jeanette
WILKIE, Mary
YOUNG, Janice
ZWIERS, Josie

Form 3A

Boys

BUCKINGHAM, Kenneth

CLUTTON, Peter
DAVIS, Gregory
DE BOUCHERVILLE Jacques
FISERS, Adrian
MAROTTA, Frank
MAXWELL, Gary
MITCHELL, Peter
OWEN, Lloyd
PASCAL, Francois
QUINLIVAN, Daryl
THARLE, Russell
TREMAINE, Edward
VELLIN, Daniel
WILD, Colin
WATTS, Malcolm

Girls

ASHFORD, Judith
BARFOOT, Julie
BARNES, Barbara
BREWER, Linda
CAPLE, Fairlee
COULSON, Lynne
CIERAR, Cheryl
FRINDT, Katrina
HALL, Maree
JACKSON, Lynda
JEWELL, Jennifer
McGUINNESS, Dale
McGUINNESS, Debra
McNAMARA, Diana
MANN, Eileen
MITCHELL, Cathy
MORGAN, Dorothy
PRICE, Lesley
SCHMIDT, Rita
TETTIS, Debra
TOGNAZZINI, Sandra

Form 3B

Boys

DOMENICOS, Peter
FARRELL, Chris.
JOHNSTONE, Donald
JONES, Alan
MALISHEV, Afanasi
MARINO, Tony
METE, Sam
METLENKO, George
OWEN, Rhys
PEJIC, Mick
ROCHE, Eugene
SHARMAN, Kevin
TUHAN, John
WHITE, Kiernan
WOLFE, Ian

Girls

AERTSSEN, Patricia
ANDRIGANIKAS, Irene

BATES, Corinne
CURTIS, Jeanette
DUNEMANN, Melody
EAVIS, Susan
EDNEY, Vicki
FLANNAGAN, Dianne
GLEESON, Dianne
HARDY, Leanne
HENDERSON, Helen
McMANUS, Patricia
MEYERS, Karen
MORLEY, Roslyn
ROGERS, Carol
SAVANNAH, Ariana
THOMPSON, Christina
THOMPSON, Christine
TOBIN, Carol
WALTON, Mary
MILES, Karen

Form 3C

Boys

ALLEN, Dale
ANSTIS, Michael
ARNOLD, Mark
CAMPBELL, Ian
CAMPBELL, Alan
CHARLESWORTH, Stephen
COLENZO, Allan
DOBSON, Noel
EDDINGTON, Callum
GRAMC, John
GREEN, Russell
JOLLIFFE, Brian
KLOESTER, Barry
PRITCHARD, Kevin
RUSSELL, Nicholas
TURNER, Garry
WORTHINGTON, Michael

Girls

ALKEMADE, Lisa
BOWEN, Christine
BROWN, Brenda
CHARLTON, Vicki
CZETAJLO, Luba
DAVIDSON, Jill
DAWSON, Linda
EBERLEIN, Gabrielle
EDNEY, Gayle
FARES, Amal
FLETCHER, Elizabeth
GARNER, Sharon
JOSE, Donna
McMILLAN, Rae
SCHONBERGER, Geraldine
SCOTT, Jennifer
SUNDSTROM, Maree
WEBER, Corrie

Form 3D

Boys

AABERG, Fleming
ARMEL, Francis
BOURKE, Trevor
BURY, Geoffrey
CONRON, Ronald
ELKIN, Vladimir
FERGUSON, Brian
GAY, John
HARRIS, Andrew
MOROZOFF, Alex
PARSONS, Roger
RICKARD, Maurice
SHEVCHENKO, Sasha
TOOGOOD, Garry
VELLIN, Gerard
VINALL, Donald
WEARNE, Michael
YAKOUB, Jean

Girls

AUCHETTL, Karen
ANDREWS, Corinne
BIRKETT, Sue
BUETTNER, Bettina
BUNNETT, Debbie
CAMPBELL, Marcia
COULTHARD, Barbara
DE JONG, Marie
FORD, Denise
GARRETT, Maria
HOLT, Wendy
INGLIS, Valerie
KEMP, Glenda
MONTEATH, Katherine
McPHEE, Heather
PRESTON, Wendy
SOTIRAKIS, Anna
WHELAN, Cheryl
WILSON, Astrid
LEMIERE, Rosy

Form 3E

Boys

BAKSHEEV, George
BELL, Barry
BRYAN, Donald
CHARALBOUS, Chris.
CRAM, David
CRAWFORD, Shane
COSENTINO, Frank
EDWARDS, Peter
EDWIN, John
GARRETT, Stephen
HENNEQUIN, Cyril
KUNST, John
NEDIC, Eric
O'GORMAN Glyn
SABLES, Anthony

STEPANICK, Peter
WARD, Graeme
TREMAYNE, Irwin

Girls

BANFIELD, Margaret
BANSCHIKOV, Rosa
BODE, Karin
CHRISTOFORIDIS, Ourania
COOPER, Julie
DOWER, Colleen
FRENCH, Gaye
GODDING, Clare
HARGREAVES, Brenda
HURLEY, Lynne
LEED, Doreen
LENNON, Karen
McLEISH, Linda
MEYER, Joanne
MITCHELL, Gaye
NOBLE, Deborah
WHITE, Robyn

Form 3F

Boys

ATKINS, Ian
BOYLE, Robert
CRONJAEGER, John
DRISCOLL, Geoffrey
FANCETT, Paul
GALLUCI, Mario
GARNHAM, Stephen
GAVA, Stephen
GEBBING, Peter
LEGG, Brian
LINDSAY, Bryce
MULGREW, Kim
NIKOLADOU, Nicolas
PATTERSON, Andre
ST. MART, Patrick
TOWERS, Stephen
WHELAN, Michael

Girls

ALLEN, Lynne
BAPTIST, Robyn
BLANDFORD, Jill
CLARK, Valerie
EDNEY, Heather
ELLIS, Christine
FRANCIS, Kim
GRAY, Wendy
HARRISON, Ada
HARRISON, Olga
KIRPICHNIKOV, Zoia
LEONIDAS, Koula
LOTTO, Lina
MACAN, Bernadette
MICHALSKI, Elizabeth
OLSSON, Jennifer

POOLE, Helen
STEVENS, Heather
THOMPSON, Janette
WOLFE, Annette

Form 4A

Boys

BYRNE, Stephen
CENDRILLON, Jacques
HEARN, Wayne
HOWARD, Steven
KIRPICHNIKOV, Ivan
RICHARDSON, Alex.
RISELEY, Stephen
SHEILS, Robert
SHILL, Richard
SMITH, Gary
SMITH, Greg
SOTIRAKIS, Sam
THRELFALL, Rodney
TOSSE, Mario
TURLEY, Stephen
VUKADINOVIC, Vojo
WAGSTAFF, Jeffrey
WIDDOWS, Terry
WREN, Maurice

Girls

AIDONE, Joanna
AIDONE, Nella
ARNOTT, Raelene
ATKIN, Kaye
BEECH, Janet
BELL, Cheryl
BIRKETT, Ann
BRIGGS, Jennifer
DAVIDSON, Susan
FINN, Susan
GEIBL, Cornelia
GEORGE, Valerie
GORTER, Yvonne
GOUDBERG, Janine
LANGVIZER, Jennifer
McMURRAY, Carol
OXENHAM, Anny
PANAYI, Eva

Form 4B

Boys

BAKSHEEV, Michael
CHANDLER, John
FARAH, Najy
HEROLD, Derek
HOWARD, Kevin
HYNDMAN, Richard
JOBING, Thomas
MATTHEWS, Kenneth
MILBURN, Michael
NEWALL, Kenneth

PAVLIC, Josip
PETTIGROVE, Wayne
PHILLIPS, Peter
PUGLIA, Guy
RAYNER, Daryl
RICHARDSON, Geoffrey
OLDING, Douglas
VANDERWERT, Jerome

Girls

BEAN, Kim
CAKETT, Lindsey
CHAMBERS, Trudi
CROSBY, Michelle
DERBYSHIRE, Jane
EDWARDS, Susan
EVANS, Janine
GAY, Jenny
GEARING, Wendy
GORSKI, Janina
GRIFFIN, Jacqueline
HARGREAVES, Diane
HOLT, Linda
MITCHELL, Julie
MULGREW, Karen
PAXTON, Gail
TATE, Susan
VANDERWOLDE, Esther
RAML, Helga

Form 4C

Boys

CROWLEY, Andrew
DUREAU, Brian
FARES, Kenneth
FARRELL, Danny
FAZIO, Gregory
FLETCHER, David
HAMILTON, Bruce
JAYAMAHA, Anton
KIRPICHNIKOV, Johnny
MARION, Bernard
McLACHLAN, John
McMAHON, Arthur
MILNE, Duncan
MITCHELL, Stephen
MONAHAN, Peter
MONTEATH, Stuart
MOORES, Peter
MURPHY, Andrew
MURRAY, Phillip
O'CONNELL, David
TETTIS, Harry

Girls

ANDERSON, Julie
ANSTIS, Valerie
BAKSHEEV, Pamela
CAFE, Sharon
GIANGINIS, Katherine
GILBERT, Colleen

HAMILTON, Terese
HURLE, Janice
JEWITT, Yvonne
KEESMAN, Janette
KELLY, Cynthia
KOZUSZEK, Mary
LEYONHJELM, Kerry
MOROZOFF, Tasia
NUUTINEN, Pirjo
SCOTT, Pamela

Form 4D

Boys

ATKINSON, Raymond
BAIRD, William
CALLAGHAN, Glenn
CAMPBELL, Peter
CHASEMORE, Daryl
COSSENS, Michael
DARLINGTON, Gary
DELACY, Kevin
DERKSEN, Robert
DOBSON, Timothy
GARRET, Mark
LE BRASSE, Jacques
MALISHEV, Andrei
McLARDY, Philip
MEAKIN, David
HOLMAN, Neil
SPANNINKS, Grant

Girls

BROWN, Leanne
GUTHRIE, Carol
HENDERSON, Margaret
HIKISC, Helena
JUDD, Margot
LAPHAM, Jane
LENNOX, Deborah
MASON, Beverley
McCALLUM, Margaret
MONSHOUWER, Francis
MOREHOUSE, Jillian
MURDOCH, Sharan
OVCHINIKOV, Lisa
PERRIN, Jennifer
PRESTON, Michelle
RULE, Jenny
SARAIKINA, Maria
SAUNDERS, Karen
TAYLOR, Robyn
MOORE, Kaye

Form 4E

Boys

ANDERSON, Alex.
BAKER, Paul
BAKER, Richard
BAXTER, John

BLACK, Brian
BONNE, Louis
BRAUNSCHWEIG, Jess
BURY, Robert
CHADWICK, Chris.
COLENSO, Robert
DOVEY, Gregory
EDEN, Wayne
ELLIS, Bruce
GUATELLA, John
KOLACZ, Peter
LANE, Paul
MURPHY, Peter
REEDMAN, Leslie
SARACHMAN, Bohdan
STUBBS, John
VAN ZON, John
YATES, David
METE, Frank

Girls

COVINGTON, Janene
HYNDMAN, Victoria
KEATCH, Heather
MACKENZIE, Shirley
SECOMB, Denise
SMITH, Karen
SMITH, Lesley
STEUNENBERG, Jennifer
SZIDAT, Karen
TAYLOR, Helen
TOWT, Jean
TURENKO, Natalie
VRYKEN, Francis
WALL, Robyn
ZWIERS, Judith

Form 5A

Boys

ADAM, Martin
ALKEMADE, John
BADAGOFF, Paul
BARTLETT, Ian
BARRETT, John
BELLOMARINO, Luigi
BIHELEK, Mourad
BLACK, David
BORSCHMAN, Terence
CHILINSKI, Michael
COLE, Rodney
DAVID, Jeffrey
DERKSEN, Hubert
EAVIS, Chris.
FITTALL, Michael
HUMPHREYS, Wayne
JESS, Daryl
JOYNER, Paul
MALISHEV, Alex.
MARION, Robert
MORRIS, David

MUNDY, Stephen
OLDS, Roger
PARKER, Simon
RAMPAL, Jean
RICANATI, Sylvio
RICE, Alan
SHEEHAN, Gary
SMALLWOOD, Rodney
SUTTON, Rodney
TARANOV, Alex.
UMBERS, Richard
VAN DER STEEN, Jacob
WATSON, John
WEARNE, Ross
WILKIE, Alister

Girls

BARKER, Irene
CLEMENTSON, Lesley
GODDING, Jill
GOUDBERG, Nicole
KITRINIDOU, Litsa
MACDONALD, Lynda
McTIER, Julie
ORWIN, Ruth
SUTTON, Carol
VINALL, Athalie

Form 5B

Boys

ARMEL, John
BONK, John
BOTT, John
BOTT, Peter
BRADBURY, David
CAHILL, Kevin
CHEESEMAN, Noel
COULSON, Ian
COX, John
D'ARGENT, Henri
HAY, Robert
JONES, Gary
KINGMAN, Vernon
KORLOWSKI, Kenneth
KRISTALYN, John
McGRATH, David
McGRATH, Peter
NICOLL, Peter
ORTON, Ian
PALMER, David
RUSSELL, Ian
SLYWA, Marko
SYNOT, John

Girls

ARMENOPOULOS, Mary
BAPTIST, Rosalyn
CABANIUK, Chris.
CAMPIGOTTO, Nerella
CHARLESWORTH, Janey

CLARKE, Jenny
CROSBY, June
DAVISON, Lesley
DIETMANN, Jutta
FOSTER, Sue
HARGREAVES, Marlene
HEROLD, Dirka
HENTHORN, Dianne
HUTTON, Jan
MORGAN, Adrienne
NEWELL, Carolyn
O'ROURKE, Desma
SMITH, Wendy
TITCHER, Susan
WEIL, Linda
WILKIE, Heather

Form 5C

Boys

CASSIMATY, George
CHIMONI, Anthony
DE BOER, Ronald
DOW, Christopher
FARMER, Steven
GARGANO, Peter
GAY, Tony
GREAVES, Mark
JOYANOVIC, Mick
KENNAUGH, Gary
LLEWELYN, Phillip
MALINEN, John
MEYER, Alan
MITCHELL, Robert
NOBLE, Gary
OLDMEADOW, Russell
PYKE, Bruce
SUNDSTROM, Graeme
THOMPSON, Bill
TYLER, Christopher
WHITE, Brian
YOUNG, Lance

Girls

AIDONE, Nella
ALDERSEA, Marion
BANSCHIKOV, Vara
DAWSON, Gail
FIORESE, Mirella
HEARN, Patricia
JENKINS, Fiona
JONCOUR, Vicki
LE BRASSE, Lisa
MORLEY, Lynne
MORTON, Christine
OLDING, Elizabeth
SCHMIDT, Elizabeth
SCHMUTTER, Patricia
SMALUCH, Brigitte
STRUG, Anna

THOMPSON, Cosette
TURENKO, Anna

Form 5D

Boys

BRYAN, Peter
BYRNE, Peter
CARVIGNESE, Mario
CLARKE, Roger
DA ROSE, Peter
DUNEMANN, Shane
FLANNAGAN, David
GOLOTTA, Frank
KIPPING, Wayne
MILLARD, Wayne
SCHONEWILLE, Geoffrey
SWAAN, Nicky
TALARICO, George
EWIN, Wayne
KENNEDY, John
COLLARAFI, Peter

Girls

AITKEN, Heather
ANSTEY, Colleen
BAKSHEEV, Zoia
BURCHARDT, Eva
COOPER, Robyn
EDWARDS, Susan
GARRETT, Mandy
HENDERSON, Thrift
JEFIMENKO, Valerie
JUDD, Deborah
LAWRENCE, Judith
LOVIE, Sandra
McGRATH, Judith
McLEAN, Leonie
McPHERSON, Judy
McTIGHE, Helen
MOORES, Deborah
RIDDELL, Rosemary
THORSON, Jan
VAN DAMME, Elizabeth
VAN DYKE, Josephine

Form 6A

Boys

AERTSSEN, Oscar
BRADBURY, Garth
BYRNE, Paul
LLEWELYN, Peter
MARTINI, Rainer
MAXWELL, Douglas
McNAIR, Donald
ROBERTS, Geoffrey
ROBERTSON, Stephen
SALVO, Joseph
SHERER, Paul
STEWART, Donald

WARD, Trevor
YOUNG, Kenneth
HARRISON, Kenneth

Girls

BLANDFORD, Lyn
CAMERON, Robyn
DAWSON, Lorraine
GOLDING, Allison
HEROLD, Sylvia
HUBERT, Ella
JARVIS, Marion
JEWELL, Rosemary
KUYL, Yvonne
MELBOURNE, Julie
ORFANIDIS, Maria
PERRY, Davina
SADLEIR, Christine
SAUNDERS, Christine
SEAMONS, Jennifer
TAYLOR, Margaret
TITCHER, Joanne
TREMAYNE, Angela
TRIMNELL, Heather
VANDERWOLDE, Wilma
WILLIAMS, Elizabeth

Form 6B

Boys

DELL, Darell
DONNELLY, Anthony
DULFER, John
GORTER, Paul
GRIFFITHS, Robert
JARVIE, Graeme
JEWELL, John
JOLLY, George
McINTYRE, Gene
MASON, James
SAVAGE, David
SCHMIDT, Andrew
SEREDA, Victor
SMITH, Donald
STEVENSON, Ian
TRIGG, Ian
WILKIE, Malcolm

Girls

BIRKETT, Debra
CHARLESWORTH, Anne
DICKER, Carol
EDWARDS, Gweneth
GARDINER, Sherrie
JAMES, Anita
PYKE, Christine

Form 6C

Boys

ANSELL, Robert

BALMER, Guy
BIRCH, David
BODEN, Graeme
CAMERON, Greg
ELLIS, Peter
GARDINER, Roderick
GIGLIOTTI, Angelo
GILBERT, Jeffrey
GILCHRIST, Stewart
GRIFFIN, Robert
MURPHY, Russell
MUSKENS, George
ROBERTSON, Stephen
SARAFIS, John-Mark

Girls

BARNETT, Suzanne
CLAY, Elizabeth
CORAM, Julie
GARNETT, Lorraine
GOODING, Suzanne
GREEN, Maree
HAWKESWORTH, Karen
HAYRES, Anne
MILES, Sherree
MISSEN, Pam
RUSSELL, Susan
TAYLOR, Marjorie
TREMAYNE, Gisela
TURLEY, Dawn
VLUG, Doris

Form 6D

Boys

ANDERSON, Allan
ANSTIS, Anthony
BOOTH, William
BROWN, Peter
FRANCIS, Andrew
KELLY, Christopher
KLOESTER, Robert
KONIECZNY, Edward
LORD, John
MALLET, Alain
MURRAY, John
NOY, Gregory
SIERAKOWSKI, Mark
THRELFALL, Gary
THRELFALL, Alan
WOODWARD, Trevor

Girls

BINGHAM, Carolyn
BRIDGE, Shirley
DUNKLEY, Gayle
EBERLEIN, Karen
MASON, Pamela
NEKRASOVA, Leonilla
TULLOCH, Barbara

PHONE DANDENONG 792 0231

ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO BE
ADDRESSED TO THE TOWN CLERK
P.O. BOX 333, DANDENONG. 3175

CORRESPONDENCE FOR COUNCIL MUST BE
RECEIVED NOT LATER THAN WEDNESDAY,
PRIOR TO MEETING.

THE COUNCIL MEETS SECOND AND
FOURTH MONDAY EACH MONTH.

City of



Dandenong

Municipal Offices
39 Clow Street, Dandenong 3175

4th September, 1972

BAS:ab
R.C. 116

Mr. B. Moss,
Headmaster,
Dandenong High School,
Princes Highway,
DANDENONG, 3175

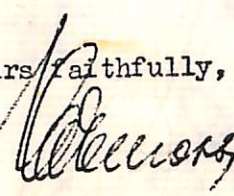
- 5 SEP 1972

Ans'd

Dear Mr. Moss,

The Council was very pleased to hear that the Dandenong High School Football Team had been successful in winning the Metropolitan High School Senior Football Premiership and I have been directed to request that you convey congratulations to the team and School Coach on such a splendid achievement.

Yours faithfully,


(C.A. ELLIOTT)
TOWN CLERK

