

DANDENONG HIGH SCHOOL,

1963

*Marie Oldmeadow*

# DANDENONG HIGH SCHOOL, 1963

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# DANDENONG HIGH SCHOOL, 1963

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**Top Back:** I. Clark, P. Rooke, G. Cox, L. Midro.  
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**Middle Row:** R. Heimans, D. Price, R. Stewart, B. Hall, J. Sutton, J. Wallis, B. Prins, T. Villis.  
**Front Row:** L. Banks, S. Simon, J. Berry, Mr. Jolly, Mrs. Zaspel, G. Phillips, P. Bramley, M. Osborne.

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 Mr. A. HILLARD.  
 Mr. C. TAYLOR.  
 Cr. M. JARVIS.  
 Mr. G. NEWTON.

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 Cr. A. GATLEY.  
 Cr. A. FUNSTON.  
 Cr. G. KNOWLES.

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 Mr. A. JOLLY.  
 Mr. T. RYAN.  
 Mr. E. THOMPSON.  
 Mrs. I. McLEOD.

**DISTRICT INSPECTOR:**

Mr. C. G. STOKES, B.A., B.Ed.

**HONORARY SECRETARY:**

Mr. L. A. COOKE, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.

**MOTHERS' CLUB, 1963**

**President:** Mrs. I. McLEOD.  
**Vice-Presidents:** Mesdames BARLEE and SIMON.  
**Secretary:** Mrs. N. POWELL.  
**Assistant Secretary:** Mrs. J. WERRETT.  
**Treasurer:** Mrs. M. ROUT.

**PREFECTS, 1963**

**BOYS**

Terry Tovey (Senior), Martin Hallett (Deputy), Robert Bluer, Ray Canobie, Graeme Cheeseman, Graham Connor, John Davies, Geoffrey Hillard, Gary Howard, Robert Jolly, Ekke Martini, Michael Pass, John Powell, Peter Stocks, Ron Townsend, Ian Watson.

**GIRLS**

Elizabeth Jarvis (Senior), Dianne Winberg (Deputy), Heather Canobie, Helen Coram, Janice Cotter, Olesia Dackiw, Corrie Denbrave, Kay Horrigan, Bronwyn Howie, Cheryl Jackson, Robyn Martin, Ute Martini, Shirley Mayers, Margaret Remington, Rajendra Singh, Pat Taylor.  
 DANDY HIGH — PETER

**OFFICE STAFF**

Miss J. BAKER, Stenographer.  
 Miss S. MARTIN, Stenographer.

**CARETAKER STAFF**

Mr. H. T. RANDALL.  
 Mrs. N. LAMBERT.  
 Mr. W. T. MAYER.  
 Mrs. C. M. WILKINSON.

**HOUSE CAPTAINS, 1963**

House	Boys	Girls
BLUEGUM	PHILLIP ROOKE BILL PRINS	MARGARET OSBORNE PAM BRADLEY
CLEMATIS	BARRY HALL BOB STEWART	DEIRDRE LITCHFIELD JAN MATHESON
ORCHID	LES MIDRO DAVID PRICE	JILLIAN BERRY SANDRA SIMON
WATTLE	IAN CLARK GAVIN WIBROW	LYNETTE BANKS MARGARET GRIFFIN

## PRINCIPAL'S

## PAGE

At last the Victorian Government has proclaimed the Act passed many years ago raising the school leaving age to fifteen years. This will have a tremendous effect upon our secondary and technical schools as it will necessitate the provision of extra classrooms and teachers; since the majority of those who will remain for an extra year are presumably not so able academically there will be a pressing need to provide courses which while maintaining their interest, will also advance their learning and prepare them better for their future vocation. Educationists are already aware of this problem and it is likely that in the near future Headmasters of High Schools will meet in groups to seek a solution as it is most important that this extra year at school be useful in the broadest sense.

It is certain that a secondary effect of the Act will be to encourage pupils generally to remain longer at school so that they may achieve qualifications considerably higher than the minimum. In our school almost all pupils complete the Intermediate Year and of these the proportion remaining for the Leaving Certificate has, during the last five years, increased from 40% to 75% and seems likely to rise above 80%; the number of Matriculation pupils will also increase.

Recently we have been advised by the Education Department that pupils with Leaving Certificate only will have a very slim chance of entering the teaching profession and this also will have the same effect of persuading more to return for the Matriculation year. This year two-thirds of our applicants for teacher-training were from the Sixth Form. It is certain that the entrance qualifications for other professional appointments will also continue to rise. All of this means that schools must work harder than ever to help their pupils gain the necessary qualifications, but this must not be left to the school alone. Co-operation

between the school and home must grow until it is fully effective. During the last few years our school has done much to promote and foster this co-operation; our Parent-Teacher evenings, of which we have six during the year, have been most successful. The goodwill prevailing between the staff and parents is most apparent and will develop even further towards our ideal. Both parents and staff are becoming aware of the difficulties in the way and the many counter attractions (often made quite glamorous by the various advertising media) which must be countered by developing good sense, a spirit of justice, and loyalty to the right things among our young people. Many have these already to a high degree but in some they are latent, but we are confident that they can, and in fact must, be developed if our community is to be successful.

We thank parents for their co-operation and practical help this year and ask that they extend these to the utmost so that our united efforts produce the greatest possible results.

In material things a big step forward has been made with the erection of the School Canteen which now has been functioning (at the time of writing) for just over one week but with amazing results. It has proved to be a great convenience to our pupils and they seem to be enjoying its services to the full. The Advisory Council is to be congratulated on its fine efforts in planning and building the canteen, and the Mothers' Club to be thanked not only for the wonderful service given on the canteen but also for the skill and cheerfulness with which the voluntary assistants are carrying out their work. It is certain that the school will gain a substantial financial return from its operation.

Another advance has been made with the establishment of the Junior Library, made necessary by the consistent demands on the existing library by our senior pupils. This latter has now become the senior library and has been the subject of most favourable comment by inspectors and visitors in general. The pupils are developing a library conscience and are gaining greatly from it. The junior library is extremely popular and both rooms are hives of activities at lunch times with pupils reading, studying or exchanging books. Both libraries must still be further developed in the immediate future if our pupils are to be given the best chance of competing.

This and the many other ventures planned or in progress will help to maintain the status of our school in the field of education and will enhance its reputation in the community.

L. A. COOKE, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.,  
Head Master

## MATRICULATION RESULTS

**Boys:** B. Kendall, J. MacGillivray, J. McDonald, L. Nethercott, P. O'Brien, M. Pettigrove, B. Ryan, P. Stocks, M. Troynar, M. Vink, D. Byrne, R. Craven, H. Foster, T. Kupsch, E. Martini, T. Udvary, D. Wilson.

**Girls:** N. Campbell, R. Evans, L. Fimmel, B. Funston, D. Homer, A. Szidat, C. Walton, Y. Wilson, J. Cummings, S. Hayes, E. Hodgins, D. Strazdins.

### HONOURS

**English Literature:** R. Evans H.2, D. Homer H.2, J. McDonald H.2, P. O'Brien H.2, M. Pettigrove H.2.

**Physics:** P. Stocks H.2, M. Vink H.1.  
**Geography:** N. Campbell H.2, R. Evans H.2, L. Fimmel H.2, D. Homer H.1, L. Nethercott H.2.  
**Pure Mathematics:** M. Vink H.1.  
**French:** J. MacGillivray H.2.  
**Dutch:** M. Fowler H.2, M. Vink H.2.  
**German:** A. Szidat H.1.  
**General Mathematics:** P. Stocks H.2, M. Vink H.1.  
**Biology:** Y. Wilson H.2, C. Walton H.2, B. Ryan H.2, R. Evans H.2, L. Fimmel H.2.  
**Economics:** L. Nethercott H.2.  
**British History:** M. Troynar H.2, B. Ryan H.1, J. B. Kendall H.1, J. McDonald H.2, L. Nethercott H.2, B. Ryan H.1, A. Szidat H.2.  
McDonald H.2, B. Kendall H.2, D. Homer H.1, L. Fimmel H.2, R. Evans H.2.  
**Modern History:** B. Funston H.2, D. Homer H.1, B. Kendall H.1, J. McDonald H.2, L. Nethercott H.2, B. Ryan Hon.1, A. Szidat H.2.

## LEAVING RESULTS

**9 Subjects:** Barbara Bright.

**7 Subjects:** R. Carter, J. Morgan, J. Ross.

**6 Subjects:** P. Balguy, A. Bonk, H. Coram, D. Hankinson, F. Horrigan, H. Hoskins, I. Jarema, E. Jarvis, K. Kassell, N. Kay, S. Mayers, M. Osborne, F. Pyke, M. Reeves, F. Rickard, L. Smithies, M. van Hees, Diane Winberg.  
R. Bluer, B. Bolch, I. Clark, M. Coles, G. Connor, G. Cox, K. Craven, I. Dennis, D. Ferries, I. Forsyth, R. Fotheringham, B. Hall, M. Hallett, G. Hunt, D. Jacobs, W. Hall, T. Kerr, R. Labber-

ton, W. Madycki, W. McMaster, W. Norfolk, L. O'Brien, R. Orzulak, M. Pass, H. Piening, J. Powell, D. Price, D. Robertson, S. Sereda, R. Stewart, T. Tovey, J. Wallis, G. White.  
**5 Subjects:** D. Bain, M. Bell, J. Blanchard, J. Dreverman, A. Lennox, D. Litchfield, V. Lucas, M. Luhowsky, G. Meerman, L. Nethercott, H. Perry.  
J. Brown, I. Cohen, R. Crocombe, G. Dixon, M. Douglass, G. Hillard, N. Lee, P. Rooke, N. Weetman.  
**4 Subjects:** B. Bridge, P. Hendry, M. Landing, G. Phillips, K. Smith.  
R. Chandler, W. Daniel, B. Edwards, R. James, P. Kinsella, J. Martin, P. Mogford, R. Morcom, P. Smith.

## INTERMEDIATE RESULTS

**9 Subjects:** P. Allen, P. McIntosh, L. Midro, I. Watt, P. Akers, L. Aken, G. Cheeseman, J. de Boer, W. Furyk, J. Hillis, A. Hutchinson, A. McVean, W. Nelowkin, K. Rawlings, R. Sealey, F. Simons, K. Wallis, D. Atkin, L. Bus, R. Heimans, D. Toth, R. Canobie, P. Jefferson, N. Luhowsky, A. Pellen, H. Shapiro, F. Wells.  
J. Byrne, J. Campbell, M. Heath, C. Jackson, R. Kelly, M. Law, E. Leslie, M. Osborne, J. Robinson, P. Taylor, C. Arnott, S. Austin, J. Berry, C. Bishop, H. Canobie, B. Goodburn, G. Gray, L. Howie, A. Judge, B. Macauley, H. Wollin, D. Brookman,

O Dackiw, C. Denbrave, M. Flett, S. Kruizinga, A. Licit, J. Pratten, E. Rickard, S. Simon, A. Witkowski, S. Wynn, J. Baker, M. Collins, J. Cotter, M. Howie, C. Kester, M. Kermode, C. Waterstom, H. Wilson, L. Wilton.  
**8 Subjects:** R. Sheard, B. Symmons, C. van Eysden, K. Chandler, W. Kerr, J. Shoesmith, A. Siggins, F. van der Boogert, A. Siggins, L. Wegmann, R. Bolte, D. Church, I. Gilholme, J. Loughnan, L. Makings, T. Willis, P. Lang, P. Oolep, H. Savory, G. Westwood.  
E. Jelinsz, D. Wylie, P. Brodie, C. Flack, J. Heather, D. Brookman, D. Johnson, G. Thomas, P. Williams, G. Bucknell, G. Farley, C. Guy, K. Horrigan, K. Klevin, R. Martin, P. Murphy, M. Shaw, S. Smith, S. Bluer, A. Dembinski, M. Grant, E. Miller, J. Robins, J. Matheson.

7 Subjects: H. Westendorp, C. Williams, G. Wibrow, G. Latimer, A. Stutley, J. Balguy, W. Clarke, P. Lewis, J. Davies, J. Hillier, R. Daly, G. Howard, G. Leed, L. Bruce, B. Panasewycz, J. Pope, R. Townshend, I. Barnes, W. Thomas, J. Leszczowski, P. Barlee, M. Griffin, J. Kruizinga, G. Raymond, J. Douglas, S. Greaves, U. Martini, H. Nichols, P. Dyson, G. Hooker, M. Richards, S. Scales, B. Trachimczuk, D. Vokurka, W. Walde, A. Dean, A. Hawkins, J. Mannison, J. Shand, S. Szalecki, Y. Turner, H. Wilkins, L. Holding.

6 Subjects: D. Mills, E. Nokiell, R. Ryaland, S. Wassko, R. Watschur, C. Allen, K. Mackensie, D. Robinson, M. Ryan, P. Ingham, G. McSweeney, B. Prins, I. Symons, B. Greatorex, D. Hadley, B. Philp, C. Smith, B. Graham, T. Krzywohulski, J. Renwick.

D. Morton, H. Smith, P. Betts, J. Connelly, J. Orr, L. Bland, R. de Bortoli, M. Klooster, V. Shimmen, S. Stansby, M. Atkins, Z. Kot, S. Kronert, D. Lee, E. Nissen, A. Ridder, J. Tonks, E. Keam.



HOUSE CHOIR CONDUCTORS

L. to R.: J. Wallis (Clematis), M. Osborne (Bluegum), I. Clark (Wattle), M. Hallett (Orchid).

## EDITOR'S NOTES

At the end of the forty-fourth year of Dandenong High School we follow the precedent of all editors before us in reviewing the past year's events in the school, the successes and foibles of the staff and pupils. For obvious reasons, we place more emphasis on those of the latter. But everyone, from first term to sixth, should examine the climate, in retrospect, not only of our own closed society but also of that strange phenomenon known as the "world at large".

This closing year, like all others, has been a formative one for all, and it has shown us many sides of man's nature. Only recently came American, British and Russian ratification of a nuclear test-ban treaty and the conspicuous refusal of several nations to sign it. An ancient, inherent rift between France and Germany would seem to have been healed; we have seen racial violence raising its ugly head in America and in Verwoerd's South Africa, a definite split in what were previously supposed to be identical ideologies of two of the world's most powerful countries, a corresponding split in Australia's own Communist Party, revived dreams of national glory and de Gaulle's 'force de frappe' in France, Britain's Conservative Government recoiling under the blows of exclusion from the European Economic Community and several security scandals, the founding of a new nation to our north-west, a mail-train robbery that became a farce, a Papal election, Communist Chinese 'peaceful penetration' and its corollary of expansionism, Indonesian confrontation, and many other national and domestic occurrences that have been presented to us, as though for our approval.

We have seen bureaucracy in its blindness: Britain's confusion over her spy scandals, strict and seemingly needless censorship in Britain and Australia, visitors deported from Australia without comment from Mr. Downer's Immigration Department, and defence contract uproars in America. It has shown its efficiency somewhat more often than was necessary or credible — ambassadors have been charged and counter-charged with spying and have been quickly recalled. The list seems infinite.

Perhaps from all this we should take a solemn and frightening lesson — it might, as we have often been told, be best to pattern our lives more on what we see in our schools. Here while yet young, we are taught to live our own lives together, contributing now and then to the benefit of the particular institution, but essentially living in an atmosphere of co-operation, harmony and understanding aimed at enlarging our cultural appreciation and intellectual grasp. It is unfortunate that these principles are not applied more often in the world.

L.H., B.E.B.

## CHOIR NOTES

The Senior Choir this year gained third place in the Festival. All the members spent a lot of time in preparation for the Festival, and performed very well, being only a few points behind the winning choir. The Festival standard was very high, and the choir learn quite a lot about technique and stage presentation. Mr. Menadue donated much of his free time, and did a wonderful job. Both he and Mrs. Cowen, who accompanied us, deserve our gratitude for their unselfish service to culture in the school.

Many more young singers would be welcomed, and would find a rewarding experience in singing in choral groups. Three of the four House Choir conductors were in the Choir, and found the experience gained invaluable. Praise must go to

## I.S.C.F. GROUP

The Inter-School Christian Fellowship Group has had a most enjoyable year. Attendance has greatly increased over the past few years, but we would still like to see more new faces.

Among our many guest speakers this year, were students from College and University who told us something of the life in these places. We also had the pleasure of a visit from a missionary from Thailand and in July, we gave a donation to help missionary work in south-east Asia.

Our grateful thanks go to our councillor, Mrs. Crouch, whose help has been invaluable throughout the year. We would also like to thank Margaret Bongers of 4B for her successful leadership each week.

May we take this opportunity of inviting all those girls and boys who are interested in our group, to come to our meetings every Thursday at 12 o'clock in Room 6.

KRYSIA KLEVIN — Secretary.

"Conscience is thoroughly well-bred, and soon leaves off talking to those who do not wish to hear it."—Samuel Butler, author of 'Erewhon'.

(Submitted by Lyn Wilton, 5D.)

# FORM NOTES

## 6th FORM PERSONALITIES

Lyn Banks: Wattle House Captain.

Peculiarity: Lives in Koo Wee Swamp.

Favourite Saying: "What's Ian done now?"

Ambition: Get out of Koo Wee Swamp.

Probable Fate: Growing spuds in Koo Wee Swamp.

Pet Aversion: Mashed potatoes.

Joy Beard: Warragul Team Captain.

Peculiarity: Goes to Phys. Ed.

Favourite Saying: "Behave yourself, Liz."

Ambition: Phys. Ed. instructor.

Probable Fate: Milking cows at Officedale.

Pet Aversion: Cows that can't do handstands.

Anna Bonk: Longest finger nails in Sixth.

Peculiarity: Hen hair.

Favourite Saying: "Of course it's natural".

Ambition: To be a lady of leisure.

Probable Fate: Ten years' hard labour.

Pet Aversion: Broken fingernails.

Barbara Bridge: Hallam Bus Captain.

Peculiarity: Likes tall boys.

Favourite Saying: "Of course I'll still be going with him!"

Pet Aversion: Boys shorter than 4ft. 7in.

Christine Broderick: Athlete of Sixth.

Peculiarity: Eats cold chops for lunch each day.

Favourite Occupation: Riding (horses)

Ambition: Footballer.

Probable Fate: Orange girl at a Soccer match.

Pet Aversion: Saddles.

Helen Coram: Prefect.

Peculiarity: Red hair.

Favourite Occupation: British homework.

Ambition: Travel.

Probable Fate: Stamping passports in Tourist Bureau.

Pet Aversion: Mr. Farrelly.

Elizabeth Crouch: Cheltenham Bus Captain

Peculiarity: Curly hair.

Favourite Saying: "I'm starving."

Ambition: Pilot.

Probable Fate: Pumping up plane tyres.

Pet Aversion: Helicopters and programmes on Channel 0.

Lynda Dunning: Brain of Sixth

Peculiarity: Takes a hot water bottle to bed.

Favourite: ? ? ?

Ambition: To launch a ship.

Probable Fate: Bottling Champagne

Pet Aversion: Electric blankets.

Lorraine Hewat: Magazine Co-Editor.

Peculiarity: Shop assistant who refuses to assist.

Favourite Saying: "It's really quite thingy."

Ambition: To be a beachcomber.

Probable Fate: Street cleaner or brain washer.

Pet Aversion: Frenchmen who can't speak English.

Helen Hoskings: Had a little lamb (chops)

Peculiarity: Does French.

Favourite Occupation: Under the Bridges of Paris.

Ambition: To pass French.

Probable Fate: Fail, and marry a Frenchman.

Pet Aversion: Snails and frog's legs.

Bronwyn Howie: Prefect.

Peculiarity: Drives? a Mini.

Favourite Saying: "Don't you dare . . ."

Ambition: To drive to W.A.

Probable Fate: Lead an Exodus to Purgatory.

Pet Aversion: Being known as Mrs. Howies' daughter.

Irene Jarema: Vice-Captain.

Favourite Occupation: Carting home library books.

Peculiarity: Never uses them.

Ambition: To have a private ref. library.

Probable Fate: Will succeed.

Pet Aversion: People who ask for Geog. Ref. books.

Elizabeth Jarvis: Head Prefect.

Peculiarity: Throws parties in her attic.

Favourite Saying: "I simply hate that man."

Ambition: Art teacher.

Pet Aversion: Step ladders in the Public Library.

Deidre Litchfield: Clematis House Captain.

Peculiarity: Chews her pig-tails.

Favourite Saying: "Caniva bite, please . . . please."

Ambition: To keep Kerry and herself awake in British.

Probable Fate: Exhibition in British.

Pet Aversion: Tall boys with blond hair.

Peculiarity: Claustrophobia in 'phone boxes.

Peculiarity: Returns an empty tin each Monday

Favourite Saying: "See you — I'm going to Latin."

Ambition: To be a nurse.

Probable Fate: Undertaker.

Pet Aversion: Blood.

Margaret Matheson: 1 of 3 Scientists.

Peculiarity: Claustrophobia in 'phone boxes

Favourite Saying: "No, I'm quite serious."

Ambition: First American space woman

Probable Fate: Losing count during the count down.

Pet Aversion: Study'n boys?

Shirley Mayers: Prefect.

Peculiarity: Studying.

Favourite Saying: "Hurry up, Dee!"

Ambition: To reform Wes.

Probable Fate: Be corrupted by Wes.

Pet Aversion: Questionable jokes in Modern.



BOHDAN PANASEWYCZ

POSTER PAINT

Marion Osborne.  
Peculiarity: Sells sausages at weekends.  
Favourite Saying: "But I DON'T sell sausages!"  
Ambition: To make the perfect sausage.  
Probable Fate: To be a perfect sausage.  
Pet Aversion: Vegetables.

Heather Perry: Form Captain.  
Favourite Saying: "I don't mean it THAT way."  
Peculiarity: Does Really.  
Ambition: To be Miss W.A.  
Probable Fate: Miss Lake Disappointment.  
Pet Aversion: Uni. students.

Georgie Phillips: Vice-Cultural Captain—Bluegum.  
Peculiarity: Cracks knuckles.  
Favourite Saying: "Can't wait 'till the hols."  
Ambition: Get married.  
Probable Fate: Animal husbandry at Uni.  
Pet Aversion: Joints that won't crack.

Maureen Reeves: Vice Cultural Captain—Wattle.  
Peculiarity: University Students.  
Favourite Saying: "Anybody want to hear a drinking song?"  
Ambition: To be a journalist.  
Probable Fate: Paper boy.  
Pet Aversion: Boys under 6 foot

Kerry Ryan.  
Peculiarity: Just Peculiar.  
Favourite Saying: "Look Deidre, we're going to work this prod."  
Ambition: To win a bet with form 6 boys.  
Probable Fate: Bookie.  
Pet Aversion: Library.

Leonie Smithies.  
Peculiarity: Goes to Black Rock at weekends.  
Favourite Saying: "I'm going to make a 'phone call."  
Pet Aversion: Smoking, drinking, swearing.

Sue Trethewey: Pygmy with aversion to elephants  
Peculiarity: Elephant once sat on her.  
Favourite Saying: "Help, here comes an elephant."  
Ambition: To grow tall.  
Probable Fate: Join pygmies in Congo  
Pet Aversion: Elephants.

Diane Winberg: Deputy Head Prefect  
Peculiarity: Allan.  
Favourite Saying: "Last night Allan and I . . ."  
Ambition: Leave school and get engaged.  
Probable Fate: Sell rings in a jewellers  
Pet Aversion: John Wallis.

## BOYS

Geoff BAXTER: Athletics.  
Ambition: To grow spuds in "KooWee".  
Probable Fate: Be put on a starch-free diet.  
Favourite Saying: "Your deal, Rod."  
Favourite Phobia: Ignorance of nuclear war.  
Peculiarity: Rationality.  
Pet Aversion: People who come top in English.

Robert BLUER: Prefect, Football V-C, Swimming, Basketball.  
Ambition: Undecided.  
Probable Fate: Will decide.  
Favourite Saying: "Well, so what?"  
Favourite Phobia: To be made to do yard duty himself.

Peculiarity: Short hair.  
Pet Aversion: That small group that can and can't understand him.

Bernard BOLCH: Co-editor magazine, Capt. Clem., Debating.  
Ambition: Settle in Geneva.  
Probable Fate: Devil's Island.  
Favourite Saying: "Did you hear Eartha Kitt last night?"  
Favourite Phobia: Miss French.  
Pet Aversion: People who give up after three syllables.

Ray CARTER: Basketball, Tennis.  
Ambition: 20th century Romeo.  
Probable Fate: 15th century-type Quasimodo.  
Favourite Phobia: Civilization.  
Peculiarity: Art in English periods.  
Pet Aversion: English in Art periods.

Ian CLARK: Wattle House Capt., Choir Cond., Debating Capt., Volleyball, Swimming.  
Ambition: Grow to about 11' 18".  
Probable Fate: Shrink.  
Favourite Saying (scornfully): "Oh, John!"  
Favourite Phobia: Tall girls.  
Peculiarity: Indiscretion.  
Pet Aversion: John Wallis.

Michael COLES: Tennis, Form V-C., Baseball.  
Ambition: Play pro baseball.  
Probable Fate: Tendency to strike out.  
Peculiarity: Grin.  
Pet Aversion: People who don't ride bikes to school.

Graham 'Cactus' CONNOR: Prefect, Aths., Basketball.  
Ambition: Architect.  
Probable Fate: Bricklayer.  
Favourite Saying: "Coming into the gym?"  
Peculiarity: Geniality (he smiles as he breaks your arms).

Geoff COX: Orchid Cultural V-C., Festival Choir.  
Ambition: Mormon Tabernacle Choir.  
Probable Fate: Luton Girls' Choir.  
Favourite Saying: "English!"  
Peculiarity: Sings bass (notably Monday mornings at General Ass.).

Wayne DANIEL: Baseball, Aths., Basketball.  
Ambition: Not printable.  
Probable Fate: Remember (too late) that it is printable.  
Favourite Saying: "Wake up, Ian."  
Favourite Phobia: Having to explain how Room 19's door locks itself before Economics.  
Peculiarity: Blond hair that grows and grows and grows . . . .  
Pet Aversion: Doors that don't lock from the inside.

Ian DENNIS: Tennis, Basketball.  
Ambition: Put holes in records.  
Probable Fate: Retrenched when cylinder records return.  
Favourite Saying: "I am awake, Dangles."  
Peculiarity: Cultivated kiss-curls.

Barry EDWARDS:  
Ambition: Astronaut.  
Probable Fate: Be sent to the moon and left there.  
Favourite Saying: "Er . . . Bob!"  
Peculiarity: Freckles (millions of 'em).

Duncan FERRIES: Tennis.  
Ambition: Bank manager.  
Probable Fate: Bank robber.  
Favourite Phobia: Miss Matric. and have to come back.  
Peculiarity: Does Economics and Accountancy.  
Pet Aversions: Economics and Accountancy.

Bruce FORSYTH: Football, Cricket.  
Ambition: Live in the big smoke.  
Probable Fate: Stay in the sticks.  
Favourite Saying: "Give use a peanut!"  
Peculiarity: Big head.

Ross FOTHERINGHAM:  
Ambition: Grow his hair straight.  
Probable Fate: Shave his head in desperation.  
Favourite Word: "Mate".  
Favourite Phobia: Fall out of step.  
Peculiarity: Unpredictability.

Noel GOLDSMITH:  
Ambition: Create a drug to shorten people.  
Probable Fate: Success (through discovery of Ian Clark's secretary).  
Favourite Saying: "Lemme alone!"  
Favourite Phobia: Volkswagens.  
Peculiarity: His car (powered by the world's first lawn-mower motor).  
Pet Aversion: Big cars.

Richard GRIGG: Football, Volleyball.  
Ambition: Wild-life inspector.  
Probable Fate: Wild man.  
Favourite Saying: "That's an insult."  
Favourite Phobia: Grey socks. Going out of fashion.  
Peculiarity: Comes from Nathalia (where's that?).  
Pet Aversion: Work.

Barry HALL: Clem. House Capt., 1st XVIII, Aths.  
Ambition: Permanent recess-time reservation at John's.  
Probable Fate: Permanent reservation there.  
Favourite Saying: "Don't rag me, Jolly."  
Peculiarity: Dropped Eng. Lit. (i.e., learned to complain without suffering).  
Pet Aversion: K.J.

Wilfred HALL: Baseball.  
Ambition: Industrial chemist.  
Probable Fate: High School lab. assistant.  
Favourite Saying: "All right, stupid."  
Peculiarity: His blinking.

Martin HALLETT: Prefect, Orchid Choir Conductor, Tennis, Festival Choir.  
Ambition: Conduct London Philharmonic Orchestra from a straitjacket.  
Probable Fate: Drop his baton.

Favourite Saying: "Just a minute, Geoff (Cox), there's Mr. Menadue — —."  
Favourite Phobia: Lose a sheet of music while conducting.  
Peculiarity: Tone-deaf.

Geoff HILLARD: Prefect, School Tennis Capt.  
Ambition: Play Davis Cup tennis.  
Probable Fate: Ball-boy.  
Favourite Phobia: Accidentally squeezing a lemon-pip into his hair.  
Peculiarity: Technicolor head.

David JACOBS: Prefect, Baseball, Aths., Tennis, School Choir.  
Ambition: To win Monash 880.  
Probable Fate: Run the wrong way.  
Favourite Saying (in horror): "Not Chem. Prac. again!"  
Peculiarity: Runs home from school "every now and then" (two miles).  
Pet Aversion: None (boy, is he unstable!)

Rodney JAMES: Basketball, Soccer, Clematis Dramatics Director, Cricket.  
Ambition: To make the Harlem Globe-Trotters.  
Probable Fate: Trip over his shoe-laces.  
Favourite Saying: "Let's play basketball in P.T."  
Favourite Phobia: P.T. girls raising a team to play the boys.  
Peculiarity: Always does well in his own football pools (?).  
Pet Aversion: Only doing one period of P.T. per week.

Robert JOLLY: Prefect, Football, Cricket Capt., Aths.  
Ambition: To follow in the steps of his big brother.  
Probable Fate: Will.  
Favourite Saying: "Don't rag me, Wes."  
Favourite Phobia: Being early for Modern History.  
Peculiarity: His orations in Form Assembly.  
Pet Aversion: Pheasants (or was it peasants?)

Trevor KERR:  
Ambition: Forensic scientist.  
Probable Fate: Traffic cop.  
Favourite Saying: A single syllable somewhere between "Aaa" and "Err".  
Peculiarity: No forehead visible.

Robert LABBERTON: Judo Club treasurer, Volleyball.

Ambition: Communication engineer.  
Probable Fate: Rediscover Morse Code.  
Favourite Saying: "You're hurting, Wes (Madycki)."  
Peculiarity: Sloping forehead.  
Pet Aversion: Len O'Brien.



PHILIP ROOKE, VI

PEN AND WASH

Norman LEE:

Ambition: Drive an E-type at 150 m.p.h.  
 Probable Fate: Have his pilot's licence revoked.  
 Favourite Saying: "Typical Holden (or Ford/Austin/Volkswagen/Chevrolet, etc.)."  
 Favourite Phobia: Discover all exit gates locked on Wednesday afternoons.  
 Peculiarity: Ability to move leaden foot from accelerator to brake in 1/1000th sec.  
 Pet Aversion: Those tiresome people who try to drag with him.

Wieslaw MADYCKI: Volleyball.

Ambition: Throw every duster in the school into a dust-bin.  
 Probable Fate: Thrown into a dust-bin himself.  
 Favourite Saying: "Give up, Labberton?"  
 Peculiarity: Mentality (psychopathic — especially towards Robert Labberton).

Ekke MARTINI: Soccer Capt., Prefect, Judo, Aths., Swimming, Volleyball, Choir.

Ambition: To beat his father to school.  
 Peculiarity: His father drives him to school.  
 Favourite Saying: "I haven't done it, Miss Houston."  
 Favourite Phobia: Being early for English Expression.  
 Pet Aversion: Being asked to find an excuse for his tardiness (he never can).

Russell McLAUHLAN: Cricket, Basketball.

Ambition: Work on D.C.C's "great" garbage system.  
 Probable Fate: Will, if lucky.  
 Favourite Saying: "Done your prac?"  
 Favourite Phobia: Chem. Prac. (need we say it?)  
 Peculiarity: Comes from the Koo-Wee swamp.  
 Pet Aversion: Koo-Wee.

Bill NORFOLK: Baseball.

Favourite Phobia: People finding out he's bald.  
 Peculiarity: His hand that's always busy pushing hair out of his eyes.  
 Pet Aversion: Hair oil.

Len O'BRIEN:

Ambition: Bend every locker door in the sixth.  
 Probable Fate: Buckle his own locker-door 43 times (he's myopic).  
 Favourite Phobia: Shaving.  
 Pet Aversion: Uncreased trousers.

Michael PASS: Prefect, Football, Swimming.

Ambition: To have his hair cut honourably.  
 Probable Fate: Be assaulted by a barber who's losing trade.  
 Favourite Saying: "Marvellous."  
 Peculiarity: Pigeon-toed.

John POWELL: Prefect, Aths., Baseball Capt., Cricket.

Ambition: Compete in Mexico City Olympics.  
 Probable Fate: Have a leg amputated before then.

Favourite Saying: "Anyway . . ."  
 Peculiarity: Resemblance to Chesty Bond.

David PRICE: Football, Swimming, Cricket, Orchid Vice H-C.

Ambition: Pharmacist.  
 Probable Fate: Pharma.  
 Favourite Saying: "Go away!"  
 Peculiarity: Eats his sandwiches at morning recess and bots lunch.

Phillip ROOKE: Bluegum House Capt., Debating Capt., Aths.

Ambition: Artist.  
 Probable Fate: Public Works Dept. Interior Decorator.  
 Favourite Saying: "But look, mate . . ."  
 Peculiarity: Enjoys capitalism.  
 Pet Aversion: People who don't wear artist's berets.

Sergei SEREDA: Baseball.

Ambition: Doctor.  
 Probable Fate: Nurse.  
 Favourite Saying: "Let's be late for Biol."  
 Favourite Phobia: Mr. Whyke's look.  
 Peculiarity: Likes big blond girls.  
 Pet Aversion: 40-period school week.

Peter SMITH: Baseball.

Ambition: Pitch a baseball further than 10'.  
 Probable Fate: Throw 9' 11".  
 Favourite Saying: "Crap".  
 Peculiarity: Runs a 1952 Renault 750.  
 Pet Aversion: Geoff White's opinions about cars.

Bob STEWART: Football Capt., Aths., Tennis, Clematis Vice H-C.

Ambition: To be taken for his true age.  
 Probable Fate: Qualify for pension next year.  
 Favourite Saying: "You buy your own peanuts."  
 Favourite Phobia: Other people who like peanuts.  
 Peculiarity: Always ready for Economics questions.  
 Pet Aversion: Biology.

Peter STOCKS: Prefect, Aths.

Ambition: Run a three-minute mile.  
 Probable Fate: Run to fat.  
 Favourite Saying: "Yarba-darba."  
 Peculiarity: His liking for big, slow cars.  
 Pet Aversion: Small, fast cars.

Terence TOVEY: Head Prefect, Orchid Debating Capt., School Aths. Capt., Orchid Dramatics Director, Festival Choir.

Ambition: Sing a symphony.  
 Probable Fate: Rock star.  
 Favourite Saying: "If only Expression stimulated the intellect a little!"  
 Peculiarity: Sleeps during Economics.  
 Pet Aversion: English Expression.

John WALLIS: Clematis Cultural V-C. and Choir Conductor, Swimming, Festival Choir.

Ambition: To be a "Surfie".  
Probable Fate: Have his hair go black.  
Favourite Saying: "No, I disagree."  
Favourite Phobia: Discovery of the fact that he's not listed in "Burke's Peerage".  
Peculiarity: Lives in Officer.  
Pet Aversion: Ian Clark.

Neil 'Nicky' WEETMAN: Baseball.

Ambition: Steal Noel Goldsmith's car (?) and hide it in his locker.  
Probable Fate: Drip oil all over his books.  
Favourite Saying: "Ahbutyes".  
Peculiarity: Always a passenger.

Geoff "Goo-goo" WHITE: Soccer.

Ambition: Racing driver.  
Probable Fate: Never get a driving licence.  
Favourite Saying: "No, don't put that in the Gate."  
Favourite Phobia: To be strapped to a barber's chair.  
Peculiarity: Geoff White.  
Pet Aversion: Coming (early) for English.

## V C

This year 5C was led by Astrid Ridder and Len Axen as form captains, assisted by Elaine Miller and Jeff Renwick as vice-captains. We had many "celebrities" in our midst: Prefects Kay Horrigan, Robyn Martin, Rejendra Singh and Ray Canobie, and House Captain Jill Berry. Rosetta de Bortoli was a co-producer of the Junior Dramatics, Krysia Klewin was secretary of the I.S.C.F. group and Glenice Bucknell was sub-editor of this magazine.

At the half-yearly exams, Elaine Rickard topped the form, with Kaye Horrigan and Anne Hawkins second and third. Many of our form were prominent at sport. Jill Berry starred on the athletics field, and during the year visited Queensland with the State team.

Anne Hawkins and Deidre Morton (Basketball), Robyn Martin and Elaine Rickard (Volleyball), Yvonne Turner (Tennis), Ken Hubbard and David Robinson (Athletics), Ray Canobie and Jeff Renwick (Football) and Robert Daly (Cricket), also played in teams. Many of us were in our house choirs, and during our Social Service Week, we held a stall and washed cars to raise money. Dianne Lee made a valiant effort each week to collect money from our "generous" members. We would all like to thank Mr. Oldmeadow for his guidance throughout the year and his interest in our form.

## V D

This year Miss Orr, a newcomer to Dandenong High School, became our form mistress. Margot Richards was elected as the girls' representative, and David Church as the boys'. They took on quite a job, because when not in assembly we

are scattered throughout the school in our various classes, and it becomes very hard marking the roll, distributing poliomyelitis injection cards and doing the many other jobs that form captains are expected to do. These two, however, are assisted by Janice Robinson and Bill Andrews.

Margaret Heath was appointed as Social Service collector, and managed to raise about 5/- every Friday. She organized our stall from which Social Service received quite a sum.

Although not the intellectual leaders of the school, we rate fairly high, with David Church. Ian Watson and Janice Cotter coming first, second and third respectively in the mid-year exams. We also have representatives in the school teams of judo, football, athletics, hockey, basketball, swimming, tennis and others. Some of our more angelic voices took part in the house choirs' competition

We wish to thank Miss Orr, form captains, vice-captains and all representatives for their good work throughout the year.

## V E

The form completed a successful and harmonious year. The social service week was most successful and raised a worthwhile contribution for the school's social service effort. The form was ably looked after by the form captains Annette Dean and Frank Wells. The mid-year academic honours went to Corrie Drave, whose results were quite outstanding. In the sporting field, the form was well represented as instanced with Frank Wells. Our form teacher, Mr. Barry Jones gave us many interesting and amusing lectures, and it is to him, that the form wishes to extend its thanks for all that he has done during the year.

## V F

With the discovery that we were about three days overdue and the condescending permission of the staff "Mag. rep." my non-existent partner and I set about producing those objects of scorn and ridicule called "form notes". Actually they are outlets of expression for the frustrated and much oppressed fifth former—me for instance.

To produce these typically brilliant objects, which reflect the typically brilliant mind of the "Mag. reps.", the obvious action was the consultation of the notes of old (found in the archives of the library) and the combination of the superior qualities in each. Thus, friends, we find the greatest mess of quotes, apologies, epitaphs, voyages and general comments that could ever have beset any pair of unfortunates in our position. We came, we saw, and are left feeling utterly dejected, realizing that the only course of action was to express our opinions of various subjects, thus leading the reader back to the start.

To proceed: we the representatives of VF desire to submit a plea for recognition, and mutter these few words about sparing future VFs the agony of being hustled into the characteristic perfumes of Room 7, and being forced to relax on seats spattered with conc. sulphuric left by the preceding form (probably the sixth). We have desperately tried to conceal the tortures endured in this laboratory from Mr. Richardson—Oh, by the way we discovered just what he was doing out there. Especially when fellow members were impertinently interrogated on the topic of lateness. Back to what we were saying. What were we saying? Ah yes, the horrors of R.7. During '63 the oaths and reactions (chemical) of students have tended to interrupt the interesting discussions normally carried on during this weekly gathering.

Now to more mundane things such as social service. In this respect VF shines and we can safely say that the tin always leaves with 100 per cent. or more of its original content. Other official announcements are usually heralded by Peter Allan and Margaret Flett who are, believe it or not, form captains.

So much for official business; now the components of the form. This is the most delicate part in writing notes—you don't know whether to name a few for their outstanding achievements and offend the rest, or offend everybody. Therefore we shall impartially comment on each person, probably the reader will see only the censored version, or may be no version.

AKERS, Peter.—Often dashing but just as often lazy. Made in Britain.

ALLEN, Peter.—Form captain with an insane desire to tell everyone. Listens to "The Goon Show" on 3LO.

ARCHIBALD, John.—"Can't think of anything about you." "Well don't then." "Why not?" "Because I don't want my name in your crummy magazine."

CONDIE, Russell.—"I was at the dentist this mornin', so there."

FLETT, Margaret.—Form captain. Little known of life during '63. On recall, remember seeing her in Math. II, Math. I, Chem., Phy. Hey! She does the Science course!

GRIFFIN, Gordon.—Who was it that put is so wisely: "Thinks he's tuffer when he makes bods suffer." I wonder if he and Rod are really friends, or if Rod lives in fear . . . ? Nah, couldn't be right.

HEIMANS, Roland.—You take Benzo-purpurine, combine it with nitrosobenzene and presto, a tan dye which never comes off. "Oh that, that was just an accident." "Well how are you going to get it off?" "How the h— would I know."

HOWIE, Lynette.—Hangs around with Denise Johnson in Eng. Rather quiet.

HUTCHINSON, Alan.—Uses only violet ink. Nothing but the best.

JEFFERSON, Phillip.—I don't care what ya' put.

JOHNSON, Denise.—Flirtatious, curvacious, and has a tough boyfriend. Sport-minded—during dreary prods.

KELLY, Rosemary.—In Latin. Let's get her off the subject, or "I'm too tired to get up, Miss Blood."

LANG, Peter.—What did happen to him?

LAW, Marion.—Dormant through the year till exams . . . wow.

LEWIS, Paul.—Start of year 1963—addicted to Rock an' Roll, judo, and a "fabulous" hairstyle (also frequent criticism from some staff members) and females. Near end of '63—jazz follower, head massacred by jazz-fan barber and less comments from some staff members. Better at judo than at start.

LUMOUSKY, Nick.—Somewhere around. You sure he's in VF? Well I saw him at the start.

McINTOSH, Stephen.—"Listen, if you must tell 'em I'm mag. rep. wait till I get out." Mr. R. . . . "Why are you late?" Miss Blood . . . "If you don't come to Latin all the time you'll go to see Mr. Cooke."

MIDRO, Les.—Lately to be found staggering around an "onion patch" or staggering into form assembly at 9.05. Orchids house captain. Intends leasing Aths. cup at an unfixd amount per week. Favourite saying: CENSORED (usually in time of anger).

MILLS, Dennis.—Has much mathematical potential but when asked by McIntosh about what problem he's up to . . . "No, Macca, I only up to 29." And a much disgruntled "Macca" turns round and works the problem out himself.

OSBOURNE, Margaret.—First in V, academically speaking; also Bluegums female house captain; also Bluegums first female, winning, choir conductor. First female choir conductor. Unusual characteristics—worries about boyfriend's exams. Mostly heard saying "I'll do anything to beat him/her" or "I can't stand him/her." Phew!

REMINGTON, Margaret.—Companion of Margaret Osbourne. Male friend in 6th probably worries about his exams too.

REZMER, Peter.—"Do you know 'im?" "Yes." "What's 'e like?" "Well, he's sort of . . . er sort of . . . zany."

RULE, Don.—That's the kid with the perfect part in his hair.

SHEARD, Rodney.—During the obscure times of the year, offered help to the mag. Friend of Gordon Griffin.

SHOESMITH, John.—Indulges in the pleasures of life; also judo enthusiast and thus will probably live to 100.

SIGGINS, Tony.—Can't find anything wrong with him. Pal of Alan Hutchison.

SIMMONS, Frank.—Pal of Peter Akers. Best known for his sterling performances in Richard the II, where he was dobbed without warning.

SUTTON, John.—Discovered that they don't do as much work in the high as they do in the tech. Main aim is to get Matric. then join the Physical Torturers' Union.

SEARLY, Richard.—Didn't know he was with us. Does anybody positively know he's with us?

TAYLOR, Patricia.—Particular friend of Dione Wylie. In answer to questions of flirting—"We don't flirt; we're just friendly types." "I go for blonde tennis players."

TOTH, Dennis.—Probably would have made better form notes than these. He should have taken the load.

Van der BOOGERT, Frank.—"Listen son, you'll go." But otherwise a gentle person victimised by scheming teachers. Favourite saying: "The old fool . . ." followed by hoards of laughter . . . if you don't laugh . . . well its better to laugh.

Van EIMEREN, John.—Another person who may consider themselves lucky I don't know them.

Van EYSDEN, Cornelius.—His inspiring remarks are often heard during English after being told to shut up by more serious members of English B. His criticism of poetry is most awe-inspiring.

WATT, Ian.—In physics pract. . . . "C'mon, Macca, stop muckin' about." Managed to produce some interesting experiments with jelly, indicators and bits of metal.

WYLIE, Dianne.—Pat Taylor's buddy. In answer to the same question about flirting . . . "Just 'cause we talk to boys."

Interesting question proposed by Mr. X: Do girlfriends of fair-haired tennis players' girlfriends like fair-haired tennis players' male buddies . . . and vice versa.

WILLIAMS, Charles.—The only student I know that cannot do Latin homework without listening to tape-recorded rock and roll music.

When these comments are in print I expect to be in Moscow, not because of the Communist ideals but because they give wonderful protection from outsiders. My partner has already left for places unknown. Concluding, I shall say that the best place to find the ordinary VF student's home is at the top of the Honours roll, 1962, and top of the detention list, 1963, for not being the intelligent scientists we were supposed to be.

#### IV A

Various wind-up dolls have been devised for all members of the form. Miss Blood, form teacher, wound them all up by saying "Salvate Discipuli".

#### BOYS—

Colin Smith doll: Wind it up and it says: "The Cheltenham bus was late, Miss Orr".

Alan Taylor doll: Wind it up and it kicks a point.

Keith McKenry doll: Wind it up and it finds a bottle-top.

Luigi Destefano doll: Wind it up and it gets electrocuted.

Brian Bending doll: Wind it up and it says: "I'm not doing the Form Notes".

Linton Hayres doll: Wind it up and it gets covered in chalk.

Tom Bouce doll: Wind it up and it hits Brian Wallace.

Brian Wallace doll: Wind it up and it says: "Quit it up, Bouce".

Richard Gorski doll: Wind it up and it goes home.

Max Creed doll: Wind it up and you're in for trouble.

Don Joncour doll: Wind it up and it hits its little brother.

David Forsyth doll: Wind it up and it writes "Scoresby" on the black-board.

Derek Errington doll: Wind it up and it rubs "Scoresby" off the black-board and substitutes "Beaconsfield".

Russell Newton doll: Wind it up and it keeps quiet.

Doug Noy doll: Wind it up and it has a shave.

Alpha Cukurs doll: Wind it up and it averages 90%.

Lionel Hedt doll: Wind it up and it bowls a gutter.

David Smith doll: Wind it up and it talks with a squeaky voice.

George de George doll: Wind it up and it gives the wrong answer.

Warren Medwell doll: Wind it up and it does its homework.

#### GIRLS—

Sandra Clark doll: Wind it up and it says: "Come on, Linton, you haven't given to Social Service once all year!"

Barbara Wood doll: Wind it up and it collects half-school colours.

Rae Weetman doll: Wind it up and it argues with Mr. Menadue.

Jo Harvey doll: Wind it up and it wins the shot-put.

Susan Murray doll: Wind it up and it says: "Don't call me Waldo".

Sandra Riddle doll: Wind it up and it plays the Warsaw Concerto.



RUTH MATTINGLEY, 4A

Glenys Jarvie doll: Wind it up and it blushes.

Susan McSweeney doll: Wind it up and it looks inconspicuous.

Ruth Mattingly doll: Wind it up and it breaks down.

Glenys Glover doll: Wind it up and it does its hair, does its hair. etc.

Eva Aumalis doll: Wind it up and it talks, talks, talks, talks, talks.

Judy Morris doll: Wind it up and it copies Eva.

Jan Edgoose doll: Wind it up and it doesn't do anything.

Helen Deans doll: Wind it up and it goes on a diet.

Lesley Pretty doll: Wind it up and it isn't there.

#### IV B

Like any other form, we have our notables and our sedate pupils, with a few unmentionables.

Bob Barfoot and Judy Foster "accepted" the roles of form captains with the minimum of bloodshed and fuss.

In our form we have footballers, cricketers, baseballers, softballers, hockey players (or was it hookey players?), basketball players, tennis players, dancers and bludgers (what a mixture!) Add to this a sprinkling of Rockers, a few Jazzers, and that's IV B!

Miss Mickelberg, our form teacher (Auntie Dot) manages to keep us semi-disciplined, though certain big members of the form resist taming at times. We can't mention names because of a few big reasons overshadowing this Gate representative. We hope we can all see Form V next year.

#### IV E

IVE is one of the Commercial forms at Dandenong High School, and we have 33 pupils under Mrs. Gillespie. Janice Anderson and Barbara Gilbert were form captain and vice-captain respectively. Jan Anderson, Deisje Meerman and Heather Lee excelled in the June exams.

July 6-13, several of our pupils had an enjoyable time at Mt. Beauty. This was followed by a visit to the National Bank in Melbourne organised by our Commercial teacher, Miss Charnock. We would like to thank Miss Blood, who also accompanied us. On September 25 we visited the Dandenong Law Courts; this was organized by Mr. Oldmeadow.

Those taking part in school sports throughout the year included: Grace Jerrett: high jumping and relay; Joy Huie: relay; Peggy Dunkley: basketball and softball; Irena Orzulak and Wendy Smith: basketball; Margaret Giles: rode in the Royal Show; and Carol Ashton trained and played softball. Bank Officials: Charmaine Dixon, Heather Lee and Maureen Thompson.

### III A

We of form III A announce that having a budding (?) psychologist for a form teacher doesn't get problems solved, rather it adds to them. Mr. T. Richardson, finding it hard to converse with real guinea pigs, is using us as substitutes. Mr. T., by means of cunning, cleverly-contrived questionnaires, tries to probe into the mysterious depths of our horrible, murky, nasty, complex little minds — a sure death-trap for one so young; we must warn him.

Our form captains, Anita McPherson and Graham Schmutter, although plagued by the persistent Mr. T., have done a good job this year, assisted by Jan Taylor and Geoffrey Anstis. Half-way through the year, long-suffering Mrs. Thomas finally got rid of us, and Miss Newton, not known for her gravity, took over.

Mr. Farelly still tries to drum geometry into our heads. He can prove just about anything, except that certain illustrious members of the form are the main instigators of the anti-quiet campaign. Mr. Cooper, that magnificent football coach, is an equally excellent geography teacher.

In spite of the fact that we are white and haggard due to the overload of homework and cruelty of teachers, we expect to still be around long enough to stagger up onto the platform on Speech Night to receive our Amateur Guinea Pigs Award.

### III B

We, the pupils of 3B, would like to thank Mr. O'Brien, our form teacher, for his interested and willing help during the year. We would also like to extend our gratitude towards our form captains, Margaret Wagstaff and Alan Robinson, for their co-operation with both teacher and pupil. This year's three new pupils, Barbara Buxey, Graham Henstridge and Edmund Frankel, have settled down to our peculiarities very satisfactorily, and they will make us all the more richer in both the academic and sporting fields.

We have form assemblies twice a week. These, we find, are ten-minute periods allotted for checking rolls, taking up Social Service contributions, and tidying rooms. There would be more time for relaxed, intelligent and beneficial discussion between teacher and pupil if these were made longer. The syllabus is far too crowded to allow for this during a period. As well as helping us, it would assist the form teacher in the writing of reports. Sometimes he has to base the "Comments" section on the sketchy ideas on the remark sheets, or his own knowledge of the pupil, which can be very small. This idea is not all that unpractical, and perhaps would serve to establish a stronger link of understanding between teacher and student.

### III C

Form Teacher: Mr. Cooper.

Form Capt.: Coryn Smith Wasyl.

Although our form is rather small many have achieved outstanding academic and sporting results throughout the year.

Valda "Bubbles" Ducat topped the Form at the mid-year exams with 88.2% — which placed her 3rd in all Form 3.

On the sporting field we have many outstanding people: e.g.

Harry "Smiler" Boce — judged best High School player in the under 15 Grand Final.

Ernest "Handsome" Schalton — A cricketing enthusiast.

Olivio "The Red Terror" Molinari — Soccer, Athletics and Cricket.

Yodi "Muscles" Midro — 3C's Wonder Girl — Tennis, Softball, Cricket, Basketball, swimming, Athletics, Vigaro.

Jackie "Scissors" Parkin — Athletics (High Jump).

Jill "The Floater" Mottram — Athletics (High Jump).

Other personalities include—

Harold "Killer" Howson, several aspiring medicos, numerous "gentlemen" who could out-talk most members of Parliament; Desmond "Algernon" White (who we understand was turned into a hen at night for the week of the egg appeal) and the Form nightingales (the despair of Miss McKinley) specially during the rendition of "Old Black Joe").

Our social service effort proved worthwhile when we raised over £8 with our stalls. At the beginning of the year we were deported to "Siberia" much to our displeasure, but somehow we managed to settle in and not cause the possums any inconvenience.

We are indebted to all teachers who have suffered for us during the past year, especially our beloved English teacher T.O. (Guess who? — The only thing missing is his cat-o-nine tails). Mr. Cooper, our form teacher has encouraged us to work harder with pep-talks (after class) and each and every member of 3C wish to thank him for his help, advice and above all, patience. Thank you Mr. Cooper from us all.

### III B

We of 2B would like to thank all of our subject teachers for their assistance throughout the year and to specially thank Miss Doubell and Miss Newton for their careful guidance throughout the year.

We went on one excursion this year to see some plays and we would like to thank Miss McCormack for arranging it.

This year, with the encouragement of Miss Doubell we raised £12 for social service.

Carole Pyke and Kerry Winberg were our most successful competitors in the athletic sports.

### I A

This year has been quite an eventful one for our form. Nine children participated in the House Swimming Sports, three in the School Swimming Sports, six went to Warragul, twelve took part in the House Athletics, and one took part in the Monash Division Athletics. An exciting time was had by all our pupils who went to Laver's Hill. The participants in the plays did excellent jobs for their houses. Those who went to the Show had a wonderful time with their supervisors, Mr. Crocombe and Mrs. Mayo. Some had their work in the Art Exhibition, and did a good job of entertaining us and many other people.

To conclude this report, we would all like to thank our teachers for giving us such a wonderful time, especially Mrs. Windsor, our form teacher, and Brian Archer and Nola Parker, our form cap-

### I C

We began the year with Miss Sandy as our form teacher. Unfortunately, she left Australia on June 17 and her leadership was followed by Miss Fitzgerald, Miss Cunningham, and our present form teacher, Mr. Stevens. Before her departure, Miss Sandys was presented with a brooch on behalf of the form at a going-away party. Our notable scholars for the year included Andrew Griffiths and Pamela Jolly, and Frank Meerman and Ken Davies were just two of our competitors in the recent House Sports. Many pupils gained places in junior school teams, and Ralph Eberlein painted an abstract picture for our Art Exhibition this year. We enjoyed many excursions, including a visit to the Royal Melbourne Show, H. J. Heinz, and General Motors Holden. Pauline Crawford and Ken Davies were our Form Captains, and kept the form in order well.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank our form teachers for their perseverance with us during the year.

### I E

This year the form consisted of 36 pupils and Mr. Szidat as our form teacher. Our form captains and vice-captains were, for the girls, Bevis Garrett and Ina Pinkster, and, for the boys, Garron White and David Nicholson.

On October 2 the whole school went to Olympic Park to compete in various sports against seven other schools. Anne Clay and David Nicholson were the only two competitors from our form. We would like to thank them, for they did well in their particular events. Earlier in the year some pupils from our form were in basketball, football, hockey, softball and cricket teams. They have also competed against different schools and had some luck as well.

On July 31 we made special arrangements for the parents of our form to have a meeting. This meeting gave the parents a chance to see how their children were working at school. Our form held a stall for Social Service and sold many different goods. All proceeds went into 1963's Social Service effort.

We thank all the teachers for helping us during the year although our form has often been disobedient. But we have all had a successful year in 1963

### SCHOOL HYMNPRESSIONS

On arriving at 10 past 9:—"Too late, too late, Ye cannot enter now."

In school:—"Long did I toil and knew no earthly rest."

In back row:—"Yield not to temptation."

In the Headmaster's office:—"We bow in supplication."

In exam. room:—"Courage, brother! Do not stumble."

Exams:—"The wise may bring their learning."

Explaining why we fail:—"We do not know, we cannot tell."

On discovering a failure:—"Come and mourn with me awhile."

Waiting for exam. results:—"Tell me the old, old story."

After exams:—"Peace, perfect peace."

At the end of term:—"A gladsome hymn of praise."

The last day of the year:—"Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"



J. BOOTH, 3 E

Poster Colour and Crayon

## NIGHT

by Robyn Golding, III B

The pavement lay before him, bathed in moonlight. Or was it lamplight, or neon signs? or perhaps just part of the huge emptiness that distorted the reality of things and destroyed his desire to search for happiness. Anyway he didn't care, why should he care? The light was outside, something physical, temporary.

Light was an illusion, he had been taught that in the earliest years of his childhood. It was only a substitute for darkness, and darkness was the more powerful. It could encompass things, relieve them of conscience of good and evil. Make them forget that they were a part of existence. Existence—the greatest evil. As a child he had been given the impression that he was an evil, an unnecessary asset to an unhappy union. He never connected his parents; they were two stone people, living apart from him and from each other.

A deep unnatural shame took the place of the child's desire to love and be loved. A shame which blotted out beauty and swathed it in ugly shadows.

The street was not unfamiliar to him, nor was any street for that matter, just paths through the dark-filled slums he had known all his life and were a part of his mind. To him the world was an eternal slum, and people were just ants. They built their lives amongst the rubbish.

The light flickered across his heavy features. He watched an overhanging branch make curved patterns on the stone wall. They reminded him of white snakes. Snakes, Hell. Was Hell grey or red? he wondered. It was colourful and exciting, he had been told, and he believed it. He believed it because he wanted to believe it.

The subject entered his mind quite often. He played with fear, it was a form of escape, or perhaps even sensuality. He tried to avoid the reality of life and death, by tying fear into knots. He longed to release himself from the central vine, to cut himself away from the sticky web that caught all of humanity in its "preserved ideas". He found it slightly pleasant to indulge in these half-conscious thoughts. He was different, he always had been, and for a moment he felt proud of it. His imagination was vivid, childlike, he twisted things and coated them with sugar.

The bridge echoed with his footsteps. He suddenly felt cold. Coldness. There were so many kinds, they took the place of something. Perhaps it was love? But now the greatest coldness faced him. He was lucky, he had a choice.

At that moment he felt compelled to regard the incidence of death as funny. He had to laugh, he had to force himself to believe that death was pleasant, that it dismissed all evil.

He had never been so sure of it before, but now he saw the loneliness, the bridge, the snakes, the water.

The neatly patterned net broke, the laugh became a nervous twitching grimace. It is too cold tonight, anyway, he thought.

He glanced downwards, then turned and ran.

## INFINITY

by Paul Ridder, III C

Joe Maloney was an ordinary man to look at. He wore plain clothes, attended private parties, and had a quiet character. And yet he was one of the most brilliant men the world would ever know. And how was this possible? Joe Maloney was a rocket research scientist; his invention—a "Time Machine."

As he opened his door a look of pleasure appeared on his usually listless face. Lock after lock was undone and he entered his private laboratory. Before him lay a gigantic machine, its ominous whirring combining with the heavy trample of his shoes. He pushed a large button and a sliding panel opened to reveal a small cavity with a heavy insulated chair in the corner. He approached it and operated a long handle with the date of the year on it. A mysterious buzzing came through the room and the machine vanished incredibly. All this time Joe had guided the machine to prehistoric times.

When he arrived the door slid open to reveal a grove of tropical trees. He started out and began to pick leaves for sampling. Suddenly a strange thing happened. His hand went right through the tree! He was a ghost! As he could never press buttons he would remain there for infinity.

## POEM

by Robyn Golding, III B

The soft wind current  
Moves the moonlit water,  
And breaks  
Each templed thought  
That seeks the fathomed darkness.

The night is warm;  
It fills  
The silent echoed shell  
With muted rustlings.

The air drifts heavy  
Surrounds the  
Muffled heartbeat  
That blinds the flower.

The darkness floats.  
A bird disturbs the curtain  
And the dark elusive symphony fades  
As morning sinks the star.

## THOUGHTS UPON LEAVING AFTER FOUR YEARS

How does one feel about having to uproot from a settled routine and change to a new existence? What would a person miss, after a period of four years? What memories flow through a person's mind of the time that has been spent here—people (both staff and students), events (both in school and personal life), feelings (of elation and depression)—the list could, and would be, almost interminable if one's mind was allowed to wander at will.

When I first entered the school door, it was pleasing to see a face that I knew. It helped to break something of the feeling of being out on a limb. During the first day my hopes were shattered—what I had high hopes of doing, and what I was going to be permitted to do, were two entirely different things. I learned, through being forced to accept the fact, that life at school these days was very, very different from the time when I had very timidly faced my first teacher. There were good and bad in all forms—it was not a case of the higher the intelligence the better behaved—far from it. Names could be mentioned, but libel laws, and the fact that many are still at school prevent me from doing so.

Now as I face the thought of leaving—what will I face next year? That is the future, and fortunately we cannot see into the future. Of the school as it is, what shall be my thoughts and memories?

Firstly, I shall miss some of the staff and pupils—the intelligentsia who find work easy, the people who make the grade, the ones who continuously seem to not quite make it. I shall miss those with whom I hope to have the pleasure of knowing in the years to come.

I deplore the obtuse state of mind that many have developed—obtuse to the point of not caring about the future and not making the best of the opportunities that they have at the moment—the moment being now, while they are still at school. Far too few realize that in these days of competition for employment, the better the education, the more chance there is of success in future life.

And so the people go on their way—teachers to new schools, pupils to employment and universities, but, like the old theatrical saying, "The school and the show must go on." To bigger successes, or to the depths of the darkest mire, only time and the future can tell.

—ANONYMOUS.

## EDUCATION THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Today in many countries of the world many people have the fortune to receive an education. Some of the people don't realize their fortune. In China, India, and other Asian countries the illiteracy is extremely high. Illiteracy does not only live in countries in Asia but also South America. In Bolivia illiteracy is about 80 per cent. In U.S.S.R. children have very good educational facilities with a great emphasis on scientific subjects. The U.S.A. also has a good education system, as have Great Britain, New Zealand, Australia.

A recent survey by U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. teachers showed that children at the age of seven years in the U.S.A. have a vocabulary of 200 words. Children in the U.S.S.R. 2000 words including a second language.

In China there is a large population. Many people of the population are COMPLETELY illiterate. In countries such as China the educated people govern. Why? Because they are the only ones who can!

In India there is fertile land but the people cannot earn their income from the land because they have not been taught how. These people can be helped. How? By providing money, not to feed them, but to teach them to feed themselves.

In Bolivia the people are poor and cannot afford education to any great extent. This country has to rely on ancient methods of fishing to provide their income. If the industries can be helped they can educate themselves.

Education cannot be given to such nations as the above without the people really wanting it. To make them want it they must be shown their ancient methods are not as good as our modern ones. Also, it cannot be presented without conquering ancient customs and beliefs and financial obstacles.

—KEES de KLERK, 3B.

IF you actually look like your passport photo, you aren't well enough to travel.

— Anonymous.



K. HUBBARD, V

Poster Paint and Plaster

# EVERYTHING ABOUT NOTHING

by R. Walsh, III A

The darkness was absolute. Nothing was moving because there was nothing to move. The distance was fantastic, but then what did that matter, because there was nothing at the end of the journey. Isolation was complete for there was nothing; and this nothing meant space. Space, endless space. But no. There was something. Microscopically minute, but there was something. It was there, and was weaving and floating aimlessly; alone, deserted, for its existence it could find no reason. Reason. What was it? Logic? Perhaps. But it could not understand these abstract expressions as it had no mind or facilities to accommodate such useless things in its state of crudity. So it floated for eons, countless eons.

Through all this time it had been alone and unnoticed, reproducing itself time and again. Now, instead of a microscopic piece of material, it was a mass of floating water, shapeless and without purpose. Slowly it began to revolve through the emptiness, gathering momentum with each successive revolution, until it began to form into a definite shape. Through the ages its shape changed countless times until it emerged into being. Not a euclidian being, but an abstract object with abilities befitting its position. It produced energy that was exhibited in a multitude of facets, each capable of reproducing itself a millionfold. And so it multiplied and grew, and no longer was there absolute darkness and fantastic distance, for now the void was filled with innumerable variations of the original object.

From this object, all matter as we know it, came into being. It was invisible to the mass of new matter because the new matter was trying to justify its existence in the, so it thought, empty ether. The parent object was tyrannical and scourged the matter and its dependants, for now it had them, with disease, flood, drought and famine. For countless milleniums the new matter suffered its burden, but its dependants were slowly evolving into an intellectual order in which violence was replaced by reason. Then they began the long struggle to overcome their burden by reasoning out the cause of their oppression. Slowly, ever so slowly they came closer to the solution, by which they hoped to free themselves from their daily troubles.

The parent object saw all this happening and realized that its destruction was not a too distant fact, unless drastic measures were to be taken, whereby it could save itself. After seriously considering the possible repercussions of its actions, the parent object devised several cataclysmic inundations of the matter and its dependants, and a host of catastrophes that would have been fatal had it not been for the resourcefulness of the parasites of the new matter. Great numbers were destroyed by the disasters, but still there remained sufficient of

their kind to continue the struggle against something they could not comprehend. And so the struggle raged, year after year, century after century, millenium after millenium, during which time neither side could strike the fatal blow. By this time the parasites had theoretically worked out the nature of their oppressor, and were attempting to find an answer to the question: "How to break the shackles of tyranny?"

The parent object, even with its powers beyond those of the parasites, could not destroy them. As it became more and more frustrated it unleashed the terror of its wrath to its fullest extent, and this in turn furthered the ability of the parasites to devise new ways of protecting themselves. As time passed, they grew to realize that the natural phenomenon that occurred on the new matter, was not natural at all, but that it was governed by some unseen force coming from space.

With the top intellectuals, it became a matter for debate whether the force from space was intended to create general havoc or whether it was merely a freak of nature. As time went on, the parasites devised new ways of protecting themselves from the terrible catastrophes which periodically engulfed the new matter and they began to realize that the mishaps were not just accidents, but were highly designed traps, into which they were supposed to fall, but from which they had up to the present, escaped.

The catastrophes had become increasingly frequent, so the top researchers were employed to discover the cause of the trouble. The years passed with no considerable advances, but then the new matter itself spoke, and from this the parasites were able to conclude that the disasters were purposeful attempts on their lives. The geologists, as such, had finally deduced that their world had an artificial density, and their telescopes, which operated on the principle of reflected or diverted electrons, showed that the density of the other planets in their little void, had less density than that of their own world. This could not be so if the gravity of that world was to keep all objects from being hurled off into space, and so they concluded that a force greater than all others, was governing the destiny of the universe.

Then the parasites went into seclusion and were furiously contriving new ways of overthrowing their oppressor, while the parent object was occupying itself with the creation and destruction of other matter. The parasites did not know what they were fighting exactly, but they knew, or at least they assumed, that it was something titanic and efficacious. While all this was taking place the parasites were slowly beginning to realize that they were justifying their existence by fighting the tyrannically dictatorial parent object, and forcing it into oblivion.

The parent object, tired of toying with its other creations, now turned its attention towards the new matter and its parasites and prepared to wreak more havoc among the parasites and to bring the whole world, finally, to a crescendo of life generally, and then to destroy it in a cruel way; by slow constriction and then rapid expansion of the extremely distantly connected molecules. This would mean that the parasites would be almost crushed to death by the rapid increase in gravity, and then they would be flung off into the void. The parasites knowing nothing of this plan, still went on with their own plans to overthrow their master. For decades they worked, until they thought they had a plan suitable and capable of freeing themselves.

During this period, the parent object had been amusing itself with new and more complicated ways of destroying the parasites, and sent many a trial to plague them. The parasites had been feverishly preparing for the day when they would overthrow their tyrannical master. But the parent object was not to be caught napping; for it had seen all that was going on although the parasites had tried numerous ways to deceive it. Slowly it became tired of the cat and mouse play that had been going on for centuries, and decided to end the parasites' existence right then and there, but it began to think about what would happen if it were to do so. It may be destroyed, or perhaps it wouldn't; but regardless, that was a risk that it had to take, because the parasites had reached new levels of intellect and were nearing the answer to their age-old dream, the destruction of the parent object.

It saw all this and was understandably worried by this problem, and it now realized that if the parasites weren't destroyed, then it would surely perish because they would kill it, and if it did destroy the parasites, then it must surely perish. The reason it knew not but some instinct told it so. With two alternatives in mind, and neither an easy choice, the parent object debated with itself for a long time. Finally it decided that if it was going to perish, it might as well take something with it, and the obvious choices were the parasites and the new matter.

The parent object had previously worked out a diabolical plan which was both cruel and needless, but now it had a better idea; and that was to let them live for a little after the time of its death, during which the new matter would be winging its way on a different course to that which it usually took, because of the alteration in the path of the projectile. Slowly it would change course and start tracing out a new course in the void, until such time as it passed right out of its own system and into that of another; the results of which would be disastrous. The matter would be for a short time under the influence of its own governing body,

as it had been for eons, until such time as it passed out of its own system, when it would be among aliens. Its quantities of cosmic energies would be increased as would the gravity and light. Because the new matter would be obtaining a new orbit, and creased as would the gravity, so creating a shrinking effect on the new matter, and causing it to become denser. This in turn would produce multiple effects, all adding to the confusion and destruction.

Having resolved to carry out the idea, the parent object then sat back to wait and see what the parasites were doing in the way of constructing and devising the new ways of their oppressor. Finally they hit upon the idea, the ultimate in foolproof plans, and seeing this the parent object set out to arrange for the sweet, but fateful journey of the new matter through the void into another system; and ultimately its destruction.

The method that the parasites had worked out was to deceive the parent object into believing that the disasters that it had sent to destroy them had worked. This meant that a number of the parasites had to die so that the majority could live. Once deceived into believing that the parasites were dead, the parent object would materialize and visit the new matter, whereupon, its existence would be terminated, and all the threats averted.

This plan was adopted, but the lives had to be found so that the plan might work. Very few were willing to give the greatest sacrifice, so subscription took place, and the unwilling victims revolted; with the result that mass executions did not have to take place because of the widespread murder and assassination. Terror reigned supreme for years as the population rapidly diminished. The few intellectuals who were left made an unheard plea for peace, but they went unheeded, and met a terrible fate. The parent object seeing all this happening sent catastrophe after catastrophe in an attempt to turn the parasites' attention from their original plan, and finally the parasites had murdered or executed every last one of their own kind. The parent object knew that its doom was sealed and would die with nothing left to suffer for its death.

Slowly it started to decompose, and everything with it that it had ever created. It was a slow process that was agonizing as its forms of energy vanished, one by one, until it was back in its state of crudity from which it had originated; until it reached the state of being microscopically minute. It still had some of its reasoning powers and was trying to repent, and cursing itself all the while.

But things were becoming a cloud, a weird, shapeless cloud, from which it had come, and slowly even that disappeared.

So once more there was absolute darkness . . .

# PEN PORTRAIT OF FOUR TRAVELLERS

by David Church, V

The morning was cold, dark and misty as I and a number of fellow travellers waited on the station for the 5.20. The cold morning air was broken by stamping of feet, choking over cigarettes and yawning to keep awake. As the majestic steam engine came to a jolting halt, black, acrid smoke belched from the deepest innards of its engine. Hastily, everybody picked up their cases, bags and trunks, and began frantically to invade the train to gain a treasured seat. Luckily, I found an empty compartment just as the train made an herculean effort to move. Having thrown my luggage on the rack, I began to read. Just as I had managed to find a semblance of comfort in the springless, unpadded British Railway seat I was lurched forward as the train came to a shuddering halt.

I peered out onto the dimly-lit station to see a man, burdened with luggage, approaching the carriage. He attempted to open the door with one hand with the result that cases and bags clattered to the ground. He fell rather than climbed into the train. Puffing and blowing, he staggered into my compartment, the cases again crashing to the floor. With a gruff, forced "Good morning" he fell into the furthest corner, and, with that, was asleep. Peering over the top of my book, I saw he was a corpulent gentleman with a large, greasy moustache and a ruddy complexion. His blown-out cheeks became ripples of fat under his chin. His nose and ears were somehow out of place at they were small and inconspicuous amid the abundance of fat. The lack of hair on his head was made up for by the thick, bushy eyebrows which overshadowed his whole face. I sat watching him grunting and snoring his way through sleep as we came to another muscle-wrenching stop. He slept on.

A woman being dragged unmercifully by an anxious, excited child stumbled into the carriage. It was not long before this grubby little darling asked his mother for a piece of sticky toffee which he immediately began to devour. The child was thin and frail, like his mother, who seemed utterly worn out by the little monster. He was about four years of dynamite dressed in a sailor suit becoming soiled from the dribbles of toffee. His eyes were sparkling blue as he eyed us with curiosity, especially the sleeping beauty in the corner. The mother brought out a magazine and began to read. She was about forty-five, with a pale complexion. Her face was a mass of lines, with small eyes and a pursed mouth and a pointed chin. Her blonde hair

hung in straggles down her neck and onto her furrowed brow. The clothes of both woman and boy were old, well-worn and had a dowdy appearance. I settled back to read my book. Just as the intruder was about to murder the woman in the book, there was an ear-splitting scream from the child as he demanded more toffee. My heart missed a beat as I jumped up, startled, from my seat. The fat blob in the corner slept on.

The journey continued, only disturbed by a snorting grunt from the corner and the unending demands of the child, by now an absolute mass of sticky toffee. Towards the end of the trip, a man, in a bowler hat and striped suit, carrying a black umbrella, boarded the train. His head was held so high that his nose left a line on the ceiling. He was six feet of pride and snobbery, with a sharp-featured, bony face. The nose ended in an abrupt point; the eyes were small, beady and close together. The tight and colourless lips jutted out from a protruding chin.

Inevitably, the journey ended, and the mountainous hulk arose, causing immediate confusion, pushing and shoving as he picked up his belongings. The child gave his mother a sticky hand and dragged her from the compartment; the stripe-suited man rose with a look of disgust and strode out. I looked out the window to see the fat man leave as he had entered. The suitcases fell, and he fell after them.

What is Life?

Perhaps it is a mystery to remain unsolved;  
Each going his own way yet knowing not where;  
Each pushing blindly on to his unseen fate.

Perhaps it is a breathless race with the sands of time;

With the rise and fall of the tide of life  
The knowledge that fate is inevitable and closing in.

Perhaps it is mostly froth and bubble,  
With just a greasy ring around life's cup  
To tell of a life that might have been.

Why is life not always that of a child?  
The ignorance of youth is blissful,  
While the ignorance of life is fateful.

Lorraine Hewat, Form IV

# THE GAME

by Marion Law, V F

Eagerly he had built a small hut for himself and set to work to establish his market garden in Melbourne. This was the happiest memory of all — his garden. He had worked from dawn till dusk; digging, hoeing and watering, and now he could see again the carefully set out beds. Straight rows of huge cabbages, snowy cauliflowers and firm, crisp lettuces. Vegetables in every variety had grown to perfection for him. He remembered the splendid meals he had prepared, often with Wang Lee as a guest. The finest of his vegetables and often big pieces of rich, succulent roast pork or duck or chicken set out before him. He had worked so hard and been so happy as he saved for the day he would return to China and find a wife.

Wang Ho had returned to China and found a beautiful wife and two sons, but the old man did not care to think of these things — so great had been the sorrow which they later brought. Always he returned to the garden. Today it seemed his memory was more vivid than ever before; he seemed to bend once more to his weeding and feel the warm sun on his back. So real did it seem that Wang even remembered the game he had played so long ago.

A railed fence had divided his garden from the road and often as he worked in the afternoon a group of small boys would come skipping and laughing down the road on their way home from school. Often some of them would climb on the fence rail and, seeing him working, would start to sing.

Wang Ho would pretend to be very angry and straighten his back. The boys would jump down from the fence and run, helter-skelter down the road. Wang Ho would chase them for a little; waving his hoe above his head and calling loudly in Chinese: "Go away! Go away!" He would then return to his work, laughing and dreaming of the fine sons he would have one day.

From the loudspeaker came a blare of music and it seemed as though some note touched a last hidden chord of memory. Wang Ho had remembered the long forgotten words of the boys' song. His lips moved as he repeated the line: "Ching Chong Chinaman . . ."

The siren shrieked its order to resume work. Quickly shouldering their burdens the workers fell into line but Wang Ho made no move. Smiling, he had gone to join his ancestors.

A chill wind blew fitfully across the great, gaping excavation which was to be Red China's new dam.

A long line of workers moved slowly up the steep side; their shoulders bent forward under the weight of the poles which supported baskets of soil on either end. Laboriously they moved to the great earthen wall where they released the soil, turned and descended back into the dam, an endless human chain.

Suddenly there came the shrill scream of a siren, and after emptying their baskets the workers made their way to the canteen to receive their meagre, midday portion of rice. Silently each received his bowl and then moved away to take the burden from his shoulders and squat beside it.

A strident voice from a loudspeaker filled the air and another lecture for the education of the workers began. Silently they listened, trying to memorise the words, because they were sometimes questioned after a lecture and it was wise to know the answers.

Wang Ho, with his solemn, expressionless face, paid no attention to the noise. Because he was so old and so seldom spoke, it had come to be accepted that he was very deaf and indeed, almost too senile for thought.

The old man, however, could hear perfectly well when he wished to, but he kept this secret since he did not believe a great many things the people were told to accept. The present and the future meant nothing to him. His happiness lay in the past and he preferred to live in memory.

Sometimes a few words would catch his attention, as did the following: "Australia — Imperialists and Capitalists who grind down the worker —", then he was away again with his own thoughts.

He was always young and strong again, setting out to make his fortune. He could see again the ship which had taken him to Australia, his arrival in Melbourne and the years he had worked in the laundry with his cousin Wang Lee. He had enjoyed those years; working and saving every penny and coming to understand the Australians with their happy, easy-going natures.

Then came the wonderful day when, with great pride, he had purchased a piece of ground rising from the banks of the Yarra. That sparkling, friendly stream with its gently predictable rise and fall with the seasons; its quiet setting of eucalypts and willows was so different from the broad sullen river which would fill the new dam. How often it had come in flood, surging and tearing at the countryside, bringing disaster and suffering.

# THE EXAMINATION SYSTEM SHOULD BE ABOLISHED

by H.C., VI.

The examination system as it stands today is perhaps the quickest and easiest method of trying to assess a pupil's knowledgeable worth, but in all truth it is possibly the most unfair and misleading method of doing so.

There are many conscientious pupils who work diligently throughout the school year in order to attain the required standard, but who, when faced with the prospect of a gruelling examination, begin to worry themselves sick and hence cannot concentrate properly on their studies.

No matter how clever one may be it is, in my opinion, an impossibility to remain cool and calm while sitting in a silent examination room. After the first hurried look at the paper and the initial shock is over, some pupils can then settle down and work well, but others simply lose all power of thought and find themselves unable to transfer their knowledge coherently onto the bare foolscap sheet glaring up at them. Then perhaps some well-meaning supervisor quietly begins his dreaded walk up and down the aisles, pausing now and then to peer over the shoulder of some pitied person to glimpse at whatever the person is trying so desperately to write. This is terribly nerve racking, and I'm sure that if the supervisor knew how his 'victim' felt, he would not do it again. These glances are specially noticeable in the supervisors who are the subject teacher of the examination then being done.

There are some pupils who fail to work hard all year, but when examination time comes around, they study up about three weeks beforehand and then pass with Honours. This is most unfair, both to the person concerned and his fellow pupils.

As it is almost an impossibility the entire year's work in preparation for the examinations, pupils are advised by their teachers to study exhaustively only a few of the topics, to touch sketchily on a few others, and then to ignore those topics which the particular pupil finds uninteresting or difficult. But then what happens when a question that has been prepared competently does not appear on the paper? Admittedly this does not happen very often, but there is always the chance that it will, and this usually means that the candidate will fail.

A better alternative to the present system would be, perhaps, fortnightly submissions of appropriate essays in the subjects concerned, the final marks to be deduced from the quality and regularity of the essays. This method would be more comprehensive and would ensure continuous work throughout the year. With this method fifteen

to twenty essays would be written by the pupil in each subject during the year. However this would mean more homework for both pupil and teacher, but would be beneficial in the long run.

Five essays at the end of the year cannot possibly be representative of a full year's work and hence the examination system cannot be thorough enough or fair enough to test a pupil's knowledge. For these most important, although minor, reasons I think the PRESENT examination system should be abolished.



K. HUBBARD, V

Linocut

# DOES VICTORIA UNDERVALUE TERTIARY EDUCATION

By Ian Clark, VI.

The leaders of Australia in thirty years' time will come from young people attending Universities and other tertiary colleges today. These will include politicians, engineers, chemists, scientists and professional men. In 1962 about 12,000 students attended Victorian Universities and a similar number were enrolled at the Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology. This includes part-time students and represents about 10% of the population in the 19-25 age group.

A great many more students would like to have the benefits of a tertiary education, but are deprived of this because of quota systems and a lack of scholarships. This leads us to the question "should anyone who seeks entry be admitted to a University?" The problem does not exist at present at the Technical College and many people who are refused admittance to Melbourne or Monash are accepted into the former.

Probably chaos would result if there were no qualifications for entry, but these restrictions should be based on ability to handle the course, and not on numbers or ability to pay. And this is the crux of the matter — whether qualified students should be admitted regardless of their quantity or financial capabilities. If, as it must be, the answer is yes, then more buildings are needed; if we are to establish equality of opportunity the answer must be a more emphatic yes.

Who is to pay for students who cannot, and who is to pay for new buildings? In America, banks and business organisations offer loans to undergraduates on little security and low interest rates, with the balance being paid when the student is earning. This has succeeded overseas with a very small percentage of bad debts, and could work here if the parties concerned showed initiative. At the moment, the Universities are financed with State and Federal grants, students' fees, bequests and donations. The State Government receives most of its money in its share of tax money, therefore it would seem that the former is not to blame. But this year, when shown the recommendations of the Ramsay report on education, Mr. Bolte's only comment on estimates for expanding tertiary education was that "the figure is terrifying".

Of course, Mr. Bolte has made great strides in increasing the number of secondary scholarships available — but the fact remains that tertiary education has been ignored to a large extent. It is up to the State Government to make its demands upon the Federal Government more pressingly. It has been suggested that Mr. Holt raise taxes to

help pay for education, but the political consequences must be balanced against the task of educating more people more fully.

Therefore it can be shown that the Victorian Government, through its lack of fight in regard to fiscal claims, and the Victorian public, through their lack of initiative in tackling the problem of finance, do undervalue tertiary education.

## PRECIS — SAD STORY

Examination.  
Fifty students.  
Silent room.  
Poor girl.  
Sheets of paper.  
Pen.  
Large lunch.  
Big window.  
Warm sun.  
Drowsy.  
Very drowsy.  
No ideas.  
Can't think.  
Bell.  
No essay.  
Fail!  
Job — Pickle Factory.  
Peeling onions.

The more you learn the more you know,  
The more you know the more you forget,  
The more you forget the less you know.  
So why study?

The less you learn the less you know,  
The less you know the less you forget,  
The less you forget the more you know.  
So why study?

—CROSKELL

## GHOST HORSES

by Lorelei Doyle, II B

Galloping! Galloping! Galloping! He heard the sound again, the ring of shod horses hooves on rock! As the whistling rope fell with a sting on his shoulder, he darted sideways, grateful for temporary escape, remembering the stories he had heard the great red cattle tell, by the river, of the great brumby drives, when only a few horses escaped, and those who did were very lucky.

He tried to work his way to the centre of the mob. Suddenly there was another horse and rider there, edging and pushing him away from the herd. It was then that he saw the fence, too high for any of the mares to jump. If he could just get to the head of the herd! He uttered a despairing neigh to the mares to the front:

"Turn! Turn! Cut through them!"

But the noise of the thundering hooves was too great, no-one heard him, his favourite, Karee, who had kept close to him through the brumby hunt.

"They can't hear you Birrong! The cliff! The cliff!" she cried.

He felt a surge of power, new found strength, as he remembered the cliff. He called to Karee:

"Come with me!"

He dashed past the horsemen and she followed. They galloped together, avoiding the fences, up towards the rise. Birrong heard one of the men cry out as he saw them.

The man turned his horse, and, followed by another, raced up the slope after them.

When Birrong and Karee reached the top they cantered along the rise till the cliff was seen. There was no need to hurry, now, they would soon be safe, down in the valley. Besides, if they over jumped, it would mean certain death.

Birrong jumped first and performed perfectly the twisting leap that was necessary to land safely on the rock. Karee followed. Again the leap was perfect. They were safe!

Hidden under the outcrop of growth they could not be seen from above.

The first of the following riders failing to check his steed in time went hurtling to an unenviable death below. His companion thundering in pursuit brought his mount to a plunging halt on the brink of the precipice. Dismounting he peered cautiously over the side. To his amazement only one horse and rider lay still in the valley below. As if by magic the two brumbies had disappeared. Remounting and turning away from the dreadful scene, he did not hear the soft footfalls of Birrong and Karee as they picked their way down a hidden path into the oncoming night, to become, remain, the "Ghost Horses of the Mountains".

N.B. The name Birrong is Aboriginal for Star. Karee means Sun.

## NOTHING

by G. Anstis

My mind was almost a complete blank. Gradually it began to clear, and a picture of a street came to my mind. Then I remembered what had happened. It was crossing the street and . . . my memory failed me. But where was I now? I looked around. Surrounding me was a great, empty space. Don't suppose a space could be full anyway, I thought. Still, there was nothing — an emptiness that was neither black nor white but colourless. I looked down at my feet — they must be supported by something. But no, my feet were on nothing. This was due to the fact that there was nothing for them to rest on and there were no feet. Nor were there any arms, body or legs or anything except a brain and eyes, but I wasn't sure if I had them because there was nothing to see. Something compelled me to move and I did. Without limbs or body I moved. I tried again and for a second time, I was successful. By just thinking, it was possible to move.

I remained there for what seemed a long time, but I couldn't be certain, for when the voice spoke it appeared that I had only been waiting a few seconds. It wasn't really a voice. It was a thought, but it wasn't thought by me. The thought said, "Welcome. You are now in Kriesta."

"Where's Kriesta?" I thought.

"Kriesta is the resting-place for spirits," it replied.

"Oh, like Heaven."

"There is no such place. It is just in the minds of people who are afraid of death. Kriesta does not represent happiness. It does not represent anything."

"But surely there is a place for the good." I presumed that this was the place for the good. After all, my life had not been that bad.

"This is the only place. It is for the good and the bad. Now come."

Come where? There was no one to follow and no place to go. But I moved — uncontrollably. Eventually I came to a halt.

"Now," said the thought, "I will put you to sleep."

"For how long?"

"Forever."

"But shouldn't I live in a state of happiness?"

"If you continued to live you would not find happiness. All you would find would be misery. There would be nothing to do, no one to converse with . . . no, it is best to do as I say."

"But what about you?"

"I have work to do. Be quiet. It will not hurt."

Everything became peaceful; then there was a weird rushing noise, and then . . . nothing.



SUE JARVIS, II A

Crayon and Poster Paint

## GHOSTS

Majestically the watery moon floated across the indigo sky. All was still as death, save death alone; for it had passed the boundaries of time and space, was but a speck in infinity.

The land was dark, terrifyingly dark. The kind of darkness that makes one feel one's isolation and absolute helplessness. True, the surroundings were adverse, as were the circumstances, but who can tell a dinosaur that you're innocent of stealing its eggs.

Actually all this is nearly irrelevant, but not absolutely, because a strange thing happened; history repeated itself.

Our story opens in a Triassic setting, with the reptiles becoming quite at home on earth. They roam its surface, unchallenged masters of all they survey, but in the ever-present shadow of death from volcanic devastation. But wait! There is a challenger. Unseen and unheard; but he is there. Ambition! Ah, yes. Even in those far off days were greedy dinosaurs, either wanting a bigger cave or bigger harem; I suppose if you had the latter you'd have to have the former, and usually killing each other to get it.

But there was one little fellow who didn't like getting his brains bashed in like his brothers, so he used strategy (I hope I'm not boring you, please bear with me a little longer) so he got the bright idea of 'borrowing' his brothers' harems permanently. This he did without any hesitation at all. Their moral standards were very low in those days so there were no reprisals from the 'Ladies' Society For The Betterment Of Reptiles' or anything of the sort, and consequently he continued his pilfering.

When one of his brothers realised that his harem was slowly vanishing, he became very perturbed, so much so that he immediately consulted his other brothers to see if any of their mobs were missing. After a careful count, it was discovered that they were slowly being burgled, and subsequently set out to find the culprit.

Now, the last place anyone would look for a lost harem would be with a brother, and it was so with the brothers; until they heard that the little fellow was on the prowl for a larger cave, as his wasn't built to hold the increased population. This immediately put them on the trail and so it didn't take them long to find the rascal. Once he had been found, the only thing left to do was to exterminate him, the problem being, how? One bright specimen suggested throwing him into the tar pits, but they were rather touchy about what they contaminated with such low forms of life. So after many draculas of discussion (measurement of time) they decided upon 'Lake Roastyatoo' which was a lake of liquid magma, infernally hot, and always overflowing its banks.

Soon, after pompous, if short ceremony, they unfeelingly tossed the little fellow into the magma. Sadistically they watched him sink. Then suddenly the whole lake began to heave and pulsate, and finally engulf everything within hundreds of miles in a titanic explosion of poisonous gasses and molten magma.

At that stage, that was the end, but all the vegetation and life at that time went to make first quality coal.

Now 150,000,000 years later, these beds of coal are extensively mined in 2,500 feet deep mines. Alas, a tragedy has occurred. At the 2,100 ft. level, 11 miners are trapped. Twenty-four hours a day, the rescue teams work feverishly to free the trapped miners. Down go the rescuers, risking life and limb. Can they reach the trapped men in time? That question remains to be answered.

Finally, after 2½ days of digging, first contact is made with the trapped men. They appear to be all right, but there is no real proof of that as yet.

How will they be affected psychologically? Will they be ravaged by the fears of claustrophobia? What about lack of oxygen? These questions can only be answered after freedom has been obtained.

At last true contact is made. A miner breaks through the last few feet of earth. Immediately, he dies where he stands. A second tries to break through, and meets the same fate.

Outside the moon is watery against an indigo sky.

Suddenly, with the same catastrophic violence of 150,000,000 years ago, magma pours out of the mine. Thousands of people are killed, but many survive to see the most hideous sight of all time.

Wading through the boiling magma storm, not 11 miners, but 11 gigantic Tyrannosaurus rex, the ancient scourge of the earth.

## GAMES

Six;  
Up the ladder . . .  
Heads and tails; racing . . .  
Horse and dog . . .  
Dice.  
Three aces and a king:  
Spinning, spinning . . .  
Black thirteen.  
Happiness and sorrow; shuffled from a pack.  
Ultimate death.  
Checkmate.

## POETRY

### SUCCESS

For many years I had tried, and worked,  
And studied, and climbed up the ladder  
Until finally, I reached the top.  
And as I climbed there were multitudes of people  
Cheering me,  
Urging me onward.  
Now, I have ultimately reached the top,  
Where countless thousands have sat before me . . .

So I sit up on my seat in the sky,  
And watch the lower people try to climb;  
And yet they never seem to reach the top.  
Then suddenly I realise that just below  
There is one small person tugging at my feet:  
And only then do I comprehend the fact that I am  
slowly  
Losing a grip on the seat . . .

For I am stuck on top of a very long ladder—  
And beneath, my fellow workers, my friends,  
Like vultures,  
Are waiting . . .  
Waiting for me to fall . . .

### STUDY I

Today I consider myself reborn,  
I find myself very grateful to that person  
Who has filled my life with such love and  
understanding.  
And I wish to take her in my arms  
And tell her thank-you;  
But I would see her face once more,  
And the fear of losing that face would never leave  
me . . .  
For her hair would have sprang in brown torrents  
Caressing her shoulders with myriads of sparkling  
kisses,  
Yet intertwined to form a masterpiece of beauty,  
A crowning feature adorning her body,  
It remains in all simplicity . . .

### STUDY III

He hugged the chair,  
Pulled the blanket over his legs, and sat still—  
He muttered a few words to himself . . .  
The windows were partly covered with frost.  
He stood up,  
Watched the blanket drop to the floor,  
Then hobbled to the window—  
There below was the city,  
Engulfed by a misty sheet,  
A huge blind, throbbing blur,  
Pierced only by the chimneys;  
He had no matches to light a fire . . .

## AUTOMATION

by R. Walsh, III A

The animal walked erect. Was it some sort of freak? To the other animals, yes. It wasn't like them. It didn't claw or dismember its prey. It simply hit it on the head or threw a sharp stick at it. Truly, this animal had to be rejected by the others for their own survival.

But that was the king-size boo-boo of all time. If it weren't for its rejection, the animal may never have gone one to subjugate the other animals and become the cleverest and nearly most numerous animal in the world. Its beginnings, like most, were primitive, as were its tools and implements. At first there was the very simple lever, which was to remain the most important machine for thousands of years. Then around six thousand B.C. someone invented the wheel. This was the crowning achievement; this was the decisive factor in the emergence of man, the thinker, mathematician, theologian, doctor, carpenter, etc.

After the invention of the wheel, human labour began to rapidly decline, with man losing his practical usefulness, but still retaining his inventive genius. Slowly at first, then with an ever quickening rate, machines began to take over society, relieving human muscles so that brains could expand and try to cope with the terrifying questions surrounding the universe. During the Renaissance free thought flourished, producing several geni, who in turn produced inventions which are still in use today.

Still man marched on, until the advent of electricity and the science of electronics evolved. This was the greatest single chance for man to take full advantage of machines which needed power to drive them, but which was lacking up till then. Then with new techniques, new sciences came into being. There was transistor circuitry, radio, television and radar, radio telescopes, accounting machines, computers, missile guiders and a host of other things which go to make our lives easier.

Suddenly, the new sciences of Nuclear and Atomic Physics burst upon mankind in the Second World War. Now perhaps it is preventing war between the two most powerful countries on earth, but in the meantime it is providing cures for diseases that before could not be cured by the hand of man, providing vast quantities of electricity with very little fuel, driving submarines and boats and, in the near future, planes. And there are great hopes that it will power man's flights aboard rockets to the farthest corners of the universe, after he has learned to control himself, his environment and then, perhaps, infinity itself.

# DEVASTATION

by Russell Newton, IV A

The quiet summer night awoke to a dull roar that increased in volume till everything was enveloped in a suffocating mash of sound. People ran in wild confusion to their neighbors to try and discover what had happened. Many guessed that the ominous threat that had shrouded their lives in fear had become reality. An atomic explosion! The wise kept their thoughts to themselves, but the foolish spoke, causing additional panic. No news could be heard because all electric appliances had gone out of order. Not until next day did the people's fears become undeniable fact when it was announced through the newspapers that their capital city had been destroyed. Planes sent out to report relayed back that all was devastated within a 30-mile radius of the capital, and that not a sign of life was to be seen.

Adam Gregory, a young scientist, was working in the cellar of his home in the capital that night. He was experimenting with clothing to protect the wearer from heat, fire and radiation. In the middle of his cleaning up after completing the task, there was a monstrous roar and he was thrown to the floor, unconscious. Miraculously, the concrete cellar was left untouched, and when he regained consciousness, Adam found that he was unharmed. Thoughtfully, he pulled on his newly-made suit in case any of the hazards that it was made for were present outside. The sight that met his eyes was beyond belief. It was still night, but the sky was lit by an eerie green, merging into a red-yellow at the horizon. Even the very atmosphere around him seemed red through his face-piece because of the extreme heat that still remained after the explosion. All around him was nothing but sad, terrifying, and monotonous flatness, interspersed with shells of buildings, which stood out like skeletons on the vast plain of devastation. Vegetation had been swept from the land. All was quiet except for an occasional crash from one of the wrecked remainders of what had a few hours earlier been a great city. Slowly it dawned on Adam that he was the only one left of four million people. He shook inwardly as he realised that he could well be the only person left in the world. For the next hour, Adam searched through rubble, looking for anything that might be found. Wondering whether it was worth wandering further afield to look for life, he was greatly elated when he saw a plane overhead. Adam waved frantically but to no avail. After noting the direction it took, he decided to follow it in hope that he would find someone not too far away.

Some hours later, Adam was trudging across the arid earth. It was hard going because of the bulky suit, which he dared not remove for fear of radiation. With every step, he became wearier, until he fell and slept. This was to be the cycle for the next few days, walking and sleeping until he finally collapsed, slowly dying from starvation.

Days later, Adam was rescued by a reconnaissance party that had risked what danger of radiation remained. He was taken to their town, where, after much anxiety, he recovered and told his depressing tale.

Before its dissolution, the Air Force recognised the fact that a plane, carrying a large atomic weapon, had gone off course due to some defect and crashed into the centre of the capital, leaving stark witness of what nuclear war would cause, and what danger exists with the presence of atomic defence arsenals even during peace-time.

## 10.30 EXPRESS

— By Dilly Dally, 4 A.

Here, with one leap,  
The bridge spans the gorge, on its back  
The load  
Of the main road,  
And under it the railway track.

Into the plains they sweep,  
Into the lonely plains asleep.  
The parallel lines of steel  
Fringed with their narrow grass.  
Into the plains they pass,  
The glowing lines, like arms of mute appeal.

And with the fall  
Of darkness, see the red  
Anger of the signal  
Like an eye that stares  
Upon some hidden danger in the dark.

The twang of wire unseen  
And the signal drops, and now  
An eye of green.

The train roars past, and, with a cry  
Drowned by the howl of wind,  
Stifled in the smoke,  
The plain,  
Shaken and unconfined,  
Rises and follows, and sweeps by,  
Shrieking to lose itself in distance  
And the sky.

IT'S a mighty smart man who can convince his wife that she looks fat in a fur coat.

IF you actually look like your passport photo, you aren't well enough to travel.

— Anonymous

# BACK OF BEYOND

by Sam, IV A

It's hot, but it is always hot in this country, and so you work in the heat, you learn to sleep in the humid nights, and you breathe in the dusty air and forget what it's like to feel the cooling breath of rain-soaked wind. The thermometer stays steady on the 90 deg. mark, scarcely varying between night and day. It's been a long time since you've seen rain, but you don't think about it because it does not seem a part of this world of heat and dust and sweat in which you live.

And so the summer passes. During the long, hot days the well-appointed swimming pool, the one luxury the town boasts, is crowded with people who have come from miles around, by car, horse or bicycle, to try to relieve the heat. On Friday nights there is an open-air picture show. The screen is over-run with tiny lizards, clearly visible in the strong light from the projector. The movies are old, but they take your mind off the heat for an hour or two. There is a nine-hole golf course half a mile from the town; the fairways are stunted weeds and Mitchell grass, the "greens" are sand. You play early in the morning, before the sun and the flies become too unbearable.

It is February, the weather is unchanged. It has been nearly five months since rain fell, and the creeks have all but disappeared. The station-owners and hands come into town for supplies; and the lines on their faces are not entirely due to the aging effects of the sun and the heat. You begin to wonder, you try to recall what the rain looks like, feels like, sounds like. You wonder how long it will be before it comes again, whether, in fact, it will come again. As February draws to a close, and March shows no sign of change, you fall into the habit of watching the sky, but the yellow, unending arc stays clear.

Then one day, clouds appear on the horizon. But they do not herald relief; they pass across the sky and in their wake comes more heat. And so March passes, and April. It has been seven months now. The animals are getting weak, dying of thirst.

The schools close; it is difficult for the pupils, who travel in from homes scattered for miles around, to get to the school. They used to ride their horses, but now the sun is too hot and the animals too weak. Instead, they come in very early in the morning, to the swimming pool. They leave for home after the sun has set. They ride their bikes, it is safe when the sun is down. As the paddocks on either side of the road are dry, baked death-traps. The snakes are numerous, and all these country-bred children know the danger of the reptiles. In these paddocks, also, are the carcasses of those animals that have surrendered to the crippling heat. The carcasses do not remain long; the ants take care of that.

It is the middle of May, and there is no relief from the heat. Then one morning, clouds appear on the horizon. Big, black clouds. The wind springs up from nowhere; it is a hot wind, but it stirs hope in the hearts of the people. The pent-up fears of months relax into tears and laughter as the wind blows the clouds, and their promise of relief, closer.

Soon the spell is broken. From the radio comes the news of the bushfires raging in the west. The country-side is tinder dry, and fires move fast in such conditions. They are 200 miles away, spreading swiftly, and the people begin packing food and big barrels of water into the cars and trucks. The people are ready for an emergency dash from the path of the fires.

Again the anxious eyes scan the horizon. The air becomes hotter as the fires burn closer; bits of burnt leaves fall on the township. For three days they wait, poised like animals for flight. But the fire has changed course. Unless the wind changes, they are safe. The fires burn 100 miles to the north.

Just as the danger seems averted, the wind swings to the south, and the fire is racing towards them, fed by the miles of dried grasses. They gather around the car, ready for the order to move out. Frightened eyes sweep the horizon, see the massive billows of smoke away to the north; then the numbed minds refuse to register. To the west, clouds, equally large and threatening, are massing.

The clouds from the west are moving very fast, closing upon the town. You think you feel a slight cooling in the air, and then, before you have time to speak, it is dark; startled cries of animals and people alike mingle with the first deafening roar of thunder. No heat storm this, the wind is blowing and then the glorious, life-saving rain comes.

Rain and tears spill down the faces of the people; children dance in the street. Rain is falling on the fire-front, and the fire is slowly, but surely, being subdued. Puddles are everywhere, the water does not sink into the parched earth.

The rain continues for a week, filling the rivers and the creeks and the hearts of the people. Then a new danger rears its head. The down-pour continues, the baked earth cannot soak up the water, and the excess makes widening pools of water everywhere. The creeks are filling, the rainwater is rising swiftly. The mighty Bogan River is reaching up towards the top of its banks. No trouble is expected, but sandbags are filled to bolster the flood walls. The rains show no signs of abating, and the water swirls sluggishly across the paddocks, creeping towards the town. The townspeople are called upon to step up the production of sandbags. They work swiftly, in spite of the paralysing cold that has accompanied the rain. The flood wall is only two feet high when the Bogan breaks her banks.

# THE CONSCRIPT

by D. Brookman, V E

The murky waters creep up on the town; the stench of rotting flesh pervades the air. Bloating carcasses float in the swirling waters. Night and day the wall is kept under close surveillance. If one bag gives away, the rest of the wall will collapse around it. Working feverishly, the people keep the water at bay for two days, but they can only do so much, and the floods are stronger. On the morning of the third day, the waters are lapping at the foundations of the low-lying houses.

From the flooded areas, people are brought to the town's two hotels, both of which have second storeys. The floods do not reach the town proper, it has been built on a slight rise for just such an emergency as this. The rain ceases, the waters recede and the townspeople begin the long and heartbreaking job of mopping up. The outbreak of disease is inevitable, the people wait and hope it will not be a serious one.

It has happened before, it will happen again. It is not usually as bad as this past year has been. This is the consolation of the people. They will go on, they will again fight the elements. The summer will come again, bringing with it the same dangers and fears and heartbreak. But they will go on. It is their life, and all the threats and discomforts of nature are the price they must pay for this life they love.

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## A PLEA

When the sun was setting,  
And the work done for the day,  
And the feeling of tiredness was creeping over  
your body,  
You would snuggle up in the large brown chair  
by the fire  
And dream of lands over the sea,  
Of pirates and cowboys  
And knights and dragons;  
And when you lay in bed, I would read to you  
Until you fell asleep.

I would sit and watch over you and protect you,  
And I would look at you through misty eyes,  
And I would say:  
"You are my little boy".

And I loved you,  
And you looked to me for help . . .  
Now it is I who am helpless,  
You have the world in your hands  
And I am looking to you;  
Will you pity me?

He has arrived — no more than that. In all his ignominy he has arrived. A bewildered, confused individual in a well organised and highly efficient world. He stands, at the threshold of a new life, pondering and indecisive, waiting like a shy child to be led to the waiting, ever-interesting world before him.

A rather dejected and pathetic looking object, he seems like an overloaded Atlas, to whom the task of carrying the world's worries on his shoulder has become an intolerable burden.

He lets his many baggages fall to the ground with a reverberating bang, and then immediately looks contrite, as if apologising to the world in general. He pushes back his old, well-worn hat with a weary hand, and his grey suit certainly seems to have seen better days. On closer examination, one can see the little darned patches in a suit, that like its owner, has become a little faded over the years.

Looking closer still, one notices that his head is held high, even though the drooping shoulders betray a weary soul. The deep-set grey eyes show only a slight sparkle, but the weary lines etched both finely and deeply tell their own tale of despair and hardship. The saving grace of that sensitive face is the stiff, determined jaw, which like a cliff withstands the buffeting of the sea; seems able to ward off the evils of the world. His smile is not very often seen; it seems too much of an effort, and his whole being seems to be forever at crossroads; but there seems to be an inner quality beneath the weary exterior. A weary man in a weary country — a country at war!

He reads the sign in front of him saying:—  
"Your King and Country Needs You! Be determined — win the fight."

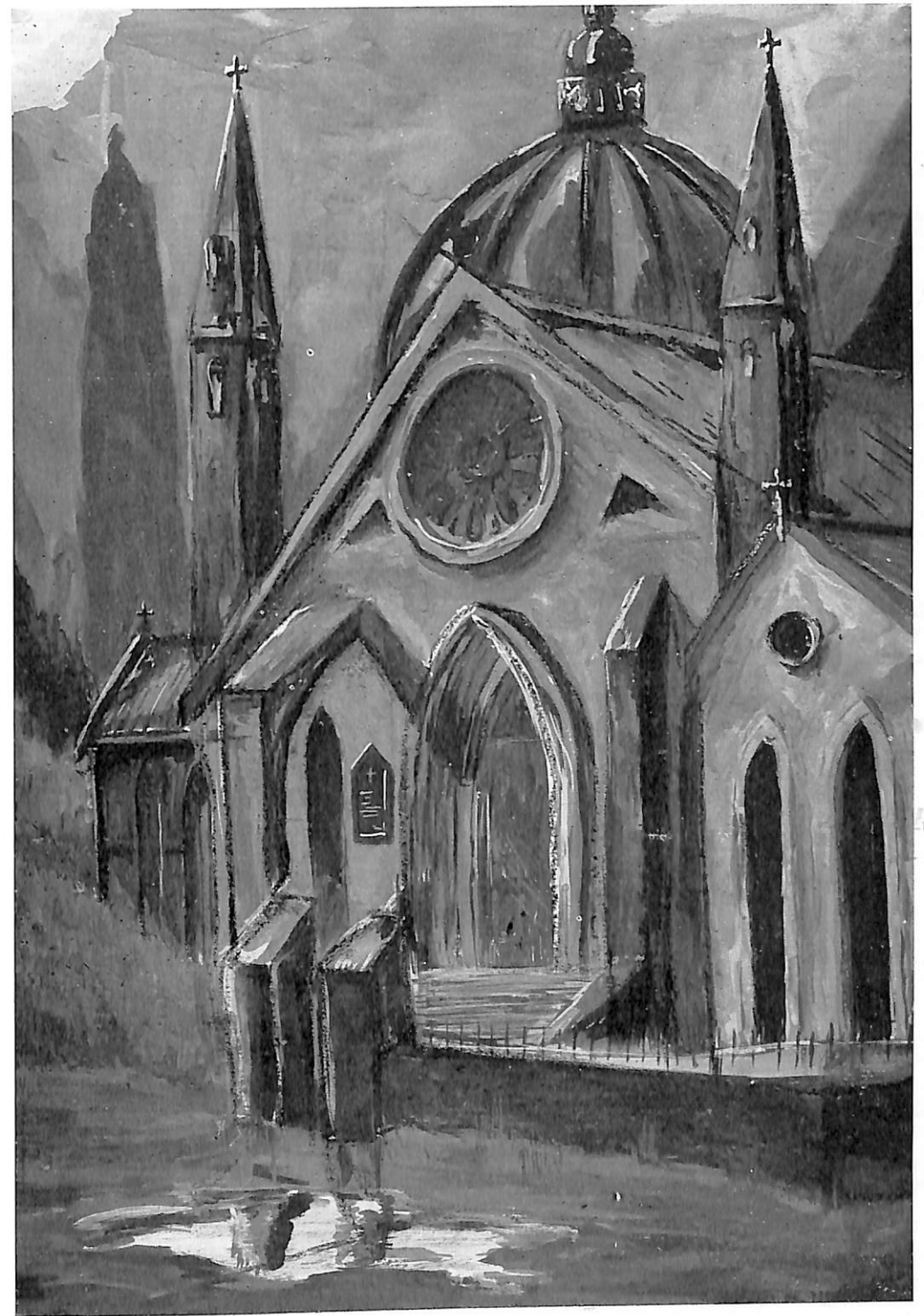
He looks up, picks up his baggages, and walks forward.

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## TEDDY BEAR

The door was open,  
So I entered;  
And there on the floor,  
With large brown eyes,  
Was a large teddy bear.

And it looked at me,  
And even those eyes had such compassion,  
Such a poignant, emotional look,  
That when I turned to go  
I cried.



RAY CARTER

Water Colour.

# THE STONE AGE OF ASTRONAUTICS

by K.T.

By the early 1960s only a handful of people had actually experienced space flying. All they had managed to do was to orbit the earth in something like 88 minutes — the same operation our slowest sky-sleds accomplish in one-tenth that time.

Considering the primitive machines at their disposal, it was quite an achievement. The orbiting was done in capsules which plopped back to earth suspended from crude pieces of textile material known as parachutes. They had not yet perfected even the simplest types of vacuum-cushion brake.

Since none of these early pioneers remained longer than a few hours in space, their physical comfort did not matter greatly. But when the first rocket lumbered its way to the moon in 1970, the lack of any civilised facilities on board turned the trip into a night-mare.

A long night-mare — for the clumsy craft took all of two and a half days to cover the 230,000 miles, which the Sydney - Lunaville goods ferry now does in five hours.

Reason for this snail's pace was the ridiculous method of using a booster rocket to lift a small manned capsule far enough to escape the earth's gravity before dropping off. The single unit two-stage rocket was not invented until 30 years later.

The liquid fuelled rockets then in use were feeble machines in any case. All they produced was a 12 million pound thrust — the sort of thrust that drives one of our baby-copters today. It was not until the discovery of the dentruder mines on the moon that men were capable of producing the Zum grade solid fuels that supply our present 150 million pound thrust motors.

The first journey moonwards had to be made without showers, television or music, without a single hostess, in a compartment where crew members were not even allowed to smoke.

Coupled with the horrors of the journey was the childish anxiety of the explorers that others — belonging to a different tribe — would get to the moon first. We may laugh at this kindergarten mentality today, but at that time it was a matter of utmost importance to plant little pieces of coloured cloth called "flags" on the lunar landscape.

And what greeted the pioneers when they finally reached their goal? A bleak, grey, waterless dust-and-mountain wilderness, through which they could only move in clumsy space suits encumbered by oxygen tanks.

For let us not forget, that it took 30 years before the early settlers could distil enough air from space particles to grow the first algae plants in the open. Not until 2045 did they discover the agricultural qualities of the lunar dust that finally enabled them to bring in domestic animals, plant forests and create the magnificent scenery that has made our planet the earth's top-ranking tourist resort.

Even the lunarmobile, the simple ground vehicle which every child drives today, was not developed until the colony was 11 years old. Prior to that, people had to be content with the 18 foot strides the weaker moon gravity allowed them to take.

It took a century before the United Earth Corporation started beaming three-dimensional radar vision programmes to Lunarville to replace the feeble radio messages.

But let us not scoff at those punny beginnings. They were quite remarkable for a primitive race that had to use most of its technical resources to try to kill each other.



# ARE ZOOS DESIRABLE

by B. Bending, IV A

Much has been said recently concerning zoos and their desirability. I would like now to state a few facts in favour of zoos: research can be carried out; many people derive pleasure from viewing animals; zoos can save some species of animals from extinction.

As far as research is concerned, many animals cannot be located or observed in their wild state. In zoos these animals can be observed and their habits studied. Examples are the Princess Parrot and the Lowland Gorilla. Rarely seen in the desert areas it inhabits, the Princess Parrot was first observed by the explorer Stuart in 1862 and again in 1863 by John Gould who named it after Princess Alexandra. It was not seen after this for nearly thirty years. Even now it is rarely seen, but it is common in zoos, and a complete record of its habits has been made. The Lowland Gorilla has never been observed in its natural surroundings caring for its young. But at the Basle Zoo in Switzerland a young gorilla was born and reared by its mother, thus enabling zoologists to study it. Sir Stamford Raffles, founder of the London Zoological Society, once stated that the London Zoo was for the express purpose of studying and increasing the public's knowledge of the world's fauna.

Also I believe that many people derive pleasure from inspecting animals and this pleasure cannot be found in looking at films, pictures, or photographs of animals. True, it is inhuman to like to see animals in cages where they can barely move, but in any good zoo the animals are kept in enclosures in which conditions are very close to nature. An example here is Whipsnade Zoo, England, where all animals are kept in pairs or groups, and are given enclosures as near to original as possible.

In zoos, animals which are in danger of extinction can be kept, and, in large enclosures with the correct care, persuaded to breed. Here I quote the example of the Wisent or European Bison, the Ne-Ne or Hawaiian Goose, and the Pere David Deer. All wild Wisent were killed during the First World War. Those in zoos were encouraged to breed, and became so numerous that some were released in the Biulowieza Forest on the Polish-Russian border where they continued to thrive. The Ne-Ne Geese were calculated in 1950 to be about fifty in number. Some were taken to England where they multiplied and, since those in Hawaii had died, thirty were re-introduced into Hawaii in special reserves. The last count showed about one hundred living wild and three hundred in zoos, and many are being sent to Hawaii annually. All wild Pere David Deer were killed during the Boxer Rebellion, the only example of the species being found at Woburn Abbey. These deer bred and are now common in many zoos. Many people feel that a species threatened with extinction should be placed in a sanctuary.

This has not proved so with the Arabian oryx, which, as a species, is probably closer to extinction than any other animal. Although protected, the oryx was still hunted by the Arabs. Instead of riding horses, from which they had killed only a few, the Arabs killed whole herds from cars and light 'planes. This animal is so rare that a large British expedition searching for samples revealed only four animals, one of which died from a bullet wound inflicted by an Arab hunting party; the other three were sent to a Kenya zoo, where it is hoped they will breed.

Animals in captivity are amply fed, with a much more varied and constant source of food than their wild cousins. They are also protected from predators, human hunters, flood, fire, drought and disease. Blackbirds banded in the nest have an average life-span of 18 months whilst those in captivity given medical treatment when needed and protection from predators lived for an average of 12 years. I think that a good zoo run with the well-being of the animals receiving top priority is a desirable institution.

## HOME

The houses were dirty,  
And the street littered with rubbish;  
There was a smell coming from the fish shop  
On the corner;  
And a child was crying somewhere nearby.  
A newspaper was blown past  
Until it stopped against an old dustbin.

I cannot explain the feeling . . .  
The love I have for this place:  
Even for the words scribbled on the footpath,  
As if they were on my heart.

## AT FIFTEEN

She came up the stairs today,  
And she smiled at me.  
She was wearing that dress;  
The blue one,  
And she smiled at me;  
(On the third step down) . . .  
Her eyes are brown,  
And she smiled at me . . .

# ADVANTAGES OF AN INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE

by V.L., VI

Although many of us do not realise it, when we consider the quickly changing world of today, there seem to be some advantages of an international language. One of these advantages of communication between the leaders of countries, different races of people, travellers and the like. Especially in foreign affairs an international language would be advantageous. Leaders of various countries would be able to talk to each other instead of using interpreters and thus a closer relationship would be possible with more hope of reaching an agreement once they could talk freely and directly to each other and know each other's intentions specifically. Often misunderstandings occur through the language barrier.

Communication between people of different races is also important. When foreigners arrive in a new country they quite often keep to themselves or mix in only with those who speak their own language. It is mainly because of the language barrier that these people do not mix freely in society. Resentment is often the result of the language problem too. An example of this is the way Australians feel about Italians talking in their native tongue to other members of their race. Thus the so-called foreigners are a gulf apart from other people in strange surroundings. The main source of irritation to others standing near is the fact that they cannot understand what is being said. If an international language were adopted a more friendly atmosphere would exist in almost all fields of employment.

If this friendly atmosphere was reached by introducing an international language it is almost certain that the culture of individual countries would be increased. Useful ideas would be more easily absorbed. Although we may be able to enrich our culture without an international language, I feel it would make it easier and quicker.

Another example of how language differences can cause inconvenience is with school children who come from countries where other languages are spoken and written. The student may be extremely clever but when he has to cope with a new language he may have to repeat a year or so, because of this difference in languages. If there was an international language this year or so of the student's time would not be wasted in trying to learn the new language. This depressing feeling may deter migrants from leaving their homeland to try their luck in a new country. In this way a country loses skilled labour.

Nevertheless, if an international language was adopted the number of people entering the country would balance with the number leaving. Airlines and similar transport would have more of a demand for their services. Similarly travellers to and from countries would feel more at ease if they were able to understand what people around them were saying. In this way more friendships would be formed which could eventually lead to happier relations between races.

For this reason and others I have mentioned I feel that these are advantages of an international language even if some of them may only be minor ones. I also feel that an international language is necessary if the whole world is to live together happily.

## IMPRESSIONS OF A BEACH

Bernard Bolch, 1963

Yesterday, I walked along a lost, bare beach.  
The foam smashed the sand's stillness  
While the gulls flew overhead.

The wind stirred the greyness of the sky and  
and the sea,  
The clouds mirrored the sibilant turbulence,  
echoing.  
Still the gulls flew high above.

The water ran into the beach, up onto the sand,  
And nothing resisted the power of the great,  
grey sea,  
Save for the debris, lonely, barren and desolate.  
And still the white gulls hovered in the wild,  
wanton wind.

Today, I crossed the same golden beach,  
But no rich, natural greeting met me.  
For the sun had gone before across the sand,  
Leaving empty cans, broken glass, rusty wire;  
This human jetsam  
Had driven the wind, gulls and dull water  
Away to another, distant life.

# NEW GUINEA AND THE CARGO CULT

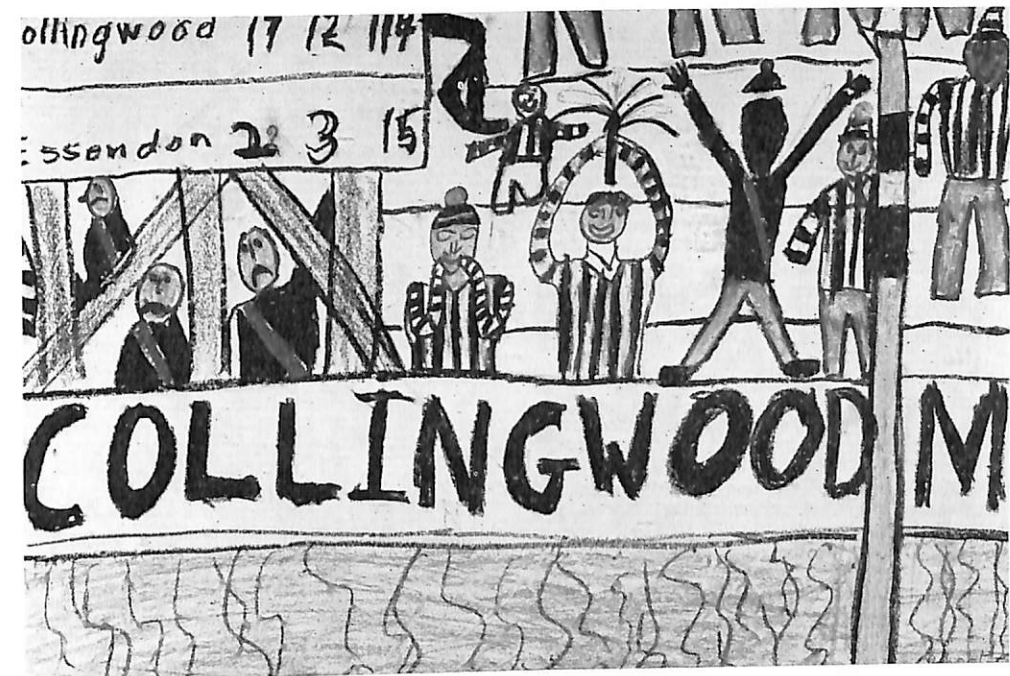
by Stewart Evans, IV D

Many New Guinea natives maintain a strange belief that their dead ancestors went far away to prepare vast quantities of goods for them. This "Cargo Cult" appears in many different forms. It was first noticed by Australians in 1919, but during the 1939-'45 war it developed greatly, for its prophecy of gifts for all seemed to be fulfilled. When Australian and American troops landed in New Guinea to drive out the Japanese, they brought large consignments of machinery, clothing, tools, tobacco and food supplies. To the natives, the ships were giant canoes and the aeroplanes large birds. The generous gifts to the natives of food and clothing further convinced the natives that this prophecy was being fulfilled.

Sometimes native leaders would name days when the cargo would arrive. When it failed to appear,

the natives felt deep frustration and resentment towards the white soldiers, who they believed to be keeping the goods that were rightly the natives' for themselves. These primitive superstitions will disappear only when the natives have been educated, but it will be a long time before they are completely given up.

In East New Guinea, permanent European settlement began about 1880, when German missionaries and traders settled in the north-east of the island. We have already seen that when Germany was defeated in 1918, Australia undertook to administrate North-East New Guinea. During World War II most of the Europeans in New Guinea were evacuated. More recently, West New Guinea (now West Irian) became a United Nations Trust Territory under Indonesia.



ROBERT BERGLAND, II E

Oil Pastel.

## THE MODERN GIRL

The girl of today is a character with widely varying interests. Life for her is in a state of continuous turmoil. Her average day follows the usual routine of waking, dressing, going to work, flying home, preparing to go out, coming home with the milkman, flopping into bed and "I'm utterly exhausted" and wondering why. She finds the adults of the world, particularly her parents, as misguided as they find her, and their one enjoyment in life appears to be criticising her. Boys, and the latest fashions are her main interests, and they occupy most of her time.

Boys can be divided into two categories, her boyfriends, with whom she has the more intimate contact, and her teenage idols and movie stars. Unfortunately her relationship with the later does not go past the 'worshipping from afar' stage, but to her time is spent in joining fanclubs, and perfecting her screaming and fainting technique. Of course, she just couldn't possibly remain in the same club for any reasonable period of time, because her once blazing fire gradually fades to a glowing ember, as someone new advances into her star-studded line of vision.

Her romances are invariably made to last forever, and if the current boyfriend happens to have a shock of red hair, slightly protruding teeth and freckles, she insists that personality is more important than looks. If he wears spectacles it is because he looks more distinguished that way, whether he's as blind as a bat without them or not.

There is, in her possession, a top secret record of all these boyfriends and her outings, mingled with personal dreams and feelings. This precious and prized object is commonly known as a diary. It is kept under lock and key in a special place of concealment. Anyone found meddling with this book is severely reprimanded, as the owner is aware that the information could well be used as a mild form of blackmail, and she would simply die of embarrassment if someone read her secrets.

As mentioned previously the latest fashions come second in importance only to boys. Girls are like sheep where fashions are concerned. Manufacturers, who are only out to make as much profit as possible anyway, take advantage of this herd instinct. They use such slogans as "It's all the rage in America" or "Don't you be left out in the eyes of your special someone."

The modern girl doesn't seem to worry about the wasted money for she knows that if she's not up to date, she is simply left out of the race. These fashion phases include flamboyant hairdos, modified versions of cossack boots, stiletto heels of ridiculous heights, and "roaring twenty" styles, where fashion goes backwards. It is almost certain that if some girl wore an elaborate purple shoe-

lace around her neck, with the red face to match, this too would be adopted without hesitation.

However, despite all her shortcomings and so-called modern conceptions of life, she is on the average, a very lovable person, who will later mature to take her place in society as a wife, mother, or in other fields.



## THE TORTURE CHAMBER

by Jenny Roberts, V

The prison warders marched up and down, past rows of seats. One made a sign. Immediately a line of terror-stricken individuals entered the hall. Some mumbled indistinct phrases, others laughed hysterically. Still others, those dauntless few always to be found in such a company, looked normal: only a set jaw betrayed their inner feelings.

All sat and fingered their instruments nervously. Who knew what was coming? The warders distributed the fearful matter.

Low sighs were heard. Some looked desperately at the ceiling. At last the fearful process started. Looks of anguish showed on many faces. Fingers were drummed frantically on the tables and feet were shuffled on the floor.

Slowly, the temperature in the room dropped. First toes and fingers became blue, then legs and arms grew prickly. Finally the victims were numb all over. The warders looked unconcerned in spite of the imploring eyes directed at them. One laughed callously at a joke in a book he was reading. Slowly, the time dragged by.

Finally, the torture was nearing its end as the half-frozen victims struggled to finish. The hour struck, and the warders reclaimed the matter. The victims painfully stretched their limbs and staggered out.

Then one of the warders spoke: "Well, that's another exam over. What's the time-table for this afternoon?"

### TO DARKNESS:

Darkness is movings and swallowings of creatures  
To a child, in his ignorance.  
Darkness is the pause of gnawing hunger  
To a homeless wail;  
And darkness is, for him,  
A time when sleep descends.

It is fleeting security for those who run from life  
Into a void of mingling shadow and hope.  
It is feverish life for those who know no other—  
Who are shunned by their kind in the light of day.

Darkness is death to those who lie unquiet  
Darkness is empty solitude  
In the waste of agony.  
For the unloved and unloving;  
But darkness is warm and velvet soft  
And breathing, for lovers.

## HIDDEN AMBITION

by Chillie, IV A

The silent room was shrouded in a heavy, bored atmosphere that was discouraging, to say the least, to any person attempting to work there. An occasional sigh, the tired turning over of the page and then ruling it, the dull scratching of reluctant pupils were the only evidence that life existed in the dead room. It wasn't that the subject being laboriously dragged out was in itself dreary; it was just that a scowling Miss Leroy had a peculiar and unequalled talent for making an originally interesting subject seem like a product from a graveyard.

With an aching head supported habitually in her hand, Lisa Campbell's thoughts were drifting wistfully out of the window. It was so easy to half close one's heavy eyelids, and feel the unwanted surrounding of the schools embracing stone walls just . . . float unconcernedly away . . . and soon you were out riding on a free, unsaddled horse across a stretching yellow plain, your long hair uncared for as it was swept up behind you. You were a streak of lightning on a vast horizon . . . on it was so very, very easy . . . so . . . easy "Lisa!"

Startled, Lisa jumped as her wide open plain was stolen from her, and the familiar darkness of boredom settled over the room once more. A powerful feeling of hatred seized Lisa's heart. It wasn't fair! Suddenly she felt a surge of loathing for everything connected with school. Miss Leroy now struck her as a despicable warden, watching everything with a hawk's eye. The children around her were morons, fools to accept the horrors of school so passively. Yes! She saw herself as the saviour, the glorified redeemer of the oppressed ignorant masses. She could see herself on a great white steed, bravely bearing the banner of freedom through the bloody battles that were to ensue. Ah yes! That was her great mission in life. A leader of all, beloved by all — "Lisa!"

Again rudely returned to mere earthly things, Lisa made up her mind. The principles of schools were against all her worthy and honest fundamental beliefs. When she was unanimously elected as world leader, all schools would be abolished. Oh, how she hated them. And all teachers like Miss Leroy would be made to do menial work. Miss Leroy would be Lisa's personal floor-washer.

The high-pitched screeching of the school siren amazingly returned life to the room. Bodies previously sprawled across the desk in a half-sleeping manner were sitting up straight as a die; books were instantly slammed shut, and a babble of noise swelled up from the stretching ranks. The speed in which the entire operation was performed could be called no less than instantaneous. An expectant silence fell over the room . . . the second bell! With barely a split second intervention from the time Miss Leroy had said they could leave, the room was as a deserted prison cell.

# OBSERVATIONS HERE

## AND THERE

F. IV D

**Nearest to Success Award:** Those valiants who vainly plotted to abduct Ian Clark, Wattle's Choir Conductor.

**Statement of the Year Award:** "I'm exchanging my dynamic methods of teaching economics, indirectly, for bread, butter, petrol, holidays, and so on."

More people should know about Robert Jolly's one-word philosophy, but I doubt whether many will.

It was interesting to watch Room 18 take over from the oval as the Matric. boys' lunch-time recreation area.

Unfortunate how the school is going to the pack: (At time of writing, anyway), the siren had not been choked through other than natural causes once this year.

There was never any truth in the rumor that the Matric. boys (at any time) opened a licensed taxi service. They couldn't afford the licence.

It was encouraging to see student-teacher relationships improve so much this year.

There should be an award for the person who gained most from the school library, but none was willing to claim it.

Can't wait till next year. Someone promised to tell me what that abstract, non-realist mural in Room 2 means!

**Most Consistent Award:** Our librarian, who, like the sun rising, could be relied on every day to say the same thing, varying in cliches only from term to term.

**Athlete of the Year Award:** Barry "Wes" Hall, for his scorching 200-yd. dashes across the oval to the pine-trees every recess.

The Refrigerator of the Year Award must again go (as it has for the past five consecutive years, in my book anyway) to Room 1.

The Sahara of the Year Award must again go (as it also has for the past five consecutive years) to Room 19.

**Tragedy of the Year Award:** To that student (boy or girl? The body hasn't yet been found), who drowned in mid-winter trying to get out by the High-st. swamp.

**Enigma of the Year Award:** To that mysterious high-jump coach, known to some as "Percy", who was surprisingly anonymous beneath a bottled sun-tan.

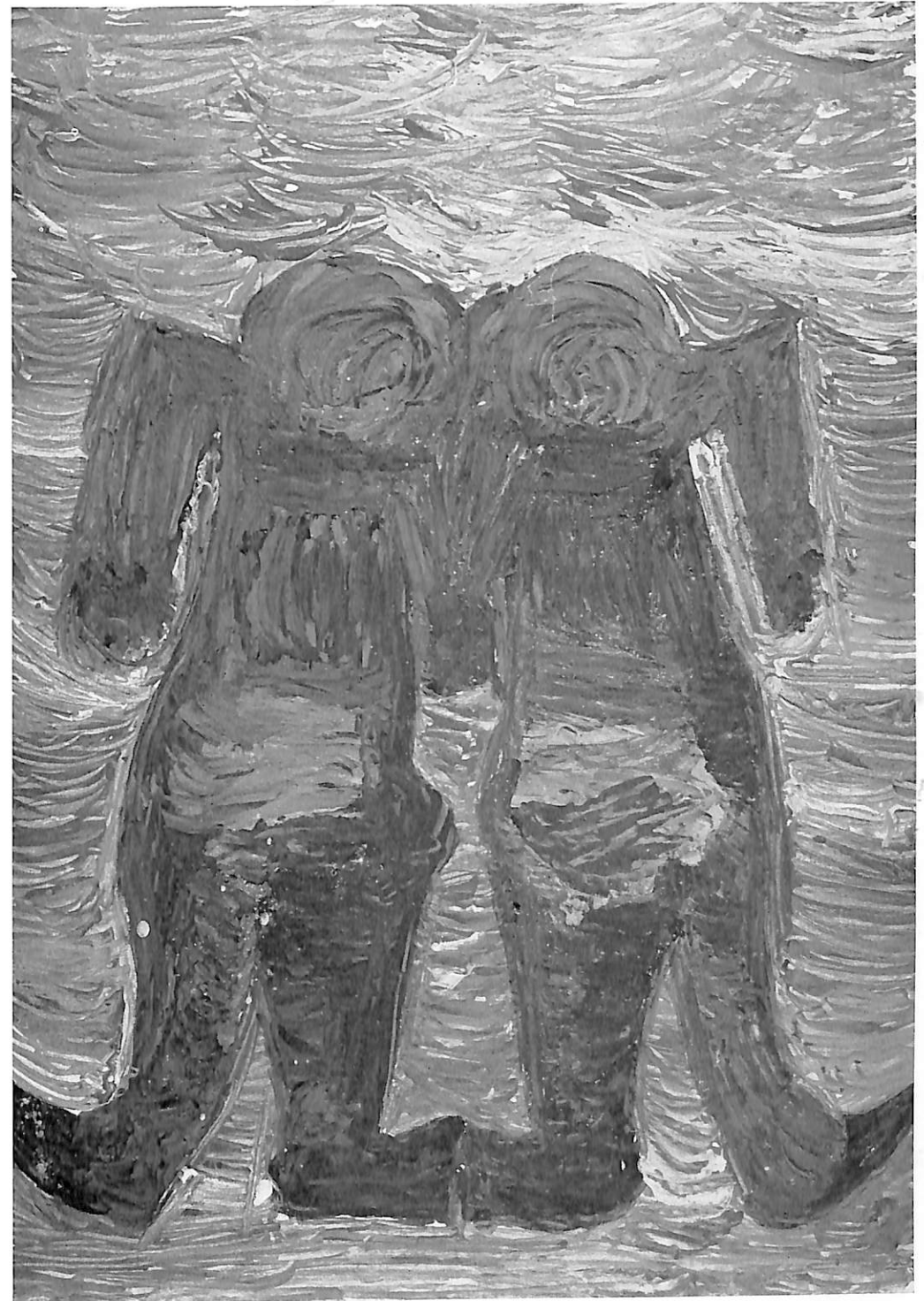
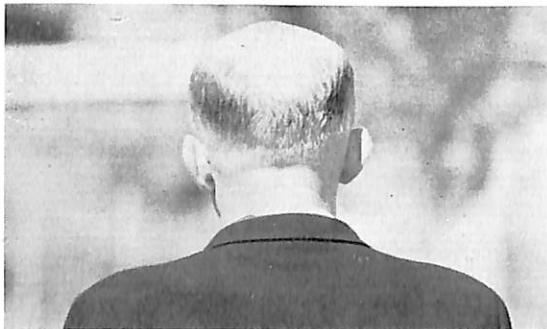
**Most Off-Beat Award:** Those Hawaiian (get that spelling, Social Committee?) girls who dashed through the Assembly, stopping only to . . .

**Most Up-Beat Award:** The least creditable excuses offered for lateness that were always the most accepted.

**Most Down-Beat Award:** Elizabeth Jarvis' third-term house party that started with 30 balloons and ended with two.

**Most Dead-Beat Award:** The pale-blue Hillman tank that crossed the path of many Matrics. this year.

**Most Discreet Award:** Peter Stocks, for claiming that "you shouldn't thrash a Rover," when all the time he was running without an engine!



JOHN ARMSTRONG

Poster Paint and Plaster

## Mr. and Mrs. E. C. GOE-WING —A MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE

by Warren Medwall, IV A

Mrs. E. C. rises at 8 on Monday morning and prepares Mr.'s usual breakfast. As usual, Mr. E. C. rises at 8.15, sits at the table eating and reading the morning's paper. Mr. makes a comment on the political situation; Mrs. snaps back in her normal early-morning way, "I wouldn't know — you've got the paper." After this, Mr. leaves for his job, which is with a reputable textile firm in a nearby neighborhood.

His job entails sitting at the same desk at which he first sat 25 years ago, and keeping the "books" level. Mrs. E. C. Goe-Wing knows that hubby will enter the drive at exactly five o'clock, curse the neighbor's dog for being in the garden, and then park the car in the shed. Mr. greets Mrs., tea is prepared and eaten, and they settle down to a

quiet night's entertainment in front of the "telly." This is the routine of the week-day, and anything which upsets it is a cause for domestic panic.

On Saturday nights they go to the euchre game at the local hall. Only on Saturday nights are they ever out later than 9.30 p.m., in accordance with their dictum that "everyone should get at least ten hours sleep per night." Sunday requires the garden to be weeded, the lawn mowed, and the car washed before church. All this while happens to Mrs.' average resume of local gossip: "Yes, dear," "No, dear," and "That's just what I thought." This is called modern living.

Mrs. E. C. feels a sense of security. Mr. E. C. feels independent. Shouldn't he? He holds the deed to the house, and the car is paid off.

## IT'S A RAT RACE, THEY SAY

School spirit seems to conform inevitably to a rigid pattern. In the first two years uncertain, key-swinging juniors are full of it; in third and fourth the kids are sick of it and in fifth and sixth, students begin to realise that spirit is as much part of themselves as part of the school. In fact, the only way to partake of sporting and cultural activities with real enthusiasm is to unearth the spirit which has lain dormant within their musty souls for the last 2 or 3 years.

It is fortunate that most seniors have this realization sooner or later, because it is upon their shoulders that the major responsibilities of school life lie. Unless they can manage to instil some vitality into the middle school the disinterest in school activities becomes a widening crevasse into which disillusioned students tumble headlong. School life is no longer a bed of roses, as in first year; there is no fun in doing things to-

gether; work is more difficult and "the others don't bother so why should I?" The greater part of the school now comprises a knot of students who won't encourage their chooks to lay. They won't even volunteer for yard duty.

Around this time, many pupils tend to admit defeat — people who left school on turning 15 are having a ball. They have plenty of money (or at least enough) and school isn't much fun anyway.

These ex-students are the International 10 Pin Champs of tomorrow, but those who clung to the edge of the precipice and finally grasped at a foothold are the leaders of tomorrow — maybe of the school itself or later, of their own particular vocation.

But meanwhile, our hopes for tomorrow persist. They make school a place to enjoy, even if only for the present.

## CLEAR THINKING

After rushing to school before the double on Thursday morning, one may frequently hear the breathless question: "What have we got for English?" in the vicinity of any fifth form block of lockers. After several blank looks, someone eventually stammers out the dreaded words "Clear Thinking." This statement is immediately followed by several comments which regrettably cannot be printed. We then drag out our much-prized volumes of "Thinkers At Work," which have not seen the light of day for exactly one week (unless, some extra studious person has actually been swotting such unnecessary work).

Following several looks of sympathy from fellow students, we drag one foot after the other into the library, to tackle our "Thinking prod." The teacher is often surprised at the zest with which we tackle "Clear Thinking" — this of course being a misstatement of fact. More often than not it tends to be a heat debate between the teacher and herself, who runs the same record, "Do I have to stand here and do all the work"

and/or "Goodness, some of you seem to be asleep this morning." This is very occasionally broken by a debate between two or more members of our select group.

However, we have noticed with pride, or prejudice, how many have gained rapid intelligence. The very bright ones have even gone to the extent of underlining in their books to aid their thinking processes. We, the majority plus, are so good at inductive and deductive thinking, that unfortunately, we do not know which is which. However, it is wrong to generalise on the evidence of a few examples, as some of us did really pass in English.

We are indebted to our English teacher for showing us how effective logical thinking can be. We would never, of course, have reached the high standard of intelligence that we now possess without her vital assistance.

Here the argument breaks down.

—Kt., 4 C.

## THE FACES OF THE WIND

Wind is the toothless whistle of a shell through the ancient and black caves of night. Brown like the rotting of apples in the rain, or brick-dust red as deserts to thirsty dying men. Cold and white as the arctic nights to our Scott or Amundsen, yet warmer possibilities felt in the mind of Amundsen who won. Green like the lush valleys of the Americas seen by Amazon eyes. Breathing love from the almighty across the majestic land of India — Buddha gold or blue tidings of joy.

Soft and delicate as the ivory tint of the skin

of all-embracing bodies of lovers on the yellow sand through endless pacific nights.

Grey, haunting and gnawing at the windows, to the children of the suburbs who fear the wind in the blackness.

Yet in the vastness of a hill, the wind blows the sins of man to heaven and drowns them in a sea of stars cleansing the earth by sound, as its sister rain cleanses our soft brown earth by the silver tears of the creator.

Maureen Reeves, Form 6.

# HOUSE NOTES

## ORCHID HOUSE NOTES

As the House Captains of Orchid, we thank every member for their co-operation and genuine effort during the past year. 1963 was not only a year of success in house competitions (two firsts, three seconds and a third) but also in winning back our house spirit, as we had set out to do.

We started the year off well by coming second in the swimming, the boys coming first and the girls coming last.

Our debating team consisted of Terry Tovey, Margaret Matheson and Alan Hutchinson, who talked their way into second place.

This year saw the introduction of House Dramatics. The play we performed was "The Man in the Bowler Hat". Terry Tovey, Roseta de Bortolio (co-producers), Jean Porter, Graham Chandler, Christine Yates, Frank Van de Klerk, Herme Hallett, Neil Leed and Ian Berry (actors and actresses) gained second place. This effort was splendid, as we had the youngest cast, which shows promise for the future. Terry and Roseta must be congratulated on their meritorious task (Terry emphasizes the fact that it was a task, with so many lively youngsters in the cast).

Martin Hallett conducted the choir for the third time. Support in number (75) and co-operation was tremendous. Although not as successful as we had hoped, the enjoyment we gained was well worth giving up those precious lunch-times. We thank Martin for the wonderful manner in which he conducted each practice, and also for the services he has given to Orchid House. Our thanks also to Mrs. Cowen and Miss Dawson.

Additional inspiration from a colourful cheer squad spurred on yet another athletics victory to Orchid. It would appear that the cup is now one of Orchid's permanent possessions. Our rival houses are calling us "artificial orchids" (can't die). Congratulations and thanks to every team member for their fine performance.

The house once more rallied valiantly in the Egg Appeal. Congratulations are due to all members on raising £51 and collecting 130 dozen eggs, winning the Egg Appeal. An attraction for all houses was our jazz dance. This was held one night in rooms 5 and 6, which did not look the same with their fish-netted walls and blue and red lights. We gained £24 from the dance, which was not only held to raise Egg Appeal funds, but also to celebrate our athletics victory.

Our tasks as House Captains were made ever so easy and enjoyable by the enthusiastic spirit in which our house-mates backed us up. Particular mention must be given to Sandra and David, our vice-captains, Deidre and Jeff, our cultural captains, and our mistresses and masters.

We hope "Forever, we will see  
Our purple banner flying high,  
Backed by Orchid's famous cry."

## CLEMATIS HOUSE NOTES

This year Clematis was led by Deidre Litchfield, Jan Matheson, Wes Hall and Bob Stuart.

We attained victory in the swimming sports and also in the Junior dramatics which were directed by Kael Phillips and Rod James who did a fabulous job.

The choir conducted by John Wallis also tasted victory when they came equal just with bluegum.

Thanks to our actors and actresses.

Thanks to our sportsmen and women.

And also to all of our songsters.

## WATTLE HOUSE NOTES

This year, Wattle has once again been at the forefront of many activities. Due to the increasing emphasis being placed on 'cultural activities,' the House Captains' Council thought it necessary to appoint a boy and girl from each house to act as vice (cultural) captains. Roland Heimans and Maureen Reeves performed their duties ably for Wattle. Together they produced the junior play and Roland was a member of our unbeaten debating team (along with John Westcott and Ian Clark). The Choir, although only finishing third, derived great enjoyment from practices, and its singing of "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen" was a highlight of the competition.

In sport, also, the house performed excellently; the girls won the athletics, and the boys did well in sport generally. Individuals to do well were: Heather Canobie, Marge Hill and David Manly (swimming); H. Dyson, C. Haskell, D. Jacobs, M. Remington and J. Elliot (athletics). Wattle's great team spirit shone through in the shuttle relay and, more particularly, in the Egg Appeal.

The efforts of people with limited ability doing so well, that lifts Wattle to glory in team events, will do so as long as the great tradition lasts. The tradition shows in the interest of the house of ex-students:

"WATTLE CAN'T BE BEATEN, FOR WE NEVER  
KNOW DEFEAT."



## JUNIOR HOCKEY

Back Row: H. Dyson, C. Thomas, S. Jarvis, J. Kairi, J. Martin, G. Wradrope, A. Brodie.  
Front Row: K. Kett, H. Townsend, J. Doleman, Mrs. Howie, P. Gardiner, A. Spencer, J. Field, L. A'Hern, S. Szidat.



## JUNIOR BASKETBALL — A & B

Back Row: S. Monahan, E. Gibson, L. Douglas.  
Middle Row: J. Williams, C. Gilbee, P. Crawford, H. Duncanson, C. Pyke, B. Elliott, M. Edwards, C. Hook.  
Front Row: C. Haskell, S. Sutton, S. Kitchener, Miss Mickelberg, L. Williams, J. McLeish, R. Pretty, J. Smith.



#### JUDO

Back Row: P. Hernfield, A. Griffiths, J. Elliott, D. Furlong, M. Rankin, B. Norris, I. Robinson.  
 Middle Row: D. Nish, J. Maxwell, A. Cukurs, M. Jolly, I. Clark, G. Crocombe, H. Pieterse, G. Groves.  
 Front Row: H. Chapiro, E. Martini, R. Bolte, Mr. Martini, P. Lewis, L. Greatorex, R. Morton, P. Whiley, R. Stevenson.

#### JUDO

by Alpha Cukurs, 4 A.

One man, Jigoro Kano, was responsible for reviving this old Japanese art. In 1882 he established the Kodokan in Tokyo, and today's is that system developed by Kano in the intervening years.

Judo means literally the "gentle way" and Kodokan means "a school of studying the way", the "way" being the concept of life itself. Judo is an art that is practised as a sport.

But judo as a sport is not well-known in the Western world. The mention of the word to most people brings to the mind death-dealing blows to the back of the neck or 100-pound weaklings throwing Goliaths over their shoulders with a flick of the wrist. Both impressions are incorrect. It is neither magic nor trickery, although it is sometimes a means by which the weak can defeat the strong. It is, in fact, an honourable and well-regulated sport based on ancient Japanese methods of hand-to-hand fighting. It is a form of wrestling, requiring a

special uniform necessary to its practice. It may be engaged in by ordinary people of no outstanding ability. But there are no short-cuts to proficiency: progress depends on you as an individual.

Whether or not a weakling could defeat a giant, or a judo expert could conquer a wrestler or boxer, depends entirely on the two individuals concerned. There are good judo experts, wrestlers, and boxers; so the fighter who could apply his technique first would undoubtedly win. The contest is the final trial of one's physical and mental training in judo. The degree of nervousness and how well a person has trained is the ultimate test in judo as a sport. Through the practice of judo many people are led to a healthier and fuller life.

Thanks must be given to the 'judoka' of Japan, whose untiring practice has helped to develop a new and wonderful sport.

## SPORTS

### BASEBALL

Again, as last year, the baseball team had an excellent year, but we failed in the last match, going down to Oakleigh.

Defeating Warragul, Springvale, Huntingdale and Waverly, we seemed to be heading for a premiership. However, Oakleigh, playing grandly, defeated us 9-4. Playing well early we led 2-1, but a slump allowed Oakleigh to gain a 7-2 lead, and finally to victory.

The major feature of our play was our formidable infield, led by the batting of M. Coles to J. Powell, and first baseman, S. Sereda. The strong batting line-up was led by D. Jacobs and B. Philp.

Thanks must go to our coach, well-known V.P.B.L. player, Ian Whykes.

### FOOTBALL

Our first game was played against Warragul High School at Warragul. The scorers were 4-9 to 3-3 and although the standard of football was very poor we managed to win. We were lucky enough to get a good start and kick a few goals in the first quarter to their 3 points. L Postle gave us a lot of drive from the centre and we managed to keep our lead. The best players for us were L. Postle, G. Midgely and T. Barry.

For our second match went to Lyndale High School and didn't have any trouble in easily defeating them 10-16 to 1 point. Everyone played but the most outstanding players were P. Hunt, G. Midgely.

The next game was played at home against Caulfield. For the first time we were playing against a bigger side than ours. In the second and third quarters play became a bit rough and G. Midgely had slight concussion after receiving a hard knock in the third quarter. We were only a few points down nearing the finish of the game and they forced the ball up towards their goals and managed to get a goal just before the bell. The final scores were D.H.S. 4-6 to Caulfield 6-4. This was the only game we lost. Best players were T. Gooding, P. Hunt and P. Armstrong.

For our last game we went to Bentleigh and just before we went out onto the field it started raining. The ball was very slippery and hardly any marks taken. A lot of kicking off the ground made the play scrubby but we still won by a well but the most outstanding players were P. Hunt Midgely and J. Nicola.

And on behalf of the whole team we would like to thank Mr. Cooper for arranging the trips and coaching the team.



#### BASKETBALL

Back Row: G. Connor, R. Carter.  
 Front Row: G. Bell, J. Archibald, R. James.

### JUNIOR CRICKET — FIRST XI

Our first game was played at home against Lyndale H.S. Although beaten, we won on a disqualification. T. Barry made 26 runs. Our second game, again at home, was against Bentleigh H.S. Dandenong declared at 2/84, defeating Bentleigh 6/71. Top scorers were J. Nicola 33, and T. Barry 17. David Garret bowled well to get 2/14. Next we played at Caulfield, where our opponents declared at 7/40, and were defeated by D.H.S., 3/61. Top scorers were T. Gooding 14, J. Nicol 17, and T. Barry 13. Best bowlers were then J. Nicola 2/1 and T. Gooding 4/20.

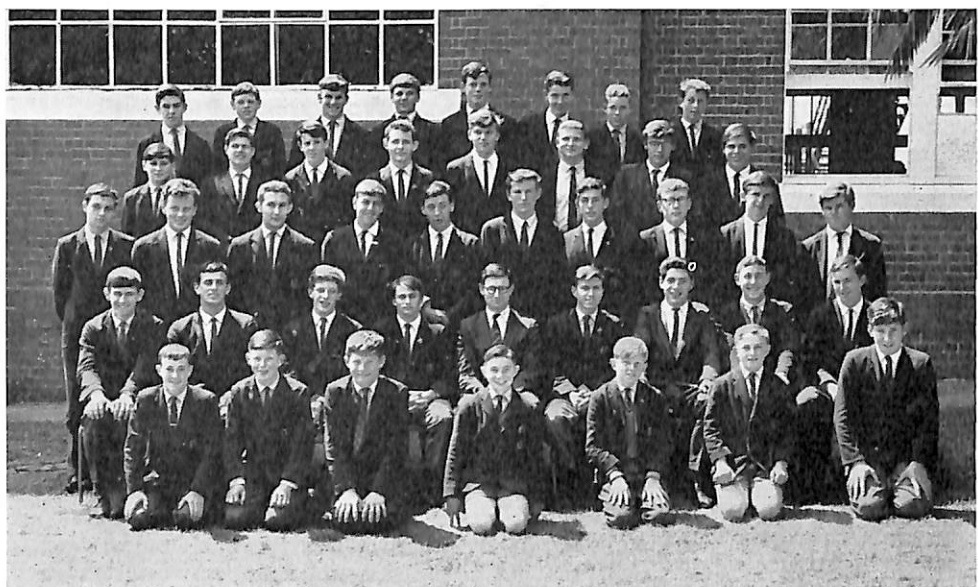
Later we played at Oakleigh in the sectional final. Dandenong won, but no details are available. We then played Huntingdale High at home for the Monash Junior Championship. We were all out for 51, and lost to Huntingdale's 3/57. Top scorers were J. Nicola 17, and our best bowler was Peter Schoneville 2/21. During the season, a match was also played against Warragul at Hemmings Park. In the batting-time allotted, Warragul scored 80, and Dandenong compulsorily closed at 3/109. Top scorers were then J. Nicola 60 and T. Gooding 29. Best bowlers were J. Nicola 3/4 and D. Cheesman 2/10.

The whole team played well at all times. Best performances came from J. Nicola and T. Barry at the bat, and the best bowlers were J. Nicola, D. Cheesman, T. Gooding, P. Schoneville and D. Garret. Best fieldsman was M. Gale. Special commendation is due to T. Barry for the way he stepped in as wicket-keeper after the first game and performed extremely well for the rest of the season.



**GIRLS' ATHLETICS**

**Top Back Row:** P. Dyson, H. Dyson, J. Field, L. Banks, R. Maddocks, J. Morris.  
**Back Row:** S. Clark, J. Huie, M. Bongers, J. Campbell, M. Remington, M. Green, A. Clay, C. Gilbee.  
**Middle Row:** M. Buxey, C. Pyke, J. Kairl, C. Canoby, P. Gardiner, J. Mottram, W. Gyles, L. Edgoose, L. Golding.  
**Front Row:** M. Richards, C. Haskell, G. Jerret, U. Martini, J. Berry, Mrs. Zaspel, C. Broderick, J. Harvey, J. Morrish, B. Woods.



**BOYS' ATHLETICS**

**Top Back:** D. Nicholson, I. Berry, D. Sanders, J. Robertson, G. Midgley, M. Canobie, J. Elliott, K. Winberg.  
**2nd Back:** B. Rogers, B. Filcock, R. Wilson, G. Connor, C. Ingham, M. Skilney, E. Martini, H. Boce.  
**Middle Row:** R. Barfoot, R. Newton, D. Noy, D. Price, P. Stocks, A. Cukurs, D. Jacobs, P. Morcom, D. Errington, W. Whittle.  
**2nd Front:** R. Townsend, R. Stewart, B. Hall, T. Tovey, Mr. Richardson, J. Powell, F. Boogart, M. Stevens, T. Sandiford.  
**Front Row:** D. Smith, D. Manley, R. Haughton, B. Osborne, K. Davies, R. Griffiths, D. Brown.



**SOCCER**

**Back Row:** A. Callewaert, D. King, S. Chodovoskry, I. Watson, B. Panasewycz, L. Axen, F. Wells.  
**Front Row:** M. Ryan, S. Walsilko, Mr. Martini, E. Martini, W. Furyk, A. McVean.



**JUNIOR SOCCER**

**Back Row:** J. Keyaerts, P. Kinne, P. O'Brien, S. Murray, S. Hojnacki, D. Cleary, P. Panasewycz.  
**Front Row:** F. Williams, D. Brown, Mr. Martini, G. Smith, R. Parker, R. Deans.



**SENIOR TENNIS**

Back Row: D. Ferris, K. McKenry, V. Hall.  
 Front Row: M. Hallett, G. Hillard, Mr. Oldmeadow, I. Dennis.



**BASEBALL**

Back Row: E. Martini, S. Sereda, M. Coles, B. Philp.  
 Front Row: W. Hall, B. Wallace, J. Powell, P. Smith, D. Jacobs.



**JUNIOR TENNIS**

Back Row: A. Freeman, I. Oldmeadow, D. Brown, J. Patchell.  
 Front Row: D. Gillies, R. Metherall, R. Griffiths, M. O'Ryan, D. Francis.



**JUNIOR SOFTBALL**

Back Row: G. Kenyon, P. Hicks, F. De Kerk, B. Richards, W. Davey, K. Clark.  
 Front Row: R. Wilson, J. Gorski, E. Taylor, M. Jolly, G. Crocombe.



**FIRST 18**

**Top Back:** R. Flett, B. Andrews, J. Renwick.  
**2nd Back:** R. Jolly, G. Noblet, M. Canobie, L. Midro, R. Jenkins.  
**2nd Front:** R. Sutton, B. Forsyth, M. Pass, D. Price, J. Davies, I. Barnes.  
**Front Row:** L. Wegman, R. Townsend, B. Hall, Mr. Jolly, B. Stewart, F. Van Der Boogart, R. Bluer.



**BASKETBALL — A & B**

**Back Row:** T. Slabicka, C. Postlethwaite, D. Litchfield, I. Orzulak, A. Hawkins, S. Findley, D. Johnson, W. Smith.  
**Front Row:** V. Lucas, B. Bridge, P. Dunkley, Mrs. Zaspel, L. Banks, J. Natheson, J. Beard, Y. Midro.



**UNDER 15 FOOTBALL**

**Top Back:** M. Gale, J. Geringhoff.  
**Back:** R. Gilham, R. Conchie, R. Cahir, A. Brechin, R. Haughton, J. Simon, T. Churchill.  
**Middle Row:** I. Berry, D. Hooper, B. Taylor, J. Hanson, R. Olds, N. Leed, H. Boce, D. Webb (Vice-Capt.).  
**Front Row:** B. Filcock, M. Canobie, R. Deacon, Mr. Jolly, R. Sutton (Capt.), R. Newton, J. Wynn.



**GIRLS' TENNIS**

**Back Row:** R. Golding, E. Jarvis, Miss Dee, M. Wagstaff, V. Vagg.  
**Front Row:** K. Ryan, S. Jarvis, C. Gillies.



**HOCKEY — SENIOR A & B**

**Back Row:** U. Ernholm, S. Telford, H. Canobie, S. Davey, L. Howie, J. Baker, E. Westenberg, M. Griffin, P. Brodie.  
**Middle Row:** R. Kelly, M. Hill, J. Smith, Miss Dee, M. Howie, H. Sloan, G. Battrick, Y. Turner.  
**Front Row:** A. Licit, M. Remington, P. Barlee, M. Osborne, J. Berry, G. Raymond, H. Wollin, M. Dunst.



**VOLLEYBALL — SENIOR A & B**

**Back Row:** E. Rickard, S. Simon, C. Grey, M. Klooster, G. Kaledinskas, S. Bluer, H. Burchardt, O. Dackiw.  
**Front Row:** A. Dean, U. Martini, C. Denbrave, Miss Blood, P. Dyson, J. Harvey, J. Morrish, R. Martin.