



DANDENONG HIGH SCHOOL

1964

DANDENONG HIGH SCHOOL 1964

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THE GATE

DANDENONG HIGH SCHOOL 1964

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GIRLS

Ute Martini (Head), Jill Berry (Deputy), Pru Barlee, Margaret Bongers, Joan Campbell, Heather Canobie, Janet Cole, Olesia Dackiw, Corrie Denbrave, Margaret Griffin, Jill Hillard, Cheryl Jackson, Bronwyn Jarvis, Denise Johnson, Rajendra Singh.

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Miss J. BAKER, Stenographer.
 Miss L. BARTLETT, Stenographer.

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HOUSE CAPTAINS, 1964

House	Boys	Girls
BLUEGUM	ANDREW McVEAN TERRY VILLIS TERRY STOCKS (CC)	MARGARET OSBORNE GLENDA CLEARY CAROL KESTER (CC)
CLEMATIS	FRANK BOOGERT JOHN ROBERTSON FRANK KING (CC)	BARBARA WOOD SUSAN AUSTIN BARBARA McCAULEY (CC)
ORCHID	LES MIDRO BRUCE FORSYTH JOHN SCOTT (CC)	PAT TAYLOR JENNY SMITH MARGARET MATHESON (CC)
WATTLE	GRAHAM CONNOR BILL ANDREWS ROLAND HEIMANS (CC)	MARG. REMINGTON MARGERY HILL FRANKI ORD (CC)

HEADMASTER'S PAGE

My acquaintance with our school began at Frankston High School, where I served under Mr. Percy Langford, your first Headmaster. There, as Sportsmaster, I brought football teams to play against Dandenong High School; my memories of those visits are of good footballers and hockey players and crowded classrooms, for, even then, pupils were sitting on the Laboratory benches in the Chemistry room.

My next recollection of Dandenong was visiting here as part of my work of training young teachers, when I was met at the gates of the school by two old friends, Mr. J. L. Griffiths, then Headmaster, and Mr. Langford, who, after retirement, taught here for some time. Several years later, I came here as Headmaster, and there are a few pupils now in Form VI who came with me. Very soon I learnt of some of the fine qualities of your school which persist today. Several of the present staff members were here, and, then, as now, were wonderful people, wholly devoted to their school and to its pupils. These and the other newcomers to the staff proved to be unselfish workers, and together we have managed to direct our school through the past seven years. During these years, the strain has been very heavy on us all, mainly because of the grave over-crowding and the poor physical conditions in which we must work; but through it all, I have been impressed with the cheerful willingness in meeting obstacles, and have seen the satisfaction of overcoming them.

In some ways our school has been more fortunate than others; as far as playing fields are concerned, we have far more space than almost any other school of comparable age with us. We have had generous support from the town, the City Council in particular, from parents and from the pupils themselves. Many of you will recall the advances which have been made possible through these united efforts.

Although our buildings fall far short of what we would wish, we are better off than in the days when the school was divided by the Princes Highway, with two army huts housing six classes in what is now Hemmings Park. In those days, staff and pupils must have been very athletic to survive the many crossings of the Highway each day.

To name just a few changes, the "new building" opened late in 1958 made a tremendous difference. Our libraries are among the very best in the State. We have two well-equipped gymnasias, and last year our canteen was opened and has proved most successful in all ways.

It is good to be able to tell you that only this week we have received news that the plans for the new wing of our school are well advanced and work may start late next year. This wing will include an up-to-date Science block, a Junior Library, several other classrooms and additional staff accommodation, and will link the main building with the "new building." The old sheds and toilet block, portable classrooms and "Siberia" will go. It appears certain that our younger pupils will see an even better school in terms of material surroundings than we have seen.

But it is doubtful whether they will see a better school, for ours has a fine reputation, and is held in high regard. This reputation has been earned through the quality of our teachers and pupils, their work in the classrooms, their skill and bearing in sport and cultural activities and by their consideration for others. The qualities of the school which will remain foremost in my memory are the excellent all-round education which it provides for its pupils with the consequent fine training for their future citizenship, the splendid relations between staff and pupils which develop a unity of purpose, and the readiness with which the school body welcomes new pupils and staff, no matter whence they come.

Although I am looking forward to my new post with interest, it is certain that I will retain many happy memories of my years at Dandenong High School, and of the many friendships which I formed there with the staff members, pupils and their parents. I know that the school will give the same loyalty to my successor, Mr. Ken Mitchell, that it has given to me, and that the name of Dandenong High School will remain high for many years to come.

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

EDITOR'S NOTES

The main feature of The Gate this year was the extreme speed with which it had to be compiled. The deadline was weeks earlier than normal. This caused a number of unforeseen, and in some cases, unfortunate difficulties to arise. The printers began work so early (before most of the contributions were assembled) that we did not have time to modernise our magazine as we had hoped. For instance we wanted larger type, but by the time we had selected a new style, work had commenced.

However, life is not all complaints: we found the task of being co-editors interesting and rewarding, and gained new insight into the students around us. We were genuinely overwhelmed by the response to our calls for contributions, and express our thanks to the students and the teachers, who co-operated with us and encouraged their classes to donate articles. Our only sorrow is that the limited size of the magazine forced us to discard many brilliant articles and accept, in some cases, inferior products, mainly because these were more representative of various facets of school life. For we feel that it is the duty of a good school magazine to represent not only the literary "creams," but also those students, especially in the junior forms, who strive for self-expression and recognition.

Mainly the magazine is far below the standard envisaged by the magazine committee, but this is not due to a lower standard of contribution; in fact the contrary is the case. The fault lies in the need to set up the magazine earlier, and all the hustle and bustle of pre-examination fervour. However, with all its faults, we feel that the 1964 Gate, in content, reflects as accurately as possible the sometimes latent and diverse talents, both in staff and students of Dandenong High School.

DENISE E. BROOKMAN,
JOHN C. DALTON,
Editors.

MISS HOUSTON'S REPORT

If the speed with which the years pass be any indication of one's busy-ness, then my four years at Dandenong High School have been very busy ones. They have also been happy, and both the busy-ness and happiness have been due to the same causes — you who are the pupils.

Traditions of friendliness, co-operation, enthusiasm, established here in the early years when numbers were small, have never been lost, as incoming teachers and pupils are at once aware. And when the time comes to leave, as it has for many of you now, and for many of us, who as members of staff, have worked with you for numbers of years varying from one to 20, there is a very keen sense of loss and regret.

I thank the committee of The Gate, who have given me this opportunity to say — for us all — how much enjoyment and inspiration has come from those years at this school; to hope that its traditions will be maintained, enhanced even, by those returning; and to wish well all who will be taking those same traditions out into the world.

OUR SENIOR MASTER

Ken Higgs has spent nearly a decade at Dandenong High School as Senior Master. He has now reached retiring age — although you would never guess it to look at him. He demonstrates the old cliché about a man being only as old as he feels. He is looking forward to that retirement but has no intention of becoming a "lean and slippered pantaloons". It will be the beginning of a new and long awaited life.

Pupils (except those in trouble) have seen less of him in recent years as he struggled with the infinite variety of the timetable — but he has been a good friend to the staff, and they will miss him.



HENRY SHAPIRO VI

CRAYON, POSTERPAINT, ENAMELS

V E

Since this is a particularly clever form we, the equally brilliant writers, feel it necessary to mention Janet Cole, Susan Murray and Luigi De Stefano the head geni of the form.

However, our prowess doesn't end there (well what else would you expect from the magnificent specimens at our disposal?). Doug Noy, Sammy Cahir, Andrew "Bous" Bus, Brian Wallace (the illustrious ever-present form captain), David "Torchy" Forsyth, Tim Sandiford all help to hold our high reputation gained academically on the sports field. What of the Geoffrey Smith, Richard Wolfe, Derek Errington, females? Christine Postlethwaite, Susan Long and Sandra Riddle represented us. Besides the students already mentioned we have Elizabeth Szoeki, the girls' form captain and 27 others who mainly indulge in frustrating teachers with their enormous brain power, always attending P.T. ready changed and willing to exercise hard in this much loved class and increasing their skill with a duster — although with the aim shown by some you'd think they'd been drinking Foster's Lager at Webster's Tooradin pub or sly grogging at the local jazz dance.

All over however, our teachers' hearts are obviously warmed (it shows in their faces which turn scarlet and then our teachers become choked up with emotion and can't speak) by our immaculate book work and conscientious attention which lasts throughout the week and even after, as our homework is always in on time.

So now you know as much about V E as I do. Written by Yak A.A. (Anonymous Alcoholic) in collaboration with Sam J.T. and the rest of V E who wish to thank Miss Orr, our form teacher for the help and advice she kindly gave, and for her patience in coping with us for the year.

VIA

We were sorry to say goodbye to Joe Pollard and Anthony Kaliszewski earlier this year. Being our last combined effort as a form, we would like to thank our Form Captains Jan Taylor and Bob Deacon, and also our teachers. Through our Form Teacher, Mr. Chesney, we ponder and peruse our way through stimulating questions at form assemblies and in maths.

Although the boys outshone the girls in the exams, the girls are holding their own in cultural activities. This is shown by the large number of girls who represented 4A in the Madrigal Choir at Ballarat. Also the form showed its artistic abilities with their contributions at the Art Show.

Three girls of the form would like to thank Miss Glasier and Mr. Ralph for the marvellous time they had on the Mt. Beauty trip.

Members of our form were asked by the Mayor, Cr. Downard, to attend, in conjunction with the Dandenong Technical School, a Junior Council Meeting at the Dandenong Town Hall earlier this year.

Throughout the past four years many friendships have developed and although we will be split up next year we hope these friendships will continue.

IV B.

We would like to thank our Form Teacher, Miss Holden, for all the help, guidance (?) and encouragement (to study) she has tried to give us.

Also we would like to thank our subject teachers. Without their help we would not have the knowledge that we have now.

Our Form Captains this year were Diane Stevenson and Garry Gunn.

At the mid-year exams our "brains" were Albert Callawaert (average 84.1%) and Ruth Yule (average 81.7%).

We did well in social service this year, raising over £15 on our stalls.

IV E

This year 4E have been under the careful guidance of Miss Charnock, who was assisted by Form Captain Lynette Wright and Vice-Captain Valerie Vagg.

In Social Service this year 4E really exerted themselves by coming second top with £16/2/-, made by having stalls, car washing and various other things. All our thanks go to Miss Charnock for urging us on to reach this large amount.

In the field of sport we were very well represented. Our swimmers are Judy Hamilton, Lyn Wight, Sally Telford, Dawn Ellis, Pat Gilhome and Mariane Ter Han.

Hockey players were Sue Ferries, Lois McNab and Jan Tucker.

Basketball: Lyn Wight, Taki Slabinkce, Val Vagg, Carol Robbie and Deborah Wall.

Tennis: We were very well represented by our one and only Judy Hamilton.

Volley Ball: Once again one and only Mance Panasewycz. Under the watchful eye of Miss Charnock some of our students helped to operate the student bank, held in Room 27, Friday, at lunch-time. Next year, those who will be returning to Dandenong High will find it strange without Mr. Cooke, our Headmaster, and Miss Houston, our Senior Mistress. We, the students of 4E, take this opportunity to wish them luck at their new schools.

IIIA

Due to Mr. Robinson's Science lessons we now know how to set out our prac. work scientifically.

It somewhat resembles these notes:

Aim (hopeless): To write 3A's form notes.

Apparatus and Ingredients: 34 fine students?, including several future Olympians, nuclear physicists, dancers, dramatists and musicians all under the dictatorship and guidance of Miss Newton. Also several periods in which we incidentally (or is that accidentally?) covered at least half a year's work.

Method: Take an English, Latin, Geography or any lesson under the irate supervision of a teacher, use the aforesaid apparatus and ingredients, and shake well. You will possibly end up with the following result:

- (1) Co-education in reality?
- (2) At least a thousand duster fights.
- (3) 20 Latin vocabularies for the whole class.

Conclusions: (a) Our form notes are written by Miss Newton who publicly disowns us; (b) Our form has achieved some remarkable results (and all our teachers have achieved many grey hairs after teaching us).

IIIB

Throughout the past year, our mixed form of 16 girls and 24 boys has been ably guided by Mrs. Goss, who also umpired our English lessons.

Form captains were Lyn Douglas and Alan Freeman, and Vice-Captains were Ross Hopkins and Pam Cameron. Pam also had the unenviable task of collecting as much social service money each form assembly as she could squeeze out of us.

The form's most notable performance this year was that of our special social service effort in which we gained by quite unquestionable means the sum of £17/10/- — the best amount yet.

Academic successes in the mid-year exams were, in order, Pam Cameron, Bob de Boer and Alan Freeman.

Pupils who excelled in sport were Lorraine Williams, Elwyn Gibson, Terry Gooding, Kerry Winberg and Grant Smith.

The form thanks Mrs. Goss and the other members of staff who managed to put up with us for this year.

IIIC

A is for all of us, Form IIIC,
B is for Baker, form captain is he.
C is for Colin, a bit of a menace,
D is a darned good swimmer named Denis.
E is for Edith, the babe of our class,
F is for Francis, whose knowledge is vast.
G is for Geoff, another good swimmer,
H is for Hans, he's not a sinner???!
I is for Ingham, who from Africa came,
J is for Jack, who is such a brain.
K is for Klever, as you can see,
L is for Linda, a jazzier is she.
M is for Matthew, in charge of our lunch,
N is for naughty, describing our bunch.
O is for Omega, at subjects she's good,
P is for Peter, study he should.
Q is for questions, we can't answer any,
R is for Robert, of fans he has many??
S is for Sonya, Tony's best friend,
T is for twins, to Mount Beauty we'll send (back).
U is for us, no comment, eh wot,
V is for victory, that we haven't got.
W is for Wilsons, high do they aim,
X is for me, I won't say my name.
Y is for why, oh why must we learn,
Z is for zest, for which we all yearn.

IIID

IIID is a mixture of jazzers, rockers, mods and one banana eater, Terpi, "Tamba" Kombos. The brains of the form were Carol "Fish" Pyke, Peter Schonwell and Terpi Kombos. Ground pounders were Carolyn Haskell, Carol Pyke and Pat Gardiner. We had two star water chewers: Lorraine Hoffman and Sue Kitchener. IIID had representatives in basketball, hockey, cricket, football, volleyball and athletics.

Although we weren't a very attentive form, Mr. Menadue tried hard to keep us under control (all in vain). We were led to victory by our two very reliable form captains, Sue "T.S.1345" Kitchener and Trevor Charles. Near the end of the year we got a new boy in our form, "Fred" Monahan, alias Sue. Our favourite lunch boy was Phillip Carter. Our form put on its best performances with our star golfer Miss Holden and Miss Goodwill (the rocker). Big "Red" Norfolk, the blushing beetle of the form, will be next mayor of Waverley, assisted by the blonde mayoress, "Geoferina" Parkinson. Other members of our form are Potato Chips, Peroxide Hayes, Beatle Boots McLish, the next seven-foot high jumper, Pip Turner, and Ankles Hodges. We also have a future Miss Australia, Antonette French.

IIIF

On behalf of the form, I would like to thank our subject teachers for their help during the year and especially Miss Dee, our form teacher.

Unfortunately, Mr. O'Brien, our first form teacher, left half way through the year to go to Noble Park.

Our form captains are Sharlene Dooley and Tony Churchill; the vice-captains are Heather Harrison and John Booth.

At the half-yearly exams the first three places went to Bruce Cameron, Glenyse Vickery and Douglas Marriner. In September a new pupil, Laurence Shee, arrived in our form from South Australia.

On the sporting side we were well represented in many school teams: Hockey: Glenyse Vickery and Sue Davis; Football: Tony Churchill, Ken Smith, John Maxwell, Bruce Cameron and John Booth; Swimming: Tony Churchill.

IIA

R. PRETTY, J. MCPHEE

Form 2A Oscars for 1964:
John Frith, Giovanna Lotto, Robin Pretty — Mastery of Dead Language Award. Definitely dead the way this 2nd form murdered it.

M. Armstrong, Brian Archer, Phillip Mattingley, Chris Westwood, Helen Macauley, Kaye Fisk — Volunteer Latin Abolishers' Award. They have 40 supporters.

P. Wade, C. Yates — Supreme Idolatry Award. Beatle worshippers.

K. Hearn, W. O'Rourke, R. Stevenson, B. Osbourne — Quality not Quantity Award. Leprechaun Brigade. Quantity sparse, Quality (????).

F. Meerman, A. Griffiths, R. Gilhome — Guy Fawkes Award. Continually searching for methods of disintegration of the human race.

G. Byrne, G. Collins, K. Coram, D. Nish, J. Henstridge — Male Anti-scissors Group Award. Acute allergy to barbers observed throughout the year.

J. Schwennesen, W. Midgley, Y. Milnes, J. Taylor — Female Anti-scissors Group Award. Good season, lavish growth.

Y. Daly — Anti-time Award. Form Assembly tardiness. Made in England.

L. Ver Heyen — Journalist Award. Compiles not creates scandal.

A. Green, J. Fletcher — Male Vocal Award. Super duper bathroom sopranos.

Andrew Griffiths doll — wind it up and it has everyone in stitches.

Leo Verheyen doll — wind it up and it says: "Where's my bag?"

Geoff White doll — wind it up and it says: "I aint done nothin', Sir!"

Bruce Osborne doll — wind it up and it breaks a leg.

Phillip Mattingly doll — wind it up and it says: "But Mr. Kwiatek!"

John McPhee doll — wind it up and it says: "Quiet, the teacher is coming".

Geoff Byrnes doll — wind it up and it collects detentions.

Denis Nish doll — wind it up and it says: "I just had it cut, Mrs. Gillespie".

Ken Coram Doll — wind it up and it wears its beetle boots.

K. Sereda — Female Vocal Award. Super duper cheer leader screamer.

L. Synot — Speech Award. Performs under protest.

J. Williams — Speed Award. Donald Campbell of the water.

D. Manley, G. White — Sports Award. Outstanding sportsmen who think sport should be increased to 40 periods a week.

B. Elliott, N. Parker, J. Smith — Cricket Award. Still to be caught in the gully in slips.

P. Jolly, J. McPhee — Great dictators' Award. Form captains.

Mrs. Gillespie — Mariners Award. Steered form 2A through stormy seas. Thank you, Captain Gillespie.

WOOD CUT

DAWN McLEOD III C



II A's WIND-UP DOLLS

Merrilyn Armstrong doll — wind it up and it talks about horses.
Giovanno Lotto doll — wind it up and it does her hair, does her hair.
Yvonne Daly doll — wind it up and it comes late for form assembly.
Lynette Midgeley doll — don't wind it up.
Kaye Fisk doll — wind it up and says: "Mrs. Gillespie, my bus was late".
Pamela Jolly doll — wind it up and it gives orders, orders, orders.
Jennifer Smith doll — wind it up and it takes off her shoes.
Jennette Williams doll — wind it up and it breaks swimming records.
Paulette Wade doll — wind it up and it sings "yeah, yeah, yeah".
Janet Schwenesen doll — wind it up and it reads a book.
Yvonne Milnes doll — wind it up and it tries to see through its hair.
Lynne Synot doll — wind it up and it wins "The Made in Australia" contest.
Wendy O'Rourke doll — wind it up and it does back flips.
Robyn Pretty doll — wind it up and it says: "Hey, Nola, what's next?"
Klawdia Sereda doll — wind it up and it says: "Aor Shona, don't be like that".
Chris Yates doll — wind it up and it says: "Aren't They Fab?"
Nola Parker doll — wind it up and it says: "I starved".
Mrs. Gillespie doll — wind it up and it threatens detentions.
Helen Macaulay doll — wind it up and it talks about guides.
Kaye Hearn doll — wind it up and it says: "Which Kaye do you mean?"
David Manley doll — wind it up and it hitches up its trousers.
Geoff Collins doll — wind it up and it falls out of a desk.
John Henstridge doll — wind it up and it stabs you with a ruler.

II B

We, the pupils of form 2B, would like to thank Miss Cunningham for her careful guidance throughout the year. Apart from being a marvellous form teacher, she is also a patient and kind geography teacher.

Mr. Sullivan, our assistant form teacher and science teacher, also has our thanks and congratulations for drumming what knowledge he could into our overloaded heads.

This year we welcomed three new pupils, Alison McLeod, Helen Stubbs and Peter Somerville. Jennifer Gardiner and Jennifer Gilbert left us during the term.

Many thanks go to all our subject teachers, especially Miss Davis. Her famous words still ring in our ears: "2B, please!"

Several pupils earned recognition in various aspects of sport. Pupils participated in teams such as basketball, hockey, cricket, football, judo and tennis.

II C

Form II c has had a very successful year, participating in choirs, dramatics and sporting activities.

The form consists of eighteen boys and twenty-two girls. Miss Doubell is our form teacher and leads us in many activities.

After the June exams, Ken Davies, our form captain left us, so in his place is Ross MacKay, who was vice-captain. Earlier in the year a girl from Germany joined our form, but left for America after a few weeks.

Miss Doubell is also our art teacher and has helped us to get sixth place with our social services every Friday.

II D CELL NOTES

Cell No. 9.
Total inmates, 39.
Governor, Mr. Robinson.
Wardress, Ann Clay.
Warden, Neil Woodfine.
Occupations, Solid labour.
Favorite Sayings:
A-boat (Governor).
You kiddin'.
Like wow man.
Here come the wardens.
Guess what?
Stop it Laimakins.
Bevis, get on with your work.
We would like to thank Mr. Robinson, our form teacher; also our science teacher for our marvellous results in the exams (failures).
Our mathematical genius, Mrs. Windsor, who has tried to help us ($4 + 4 = a$).
Our English teacher, Mrs. Farquharson, for our well spoken English (Gudday mate).
Our French professor, Mr. Rivenell, for trying to teach us (le chat = dog).
Our historic teacher, Mr. Jolly, for the historic events during the year (William Tell had an orange on his wife's head).
Our geography teacher, Miss Cunningham (Tasmania is situated on the north coast).
Our art teacher, Miss Mickelberg, for our wonderful pictures (what do you do with paint?).
Our musician, Mrs. Evans, for teaching us music (what's a treble clef?).
The girls' physical torture teacher, Mrs. Keep (now girls, 25 more push-ups).
The boys' physical torture teacher, Mr. Martini (keep running, boys).
Our cookery teacher, Mrs. McDonald, for those marvellous meals (burnt spuds).
The woodwork and mechanical drawing teacher, Mr. D. O'Brien (I said hit that nail, not my thumb nail).
Thanks to all these teachers and Miss McCormack, Mrs. Menadue and Mr. Hardy who unfortunately had to leave us.
Congratulations to all the sports people whatever they play, and to the brains of the form, G. Kenyon, A. Clay and A. Bartlett.
But, special thanks to Mr. Robinson our form teacher.



PETER WALLACE IV A

OIL PASTEL, POSTER PAINT

HOUSE CHOIRS

So, Bluegum won, eh? Well let me—a completely unbiased bystander — tell you the real story; let me reveal to you — you innocent people of D.H.S. — the fantastic yet true story that went on between the conductors.

D-Day minus 7 weeks:

Marg. O. begins indoctrinating Bluegum House members.

Jill B. starts beating her choir with newly acquired baton.

Olesia D. threatens Clematis boys with expulsion if they don't show up.

Paul L. (the great white illustrious leader of Wattle Choir) begins by quietly asking the boys to join.

D-Day minus 6 weeks:

Marg. O. sends money from House funds to bribe Brother Gerard.

Jill B. breaks baton on head of 2nd former because he couldn't sing bass.

Olesia D. threatens Clem. boys with thrashing. Paul L. begins rubbishing all other choirs.

D-Day minus 5 weeks:

Marg. O. sends threatening letters to Brother Gerard.

Jill B. gets new baton — pinched Paul's?

Olesia D. pleads with Clematis boys.

Paul L. finds choir reached capacity.

D-Day minus 4 weeks:

Marg. O. tries blackmailing Broth. Gerard.

Jill B. puts in order for 1 doz. batons.

Olesia P. starts crying.

Paul L. gains complete and inspiring support from Wattle boys.

D-Day minus 3 weeks:

Marg. O. aided and abetted by Mr. B. in chem. room, makes up high explosive for Broth. Ger.

Jill B. runs out of batons.

Olesia D. suddenly realizes she can't read music.

Paul L. lays a bet on Bluegum choir.

D-Day minus 2 weeks:

Marg. O. finally breaks Brother Gerard down by finding out he likes long hair.

Jill B. breaks finger.

Olesia D. on verge of nervous breakdown.

Paul L. decides his ambition is to be a Gipsy.

D-Day minus 1 week:

Marg. O. gets full support of Broth. Gerard and starts taking bets.

Jill B. finds she's been teaching boys wrong song.

Olesia D. under sedation.

Paul L. battles on undaunted by the overwhelming odds.

D-Day minus 3 days:

Marg. O. begins hogging all rooms with pianos.

Jill B. buys a set of drums.

Olesia D. goes into coma.

Paul L. has a shave.

D-Day minus 1 day:

Marg. O. buys a pair of high heels and a box for occasion.

Jill B. decides to paint her feet black and conduct bare-footed.

Olesia D. tries disguising herself as a nervous wreck.

Paul L. tries backing out but is stopped by the spirit of massive Wattle choir.

D-Day plus 1 hour:

Brother Gerard flees back to De La Salle in Barry Jones' car.

Marg. O. collects all winnings.

Jill B. gets lead poisoning.

Olesia D. breaks down and reveals that she was a secret agent for Bluegum.

Paul L. collects money from Marg. O. for losing competition.

With apologies to all those who take offence.

PAUL LEWIS, VI.

DEBATES

"Mr. Speaker, euthanasia is definitely not justifiable." "Censorship is an insult to our intelligence." "School uniform breeds conformity." Such were the comments you might have heard as you passed Rooms 5 and 6 during Term I, for the House Debating Contests were in progress. The whole series was a great success, a high standard being reached in several debates. The usual old favourites, such as Apartheid, School Uniforms and Censorship were trotted out, but we did have some very interesting topics, among which were the desirability of organised religion and euthanasia. This latter debate, the last and best debated of the series, was fought out between the two finalists, Orchid and Wattle, a very high standard being reached. The Orchid debaters — Alan Hutchinson, Margaret Matheson and Kevin Chandler — presented their case very well, but Roland Heimans, Kathy Smith and Franki Ord taking the view that euthanasia is not justifiable were the better team and won the debate, Wattle thus emerging as undefeated winners.

Individual debaters who warrant a special mention are Richard Sealey, who performed extremely well for Bluegum on all three debates, and two Form V girls — Sandra Clark and Sandra Riddle—who debated very well for Clematis.

I.S.C.F. GROUP

By Alan Freeman, Secretary.

The Inter-School Christian Fellowship Group has had a most enjoyable year. However, attendance has been a bit disappointing; we would like to see more new faces.

Among our guest speakers this year have been students from the Monash University, who told us something of life there. We also had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Moore, a missionary from Thailand, Mrs. Herbert, from Japan, and Mr. Campbell, from the Mission to Lepers.

Our very grateful thanks go to our councillor, Mrs. Crouch, whose help has been invaluable throughout the year. We would also like to thank Joy Beard 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 1.



MADRIGAL CHOIR

Back Row (l. to r.): Y. Daly, H. Jefminko, C. Yates.
Middle Row: S. Jarvis, M. Kermodie, C. Kester, R. Kelly, C. Gilles, L. Frankel.
Front Row: U. Martini, G. Gray, Mr. Menadue, P. Barlee, Mrs. Cowen, H. Hallett, C. Denbrave,



DEBATING

Back Row: (l. to r.): S. Riddle, D. Frazer, R. Heimans, H. Kimber.
Middle Row: S. Clark, K. McHenry, R. Sealy, B. Boote, K. Chandler, M. Osborne.
Front Row: B. Macauley, M. Matheson, Mr. B. Jones, K. Smith, F. Ord.

MADRIGAL CHOIR

This year our first project was to participate in the Dandenong Youth Festival, entering the Small Group Section. For this event, our choir consisted of sixteen girls, who sang a part song, "Watch You the Swallows," and a madrigal, "Pipe, Shepherds, Pipe". Mr. Roy Shepherd, the adjudicator for the choral contests, awarded us first place and described our performance as "most effective and vital". Later, the items which had been sung by choirs from Glen Iris State School, Sacred Heart College, Oakleigh, together with our own items, were broadcast by the A.B.C.

Our next competition effort was at Mornington, where Mr. George Logie-Smith placed us second to Mornington High School in the School Choir section. A few weeks later we again visited Mornington, this time to compete against adult choirs in the National Song Section. For our performance of a Ukrainian song, "Oh, in the Fields," the adjudicator considered us "a very well trained choir with a good idea of musicianship" and placed us first in the section.

An outing which afforded us a great deal of enjoyment was a concert performance at the Secondary Teachers' College in the Melbourne University grounds. The programme was contributed to by students from 16 schools who presented choirs, orchestras and instrumental groups. It gave us great pleasure to hear the items given by the other schools.

On Friday morning, September 25, the Senior Choir of thirty-three girls, with Mrs. Vukmirovic and Mr. Menadue, set off from Spencer Street Station for Ballarat. The girls will never forget the views from the windows and the fun they had on the train. We must thank Mrs. Vukmirovic for her invaluable help given to us on the journey. We arrived at Ballarat at 3.40 p.m. and were billeted with girls from the Ballarat High School choir. As the first choirs sang at the Civic Hall, we practised last minute "tune-ups" in the Lower Hall. When the curtain rose we were awe-struck at the size of the hall, which accommodates an audience of fifteen hundred. We sang "O Peerless Bird," "I Would That My Love," and "Lift Thine Eyes" — regarded as the gem of the evening. However, despite our grand effort, we were beaten by two points in 300 by our friends from Ballarat High. On Saturday morning many of us toured Ballarat, visiting the picturesque lakes and gardens. At noon, we boarded the train, having made many friends and gathered many memories which we shall never forget.

The choir wishes to thank Mr. Menadue for his marvellous work with the choir. He has given up much of his time for us, including his holidays. We are sure that few people realize the work he puts into the choir. We also wish to thank Mrs. Cowen and the student-teachers Miss Wilson and Miss Clarke for the interest and help they have given us.

The junior members and Mr. Menadue wish to thank the sixth form girls who have been the mainstay of the choir, and will soon be leaving us. If we live up to the reputation they have created for us, we will continue to be a very successful choir.

THE JUNIOR LIBRARY

The Junior Library has had a most successful year. Over £100 has been spent on the purchase of new books. This now allows the students to pursue a greater range of study under very comfortable conditions. The old desks have now been disposed of and replaced with modern study tables. A new system of borrowing has been introduced; this has greatly assisted the librarians in their work of filing and indexing both the books and the borrowers' names. Records show that this year more students of forms 1, 2 and 3 than ever before have used the facilities of this library both for personal reading and private study. In charge of this library is Mrs. Atkinson. She has as assistants Janice Dolman, Lorraine Merrall, Alison McLeod and Frank De Clerk.

J.D., 3A.

STUDENT - OPERATED

BANK AT D.H.S.

A Branch of the State Savings Bank of Victoria
Under the careful guidance of Miss Charnock and supervisor Andrew Bus, the students of 4E and four boys from 4D have managed to operate the Bank successfully this year. It consists of three branches, A, B and C, and an inquiry branch. At each of the three branches there is a teller, an accountant, a clerk and a manager. The inquiry branch deals with the issue of new Pass Books and also with any inquiries or complaints about our service. Weekly takings, £30. Money is saved for next year's text books or holidays. Commission earned last year was £20/10/-. The bank operates every Friday from 12 to 12.30. We hope to continue to serve the needs of our D.H.S. customers in 1965.

DRAMA AT D.H.S.

THE PLAY'S THE THING

This year, the school put on a sterling performance of true dramatic art in the House Dramatic Festival on August 7. It brought the week to a grand finish and must certainly stand out as one of the highlights of the school year.

It is my opinion that in no other activity can a group show so much creative ability and active portrayal as in a play. It is the medium for self-expression and for the actor it presents the opportunity to be someone else — to share a portion of another's life and see that character's faults and virtues through the eyes of two people — the actor and the character. Only by being another can we show true sympathy and tolerance. This reason more than any other makes dramatic art what it is and no other life is as demanding and severe as that of an actor — or as brim full of achievement.

The four plays this year were: Orchid, "One of Those Days"; Bluegum, "Out-patients"; Clematis, "Home is the Hunted"; and Wattle, "Progress". The producers were: Orchid, John Scott, Sandra Finlay; Bluegum, Keith McKenzie, Eva Havel; Clematis, Ken Wallis, Denise Johnson; Wattle, Franki Ord and I. This year Wattle were victorious but the decision was terrifyingly close. Worthy of more than passing mention was "One of Those Days" — a brilliant piece of original writing by John Scott. Although I wasn't enraptured with the producing of the play, "One of Those Days," it is an excellent satirical study of "that other place in the hereafter" of which we'd rather not think too much. A fine piece of "Scottian satire" was the scene with the gossiping old women. Unfortunately, I didn't see all of the other plays, but what I did see was excellent.

The standard was very high — certainly much higher than that of last year. The sets especially were very artistic although it's a pity that lighting facilities were so poor. Perhaps the one man in whose shoes I would not have liked to have been that afternoon was the adjudicator. He was faced with an exceedingly difficult task. Mr. George Whaley is an accomplished actor, who for some years has been associated with the Union Theatre Repertory Company as well as many engagements for radio and television. Lately he has worked with the Emerald Hill Theatre Group, appearing in "Death of a Salesman".

My general impressions of the afternoon are somewhat confused — I was so very busy, and everything happened so quickly and — thanks to Mr. Ralph — smoothly. And that afternoon saw the fulfilment of so many hopes and hours of work. And yet it is the sort of thing that one likes to do again and again, because the theatre is like a drug to which one can so easily become totally addicted until one only hears the rustle of the curtain and the nervous shuffling of feet in the auditorium. These thoughts are abstract. I know, but their true meaning cannot be understood until one has stood in the glare of the footlights and experienced the thrill of the stage. Then, and only then, will you agree that dramatic art holds the key to ultimate self-expression.

But there it is. This year Wattle holds the honours in drama. Next year the battle will rage again, and I hope that I will be there to see it. To budding producers I would say: strive for originality in your plays and choose a play which holds something more than the superficial for both the actors and the producer. Although these plays are more difficult to perform, they offer a true sense of creation in their fulfilment.

ROLAND HEIMANS, VIB.

D.H.S. DRAMA AT THE DANDENONG FESTIVAL

This year, the school entered two plays in the drama section of the Dandenong Festival. Altogether seven plays were entered. Miss Beverley Dunn, well known for her work in the theatre and in radio, was the adjudicator. We were very grateful for the helpful criticism which she wrote on our production.

We were all very pleased when "Hinemoa's Leap," produced by Miss Orr, was awarded second prize, with 85 marks. Miss Dunn was delighted with this "entertaining play" and praised, among other things, the use we made of the stage and the handling of the dialogue. The actors, Robin Golding, Margot Hargrove, Roland Heimans, John Garnett and Neil Leed, all played their parts with conviction. John Garnett received special praise and was awarded an Honourable Mention.

The school's second entry was a period play, "The Spinsters of Lushe," with an all-girl cast. Miss Dunn was impressed by the fresh and colourful costumes; she paid us the compliment of saying that this was the best-costumed play of the evening. As producer of this play, I would like to take this opportunity of expressing my thanks to the members of the cast — Sue Jarvis, Lynn Lynnot, Sandra Twyford, Anne Clay and Christine Yates — for their help. Although we did not receive an award, we all enjoyed ourselves and found that the effort of preparation was well worth while. I would like also to thank Miss Davis for her interest and helpful suggestions. Our thanks go also to Mr. Ralph and his team of back-stage workers. Both producers and players were greatly indebted to them for their work behind the scenes. No-one who saw them will forget those authentic-looking rocks which contributed so much to the success of "Hinemoa's Leap". Lastly, we all wish the drama enthusiasts of 1965 the best of success.

MARION KERMODE, VI.

At last the cloudy skies are clear, and blue again,
The seas and oceans, calmed, are still once more,
The storm has stopped its bellowing and rampaging.
The wind has ceased its efforts to make war,
The boat has still kept fighting on to victory,
And sails on home, mid quiet waves, to shore.

Erica Thomas, I B.



FORM CAPTAINS

FORM NOTES

VIA

The good ship 6A, with Captain Max Oldmeadow at the helm, and Brian Foote, First Mate (ably assisted by Second Mate Amos Pellin) made a successful journey through the stormy seas of 1964. Christopher Wyhum as purser ably commanded the social service tin. Our successful upper deck Beatle concert raised over £12 to give the children of deceased crewmen an extra egg a day.

Crew members who starred sportswise included Ken Wallis (swimming — he missed the boat), Bob Stewart and Ron Townsend (football — on the poop deck) and Geoff Hillard (deck tennis). Also among the crew were many talents in the cultural field including Tadek Kryzowokulski, Quentin Buckley and John Dalton, as well as a fair share of "brains" such as Don Rule, Bill Andrews, Richard Sealey and Rodney Shean who steered the ship away from complete destruction on the rocks of academic anonymity.

A band of long-haired pirates led by the radical Black Nick were made to walk the plank on account of they wouldn't have their regulation crew cuts. Other plankwalkers included those mutineers who refused to attend British History, but who were discovered stowed away in the life boats after a hasty marking of the log.

A number of crew members somehow tapped the rum barrel and staged a few nautical orgies in the first-class passenger lounge. Other entertainments included a Marat impersonation by Barry Bos'n Jones, the famous Quisling, who put on a special map drawing display for the Board of Naval Inspectors, unofficially headed by the illustrious Admiral Croft.

All in all we have had a very enjoyable and memorable year. We would like to express our sincere thanks to the members of staff, especially Mr. Oldmeadow who put up with us so well.

Well, cheerio for now, and to those who were sunk by the examiners we say: "Better luck next time!"

APOLOGY! FORM VIC

Owing to circumstances beyond our control, and to a minority of the form protesting (for which reason we have not been told) we, the majority, have decided to 'scrap' our humorous? form notes and thus have

NO COMMENT!

other than especially thanking Miss Houston for her understanding and guidance throughout the year and extending our thanks to Colleen for acting as form captain.

V A.

Form Teacher: Mr. Richardson.
Form Captains: Glenice Glover, John Hayes.
No. in Form: Girls 5, Boys 31. (Draw your own conclusions).

Prefects: Geoff Morris.

House Captain: Barbara Wood.

House Vice-Captains: Frank King, Terry Stocks, John Scott.

Form Room: Room 1.

Social Service Collector (?): Peter Vat.

Our form is no more unusual than usual.

On Monday and Friday mornings, when Form assembly is held, we are nearly all half asleep. We sit and talk while Mr. Richardson marks the roll. We spend our week playing, sleeping, eating, drinking, watching, listening, writing and sometimes thinking.

We find the latter phenomenon in such pupils as Alpha Cukurs, John Scott and Glenice Glover.

At the end of the week we all trudge home, go to bed and sleep through the weekend. The more energetic of us find time for other things. On Monday morning, we return refreshed!, ready to plunge into another week.

VC BOYS'

Barry Butt — Favourite saying: "Coming down the tree-hut."

Brian Craig — Well behaved when he's here.

Max Creed — Favourite sayings: "I'm just going home for a minute". "The Maggies should have won the flag". Usually late for Commercial on a Wednesday.

Stuart Evans — Usually late for form assembly. Favourite saying: "I couldn't get a ride".

Ray Flett — Vice-Captain, school footballer. Favourite saying: "Hey kid! Have you seen dangles?"

Leonard Greatorex — Favourite saying: "Oh, my back". Hurt his back from over strenuous kicking of a football.

Ken Harman — Commercial student. Favourite saying: "What did you get, Smithy?"

Peter Johnstone — Form Captain. Favourite saying: "Are Barry and Dave here today?"

John Krzywonuski — studious type, friend of Victor's, usually seen in the vicinity of Room 28.

Graeme McLeod — Always working out how much money he will earn next week.

Derek Morse — Prefect, school footballer. Conspicuous by his unshaven face and long arms.

Russell Newton — School cricketer and footballer. Brain of the economics class, sits next to "Speed".

Ian Norfolk — Hero of some of the junior girls, has a mop of hair.

Victor Skyba — Artistic type who is usually in an art room.

Des Tebb — Father makes blinds. Favourite saying: "How do you do exercise 1, Ken?"

Ian Davis — Long-haired owner of the famous tree hut.

Colin Gill — Favourite saying on Thursday afternoon: "See you on Monday, fellas".

Ken Lawrence — Colin's mate. Favourite saying: "But I was sick Friday, Sir".

During the year we lost a curly-headed part-time student named Dave Martinson. The riotous form assemblies were quelled by Mr. Stanes. Favourite sayings: "I had a 70 on the weekend". Pay up, Max." And a newcomer to the school, Mr. Kwiatek, who used to rattle the social service tin in front of everyone.

All in all it has been a successful year, with everyone pulling their weight.

VC GIRLS

We have 14 girls in our form. Irena Cerzulak and Gertrude Kaledinskas were in school basketball teams and the former was also in the school cricket team. We hope Ilga Auptmanis, who was involved in a car accident, will soon be on the road to recovery.

VD

The male section of the form is led by the unofficial member of the mop-haired quartet, Brendan Miney, while the female section is under the management of the unofficial assistants Brian Epstein and Joan Edis. We are conducted with great brilliance by Dean Dixon's rival, Mrs. Vukmirovic. Our expert accompaniment comes from Artur Rubenstein's official manuscript holder, Mrs. Cowen.

The unofficial social service collection is taken (willingly) by Mr. Holt's understudy, Helen Frimber. Despite the lack of potential, Carl Ditterich's brilliance in regard to football, we have managed to develop a few recruits for the Nar-Nar-Goon Swampers.

It appears that a certain member or members of the form have been the recipients of mental telepathy, wave-vibrations being transmitted from Helen Fitch and Ron Clarke.

In the academic field, we have three (1st, 2nd, 3rd) budding child prodigees of Albert Einstein, Mick, San, San. We also have the great honour of possessing a couple of 1980 Davis Cup finalists.

In our ranks we also have two very ardent fans of Don Roycroft although they would never admit it.



HENRY SHAPIRO VI

CRAYON, POSTERPAINT, ENAMELS

V E

Since this is a particularly clever form we, the equally brilliant writers, feel it necessary to mention Janet Cole, Susan Murray and Luigi De Stefano the head geni of the form.

However, our prowess doesn't end there (well what else would you expect from the magnificent specimens at our disposal?). Doug Noy, Sammy Cahir, Andrew "Bous" Bus, Brian Wallace (the illustrious ever-present form captain), David "Torchy" Forsyth, Tim Sandiford all help to hold our high reputation gained academically on the sports field. What of the Geoffrey Smith, Richard Wolfe, Derek Errington, females? Christine Postlethwaite, Susan Long and Sandra Riddle represented us. Besides the students already mentioned we have Elizabeth Szoeki, the girls' form captain and 27 others who mainly indulge in frustrating teachers with their enormous brain power, always attending P.T. ready changed and willing to exercise hard in this much loved class and increasing their skill with a duster — although with the aim shown by some you'd think they'd been drinking Foster's Lager at Webster's Tooradin pub or sly grogging at the local jazz dance.

All over however, our teachers' hearts are obviously warmed (it shows in their faces which turn scarlet and then our teachers become choked up with emotion and can't speak) by our immaculate book work and conscientious attention which lasts throughout the week and even after, as our homework is always in on time.

So now you know as much about V E as I do. Written by Yak A.A. (Anonymous Alcoholic) in collaboration with Sam J.T. and the rest of V E who wish to thank Miss Orr, our form teacher for the help and advice she kindly gave, and for her patience in coping with us for the year.

VIA

We were sorry to say goodbye to Joe Pollard and Anthony Kaliszewski earlier this year. Being our last combined effort as a form, we would like to thank our Form Captains Jan Taylor and Bob Deacon, and also our teachers. Through our Form Teacher, Mr. Chesney, we ponder and peruse our way through stimulating questions at form assemblies and in maths.

Although the boys outshone the girls in the exams, the girls are holding their own in cultural activities. This is shown by the large number of girls who represented 4A in the Madrigal Choir at Ballarat. Also the form showed its artistic abilities with their contributions at the Art Show.

Three girls of the form would like to thank Miss Glasier and Mr. Ralph for the marvellous time they had on the Mt. Beauty trip.

Members of our form were asked by the Mayor, Cr. Downard, to attend, in conjunction with the Dandenong Technical School, a Junior Council Meeting at the Dandenong Town Hall earlier this year.

Throughout the past four years many friendships have developed and although we will be split up next year we hope these friendships will continue.

IVB.

We would like to thank our Form Teacher, Miss Holden, for all the help, guidance (?) and encouragement (to study) she has tried to give us.

Also we would like to thank our subject teachers. Without their help we would not have the knowledge that we have now.

Our Form Captains this year were Diane Stevenson and Garry Gunn.

At the mid-year exams our "brains" were Albert Callawaert (average 84.1%) and Ruth Yule (average 81.7%).

We did well in social service this year, raising over £15 on our stalls.

IVE

This year 4E have been under the careful guidance of Miss Charnock, who was assisted by Form Captain Lynette Wright and Vice-Captain Valerie Vagg.

In Social Service this year 4E really exerted themselves by coming second top with £16/2/-, made by having stalls, car washing and various other things. All our thanks go to Miss Charnock for urging us on to reach this large amount.

In the field of sport we were very well represented. Our swimmers are Judy Hamilton, Lyn Wight, Sally Telford, Dawn Ellis, Pat Gilhorne and Mariane Ter Han.

Hockey players were Sue Ferries, Lois McNab and Jan Tucker.

Basketball: Lyn Wight, Taki Slabinkce, Val Vagg, Carol Robbie and Deborah Wall.

Tennis: We were very well represented by our one and only Judy Hamilton.

Volley Ball: Once again one and only Mance Panasewycz. Under the watchful eye of Miss Charnock some of our students helped to operate the student bank, held in Room 27, Friday, at lunch-time. Next year, those who will be returning to Dandenong High will find it strange without Mr. Cooke, our Headmaster, and Miss Houston, our Senior Mistress. We, the students of 4E, take this opportunity to wish them luck at their new schools.

IIIA

Due to Mr. Robinson's Science lessons we now know how to set out our prac. work scientifically. It somewhat resembles these notes:

Aim (hopeless): To write 3A's form notes.

Apparatus and Ingredients: 34 fine students?, including several future Olympians, nuclear physicists, dancers, dramatists and musicians all under the dictatorship and guidance of Miss Newton. Also several periods in which we incidentally (or is that accidentally?) covered at least half a year's work.



POSTER PAINT

TERRY BARRY IIIA

II E.

The magazine representatives from II E are Robin Jackson and Lewis Postlethwaite. Our form teachers at the beginning of the year were Mrs. Menadue and Mr. O'Brien. However, Mrs. Menadue resigned from teaching and Mrs. McDonald took her place.

The Form Captains are Alison Brodie and David Nicholson; Vice-Captains Marie Edwards and Garron White. Places in examinations are first, Yvonne Marriott; second, Pauline Crawford; third, Werner Thirst. Half the form has been in the Athletics and Swimming Sports this year, and have come up with very good results. Our main social service effort was a mixed stall.

We thank the whole form for its efforts.

1A's ALPHABET

A is for Anne of whom we have none,
 B is for Beverley with whom we have fun,
 C is for Colin, Cheryle and Christine,
 D is for Dexta away from school's been,
 E is for everyone happy and gay,
 F is the best form, Form 1A,
 G is for Gary now he is talking,
 H is for Harriet to school she is walking,
 I is for Ian his surname is Myer,
 J is for Julie her marks are much higher,
 K is for Ken Vice-Captain of boys,
 L is for Leanne who never makes noise,
 M is for Michael he sits next to Bruce,
 N is for Nola whose talking's obtuse.
 O is for Miss Orr who coaches the plays,
 P is for Paula who has very nice ways,
 Q is for question we are able to do,
 R is for Rhonda her sister's named Sue,
 S is for Social Service first place we will stay,
 T is for Mrs. Thomas who helps us each day,
 U is for us in winter we keep warm,
 V is for Vogt twins who are in our form,
 W is for Wally who forgets the roll some days,
 X is for Xmas when we have holidays,
 Y is for Yvonne who likes to play,
 Z is for Zebra in lands far away.

1A

This year 1A's Form Captains are Paula Taylor and Wally Jefemenko. Our form teacher is Mrs. Thomas, who we also have for maths.

Duncan Bryan won full house colours for sporting achievements while Christine Gunn, Lois Perlstein, Christine Garrett, Gary Wall, Ian Meyer, Colin Kemp and Robert Smith won half house colours.

The first three positions in the recent June exams were held by Dennis de George, Pamela Carless and Robert Smith.

The only excursion we have been on this year was to Heinz in March.

Yvonne Ralston and Gary Wall are our Social Service representatives. At the moment (Sept.) we are at the top of the Social Service ladder, and our best effort is £1/10/7½ which we raised at Form Assembly.

Although we are noisy at times, we are generally a pretty good form. We would like to thank all the teachers, especially Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Gillespie.

1B

1964 has been a good year. The form captains were, for the girls, Glenda Williams, Jan Everett, and for the boys Graeme Oldmeadow and Allen Rooke. The form consisted of 25 girls and 20 boys. The Form Teacher was Mr. Szidat. In the mid-year exams Lynette Olds came top with an average of 83.4%.

The form would like to take this opportunity to thank all the teachers who have helped us during the year.

ID

Suddenly finding themselves in a new school, Form ID have settled down remarkably well. They have taken part in the athletics, they have done well in their half-yearly exams (as well as can be expected). The best three were Nadia Furyk, Ian Pritchard and Pam Mundy. Our form teacher, Miss Davis, is also our English teacher, and as form teacher has helped us to maintain a very good position on the Social Service ladder. The form captains, Vivien Davis and vice-captain Marilyn Bates, together with Stephen De George and vice-captain Kevin Dalton, have done a marvellous job of keeping the other 30-odd pupils moderately quiet.



FASHION SKETCH

TERRY STOCKS V

CENSORSHIP IN AUSTRALIA

One of the main rights of man is the freedom to express his thoughts. However, even in a democracy, for the protection of the majority, some restriction has to be placed on this thought expression. Were there no restrictions, many people, motivated by many different reasons, would express seditious or obscene thoughts.

To enforce these restrictions, censorship of literature (including the Press) and other modes of communication, has come into force. Until recently, however, censorship has not been a matter of general discussion and was, and still is, a somewhat mysterious activity. During the war, censorship was especially used because of security reasons, to prevent information leaks, and to suppress espionage activities.

Today, in Australia, censorship is intended to suppress that which is immoral to the point of perversion, and also that which is seditious. Generally, there would be agreement on what is seditious, and a simple inquiry into an alleged seditious statement would settle the matter.

It is when immorality is mentioned that censorship takes on sinister overtones, and questions arise as to what is immoral (or perverse or corruptible, who has the power to impose censorship, and who decides what is censorable.

Mr. Campbell, the aged chief censor (66) seems to have final and unquestionable authority over books, films and television. However, this power does not seem to be vested only in one, but also in ministers such as Mr. Rylah, and even in minor police officials such as the one who complained about Mary McCarthy's "The Group."

Now, as Mr. Jones argued, just as one would call a plumber and not a neuro-surgeon to mend one's pipes, surely a police officer would not be expected to act as a literary censor. The blatant fact that one did so only illustrates the irrationality and anti-democracy of the system. Admittedly it is everyone's privilege to be able to voice their own criticism, but public servants should be no more in a position to cause the public as a whole to be denied literature than to govern!

Now censorship is a matter of opinion, and can only be discussed fully from one viewpoint or other. No doubt, there are those who are fully satisfied with the present system, but I feel that the majority of people with any smattering of cultural awareness are not satisfied. Surely it can be seen that one man's opinions, biased or prejudiced because of personal reasons, cannot be acceptable without discontent in a society such as ours.

Mr. Rylah, Mr. Campbell and their adherents no doubt believe they know corruptible and perverse literature when they see it, but when questioned, they refuse (or are unable) to state satisfactorily what they mean by corruptive literature. Presumably the corrupted reader will rush about

committing violent sexual crimes or . . . or something. Mr. Rylah said that his teenage daughter (actually in her 20s) would be "corrupted" by "The Group," the "obscene" passages of which are now available for all to see in Hansard.

The main effect of banning a book is to increase the demand for it. This was especially convenient in the McCarthy case because only Melbourne imposed the ban. Immediately sales in other States soared, and unsold Melbourne books were quickly ferried to Sydney, where they sold like the proverbial hot cakes. Thus the apparent aim of the ban — to prevent all but the incorruptible "literary" officials reading the book — was thwarted. The book is regarded by the "intellectuals" who would normally read such matter, simply as a study of post-college American females. Had it been left alone, only these people would have read it (or even heard of it) — and to suggest that they would be any more depraved than Mr. Rylah or Censor Campbell is insulting.

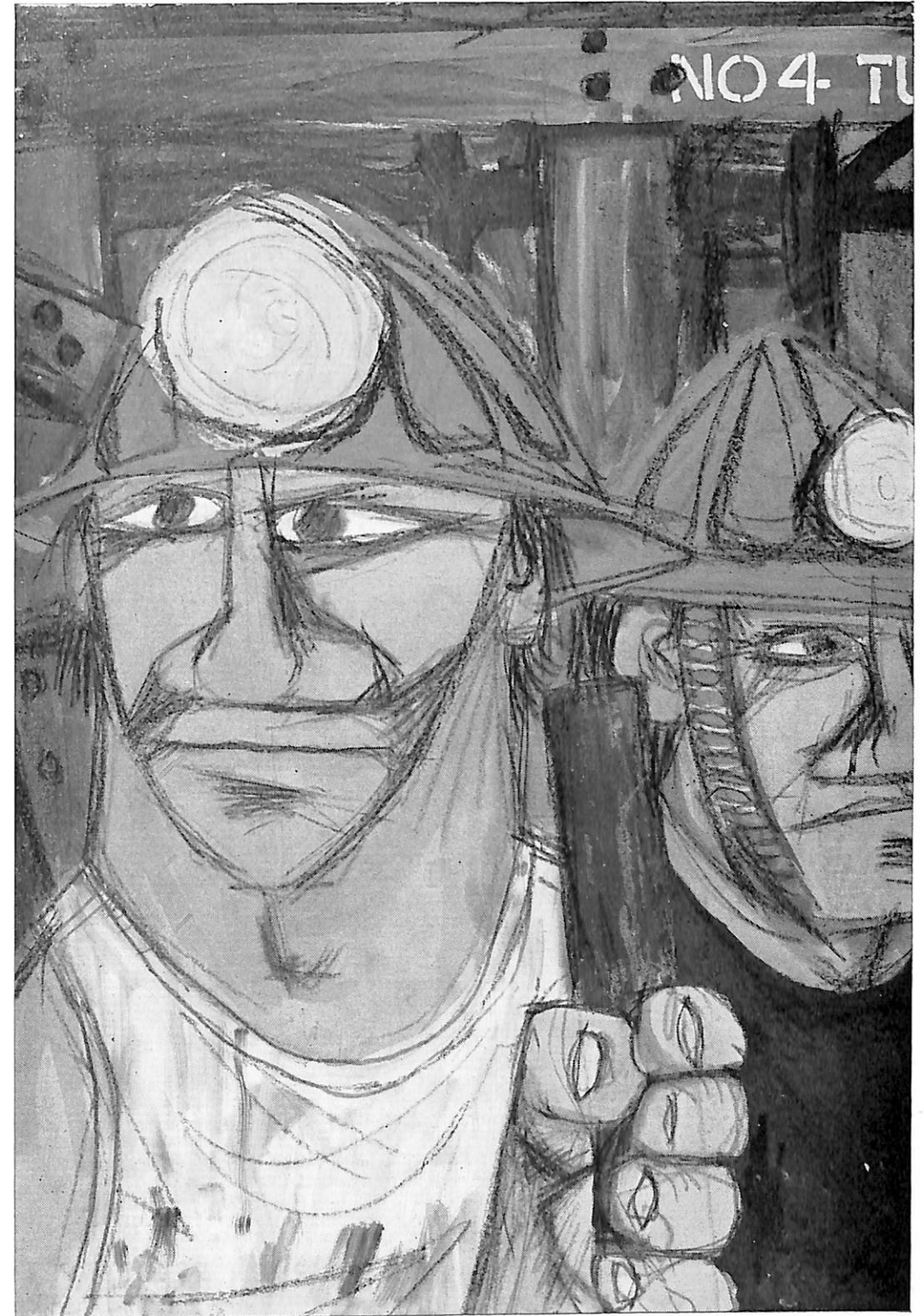
The fear of corrupting the lesser educated has been voiced: seemingly neglecting the fact that the people who comprise the bulk of the population rarely read any books at all, and the idea that these people soak up all the "pornography" they can lay their hands on, is inaccurate. Recent surveys show that those who read mainly books dealing with sex and violence, lead sad, lonely lives and are the types who would be the last to be affected. It should also be noted that the bookshelves of any newsagent are covered with a range of literature which contains a thousand times more sex and pornography than "The Group."

Personally, I feel that censorship should be used only to ban material which is openly seditious or which blatantly advocates indecent behaviour, such as encouraging young girls to become prostitutes. Apart from that, censorship can exist only as a violation of one of man's freedoms — that of thought, and to interfere with books of a sufficiently high standard to be reviewed in the Press, is an insult to the author and to the book's potential readers.

Legislation could easily be passed so that a team of censors, who have to agree unanimously, could be on the lookout for sedition or indecency which is presented in a way which leaves no doubt as to the significance of the passage. Further legislation could enable the book or film to be "tried," either publicly or in a special court, so that the author's and publisher's interests could be adequately represented by their selected councils, just as in criminal law cases.

To prevent Australia being regarded as culturally backward, one of the first steps must be to drastically reform our censorship system.

By John Dalton, V.I.A.



QUENTON BUCKLEY VI

CRAYON, POSTER PAINT

COMMENTS ON CAREERS

From the book "Careers for Girls," by Gavin Brown, selected by B. Macauley.

Primarily, it is known that every year that you stay on at school beyond the earliest leaving age of 15 brings you a far wider choice — a better chance of taking up work which is right for your particular temperament — in fact, a better chance of happiness and satisfaction.

The usual alternatives about one particular job are whether you go straight to a job and learn it as you go on or whether you take a course of training as soon as you leave school, instead of chasing after a higher pay packet before you are qualified to earn it.

And now for hints on some particular careers:

Accountancy. You need to be interested in financial matters and you want an occupation with standing and responsibility. You need a liking and an aptitude for figures, with reasonable intelligence and a good memory for facts.

An Almoner is a link and a cushion between the hospital and the outside world. She helps the patient with his personal problems.

Commercial Art. If there is a tug-of-war between commerce and art, commerce will win each time.

Beauty Culture. Teenagers are at a disadvantage in a salon catering for middle-aged customers, but a girl may be able to sell beauty cosmetics.

Domestic Science. There is one remark invariably made about domestic science, so I'd better fall in line and make it. Girls who marry will find their training invaluable in the running of their own homes.

Dressmaking. There are not so many jobs with training except factory work — teams of machinists each carrying out her little process and nothing else. Find a job promising training and go to a training school.

Floristry. A florist is in business to sell flowers and the object of the exercise is to make a profit. In a way it's rather like being a fishmonger. Both are dealing with highly perishable goods, both may have to go to the market at the most ungodly hour of the morning, both work in cold rooms and dabble about in cold water. But, of course, flowers smell and look a lot better than fish.

Hairdressing. Two out of three are likely to be disappointed — there aren't enough of these jobs to go around even in this booming industry.

A Clerk needs good handwriting, trusty simple arithmetic, a person who can speak up, speak clearly, but best of all, someone who can be relied upon to write a letter in good English and spell correctly.

Interior Design: Generally a luxury occupation; a girl with some training may work in the soft furnishings trade advising customers on colour schemes and room arrangements.

Journalism. Don't sit back until an editor advertises, write to them; after all an editor is the last person in the world to complain that you are pushing yourself forward. That's just the kind of initiative he expects his reporters to have.

Horse Riding Instructor. Badly paid, poor prospects, long hours, much drudgery, with opportunities for riding and a healthy open-air life.

Laboratory Work. There are more openings for assistants and technicians than generally realised. Look around and see what laboratories are in your area; if there is an opening you would like, apply. If you strike your employer as keen and intelligent he may assist you to pass any extra subjects needed.

Solicitor. It is not at all a laughable idea for a girl to become a solicitor these days. For every newly qualified solicitor there are 10 vacancies to be filled. Pay is small for a pupil, but it is not an expensive training.

Librarian. There are many types of library — public, private firms, schools, colleges. Apply to the local chief librarian to be taken on as an assistant, or apply for a place at a full-time school of Librarianship.

Medical Laboratory Technician. Worth considering by a girl with a liking and an aptitude for science subjects, but who doesn't intend to qualify as a professional scientist. Apply for a post as a student technician to a medical laboratory.

Medicine. Take Physics, Chemistry and Biology to Matriculation level and apply to the medical colleges.

Millinery. You need a powerful liking for fine sewing, strong fingers, good eyesight and the more artistic you are the further you will get. Some firms prefer to train you themselves; others prefer that you have been to a training college.

Model. The life of the fashion model is highly precarious and intensively competitive — and no-one who values security and a congenial atmosphere higher than large earnings should give it another thought.

Occupational Therapy — which means giving a patient in hospital something to do — to take his mind off his troubles, to keep boredom at bay, to give him a new interest in life, and to give him the satisfaction of creating something useful — that's the theory anyway. You need patience, tact, a liking for people and a strong interest in arts and crafts.

Orthoptics. The orthoptist treats squints. Or, if you prefer it, she cures or ameliorates defects in eye co-ordinations by suitable physical and mental exercises.

Pharmacy. If you have been reasonably good at science subjects, investigate this. It's an expanding profession, with continuing new developments. Besides, the satisfaction of relieving human suffering, the pharmacist has the basic knowledge to enter into the fields of agriculture, horticulture and veterinary medicine.

Photography. One of the few cases where a hobby may lead to a career. There are many different types — portrait, medical, scientific, industrial (checking for flaws, preservation of records), advertising, Press, film.

Physiotherapy. The treatment of the sick and injured by such means as exercises, massage and electricity. She needs to be robust, efficient and highly skilled, and to have a way with her in order to treat the depressed, the frustrated, the frightened and the resentful.

Teaching. If you are still at school you won't have far to turn for information and guidance about teaching. You are surrounded by teachers, who will be only too ready to offer you the benefit of their experience. Indeed, there may be times when you feel you could do with a little less of it.

Veterinary Medicine. The chief qualification for a vet is not a fondness for animals. Instead you have to pass advanced exams in the sciences, have a lively interest in animals, which isn't the same as a sentimental fondness, very robust health and infinite patience.

IN THE CAVEN

With Apologies to Matthew Arnold
Smoke filled cavern, mist and heat,
Where the old squares never meet;
Where the nights are loud and long;
Where Liverpudlians get the song;
Where the beat-groups stand all round
Belt out the beat of their favourite sound
Where the dancers stomp and jive,
Drink their coffee in a humming hive;
Where all night, groups come and go,
And voices surge, now high now low,
Drum and guitar; loud rhythmic sound
Seeking fortune, the world around.

—RAY WALTON and BRUCE FILCOCK, 4A.



POSTER PAINT AND INDIAN INK

ALAN FREEMAN III B

THE ART OF HAT CHASING

There is a current impression that it is unpleasant to run after your hat. But why is this so? Many will reply that it is exhausting, yet the same people run eagerly, and much faster after a dirty uninteresting leather ball in sport. The idea that it is humiliating to run after your hat is gradually passing, for, while being humiliating, it is also comic; but then man is a comic creature with comic habits. Take eating for example, where he tries in vain to transfer spaghetti from his plate into his mouth, and in the meantime wonders why he has an orange striped shirt.

When chasing a hat, you should regard yourself as a brave huntsman, pursuing a wild animal, for I don't think there is a wilder animal than an uncontrollable hat in the wind. If you picture yourself struggling against some oppressive and powerful enemy, then the struggle will become exciting instead of exasperating.

I am inclined to think that hat chasing on windy days will become the fashionable sport of sports. There will be selected teams, where women will arrive wearing fashions which will outshine those of the Melbourne Cup. Competitors will stand on the starting line, each with a hat precariously balancing, impatiently waiting for a gust of wind. To demonstrate this, we will take a glance at a future hat chasing race. There is quiet tranquility; it is not a good day for hat chasing, and the crowd is getting impatient and restless. Then suddenly — a gust of wind! the competitors are off. Over the blaring loud speakers the commentator gives the progress of the race, "The red spotted hat with the wide brim is in the lead, no, now the frilly lace hat has it; but wait, it is off-course into a ditch, and will be disqualified . . ." At this crucial moment the cheering crowds of spectators go hysterical and scream. It is obvious that for one to succeed in such an event, one must have a properly modified hat, preferably with a wide brim and frills to catch the wind, and long flapping ribbons to steer it on-course. There will be official time-keepers, judges, escorts, and very-important persons attending these sporting events. The hat hunters will not be inflicting pain on their prey, but will be providing the spectators with riotous pleasure.

When I saw an exasperated lady, obviously of high society, sheepishly chasing her hat, I immediately thought how proud she must be feeling as she gave endless enjoyment and pleasure to the giggling by-standers, by her clumsy dives on the fast-moving hat.

Our attitude to hat-chasing is rapidly changing; from being thought a humiliating catastrophe it becomes now a nation-wide sport, requiring fashion, initiative, imagination and skill. It is of national importance, it may well foster better relations between countries — without a doubt it will be included, possibly at the main event, in the Tokyo Olympic Games this year!

P. Barlee, VI.

THE SCHOOL ART EXHIBITION

THE SCHOOL ART EXHIBITION

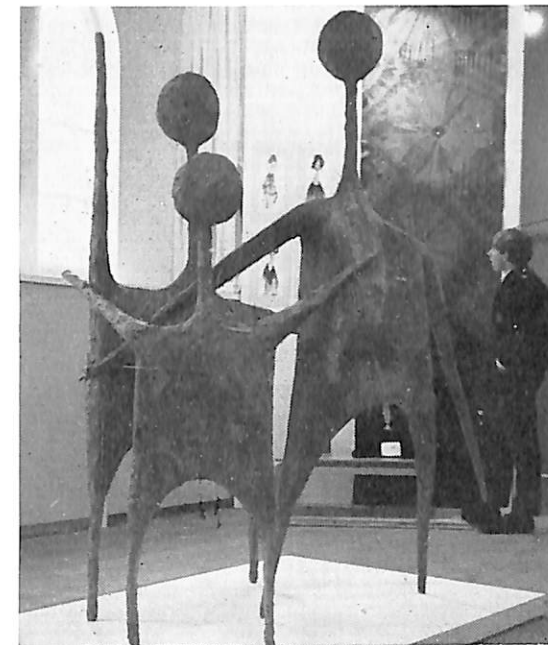
After many weeks, much work, and a great deal of money, the second Dandenong High School Annual Art Exhibition was officially opened on Tuesday, the 15th September. Primarily, it was made possible by the selfless, untiring efforts of Miss Dorothy Mickelberg and Mr. Peter Ralph, both art teachers at Dandenong High. This year's exhibition was much larger than the previous year's and the main feature was the addition of a hall of sculpture; something unique in High School art displays.

The Art Show was officially opened by the eminent Justice Barry, Q.C., of the Supreme Court of Victoria, at 8.15 p.m. Justice Barry was introduced after a short but humorous speech by Mr. L. A. Cooke, the Headmaster of Dandenong High School. During his opening speech, Justice Barry remarked on the high standard of entries and was very enthusiastic about the size and quality of exhibited sculpture. He went on to say that the part artistic creativity plays in civilising a society and maturing an individual in a world of waste and destruction was a very important factor in defeating juvenile delinquency and improving our code of ethics. Justice Barry then expressed the wish to see the art show continue and improve. He was then given a vote of thanks by Mr. L. A. Cooke. After this, the 190 guests retired either to the supper room for refreshments or to the halls to examine the exhibits.

Following the Tuesday night opening, the art show continued for three more days and until 10 p.m. each night. Throughout this period some several hundreds of people (either members of the public or school parties) visited the exhibition and surveyed the entries while soft background music was piped through the halls. This, in association with the lighting effects, gave a very pleasing and professional atmosphere to the whole thing. This high standard seems to ensure greater things for the future.

—R. WALSH, Form 4A.

SCENES FROM THE SECOND ANNUAL ART EXHIBITION HELD IN THE METHODIST HALL SEPTEMBER 1964



CEMENT FONDU FIGURES.
TIE AND DIE MATERIAL.

Q. BUCKLEY.
F4 GIRLS.

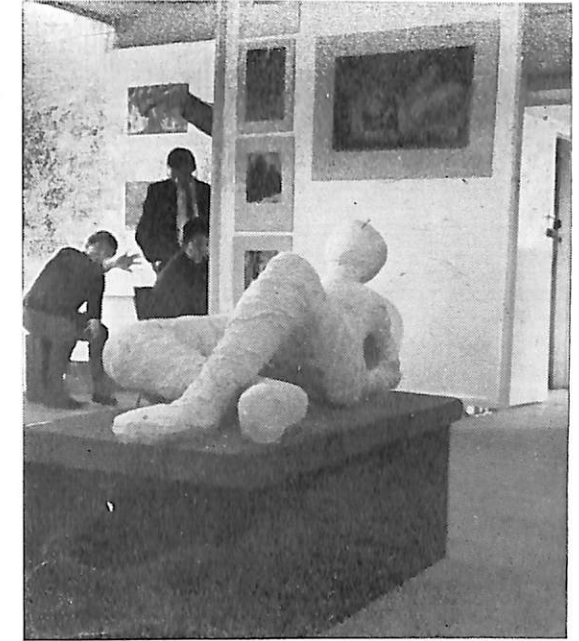


MISS MICKELBERG IN THE SCULPTURE
HALL.



PLASTER SCULPTURE.

J. KRZYWOKULSKI.



RECLINING FIGURE.

VICTOR SKYBA.

CAMP MEMOIRS

The May holidays found 14 unsuspecting D.H.S. girls setting forth with two P.E. teachers for a camp at Tidal River, on Wilson's Promontory.

Miss Hughes had previously described this trip as a "dream holiday" with a few "pleasant little hikes".

We left the High School on Sunday morning in our parents' cars, leaving Miss Hughes and Miss Roberts, our other leader from McLeod High School, to follow in the latter's car. Seeing that they arrived about two hours after everyone else, we guessed that they had had a bit of car trouble.

No-one can say that D.H.S. girls lack initiative, as within an hour of arrival they had laid in stores for a midnight feast and discovered quite by accident, after some careful searching, a scout camp.

After lunch in our very modern "Wallaby Lodge" we set out for Squeaky Bay, a walk of four miles. Unfortunately some of us arrived back with rather wet feet, after one of our illustrious leaders led us straight through a creek.

Before tea, the more adventurous ones among us ventured for a swim after cracking the ice in Norman Bay.

That night, at approximately 12 o'clock, the passage resounded with the patter of two pairs of feet, trying vainly to wake six snoring individuals from deep slumbers. Eventually success was theirs and eight sleepy souls perched on two beds in the end bedroom, to join in what is commonly known as a midnight feast. It will never be known how we did not wake our light-sleeping leaders(?).

Next morning everyone was up for an early morning swim at 6 a.m. After breakfast we set out to conquer Mt. Oberon, a climb of 1,854 ft. Refusing the civilized way of following the road which winds its way around the mountain, we struck out through the bush and followed the route of the telegraph poles — straight up! The view from the top was worth our effort and cameras clicked furiously at the all-round panorama of coastline and mountains. Taking the civilized method, we descended by the road to our lodge, completing a walk of eight miles.

After a hearty lunch we all joined in tent erecting practice enthusiastically(?), the average time for the erection of a two-man tent being about half an hour. It seems that we will never make good scouts.

That night the Ranger showed us some slides on the Promontory and gave us a short talk, which embarrassed one particular person.

Next day we set out for Sealer's Cove, on the other side of the promontory, chalking up a total of 15 miles. The journey over was reasonably uneventful, until we struck swamp and the going became rather awkward and slippery. After lunch on the beach, one of our polite little girls, wondering if one of our leaders would like some fresh water, proffered it to her, over her head, resulting

in a fierce water battle in the shallows with everyone joining in. Later the best known to you of the two leaders let forth an almighty scream when a microscopic crab bit her on the toe, thus causing us to help overcome her fears of these creatures by placing them down her neck.

Cameras clicked furiously as this same person became stuck in a rather embarrassing position on the rocks. Being young ladies, we promptly blocked our ears until she had freed herself.

We set off once again and arrived back at the lodge at about 5.30. That night, after packing our bags for the next day's trek to the lighthouse, we kindly helped our leaders to take a cold shower, fully clothed.

In the morning we assembled at the car park, with signs on our backs reading "LIGHTHOUSE OR BUST" and "LIGHTHOUSE HERE WE COME".

After a rollicking barn dance we set out on the first leg of our long journey. Before long, cries of "PACK-CHANGE" greeted our ears, and although we were surprised that Miss Hughes had tired so easily, we held a general swap-over.

Lunchtime found us at the half-way hut where we eagerly devoured part of our rations, namely biscuits, cheese, fruit and nuts. Here, our leader was mistaken for a High School student, which we all thought was quite flattering, but needless to say, she didn't.

Immediately after lunch we began a long climb of about 900 ft. — straight up. With packs weighing about 40 lbs., this was rather difficult, but with a lot of teamwork, we made it. When we reached Roaring Meg, to camp the night, we found that it was inhabited by our friends the scouts, so this meant another mile to the next bend in the creek. The creek lay at the bottom of a tiny valley, the sides of which sloped into the water on a 65° angle. Needless to say, our tents were pitched on the same angle, not much further than 12 inches from the water. This would account for some of the girls ending up with slightly soggy sleeping-bags. We soaked our dehydrated vegetable and fruit in the creek, then cooked them over the campfire, giving them a lovely flavour of smoke and charcoal.

We followed this up with a sing-song in which some of the scouts joined.

After an hilarious night in cramped tents, during which some of us got up and lit a fire to get warm, we packed our packs, and leaving them on the wayside, set out for the lighthouse.

Unfortunately, owing to several pairs of blistered feet, we were unable to inspect the lighthouse, but at least we got there.

After picking up our packs we began our long trip home. Several of us observed on the way home that the balance of one of our leaders was very poor when she fell head-first into the creek while drinking. As we don't wish to embarrass Miss Hughes, we won't mention her name, but we hope in future that she takes care that no-one stands behind her while she drinks.

After lunch at the half-way hut, we proceeded to steer homeward via the sandblow and Oberon

Bay. By the time we had reached Norman Bay, night had fallen and the party had become somewhat split up. Even although only one snake was sighted, every stick seemed to have fangs.

The final haul across the beach and up through the sand-dunes and dense scrub exhausted us and everyone fell in a heap on the lodge steps after a walk that day of 17 miles over some of the most rugged country in Victoria.

Next morning, after adding up our mileage, we found that we had totalled 54 miles in 4½ days. Not bad for beginners!

Friday was Home Day and very reluctantly we all trooped off, determined to come back for more another day.

We would all like to express our thanks to Miss Hughes and Miss Roberts and also to Miss Hughes' mother, who cooked for us.

Signed: 14 Flat Footed Females.



LINO CUT.

HERMIE HALLET, III A

FORTIS, UIM, FIDES?

Undoubtedly to the senior student the most feared season at Dandenong High School is athletic season, which comes with the onset of spring (also a season). The season is marked at the beginning by a gentle cross-country run which is intended to loosen up our muscles; this in turn is followed up by sessions of light training and trials, and the season culminates in the Athletic Sports, which are regarded as the social event of the year (comparable with the Melbourne Cup).

The most exhausting and frightening part of this season, at least it is for me, is the time spent in trials for events. The four houses are mustered separately (those members who have not by this time absconded) and issued with directions. Blue-gum is to do the high jump and the 100 yards, after which they can have the pleasure of running the one and a half miles. Being an enthusiast of athletics, and after having made an extensive study into this particular branch of sport, I, of course, know that it is necessary for a person to warm up before he can exert himself to capacity. For this reason I unfortunately missed the first two trials completely, and just missed the beginning of the one and a half mile run, and thus had no other recourse but to warm-down and to retire to the dressing shed. After inquiring, I found that many of my comrades had the same misfortune, and were just as disappointed as I was.

I would estimate that at least one quarter of the students in the senior school were unfortunate enough to miss the trials because they realised the necessity to warm up, and a further quarter were unfortunate because as they had not prepared themselves properly, they were not able to give a maximum effort (that's the reason why so many of the long-distance runners walked). Then there are always a further quarter who commit the cardinal sin of athletics and over warm-up, so that they are exhausted before their actual event. Thus according to my mathematics (which hasn't always been the best) there remains only one other quarter (apart from absconders), and this usually consists only of fanatics who always take part in this particular sport (has anyone seen Jill?).

Now that I think about it, why do senior students only a select few who ever do any work. But what only a select few who ever do any work, but what am I saying? The reason is quite simple, for as is well known, senior students are perfectionists, and since they cannot attain perfection in this particular field they retire disillusioned — fearing a lowering of their own superb standards.

Wasył Furyk, VI.

HOUSES WITH SECRETS

Sliding panels, secret passages, hidden rooms — maybe you've looked upon such things as existing only in books. Yet scores of houses in Britain have them.

They are reminders of the days when men were hunted for their beliefs, for highway robbery, for opposing the king or for other offences against the laws of those times. In these hiding places priests could lie low when their enemies sought them, perhaps existing for days or even a few weeks in a cramped space little bigger than a cupboard. Even kings used such "priest-holes". After Charles the Second was defeated at Worcester in 1651, he fled to Boscobel House, Warwickshire, knowing that his friends the Penderels had a priest-hole there. In here he hid for two days. One of the hiding holes is in a chimney and its existence is revealed by a tiny window in the chimney stack.

The most astonishing collection of secret rooms and passages, however, is to be found at Compton Wyngates, also in Warwickshire. This rambling mansion, built more than 400 years ago, is a veritable warren of secret staircases and hidden chambers. Some of the hiding places have been so skilfully arranged that they are roomy, though their existence is hard to detect. Moreover, secret stairs and corridors lead from the basement to the roof, so that fugitives could move unseen around the house and perhaps get a clean getaway without being spotted. In the event of discovery and pursuit through the passages, the hunted could swiftly remove some of the floorboards and send his pursuers hurtling to their deaths down deep shafts.

A more ingenious device was installed at Bayons Manor, Lincolnshire. Near the family crest in one of the apartments is a piece of mechanism which when operated, discloses a hidden flight of steps. They led to a secret exit, but the user must take care to tread only on the odd-numbered steps. Any unwitting pursuer who touches the second, fourth or sixth steps causes the whole flight to collapse and is sent hurtling down into a dungeon seventy feet below, there to await his captor's pleasure.

Harvington Hall, a few miles from Kidderminster, is another place where you could play hide and seek for days without risk of discovery. It has four well-hidden retreats. One of them is not a particularly happy spot. It is over the bread oven in the kitchen, and while it was occupied the cooks had to stoke the fire sparingly lest the fugitive found things a bit too hot for him. Some hidey holes are entered by first moving a secret catch in a window seat which releases a sliding panel. One of these devices was found accidentally at Bisham Abbey, a mansion in Berkshire, as recently as 1945. Even farmhouses have been equipped with hiding places. Children playing in one such house in Worcestershire a few years ago had the surprise of their lives when one of them fell against

a panelled wall. To their amazement, one of the panels clicked back. In the thickness of the wall was a dark passage leading to a fair-sized room in which were musty papers left there during the Civil War 300 years ago. Further examinations disclosed a peep hole concealed by the head of a bird carved on the panelling of the room at the other side. By manipulating a spring, anybody in the hidden chamber could move the carving and see what was going on.

Another remarkable discovery was made some years ago at Gardon Manor, Wiltshire. During the Civil War this house was owned by some of George Washington's ancestors. They were staunch Royalists and they feared that the Roundheads might rob them of some valuable silver articles. To prevent this, the silverware was hidden in a secret cupboard, but unfortunately the head of the family died soon afterwards and the whereabouts of the cupboard was not known to the next occupants of the Manor. For 200 years the silver objects remained hidden and they were only discovered because a clergyman then heard the house was haunted. While seeking the ghost he came across the hidden cupboard still with its treasure from the days of the Royalists and Roundheads. Quite likely there are many other hoards awaiting discovery in further old houses and inns — not only from the Civil War days but also from the times when highwaymen infested our roads and smugglers brought contraband ashore at dead of night.

If you visit Pevensey, Sussex, you will see the Old Mint House where coins of the realm were once minted, but the building was also once used as a storeplace by smugglers. Beneath the rafters can be seen openings into no fewer than nine secret rooms where contraband was kept until it could be sent elsewhere for disposal.

Highwaymen used hiding places both to conceal themselves when hard pressed, and to store their loot.

The Spaniards Inn near Hampstead Heath, London, is thought to have been a retreat for Dick Turpin, and he is said to have hidden some of his swag there.

Again, you would find the Black Lion Inn, Plaistow, worth exploring for links with highway robbers. Many of the rooms are on different levels though on the same storey, and the different heights of the floors have enabled a secret room to be constructed. A secret staircase leads to another house where highwaymen used to meet to plan their robberies. Or if they were found in the Inn or looked like being cornered, they could get away by going into this nearby house by the secret stairs and then coming out at the doorway of that building.

An unexpected find was made when Danby Hall, Yorkshire, was being altered a few years ago. The workmen came across a forgotten room furnished in the style of 200 years ago.

In one corner stood a heap of swords and a number of old pistols, together with several sets of harnesses. On the blade of one sword was engraved "shortly". The weapons had been hidden there about 1745 by supporters of Bonnie Prince Charlie who expected to rally round him at a given signal. But the signal never came, and the swords and pistols remained unused, to be found nearly two centuries later.

Without doubt, many other old houses in Britain still harbour such secrets. When they are at last revealed they often show once again that truth is as strange as fiction.

F. Meerman, 2A



TADEK KRZYWOKULSKI, VI.

WHAT FUTURE? — THE YOUTH OF TODAY

"Violent Knifing by teenage boys." "Gang warfare on beaches of Brighton." How often have you seen these headlines glaring at you from the front pages of the newspapers? How often have you wondered what can be done about the increasing delinquency rate among the teenagers of today?

On hearing the word "adolescent" or "teenager" many well-meaning adults conjure up a picture of a loudly-dressed youth slouching on a corner or a fourteen-year-old girl working at the assembly line of a factory. This vision usually instigates the well-known harangue: "Why — in my day, we never . . ." Of course, the newspapers help to create this illusion by allowing the crimes committed by some teenagers to dominate the many kind and thoughtful acts quietly carried out by the youth of today.

Although there is an increasing awareness of the problems faced by teenagers, too many adults dismiss these worries as unimportant. This apathy is reflected in the attitude so often borne by young people. Let's take a look at a "typical, average" modern boy. Herbert Smythe, a sixteen-year-old lad is still at school, although even in these days of higher education many of his friends have left for factory jobs. Herb has a busy school week, but his week-ends are usually a void; with less and less to do, Herb seeks more "exciting" amusements such as going to the pictures, lounging in the streets and often enjoying surreptitious smokes and beer. In his city there are few facilities for week-end sport or activities. Herbert rarely stops to ponder on Religion, Morals or Aesthetic values; his horizons are narrow; his aims are few.

Herbert's attitude is very prevalent, and no more so than in the City of Dandenong, where so little has been done that delinquency is becoming a major problem. What does our city offer to its young people? Well, there is the City Library, whose supply of books is so limited that little can be gained from belonging to it (the library has one much celebrated reference book). There is a public swimming pool, too small to cater for the growing needs of the city; a new basketball stadium is a step in the right direction; there is fairly adequate playing space in the city itself, but what of the fast-developing, heavily-populated areas of Lyndale and Doveton?

These problems are urgent; they must be dealt with now. I suggest a sub-committee for Youth formed from interested members of the Dandenong council. These councillors could be assisted by a small group of widely-selected teenagers. This committee could prepare a detailed report on the facilities available to the young people of Dandenong and suggest the most useful and economical ways of improving amenities. This could lead to a larger, better equipped library, more recreation centres, sports grounds and swimming pools in new areas; even more important, this committee would initiate a changed outlook regarding Modern Youth (in the City of Dandenong, at least). Dandenong cares admirably for its Aged; but what of its Young?

J.C.

REPULSIVE — A FAIRY TALE

(With apologies to J. & W. Grimm)
"Repulsive, let down your hair."

Once upon a time, a man and his wife lived in a typical bourgeois house which overlooked a typical witch's house. This witch, whose name was Esther, owned a garden full of fine vegetables which the ailing wife desired so much that the husband was compelled to steal for her. But when he jumped the fence Esther was waiting. As punishment, the man and wife were compelled to give their daughter, Repulsive, to Esther. The couple were somewhat relieved because Repulsive was a rather frustrated teenager. The reason she was frustrated was because no one liked her. She had buck teeth and freckles and pimples, and worst of all, bad breath! However, she did have gorgeous long blonde tresses. So Esther locked her in room 7A on the first floor of a certain condemned red brick building. Thus the only way poor Repulsive could make contact with the outside world was by dropping her tresses, in the form of a ladder, out of a small window. When Esther wished to enter she would call out: "Repulsive, Repulsive, let down your hair." and Repulsive would let down her hair.

Then one day a poor little rich boy happened by in his Bentley Continental and heard Repulsive singing, for she had cultivated a fine rhythm and blues voice in her years of confinement. But he could find no way to contact her. So he hid behind a crumbling wall and waited for Esther to appear, saw her method, and then waited for her to disappear. Seeing how easy it was to contact her, he called out the magic words: "Repulsive, Repulsive, let down your hair." And she did.

But when he saw how ugly she was he hastily left. Too hastily, in fact, and he fell to the pavement below (he had obviously forgotten the school rule that climbing is forbidden). In doing so the poor little rich boy lost his sense of vision, so that he became a poor blind little rich boy. Because he was blind he realised that looks weren't everything. So he carefully climbed the ladder of tresses again and persuaded her to sign a contract with him. They made good their escape. In their travels they met four equally ugly and long-haired things (their sex was undetermined) and formed a rhythm and blues group. The poor little blind boy became their manager (he wasn't a Jew); they made a lot of money (not moss), and they all lived happily ever after.

Footnote.—As a token of gratitude they gave Esther a cut of the profits.

Bill Andrews, VI A.



POSTER PAINT AND CRAYON

KEN CORAM II A

SCIENCE EXHIBITION EXCURSION

On Wednesday, 12th August, pupils of forms 4 A, B and C went to the Science Exhibition at the Exhibition Buildings. We travelled by train to Richmond and by bus to the Exhibition Buildings.

Many companies and Government departments were represented including State Electricity Commission, Country Roads Board, Commonwealth Bureau of Meteorology, Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organization, Gas and Fuel Corporation, Imperial Chemical Industries, Broken Hill Proprietary and Trans Australia Airlines.

The Australian Post Office Research Laboratories exhibit contained a TV-phone which allowed two people to see as well as hear and speak to each other. Also in this exhibit was a Solar Cell which ran a transistor radio off electricity produced from light.

Amongst other exhibits at the CSIRO stand was a solar distillation unit which consisted of a glass house with salt water on the floor. Heat from the sun passed through the roof and evaporated the water which condensed on the roof and ran down into troughs.

At the Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology stand there was a reaction timer which timed accurately to 0.001 of a second the time taken for a person to push a button after a red light flashed on.

I really think that this excursion was one of the best we have ever had.

by Robert Korlowski, Form IV A

THE SCOTS GUARDS

On the thirteenth of February Form Two went on a trip of a lifetime to see the Scots Guards at Kooyong Tennis Courts. This was most certainly one of the most colourful and wonderful events in my life.

Every man was dressed in an immaculate uniform of black, red, white and gold, every man wearing a bushy busby, everyone perfect. Drums, trombones, horns were all shining in the warm sunlight, each piece of brass, silver and gold polished to shine like a small piece of the sun. They made a wonderful impression on my mind.

Common martial tunes were even made interesting by the variety and grouping of instruments. Modern jazz was played as well as tunes from Scotland, Wales, England and Ireland, their admiring audience clapping in time to the music.

Kilts were swirling and sporrans whirling as four men did a "Sword Reel" over four gleaming swords, and then a "Highland Fling". Dancing all the while to the music of the bagpipes played by six pipers, they looked so gay, enough to stir the emotions of any Scottish heart.

Then on with the marching as they showed us how they "Trooped the Colours" on the Queen's birthday, with everyone standing and marching in perfectly straight lines. These men have been marching through my memory and marching through my dreams ever since I saw them. Their music, too, had notes that could be compared with the music of the gods of Mt. Olympus.

JOHN MCPHEE II A.

FLORAL ART

Everyone can be an artist with flowers. You don't have to own a spacious garden from which to choose your blooms. Even though his garden is small, the enthusiast can become a good florist.

Placing the gems of nature in such a way so as to increase their beauty is the true art. Artists like Renoir and Van Eyck did not produce their own paints; it was the combining of these with the skill of their hands that created the finished masterpiece.

So it is with flower arranging. It is the grouping and toning of the flowers in a suitable container which creates this particular medium of art. Perhaps you just thrust some flowers into a vase and tell yourself that you have not the artistic ability to create any arrangement.

But with the help of a few necessary instructions your first arrangement will make you realize how easy it really is.

The relaxation and pleasure that one receives from Floral Art will also become yours. And very soon you will find yourself creating your own ideas and enjoying the admiration and praise of others.

To the floral artist, Springtime speaks a special language, with the bursting of the flowering crab-apples, the cherries, prunus, and the wonderland of spring bulbs.

Before commencing an arrangement it is best to have a plan in mind. Know where your finished arrangement is to be placed; you will immediately know what style of arrangement is most suitable. Containers are exciting to collect. Try almost anything that will hold water, such as jugs, potato-dishes, cake stands and pyrex dishes. You will find yourself scavenging through second-hand shops and markets for the more unusual container. Why spend £1 on a low flower container when a shilling dish, from a charity stall, painted black, will serve the same purpose? But always remember that the arrangement is of much greater importance than the container.

After a little while you will find yourself exchanging the "tricks of trade" with other artists such as how to preserve flowers, when to pick them, how to dry them. These and many more secrets will become yours.

Above all we must remember that the main objective of Floral Art is not the show bench or the approval of critics, but the creation of beauty and enjoyment for others.

FRANK KING, Form V.

HITS OF THE HIGH

The pupils arrive back at school thinking to themselves "It's Been a Blue Day".

We find that once again the history teacher tries to teach us "The World We Used to Know" and occasionally we hear about "The Rise and Fall of Flingel Bunt". "Maybe I Know" that cookery classes are supposed to teach us how to make "Mash Potato" but "Tell Me Why" we try to learn about cookery when the sound of "A Million Drums" can be heard from the music room; to "Good Golly Miss Molly" and "Dear John," "Please, Please Me" and "Slow Down". "Tell Me Why" we have to study geography when we're not likely to travel around the world, but the teacher tells us that it will help us with our general knowledge. "As Usual". Because of our inattentiveness in lessons the teachers must think that "We've Got Beans In Our Ears".

During our Form Assemblies many pupils contribute to the Social Service Effort but our Form Teacher keeps repeating "Money, That's What I Want", although "It's For You" we enjoy doing it.

At Monday's General Assemblies we find ourselves in "Misery" as the teachers keep telling us "You Can't Do That".

Also, at House Assembly, the enthusiastic house members try to dodge doing yard duty "Constantly" but "I Should've Known Better" than to think I could get away with it. Our House captain makes us train hard for the swimming sports and we are "Wishing and Hoping" that with the diet of "Bread and Butter" we will be fit and ready to win.

After weeks of lessons we are positive that the teachers are the "Devil in Disguise" but this is soon forgotten as the senior social comes and we "Dance On".

The first term ends and we're "Glad All Over" when we have the May holidays and I think that "I Wouldn't Trade Them For The World".

By the time the second term is about to start we are nearly having a "Nervous Breakdown" as we think to ourselves "Here I Go Again," it's time to start studying because in just a few weeks the mid-year exams are upon us but "You Never Can Tell" maybe you'll pass.

The Choral Contest is next and the choir "Sing, Sing, Sing," but I think it's time to "Roll Over, Beethoven" and make way to "Call Up The Groups".

At the Senior Social we had a ball because I met "Maria" and "Maybelene" who I introduced to "My Guy". He afterwards took me for a stroll along "Tobacco Road" until we saw a "Haunted House" but I said "Walk On" because I saw "A Light Shine From A Window" but we stopped when we saw a "Crooked Little Man" walk towards the "House of the Rising Sun".

During the September holidays we went for a "Summer Holiday" on the beach where we saw the signs "Please Don't Talk To The Life Guard" and "No Trespassing".

All too soon the third term was upon us. We felt sure that we were in "Chains" but the teacher said "There's A Place" where we have our art festival and took us to see it.

At the Athletics we realise it's "Move, Baby, Move," or you get left behind and at the end of the day we knew that "It's Been A Hard Day's Night".

After the final exams we are very relieved at the thought of it being "All Over Now".

At speech night we think there has rarely been "Such A Night" and as we see the honours being received we realise that there was "Nobody I Know".

Some days later we see the new pupils arrive who are by now "Running Scared" at the sight of the "Big Building".

At the final Senior Social I once again tell "My Boy Lollipop" that "I Am Happy Just To Dance With You".

Then we come upon the end of the year and we realise that "It's All Over Now" and "Shout".

By Marianne Ter Haar and Judy Dulfer, 4E

THE TOP TEN

The Lobster Quadrille—by the Crabs.
The Brook—by Chief Running Water.
Little Billee—by Big Millie.
Australia—by Mel Bourne.
Fire—by I. Litit.
Holes in the Tree—by Woody Woodpecker.
The Dark Passage—by Hugo First.
Height—by Eiffel Tower.
The Golden Vanity—by Phil Silvers.
The Beach—by Sandy Shell.

The long, hot afternoon stretched wearily before me,
And the river wound its way quietly past my feet
As I stood on the old stone bridge—
Dreaming.

My thoughts wandered with the river, with that quiet
Lazy flow of water, soon to become a mighty
Majestic torrent, sweeping seawards, ever
Sweeping.

A bird called overhead,
The sweet, clear sound of a silver bell
Rousing me from my reverie
In a flash, with a splash of brilliance in the distance
Wheeling,

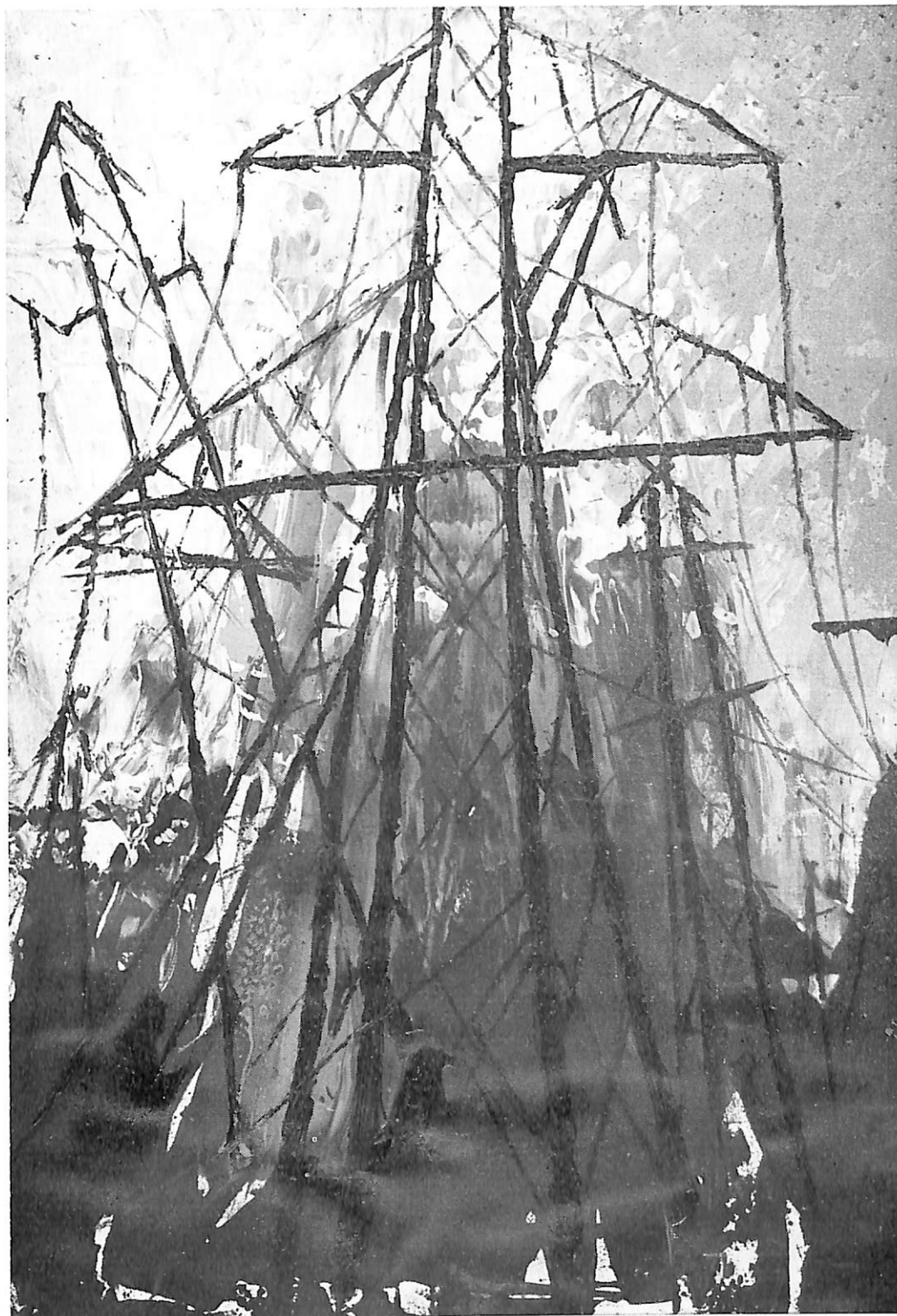
He was gone—
I was left alone in timeless eternity.

I moved from the bridge and
On the green grass

Kneeling,
Gazed into the deeps of the water flowing by —
I thought of a time long since departed,
Of flickering firelight as it played on native peoples,
Their wild weird corroborees
Dancing,

While the moon, high overhead, smiled gently as he
Journeyed through the sky,
That same moon which now told me
That it was towards home that I should hie.

Erica Thomas, 1B.



CHERYL JACKSON VI

PRINTING INKS

FIJI - PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC

In the centre of the great Pacific Ocean lies the small island of Fiji. It is known as the "Paradise of the Pacific". Fiji consists of five hundred islands, of which only three hundred are inhabited as the other two hundred are too small to be of any use. The main island is called Viti Levu, which means 'large mass of land' in the Fijian language. The other main island is Vanua Levu.

It has a population of only half a million, yet it has a number of different races of people. The original inhabitants of the island were the Fijian, but today the natives have been outnumbered by the Indian migrants. Other racial groups are the Europeans, part-Europeans, Rotumans, Chinese and Pacific islanders. Because of the many nationalities in Fiji, there are many religions practised by the inhabitants, many denominations of Christianity, Hinduism and Islam.

Fiji is a very fascinating island. It has the typical tropical oceanic type climate, modified by the fact that the mountain ranges of the large islands lie athwart the prevailing south-east Trade Winds. The islands lie within the hurricane belt. The islands also possess features like volcanoes, hot springs, coral reefs, atolls, beside mountains, rivers and ports.

It is mainly an agricultural colony. But two chief income-earning export industries are sugar and coconuts. Sugar cane and coconut are the main crops grown for export. Rice, dairying, cattle raising and vegetable growing are mainly for home consumption. Banana is the main fruit exported, although melons, pineapples and mangoes are also exported to New Zealand.

Apart from a small amount of vegetables sold as ship stores and to New Zealand, production is for local consumption.

Today Fiji has become one of the tourist centres in the world because of its favourable position. It is a cross-roads of international air transportation and also of shipping on the Australasia-North American routes. Fiji is easy for tourists. It is small enough to be get-at-able but big enough to have sufficient interesting contrasts. There are no language barriers for English-speaking visitors and both transportation and accommodation are adequate for all classes. Suva market is the most fascinating in the eyes of the tourists because of the range and the quality of the local vegetables sold under one roof. The locally produced goods are in great demand in the tourist shops.

RAJENDRA KUAR SINGH, VI.

THE MIDDLE EAST

Deserts, camels and donkeys; this is how most Europeans describe the Middle-East; but this is in contrast to the true picture.

Millions of people visit it for its captivating views and its good weather, which is divided into four seasons. In Spring there is no rainfall at all; it is three months' sunshine.

Winter is moderate; no rainfall unless there are thunderstorms and lightning. Snowfalls on the mountains in winter allow the people to go ice-skating in the summer. Summer is hot in some places but moderate in others.

Buildings in the Middle-East are made of rock and stone brought from the mountains; they are of beautiful shapes and made up of twenty storeys or more. Some of the houses are made of three or four storeys with big gardens around them.

Small flats and restaurants are built on the sea shores especially for the summer holiday which is three months long. All these things, with the beautiful clear sea, make the shores very busy every day during the summer.

International airports are always busy; aeroplanes from all countries of the world land there.

Government schools are built for free education, the Government gives the students free uniforms and books. Most of the people are educated, many of them to university standard.

No taxes are paid from the people to the government at all.

Deserts were deserts many years ago, but now they are all changed into busy cities where many Arabs and Europeans work.

Religion is divided into Christians and Moslems. Moslems do not believe that Jesus is the Son of God but they believe that he is the Spirit of God only. They have to pray five times a day; they are permitted to get married to four women together; they can be divorced in two ways, first the husband may tell his wife "you are divorced". In this way he can bring her back. The second way, if he tells her "you are divorced" three times, then he cannot bring her back until she gets married to another man.

Lebanon, the Switzerland of the East, is a small country with a population of about two million, of which ninety per cent. are educated. It is located on two mountain ranges which are very close to the Mediterranean Sea. This aspect is the one which wholly differentiates it from the other countries of the Middle-East and the world in general. It is the only Christian country in the Middle-East which has a Christian president.

HUSON ZABANEH, 4A.

THE FLOOD

The rain beat down upon the tortured land, mercilessly, unrelentingly. It was as though all the elements of nature were in combat with the earth. The inky blackness of the heavens was relieved only by the dazzling flashes of lightning which illuminated the clouds to an ominous purple. The wind howled like a fiend in wicked delight and it rained, rain that seemed infinite. Rivers swollen and wild lapped at their banks, their surfaces grey and ugly in their violence. Debris, which had been torn from the shore, was lashed about by the angry water, waters that increased in volume and ferocity every minute.

Finally the rivers became too intense to be confined and the swirling waters burst forth upon the sodden land, sweeping everything before them. Like a ravenous monster devouring its prey, so the flood waters devoured the countryside. Tall, proud trees, helpless cattle and sheep, frail, man-made buildings, all fell victim to this merciless tyrant. The murky water, rushed across the land leaving devastation and hopelessness in its path. With a force that was horrifying in its intensity the waves crashed through towns and villages making a mockery of man's so-called power and superiority. Nature in its wild, untamed fury conquered all things. What was hate between nations, what were weapons of war, weapons for destroying when the elements could combine to wreak a vengeance so powerful so ultimate? What was mankind, feeble in its greed for supremacy and power when nature could destroy human hopes and dreams with one sweep of its awesome hand?

The rain continued day after day; the flood waters rose and became more violent. Nothing stood in their way. Nature was reclaiming the land that man had so wrongfully misused. Only when the elements had wrought destruction so widespread that mankind could not count it, did the merciless rain cease and the flood waters abate.

Slowly the remnants of the countryside were revealed:—ruined towns and farms, rubbish left by the flood to deface the already horribly deformed land that men had once called their home, the bloated bodies of wretched animals, and so much heartbreak. As the spiritless people rummaged through the ruins and debris trying to discover some spark of hope, a glorious rainbow appeared in the sky, one final reminder of nature's ultimate power and glory.

by Judy Stubbs, III B

WONDERLAND BY NIGHT

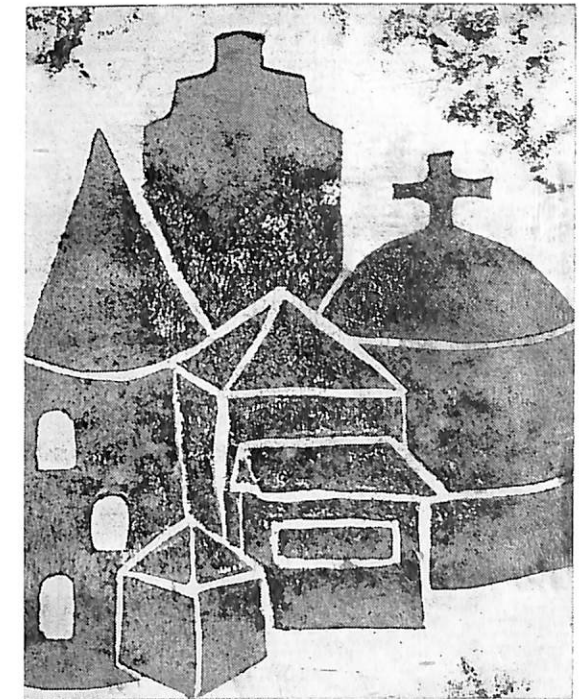
Against the fiery sunset
The day has taken flight,
To leave us with the magic
And glitter of the night.

The trees were all a glitter
Of magic dew drops clear,
While birds all nestle warmly
To wake the morn with cheer.

To see the silken cobwebs
A twinkling with the dew,
And dancing in the moonlight
Would warm thee through and through.

But now the spell is broken,
The day has come again,
The dew has lost its magic,
And wasted with the rain.

—PAULETTE WADE, Form 2A.



Lino Cut.

ROSS GRIFFITHS, III A.

RACE COURSE RIOT

The crackle of high-powered super tuned motor exhausts rent the still air of Cranbourne. Methanol and ether fumes were blasted all over town — the rockers had arrived. Screaming through the sleepy township they left long strips of smoking rubber behind as they drifted through corners on full correcting lock on their Nortons and Harleys. Clinging firmly to their backs were their girl friends shouting abuse at their cronies on wheels. At 100 m.p.h. they burned through the town and pitched camp. They stayed on the old racecourse, polishing spike studded leather jackets and sharpening knives in preparation for the mods who were to arrive later.

A high pitched buzz descended like a blanket over the other end of Cranbourne. Clouds of oily smoke from high revving low horsepower two-stroke Honda motor scooters drifted over the town. Mufflers with holes cut in them added to the din as the mods arrived. Flat out they came into Cranbourne at 40 m.p.h. The overcoated mods and their companions on the pillion presenting a sharp and easily distinguishable contrast to their rocker counterparts. Just as distinguishable is their motor bike talent. Try as they might the mods couldn't burn rubber or give exhibitions of power riding that the rockers on their giant machines pioneered. After wandering town for a while the mods mounted their buzz bikes and rode to the racecourse to prepare their knives and hairstyles in readiness for the rockers, encamped two hundred yards across the racecourse.

The big hour approached. The groups put the final touches to their outfits, then commenced to advance towards each other, the boys carrying knives, the girls carrying what appeared to be first aid kits. The townspeople lined the fence and watched in stunned silence as the two groups closed. Then they all gasped as the knives were raised, the first aid

kits opened and cakes and sandwiches produced. Then the boys attacked the cakes and handed them around amongst the girls. Mods and rockers alike produced record players, and in the middle of Cranbourne held a huge picnic to the rousing beat of one hundred Beatle records playing at once, directly opposed to one hundred Elvis records.

The townspeople viewed this in utter horror and then rushed to their homes to telephone the press and police about this latest Mod-Rocker outrage.

by YAK.

TERRORS

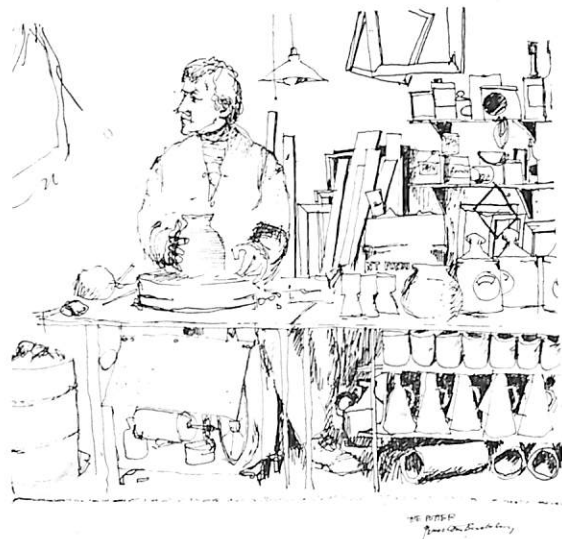
With a brisk motion she waved good-bye to the merry group in the doorway. Midnight, and the solitary road loomed before her, a dark undefined mouth, waiting to draw her into its cavernous belly. She felt a momentary pang as she looked back at that flickering light, that one kindly beacon in all the encompassing gloom; then resolutely she turned homeward.

A half-obscured moon bathed the ghostly forms of tall gum trees in an ethereal silver hue, so that from either side of the road they seemed to reach out and pluck at her with their pale hands. The stunted brush among the trees conspired with the leaves in an illusory gavotte of shadows, while sombre grey clouds hung from a starless sky.

Only half a mile to go and she would reach the seclusion of her little home on the outskirts of the township. On other such nights she had always been too preoccupied with her thoughts to notice her surroundings, but tonight it was different; she was disturbed. The very atmosphere seemed to exude that certain current of electricity that goes hand in hand with sultry evenings. She felt oppressed, her nerves tautened, and she became aware of some menace eerily whistling above her head. At that moment an owl swooped past her, and it was all she could do to stifle the scream that rose in her throat. It was so quiet that the throb of her heart seemed to echo and resound throughout the air. Suddenly she heard a footfall, unmistakably a footfall; she whirled around, but there was no-one. She had imagined it! She must have! All was quiet again; a crackle of twigs on the right. She spun round and was in time to see a tall figure jump behind a tree.

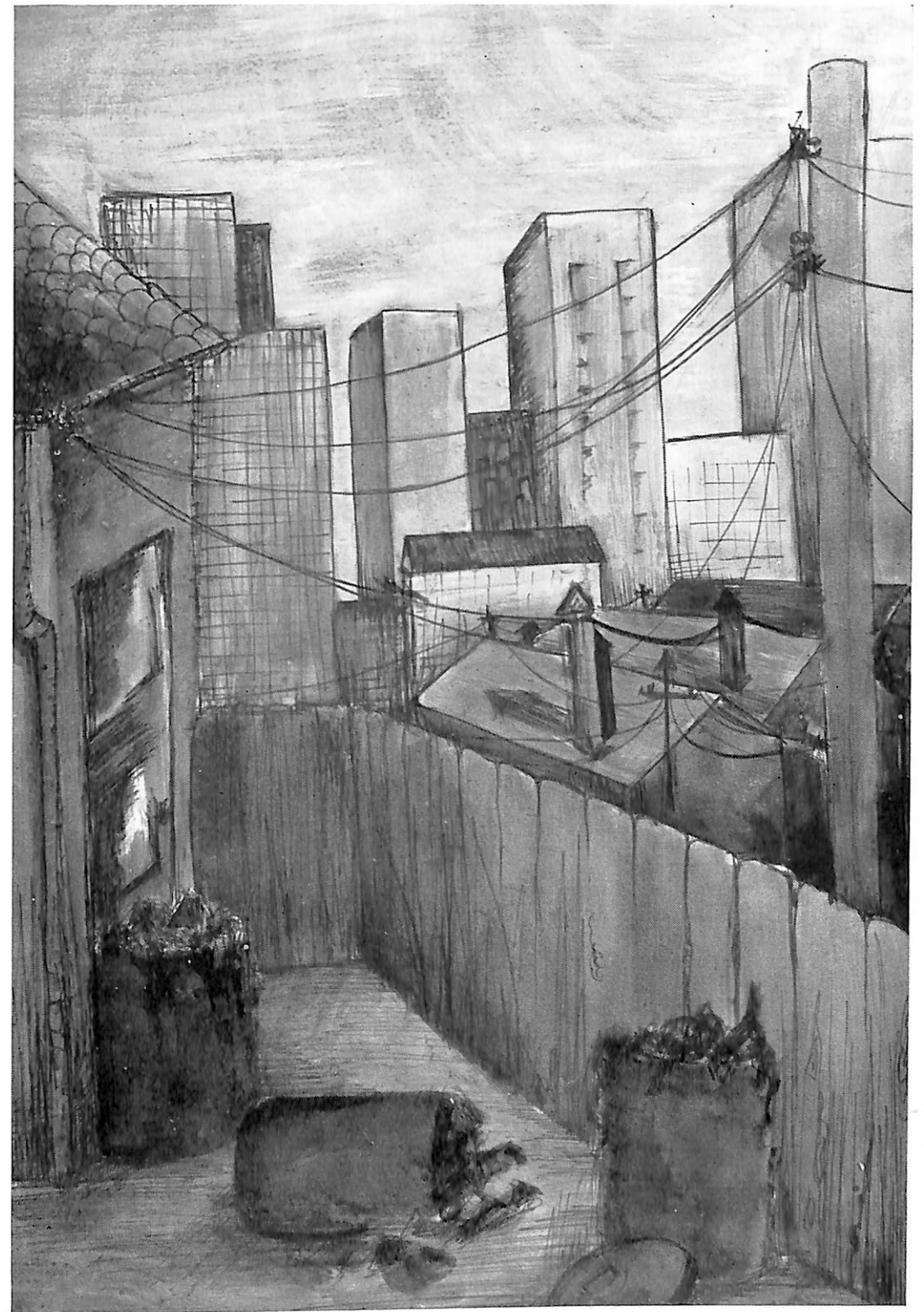
She was running; he was following; she almost felt his hot breath on the back of her neck, almost felt him grab her by the shoulders; she was running harder; the house was in view now; she hurled herself forward. Her lungs were bursting and fine beads of perspiration glistened on her upper lip; the door! the door! Thank God she had never locked it. She thrust it open and in turning to slam it on her pursuer, snatched her first real glimpse of him — a huge kangaroo!

Almost hysterical with relief, she sagged against the door, gasping in the dark. But even as her heart subsided she felt the slender sinewy fingers reach out from the blackness and clutch her throat in their iron grasp — squeezing . . . squeezing . . .



Pen and Ink

QUENTON BUCKLEY.



HEATHER CANOBIE VI

COLOURED INKS

HOW TO MURDER A BUSINESS OPPONENT WITH A DOSE OF POISON ROCK CANDY

(Headnote: This was to be an essay on "Made in Australia," but somewhere along the line the brilliant, inspired, modest author was sidetracked into creating this masterpiece about two black, backward blacktrackers.)

Once upon a rock, many years ago, lived Jackson Alexander Alfred Andrew Arthur A Atmosphere 3rd, Jacky Eyre for short. Jacky lived with the rest of the Eyre family in a pent-mia mia on top on Eyre's Rock. The remainder of the rock was leased to tenants at the usual rate of ten lubras per year.

The Eyre family was one of the richest in Australia, as were their cousins, the Rocker-fellers in North America. They had a history to be proud of, beginning as poor tenants amongst the Devil's Marbles and they worked their way up until they owned Eyre's Rock.

Jacky was in charge of his family's overseas trade. In previous generations his family had done a lot of trade with the aborigines from the North Pole, who exported icy-poles to Eyre's Rock in return for rock candy. However, since the last Ice Age business had slackened, as most of the dugout ice canoes, in which these aborigines travelled, had melted whilst crossing the equator. Jacky was thus faced with the problem of finding new markets for his main exports. Stumped, he consulted his close friend Acky B. Eatnick, who had a modern art studio inside a cave in Eyre's Rock. Acky and Jacky put their heads together and got headaches. Then Acky had a brilliant idea. They would open a branch in Gumtree Cutting. This seemed to be an inspired stroke of genius; no sooner was the idea conceived than, six months later, it was put into effect.

But Jacky had a competitor — an American firm, the Honest John's, who produced "Uncle Sam's tasty yams," was making Jacky bankrupt. It seemed that Jacky was taking too long in delivering his orders. Then Acky had another stroke of genius. They would go to a kangaroo service station, hire some kangaroos, fill their pouches with rock candy, and send them off to deliver the goods.

They waited anxiously for their money, but alas, instead of payment they received reports that the candy had disappeared in transit. Jacky hired a private detective, Vic. Mint, who claimed an exorbitant fee just to live up to his name. Three days, and thirty lubras later, he quietly gave up the case. Furious, Acky and Jacky hung him in Effigy, which is a small village just north of Eyre's Rock. Then, when they had almost given up, a kangaroo came to them and told them the sad truth. It seemed that the kangaroos had forgotten to remove their

joey from their pouches before inserting the rock candy, and while the mothers were happily hopping along to their destinations, the joeys were sitting happily inside the pouches, gorging themselves on rock candy. This was soon remedied and Jacky made a million. But he could not use a million lubras, so he gave his lifelong friend Acky a partnership in the company.

Everything went along smoothly until the company's next general meeting, when Jacky discovered that Acky had gathered a sufficient number of proxies behind his back to gain control of the company. Acky's first act as director of the company was to fire Jacky.

Wise morals concerning friendship:

"Blood is thicker than water,
But rock candy is harder to crack." . . . Or
"There is nothing like friendship,
Except maybe money."

Keith McKenry, V A.

(Please address fan mail to K.McK Fan Club,
29 Potter St., Dandenong.)

THE AWAKENING OF YOUTH

To live is ecstasy of youth,
On any day, at any hour
Full realization that
Life is like a flower,
Unfolding, new,
May break upon youth's open mind—
Then round his heart a garland twined
Bears fruit of love for all mankind,
And joy is his who breathes.
He wants to shout with echo's tongue
And tell the world that he is young.
Acclaim the name,
Explain the pain,
And sing and shout with joy.
Now, with his new-found eyes he sees
God's smaller works arise—
Windblown trees, and flitting bees,
And laughing eyes and cloudless skies,
And still he lives; but now he lives
To look with seeing eyes.

K. Stirling, VI.

DARKNESS

Darkness is a friend,
And all who are shrouded in darkness are
befriended.
It is an all-enveloping cloak,
Wafting down; carrying care and troubles into
its bosom,
Freeing the burdened mind.
Heart.
Soul.
Peace and contentment reign within it.
The lonely, the weak, the heartbroken
Are shielded from the crushing, bruising world
of day.

—JUDY DYKE, Form 4A.

And the V A form assembly, it is written, was a solemn occasion.

Tradition has it, however, that always in the fullness of time, the sacred hush was ravished by the benhursute entrance of Terry, son of Stocks.

Vogue clutched to heaving bosom, the prominent sophisticate flashes his least, insincere smile to Mister, son of Richardson, and exercising the Divine Right of Exemption from Giving Cause, proceeds to his allotted place.

Another five minutes, and the school's society deb Mark I, Frank Robson-King, glides into their midst, ancient duffle falling softly behind. Waving to stocks, he proceeds to join him; and the two men, heads bent, enter upon a weighty discussion of after-shave, Stoffels 'kerchiefs, rinses, deodorants and extra-curricular manoeuvres . . . and their colleagues are transfixed by son of Richard son's gripping dissertation on the desirability of not forming satisfactory social relationships within the school.

When the apple blossoms bloom about the meadow,
And the birds sing in the sun-drenched trees above,
When the happy children play amongst the heather,
And you hear the plaintive cooing of the dove,
Then you know that Spring has reached her
destination,

Her destination where she'll find much love.
When the rivers gurgle o'er the rocky pebbles,
And you feel the fresh breeze blow against your
face,

When the butterflies fly o'er your head in jumbles,
And they fan you with their lovely wings of grace,
Then you know that Spring has reached her
destination,

Her destination where she'll find embrace.
And when at dusk the sunset, brightly coloured,
Streaks across the sky in brilliant light,
When the vivid flashes change to blue and yellow,

Then fade away and leave the darkening night,
Then you know that Spring has reached her
destination,

Her destination that we know is right.

Erica Thomas, I B.



DENNIS DE GEORGE

OIL PASTEL

SHOULD PRINCIPLES BE SACRIFICED TO EXPEDIENCY

Should principles be sacrificed to expediency? To discuss this with intelligence we must define what we mean by principles. These are rules of conduct or moral beliefs peculiar to each person and therefore varying with the individual. They will affect his every action, thought and word and their application will shape his entire life. Naturally, therefore, they should not be sacrificed without careful thought. However in certain cases, when a principle has degenerated into a prejudice, or in a drastic change of society requiring equally drastic re-adjustments of ideas, it may become necessary to sacrifice some principles to expediency.

When a person has carefully examined a principle in the light of reason and can see logically why the retention of this particular principle is vital to his sense of values and still more important, his self-esteem, then it is not only wrong, but dangerous to sacrifice it. In fact, the expedient thing is to keep it. That this is so is seen in the lives of people generally classified as "failures". For example, the girl who decides it is expedient to sacrifice her virginity for money or popularity must soon lose her pride and self-respect, and may degenerate into the callous, embittered prostitute roaming the streets in search of customers. The drunkard outside the local pub or rolling in the gutter could have come to this pitiable state because he decided as a young man, that it was expedient to sacrifice his principles concerning liquor to gain that promotion by indulging in "the social drink" we hear so much of today. Not only does the sacrificing of such principles hurt the person concerned — it could also deprive others of untold benefit. For instance, Voltaire must often have seen the expediency of sacrificing his principle of fighting to destroy the bigotry, superstition, injustice, and tyranny rampant in his world, but because he realized that only by continuing his war cry of "écrasez l'infame" could these evils be overcome, he continued his lonely battle and posterity has reaped the benefit. Thus when a principle is of this calibre, it should not be sacrificed, for no situation is so "expedient" to be worth the sacrifice of one's self respect or purpose of living.

However, there are instances when principles should, and indeed must, be sacrificed to expediency. Perhaps the most glaring example is when there is a drastic change in our environment. Such a situation could arise owing to a nuclear catastrophe, a circumstance only too possible. Say, for instance, that owing to a nuclear war, the world was left with a population where there were twenty times as many men as women. In such a society, it would be useless to cling tenaciously to principles which condemn bigamy or immorality, for while these principles were in harmony with the previous society, they would be in complete

discord with the one we are envisaging. We would have to realise that principles, like most things, are relative, and one set of values will not be applicable to all situations. In this case the propagation of human life would depend on the sacrifice of certain principles and expediency would demand it.

Franki Ord, VI.



TADEK KRZYWOKULSKI, VI.

SIXTH FORMERS AND CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING

For some unfortunate reason, modern educationists believe that to have a healthy mind one must have a healthy body (obviously having in mind members of our own staff) and, as if this in itself was not revolutionary enough, they feel obliged to achieve this by forcing students to partake willingly in the sport of their own choice. Now if matters were allowed to rest here, I for one would not object (after all, any fool can pretend to be going flat out in a football game, whilst in fact doing only the minimum of work — for a practical example of this you only have to study Matric. students at sport) BUT, when in this Democratic country of ours, our freedom of choice is ruthlessly wrested from us and we are forced to take part in sport such as the one we were forced into (cross-country running, a sport in which there can be no shirking because of sneaky and suspicious teachers who station themselves at various checkpoints along the route) I think the time has come to make a stand and rebel . . . Pro . . . Prolet . . . Prol . . . oh bother, Peasants unite!

However, it is not my intent to incite riot; I merely wish to describe this unforgettable event (oh, my aching bones). Actually it all started on the 4th of August when we were told that if we didn't join in we would receive four detentions (how about that?). With this dark cloud hovering over us, we prayed for rain, but to no avail, for on the 5th of August (that is, the day after they told us) at precisely three o'clock we were herded like sheep (200 head in all) to the starting position and issued with "dog-tags" (mine had the letters BB on it; however, I was told that they were not intended to mean anything).

Upon the given signal GO (which signified we were to commence) we emitted a great cheer and set out at a fantastic pace (as you can well imagine) which lasted about 30 seconds. The shouting and joking lasted longer (a total of about 60 seconds) but this was replaced by a very melodious puffing sound which we managed to keep up until well after the end of the walk. I say walk because although I could have finished the course at the fantastic pace I began with, I, along with many others, deliberately walked from the half-way mark, as a protest against being forced into this expedition. Some, however (would you believe it), only used this protest as a means of getting their breath back, and consequently started to run again once they had achieved their goal — I joined these (after all, I couldn't stage a protest without support).

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of the run came next; oh it was great fun sloshing about in the submerged cow paddock. And would you believe it, whilst slipping and sliding through the cow paddock, I noticed that some runners, and particularly sixth-formers, were still protesting — but I disregarded these and doggedly plugged on.

Well, to cut a long (it must have been at least 20 miles) story short, most of the participants finished within the specified time limit and earned at least one point for their respective houses. As you've undoubtedly guessed, it was the loyalty to my house which enticed me to start in the race and enabled me to finish on time. For although I haven't mentioned this before, you surely must realize by now that it was this loyalty hidden deep (ever so deeply) in my sub-conscious mind which kept driving me on — pushing, pushing, always pushing (Andy, you'd have been proud of me!).

However, loyalty or not, house spirit or not, mental health or not, I still agree with a certain eminent member of our staff in the assertion that "exercise is for the birds!"

W. FURYK, VI.

A WORLD WITHOUT SOUND

All the time we are hearing some sort of sound. Just think what it would be like if there was no such thing as sound. We become used to noises and don't think much about them, but if there was no sound we would notice it.

There would be no such things as radios and as for television, it would be soundless as the films were in olden times. If there was no sound, all communications would have to be made by smoke signals or some other sort of signals. All talking would have to be done by movement of the fingers and hands, as deaf and dumb people do. We would not be able to talk to anybody in the next room or call to a friend in the street, because you would have to be looking directly at the person so that he could tell what you were trying to say. There would be no such things as telephones. The lovely music and singing we all enjoy would be gone.

The world would be dangerous without sound because the horn of a motor car would not be heard. The cry for help from a burning house would not be heard. The croaking of a foghorn of a ship when it is in the fog would not be heard. The cars would travel along the road noiselessly. You would see a friend in the street and call to him, but he would continue on his way. The shriek of a train whistle at railway crossings would not be heard.

The breeze in the leaves of the tree, the hum of insects and the sweet singing of the birds, which give us great pleasure to listen to, would be absent in a soundless world.

The water would run out of the taps without making a sound. This would seem very strange to us, but the deaf and dumb are living in a world without sound. The familiar tick of the clock would not be heard in a world where there is no sound.

If you want to get a better idea of what it would be like without sound, turn off the sound on your television. This will give you some notion of just what a soundless world would be.

—SANDRA MANKS, Form 4A.

HOUSE NOTES AND SCHOOL REPORTS

BLUEGUM HOUSE

Bluegum House, having elected Margaret Osborne and Andrew (the Scot) McVean as House Captains, Glenda Cleary and Terry Villis as Vice-Captains and Carol Kester and Terry Stocks as Cultural Captains, set out to prove that despite our general tendency towards the diminutive, we are a power of triumph to be reckoned with. Thus, with great enthusiasm, unique to the first few weeks of the school year, we plunged into the swimming sports. As per usual, the fairer (?) sex continued their reign of swimming supremacy, but the boys, even though they did manage to improve one place on last year's performance, could only manage a third; thus Bluegum started a run of thirds.

Having proved our sporting superiority to the more discerning eye, despite whatever the results may have indicated, we endeavoured to show our remarkable versatility by dominance of the cultural scene. After much discussion and little organisation we commenced choir practice. It was here that the Bluegum boys first showed that wonders can be achieved by a little gentle persuasion. Scot and his sixth-form henchmen successfully volunteered many unlikely types into this elite group, and our choir of 80, under the inspiration of Barry Jones and Margaret, soon reflected great house spirit. Once again the adjudicator did an excellent job (the school is to be commended for its choice), endearing himself to every Bluegummer with his astoundingly accurate appraisal of the choir. Needless to say, we won. Our jubilation at notching our first win for the year was heightened by the fact that we had extended our record of choral wins from two to three in succession.

Spurred on by this great victory, our juniors enthusiastically entered the drama competition. Here Keith Mackenzie and Eva Havel, assisted by Richard Sealey, did a power of work, and were given the full support of the cast. We can, without exaggerating, say that ours was the most practised cast. The enthusiasm with which Keith and Co. threw themselves into the play had to be seen to be believed, and the outstanding feature of this play was the obvious unity of the cast. Here we gained our second third. (Huh?)

Debating rounded off our cultural activities and, despite the excellent leadership of Richard Sealey, who finished the series with the highest score — an excellent 80, the adjudicators just didn't appreciate our unique approaches in this field. At the completion of the winter sport rounds, things were looking quite well. At this juncture our efforts were rewarded by discovering that Bluegum was holding the lead in the race for the House Cup. In football and baseball our boys had fought

their way to close seconds. However, even better than these good results were those which were gained in soccer and hockey. We were led and inspired by our illustrious House Captains. The girls in particular are to be congratulated, as they battled against fantastic odds to win the hockey with only one member of the school team.

Our Athletics results, we are sad to say, fell below our usual high standard and, although our athletes strove hard to succeed, their efforts were not rewarded as fully as they deserved. In this field Bluegum finished a close fourth. (Well, close to third anyway).

Bluegum House is undoubtedly very colourful. The boys in particular would be found fascinating subjects for study by any psychiatrist who had the courage to come within observing distance. Things to be noted are — the fact that, although the Bluegum boys went about professing their undying loyalty to the House, threatening anyone who said otherwise; yard-duty, despite Andy's eloquent and passionate pleas, and Bob Barfoot's veiled threats, was very poorly done — ah, but we can't win everything. (More's the pity). Equally intriguing were the methods employed for extracting donations to the egg appeal, as anyone who has lived through one of these "collections" can tell you. The details are, unfortunately, too frightening to print here.

This comprehensive study of Bluegum's finest hours now being complete, the only remaining thing to do is to wish "THE HOUSE" the best of luck for the future.

CLEMATIS HOUSE NOTES

Clematis' efforts this year require only one comment — "1964 just wasn't our year!" However, it wasn't for the lack of trying. Valiant attempts on the part of a minority of the house were characteristic in all fields.

Debating — Barbara and the two Sandras, Don and Brian; Choir — Olesia as conductress; Athletics — a large team; Dramatics — Denise and Ken as producers.

The only consolation (?) for those who tried must be, as always, "the effort is more important than the result."

Our one success was the Swimming Cup, at the beginning of the year, but apparently it was no more than a flash in the pan.

One comment is really worth making, and this I feel applies to the four houses — House spirit appears to be slowly becoming extinct. Several changes in house organisation have been effected in the hope of fostering house spirit, but with little success. Some drastic measures will be necessary soon, or the whole system of school sport and cultural interests may have to be reorganised.

However, thanks go to those few who worked hard for Clematis, and the two captains — Frank Boogart and Barbara Wood — find themselves left with little to say but:

"Better luck next year, Clem." (It has to be better, for it couldn't be much worse).



BOYS ATHLETICS

Back Row (l. to r.): G. Thomas, L. Midro, G. Midgely, P. Hunt, A. Stutley, G. Connor, D. Morse.
Middle Row: C. Michelson, D. Cheeseman, R. Newton, F. Boogart, C. Ingham, V. Hall, A. Callawaert, M. Canobie.
Front Row (Seated): G. Elliot, D. Smith, D. Noy, R. Townsend (Capt.), R. Barfoot, T. Sandiford, D. Errington, D. Francis.
Kneeling: B. Taylor, Rooke, I. Meyer, R. Smith, H. Schafanaek. Absent: M. Jolly.

ORCHID HOUSE

"ORCHID IS THE BEST OF ALL."

The year '64 has probably been the best year Orchid has had for many a day. This year the House captains were Pat Taylor and Les Midro, who have thoroughly enjoyed being Orchid's leaders. The House vice-captains, who did a splendid job throughout the year, were Jenny Smith and Bruce Forsyth; the House Cultural vice-captains, who also took a lot of interest in the affairs of the House were Margaret Matheson and John Scott.

Orchid started the year off well in the swimming sports because, besides just making a big "splash," Orchid swam all the way to second place. Most outstanding swimmer was Jenny Smith.

Second Term was dominated by cultural activities. The Debating Team, consisting of Marg. Matheson, Alan "Lord" Hutchison, and Kevin Chandler, argued their way into second place. The Choir, which had a girl, Jill Berry, as its conductor, practised hard every lunchtime, and on the day of the Choral Contest just failed to gain

first place. The Dramatics made it the fourth second place in a row gained by Orchid. Producers of the play were Sandra Finlay and John Scott. John deserves a special mention, for it was he who wrote Orchid's play. The scenery used was out of the box — special thanks is given to John and Tadek, who designed it. There were far too many in the cast to mention, but they all performed excellently.

The biggest activity in Third Term was the Athletic Sports. Here Orchid really shone, when we won the Athletic Sports convincingly for the third year in succession. There were many outstanding athletes on the day, the best being Jill Berry. I am sure that next year Orchid will make it four years in a row.

Overall this has been a great year for Orchid, and the House captains wish to thank all the members of the House for their support; also thanks are due to the House masters and mistresses, who were always willing to give a hand where possible.

"GOOD LUCK FOR NEXT YEAR ORCHID," and always remember —

"Orchid Teamwork Never Fails."

"On the Sports Field Orchid Shines."

"NEVER WILL OUR ORCHID FAIL US."



GIRLS ATHLETICS

WATTLE HOUSE NOTES

House Captains — Margaret Remington, Graham Connor.

House Vice-Captains — Marjorie Hill, Bill Andrews.

House Cultural Vice-Captains — Franki Ord, Roland Heimans.

This year Wattle House started off on the wrong foot by filling third place in the swimming sports. This would have been fourth place if it not been for the fine efforts of Heather Canobie and Joe Pollard. However, this third placing did not dampen our spirits, as was shown by our yard duty points. As the year progressed, our three debaters, Franki Ord, Cathy Smith and Roland Heimans, carried off the Debating Cup with great eloquence.

Although Paul Lewis' efforts in conducting the choir were first-class, we only gained third place in the Inter-House Choral competition. But even so, we were only a few points behind the winners, and we would like to thank Paul for his untiring efforts to help us along.

The drama group, produced and directed by Franki and Roland, consisted of three members who were Merrilyn Armstrong, Judy Stubbs and John McPhee. They gained first place, and we congratulate them for their splendid efforts.

Wattle led in the Athletics aggregate until the relays, when unfortunately we dropped back to finish in second place. The girls were again unbeaten. Our outstanding athletes were D. Huisman, A. Jenkine, C. Canobie, H. Dyson, B. Andrews, D. McDonald, R. Newson, I. Meyer, T. Witowski and J. Elliot.

Our inter-house sports teams did exceedingly well, and at this stage we are leading in the grand aggregate. We hope to win the egg appeal and eventually the Cup for the Champion House of 1964. [Both have been achieved.—Ed.]

"Wattle Fellowship is glorious,
Fighting spirit meritorious,
We'll make Wattle still victorious,
So our fame will live for aye."



SENIOR VOLLEYBALL

Back Row (l. to r.): F. Ord, A. Spencer, L. Williams.
Front Row: M. Panasewycz, V. Aumalis, Mrs. Keep, S. Sutton, L. Hoffman. Kneeling: M. Richardson.



BASEBALL

Back Row (l. to r.): A. Bus, B. Wallace, B. Sidor, V. Hall, N. Baker, A. Sereda, Mr. K. Jolly.
Front Row: E. Shanks, P. Smith (Capt.), W. Norfolk.



GIRLS' SENIOR SOFTBALL

Back Row (l. to r.): W. Giles, P. Dreverman, R. Hannah, C. Haskell, J. Harvey, L. Williams, J. Morrish, V. Aumalis, G. Litchfield.
 Middle Row: C. Pike, L. Hoffman, Miss Hughes, M. Rice, E. Aumalis.
 Front Row: H. Dyson, K. Jolly, F. Ord.

GIRLS' SENIOR HOCKEY

This year's hockey season was eagerly anticipated, and yielded one of the strongest teams ever. Only three players were lost from last year's team, and these were quickly replaced. We were extremely fortunate to receive the assistance of Miss Hughes, whose first-hand knowledge was expertly handed on to the players, both as individuals and a team. Here I would like to pass on to her our sincerest condolences, our congratulations, on bearing through the season with us, and assure her that none of us is as mad as we may seem.

We met with difficulties right from the start of the season, hockey practice often clashing with other school activities. However, we surmounted this difficulty by making the supreme sacrifice. We practised at the unearthly hour of 8 a.m. Miss Hughes' devotion to the game paid off,

and we reached the finals with relative ease. The final again proved to be the highlight of the season. Having drawn with Murrumbidgee last year both in the final and the playoff, this year's match was to be a do or die effort. However, it was not to be. We neither did nor died. We decided to play them off again, and what a desperate effort from both teams. But it was inevitable that the better team would eventually win, and we did.

The Warragul match proved a disappointment to everyone. For most of us it was our last match against them, and prior to the match we had the confidence, and I feel the ability, to crack their winning run. However, on the day the team lacked the spark of the "will-to-win" and the match fizzled into a spiritless loss.

Fortunately we did not end the season on this gloomy note, and made a glorious exit by defeating Glen Waverley in the Monash Division grand final 13 to nil.



SENIOR HOCKEY

Back Row (l. to r.): S. Davey, J. Smith, B. Wood, P. Barlee, M. Howie, L. Howie.
 Front Row: M. Griffin, M. Osborne, Miss Hughes, J. Berry, H. Canobie. Absent: M. Hill.



SENIOR 'B' HOCKEY

Back Row (l. to r.): G. Kett, P. Gardiner, G. Vickery, E. McConchie, S. Davis, H. Dyson.
 Front Row: J. Martin, L. Ahern, Miss P. Hughes, P. Dreverman, M. Remington.



CRICKET

Back Row (l. to r.): M. Griffen, C. Postlethwaite, H. Canobie, D. Johnson.
 Middle Row: P. Gardiner, J. McLeish, E. McConchie, S. Kitchener, C. Canobie, S. Davey.
 Front Row: C. Hook, S. Finlay, M. Osborne, Mrs. Zaspel, B. Wood, P. Bramley, S. Riddle.

GIRLS' SENIOR CRICKET

The Girls' Cricket enjoyed its second year on the sporting syllabus and its first on a competition basis, with Dandenong running out premiers. The adoption of cricket was eagerly greeted as a replacement for vigaro, which was regarded by most of us as being too degrading to participate in. We started off the season by overwhelming all opposition. This was mainly due to the superb bowling of Barbara Wood and Pat Gardiner, who would have put the boys to shame. Our confident surge of victory was brought to an abrupt halt by Warragul, who informed us that they played vigaro or not at all. We were momentarily stunned, but rose valiantly to the occasion. We never regretted it. The Warragul vigaro match was the hardest fought and most enjoyable match of the season. We surprised Warragul and ourselves by defeating them quite soundly. This started a new era in D.H.S. sport. Vigaro enjoyed an enthusiastic following unheard of for some time, and from then on our devotion fluctuated between vigaro and cricket. We finished the season off with an eagerly-fought victory over Murrumbena in cricket. This victory won us the premiership and also brought to an end an

extremely successful season, having never tasted the bitter gall of defeat in either cricket or vigaro.

Our thanks must go to Mrs. Zaspel, who undertook the job of coaching us. She obviously did an excellent job, despite the fact that she knew absolutely nothing about the game at the start of the season, and equally as little at the finish.

GIRLS' JUNIOR CRICKET

The season began well with many girls eager to be selected. With the help of Glenda Wardrop, captain, and Jennette Williams, vice-captains, Miss Holden chose a very successful team. Bev Elliott was our wicket-keeper; Robyn Ford and Jenny Smith, our main bowlers. Glenda Wardrop, with a fine average, was the star batswoman. We reached the semi-finals, having won every match we played. In the third term we will be playing in the grand-final. We realize that we could not have reached this goal without Miss Holden's coaching and enthusiastic support.

JENNY SMITH, IV.



VOLLEYBALL

(l. to r.): Mr. Martini, Tadek Krzywokulski, Brian Boote, Andrew McVean, Wasyl Furyk, Stan Wassylko.

Early this year a group of refined, cultured young gentlemen were brought together by Mr. S. Martini to be indoctrinated as a volleyball team. After hour upon hour of concentrated training (?) they prepared for their first game, against Waverley. This titanic struggle ended in a brilliant victory for Dandenong (that's us), BUT something had changed in the players. The aforesaid refined and cultured young gentlemen had undergone a complete mental reform. They were now a ferocious pack of trained monsters who regarded their bloodstained volleyball as a missile with which they should mercilessly pound their unfortunate opponents into submission. Another even more brilliant victory was gained at the expense of Oakleigh. By now the monsters were convinced that they were completely invincible

(that means unbeatable). Unfortunately, all good things must come to an end, as did their brilliant succession of victories. This happened one sad day when they were unceremoniously clobbered by Springvale H.S. This tragedy considerably deflated the egos of our monsters and they dejectedly returned to the usual humdrum life of the sixth form student completely believing in their motto "Old Volleyballers Never Die Young."

So that you may recognise these erstwhile monsters we have decided to name them here. They are Tadek Kryzwo - - - Kryz - - - anyway, Tadek (Ta), Brian (Poppa) Boote, Wasyl (Speedie?) Furyk, Stan (crash) Wassylko, Peter (Muskles) Allen and last (and least) captain Andy (Scot) McVean. YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!!!



SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row (l. to r.): G. Wall, R. Gilhorne, M. Remington, D. Ferris, I. Meyer, C. Kemp, N. Roberts.
 Third Row: L. Hoffman, J. Smith, G. Smith, B. Taylor, D. Francis, M. Hill, G. Jarvie, D. Frazer.
 Second Row: G. Morris, J. Pollard, M. Rowler, A. Curkurs, K. Wallis, D. Forme, S. Dolman, D. Fraser.
 Front Row: L. Olds, J. Williams, D. Smith, Mr. Jolly, H. Canobie, L. Deboer, J. Leeman, O. Hooper.

SCHOOL SWIMMING TEAM

The Dandenong High swimming team was successful in obtaining the Monash Division Shield by a narrow margin of four points. The team broke five records on the day, two going to Geoff Morriss and one to Jennette Williams. Outstanding competitors were Jan Matheson, Maree Edwards, Heather Canobie, Jenny Smith (snr.), Geoff Morriss, Jeff Matheson, Max Rowler, Denis Smith and Ken Wallis. Jan Matheson, our most outstanding competitor, was a member of the Victorian team to try for the Olympic Games.

In the Dandenong High House sports, Clematis won for the second successive year, having com-

peted without its house captain, Jan Matheson, who represented Victoria in Sydney. Twenty-six records were broken at this year's carnival. Outstanding competitors were M. Wright (two records), M. Edwards (two records), J. Williams (two records), K. Wallis (four records), and Geoff Morriss (four records). Clematis gained 12 individual records out of the possible 26 and two relay records.

Swimmers who represented Monash in individual events were Jan Matheson, Geoff Morriss, Maree Edwards, Jennette Williams, Jeff Matheson and Ken Wallis.

J.W., 2A.



FIRST EIGHTEEN

Back Row (l. to r.): G. Renwick, G. Smith, G. Cheeseman, O. Reid, R. Flett, P. Zeccola.
 Middle Row: P. Lang, H. Bouse, D. Jones, R. Stewart, F. Boogart, R. Townsend, D. Frazer, W. Andrews.
 Front Row: M. Barnes, D. Forsythe, D. Eirrington, B. Forsythe, Mr. Jolly, D. Morse, B. McKeown, L. Childs, J. Robinson.



JUNIOR FIRST 18

Back Row (l. to r.): B. Taylor, P. Wyley, S. Rivette, B. Osborne.
 Middle Row: D. Francis, D. Nish, D. Cheeseman, D. Hooper, R. Childs, B. Woodhead.
 Front Row: J. Smith, M. Booth, G. Bragge, Mr. Robinson, B. Adams, J. Davey, L. Osborne.



JUNIOR TENNIS

Back Row (l. to r.): A. Griffiths, R. Menzies, L. Hill, R. Wagstaff, R. Mackay.
Front Row: D. Francis, Mr. Szidat, G. Thomas.



JUNIOR SOCCER

Back Row (l. to r.): W. Sikora, L. Verhuyen, B. Brzezowski, F. Meerman, T. Sweeny, J. Kinne.
Front Row: S. Brzezowski, J. Keyaerts, T. McLeavy, E. Witkowski, R. Wozkiewski.



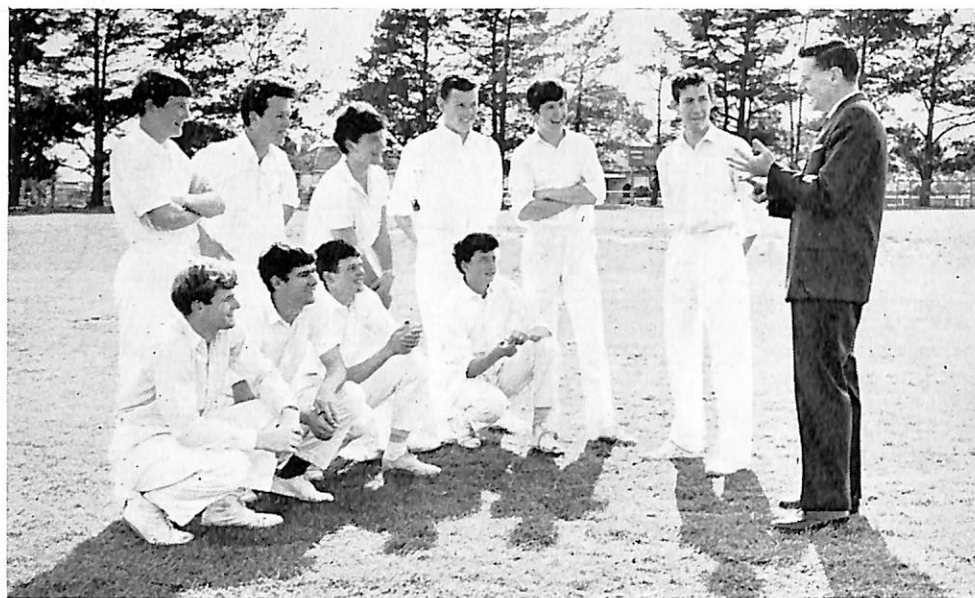
JUDO

Back Row (l. to r.): R. Stevenson, R. Lowe, A. Griffith, P. Hearnfield, W. Power.
Middle Row: B. Norris, G. Groves, R. Smith, J. Hayes, R. Wagstaff, C. Kemp.
Front Row: M. Rankin, J. Elliot, Mr. Martini, D. Nish, C. Michelson.



SENIOR SOCCER

Back Row (l. to r.): D. Ryan, B. Rozak, D. Atkin, A. Callewaert, D. King, D. Cleary.
Front Row: O. Molinari, W. Furyk, Mr. Martini, A. McVean, M. Ryan.



FIRST XI

Standing (l. to r.): D. Atkin, G. Smith, G. Rewick, R. Newton, B. Wallace, G. Cheeseman, Mr. Whykes.
Seated: P. Lang, R. Townsend, W. Andrews, N. Baker.



JUNIOR TENNIS

Back Row (l. to r.): L. Midgley, H. Macauley, P. Crawford, S. Male, P. Raymond.
Front Row: L. Synot, L. Morton, L. Golding, Miss Davis, N. Parker, C. Gilbee.



JUNIOR CRICKET

Back Row (l. to r.): R. Stevenson, J. Wilson, S. Rivette, G. Bragge, P. Wyley, L. Osborne.
Front Row: B. Osborne, D. Cheeseman, Mr. Jolly, J. Davey, B. Adams, W. Davey.



SENIOR TENNIS

Back Row (l. to r.): L. Howie, M. Howie, P. Barlee, B. Jarvis, R. Roberts, W. Thompson.
Middle Row: J. Hamilton, J. Hillard, Miss Dee, J. Berry, R. Browne.
Front Row: K. Smith, L. Edgoose.

