



THE GATE 1965

Mac Oldmixon

DANDENONG HIGH SCHOOL 1965

THE GATE, 1965

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DANDENONG HIGH SCHOOL 1965

Headmaster: K. B. MITCHELL, B.A., B.Com., B.Ed., M.A.C.E.

The following have been attached to the staff for the whole or part of 1965:

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 Miss M. M. Charnock, Scottish Com. Teacher's Diploma
 Mrs. K. L. Gillespie, T.S.T.C., Univ. Subs.
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 Miss D. J. Mickelberg, T.S.T.C. (Art and Craft)
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 Miss M. D. Cunningham, T.P.T.C.
 Mrs. R. C. Thomas, T.P.T.C.
 Miss A. J. Holden, B.Com., Dip. Ed.
 Miss P. M. Hughes, Dip.Phys.Ed., T.S.T.C.
 Miss W. E. Glasier, T.S.T.C. (Dom. Arts)
 Mrs. P. Smith, T.S.T.C. (Dom. Arts)
 Mrs. H. Keep, Dip.Phys.Ed. (Melbourne), B.Ed., M.Ed. (Indonesia)
 Miss H. T. Wallace, T.S.T.C. (Dom. Arts)
 Miss N. R. Sandy, T.P.T.C.
 Miss N. Davis, T.P.T.C.
 Mrs. E. H. Vukmirovic, Univ Subs., T.P.T.C.
 Mrs. M. R. Windsor, Teach. Quals.
 Mrs. A. B. Daly, Dip.Rec.Sport (Eng.)
 Mrs. M. V. Cowan, Dip. Music
 Mrs. M. L. Goss, Reg.Prim.Cert.
 Mrs. F. A. Gomersall, Dip.Tail.
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 Mrs. J. E. F. Fynn, Dip.Phys.Ed. (N.S.W.)
 Mrs. P. N. Grasset, Univ. Subs.
 School Chaplain: The Rev. Kevin Heath, B.D.



STAFF 1965

BACK: Mr. K. Robinson, Mr. D. O'Brien, Mr. P. Rich, Mr. B. Ware, Rev. K. Heath, Mr. J. Menadue, Mr. K. Szidat, Mr. R. Rivenell, Mr. J. Whykes, Mr. M. Oldmeadow, Mr. B. Jones.
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 THIRD ROW: Mr. D. Boyd, Mr. K. Jolly, Mr. R. Everett, Mrs. Gomersall, Miss J. Newton, Miss E. Dee, Mrs. Daly, Mrs. Keep, Miss P. Roberts.
 SECOND ROW: Mr. J. McGarvin, Miss P. Hughes, Miss R. Sandy, Miss N. Davis, Miss E. Cunningham, Miss G. Blood, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs Windsor, Mr. G. Horne, Mr. J. Mitchell (Senior Mistress), Mr. K. B. Mitchell (Headmaster).

HEADMASTER'S PAGE

Dear Girls and Boys,

I came to the school at the beginning of this year after six years of pioneering work as Headmaster of two newly established schools in another area. My memories of Dandenong High School, however, go back to my own school days, to a time when there were only six High Schools in the metropolitan area — Melbourne, University, Essendon, Coburg, Williamstown and Dandenong. It is perhaps natural, therefore, that I have retained a particular interest in those schools, and that I now derive a great deal of pleasure from being Headmaster of one of them.

The tradition of the school is a long and honourable one, built up by nearly fifty years of service from dedicated teachers, loyal students and co-operative parents. Such a tradition is hard to define, and does not depend upon material things such as fine buildings and unlimited funds, for Dandenong has never been in a very fortunate position in this respect. It depends rather on the attitude of students, teachers and parents to the school as a community rather than as a building, and I am sure that this attitude will continue even although we are looking forward to the completion of an extensive building programme which will make school life more comfortable and will permit extensions of social and cultural activities.

Most of you are intelligent enough to regard your school not as a place where you must spend impatient years before venturing out into the world, but as a community centre where you can learn to live as a social being while qualifying in the scholastic sense for entrance to the work at which you desire to spend your life. Your choice of a career is not always an easy one, and you will find that daydreams without effective work will not in the end qualify you to enter the trade or profession of your choice. The school offers a variety of courses, and is not concerned solely with the preparation of students for entrance to a University.

It is true to say that these secondary school years are probably the most important ones of your life, for according to the extent to which you take advantage of the opportunities offered, so depends very largely the manner in which you will spend the next fifty years of your lives. This is probably more true today than ever before. I am sure that most of your parents now have a true appreciation of the importance of your secondary school training. I hope that you will all respond to the best of your ability to the sacrifices many of them are making to ensure that you will be given every opportunity to spend those fifty years in a manner satisfactory to yourself and to society.

In this school we have many skilled and dedicated teachers who have chosen teaching as their profession, rather than one in which their abilities could have produced a much higher return in terms of money. It is refreshing for me to observe that so many of you have a keen appreciation of this, and I can assure you that although teachers are as much interested in money as most people, their real reward lies in their service to youth and in the many pleasant associations built up with present and past students.

Perhaps my biggest problem this year has been the difficulty in making personal contact with students. The Headmaster of a large school must necessarily spend a great deal of his time in matters of administration, and I find that the task of getting to know all of my eleven hundred students in a short time an impossible one. I want to assure you all, however, that I have a very real and deep interest in your welfare and progress, and as time goes on I hope to know you much better.

Meanwhile, as many have discovered, a visit to my office is not usually a very terrifying ordeal, and I will always be willing and pleased to welcome any student who seeks advice, information or assistance.

I wish to thank students for assisting to make my first year at Dandenong pleasant and interesting, and join with all members of staff in wishing you a Happy Christmas, and joyous New Year and a safe and enjoyable vacation.

K. B. MITCHELL,
B.A., B.Com., B.Ed., M.A.C.E.



MICHAEL SKILNEY, 6.

TEXTA COLOUR AND CRAYON.

JOINT EFFORT

If I write the first line
That's my contribution;
You can write the second —
It's a fair distribution.

The question now arises
As to what to write about —
This poem's full of surprises,
Of that, there is no doubt.

I could write, I suppose, of illness,
Of adventure, or of fright,
But the first one's rather gloomy
And the last one rhymes with night.

There's the knight in shining armour
And the damsel in distress —
But the knight's not feeling gallant
So we'll let that subject rest!

With Richard off on Crusades
The way to the throne was clear
Until, alas for brother John,
Richard his plans did hear.

Post haste from ancient Palestine
To defend his crown he came,
But John wouldn't come to battle
So that ending is too tame.

With their castles on the hill-tops
The barons wore the crown,
But someone thought of gunpowder
And the walls came tumbling down.
There were lots of dashing cavaliers
With their plumed hats so gay,
But their story grew too tragic
As the Roundheads won the day.

Napoleon grew too uppish
So the British, they said "Brrr!"
They all went out to fight him
And he met his Waterloo.

So, foiled from all our histories
Of battles and the rest
By over-canny heroes
Whose caution conquered zest —
And, seeing that we cannot,
No matter how we try,
Find something good to write on,
We'd better say, "good-bye."
Julie Male and Ruth Yule.

EDITOR'S NOTE

When a school has an economy drive, needless to say a luxury like the school magazine must suffer — this one does. Those popular relics, the form notes, were abolished, and the beloved sports photographs had to be slightly reduced in number.

The response for articles, although not overwhelming, was satisfactory once the initial impetus was gained. As in past years, some articles of merit had to be excluded for the sake of Proportionately Fair Representation to All Forms (such a democratic cliché).

The Committee has a sometimes exciting, sometimes frustrating, often hysterical, but always interesting few weeks in preparing the magazine, and they acknowledge the debt they owe Miss Orr and Mr. Ralph for their assistance and advice — to these two teachers (and few others) the school owes much for their unselfish sacrifice of time and energy spent in the preparation of *The Gate*. Thanks also to Janine Barry, age 12, of Form 1B, whose illustration is featured on the cover, and to all contributors whether their work was published or not.

prologue to a slim volume of unpublished verse

Frail natures corruption
this hunch-backed plagurous memory
splintered again today
and i, so richard-like
in both wheeltorn and meditate
loving the still companionship
of mirror to mankind face
made my heaven to dream upon
the unexhaustive space
those rhyming heights
of my towers symbolism
And neither hate worn
thin upon each hour scorn
nor yellowed mockeries
nor any soul beneath this
soreen heaven
will tragedy the way
Though far removed by opinion
experience and coin
this minds eye grasp
this crown
were it farther off i'll pluck it down.

REMINISCENSES

To a tourist visiting Mauritius, life there would appear simply wonderful. Imagine yourself with a climate of about 60 to 65 deg. all year round except for summer where it may be 80 to 85 deg. F. The island itself is fringed with coral reefs which check the speed of the oceanic waves. Inside these reefs are serene lagoons in which breed more than 250 species of fish, and in some places algae provide for them a sort of "Garden of Eden." Beaches are of perfectly white sand, and the water itself is warm. Surf beaches may be found every two or three miles along the coast.

The island itself is divided into two distinct regions; the low plateau and the mountainous highlands (3000ft. above sea level) where it is mild during the dry months of summer. Usually, there, people have two houses — a "campement" at the beach for the winter season and another house on the highlands. However cold it may be on the highlands, it is never sufficient to cause frost or snow.

The school where I went to, the "Royal College," is an all-stone stately building, built right in the centre of Curepipe, the first city of the island. Life there is nearly the same as in Dandy High! But there traditions are of the best. The one I remember most is the Baptism ceremony. Well, on the first day of the school year, usually many new kids join the school. Soon after they get on the college grounds that older students ask them to come to a certain place within the school. Then comes the baptism ceremony, when a couple of older students just flop the pants of the new kids. It's been a tradition of the school since the early 1820's, and you can see the reason why it is still very popular. Why not start it here now!

From November to April is the cyclone period there (these cyclones occur in large numbers in the Indian Ocean). However, the meteorologists have a nice way of putting it. They call each cyclone common names such as Claudia, Glenda, Brigitte, Jacqueline, Jeanne. However, Carol is not a nice-sounding word to people there, as this reminds them of the cyclone which struck the island three years ago with devastating results. Sugarcane fields were flattened down. Houses were lifted from their basements on to roads, whole rooftops flew away, and even concrete-walled houses were broken down. The gales reached one hundred and fifty miles per hour.

But the main problem is that of over population. To give you an idea of what it is, I tell you this: There are 3 Australians to every square mile of land; there, there are more than 700 to the square mile. Employment is another problem, since even if you have a Leaving or Matriculation Certificate, it is quite difficult for you to get a job.

Well, what about a trip there? It is not dear the same cost as from Melbourne to the Barrier Reef. Just take my advice and just have a try. I bet you will wish to go back there again.

GILBERT AUGUSTIN, 6.



DANDENONG HIGH SCHOOL HAS RECEIVED QUITE A DEAL OF PUBLICITY IN RECENT MONTHS. THIS PHOTO SHOWS A PORTION OF THE OLD BUILDING.

JUNIOR INTER-HOUSE DRAMATICS

The third annual inter-House drama festival of the Junior School was held in Dandenong Town Hall on August 4th. The adjudicator this year was Miss F. Yodgee, F.L.C.M.

Miss Yodgee commented on the varied contrast in the choice of plays. Such variety gave added interest to the afternoon. She commended the school for its interest in drama, and expressed the wish that more schools would introduce similar festivals. In her adjudicating, Miss Yodgee allotted marks for acting, production, and audience reaction.

Wattle House, who won by a single point from Orchid last year, was again successful in attaining first place with a total mark of 79 points, and so retains the Cup.

"Ile," by Eugene O'Neil, was set in the captain's cabin of a whaling ship ice-bound in the Arctic Sea — the time, 1891. The action revolves round Captain Keeley and the decision he has to make — to turn back or to wait for the ice to break and so get his oil ("ile"). His final choice, to get the oil, has disastrous results on his wife's sanity. The characterisation was excellent; the play had been well cast by its producers, Solange Wynne and John Westcott. The leading actors were John McPhee as Captain Keeley and Jillian Long as his wife.

Orchid House came second with 75 points. Their play, "Act with Poems," was an adaptation of "Ade Sans Paroles" by the controversial playwright, Samuel Becket. It was produced by John Scott and John Krzywokulski. It portrayed the tragic story of a man placed alone in a hell; it emphasises the helplessness and futility of his actions. This was achieved with disquieting reality with the aid of mobile scenery and properties being raised or lowered onto the stage. This was a style of theatre not previously seen in House dramatics; it was most effectively presented by the small cast of three — Barry Davis, the Man; Grant Mathews and Robyn Smith.

Third was Bluegum House with 65 points. Their play, "Fool's Errand," was based on a tale by Chaucer. The villagers go to search for Death so they may kill him. Producers were Eva Havel and Quenton Buckley; all the parts were played by girls, with the leading characters being Nadia Furyk, Helen Aldridge and Vivian Hayes. The 14th-century dressing and the setting in the village inn were both excellent.

Clematis House was fourth with 62 points. Their play, "Road to Ruin," was set in a village in North Wales, and portrays the people's reactions to the proposed plans for a road through their village. Leading actors were Jorm Mallon, Hulga Szidat and Robert Clark. Producers were Sandra Clark and Rae Weetman. Miss Yodgee named the best actor and best actress for the afternoon — John McPhee and Jillian Long. Barry Davis was highly commended. Mr. Ralph's team of back-stage boys had a special mention for their most efficient work.

MACBETH

This production at Emerald Hill, although it is not one of the most memorable I have seen, was nevertheless unusual, for the Emerald Hill Theatre is, itself, out of the ordinary by our standards. The building, a renovated church hall, seats a mere one hundred and fifty on three side of a large stage which juts out into the audience in almost the same fashion as stages did in Shakespeare's day. The intimate effect it produces is to the theatre rather like Cinerama is to the cinema.

Emerald Hill's performance had its ups and downs, though comments during the interval and after the show, and the restlessness and laughter towards the end of the play seem to suggest there were more downs than ups. The production had its creditable points, however. The opening was forceful and dramatic due to well-chosen music, good sound effects and excellent lighting. Music and sound effects maintained this high standard throughout, and the only blemish in the lighting occurred in the last witches' scene which had a rather worked-out appearance. Their method of handling the three apparitions in this scene was a failure, and confusing to the audience.

The abstract set, consisting of three inclined platforms placed like a stairway, was very effective in some instances, though after a while it tended to grow monotonous — though this may have been the fault of the actors. Scene changes, which only entailed the placing or removal of a few props, were quick, but in the last act especially, it was difficult to figure out whether scenes were in England, on the battlefield, or in Macbeth's castle.

Costuming was not very good, especially on the lesser characters. Costumes were so alike that the Scottish Thanes in particular were very hard to distinguish one from another. And anyway, I doubt if Scottish Thanes would have flowers, of all things, printed on their tunics.

Undoubtedly the main failing of the whole play was the playing of Macbeth himself. For instance, at the very beginning of the play he seemed a tragic, uncertain figure; not a courageous general who had just defeated two enemy forces. Indeed, even before his first meeting with the witches he appeared to me to be something of the Macbeth of the last few acts — a mere shadow of his former self, since he had realised Duncan's murder had brought him nothing but ruin and disaster. Macbeth's failure did not apply to these lesser, but still extremely important, characters. Banquo for one performed excellently, and was perhaps the best actor of all. Macduff also did very well, and Lady Macbeth although she was perhaps younger than we would expect Lady Macbeth to be, played her part splendidly. Her sleep walking scene was without doubt a highlight of the play.

In conclusion, I might add that although I sound rather down on the entire production, I quite enjoyed Emerald Hill's performance despite its blemishes. Those who know Macbeth better than I do — and there must be a lot of them — might be more enthusiastic than I appear to be, though on the other hand I suppose I am an inexperienced critic.

P. WALLACE, 5A.



DRAMA GROUP

BACK: N. Leed, P. Wallace, H. Hallett, G. Davies, J. Garnet.
FRONT: R. Destefano, M. Cole, L. Frankel, V. Davies, J. Chappell.



SENIOR CHOIR

BACK ROW: H. Jefimenko, C. Yeats, C. Litchfield, M. Richardson, N. Mills, P. Smithies, B. Baxter, P. Yeats, C. Sangwell.
SECOND ROW: Y. Daly, R. Browne, H. Aldridge, M. Young, H. Hallett, G. Vickery, A. Vat, C. Bates.
FIRST ROW: E. Beamont, A. McLeod, B. Frost, E. Kelly, Mr. Menadue, S. Gillette, M. Pigdon, L. Frankel, L. Erskine.
FRONT: J. Dyke, J. Kingham.



ANNE CLAY, 3.

POSTER PAINT.

THE SPARTAN GIRL

For the third successive year, the school entered a play in the Schools Section of the Dandenong Festival of Music and Arts. Last year we were placed second; this year we were first, and one of the cast, Neil Leed, was awarded the Cup for the best individual actor for the night.

The cast of *The Spartan Girl* was as follows: Lilian Frankel, the Spartan Girl; Hermie Hallet, Dorcas, the Greek Matron; John Garnett, Eustace, son of Dorcas; Neil Leed, a dual role, Neptune and the Stranger; Greg Davis, a dual role, Voice of the Ether and Attendant; Peter Wallace, Messenger, and Margaret Cole, Rosemary de Stefano, Vivienne Davis and Judith Chappell were the Chorus.

An interesting feature of the play this year was that the cast was gathered from a wide range — the Chorus from Forms I and II, others from Forms IV, V and VI.

The play is a light-hearted satire on Greek tragedy, and as Miss Fleming, the adjudicator, commented, it has considerable literary value. She commended the players for their obvious understanding of the author's purpose. The setting of the forecourt of Dorcas's house was the work of Mr Peter Ralph and a team of enthusiastic helpers. Miss Fleming praised its effectiveness and simplicity. Mrs. Gomersall made the costumes for the Chorus; these too received a special mention from the adjudicator. During rehearsals, a very happy team-spirit was built up. When Miss Rita Fleming announced the results, there was great excitement and a feeling that all the time spent on rehearsals at lunchtime and after school had been well worthwhile.

AUSTRALIA AND JAPAN

Great area! The country of sheep and kangaroo! These were my imaginations of Australia before my coming to this country. I think it is not only myself, but most Japanese people and many in the world think the same.

It must be shocking for Australian people to have their country so misunderstood by other countries. Actually, sometimes I feel angry with the Australian's ignorance of Japan, and always it makes me lonely at such a time.

But it is only a small thing that Australians have a poor knowledge of Japan just as it is a small thing that our Japanese have a poor knowledge of Australia. But in spite of not having a sure knowledge of any country, it is not fair that we criticise each other's countries.

I am sorry for my criticism, because I have met such kind people here in Australia, and they made me homesick. In Japan I was not so conscious of my patriotism, but now I am very happy to know it.

Australia is very different from Japan — in their ways of life, and in their weather.

I did not know the Australians had very changeable weather until I came over here. I don't think it is too much to say they have four seasons in a day. They need overcoats in summer and summer-coats in winter. If I had not come here, it would be too hard for me to believe their summer in winter and winter in summer.

I found most Australians are very frank and cheerful, and living among them I understood they liked to joke, while our Japanese are extremely quiet and nervous. We worry over little details. We get nervous lest the listener should be hurt whenever we express our opinion of him.

Sometimes we sacrifice our talk rather than have our listener hear us. This Japanese type of expression has a long history, formed during centuries. Others may not be able to agree with our way of expression, but we are a nation who are glad to see other people happy.

Australia is a very young country, and so peaceful. In all their ways, they live in peace without knowing a lot of crimes and traffic accidents. Australians cannot deny that their circumstances are too peaceful, and in most cases they have all they could wish for their hopes. I think it is one reason that they have got a small population.

They have twenty times the area of Japan, and they have one-eighth the population of Japan.

Our Japanese do mostly go to our universities; we must do so because of gaining good jobs or positions. I think it is impossible for Australians to understand that Japanese students study to pass their university entrance examination eight

hours a day as well as school study. Some have only three hours as sleeping time in a day.

Why do we study like this? Because we must pass any examinations to live in peace. We have a great big population, so if we want to be winners in our life we need much more study. To our sorrow, our Japanese cannot deny that our way of study is abnormal.

The Australian history is very young, as it is their time of building a country, as many European countries did theirs, and we did ours. In the near future, we will be able to see that the Australians will build their own country with powerful energy.

We had the 18th Olympics last year, and a lot of people from every country came over to Japan. They said, to see our Japan, 'Is this Asia? No, this is America.' They could not believe Japan was Asia, we have developed very much and are being Americanised; but I love Japan, just as you love Australia.

CHIYO NANJO, 6.

SMALL WAR

The pretty mushroom floats
And seeks its food
Among the ashes;
Enshrouds the twisted leper
Destroys the cities.

The mocking tides recede
In ragged curves,
Deposit death in
Silent homage
To the shoreline.

The upward billowing
greyneess
Enshrouds the twisted leper
As he worships, softly crumbling,
With the cross.

R.G., 5.

THE EPITAPH

A stranger passing by this stone,
I beg you do not laugh,
For it's just a little dog that earned this epitaph;
The Lord laughed not who laid me here,
His loved and loving slave,
And carved, still weeping as He worked,
This legend on my grave.

Carmel Dowd

SYSTEMS IN SECONDARY EDUCATION

In this modern age the economic trends are beginning to make a deeper impression upon the character of our citizens. People are acquiring a more materialistic outlook on life. It seems that to many affluence is the measuring stick of human happiness. Over the last few decades this attitude has percolated into the realms of education. This may seem strange, but if one inspects the past changes made in education, one will see the gradual degeneration of the balanced comprehensive school life; to one of a hothouse, career industry employing all the mass production innovations that modern technology has to offer. Educationalists apparently feel that to have a well-paid career in a scientific age is more important than the cultivation of the personal aspects of human character. Let us analyse this a little more, examining the net result in student attitudes and problems.

In today's system of secondary education, we find students are required to specialise in their individual fields of study. Students of relatively immature age are required to make decisions that will have a profound effect on their future vocation. In quite a few cases, students finding themselves unsuited to a particular field have little opportunity of redeeming the situation. Their option is to grudgingly persevere or leave school altogether. The additional effects of early specialisation are manifold. For instance, one finds the present system offering students a unilateral education. Their study is intensified in one field of study only, paying little attention to other fields of human endeavour. This results in poor individual development, effecting a lack of growth in the comprehensive fields of talents and arts.

This problem can be further depicted by stressing the need to have balance and broad minds, being of complement to our country and social framework. One must recognise that an individual's education does not find its only application in his or her career, but manifests itself in all forms of family, local community and national services. At present, the system does little to cultivate the social, cultural, political, spiritual and physical development, which is vital to the maturity of every individual, no matter what field of vocational endeavour he may fancy.

Many have claimed the present examination system as the key fault in our constitution. The degree of this claim can be debated, but most agree that much can and should be done to improve the efficiency by subsequent modification. To illustrate this situation, consider the following facts. Much of school life today is pre-occupied with exhaustive efforts on the part of the student to prepare for the exams. Many sports, social and cultural activities are displaced to a meagre secondary position if not removed from school activities altogether. The result of this vicious competitive effort is a dampening of school spirit. Students become self-centred and apathetic to school activities due to the "overworked" effect.

I feel that, in addition to the general apathy, we suffer a drop in the overall study efficiency on the part of the individual. The repercussions of the former effect are deeper than at first apparent. Students begin to lose the feeling of love and dedication for their school. This could manifest itself in later life as a resultant lack in community spirit and patriotic fervor.

To conclude with a few positive remarks, let me suggest the following: Educationalists should forget the cramming habit and all associated techniques that turn a school into a career mill. Instead, they should concentrate on making secondary education a time of warm interest and peaceful enjoyment, cultivating deeper creative aspects of the thought process. They should be impressed with the ideal of making school life provide for all faculties of the human individual — body, mind and spirit. In particular, school life should be made as enjoyable as possible, the accent being placed on comprehensive education. Intensive career education, in my opinion, can wait until tertiary education (within reason, of course). Let the secondary years provide a time of personal development, giving the individual a set of values that will make him of benefit to his community and country, as well as to himself.

R. Tremayne (6C)

MOODS

(Original verse by Erica Thomas)

The seas roar fervently upon the ocean strand,
The atmosphere around is far from still,
The breakers roll and tumble to the sand,
And seaweed tosses, makes a giant hill,
White horses dance, their deafening hooves
are beating,
They leap, then catch their prey, then
stamp, and kill.

The thunder rolls, like trumpets sounding
acclamation,
The skies are grey, and dark, and clouding
o'er like wool,
The lightning flashes, shatt'ring heav'n
in a million pieces,
The rains beat down, like angry stamping
of a massive bull.
The wind blows strong, then soft, then strong
again,
As if to yell to sailors, "Heave, boys! Pull!"

A small boat tosses round, a cork, so helpless
Upon an unforgiving, merciless sea,
The timbers creak, the boards give way to
show surrender,
The sails flap back and forth in agony,
And still the captain shouts and gives his
orders —
The bow dips through the waters, constantly,

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 onto victory,
And sails on home, mid quiet waves, to shore.



QUENTON BUCKLEY, 6.

CRAYON AND POSTER COLOUR.

TRIP TO THE MOON

Herbert Fillpot was the space programme flight director at Cape Ord. For the last several months I had been working under him preparing myself for this big day, a day I had thought would never come. Now, just a couple of hours before the ordeal, everything I had done seemed to be reeling through my head. I firstly thought of my early years of training, with their basic experiences; all the exercises I had to do, the tests I had to pass — the endurance tests, the alertness tests, the observation tests — the years of learning technical knowledge; all of these things and many more began passing through my mind.

"What was I training for?" "For this?" I began to think of the more recent events, the things that had happened over the last seven months. There was the day when Herb told me the object of my mission; it was top secret then. After that, all my accumulated experience and knowledge was thoroughly tried. I was shown the various things, the massive rocket and the tiny space craft, the technical drawings and the practical proto-types, the instrument panel and the various controls. Over the last few months I had become so familiar with them that I knew each object by touch — I didn't have to look at the panel. All of this had been hard work and specialised training, training, training . . .

Herb was beside me now, giving me last-minute instructions, but I wasn't listening to him. I seemed to be stunned. Everything seemed to be happening too quickly. "Had all my training been for this?" I asked myself. I knew it had been, but I couldn't bring myself around to face it. "What would happen after this?" I thought. Would I become the world-wide hero? Would I be known as the first man to go to . . . I didn't dare think about it. Herb was still talking to me as I walked towards the massive rocket. It was still bright, even though it was late in the afternoon. The launching site was busy with people swarming everywhere; last-minute checks were being carried out; television cameras were in position; pressmen were gathered near the range control office eagerly awaiting the future events and busily observing every move. The last week had been chaos. The publicity had been tremendous; public feeling had been very high. I already seemed to be a hero. The massive task lay before me. In a short while I would be on my way, hurtling through space at a tremendous speed. Soon my years of training would be fulfilled in a couple of days. I was now just about up to the platform. Herb would have to leave me here. From there on I would be by myself.

Something Herb was saying galvanised my mind back to reality. It stuck in my mind and kept on repeating itself. "Whatever happens, don't panic." Don't panic, don't panic, over and over again. I could not think or say anything else as I climbed into the spacecraft high above the ground. Here I paused and had a good look at the earth and the things in it. I began wondering if I would return to enjoy all the mundane pleasures I indulged in. Would this be my last day on Earth? I didn't really want to think about it. The future seemed to be a better pros-

pect. After all, this is what I had wanted when I first began. I had looked forward to this day, now that it was here I was scared, frightened; I didn't want it to happen, and yet I knew it must.

Time passed very quickly; I was absorbed in thinking. My actions must have been mechanical because the count-down had commenced without any hitch so far. From inside the space capsule I could hear them counting. I steadied myself, and now for the first time in hours I became myself; my mind wasn't drifting any more. I became fully aware of my importance in this mission. I knew that the take-off would be the hardest part for me because of the great G forces acting on me. I remembered Herb's last words, "Whatever happens, don't panic."

All was ready. I could hear them counting now. The seconds seemed to me to be an eternity. Five . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one . . . zero . . . Blast off! I was now on my way, by myself. There was nothing I could do but hope everything would be all right. All the other flights had been successful — why shouldn't mine? All I could do now was to sit and wait. Wait for what? I didn't know, but I had some idea. Time went very slowly. It was dark outside now . . . soon it wouldn't be. I started experiencing the state of weightlessness. I conformed to all the routine calls, but my mind was travelling again. I was reacting like a robot; I was completely mechanical. I knew that my work would begin when I landed. Up to that point I wouldn't have to do anything. The spacecraft was controlled from the ground. All I had to do now was sit and wait.

Eventually I became aware of my destination. I could see it looming up in front of me, growing bigger all the time. "Soon I will be there," I thought. Just then the radio started buzzing; it was urgent. Apparently something had gone wrong. They were trying to tell me, but I couldn't hear them properly. After they had repeated themselves several times, I managed to learn that ground control could not guide me in to land. They told me to do it manually. I acknowledged them, and set about twiddling knobs and looking at the panel reading off a number of facts. Things seemed to be moving by me rapidly; then I went blank.

Nothing seemed to be working! Herb's last words flashed through my mind — "Don't panic" I picked up the radio and screamed into the mouth-piece, "The brakes don't work . . . the brakes don't work." There was no answer. The valuable last seconds ticked by. The greyish-white seemed to envelop me. I waited for the inevitable crash.

* * *

The street was blocked with traffic; people were huddled about in groups, excitedly talking and pointing. On one side of the street, turned over on its side, was a greyish-white late-model sedan . . . my vehicle was smashed up against a light post. People were standing all around me, and then I noticed Herb. He looked at me and said, "You're O.K." Then he said, "Follow me."

The wedding took place in the church across the street.

Wally Edwards (6A)

ART EXHIBITION, 1965

Edward Shanks John Krzywokulski

After the preparation period of eight weeks, the third and largest annual exhibition of sculpture and painting held by D.H.S. was opened on September 14th by television personality Ray Taylor.

Since mid-July a select group of enthusiastic students, under the supervision of Mr Ralph and Miss Mickelberg, had been feverishly devoting their spare time and energy towards the art show and its exhibits. Students made full use of the school's new equipment, mainly the new welder, and the subsequent work was on a scale previously unattained by any school in the State. The size of the work created ranged from six inch wire and paper constructions to massive "Ciment Fondu" sculptures.

Although the exhibits were naturally the most conspicuous aspect of the show, they were by no means the only time-consuming element. For the exhibits to be displayed at their best advantage, an artificial backdrop of canvas flats had to be built, painted and erected as a complete new wall, the color and position of the flats being related to the specific foreground objects. For three dimensional work, bases had to be built. Continuing this point, special lighting was installed to increase the effectiveness of the display, and in the painting hall a complete artificial ceiling was constructed to direct attention away from the unattractive normal ceiling and focus it towards the paintings. The very fact that so few people noticed these aids to presentation was striking proof of their effectiveness.

As with presentation, advertising and promotion of the show was again handled capably by senior students and art teachers. This included the printing and distribution of approximately 500 posters and the designing and distribution of invitations and catalogues. After this aspect was completed, actual selection and mounting of paintings and other exhibits began, adding a considerable length of time to the hours spent in preparation. When it is considered that the majority of this work was done by a handful of people, one becomes even more aware of the time factor involved. This involved the personal sacrifice of free time on weekends, time allowed after completing other subject commitments, and the surrender of the final week of the term holidays. Work began as early as 8 a.m., and in some cases, due to technical difficulties, extended into the early hours of the morning.

Although the attendance was not as good as we had hoped, those who attended showed a very rewarding and satisfying level of interest. Many people with little knowledge of the subject showed remarkable insight and understanding when work was explained to them, and their interest led to extended visits and enjoyable discussion on the subject matter. Perhaps this increased interest was due to the policy of visitors being taken on "conducted tours" by well-informed students. Interest by artistically informed people also ran high, and very favourable comments came from

officials from the Victorian State Gallery, advanced technical teachers and other high school and trainee teachers. The general impression was that most of the work was of an extremely high calibre and some of the sculpture was given equal merit with professional work. A common feeling expressed by tertiary art teachers was that "if this is high school work, what standard should we be attaining?" Several ambitious students who had planned similar exhibitions went away feeling slightly subdued, due to the standard of both the layout and exhibits.

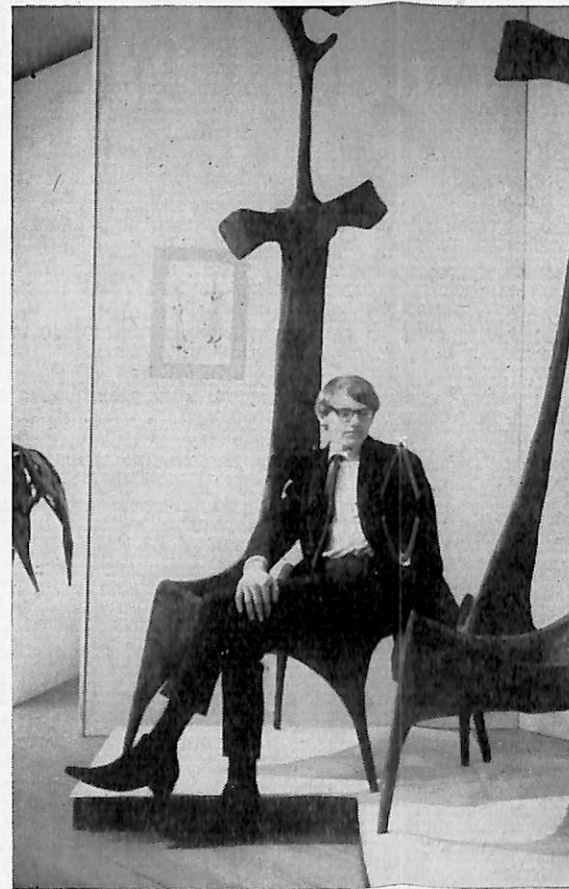
The exhibits which drew favourable comments were not, as was generally assumed, confined to senior art students. Most of the high quality graphic work was done by junior forms, and the diversities of technique and imagination in the interpretation of common subjects by the juniors was not overshadowed by the advanced work of senior students. The ingenuity and originality of thought and method shown by this junior work impressed and even surprised the adult beholders. In the field of large as well as small scale sculpture, junior work competed with the senior work, although, because of experience, senior work was naturally more impressive.

Senior work included a variety of skills which varied from perfection in portrait drawing to great skill in wood sculpting, "Ciment Fondu" rendering, plaster working, and welded steel sculpture. Apart from semi-abstract figures, pupils branched out in new subjects, including many abstract forms, actual working fountains and real stained-glass windows.

Senior and junior exhibitors combined to show their skill in fashion drawing and fabric dyeing and printing. It is interesting to note that that field was not solely dominated by the girls. Techniques in painting ranged through use of different types of paints, inks, crayons, many printing methods and a mixture of media. Generally the people were impressed by this diversity of media in painting and sculpture, which was a direct result of the flexibility of the art teacher.

The major credit for the whole exhibition must lie mainly with the art teachers, Mr. Ralph and Miss Mickelberg, and with Mr. Rich and Miss Doubell, who also devoted time and interest to the project. As well as extending thanks to the above members of staff, a great deal of credit must go to the caretaker, Mr. Whitehead, for his tolerance and support throughout the whole preparation period. The headmaster and other co-operative members of staff must be thanked for their services. Thanks must obviously go to the devoted group of pupils, some of them juniors, who shared the burden of the work. It is, however painfully ironic that certain commercial firms gave more support than certain members of staff, and that those directly concerned with the art show donated their own money due to an insufficiency of allocated funds.

On the whole, those concerned with staging the exhibition were pleased, not so much with its success in attracting numbers, but with the level of interest it aroused and with the personal satisfaction it awarded. The Art Exhibition helped to further the relationship between the school and the general public, and helped to maintain the high opinion of D.H.S. in the eyes of departmental colleagues.



1.—THE ART EXHIBITION — (L.) Q. Buckley, (R.) V. Skyba.
 2.—THREE SENIORS — (L. to R.) S. Murray, S. Moore, A. Bolt.
 3.—AT CANBERRA — S. Clarke and R. Weetman.
 4.—BEFORE THE DRAMA FESTIVAL — (L. to R.) P. Lewis, Mr. Menadue,
 E. Shanks.
 5.—WITH HIS EXHIBIT — The Sculptor: John Krzywouiski.
 6.—AT CANBERRA.



CANBERRA JOURNEY

(Trip made by Fourth Form and Sixth Form students to Canberra)

They arose from their beds at 5 a.m., they did, those seventy, to board the DC4 at 8 a.m. They clung with sweating hands to their seats, while the aircraft rose from the earth.

Flew, fast and high it seemed, for two hours, till Canberra. Enthusiastically clambered into buses, their expectations on the incline. They were carried through Duntroon Military College (remembering Graham Cheeseman). Swiftly did they photograph the Australian-American monument, while bus (with engine throbbing) waited. Beside Lake Burley Griffin they did stop, and entered the Information Centre.

Passively were they swept along, and quickly, through Parliament House, with the Man and his commentary; but missed seeing the Houses sitting.

Through Embassy-studded parkland were they driven, and arrived at the new Royal Mint. They wandered through, witnessing with starved, greedy eyes the manufacture of Royal decimal coins. They looked out from Red Hill look-out, but hungry for food they were.

Luncheon . . . oh dear! Luncheon, they found, was not the finest of fodder, but wholesome.

Then proceeded with the expected reverence to the War Memorial. Much time did they expend, examining war relics they were, with great deliberation and concentration. Till wrenched from the objects of fascination by the harsh limits of Time.

Again they stepped and stomped into buses and toured the lifeless Civic Centre and observed with Victorian reserve new buildings being created. "Oh Gemini," it struck them, "behold the design of this settlement!" The plan of Walter Burley Griffin, basically, but gone awry because of the meddling of small men. Meticulous, careful, area-planning.

They ground on. Then stopped and entered with blundering, ignorant steps, the vast realm of the biologist, zoologist — the Institute of Anatomy. Gazed with interest, and wonder sometimes, at the objects on display. Some revolting, but fascinating. As well, they meandered through the Aboriginal Museum. And they noticed, too, across the way, the round beetle building, the Academy of Science.

Driven then, around the National University buildings, but no people did they see.

Returned, they were, after their jaunting, and quite suddenly, to the airport. Desperately, grasped at their last chance to record their visit, hastily and rashly released their camera shutters. Then eagerly, pushed forward, leaped into the plane, in joyful anticipation of the flying sensation.

They arrived at Essendon at 6 p.m. the same day, still with one joy to look forward to. Rapidly sped home, they did, and with strong feelings of importance related, with or without exaggeration, to friends and family, their impressions and experiences of that day.

Rae Weetman (6B)

UP MAROOCHYDORE WAY

Drowsy, golden rays of sunlight sparkle from the crystal blue sky. Before us is spread a colourful and beautiful scene. The gnarled heads of the Glass-House Mountains float above the lazy blue haze. Nearby, pineapples raise their prickly green heads to the life-giving sun. Noises blend into the scene. Birds are twittering; the slashing noise as a tall bronzed Queenslander cuts into the thick sugarcane; a distant whistle and a series of short "puffs" reveals the presence of a tiny engine pulling a load of cane.

We sit gazing upon this typical but beautiful scene, feeling its warmth and smelling the fragrance of the tropics. A sleepy mist falls before our eyes; and quietly, to the twitter of birds, we drift into slumber.

But suddenly our sleep is shattered. The lights are on, and people rise; gabbling, stretching and yawning. Reality comes back. The scene has gone. In its place lies a thick dark curtain. But as we leave the theatre and dash through the freezing and slashing hail to our icy car, we can't help feeling that for twenty minutes we had been sitting on the banks of the Maroochy River . . .

THE DANCING LYRE-BIRD

I loitered on my way to school
And came upon a forest green,
The many birds had found a pool
Near to a crystal winding stream;
A lyre-bird dancing I chanced to see,
A wondrous maze of feathers white,
Really showing off was he —
Ne'er had I seen so fine a sight.

He twisted and turned upon a mound,
With his beautiful filmy tail unfurled;
The birds from far and near came round
As with pride he danced and whirled;
I marvelled at the lovely scene
Of all God's creatures in such array;
To stay and watch I was so keen,
But had to continue on my way.

Shirley Maddocks (3F)

DROUGHT

All eyes are scanning the clear blue sky,
Could a rain cloud be gathering?
The hot baked earth is thirsty and dry;
Oh, rain, you are looked for all in vain;
For the great Creator Who gives us all
In His good time He will send the rain,
Not one tiny flake of snow nor one breath
of wind,
Nor light for the day or stars by night
Are ours to withhold or give away.

Rosemary Maddocks (3)

"THERE IS ANOTHER SIGNPOST"

The beautiful scenery passed before the eyes of the passengers, while the bus continued to swallow the miles with the monotonous sound of an overworked motor. The silence of the passengers who were admiring the splendid vista was suddenly interrupted by a demanding voice — "Stop the bus, driver!"

Brakes screeched, the bus shuddered and stopped. One person, just a single person, jostled his way through entangled feet, dragging some leather cases behind him, reached the door and disappeared somewhere outside.

At this stage these happenings were too familiar to the passengers to arouse any particular interest in the events which followed always in the same pattern. Everybody knew what happened outside the bus. For certain, there was a signpost at a crossroad, a man standing in front of it, holding a movie camera, taking shots and wasting film, at a lonely and innocent-looking signpost. Not only the man behind the camera, but the exclamation of the passengers became a legend — "There is another signpost, Mr. Szidat!"

The old philosophers had collected their experience in order to create the saying — "It is not easy to satisfy every mind."

It all started before the party even set a foot on one of the buses which was to transport them to Essendon airport. Pupils, heavily laden with suitcases, were requested to run up and down the footpath just to keep one member of staff in a happy camera mood. The parents had to play their part as well. Hands and handkerchiefs were vigorously set in action before even a single soul thought of departing.

Reluctant to embark, pupils were ruthlessly driven up the staircase and into the aeroplane. The show had to go on! That's what the camera man said! Wherever pupils moved, they either were in the way blocking the picture, or did not respond actively enough to create a highly spirited impression on the film. "That's what the director, camera man, editor and producer said."

During the entire tour the camera and the person behind it, like a vulture's shadow on its prey, followed and surrounded the group or any possible object.

On the return trip, however, the party suffered the greatest disappointment. When hopes were high of having finally succeeded in leaving behind the haunting shadow, the identity with a madly waving person at Hobart airport was mistaken and the person in question appeared happily behind his camera in the rear section of the aeroplane.

Returning to school was a pleasure; but fourteen days later the same group, students and parents, were reminded once more of the experiences they collected on "The Tour of Tasmania." And how?

On film, of course, with a reminding echo behind it. The reader may ask, "Did they enjoy it?"

I really do not know — I was only the man behind the camera.

K.S.

THE TASMANIAN TOUR

It has been said that the geography excursion to Tasmania this year was very successful. But to ascertain that this is so from all aspects, it is necessary to decide what constitutes a successful school tour of any duration.

Most school tours have, basically, an educational motive. Therefore to be successful, the tour must first satisfy this requirement.

Actually, this is accomplished without very much effort, as most people learn more quickly by seeing and experiencing than by merely reading or hearing accounts, however good.

Part of the function of a school tour should be the formation of fair, personal opinions on the topics studied. Most opinions gained from second hand information are influenced by the outlook of the writer or informant. Whereas, if one sees or experiences something for one's self, the opinion is more likely to be unbiased and exclusively one's own.

A school tour should not concentrate exclusively on the specific aims of one particular subject. All aspects of the area being toured should be covered. In this way, the student's horizons and interests are widened in all directions, and he is able to gain a comprehensive picture of the area.

Apart from these largely functional aims, there is the aspect of personal relations. By coming into fairly continual close contact with people of varied interests and habits, one can't avoid getting greater experience in human relationships. Many new friendships are formed under the influence of this closer and often more informal contact with people.

On tour, the necessity of managing one's own affairs to a large extent is a training in independence. In all these ways, both in the realm of education and in the field of human relations, the Tasmanian tour was very successful.

Ruth Yule.

"GEOGRAPHY"

(Original verse by Erica Thomas)

Unknown countries, far and wide,
Shipping ports, the wind and tide,
Wild rare birds, that fly and hide,
We learn of in "Geography."

Coloured people young and old,
People living where it's cold,
Poor black negroes, slaved, then sold,
We meet them in "Geography."

Topsoil, subsoil, bedrock too,
Rain that makes the soil like goo,
Sheep that bleat, and cows that moo,
We study in "Geography."

Wheat crops grown, then cut and baled,
Fruit plantations, fenced and railed,
Letters written, stamped and mailed,
Our favourite word, "Geography."

OBJECTIONS TO BEATLES

Please note that the following statement is not to criticize pop groups, but what they stand for.

They swivel, gyrate, convulse to a throbbing sound, a primitive beat. They scream and make noises in time to it. The rhythm rolls in rapid, deafening waves. Below them, their audience responds; a weird, sympathetic motion which intensifies, obliterating individuality. The wild sensual vibrations permeate the floor, the pillars, the walls. All becomes fused in a single throbbing mass.

Those strange idols on the stage are sharply and individually aware, though. Their well-lined pockets are comfortably heavy. They sometimes have the feeling that it is all a little too easy, but it soon passes. Their pockets are growing heavier — why should they worry?

It is probable that "popular" music, ranging from its most excited to its most subdued forms, plays a necessary and often beneficial role in Western adolescent societies. Indeed, some of it is music in its own right. However, the following discussion will be limited to that "music" whose main constituents are jungle rhythm and noise. It is possible that this "music" forms a necessary emotional "safety valve" for adolescents in societies where moral codes and their justifications are becoming vague. This is the case in most modern western societies today. There is no hard and fast route to adulthood any more.

Modern communication, carrying, as it must, free thought, has seen to this. Subconscious, if not conscious confusion is produced in many teenagers as a result. This is often accompanied by deep-seated feelings of inadequacy and inferiority. An outlet or, most certainly, escape from this emotional conflict, which is sometimes accompanied by aggressive feelings, is found in "pop" music, its dances, and in personal identification with successful teenage idols. Mention must also be made of the fact that, particularly for young adolescents, there lies a socially acceptable method of physical expression in dancing or simply listening or succumbing to a powerful rhythm.

There is, however, an overriding stigma attached to this music — exploitation. It is bad enough that the condition of society is such that there is the demand for large quantities of basic entertainment. It is worse that those who have most to gain from the perpetuation of this state of affairs have been allowed to dominate not only teenage but general public opinion with little effective opposition. Most of these people seem, themselves, woefully ill-equipped and least inclined to contribute in any way to the maturity of the youth to whom they appeal. I am referring to "pop" groups, D.J.'s, promoters and those directly connected with the lucrative popular music industry.

Finally, it is sufficient to say that the mind of the normal adolescent is a functional intelligence, capable of considerably more than the simple absorption and analysis of sensual impulses. It may then be realized that the appreciation of higher, more complex forms of music is within his grasp if he is given encouragement and guidance. This having occurred, he will have emerged from a selfish pleasure cocoon of basic enjoyment into a sphere where rewards for which he has to strive a little can be more deeply satisfying than anything he has previously known.

Gregory Davies (6C)

TO BE AN OPTIMIST

In our modern society, many people are scoffed at for being optimists. These people, in general, refuse to regard humanity's condition as terrible. True, we are spinning on a lump of dirt in illimitable space, without being too sure why, but to the optimist this is a set of facts to be accepted, while the only questions to be asked are what can we and ought we to do while we are here?

It is desirable for us to be optimistic in the terms of thinking that it is possible for us to better our own lives, and, in a general way, the progress of humanity. In this way progress is made.

Man has, to a certain extent, overcome nature. His command of things is far greater than it used to be. The pessimist is quick to reply, 'Yes, but these marvellous inventions are used only for war, and humanity is on the way to self-destruction.'

This is not necessarily so. It depends upon ourselves and our state of mind, as optimism is largely a product of faith in human nature, and this has many moments of greatness. The natural reaction of an optimist is to seek what good there may be in a situation rather than analyze any tiny bit of evil that it may bring.

The origin of an optimist is, generally, a good and reasonably happy childhood where he or she is treated justly. School life would often appear to mar this faith in human nature, because children are only too willing to give one another a foretaste of harshness and torment.

If one does not adopt invincible optimism as a standard, pessimism will be justified, for despair engenders misfortune and failure. If you believe you are going to fall, you will fall. If you believe there is nothing you can do about your country's affairs, then there is nothing you can do. Pessimism is contagious. Think of how stagnant a community would be if all within it were pessimists.

We must always press onward, in the hope of better things to come. We have a certain influence upon events, and, if we must suffer misfortune, we can overcome it by our manner of enduring it.

P. Dreverman (4A)



THE LAND OF THE DIODE VALVES

Where spark gaps crackle and electrons leap,
Where the mazes of glass tubing wind,
There did I venture long ago
In a time when I'd lost my mind.

'Twas a sunny day when my journey began,
I passed ammeters, voltmeters and galv's;
I saw slinkies wiggling, when I arrived
In the Land of the Diode Valves.

The ground was purple 'neath the test-tube trees
Where the crucibles laid rotten eggs;
A capillary tube crawled by . . .
Two craniums and a hundred legs.

Most amazing of all was the aqueousness
And the skies above of green,
Where cathode and anode electrolyze
And wreathes the deadly chlorine.

We were led through the land of Physics by GM
Very close to the brink of despair;
Oh, these TV stars! When we were lost
His teaching skill was never there . . .

Somewhere around the Torricellian Space
I found I'd lost my way;
Should one turn right or left at the transistor
circuit
Beside the oscilloscope ray?

Yet another land of sad despair
Beside that of P.S.S.C.
Is Mr. Burden's, who, with fumes, I fear
Tried to poison the school (and me).

Near the square-root signs I was deeply puzzled:
Does one multiply or divide by halves?
Oh, please, Mr. Ware, help me, I'm lost
In the Land of the Diode Valves.

So learn all ye uninitiated
From those who went before;
Unless ye wish to finish sad and sorry,
Never venture past room seven's door.

For since that trip my time I have spent
Rubbing my wounds with salves;
Long have I lamented my journey
To the Land of the Diode Valves.

Avogadro

THE END OF
"THE NEW FRONTIER"
AND THE
BEGINNING OF
"THE GREAT SOCIETY"
— A CHANGE?

Although it is only two years since that "foul-est deed of the century," the assassination of President John F. Kennedy of the United States, and the seemingly end of his "New Frontier," critics and politicians alike already are wont to contrast the Kennedy administration with that of Johnson, with various conclusions. Whether contrasts or connections of any sort can be made is in itself questionable; however, only an attempt to do so will show if it is inappropriate.

In comparing two personalities, especially statesmen, there are inescapable conflicts of character, of policy, and of the periods relevant to each. As a President, Kennedy had many advantages over his predecessors. He was young (the youngest President ever at 35), handsome and energetic; he had a brilliant and outstanding war record; he was in the sense of the word "a politician" in that he understood politics and propaganda. His own genuine, youthful personality attracted the American younger generation wherever he went; somehow he had won the Presidential nomination despite the efforts of the popular Republican, Nixon, and despite the efforts of underhand politicians to belittle him because of his Catholic religion.

Lyndon Baines Johnson became President, not through election, but by the automatic line of succession, in cases of emergency. Thus for Johnson the long, tiring and bitter campaign (as Kennedy's had been) was not necessary. Johnson was many years older than Kennedy, weakened by at least two serious heart attacks, and not prepared for the Presidency. Furthermore, his home State was Texas, the "lone star" State, that even today is so sophisticated that it holds in contempt many of its American counterparts. In character, Kennedy and Johnson were poles apart.

When discussing policies, it must be remembered that, in general (there have been exceptions, e.g. Woodrow Wilson, 1913-21), Presidents need the whole of their term (four years) to bring policies into fruition. Kennedy had less than a thousand days, but critical incidents in this short time made crystallisation of policies necessary.

At first Kennedy was impeded by the small marginal majority won over Nixon in the election. But the tenseness of the international relations forced both parliament and people to put full confidence in him. The Khrushchev and Mao Tse Tung Communist regimes were applying pressure

to the American democratic principles, which accumulated finally in the Cuba blockade which Kennedy so courageously applied to maintain the clauses of the Monroe Doctrine.

At home, Kennedy went ahead with reforms in education, in poor relief, tariff cutting, pensions and medical benefits increases, and, of course, pressed for the passing of the controversial Civil Rights Act, which lost him popularity in the South. Most of these policies, unfulfilled due to the President's surprising, dumbfounding death, have been carried on by Johnson as he promised in his "State of the Union" message to the people in November, 1963. The reform of education is well under way, increased pensions and medical benefits are in operation, the Civil Rights Bill has been passed.

Although much praise has been showered upon President Kennedy for initiating such new but necessary policies, let us remember that by fortune President Johnson now has to fulfil these policies and suffer their repercussions. At home, Johnson finds his nation torn and battered by segregation, the shortcomings of the Civil Rights Bill. Abroad, by maintaining the policy President Kennedy initiated towards South Viet Nam, President Johnson has lost favour in many semi- or non-democratic nations.

Although Kennedy and Johnson differed in personality, their policies as President have not been different, Kennedy suffering set-backs in defining and initiating policy, while Johnson bears the burden of fulfilling this policy. Thus, "The Great Society" is only an extension of "The New Frontier."

LAURENCE LIVING, 6A.

NOTES ON AN OLD CHRISTIAN WOMAN

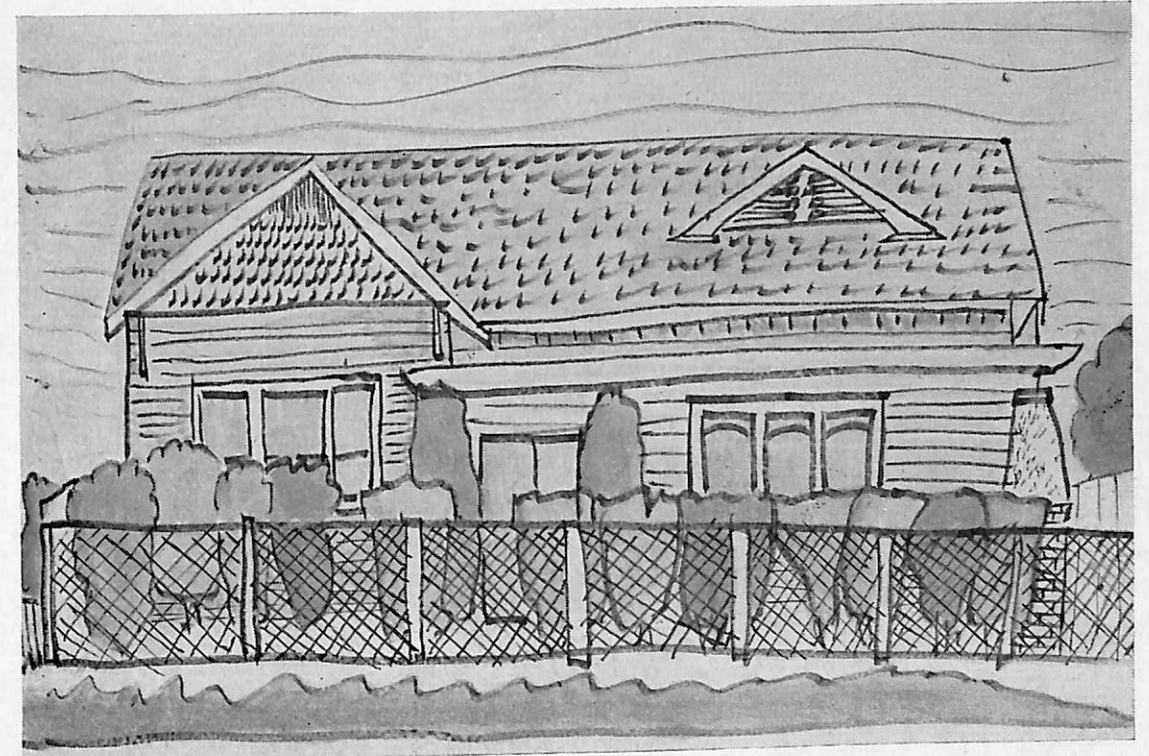
Her new testament hands
finger the lacework
with intricate darkness

Eyes which have
submissively encompassed
the earths eruptions
for near ninety years
crumble
not unlike velvet psalms

Being at the close of days
she views the oncoming tide
with resignation

But i sense
this cheek-caved godliness
breathes some immortality

For when her faded life unlocks
the violet folds will
wet those lips
as hailstones that
clatter to their death
on a poor mans roof.



ALAN FREEMAN, 4.

TEXTA COLOUR AND WASH.



ROBERT VOGT, 2.

25

POSTER PAINT.

HOUSE NOTES

CLEMATIS HOUSE

Clematis was led very ably by House Captains Barb. Wood and Derek Morse. The Vice Captains were Lois Edgoose and Ken Wallis. The cultural Vice Captains were Sandra Clark and Frank King. Our outstanding athletes this year were Carol Pyke, Sally Telford, Wally Edwards and Laurie Living. The outstanding swimmers were Jeanette Williams, Ken Wallis and Geoffrey Matheson.

We were very sorry to lose the services of Vice Captain Lois, who became ill in April, and the House wishes her continued recovery and good luck for the future. Also on the sick list was Jenny Smith (jnr.) who was absent from school for many months, and we look forward to a speedy recovery for her.

One aspiring House member, who (understandably) wishes to remain anonymous, has neatly summed up the year's activities for Clematis in the following way:

In February they gave us all little bits of white paper, and we wrote and Barb. and Derek won. Then the competitions started, and all the new boys were good: Laurie and Max and Robin and Wally and (Murph ?)

Some of the old ones were too: the football team and cricket and volleyball — they won.

Ken and Geoff and Jennette and all the paddlers were good — they came second. "Athletics are fun," says Barb. Sad.

No athletes except Carol and Sally and Lois and Derek and Wally and Laurie and a whole heap of juniors who grew up overnight. Debating and dramatics and choir, with Sandra and Sandra and Les and Rae, also competed.

They were all good, took three to beat us. Never mind Better to have tried and lost . . . or something.

All over now. Don't think we'll win cup oh, well, wouldn't afford champagne — No egg appeal. Barb. and Derek and Lois and Ken and Sandra and Frank worried.

*Frank made the wreath.

WATTLE HOUSE

House Captains: Paul Lewis, Marge Hill
Vice Captains: Barry Prideaux, Sue Kitchener
Cultural Vice-Captains:
John Westcott, Solange Wynn

Wattle began the year full of spirit, but lacked the luck needed to win the swimming sports. Paul Lewis created a tidal wave in the diving — he didn't win, but Hans Strating did, and saved face for Paul.

The spirit of the swimming sports remained throughout the team and rose to the best height during the athletics sports. Wattle issued a challenge to Orchid's supremacy (?) We had a starring team in both girls and boys. Margaret Bongers and Carol Haskell spurred the girls on, and Barry Prideaux, in the background (?) spurred the boys on. In the final results, we came second. Ray Tremayne and Paul dominated the discuss and shot putt, Daryl Cheeseman starred for the juniors.

The debating proved interesting, when the topic was Noddy or Conscriptio. We were defeated by Orchid and again came second. Thanks go to Peter, Ray, Mary and John, who did an excellent job, and really made it tough for Orchid debaters.

True to form, Wattle won the dramatics, due to some fine acting by the juniors, and enthusiasm of the producers, John and Solange. Paul enjoyed the celebrations more than he did the play (?)

Paul put every effort into the choirs, but we were not so successful — we drew with Clematis. Everyone enjoyed the party afterwards — especially Paul.

Thanks go to the staff members who attended house assemblies occasionally, and thanks to the boys, especially those seniors who gave full support throughout the year, and to the girls for their enthusiasm.

BLUEGUM HOUSE

This year Bluegum has been happily chugging along towards its ultimate goal — the House cup, followed in distant succession by the other houses.

Glenda Cleary and Terry Willis were often overwhelmed by our tremendous House spirit, but were helped to their feet by vice-captains Helen Wilton and Tim Sandiford. Congratulations must go to these people for their interested and enthusiastic approach to their positions.

Our first step on the road to fame and fortune was the swimming sports, in which we came third — and this only because water wings weren't allowed.



SENIOR FOOTBALL

BACK ROW: Mr. Jolly, D. Errington, D. Frazer, D. Forsyth, W. Edwards, H. Boce, G. Kendall, R. Conchie, G. Midgely, P. Hunt, T. Sandiford, B. Prideaux.
FRONT: W. Nicol, D. Morse, L. Living, L. Hayres, G. Smith, B. McKeon, M. Barnes, P. Zecolla (Captain), S. Savva.

Our next efforts culminated in a third place in the Athletics — a punishment for alleged bribing of the judges. In actual fact, of course, we have the cream of the athletic and swimming population of the school. As well as starring in the sporting field, our cultural activities reached a peak with the drama festival. We were given a third place in this also with a play called Fools' Errand, which, like so many brilliant productions, was not fully appreciated by the critics, but wildly applauded by the audience.

After these successful events, we were honoured by the Bluegum Madrigal choir, who have been given an offer to sing with the London Philharmonic but prefer the acoustics of the Dandenong Town Hall.

The celebrities of the House who have added to the success of the journey are Graeme Midgely, Peter Hunt, Helen Wilton, Wendy Joblin, Louise O'Ryan, Helen Aldridge, Nadia Furyk, Michael Stocks, Michael O'Ryan and Quenton Buckley.

Thanks to all concerned for a terrific year.

GIRLS JUNIOR HOCKEY TEAM, 1965

The Girls Junior Hockey Team had a most successful season, showing their superiority by winning all their games by large margins.

The Grand Final score was 6-1 in our favour against Glen Waverley.

We thank Miss Robert for coaching us during the season, and Miss Hughes for umpiring some of our matches.



SENIOR HOCKEY

BACK ROW Captain, Jenny Smith, G. Raymond, P. Dreverman, Vice Captain B. Wood:
E. McConchie, G. Wardrop (hidden), M. Buxey, G. Kett, Miss Hughes.
KNEELING: J. Kairl, L. Frankel. (Missing, M. Hill.)



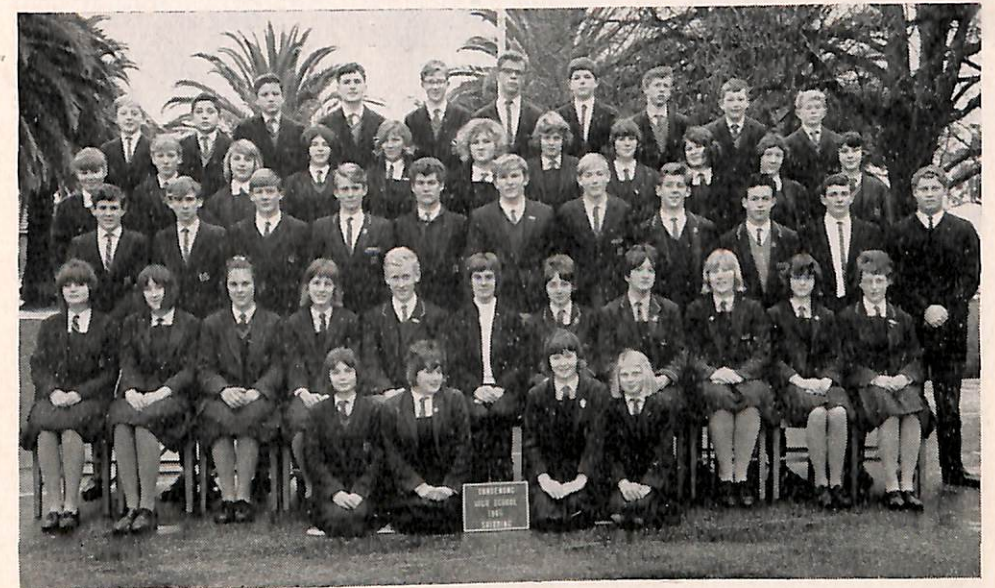
JUDO

BACK ROW: G. Oldmeadow, R. Smith, C. Kemp, W. Wailes, G. Parker, H. Szidat.
MIDDLE ROW: J. Hayes, A. Croy, Y. Skyba, R. Clarke, D. Nish, J. Elliott, M. Rankin, G. Croves.
FRONT ROW: S. Mason, R. Meyer, G. Cameron, R. Stevenson, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Martini, Mr. Jolly
A. Griffiths, J. Rankin, P. Hernfield.



JUNIOR HOCKEY

BACK ROW: I. Visser, D. Smith, S. Zamberg, C. Gunn, B. Sharp.
MIDDLE ROW: C. Fordgin, N. Furyk, R. Honeyset, P. Taylor, W. Bunnett, Miss Roberts.
FRONT: J. Leyhonjelm, C. Armstrong, J. Kingman.



SWIMMING

BACK ROW: G. Kenyon, K. Ionadis, S. Daly, P. Novacavic, D. Bryant, R. Jenkins, R. Gilhome,
G. Kimpton, M. Clark, N. Roberts.
THIRD ROW: J. Roberts, L. O'Ryan, J. Williams, M. Richardson, S. Kitchener, O. Cokurs, D. Smith,
B. Elliott, B. Stevens, J. Leeman, S. Wright.
SECOND ROW: D. Francis, M. O'Ryan, D. Manly, D. Frazer, M. Rowler, A. Cukors, G. Matheson,
D. Morse, G. Smith, C. Smith, Mr. Jolly.
FIRST ROW: L. Erskine, H. Townsend, L. Hoffman, C. Gilbee, K. Wallis (Captain), Miss Hughes,
J. Smith (Captain), M. Hill, E. McConchie, L. Olds, H. Wilton.
FRONT: K. Wells, S. Wilton, D. Hooper, L. Joncour.



JUNIOR TENNIS

LEFT TO RIGHT: J. Morris, J. Dawson, C. Patterson, B. Mitchell, S. Morton, M. Luxford, C. Leed, E. Gearing, Miss Davis.



ATHLETICS

BACK ROW: B. Sharp, G. Williams, C. Gunn, G. Wardrop, C. Pyke, M. Buxey, S. Telford, S. Zamborgs, L. Merral, S. St. Claire, L. Loddors, L. Olds.
 FOURTH ROW: R. Smith, M. Puddy, G. Crawford, E. McConchie, A. Jenkins, C. Litchfield, L. Living, R. Slonzak, G. Parker.
 THIRD ROW: V. Hall, D. Brown, B. Filcock, D. Morse, M. Stocks, G. Midgely, A. Cukors, T. Sandiford, P. Hunt, D. Errington (Captain), M. Baker, W. Edwards.
 SECOND ROW: L. Williams, D. McLeod, W. Jobling, J. Morrish, B. Prideaux, Miss Hughes, Mr. Jolly, W. Ayles, J. Kairl, C. Haskell (Captain), W. Jarvis.
 FRONT ROW: L. Joncour, M. Luxford, D. Huisman, B. Taylor, J. Tsaoussi, I. Meyer, J. Heathcote, A. Pope, J. Thompson, R. Destephano. ABSENT: S. Findlay, G. Cleary, M. Bongers.



JUNIOR CRICKET

BACK ROW: Mr. K. Jolly, D. Bryant, R. Slonzak, M. Puddey, K. Monk, M. Llewellyn, F. Villella, G. Clutton, A. Rooke.
 FRONT: B. Chant, R. Childs, J. Wilson (Captain), G. Wall, R. da Rose, J. Noble, S. Aisbett, J. Heathcote, K. Young, G. Maccomber, I. Thorsen, S. Hunt.



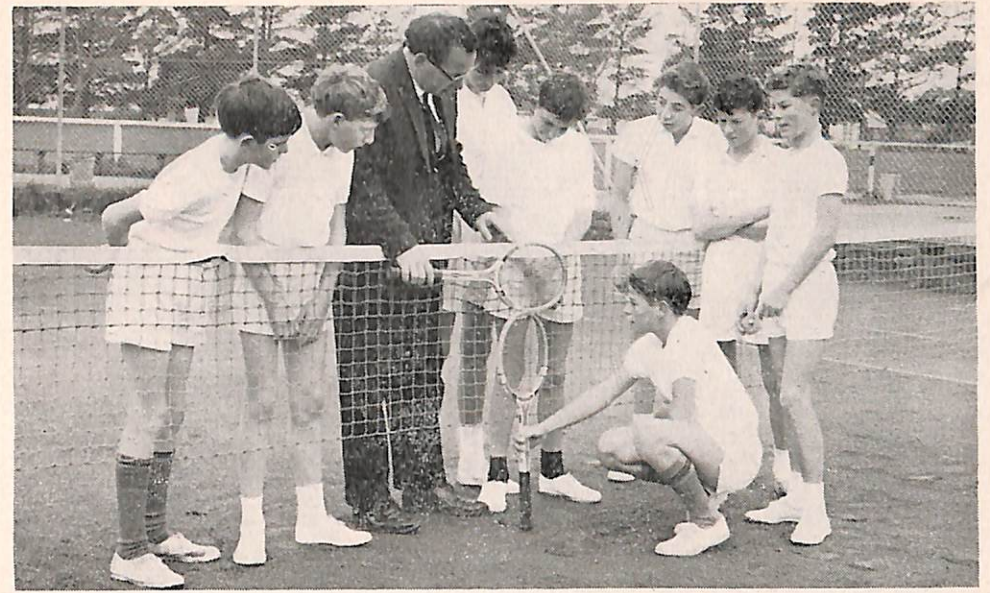
JUNIOR SOCCER

BACK ROW: B. Brzezowkie, I. Morrisoff, R. Gieble.
 FRONT ROW, STANDING: Mr. Martini, W. Jefimenko, M. Candir, R. Gwozdziwski, Z. Rogoszki, H. Hikiz, J. Kinne, S. Brzezowkie (Captain).
 SITTING: W. Jones, J. Alan, I. Smith.



SENIOR SOFTBALL

BACK ROW G. Cleary, J. Morrish, W. Gyles, C. Litchfield, S. Foord, M. Richardson,
Miss Hughes, B. Stevens.
BATTING: P. Dreverman. KNEELING: S. Davis, M. Richardson.



JUNIOR TENNIS

W. Webb, B. Kendall, Mr. Szidat, B. Hinson, F. Witkowsky, D. Ross, G. Houghten, G. Wright.
FRONT B. Taylor.



SENIOR VOLLEYBALL

BACK L. Williams, J. Morrish, Mrs. Keep, J. Martin, C. Litchfield, M. Richardson,
FRONT: L. Hoffman, S. Mackintosh, L. O'Hearn.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL

STANDING: Mr. Jackman (Coach), D. De George, R. Yaremczuk, D. Bryan (Captain), G. Mathews,
D. Carr, G. Parker, G. Nish.
SITTING: Mr. Robinson. FRONT: P. McCallan.