

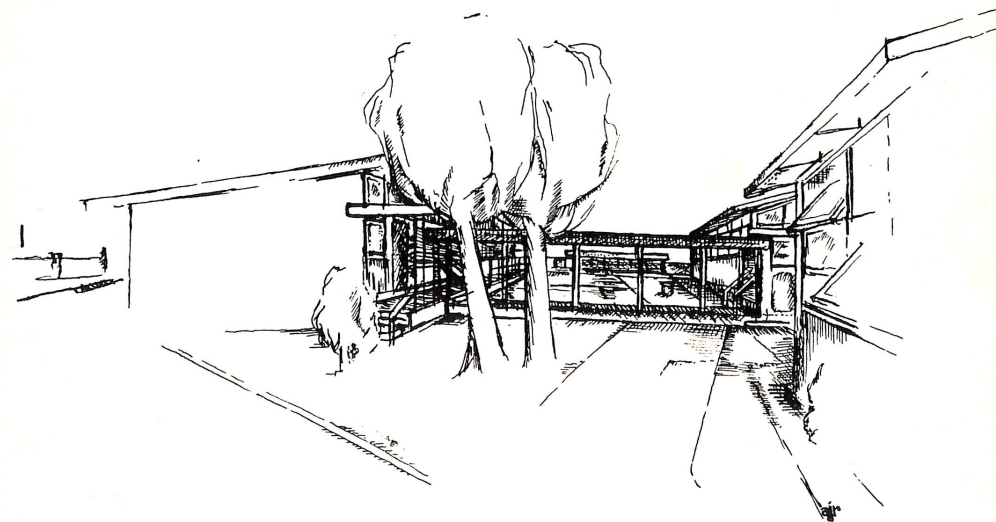
1967

KARIWANG



LINDA RIDDINGTON

MITCHAM HIGH '67





headmaster's thoughts for 1967

Once again, the Editors and staff of the Mitcham High School Magazine "Kariwang" have put many hours of enthusiastic and well-organized work into the production of a fine and well-balanced portrayal of the spirit and activities of the School during the year, and I wish to express the gratification of us all with the fine result.

Just as the general body of human knowledge is undergoing the most immense changes in quantity and direction in the history of the world, so the educational systems which are responsible for its selection and transmission are forced to change the organization and content of their curricula.

The passing of Intermediate (once Junior Public) at the end of 1967 from our list of qualifications follows the earlier abandonment of Qualifying (Grade VI) and Merit (Grade VIII); educational authorities are indeed carefully examining the aims and significance of the present matriculation examination with a view to advantageous change there.

Hence with the discarding of certain examinations and their cramping influences, we can assess more readily the value and requirements of education in general. We can assume surely that the method and content of education should be such as to enable the individual to contribute to the fullest of his ability to the welfare of the community, to obtain the greatest satisfaction for himself and to assist in some hoped-for improvements in our world.

Of the main educative agencies, viz., the home, the school, the church, media of communication (newspapers, radio, etc.) and the community generally, it would be fair to consider that the first two are the most important, at least in the formative years, and it could be interesting to define the primary responsibilities of each, even though they are interlocked and complementary.

Professor Downey, of the University of Chicago, has listed sixteen areas or qualities in relation to the education of the individual, placing them under four main headings of intellectual, social, personal and productive dimensions.

editorial...

Obviously the home can be of great assistance to the school in the latter's task, but it would be reasonable to say that the home is primarily responsible for teaching under the social dimension the co-operation between man and man in day to day relations, and man to country as far as loyalty is concerned; under the personal dimension, mental and emotional health and balance, and ethical or moral integrity; in the productive dimension the qualities of being able to organize and control a home and its family life.

It would seem, then, that the school is primarily responsible first for the intellectual dimension of man, that is, the possession of essential knowledge or information, the ability to communicate knowledge to others, the creation of further knowledge or the ability of a person to work things out for oneself and the subtle but most important desire for or love of learning for its own sake.

In addition the school must teach the civic rights and duties of man in his State, and the inter-relationships of people in the world and be responsible for guidance in development of personal health and cultural and leisure pursuits.

Finally the school will accept responsibility for laying the foundations of vocational training, both in relation to guidance and training and placement.

It remains to stress the fact that whilst the influence of the parent body through the home is vital in certain basic areas as mentioned above, the teaching body and the school as a whole cannot "go it alone" with any real success in other fields. Education becomes a contract whereby a sound, well-disciplined, inquiring, helpful and sympathetic home background enables the child to obtain the maximum value from the work of the school in the development of the individual in society.

A. H. Stuchbery

"Kariwang" is an aboriginal word meaning, simply, "green leaf", and it is significant that our school motif, also the green leaf, is a symbol of growth. The leaf we see on both our school crest, and on the Colour Awards for sportsmanship. Our House names, Bareena, Kimbarra, Myriong and Paringa, also carry this suggestion: they are all aboriginal names for local trees.

The tree, and more especially the green leaf, is a token of Nature's youthful energy in her continual process of growth and development. We, too, as young citizens, are growing and developing and this is most important while we are at school. We grow up and develop both physically and mentally during our school years: we commence at High School at about eleven years of age and many of us do not leave until young men and women of eighteen or older.

Once we have completed our secondary education, it is supposed that we are quite ready to take our place in the world — whether it be in a tertiary education or in some chosen profession. This claim is not justified, however, because in our school days we are compelled to specialize in either a science or a humanities course, and neither give us a truly all-round education with which to launch out into the world. Science teaches us little of the human values in our society, while humanities teach us little of the scientific elements of life.

What is needed is a combination of both courses to give us a balanced picture of our scientific world and our fellow humans. This can only be undertaken at junior levels as later the tertiary and profession prerequisites force us to specialize in one course or the other. It is therefore vital for us to receive a general and broad education for as long as possible in junior forms. We need to be aware of everything around us to live intelligently in this hectic world.

Changes do seem to be coming into our present education system, and one can only hope, that as they introduce these long-awaited reforms, those in charge will bear in mind the vital considerations we have been looking at.

School is our training ground for life. As we grow and develop both mentally and physically we must also seek to become aware of our scientific world and our fellow humans. Only in this way can we truly learn to

"Vivere Plene" — Live Fully.

Jenny Robertson, Philip Kitchen

staff

Principal: Mr. A. H. Stuchbery, B.A., Dip.Ed., T.P.T.C.
Senior Master: Mr. J. F. Stephens, B.A., Dip.Ed., T.P.T.C.
Senior Mistress: Miss E. B. Usher, T.T.C. (Dom.Arts),
Dip. Inst.Man.

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Miss C. A. Howie, T.P.T.C.
Mrs. G. M. Horak, T.P.T.C.
Miss F. Boersma, T.P.T.C., Uni. Subs.

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Mrs. J. D. Hooke, 5 Uni. Subs., T.T.C., A.C.T.T.
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Mr. S. Bakaitis, 9 Uni. Subs. (Eng.)
Mr. I. Lording, Dip. Applied Chem., Uni. Subs. (Sci.)
Mr. S. M. Adams, M.Eng. (Sci.), B.E. (Met.)
Mrs. G. Csakfai, Dental Tech. Dip.

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Mrs. E. B. Martin, T.S.T.C. (Dom. Arts)
Mrs. B. M. Dobbin, A.C.T.T., Approved Man. Arts

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Miss D. E. Davies, T.T.C.

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Rev. N. Beurle (Methodist)
Mr. E. Heard (Church of Christ)
Rev. J. H. Walton
Rev. D. Johnston (Anglican)
Mr. M. McDonald }
Mr. P. Hassall } (Catholic)
Mr. J. Ferwerda }

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Mrs. M. Round
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Mrs. G. M. Conden (Home Economics Assistant)

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Miss R. E. Brown

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Miss J. F. Peterson, T.S.T.C.
Mrs. L. J. Enterkin, Uni. Subs., T.P.T.C.

music:

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Dip.Ed.
Mrs. L. F. Howell, 3 Yrs. B.Mus.
Mrs. F. M. Barton, R.C.M. (Lond.)
Mr. A. G. Brookes, A.C.T.T., 3 Yrs. B.Mus.
Mr. D. Hillman, L.R.A.M.

physical education:

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Mrs. C. L. Sturgess, Dip.Phys.Ed.
Mrs. P. Van Der Horst, Swimming & Gymn. Certs.
(Holland)

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Mr. E. C. Reynolds (Vice Pres.)
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Prof. P. J. Fensham
Mrs. D. J. Morley
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Mr. M. D. Hallett
Mr. S. C. Levy
Mr. F. H. McColl
Mr. D. K. Sargeant (Hon. Treasurer)
Mr. L. J. Blake (District Inspector)
Mr. A. H. Stuchbery (Headmaster and Hon. Sec.)

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Mr. J. T. Coutts (Treasurer)
Mrs. P. Toy (Manageress)
Mrs. A. Robinson (Roster Secretary)
Mrs. F. Luckhurst
Mrs. M. Round
Mr. S. Foster
Mr. A. H. Stuchbery (Secretary)



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3rd Row: Mr. R. J. Lyford, Mr. T. W. Code, Mrs. A. E. Jackson, Mrs. B. M. Dobbin, Miss J. F. Peterson, Mrs. E. B. Martin, Mrs. M. M. Edge, Mrs. C. L. Sturgess, Mrs. J. D. Hooke, Mrs. P. J. Quinn, Mrs. G. M. Horak, Mr. N. F. Dunn, Mr. J. A. Schiffman.

2nd Row: Mr. W. S. Tate, Mr. S. Bakaitis, Mr. R. F. Porthouse, Mr. L. J. Uren, Mrs. C. F. Knowles, Mrs. S. F. Moore, Miss C. A. Howie, Mrs. J. S. Cadd, Mrs. G. Csakfai, Mrs. S. Cowley, Mrs. K. M. Johnson, Mrs. J. Smith, Mrs. L. Y. Woodberry, Mrs. P. M. Watson, Mrs. A. B. Allan, Mrs. J. I. M. Kilpatrick, Mr. I. Ockwell, Mr. K. M. Adams.

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Absent: Mr. L. K. Knight, Miss J. L. Doble, Mrs. B. O'Connor, Mrs. B. M. Sanderson, Mr. I. Lording, Miss F. Boersma, Mrs. L. M. Traill, Mrs. P. Van Der Horst, Miss D. E. Davies, Mrs. L. F. Howell, Mrs. F. M. Barton, Mr. A. G. Brookes, Mr. D. Hillman, Miss R. E. Brown.



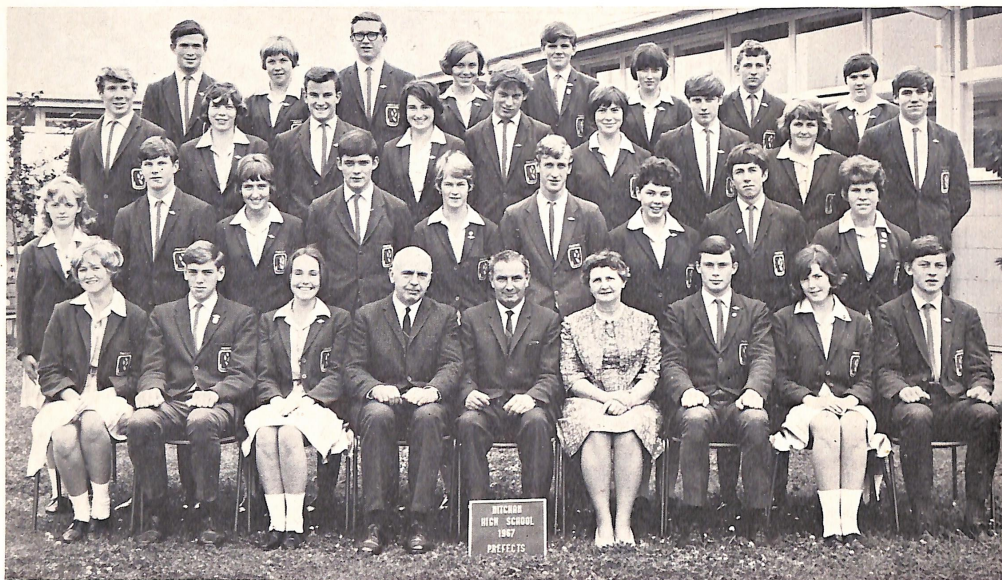
Our Jock Adams

mr. adams...

The staff and students of Mitcham High School view with much regret the departure of Mr. K. Adams at the end of the year to Nunawading High on promotion: in the six years he has spent at Mitcham he has endeared himself to both staff and students by his unfailing kindness, courtesy and helpfulness on all occasions.

His role in the administration of the school has been considerable; likewise, he has played a vital part in extra curricular activities such as the Debating and History clubs, both of which he founded at Mitcham. This year he added to his formidable list of duties the production of a Daily Bulletin which has carried all the relevant school news and vastly facilitated the operation of school activities.

In wishing Mr. Adams the utmost success at his new school, we desire also to offer our congratulations on the publication of his three-volume *Australian History* textbook.



prefects

Back Row: D. O'Neill, J. Sandow, B. Glen, S. Jennings, I. Knight, M. Wills, R. Farran, L. Jones. Third Row: O. Hallett, L. Heard, G. Lade, S. Jamieson, T. Aumann, M. Randles, B. Butcher, B. Tierney, R. Weichardt. Second Row: J. Robertson, G. Madge, P. Murphy, B. Sharpley, L. Webb, R. Cross, E. Sharpe, T. McCracken, J. Vague. Front Row: A. McCann, A. Sargeant, M. Ryan, Mr. Stephens, Mr. Stuchbery, Miss Usher, A. Reynolds, K. McCallum, G. Cobon.

head prefects' comments

The students of Mitcham High School, both Junior and Senior, have much to be thankful for: during the school's nine years of well planned evolution the Parent Organizations and Staff have been very active in obtaining the best possible facilities. Although there has been criticism levelled at many quarters during 1967, it should be remembered that decisions concerning sport and other school activities are made for the good of the majority and should be appreciated on that ground. On behalf of the boys I would like to thank the staff who have devoted much of their time to extra-curricular activities during the year; although these are not essential they add a great deal of valuable tradition to Mitcham High School. More particularly, thanks must go to the Matriculation teachers for the patience and valuable time which they devoted to their classes. It was appreciated.

Alwyn Reynolds, VI A

What is education and what do we expect from it? Is it only training for our chosen field of work, or something more intangible, something deeper and wider than this? Every student at this School should have asked himself this question, for it is only through trying to discover what we want of education, and by being prepared to work to achieve our aims, that we can make the final years of high school one of the most rewarding and memorable experiences of our lives.

At Mitcham High School we are lucky to have an excellent staff of qualified teachers and equally good buildings and grounds and so, despite a certain lack of space, we have every opportunity to derive the greatest possible benefit from our education. Yet there are ways in which the school may be improved, ways to increase the appeal of higher education (here I refer to fifth and sixth form) and at the same time make easier the great burden of work which senior students, especially during matriculation year, find they must carry. It is imperative that we do not fall into the rut of following what has gone before and of being afraid of change. Not only does this result in boredom and lack of life within a school, but also in ruining all chances of improving our lot.

Our school years, whilst we are receiving our education and with it the knowledge that we are becoming more capable and worthwhile individuals, can be one of the most satisfying periods of our lives, but on the other hand, it is a true if oft-used adage that these days we only get out of something what we put into it.

In closing may I, on behalf of the girl prefects, sincerely thank all the members of staff, who have so willingly given students their help during the year, especially those teachers who have taken matric. classes. May I also thank the students and in particular other matric. students for their co-operation and their trust, which I can only hope we have lived up to.

Margaret Ryan, VI C

ruth pearce: state side



Peanut-butter and jelly sandwiches. UGH!

An honourable institution no doubt, but as we found out when Ruth Pearce went to America, it just ain't all peanut-butter and jelly sandwiches after all.

Ruth, who matriculated last year, gained first class honours in British History and second class honours in Literature and Economics. She had applied for, and was awarded, an American Field Service Scholarship entitling her to a year's study at an American High School. She left for America on July 27th, and at the time of writing, has been gone three months. What does she think of it all?

"When I sit down and really think, 'What am I doing here?', it just doesn't seem real that I should be living in a town and going to a school some 9,000 miles away from home; that it is summer when it should be winter; that cars have left-hand drives instead of right; that sandwiches should be peanut-butter and jelly (UGH!) instead of Vegemite and cheese and that a bloke is a guy, when he should be a bloke."

Ruth finds the American people "just wonderful, friendly, informal and boisterous! They appear eager to hear about Australia and ask countless questions about kangaroos". The Americans marvel at Ruth's accent: "Umpqua Chief" (the high school paper which is published every three weeks, except during school holidays), reports that Ruth "owns the most marvellous Australian accent you've ever heard".

Life moves much faster over there (not only on the highways where, Ruth says, "a few anxious moments were felt as we sped along Sunset Boulevard, an eight lane freeway, at 75 m.p.h. on what was to us, the wrong

side of the road"). There is a "never slow down" attitude — "it is utterly unheard of to spend one's leisure time sitting at home reading a book. Always doing something or moving somewhere".

As for American teenagers, Ruth has found them "very friendly and casual, and lots of fun to be with". She writes: "American kids, I have found, have a greater freedom (I think because they have access to the family car at an early stage) and more money to spend than Australian teenagers. They experience none of the pressures and demands which matriculation is involved in".

Schooling is vastly different. Informality is the key word, the atmosphere is relaxed and there is far greater freedom of expression and action.

"Reedsport Union High has everything as far as facilities go — including three gymnasiums, a large cafeteria and a beautiful new auditorium and library". (Opened fairly recently, the library has almost every facility a student could wish for — study cubicles, sound-proofed conference rooms, a sunken reading lounge, typewriters, adding machines and tape-recorders, etc., for the use of the students.)

Dress is informal — "It is a somewhat bewildering experience to be confronted, as I walk down the school halls, with the vivid colours of the many varieties of dress, instead of a sober mass of blue and grey uniforms. Perhaps more astonishing . . . the unrestricted groups of boys and girls cluttering up the corridors. You may share a locker with whoever you wish and walk down the school hall holding hands with your boyfriend or girlfriend." All this adds to the relaxed atmosphere.

Ruth takes six subjects — Spanish Speech, Journalism, U.S. History, Math, Analysis, Modern Problems and English — her classes starting at 8 a.m. and ending at 2.30 p.m. It appears to Ruth that the Australian student, when compared to his American counterpart, has more work, fewer extra-curricular activities and a higher standard of discipline.

"Extra-curricular activities and sport are emphasised. This encourages a school spirit which I find is a vital element in the school!" The school and the community appear to be one and the same for "the whole town turns up for a high school football game, all chanting numerous 'Brave War Cries' — it's a wonderful experience to share."

Her American family, the Hilliers, seem to be pretty wonderful people from what Ruth writes. She has two sisters over there, Beckie and Camie (chief interests: boys and telephones). The Hilliers are taking her to many places: as well as showing her the country, they have taken her to such novelties as a rodeo, the annual Shakespearean festival in Oregon and a show where the "Monkees" performed. It appears that Ruth is getting an all-round education in more ways than one!

The first student to have represented Mitcham High in such a way, Ruth is also acting as a representative of Australia. We have little doubt that the impressions she leaves of us will be the best we could expect of anyone. Her rare opportunity is something every one of us would dream of, but few of us so richly deserve.

In her letters, Ruth says "Hi!" to everyone and wishes you all the best for your coming exams — especially her friends in the Matric. class. She would love to hear from you: if you have the urge to write, her address is: c/o W. C. Hillier, 360 Elm Street, Reedsport, Oregon, U.S.A.

To Ruth and any of her American "buddies" who may chance to read this, we want to say "Hi!", too. Or even better, "Ow ya goin', mate?"

S. Mitchell, VIB

advisory council

During 1967 the Advisory Council has continued to plan, budget and work for the benefit of the school.

A budget was prepared early in the year as a guide. Briefly it was as follows:—

ANTICIPATED INCOME	\$
Balance on 1/2/67	4,336
Income (incl. Fees, Canteen profits, subsidies, Tennis Court grant \$4127)	13,522
TOTAL	\$17,858

EXPENDITURE

1. Property	
(a) Development (Incl. Tennis Courts \$8254)	9,154
(b) Maintenance (Incl. gardening and mowing \$1000, new 23" mower \$225)	1,455
(c) Co-operative Society	1,696
	12,305
2. Administration (Incl. telephone, Speech Day, Insurances, etc.)	840
3. School Equipment (Library expenditure \$4000 managed separately from Advisory Council funds)	470

TOTAL \$13,615

BALANCE \$4,243

Suggested Use (Pay off balance of Co-operative Loan)

1,820

Balance on 31/12/67 (towards Assembly Hall)

\$2,423

As a result, apart from completing the tennis courts at a cost of \$8,254 (\$4,129 from the Government), fencing the eastern end of the area, and planning bicycle sheds for 300 machines (the Ladies' Auxiliary are generously working for the school's share), the Council has made the final payment to the Co-operative of \$2,912, completing all financial commitments on the Canteen and ovals, provided at a total cost of approximately \$40,000 over the past 6 to 7 years.

The Advisory Council is now actively planning for the erection of an Assembly Hall, and hopes to approach parents and the public in 1968.

The Council acknowledges government contributions of half the above total, and thanks other parent bodies, the P.C.A., Ladies' Auxiliary and the Canteen Committee and generous voluntary workers for their co-operation. They wish to thank Mrs. Toy, our pleasant and efficient Canteen Manageress, on the occasion of her resignation after two years successful service.

The President, Mr. G. H. Henry, returned to his position after a year's study and research abroad. During his absence, Mr. E. C. Reynolds filled the position with distinction, and we thank him for his interest and hard work.

During 1968, the next triennial election will be held. It is hoped that a number of the present interested and efficient members will be willing to continue the task for another three years.

A. H. Stuchbery, Secretary

ex-student's association

The primary aim of the association is to provide an avenue for all past students to get together.

This year we fulfilled the vote by running mainly well-attended and much enjoyed functions. Amongst the most significant were the two occasions at the Winston Charles (a licensed discotheque), the snow-trip-cum-barbecue, a progressive dinner, and numerous film nights.

Perhaps the highlight of the current year was the Students v. Ex-Students Football Match which, it is hoped, will become an annual event.

A dinner dance is planned for early 1968 to welcome to the Association all those who are this year leaving M.H.S.

For information contact:

David Humrich 87 2096

Dot Bird 87 2129

or the following committee members, Raza Sazenis, Alec Grieg, Lyn Jolley, Frank Morgan, Jenny Karnaghan or Brenda Nugent.

social service

This year, Social Service has been run by a small, energetic committee. Campaigns have been organised to raise money for particular appeals. Special events to raise money for Social Service were an "Out-of-Uniform" Day, a Dance, and form efforts such as Band Recitals and stalls.

Donations to charities have been made as follows:—

Maroondah Hospital	\$50
Red Cross	\$20
Sale of Anzac Badges	\$75
Alfred Hospital	\$57
Kew Cottages	\$43
Save the Children Fund	\$95
Freedom From Hunger Campaign	\$87
Hospitals' Egg Appeal (one case of eggs)	\$45
State Schools Relief Committee	\$30
Tasmanian Bush Fire Appeal	\$121
Yooralla	\$20
Children's Hospital	\$70

parents' and citizens' association

The primary task of the Parents' and Citizens' Association, and the Ladies' Auxiliary of this body is to raise funds to provide additional teaching aids, and with the help of Government subsidies to assist in financing ground's development.

The achievements of Mitcham High School are well-known — playing fields and surroundings equal to any school in the State; internal equipment and library facilities developed to the satisfaction of the staff; the school now free of all debt; and over the years the Parents' Associations have been responsible for this progress — by providing the funds, whilst the Advisory Council is to be commended for wise planning in using the moneys.

In raising funds, the annual fete was until three years ago the main medium, but as the school advanced to Leaving and Matriculation levels, the necessary support given by the school took too much of the time of staff and senior students, and the composite fee was raised to compensate, a move almost unanimously approved by parents.

The Association has maintained some social activities, and the helpful and active Ladies' Auxiliary has continued with stalls and other efforts, but the Executive has aimed principally at fostering good relations between staff, parents, students and the general public, through parent-teacher meetings, guest speakers and general liaison with the Headmaster and staff.

The Advisory Council will launch the appeal in 1968 for financial support for an Assembly Hall. The Association will give active help and we are sure that the majority of parents will be with us.

Parents of children commencing in 1968 are invited to join our Association and to take an active part in the work of their school.

E. C. Reynolds, President

academic records, 1966

First Class Honours: Robert Matthews (2) Physics, Chemistry; Gillian Fricker (1) Pure Mathematics; Ruth Pearce (1) British History; Joy Thwaites (1) English Literature; Peter Edwards (1) Physics.

Second Class Honours: Daine Alcorn (1) Chemistry; Lynette Baxter (4) French, Calculus and Applied Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry; Dale Boucher (3) French, Modern History, British History; Lawrence Burgess (2) Pure Mathematics, Physics; Peter Edwards (3) Pure Mathematics, Calculus & Applied Mathematics, Chemistry; Gillian Fricker (2) Calculus and Applied Mathematics, Physics; Judith Johnson (1) Chemistry; Minna Langevad (1) English Literature; William Lockhart (1) English Literature; Dana Masanauskas (1) English Literature; Robert Matthews (2) Pure Mathematics, Calculus & Applied Mathematics; Ruth Pearce (2) English Literature, Economics; Dala Sazenis (1) Pure Mathematics; Gary Simmons (1) British History; Heather Stewart (2) French, Biology; Jonathan Taylor (1) Geography; Joy Thwaites (2), French, Modern History; Margaret Walker (2), English Literature, Geography.

Matriculation: Thirty-five students passed the required number of subjects to qualify for Matriculation.

Commonwealth Tertiary Scholarships: Six.

Secondary Teaching Studentships: Seven.

Primary Teaching Studentships: Five.

magazine committee:

top:

Jeff Gillard (Sports Editor), Frank Davin (Secretary), Roger Clugston (Junior Representative), Clive Morley (Status Symbol), Erica Sharpe (Dictionary), Neil Robinson (Excursions Editor), Peter Summers (Extra-curricular Editor), John Williams (Scientists' Representative), Philip Kitchen and Jenny Robertson (Editors-under-chief).

front:

Stephen Short (Editors' Under-study), Linda Webb (Full-stop Consultant), Mr. Porthouse (Teacher-in-charge-at-times), John (Bull-face) Hoffman (Stirrer).

The above are in no way responsible for the contents of this publication -- they merely put it together. Any court action against them, therefore, should be reconsidered.



extra curricular activities



inter-school christian fellowship

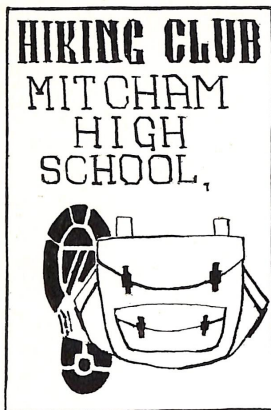
In its first year at this school, I.S.C.F. has become a notable part of the weekly extra-curricular activities. On alternate Wednesdays and Thursdays the group has met to hear addresses from visiting speakers or to view filmstrips or slides each with an up-to-date Christian emphasis.

I.S.C.F. groups meet in many schools throughout Australia and overseas, aiming at providing fellowship for Christian students and also in showing others the Christian way of life. Our group was instigated in March this year by Mrs. B. J. Kitchen who acts now as our Counsellor, ably assisted by Mr. K. Adams and several other members of staff.

Two highlights of this year's activities were the visit of Mr. Brian Greenwood and Mr. Jim Vine of "Open Air Campaigners" with their electronic organ and guitar, while later in the year our distinguished guest was Miss Nancy Basaviah, Headmistress of an Indian Secondary school. Almost a hundred students attended each of these outstanding meetings.

Our I.S.C.F. group is still young, but it has had a very promising beginning, and, much as they will refuse to accept any praise, this is largely due to the hard and dedicated work of our Counsellor and several members of staff.

P. Kitchen, VIB



hiking club

President and Treasurer: Brian Sharpley.
Secretaries: Greg Madge, Frank Davin.

Since its foundation eight years ago, the Hiking Club has grown and strengthened under the watchful eye of Mr. Porthouse until it has become an asset to the school.

The Hiking Club has seen much of Victoria's natural beauty, Tasmania, Kangaroo Island and New Zealand and has come to appreciate the ruggedness and splendour of the bush. Whilst exploring and living among these natural surroundings, the club members have discovered a truer meaning of friendship in conquering mountain peaks together, suffering inclement weather, and tiring the night with stimulating camp fire conversation.

With a return to Tasmania in December-January to follow the Cradle Mountain Walk and explore the other national parks, and another hiking excursion to New Zealand during the 1968 vacation, the Hiking Club looks forward to increasing popularity and success in the future.

This year the Hiking Club ventured to:
February: Harrietville (12 miles)

River camp made at midnight after arrival from Wangaratta. In glorious weather hiked to top of Mt. Feather-top, Victoria's second highest mountain where we crowded into an eighty-year old cabin to spend the night. Ian Bugg was there also! Made friends with Forestry Ranger, an old gentleman who knew the finer points of cards. Rest of time spent swimming and trying to get the local store to open. Ian Bugg almost arrested for arson.
April: Mt. Blackwood-Lerderderg River-Old River-Coromadai Junction (20 miles)

Rough but spectacular terrain. The highlight of the trip was the precipitous slide down the side of the gorge 200 feet or more in depth. Miss Howie and Miss Peterson discovered that hills are to be climbed. Dare we note it? —Navigator Bond was lost for the space of ten minutes.
April: Mt. Dom Dom (14 miles)

A day hike that showed how precision navigation is obtained — by searching on hands and knees for a lost track completely reclaimed by dense forest since our last visit. "Time passes as the grass grows on the weir."
May: Wilson's Prom. (50 miles)

Balmy weather. Stayed in marquee tents. Hiked to Sealer's Cove, Mt. Oberon and the Lighthouse. Teachers in charge of the girls were three original members of the

Hiking Club: Miss A. O'Keefe, Miss L. Quick and Miss B. Nugent. Cadd family visited us and unsuccessfully challenged Hiking Club at cards.

June: Castlemaine-The Monk-Spring Gully-Vaughan Springs-Daylesford (23 miles)

A matric. hike much enlivened by B. McColl's colourful remarks about the hills, rain, and other objects of natural wonder. Alwyn Reynolds fortunately carried enough food to feed everyone — a certain teacher lived on pasties. Our navigator, D. Henwood, did a marvellous job but was on the point of being lynched when Hepburn Springs finally appeared before us after a three hour roller-coaster march. Note: the President missed his first hike of the year for football!!!

July: Mt. Macedon-Woodend (14 miles)

Day hike. Possibly the easiest of the year. Weather chilly. Teachers present in force. Miss Peterson in defiance of Hiking Club tradition threw herself on the bonnet of the first car to come along to avoid walking the last few miles into town.

July 29-30: Broadford-Mt. Hickey (20 miles)

A wet day, but undaunted, we took to the hills camping in and around deserted farmhouse for the night. Ghost stories and the supernatural dominated the night's discussions. Vistas magnificent.

August 28-Sept. 2: Cooper's Creek (25 miles)

Inhabited historic old pub. Thomson River conquered on Li-los. Mrs. Enterkin found Fools' Gold. Historic mines, cemetery and milk bar of Wallhalla visited. Enterkins unsuccessfully challenged Hiking Club at cards.

October: Wesburn-Britannia Range (22 miles)

Several new members inducted into the club including our new navigator — B. Wilson. Camped in darkness. Annoyed five snakes. So loath were some members to leave the bush solitude, they stayed behind to play "500" beside a murmuring stream until the last possible moment.
December-January 1968. Tasmania (80 miles)

B. Sharpley

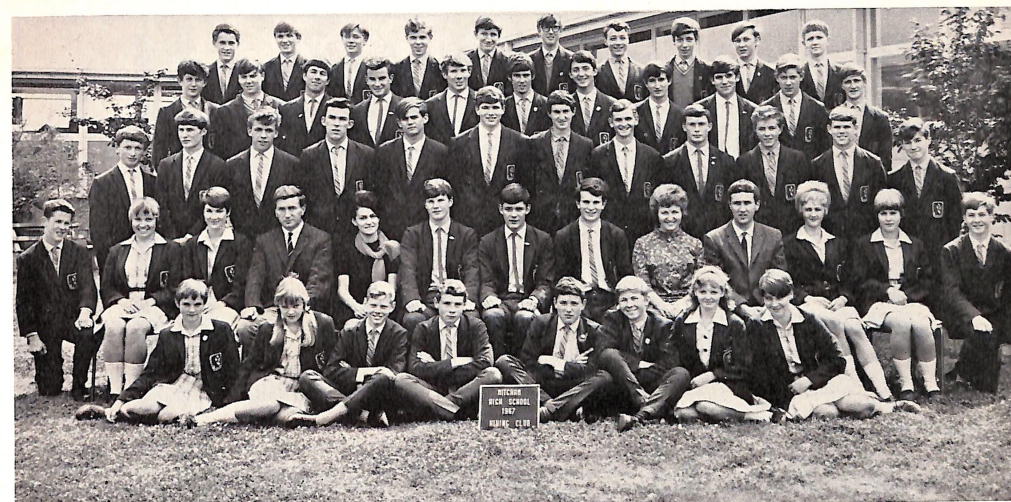
1967 has been a particularly successful year for the Hiking Club due largely to the enthusiasm and diligence of the President, Brian Sharpley. The Club has never been so financial, catered for so many students (between 30-40 attended each hike) and covered such a large area of Victoria in its activities. A grand total of 300 miles were walked during the year, thus breaking all other records.

Previous Presidents — 1961	Robert Duncan
1962	Barry Abbott
1963-4	Garret Upstill
1965-6	Robert Perkins
1967	Brian Sharpley

Mr. R. Porthouse



roll call at Cooper's Creek



hiking club

the combined vexillology society, troggs fan club, and flower power league

Dear Members of the Bored, Peasants and Flower children:

It is my privilege to announce that our most worthy organization has expanded enormously during its first year of operation. Since its inception some eight months ago, our membership has increased at least 75%. This is indeed a promising sign. Throughout the year, we were ably led by your President, Clive Morley, a noted authority on Vexillology, while being assisted in the associated departments of Troggology and Flower Power by Troggologist-in-chief, Pete R. Summers, and Public Orator, John Williams. Other office bearers of note were Minister of Propaganda, Il Duce, Hector Corda, and Vice-President, Neil Robinson.

For those who know not of our esoteric organization, suffice it to say that we are a band of intellectuals forming a unique association whose ideals and aims are obscure, even to the members. Our venerable patron for the year (and to whom we are extremely grateful) has been that illustrious avant-garde Mr. Adams. Our deepest thanks go to his untiring work in our publicity campaign.

I believe that this sums up our year's activity and so, on behalf of myself, my accompanist, and my fellow members, I would like to say: "Good Evening". Unfortunately I am unable to do so and "The End" will have to suffice.

P. Summers, VIC
(Troggologist-in-chief)

library notes

1967 has been a good year for the Library. Even though we have not realized our dream of expansion into extended quarters, the Library has continued to develop along the same lines as in previous years.

We were sorry to lose our Assistant Librarian, Mrs. Bryant, at the end of last year, and we welcomed Miss Davies in her place. The Library Club has given valuable service especially during first term when there was so much to do with processing new books. The borrowing section has been regularly and well staffed by members, and general maintenance has been good throughout the year.

On Education Day, several generous parents donated a large number of new books which we had on display, and we would like them to know how grateful we are for their help.

One very valuable acquisition this year was the "Book of Art" Encyclopaedia — 10 volumes of beautiful plates and information on the History of Art, which we are very proud to have on our library shelves. With this set, we now have nine different encyclopaedias covering various aspects of knowledge, all of great use to the students in their search for information.

May we wish all our borrowers a very happy Christmas and lots of good reading in the New Year.

Mrs. Dobson

"yowie"

"Yowie", a regular school paper, is now in its third year of publication. The aims of this school news sheet are two-fold. Firstly, it is an exercise for Commerce students in collecting, editing and typing the material; duplicating and collating of the news sheets. Secondly, the committee endeavours to present to students, particularly those in junior forms, a glimpse of school activities and personalities (both staff and students).

Our efforts have been encouraged by Mrs. Cowley to whom we extend our sincere thanks. We also wish to thank members of staff for their tolerance and their ability to resist taking libel action against our committee! We express appreciation to those students who have assisted by contributing reports.

M. Ogilvie, V C (Editor)

choir

The school choir has appeared twice in public performances. The first occasion was the Croydon Music Festival and the second at our school concert, the "Sound of Mitcham".

To Miss Thomas our leader and Warren Lee our pianist we express our appreciation.

J. Andrews, III A

history club

Under the guidance of Mrs. Moore and Mr. Adams, our small band of enthusiastic historians met weekly for varied activities and excursions.

During the second term we had our annual trip to the city, where we inspected La Trobe's Cottage, the Historical Society rooms in Queen Street, St. Paul's Cathedral and other places of interest. We also visited Schramm's Cottage in Doncaster.

We had several guest speakers, including Mrs. Knowles, who spoke on early Victorian Architecture.

Chris Pound, IV B

orchestra

The school's scrapers, blowers and bangers, alias the school orchestra, have this year sweated over a Richard Rodger's "Sound of Music" selection as their contribution to our school's concert, the "Sound of Mitcham". We also managed to conquer a J. S. Bach Prelude and Fugue — a difficult but satisfying accomplishment.

A number of our members performed with the Combined High School's Orchestra in the Melbourne Town Hall in September; several others went up-tempo as a bright-sounding Dance Band for the school concert.

Under the baton of Mr. Hillman, the performance of our orchestra has improved on that of previous years, and the violin and clarinet sections have both increased in numbers. During next year, the fourth since its commencement, we hope that the orchestra will improve even further both numerically and in skill.

A. Modra, VB

madrigal club

During 1967 we have met with our usual enthusiasm each Monday lunch-time.

After much steady and diligent practice, several new songs have been added to our repertoire, including 'The Nightingale' and 'Sing Sweet Content'. We are looking forward to singing our new song, 'The Silver Swan', a beautiful and challenging piece of music.

At 'The Sound of Mitcham' we sang 'Sing We at Pleasure', 'Will You Go A-Shearing?' and 'The Nightingale'.

We would like to thank Miss Thomas for her help throughout the year.

Erica Sharpe, VIC

"the sound of mitcham"

"Jolly good show!" "Well put together!" "Glad I came!" These were typical of the comments heard on the evenings of August 14th and 15th at the combined church hall in Mitcham, when our first annual school concert, aptly titled "The Sound of Mitcham", was held.

The programme consisted of twenty-one items — some graceful, some groovy, some gory, some hilarious, and all well presented. Items included many school activities, with accomplished solo and group performances. The varied programme appealed to the audience, who were entertained by vocal, instrumental and comic items. Performers had put a lot of work into their acts. This was obvious in the standard of their costumes and the standard of their performance, which was appreciated by all members of the audience, including a reporter from the "Nunawading Gazette" and our local M.P., Mrs. Goble. Much appreciated, also, was the fluency in the running of the programme. There were no awkward pauses between the acts, and performers moved on and off the stage in an orderly manner.

The fact that the concert was a smooth running success can be attributed to its producer, Mr. Code, whose agonies were an inspiration to the cast. A grand finale provided a colourful and fitting end to the programme. After this year's effort, we are all looking forward to future school concerts.

S. Short, V B



madrigal club

dance band





debating club

Back Row: Sue Mitchell, Randle Pound, Neil Westbury, Andrew Banks, Ian Williams, Phillip Webster, Cherie Farrelly. Third Row: Andrew Cobon, Miss Howie, Mr. Code, Mr. Adams, Mr. Lyford, Mrs. Moore, Stephen Short. Second Row: Nancy McPherson, Jan Andrews, Meryl Zarth, Michael Smythe, Warren Lee, Margaret Ryan, Erica Sharpe, Bronwyn Gillespie. Front: Christine Dougall, Linda Arblaster.



student-operated bank

Standing: Glenis Moss, Meredith Monday, Barbara Marshall, Barbara Lott, Lynda Kirby, Joan Wynne, Christine Cunningham, Birgit Zeike, Joanne Fordham, Michelle Alley, Deborah Montcrief, Sue Bugg, Gloria Bond, Loretta Corris, Ann Robinson, Lorraine Peel. Seated: Janet Baxter, Jill Starr, Lia Dehaan, Dorothy Youtlen.

debating club

The debating club aims at instilling confidence and experience in public speaking among its members. In this it has had successes which range from fair to outstanding over the year 1967. Teams and secretaries are:

A-GRADE

1. Secretary, Margaret Ryan; Coach, Mr. Code. Team chosen from VI formers.
2. Secretary, Cherie Farrelly; Coach, Mr. Adams. Team chosen from V and VI formers.

B-GRADE

Secretary, Michael Smythe; Coach, Mr. Lyford. Form V permanent team: Warren Lee, Nancy McPherson, Michael Smythe.

C-GRADE

Secretary, Jan Andrews; Coach, Miss Howie. Form III and IV permanent team: Andrew Cobon, Jan Andrews, Neil Westbury.

JUNIOR

Organised by Mrs. Moore. Forms I to III. General President, Warren Lee. General Secretary, Michael Smythe.

Results of 1967 inter-school debating: A1—2 out of 4 wins. A2—3 out of 4 wins. B—Undeclared. C—Undeclared.

The C-Grade team got as far as the semi-final in their attempt to retain the shield won in 1966 by this year's B-Grade team who look set to win their grand final again. 1967 has been a successful year in the club's short history. Plans for more lunch-time debates and discussion panels were retarded somewhat by inter-school debating fixtures. Our thanks go to the teachers who lent their valuable time in coaching and assisting the teams. As well as achieving present successes, future prospects have never looked brighter.

B. Gillespie, M. Smythe, VB

student-operated bank

The Student Bank has operated efficiently in 1967. Each Wednesday at lunch-time the fourth form Commercial girls have received, entered and balanced students' deposits.

The following interesting facts have been obtained from the Mitcham Branch of the State Savings Bank regarding our banking figures for the financial year ended 30th June, 1967:

Total amount of all school-bank balances	\$16,742.89
Total number of accounts	543
Average balance of these accounts	\$30.83
Total number of deposits received	3092
Total amount of these deposits	\$2730.76
Number of accounts opened during year	98
Number of accounts closed during year	94
Average number of deposits per bank day	75.4
Average total deposit per bank day	\$66.60
Average amount of each deposit	91.3 cents

House points for banking to 5th October, 1967, were:—

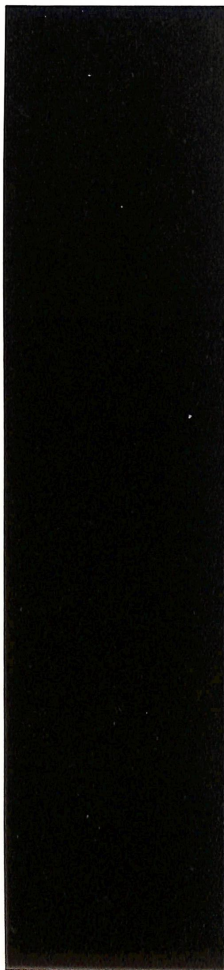
MYRIONG	662
BAREENA	617
PARINGA	600
KIMBARRA	532

We trust that in 1968 we can improve on these figures and we urge all M.H.S. students to take advantage of this easy way of saving.

On behalf of the Student Bank officials I wish to thank all students who have attended our bank regularly and made our Commercial project worthwhile. The officials extend appreciation to Mrs. Cowley for her guidance and help during the year.

J. Fordham, IV C (Superintendent)

creative



introspection

I am growing up and I am passing through
 A stage of youth that may have passed by you.
 And in this time of edification I have learned,
 Good and bad, from the people concerned,
 Who have taught me to know the difference,
 Between right and wrong, now my own inference.
 This knowledge, the precursor of morals, being gained,
 Now the harbinger of a conscience being pained,
 With confliction of convictions, from deep inside;
 My philosophy or the State's Law to abide.
 Should I, from my obligation not run and hide,
 Or should I, principled, have a conscience satisfied?
 Innocence to reality is a virtue, but exists
 In childhood, and not in adolescence where truth persists.
 And I cannot exculpate myself, if I obey
 The trumpet call, heeding propaganda of that day;
 Following like sheep, some only from fear
 Of being made an esplanade, for ethics sincere.
 A confliction of conscience to establish right from wrong,
 It's not plausible to join the fighting throng,
 Nor to uphold factitious beliefs, when on introspection
 I find, a deep conviction, which holds little affection
 For a man subordinate to what is generally conceived,
 When, it is not truly what he believes.

D. Irwin, VIA



The Clown

M. Ryan, VIC



"The time has come," the Walrus said,
 "To speak of many things,
 Of shoes and ships and sealing wax
 And cabbages and kings
 And why the sea is boiling hot
 And whether pigs have wings."

"So I perceive," the yak replied,
 "That what you say is true.
 But what about the Rolling Stones
 Asparagus soup and glue
 And the prevalence in Scotland
 Of elephants pink and blue?"

"But could you say," the haggis asked,
 In his deep and high-strung voice,
 "That patriotic Hottentots
 Should get to have the choice
 Of independence or a ride
 In Genghis Khan's Rolls Royce?"

No answer was forthcoming for
 They all with one accord
 Took the haggis into their midst
 And put him to the sword.
 "So perish all who would decline
 To join the House of Lords."

So off they went along their way
 On roller skates and skis
 Till after many years away
 They'd crossed the seven seas
 And met a gnat who spoke to them
 In High Vietnamese.

"It is my thought," the gnat decreed,
 Unto the gathered throng,
 "That all the trivialities
 That you have said are wrong!"
 With that he waved his wooden leg
 And sang this merry song:

CHORUS:

There was a land without name
 Where none had seen the chequered flag unfurled
 A waste land where no man came
 Or had come since the making of the world.
 (Solo break played by Tibetan Zither or Electric
 Bamboo Saxophone)
 There dwelt in this merry land
 A knight, called Black, famed for his ill repute
 He ruled his serfs with an iron hand
 And kicked them with an iron plated boot.

"Stop!" the Jaber-wocky shouted:
 "This song has gone too far".
 Old Father William too agreed
 Retiring to the Bar
 But the jury let him off because
 He looked like Ringo Starr.

Next to speak was Fred the Nice guy,
 His speech was ultra-fine,
 With comments on the birth rate
 Of gnus in Liechtenstein.
 "I hope," he said, "that you will like,
 This little pome of mine:

"Tiger, tiger, burning bright,
 In the satraps of the night:
 Naught there is more wonderful
 Than "le tigre" combustible."

The 'ssembled crowd began to cheer
 And Fred bowed to the floor.
 A passing orange caught his eye
 And sent him down once more,
 But all the same he acquiesced
 To give a third encore:

"The owl and the pussy cat went to sea
 In a beautiful pea green boat
 And my story would have been longer if
 The boat could have stayed afloat,
 But alas the pussy pulled out the plug,
 And they sank into the moat."

At that the yak enraged to wrath
 Didst speak vocif'rously
 Condemning all who fun wouldst make
 Of such fine poetry,
 Till in the end he turned and flew
 Back up into his tree . . .

The aard vark was the next to speak
 And gave a dissertation
 On millionaires and polar bears
 On "Injun" reservations,
 And made the point that Chad should join
 The mighty League of Nations.

Oliver Sudden, he spoke up
 Condemning many things
 Like shoes and ships and sealing wax
 And cabbages and kings
 And now he sits upon his throne
 'Round which his choir sings:

"It is an ancient Oliver
 He stoppeth one of three
 Transfixed him with his beady eye
 And spake poetic'ly:

"Water, water all around
 And ne'er a drop to drink
 The clot who left the tap on should
 Be lynched for being a fink!"

Miss Neanderthal '66
 Crawled onto the stage
 Shuffled her notes and cleared her throat
 And when she'd found the page
 She closed the entertainment with
 These words both wise and sage:

"The boy stood on the burning deck,
 When all around were dead,
 And when his feet became too hot
 He stood upon his head
 And shouted to the dancing flames
 "You may call me Fred!"

N. Robinson, VIC



Bon

C. Harrison, IVE



I



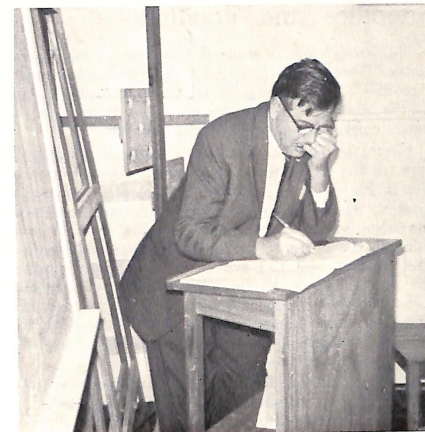
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III



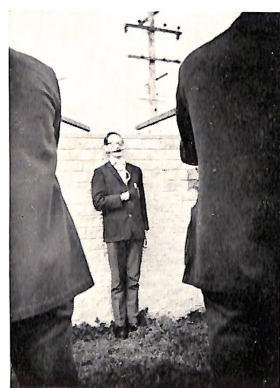
IV



V



VI



VII



VIII



IX



X

- I "And my mummy said that ..."
- II "Dearly beloved ..."
- III Science students beware: you may end up like this!
- IV At last we caught you eating meat on Friday!
- V "What's a four-letter word for 'goose'?"
- VI High School dropouts.

- VII You're fired!
- VIII I'll raise you two Modern History passes and one Calculus ...
- IX "She has got nice legs, hasn't she?"
- X Please come out umpire!
- XI The suspense is killing!
(Such appears to be the fate of all "Kariwang" editors — these two were responsible for last year's effort. Good-bye, cruel world ... editors)



XI

"doodles" and "doodlers"

Numerous kinds of students frequent our many schools today. There are the intelligent, the not-so-intelligent, the "goodies", the "baddies", and the in-between. Amongst all the other different groups are found the doodlers — a newly emerging race of potential "artists".

Firstly let us deal with the classroom doodler. This type, as the name suggests, frequents the classroom and sits in his desk, feigning the utmost concentration and interest, while his pen is scribbling hidden secrets from his subconscious. Of course, the doodles never mean anything to the ordinary person, but the psychiatrist could find some of the greatest interest. Have you ever watched the growth of a doodle? Different people doodle in different ways — some draw objects they can see, others just draw shapes and fill them in with squares, circles or dots, according to the different mental capacities, artistic talents and patience.

Doodles start as idle scribbles, usually caused by lack of interest, and gradually develop into a mass of converging shapes, each of which has been devotedly drawn on to the paper by the engrossed "artist". Watching the doodler at work is almost as fascinating as watching the doodle evolve and gradually develop into something. He sits in utter silence, deaf and blind to the world around him, pen in hand. On his face is a calm, blissful look, pertaining to one who is happy and interested in his creation. This class of doodler is a constant source of irritation to the teacher, who has (in the presence of doodlers) the feeling that he is not succeeding — not getting the lesson across . . .

The second type of doodler, the telephone doodler is perhaps even more interesting to watch. If you ever get the chance to watch one of them, do not miss it. They are concentrated mainly around the teenage group and the older, more absent-minded individual. The teenage telephone doodler does not often doodle with a pencil — he uses his body. Let me explain what I mean.

The telephone rings, teen rushes to the phone, sits on the telephone stool and begins talking. Five minutes later he is sitting on the floor resting his head on the stool. Soon the head has reached ground level and the feet have taken the place of his head. He then proceeds in a caterpillar-like motion along the floor (for as long as the telephone cord will allow). When he has made himself comfortable (flat on his stomach, feet in the air, arms supporting chin) he usually remains this way until the end of the conversation. Most undignified behaviour — don't you agree?

The older telephone doodler is less interesting to watch as he is quite a conventional-type doodler. He sits engrossed in doodling (not in conversation as one would normally expect) with the same look of deep concentration which befits our classroom doodler. Pen in hand, paper on lap, telephone to ear, he "creates" while the person on the other end talks ceaselessly wondering why he only receives occasional grunts from the engrossed "artist". This type of doodling requires much less energy than the teenage doodler's exhibition — this is why it is favoured by the older person who is unaccustomed to violent exercise. (It is also favoured by lazy teenagers!)

On the whole, doodling is frowned upon especially by teachers as an absent-minded, stupid waste of time; but consider the person for whom it is the only outlet for pent-up emotions and you never know, it may reveal latent "artistic talents". The cry of these people is generally — "Long live the doodlers!".

A. Lahta, VIC



Moon-Plight

G. Willaton, VD

where is the evidence?

Time flits by
Without stopping to offer a phrase of encouragement.
What can I say? What thoughts
Can express the paralyzing
Atmosphere?

Fears:
Of being run down by time,
Fears of not completing the climb . . .
I tremble in a daze,

And wonder at the maze
Of lines that already appear.
But it is little

To prove that the hours, hours
And hours of preparation
Have accrued any tangible value.
Where are those moments
Between the last exams and now?

No flow
Of words arrive to verify
Their existence,
And I realise with a sigh
That the pen has run out.
Indeed, perhaps it was never filled.

R. Sinclair, VID

kookaburra

You have every right to laugh, all-knowing Kookaburra. You have seen all the defeated men of our land. Like the men you first knew, you have been hunted, haunted, stoned. You still laugh for you know that man can never kill you with his guns or traps or cages. You are as free as you have always been, feeding where you please, flying high or keeping a low, attentive, laughing watch on man. You treasure your freedom for you know that you have far more than man can ever gain. Man can diminish you, but he can never take your freedom for his own. So laugh at man, Kookaburra, for man can never laugh at you.

N. McPherson, VA

waves

An endless army
Of blue and green mountains
Marching, ceaselessly,
To suicide themselves
On the broad golden beach
In the constant war
Between land and ocean.

Born in the boundless
Blue wastes, they march,
'Cross countless, rolling, miles,
To end their lives;
In swirling, white disintegration,
Against the impenetrable
Golden wall.

Smooth, stately,
Watery, ridges — miles — long —
Sweeping, irresistible, calmly majestic
Across the world.
To beat themselves in frothing,
Insensate, rage; eating a few grains
Of hard-won soil from the land.

From the forgotten past,
In the unforeseeable future,
They rise and die . . . slowly
Smashing the heights into the depths.
The unceasing, all-conquering
Waves.

P. Brown, VI B

the rat

We saw a rat,
It was fat,
We hit it with a bat,
And there it sat
Completely flat.

D. Coutts, I A

"damn you, world!"

"Damn you, world!" someone had said,
and I turned around to recollect the thought,
so that its full intensity

would come

rushing back instead.

I bear not a grudge against the world,
and she owes me not a living,
nor do I hate the people who have run her
into the ground,
and set her begging like a dog, at their feet.

Is it wrong to wish for oneself the life of a tramp,
or a fisherman, on a desert isle?

a sort of a "Robinson Crusoe" existence?

Where one could cut the chains of life, and leave neurosis
to the business-men . . .

. . . and the monkeys.

Who in hell first thought of competition?

You might say . . . competition is a human trait . . .

as are — greediness and hatred.

You might ask

"Where would we be without competition?

. . . and all those other human traits?"

In a much better world.

S. Honing, IV B

a life

The wild winter wind whistles and whines
as foaming white waves crash on the beach
then rush back again to the boiling green sea
rushing, out, out and away from me.
Safe for an instant I lie on the rocks
hoping, praying now my life won't be lost
wishing for help that's got to come soon
but fearing each wave will sweep me to doom
in this cauldron of tossing grey waves.

Thunder and lightning that play overhead
seem to threaten that soon I'll be dead
while my childhood returns, I'm in a daze
now life seems so perfect in millions of ways
heartbreak and failure seem gone from those years
which I could have lived without many cares
I imagine the pictures of pink sunset skies
and tall snow-capped mountains before my eyes
I remember the sweetness of each summer breeze . . .

Each of these things I loved will be gone
with the tasks, and despairs that were mine
I'm sorry now it's the end of my day
because now, as they slip slowly away
I know life was valuable, even to me,
with my crippled body which I threw to the sea.

M. Zarth, V A

I am loved, he is not.

I am accepted, he is not.

I am Christian, he is not.

I am respected, he is not.

He is black, I am not.

J. Brown, IV A.

the long dry spell

We had lived at Bundooma for twelve months and we had seen the four seasons come and go with no noticeable difference to the very dry land. Bundooma is situated eighty miles south-east of Alice Springs and had been in the grip of a long, dry spell. The ground, hard and cracked through lack of water, supported a few scrubby bushes and these, along with the skeletons of starved cattle, merged into the shimmering heat waves in the distance.

In the summer the temperature climbed to over one hundred and ten degrees in the daytime and, at night, fell to about seventy degrees. While in winter the daytime average was eighty degrees, at night it often fell below freezing. Although there was a marked difference in temperature, the monsoonal rains from the north had not come. The few stock we had had died from lack of fodder and water and we bought our own drinking water from Alice Springs each weekend.

It was the day after Christmas when we noticed storm-clouds developing on the horizon. The air was electric and the wind had fallen to a whisper. Lightning played on the horizon and distant thunder could be heard. All day the clouds grew in volume until, by evening, heavy clouds hung over most of the sky. When we retired that night, the air was hot and oppressive.

Next morning, we were awakened to the sounds of a tremendous thunderclap that heralded the beginning of the life-giving rain. The rain continued throughout the day and only stopped near evening.

Several days later a thin carpet of green could be seen for miles. But a few weeks later this green had disappeared and the only sign of the thunderstorm was the replenished water-supply.

J. Richards, IV D

the world and me

I read in newspapers about wars in Vietnam and the Middle East. I hear of discrimination of coloured races in U.S.A. and even in my own country. I know there are millions of people starving in Asia. I read about murders, sex crimes, gang riots, suicides, illegitimacy and scandals involving people whom I respect. I see people viewing violence and sex as an entertainment. I hear about wrong doing and suffering to innocent, good-living people. I am alarmed at the number of people who require psychiatric help to overcome their emotional and mental disturbances. I see children neglected by their parents. I hear of people who are addicted to drugs and alcohol. I see evil, violence, anxiety, poverty and uncleanness around me.

Yet I see a kitten playing with a piece of fluff. I hear a pair of kookaburras laughing. I see a cloudless summer sky. I remember travelling in an open car and feeling the wind blowing on my face. I see plants growing and bearing beautiful flowers. I watch some ants collecting food. I remember waking early one morning and seeing day break. I feel the warmth of my blankets around me on a cold, wet night. I recall to my memory the wonderful views of the surrounding country from Ayers Rock. I think about the time when I first played in the snow. I see a mother's love for her child. I feel my cat's love for me. I see gentleness, serenity and beauty around me.

I live in a wonderful world. A world where to live and experience the joys of the sights and feelings of the things around me compensate for the sorrows and troubles of life.

C. Farrelly, V D



Seated Girl

S. Jackson, IVE

the soldier

He's courage
And a spirit.
A fighting fury,
Marching down the years.
He fought today
With rockets and, on
Some long-forgotten
Yesterday, with spears.
A burning, bloody
Spirit: born the day
Primeval time's first tyrant
Met a stone-club "Waterloo".
Proud, eternal, spirit
Still the same
In future, bloody, battles
When the laser won't be new.
A weary war, unceasing
Fought savagely
'Cross time; he marched
With the 'ten thousand',
Vietnam's hills
He fights to climb.
Thermopylae or Alamein, he asks
For reasons not, nor rhymes.
Neanderthal, Cro-magnon,
Chaldean then, and Jew —
A thousand thousand years
Of fighting, since
The day when time was new.
Yet, through all the years
Of bloodshed, his spirit
Only yearned for peace.
For the day when men —
In world-wide friendship —
Grant him leave:
To rest in peace.

P. Brown, VI B



Mid-Eastern god image

R. Lockwood, VB

the city

Slumbering city with quiet mind
Streets silent, silent, ever silent,
Watchful, watchful, always watchful,
Passive guardians of a slumbering child.
Shadows inhaling the night's air,
Caught it, held it, by an unknown force.

Rain, rain, heavenly rain,
Beating down upon dark masses.
Drip drop, drip drop, drip, drip, drip.
Echoing down streets plagued by shadows.
Gurgling gutters, dripping spouts.
Receiving and disposing, unthankful.

Mystic wind carrying a warning,
Whistling down alleys, shrieking.
Groaning trees unable to resist:
Awesome building which utters no sound.
Stilled from speech by the enveloping gloom.

Nocturnal alley-cat slinking in shadows,
Disturbed on its prow by the howl of the wind
Flashing eyes, wet fur, padding paws scurry,
Vanishing under the bridge.
Flowing water lapping, gurgling sinister,
Whipped to a frenzy by the gusts of wind.

Grey dawn, noisy rooster.
Clip clop, clip clop, night fades away.
Light rain, gentle breeze, stark buildings.
Taking shape, moulded by the dawn.
Harsh voice, banging door, spluttering engine,
Disturbing cat sleeping at the door.

I. Knight, VI B



Bee's-eye view of a garden

H. Waghmode, IC

daffy dills

I wander lonely as a cow,
Of climbing trees I know not how;
There is one standing in the wood,
I might climb it if I could,
My hoofs and horns are of no avail,
At every attempt I seem to fail.

Continuous as the stars that shine,
Climbing trees is a waste of time.
As my attempts never seem to work,
People will think that I'm berserk,
I think I'd better go back to my herds,
For climbing trees is for the birds.

F. Wardock, IV E



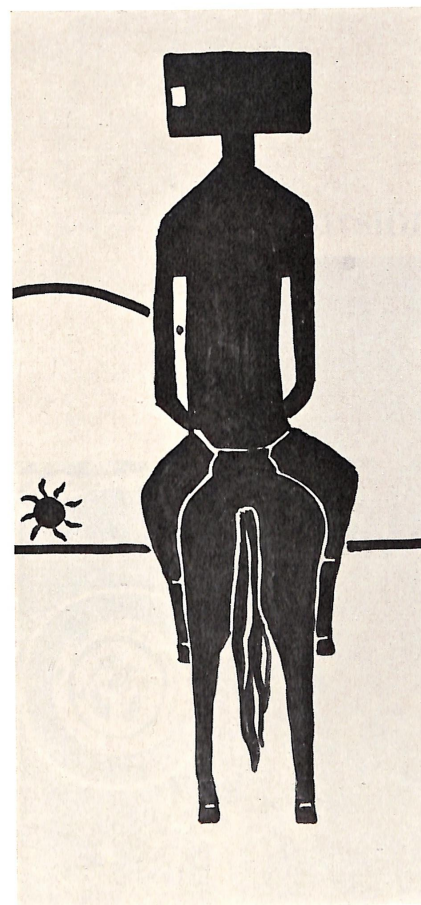
Witches from "Macbeth"

F. van Riemsdyk, IID

an old cracked mirror

There was a crack in the clear perfection —
The distorted face of reality leering
From the weird mirror world of reflection.
A twisted mouth, mocking and jeering,
Made the still air sigh with helpless rage,
As to this visage came the fearful reply
That truth was this image,
And we were the lie.

J. Pomeroy, VA



(from a Nolan)

B. Sowter, VIB

ned kelly — a permanent part of the australian legend

What is it about Ned Kelly that inspired one of Australia's foremost modern artists to spend twenty-two years on a series of paintings about him; that prompted the Wangaratta Adult Education Centre to hold a three day seminar on him; that induced four major companies to plan films about him and led a student of Mitcham High School to contribute an article to the school magazine on him? The answer lies in the fact that Kelly was more than a criminal; he possessed qualities which made him the epitome of Australian manhood — courage, endurance, individualism and a strong sense of loyalty to his mates.

As early as the age of eleven Kelly showed that he had strong stuff in him when he rescued a farmer from drowning. Ned was but a year older when his father died, and three years older when he had his first direct encounter with the law.

The conditions in Victoria in the 1860's and '70's were not radically different from those of the 1850's which precipitated Australia's first armed revolt: the Eureka stockade. Historians will remember that one of the chief causes of Eureka was the over-zealous and corrupt police force. These same traits in the Victorian constabulary profoundly influenced the short but colourful life of Ned Kelly. Between 1869 and 1871, Kelly made no less than four appearances before a criminal court judge. On two of those occasions he was given gaol sentences; on only one of those occasions is he now believed to have been guilty!

For four years Kelly remained outside the clutches of the law and then, on the evidence of a man who was later described by the Chief of Police as a 'liar and a larrikin' and dismissed from the force for perjury, a warrant for the arrest of Ned and his brother, Dan, was issued. The Kellys joined forces with their mates, Joe Byrne and Steve Hart, went bush, and two of the blackest years in Victoria's criminal history followed. During that time the gang:

- Killed three troopers.
- Held up and robbed two banks.
- Planned the derailment of a special police train.
- Took over and occupied two towns.
- Executed Aaron Sherrit, one-time friend, turned informer.
- Fought a famous last stand at Glenrowan.

The extermination of these four desperadoes was completed at 8 a.m. on November 11, 1880, two years to the month after the start of their wild rampage, when Kelly himself was sent to eternity through the agency of the hangman.

All this is interesting but it gets us hardly anywhere in attempting to determine what earned for Kelly a permanent place in Australian Folklore. As one writer put it: "People are not remembered for nothing; and Kelly, over eighty years dead, will not lie down". For

many people, however, this is not the point in question. To them the enormous damage for which Kelly was responsible is enough to secure him a prominent place in history. They are more interested in "what", as a journalist recently asked, "turns a horse-thief and murderer into a knight in shining armour?"

First, let me assert, if it has not already been made obvious, that Kelly was not the callous, inhuman creature which he has sometimes been painted. Far from it. A long history of injustices to him and his family steered him into a life of crime. He had not been given a fair go and he was driven to seek vengeance for it. In the words of a witness at the Royal Commission into the Kelly outbreak in 1881:

"A great deal of the difficulty with these people would be got over if they felt they were treated with equal justice—that there was no 'down' upon them. They are much more tractable if they feel they are treated with Equal Justice."

There are many who share the contention that a later generation may have seen Kelly achieve fame in a more worthwhile field of endeavour. Dame Mabel Brookes, authoress of "Riders of Time", is one. "If a cog had slipped in the wheel of time, the Kelly boys would have been on Gallipoli, one of them probably a V.C. winner", she says. Professor Manning Clark, familiar to all sixth form students of Australian History as the author of "The Story of Australia", says Kelly could have been a first-class writer and points to extracts like this from his remarkable "Jerilderie Letter" as evidence:

"I have been wronged and my mother and four or five men tagged innocent. And are not my brothers and sisters and my mother to be pitied also for having no alternative but to put up with the brutal and cowardly conduct of a parcel of big, ugly, fat-necked, wombat-headed, big-bellied, magpie-legged, narrow-hipped, splay-footed sons of Irish Bailiffs or English landlords who are better known as officers of justice or Victorian Police?"

Indirectly Kelly had a great influence on the reform of nineteenth century law and order. Within two years of his death, following a Royal Commission enquiry, a dozen of the police who had fought against him were dismissed or forced to retire. Others were downgraded and numerous general reforms were carried out.

But it is not for what Kelly might have been or for what he might have indirectly achieved that he has passed into Australian Folklore. Kelly was a dinkum Aussie, or what others call a "Bloody Australian" and this very trait has won him respect. His daring, his genius for leadership and his audacity have made him a legend. Who but Ned Kelly would have the pluck to bail up the local police, steal their uniforms, and march through the town under the pretext of being troop reinforcements? Who but Ned Kelly would fight a lone, single-handed battle with police, escaping capture for more than five hours, thus earning immortality for his gameness? Who but Ned Kelly would have the gumption to personally pen an eight thousand word document of self-justification?

R. Farran, VI B



Modern Calligraphy

C. Brown, VI D

excursions



literature conference

Last October 6th-8th, a Literature Conference was held at Rosebud for fifty Matriculation students from Mitcham High (the host) and eight surrounding schools.

Students arrived by bus on Friday evening, and the conference lasted until Sunday night. During the weekend students gave papers concerning our studies this year, and then everyone dispersed into small groups to discuss the plays, novels or poetry on hand. In the evenings students were free to watch films, listen to beatnik poetry by candle-light, discuss literature, play records, and socialize. Coffee was consumed in startling quantities.

The most novel activity of the weekend was a reading of the "Oresteia"—a Greek trilogy, with everyone participating. The first section was read at 5.30 a.m. as the sun rose, the second at mid-day, and the third on Koonya back-beach, among the rocks, as the sun finally sank!

The conference was primarily aimed at total participation by all concerned, and an exchange of ideas concerning literature studies. The weekend had a casual atmosphere which enabled students to relax and feel at home, and this fact added to the success of the conference. We felt it necessary for the weekend to be organised BY students, FOR students, as adults are linked with the classroom atmosphere we attempted to avoid. Minimum adult intervention, and maximum student participation was the keynote of this highly successful and beneficial weekend.

M. Wills, VI B

lake tarli karng hike or, "how to survive in the mountains with an irish madman"



We reluctantly left our bus about 12 miles from Lake Tarli Karng (because the driver didn't think it was water tight). We were compelled to follow our navigator, "Speedy Gonzales Bond", who had once again taken an overdose of that "good mountain air", and had disappeared in the distance with a cloud of dust and a "Hi, Ho Silver!"

When the main body of the mob reached the top of the first mountain, it was raining and Speedy was nowhere to be seen. So, the "B*-Green Earl" — Mr. P., put a curse on him which would work only when we caught up with him.

Eventually, the whole party was reunited but the Earl lost his nerve, to Speedy's advantage. By then it was dark so we set up camp, ate, drank, but weren't merry because it was pouring.

In the morning we got up when we felt like it (you usually feel like getting up whenever the Earl threatens

*BLOOD STAINED!

you with a piece of burning firewood), had breakfast, packed our odds-and-ends and left whenever we were ready. Naturally, there were some complications as a result of this. The club ended up in three parties; Speedy led one (which was naturally the leading group), then the Earl led the second, and the third, which had no leader, just ambled on about an hour behind Speedy and followed the signs which had been left (tin cans, apple cores, banana skins and mutilated trees — the Hiking Club always strives to keep Australia beautiful). Eventually, the third horde caught the first, who were huddling around their fire playing "Old Maid". Then some brilliant lad (may his soul forever rest in peace) wondered where the Earl was. A search party was sent after the Earl and his rabble, while the rest stayed back and felled trees over each other's packs (like Aussie-Russian roulette). Eventually the Earl and company arrived, and once again he put a curse on Speedy for not leaving more obvious tracks. It was suggested that we take on all our hikes a herd of elephants whose tracks the Earl might manage to follow.

We had lunch and plodded on together (how chummy!), and in due course came to a group of tin sheds and tents, where a "worker" was supposed to be working chromate mines for the government. By the looks of the flagon of sherry under the bed in the tent, he knew that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy". He showed us where we could camp and told us it was only about an hour and a half's walk to the lake.

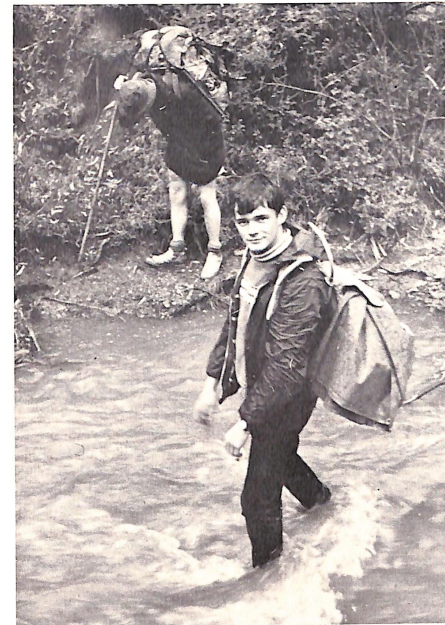
In the morning, we left the mines and went straight across the river (remember, cleanliness is next to Godliness). We tramped on until we reached the spur at the top of which the lake was rumoured to be. When we got to the top of this oversized replica of the Matterhorn, and couldn't see any lake, the Earl suddenly burst into mad guttural laughter until we were all in tears of frustration.

Onwards, relentless, we dragged our steaming carcasses, drained of all their energy, and after countless hills and dusty valleys we caught sight of the illusive lake, just seemingly dumped in a crater in the side of the mountain.

We just about ran down to the water (how fast can a dying man run?), drank until we were bloated and then started putting up our tents. It was then the Earl and a fellow hiker — Chengis McDonald — clashed over the preservation of saplings which had sprouted up about the camp. The Earl belongs to the R.S.P.C.I.O. (Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Inanimate Objects) and didn't want Chengis to cut them down. Soon afterwards everything was settled and night fell on the newly formed village. The next day it was expected that the gallant hikers would be allowed to relax and recuperate, but this was only a rumour for, that night, Speedy and the Earl (friends again) met and decided that there was to be no rest for the wicked.

So, on the second day, we hiked around the lake, in order to see an overflow of surplus water which the Earl called a beautiful waterfall. Apparently this little jaunt had whetted Speedy's appetite for leg pains and sore feet (particularly those of other hikers) and the next day many of the hikers were forced to scale the nearby mountain — the Sentinel. Some hikers decided not to budge and so they spent the day at the camp.

That day it poured, and the lake which was already overflowing began to advance on the camp which had been set out with the usual foresight given by the Hiking Club. The rebels acted quickly in making sure that their tents were safe, with adequate trenchings, and then they sat back and watched with keen anticipation the water advance on the tents of the absent.



"I told you, the track goes through here!"

When the drones got back, with tales of Ghengis almost being eaten whole by a snake on a ledge (fun! fun! fun!) and how they got to sign a book on the mountain, they thanked the rebels politely for keeping an eye on their semi-submerged tents. The next day showed signs of summer which had been absent in the earlier days. For something to do, a "Great Race" was organised on li-los around the course on the lake. The lake was still b— cold, but the first prize of \$1 enticed the competitors into the water. All was set, Honest John Barnett was the "S.P.". The starter called "Go" but no one was ready, so a restart was called. On the second start there was a mad floundering of arms, legs, coloured li-los and white spray. On the first turn, one of the rebels, "Geronimo" Sharpley, assisted "Fins" Walpole by turning back into the competitors. "Fins" won and collected the prize money and a tidy sum from Honest John (who, by the way, gained more from the affair than anybody).

The next day we packed up our soggy equipment and headed up and out of the crater. It was decided that our return to civilization via the river valleys was a much easier although wetter way (about 20 river crossings). Leaving the lake area took very little time — mainly because everybody was running to get away from the overgrown puddle in which we had spent the last few days. We got back to the road within two days and cleaned off the layer of dirt which had lovingly attached itself to our skin. We washed our clothes in the river as well (the clothes walked down to the river with us and stood while we washed them). The next day we were picked up by a strange man — the bus driver. Eventually we were back in civilization swearing that that would be the last we would see of Tarli Karng.

G. Madge, VIA (Secretary)

central australian tour

Those students who signed up for the Central Australian Tour last May, and thought they would be able to have a rest away from school, and return to Mitcham with a deep tan to show their friends, were terribly disappointed. Those who thought they would be having a marvellous holiday, joining in with the excitement, rush, fun, exhaustion, cooking, card-playing and powder fighting of their companions would, however, be right.

From the moment the 'Gin Bin Special' rumbled out of M.H.S. gates, the excitement began. Cards, good books, cameras, noise and Michael Smythe prevented any sleep during the night drive to Adelaide. Forty exhausted students saw that city through half-closed eyes.

From Adelaide, the 'Gin Bin' rumbled into Port Pirie, and one broken windscreen later converged on Pt. Augusta. Kingoonya Bore was reached by nightfall, and while tents were pitched, sinister cooks attempted mass murder . . . their implements being Chicken-glue, boiled milk with Deb Instant Mashed Potato, undehydrated peas, and meat of some unquestionable source. Unfed, the masses retired.

The next day we searched for Coober Pedy under inches of soft red dust. When it was realized we were standing in the main street, the group converged on the milk-bar; and later a tour of a hillside home and opal mine roused enthusiasm for opal mining. After grovelling in the slag heaps for their fortunes, most of our group decided opaling was not their vocation.

A barbecue at a cattle station the following night was a highlight of the tour. Steaks eight inches long were devoured in amazingly huge quantities.

At last, after five days' pretty solid travelling over corrugated dusty roads, the 'Gin Bin' arrived at Alice Springs. Hot and cold running water was admired more than the souvenirs and tourist spots we were later to come across. After an assurance that red-backed spiders do not inhabit the area, forty students cautiously felt their ways into sleeping bags.

The next three days were spent investigating Alice Springs in general, and surrounding areas such as Jessie and Emily Gaps, Traphina Gorge, Corroborree Rock, Stanley Chasm, Simpson's Gap, John Flynn's Memorial Grave and Church, the Flying Doctor Base, and last, but not least, the local drive-in.

Travelling all day Friday, we reached Curtin Springs, another cattle station, for a barbecue tea. This was also the girls' first night sleeping under the stars. Next morning, mostly asleep, we dragged our weary bodies to the bus to reach Ayers Rock for breakfast. Screams of mercy were heard throughout the bus when informed we would be climbing the 'Rock' after breakfast.

Two hours after beginning to stagger up Ayers Rock, exhausted climbers were greeted by Russell Farran who had been there for "ages" after running most of the way! Those with enough energy left were able to admire the magnificent view, which seemed to stretch to eternity. Photos were taken, I.O.U.'s were written for people who had carried water with them, and the visitors' book was signed. (No joke . . . it was in a tin can at the highest point of the 'Rock'.)

The afternoon was spent exploring the caves around the base of Ayers Rock. The aboriginal art and rock

formations were a never ending source of amazement and delight.

The next day was Mother's Day, and the boys served steaks to the girls in their sleeping bags, to celebrate the occasion, even though it was no occasion for any but the lady teachers. This day was spent clambering about the Olgas, and the highlight was 'a short walk' (quote: "Salt-bush Bill" Ferguson) about two miles 'short' up a 44° slope to Katajuta Lookout . . . a section of the Olgas. We later returned to Ayers Rock just in time to experience the sunset on the 'Rock'.

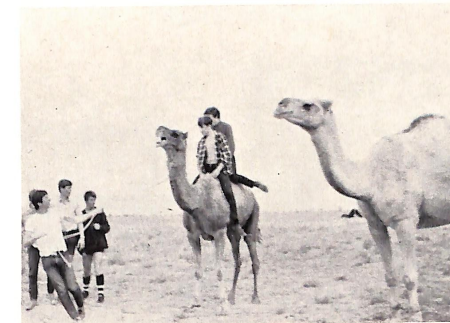
If a steam train with whistles, bells and cheering thousands on board had wound its way between the sleeping bags that night, it would have gone unnoticed.

Monday morning was nostalgically spent re-exploring many of the Ayers Rock caves. Some students chartered a plane to fly over the 'Rock' and the Olgas. After lunch, a quietened group left Ayers Rock in the background, and began the sad return Mitcham-ward. Another visit to Coober Pedy and Pt. Augusta preceded our arrival at a Swan Hill Motel, four days after leaving Ayers Rock. Then finally, early Saturday evening, the 'Gin Bin Special' made its presence well and truly known as it arrived be-toilet-papered at Mitcham.

Once home, the travellers had to remove an over abundance of powder, toothpaste, shaving cream and an occasional blob of flour from their clothing and hair. Parents found it hard to understand the slang their children were using. The trip was a great success, and a credit to its organizers whom we thank one and all.

"Up the Workers", "You beauty", "That'll do, stupid", "Girlinger", "Up the Lubras". "Don't touch me opals . . . yeah they're me 'orses . . . get outta me Kitchen, this IS a private 'ouse ya know", and last but not least . . . "DANGGER, DANGGER!!!!!!".

M. Wills, VI B



coming home with the "Gin Bin Special"



kiewa valley excursion



Early on the morning of Sunday, July 16th, seventy-one form III students and four teachers (Miss Usher, Mrs. Hetherington, Mr. Cadd and Mr. Parrent) left M.H.S. in two coaches on a six-day excursion to the Kiewa Valley. En route they visited Snobbs Creek fish hatchery and stopped for lunch at Eildon. Mount Beauty Chalet was invaded at 7.30 p.m., and everyone had dinner and unpacked. During their stay they visited Mount Beauty township, Mount Buffalo, where snow was first encountered, the McKay Creek power station, where they were shown the underground pipeline and the cavern which houses six massive generators, and Falls Creek. At Falls Creek there was an abundance of snow, and Mr. Parrent was on the receiving end of a delivery of snowballs. After dinner at the chalet, there were recreations such as table tennis, quoits, beetle record-playing and deflating hot-water bottles. Everyone enjoyed themselves at a dance which was held on Wednesday night. On Friday everyone was up early and packing, ready for the homeward trip. On the return trip they stopped at the Hume weir and at Albury, where they had a picnic lunch and went to see the statue which overlooks the township. The two bus-loads of travellers arrived back at Mitcham at 3.45 p.m. The drivers, who had been such amiable companions, were presented with a token of the students' appreciation, and the trip was voted a success by all.

R. Short, III D

sport

senior soccer club

Soccer, when first introduced to M.H.S. in 1965, did not meet with much success, but this year, with the help of two interested people, Mr. Tate and Bill Lockhart (Form VI), and with fifteen enthusiastic boys, soccer has finally been established in the school.

Though we have met with limited success this year (winning four out of nine games and reaching the semi-finals of our competition), we feel we have had a very enjoyable season. As most of the present team is from third or fourth form, we anticipate having a strong side next year. Our greatest loss next year will be that of Frank Davin (Form VI).

Out of the fifteen boys, only five have had any previous soccer experience, but through determination the other ten have gradually picked it up, and we are beginning to develop a good attack and defence system.

Our results are as follows:

<i>Wins</i>		<i>Losses</i>	
Mitcham vs. Whitefriars		Mitcham vs. Kingswood	
4 — 0		0 — 2	
8 — 1		0 — 2	
Mitcham vs. Vermont		Mitcham vs. Norwood	
3 — 2		1 — 3	
5 — 2		1 — 4	
		Mitcham vs. Wesley	
		0 — 1	

D. Clark, IV E



fencing club

fencing club

The club is comprised of past and present students of Mitcham High, and it is a fully affiliated club with the Victorian Amateur Fencing Association, who encourage school clubs such as ours. Lessons are given during lunchtime and also one night a week to the more advanced students. It has been realized that the juniors of the school are interested in this sport, so particular attention has been paid to them. In fact our club has more members from Forms I, II and III than the senior Forms. This is unlike most clubs in the school.

The equipment needed is very expensive (one ordinary foil \$5.15) but due to school interest and our own source of revenue, we have managed to build up quite a stock of weapons over the years.

No doubt the highlight of this year's competitive fencing has been the Junior Australian Fencing Championships held in Sydney. Mitcham High was represented by four fencers who gained selection, namely Sandra Gibson, Penny Murphy, Joan Macwhirter and Ian Williams. It proved to be an eventful trip. We arrived in Sydney at 1.30 a.m. on Saturday, 10th June. The same morning, we faced strenuous bouts, and all qualified for the Quarter Finals. We were all, however, eventually eliminated in the Quarter Final on the Sunday. The fencing experience gained on this trip could not have possibly been gained elsewhere.

The enthusiasm of our junior members became evident in the Under 15 State Title, when Helen Smith gained second place, after having to fence off for first place. Others to reach the final were Sandra Gibson and Glenda Cordery. In the boys, much to his surprise, Mark Blackburn gained fourth place. This event was successfully run by Mitcham High who entered eight juniors, all attired correctly.

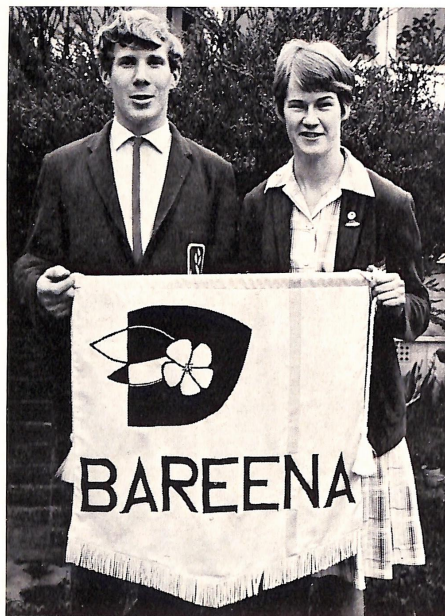
Throughout the latter half of the year, inter-school competitions have been run successfully. Mitcham has done very well in these events. We entered a team in the Ladies' State Team Foil, which was held during the September holidays. As with all State Titles, electrical gear was used. The team came 2nd, but all are convinced that next year, "We'll kill 'em!" This attitude is due to confidence in our juniors and the experience we all are gaining.

The school had a visit from the National Fencing Coach, Maitre Fethers, who gave useful and constructive criticism of the students' fencing. His visit was appreciated and led to beneficial improvements.

At the time this article hits the press, we hope to have gained success in the All Schools Competition, and the "C" Grade State Title.

The foundation and fostering of the club is mainly due to Mr. S. Tate, who has taught and encouraged consistently over the past three years. All members are aware of our fortunate position and we thank all parents and the school for showing their support of our unique sport.

I. Williams, V B



Bareena has had a very successful year — we have reached every goal we set ourselves — we tried to be third in everything!

Undauntedly we have regularly appeared at school functions: In athletics, swimming and cross-country we have been represented.

Seriously, although we have not done very well in results, we have some fine individual athletes, fine team spirit and a willingness to keep on trying even though we are not winning.

On behalf of both Senior and Junior boys I would like to express thanks to our House teachers Mr. Dunn and Mr. Lawton. Without their assistance it is not difficult to imagine what would have been our fate. On this note I would also like to give our sincere thanks to Mr. Tate for his devoted and conscientious approach to his task of sports master.

As the Girl House Captain, I feel it goes without saying that we are deeply indebted to Miss Doble and Mrs. Smith, and that these ladies are responsible for our successes, but a large portion of thanks goes to everyone in Bareena who was blessed with some house spirit and who endeavoured to compete in a manner befitting a Bareena-ite.

Andrew Banks and Gordon Pearce put up fine performances in the swimming, as did Lyn Heard, Janis Webb, Linda Wong and Lyn Banks.

In the athletic sports we did not have particularly outstanding boy athletes, but once again Janis Webb helped the girls put on their usual scintillating(?) performances.

Everyone has been thanked except the most important people, the boys and girls who make Bareena a house. The best of luck next year, and we hope that you will have an equally or more successful year next time round.

Linda and Owen



Once again Kimbarra was fortunate enough to reach the position of top house. It is, however, not luck that has enabled our win. Only through the conscientious devotion and hard work of many of our house members in all the sporting fields has Kimbarra been able to continue to have the honour of being cock-house.

Team work has been the keynote and house spirit has prevailed throughout the year encouraging an enthusiastic approach to all activities.

In all sports, especially the Swimming and Athletics, great individual performances were witnessed but the success would not have been ours without the many students who contributed to team events. However, one must mention the outstanding performances of R. Smith, A. Lawson, J. Smith, D. Collier, J. Wootton, R. Harvey, B. Welsh, A. Reynolds, L. Nugent, J. Hoffman . . . no, there are too many to thank, just showing the enthusiasm exhibited by the whole house.

Every person has worked hard for his house and we hope that, with our up and coming juniors, we will continue to remain at the top, as in the past, striving to keep the red banner just a little higher than the others.

Our sincere thanks go to both boys' and girls' House teachers and all House officers for their efforts and we hope that next year we continue our winning run.

Rose and Alwyn



Although 1967 hasn't been a year of success, it has been one of hard work and striving by the members of Myriong and it is to be hoped that this has resulted in a satisfaction and pride in the unity that house spirit gives. Congratulations and thanks must go to all members who participated in the Athletic and Swimming Sports. The outstanding performers for the year have been B. Pearce, G. Bond, E. Orchard, I. Leicester, S. Gibson. Earlier in the year Myriong regretfully lost the services of Girls' House Captain Ruth Pearce to Reedsport High, U.S.A. We hope that she enjoys her stay and we wish her all the best for the coming year. As usual Myriong won the Banking, which can be attributed to our thrifty house members. Perhaps the most outstanding performance of the year was put up by Russell Farran, who won the inter-house cross-country, the mile and the 880 yards as well as gaining third place in the inter-school cross-country. One regrettable feature of this year's inter-house competition has been the lack of inter-house football, the lightning premiership conducted at the end of the season did little to satisfy the dyed-in-the-wool Aussie rules fans. As Australian Rules is our national game, we feel that it should be the major sport played by boys at M.H.S.

This year ends with a warning to rival houses (especially Kimbarra) — watch out for Myriong next year, your good luck can't last forever.

Gwen and Tom



This year under the able leadership of Miss Peterson, Mrs. Sanderson, Mr. Doble and House captains Robert Cross and Jann Keegan, Paringa has not arisen to any great heights. Despite a decided lack of house spirit, Paringa managed to score third in the house swimming and second in the house athletics. The senior boys have been badly hampered by their lack of numbers, perhaps next year a more even distribution of seniors could be made between the houses. M. Furlong, D. Crutchett, K. Harley, S. Tate, C. Woods, H. Smith, R. Cross, I. Bugg and G. Lade, have all helped to raise the sporting traditions of our House.

Paringa has also secured second place in the Student-operated Bank, a position well earned by our more thrifty members. The senior boys would like to thank Mr. Doble for taking the time and trouble to act as house teacher.

His efforts have largely contributed to Paringa's outstanding performance. The girls would like to thank housemistresses Miss Peterson and Mrs. Sanderson for their leadership and guidance throughout the year. It is to be hoped that they will continue their association with Paringa next year and ensure that Paringa will rise to the heights that we know it can. Both the girls and the boys of the house would like to express their appreciation of Mrs. Quinn and Mr. Tate's fine efforts in organising house and inter-school sport throughout the year. Mr. Tate's new approach to sport in the school has brought a wave of enthusiasm to all sport and it is hoped that next year will be our year. With a little more training prior to both the athletics and swimming sports Paringa could achieve the position of "Top house in '68".

Jann and Robert

inter-house swimming

The Inter-house Swimming Sports, held annually at the Nunawading Pool, saw sixteen individual records and seven relay records broken. Kimbarra managed to uphold her tradition and secure a firm grasp on the swimming trophy; however, Bareena, Paringa and Myriong were not disgraced as their team members put up many fine individual performances. The best performance of the day must be attributed to Gordon Pearce who broke four records, two in his own age group (U/13) and two in the U/16 age group; this must surely augur well for Gordon and the school in future years. The details of the records broken are:

Bareena 2 relay records
Kimbarra 2 relay records
Myriong 1 relay record
Paringa 2 relay records
Gordon Pearce broke 4 records
Rosemary Smith broke 3 records
Joanne Smith broke 3 records
Sandra Gibson broke 2 records
Leigh Nugent broke 2 records
Beth Pearce broke 1 record
Gary Windsor broke 1 record

The House Swimming Captains would like to express their appreciation to Mr. Tate, Mrs. Quinn and to the other members of staff who acted as officials, judges and timekeepers for their fine efforts in making the 1967 House Swimming Sports a very memorable occasion. Thanks must also go to the staff of the Nunawading Pool for their preparation of the pool.

J. Gillard, VIC

inter-school swimming

The Mountain Division Swimming Carnival was held at the Olympic Pool on Monday, 3rd April. Of the eight competing schools, Mitcham High was placed 4th in the Junior Section, 3rd in the Intermediate Section and 2nd in the Senior Section. In the overall aggregate we gained 3rd place with 119 points. Individually, our swimmers gained 13 firsts, 7 seconds, and 10 thirds, whilst 8 individual records were broken by Mitcham High School swimmers. It is to be hoped that these records will remain for many years to come as they reflect the keenness and ability of our 1967 swimming team.

Details:

Name	Events won	Records broken
Rosemary Smith	2	1
Joanne Smith	2	1
Sue Turner	1	1
Sandra Gibson	Drawing 1	
Gordon Pearce	3	2
Leigh Nugent	2	2
Andrew Banks	1	1
U/15 Relay	1	

(G. Windsor, J. Kingma,
A. Cobon, S. Bartlett)

The above winners represented the Mountain Division (and the school) in the All High Schools Swimming Championships on Wednesday evening, 12th April, at Olympic Pool. The swimming team would like to thank Mr. Tate and Mrs. Quinn for their fine efforts in organisation and for providing encouragement to us throughout the swimming season.

J. Gillard, VIC



athletic team

swimming team



inter-house athletics

The first event on the 1967 Mitcham High School athletic calendar was the annual House athletics competition. Spirited opposition among Houses led to the creation of ten new records and a fierce battle between Myriong and Bareena to avoid the doubtful honour of finishing in fourth place. The eventual finishing order of the Houses was: Kimbarra, Paringa, Bareena and Myriong.

Although Kimbarra finished a clear eighty points ahead of the second placegetter, an analysis of the results indicates that their athletes were responsible for the creation of only one of the ten records. Paringa athletes had four records to their credit, Myriong three, and Bareena two.

R. Farran, VIC

inter-school athletics

At the half-way mark of the inter-school athletics carnival, Mitcham High School was in second place. At the end of the day the school found itself a dismal second last. As has been so often the case in the past, our relay teams failed us (the girls under-16 team was an exception here, but one of the few exceptions—they came in first!).

High blustery winds made conditions difficult for spectators, not to mention competitors, and Mitcham came away from Olympic Park with only hopes of better things to come next year, and memories of some fine individual efforts as recompense. Five girls and seven boys performed well enough to earn the right to compete in the All High Schools Sports on Saturday, 21st of October. They were: girls—Janis Webb, Gloria Bond, Dianne Collier, Lyn Clearihan and Anne Davies; and boys—Gary Windsor, Gary Alcock, Ian Williams, Alwyn Reynolds, Robert Short, Roger Edgoose, and Russell Farran.

To the members of staff who assisted in training, particularly Mr. Tate, there must go a vote of thanks and, with an improvement in the performances of the relay teams, we trust that 1968 will see Mitcham up there fighting it out with the best of them!

R. Farran, VIC



Russell Farran

inter-school cross country

At Healesville on Thursday, 13th July, the distance running fraternity of Mitcham High School turned out to display their talents in the annual Mountain Division High Schools' cross-country events.

Without doubt the most outstanding individual performance from our school's point of view was that of Ross Dunn who, leading the junior boys home with less than 400 yards to go, was struck by stomach-sickness and forced to stop. Such was his determination, however, that he refused to give in, recovering sufficiently to finish in third place. If ever there was a case of an athlete giving his all, this was it. Jo-anne Smith (whose name is synonymous with the M.H.S. Swimming team) displayed similar determination when she finished second in the senior girls' event against opponents twice her size.

These were the pick of the individual efforts by M.H.S. students but they far from account for the many fine performances of the 24-strong team. Boys D. Alaia, P. Daniel, R. Farran and D. Innes all performed well, as did the girls H. Smith, J. Phillips, C. Woods and J. Easterby. So well did they and their fellows run, in fact, that M.H.S. was able to secure third place in the overall aggregate.

R. Farran, VI B

cross-country team



Geoff Lade



Gary Alcock



Alwyn Reynolds



in case you missed us the first time . . .
... peasants!

VI A

Lynette D. (Hirdy-Girdy) HEARD
Lois E. (Jonesy) JONES
Linda J. (Pomme) RIDDINGTON

Thomas A. (Hairy) AUMANN
Gavin J. BLACK
Geoffrey H. (Killer) BRAITHWAITE
Colin E. BRAMALL
Brian R. (Butch) BUTCHER
Gary S. (Gazz) COBON
Alfred (Fred) COLAFELLA
Michael (Kingsley) DOUTHWAITE
Bruce (Jack) GLEN
Peter F. (Goggles) GOGOLL
David H. HENWOOD
Malcolm L. (Malky) HIRD
Desmond N. (Irish) IRWIN
Peter E. (Yonk) JONKERS
Geoffrey N. (Lady) LADE
Bruce V. (Speedy) McCOLL
Terry (Satch) McCracken
Greg R. (Madgie) MADGE
Clive L. (Mauler) MORLEY
Kelvin F. (Whistling Slim) NAIRN
David J. (O'Nuts) O'NEILL
Alwyn W. (Winnie) REYNOLDS
Alan J. (Sarg) SARGEANT
Brian J. (Sharps) SHARPLEY
Rick W. (Ricky) WEICHARDT
John P. (Waldo) WALPOLE
Ian J. (Wilks) WILKINSON
John (John) WILLIAMS

matric '67 roll-call

VI B

Joy H. (Joybell) CROMWELL
Christina FERGUSON
Sandra M. (San) JENNINGS
Kaye McCALLUM
Sue (Mitch) MITCHELL
Kathryn (Kathy) POULAKAKIS
Jennifer J. (Jenny Rob) ROBERTSON
Anda SALOPAYEVS
Judy L. (Vaguely) VAGUE
Linda M. (Webbley) WEBB
Meredith A. (Merilla) WILLS

Phillip (Prof) BROWN
Thomas (Rocky) COCKRAM
Frank (Mick) DAVIN
Russell W. (Ned) FARRAN
Owen R. (The Big 'O') HALLETT
Philip B. (Mr. Ed) KITCHEN
Ian S. (Nightie) KNIGHT
William Mc. (Bill) LOCKHART
Bruce SOWTER

VI C

Delys C. (Del) CURRY
Sheila Mc. JAMIESON
Margaret A. KITCHEN
Anne D. (Annie) LAJTA
Alana E. McCANN
Susan M. (Sue) McCOLL
Penelope E. (Penny) MURPHY
Megan E. (Meg) RANGLES
Dulcie J. (Dulce) REID
Margaret K. (Head) RYAN
Janice SANDOW
Erica M. (Ric) SHARPE
Anne C. (Annabelle) SPROULE
Brenda J. TIERNEY

Robert H. (Biss) BISSELL
Ian G. (Buggs) BUGG
Robert G. (Crossey) CROSS
Thomas R. (Tom) CRYER
Jeffrey J. (Joff) GILLARD
John M. (Long John) GROZA
Sven MANNIK
Neil P. (Muggsy) ROBINSON
Robert J. (Robbie) SANDS
Peter G. (Pedro) SUMMERS

