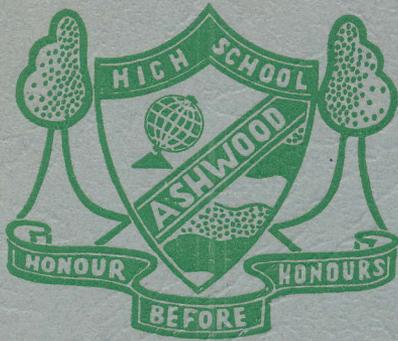


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*Magazine of the*

# **ASHWOOD HIGH SCHOOL**

**1959**



THE MAGAZINE CLUB

presents

**THE MAGAZINE**  
of  
**ASHWOOD HIGH SCHOOL**  
for 1959



Back Row (l. to r.): Mr. Morris, Mr. Roney, Mrs. Lees, Mrs. Pynt, Miss James, Mrs. Healy, Mrs. Noonan, Mr. Csakfai, Mr. Walker.

Front Row (l. to r.): Miss Doran, Mrs. Trenerry, Miss Young, Mr. McDonald, Mr. Butler, Miss Jenkins, Mrs. Davies, Mrs. Suhr, Mrs. Kellam.

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## Foreward . . . . . By Our Headmaster

In February we began school in the permanent buildings at Ashwood. For those who were the foundation pupils at the Ashburton "huts" this move was an exciting and proud one.

For the 407 pupils of 1959 it has meant a consolidation of the traditions begun so well in 1958.

That the school has made such a good start is not due to any one person or body of persons. It has been a co-operative effort among many groups whose aim has been the improvement of the school. The staff and I are proud that you pupils have played such a prominent part in this year's activities and have set such a fine example of service and pride in your school. This keenness and initiative has helped fire the enthusiasm of parent bodies. The Ladies' Auxiliary and the Parents and Citizens Association have worked un-sparingly with you to make the school one of which you, and they, will become increasingly proud.

As the school grows, the traditions already begun must be maintained and guarded carefully. This will be the responsibility of future generations of pupils but especially of the pioneer pupils of 1958-1959. I know that you will regard this important task as a duty and a privilege and that, as time goes by, your feelings of gratitude for what your school has done for you, will strengthen your resolve to live up to the high standards already set.



# INTRODUCING THE SCHOOL



Front Row: C. Baker, E. Shadbolt, Mr. Butler, I. Howard, K. Hodder.  
Back Row: J. Netherton, S. Morris, L. Long, J. Sigg, W. Riddell, I. Dowsing.

## SCHOOL PREFECTS

This year prefects were elected for the first time to remain in office for the year 1959.

The pupils elected were:

**Girls:** Lynette Long, Susan Morris, Janice Netherton, Wilma Riddell, Janis Sigg.

**Boys:** Colin Baker, Ian Dowsing, Kenneth Hodder, Ian Howard, Ernest Shadbolt.

The office of prefect is the highest position a pupil can attain in the school and cannot be accepted lightly. The prefect holds a position of trust and must accept responsibilities beyond those expected of others in the school. He must not only set an example in service, **behaviour**, courtesy and appearance but strive to see that others follow that example.

The school has been most fortunate in its choice of prefects and pupils and staff take this opportunity to show their appreciation of a task well done.

THE HEADMASTER.



Front Row (l. to r.): B. Addams, C. Barnes, H. LaBrooy, C. Arblaster, M. Bullock, A. Barker, J. Bryson, K. Bourke, M. Bishop, H. Bergner.  
 Second Row: D. Brown, M. Carroll, I. Benson, P. Beatson, R. Cummane, D. Davidson, J. Cook, N. Darlison.  
 Third Row: L. Daldy, P. Bell, R. MacLean, I. Crawford, S. Conley, M. Clausing, J. Dalton, J. Dean, B. Armstrong, R. Boddington.  
 Top Row: P. Wise, B. Bowie, R. Chandler, C. Boulton, D. Scholes, J. Chipperfield, E. Abbott, S. Browne, J. Buckland.



Front Row (l. to r.): A. Evans, M. Clarke, M. Donnelly, G. Edwards, D. Fawcett, M. Coffey, P. Coppa, C. Coram, A. Davey.  
 Second Row: D. Giddings, P. Goodwin, P. Gales, J. Harkness, R. Gill, R. Harder, G. Ellis, J. Goodman, Mr. Csakfai.  
 Third Row: E. Deering, J. Gosewinckel, R. Anderson, J. Fyfe, R. Hannam, M. French, A. Gyngell, C. Gill, G. Hall.  
 Fourth Row: P. Garland, J. Cummings, M. Dorman, D. Corneille, A. Esler, C. Evans, J. Day, K. Hee.

## 1A

**Form Teacher:** Mr. Walker.  
**Captains:** Carol Arblaster, Stephen Conley.

Form 1A has settled into High School life well, and its members have enjoyed many interesting activities during the year.

Its members have been well represented in the sporting life of the school, both in House events and in the school teams. Two people who have done exceptionally well at sport are Malcolm Carroll and Paul Maas. Malcolm represented the school in both cricket and football, and Paul proved to be one of the school's star athletes.

In any Form appeal 1A can be relied upon to do a good job. This was illustrated in the Library Appeal when most members of the class brought along books for the library. Another instance was in the Form Stall competition, when we raised £12/2/5 as our contribution to the canteen funds.

Our most recent effort was our entry in the Form Play Festival. We performed "The Pie and the Tart." 1A was proud of our cast who were John Dean, Philip Bell, Christine Boulton and David Davidson.

1A is now looking forward to next year when they will no longer be the juniors of the school.

HAZEL LA BROOY, STEPHEN CONLEY.

## 1C

**Form Teacher:** Mr. Csakfai.  
**Captains:** Carol David, Edward Deering.

At the beginning of the year, we were "deep in crime," almost at the bottom of the school, but we have since revived, starting when we won the library competition, following which we won the Room Tidiness competition for eight weeks running. We have just recently added to our records by being placed third in the Form Play Festival.

A short survey of the class reveals that the 1C boys have the peculiar habit of making paper planes (which, unfortunately, usually end up in the dust-bin). The girls, on the other hand, usually sit and "natter."

Termed by the lower ranks of the form as "the snobs," the top three in the last exams were Alan Gynnell, Graeme Ellis and John Goodman.

The excursions we have been on this year include the Port of Melbourne, an Orchestral Concert held at the Melbourne Town Hall, a visit to the M.C.G. to see Princess Alexandra, and many of us also went to hear the Luton Girls' Choir.

In conclusion, we wish to assure all our readers that our form is dearly loved by all the teachers and is a glowing example to the school!

JOHN GOODMAN.

## 1F

**Form Teacher:** Mrs. Trenerry.  
**Captains:** Janet Foster, Paul Morris.

Our form is made up of seventeen girls and twenty boys, one girl having left during the year. The Form Captains are Janet Foster and Paul Morris, and our Form Teacher is Mrs. Trenerry. She also teaches us English.

Not long after the beginning of the year we had our House Swimming Sports and most of our form represented the different houses, an occasional placing giving the form honour.

It was then the cricket season and some boys from our form were picked in the school's First and Second XI. These teams won four of the six matches they played. Some girls in the form were in the school Rounders team and they too were successful.

Examination time came and our form was quite successful. All tried hard to set a good standard for the form. The top average for our form was 89.8.

One of the events of the year as far as the forms were concerned was the Form Stall competition. Our form raised £19 towards the canteen.

After these stalls were over, Mr. Csakfai organised volley ball matches among the forms. We did quite well considering that it was a game that some of us had never played before and we enjoyed it very much.

Not long ago we presented "Robin Hood" at the Form Play Festival. Mrs. Trenerry was quite pleased with it as she said it was a difficult play to act.

We are now preparing for the end-of-the-year examinations, and I am sure our form will do well.

RICHARD HUTTON.

## 1H

**Form Teacher:** Mrs. Suhr.  
**Captains:** Virginia Jackson, Robert Welsh.

Throughout 1959 1H has worked together as a team and tried to co-operate with all teachers and staff. Some of the most notable events of our year have been as follows:

**HIKE:** On Saturday, April 25th, some of our form, with Mr. Porter, left Ashburton Station at 9 o'clock for a hike to Upper and Lower Ferntree Gully. After about an hour's journey, we arrived at Upper Ferntree Gully and set off for Belgrave. We had our lunch at an old deserted two-storey house which had been occupied by tramps. After walking six miles along the wrong road, we noticed that it was growing dark, so we turned back to Lower Ferntree Gully. We left there at 7 o'clock and arrived home at 8.30 p.m., all of us very happy with our hike.

**CHANGE OF FORM TEACHERS:** At the end of the second term we were very unfortunate to lose our Form Teacher, Mr. Porter, who had to return to Adelaide. His successor was Mrs. Suhr, who came from Kyneton High School. Mrs. Suhr has settled in very well and is most popular with pupils and staff.

**STALL:** Our form was the last to hold its stall. However, we feel that, although we did quite well in raising £13/14/9, we did not raise the sum we expected. Besides the usual sweets, cakes and lollies, we had many other money-makers such as bobs, darts, skittles, etc. Our many thanks go to the mothers of the form children, for without their help we would never have done as well as we did.

**PLAY:** Our form was asked to act the play "Nothing But His Due". Although the play was long and placed a great burden on the three players, our cast, Noleen Hubbard, Russell Smith and Cyril Peake, put on an excellent performance. Much of the credit for this falls to Miss James, our English teacher, whose help and direction added greatly to the success of our production.

We finish our report with the hope that all of Form 1H will graduate to Form 2 next year.

ROBERT WELSH, MICHAEL WITHERS,  
PETER VAUGHAN.



2nd 3rd Form.  
Good

Front Row (l. to r.): M. Davies, E. Griffen, C. Hastings, J. Foster, J. Hansen, H. Fricke, J. Hall, M. Harders, C. Fenton, J. Furmedge.  
 Second Row: M. Llewellyn, P. Mirtschim, I. Mitchell, R. Hill, N. Hendrie, G. Mory, I. Kerr, P. Jackson.  
 Third Row: R. Herdman, M. Harris, H. Greer, J. Fox, J. Graeme, S. Gilder, J. Flintoff, J. Harmer, B. Green, A. O'Brien.  
 Fourth Row: D. Morris, A. Morris, S. Matthew, K. Holopainen, I. MacDonald, R. Hutton, M. Jones, H. Jenkins, K. Leggat.



Front Row (l. to r.): G. Hems, S. Hopkins, N. Hubbard, D. Hopkins, S. Hoyles, E. Klein, J. Hoare, M. Johnston, V. Jackson, R. Holzer.  
 Second Row: M. Horkings, S. Henwood, J. Kennedy, R. Smith, P. Smythe, H. Kendall, S. Jones, G. Thomas.  
 Third Row: D. Retallick, D. Osborn, P. Yeates, G. Power, M. Withers, M. O'Brien, P. Vaughan, R. Welsh, D. Vaughan, J. Orford.  
 Fourth Row: C. Peake, J. Whyte, D. Zeplin, P. Wilkinson, M. Simons, K. Watson, Russell Smith, J. Turnbull, C. Ridout, Mr. Porter.



Front Row (l. to r.): L. MacGregor, E. McKenna, L. Lemair, K. Raphael, B. Martin, S. Paterson, E. Phillips, L. Oakley, P. Reid.  
 Second Row: L. Phillips, H. Ogilvie, H. McPherson, J. Lee, H. McLaine, J. Morris, N. McDonald, D. Piper, D. Potter, C. Lobb. *3 from Not Bad*  
 Third Row: H. Neale, M. Mallet, M. McGregor, J. McKenna, C. Lewis, S. Poskitt, A. McLeod, H. McGregor, C. Pirani.  
 Fourth Row: R. Lever, L. Poulter, S. Marsh, R. Lock P. Mulvaney, A. Paton, S. Pimm, D. Nelson.



Front Row (l. to r.): C. Rieck, A. Tynan, M. Thompson, G. Westermann, B. Robinson, H. Schemm, M. Swift, S. Tyler, L. Young, M. Watson.  
 Second Row: J. Strahan, B. Rodeman, M. Sutton, M. Sitow, V. Winterbine, C. Turner, P. Olsen, L. Thorn, J. Ward. *Not Bad.*  
 Third Row: C. Walton, C. de Ryk, J. Thirgood, L. Tooby, M. Slade, P. Rosewall, L. Remfry, L. Whelan, D. Walsh, C. Wakefield. *Not Bad.*  
 Fourth Row: H. Richardson, R. Wright, C. Williams, J. Williams, L. Watts, C. Yeatman, R. Rithchie, J. Smart, I. Speiser.

## 1L

**Form Teacher:** Mrs. Kellam.  
**Captain:** Adrienne Pockett.

Form 1L has had quite a successful year and we owe this mainly to our Form Teacher, Mrs. Kellam, and our Form Captain, Adrienne Pockett.

We have enjoyed many outings with the school. Some of these were the Luton Girls' Choir, and the Victorian Symphony Orchestra, both of which were at the Melbourne Town Hall. We also went to the Little Theatre to see the "Nutmacker Suite" and, of course, we all went to the Combined Sports.

During the Stall competition we made over £12/5/- and we were very pleased with our effort.

Form 1L produced "No Smoke Without Fire" for the Play Festival. Although we were not placed in the first three, everyone worked very hard. Let us hope that next time we will be more successful.

DENISE PIPER.

## 1R

**Form Teacher:** Miss Young.  
**Captain:** Carol Yeatman.

This is Form 1R reporting from Room 3. In the half-yearly examination Irene Speiser, Pauline Olsen, Carol Yeatman and Lynette Whelan all had averages over 90%.

Some of our classmates have done very well at sport, Pauline Olsen being our star athlete.

Miss Young, our Form Teacher, urged us on to raise £18 at our stall to aid the canteen funds.

We now have a new addition to our class, Elizabeth Livesey.

Everyone is now eagerly—note the word "eagerly"—looking forward to the oncoming examinations.

As you might guess from these notes, all of us behave angelically at all times. We are never kept in at lunch-time and I am sure no-one, throughout the year, has had a single detention.

CAROL YEATMAN, LYNETTE WHELAN.

## 2A

**Form Teacher:** Mrs. Davies.  
**Captains:** Margaret Stewart, Geoff MacDonald.

This is 2A reporting from Room 4, the Music Room.

Although we miss the old huts, we're glad to be in our bright new school. Our form room is very attractive, especially when it is project time.

Our form consists of twenty-three noisy boys and fourteen quiet girls. I know some teachers can hardly wait to teach us as we are such a good form. I think we are improving, however—slightly, that is to say. That's enough of a hint at our bad points; let's concentrate on our good ones.

1. Our boys are good at sport. If you came into 2A when there is a match against Murrumbena, you would only find about half a dozen boys who are not in the school teams.

2. We came FIRST in the Form Stall Competition. In August each form had a stall to raise money for the canteen. We made the remarkable sum of £38.

3. The girls were chosen to make cakes for the Fete. All the girls in the form brought ingredients for sponges and other cakes from home and, with Miss Young's help, made many cakes for the Fete.

4. The 2A girls volunteered to make cakes on Education Day while the parents watched. We gave out samples when we had finished and were a well-patronised exhibit.

I have run out of good points to mention but there are a few more items of interest.

During the year we went to Yallourn and the Luton Girls' Choir. We also went to several orchestral concerts and a ballet.

We have a few hidden talents in our form too. Margaret Stewart, our Form Captain, had her ballet exams recently and had an outstanding result. James Jackson has appeared on Television, playing a guitar and singing.

Last term's results were: Adrian Reynolds, first; Barbara Sparnon, second; Lynette Slater, third. We hope they are just as successful in the ones coming.

WENDY SURMAN.

## 2E

**Form Teacher:** Mr. Morris.  
**Captains:** Judy Davidson, Pat O'Donnell.

Righto Cats! This is Form 2E reporting from Room 6.

We weren't so successful at our last examinations as we thought we might be but everybody is hoping for great things this time. Dianne Ferrari came top of the form, with Janice Parker and Christine Clements very close behind.

In sport the form had quite a good representation. Dennis Raft, Laurence Maggio, Warren Young and John Thompson were in the football teams. In the basketball teams were Ann Boland, Christine Stanley and Janice Parker. In the Combined Sports Janice Parker was the form's only representative.

We were very pleased with the success of our play, "Queer Street," in the Play Festival. Our performance was judged best of all. Chris Armstrong as Bill Hart, the burglar, was named best actor and he was well supported by Jill Wallace, Christine Stanley, Bill Loudon, Eric Dixon and Norman Smith.

2E is readily recognized by some of its characters—Ann Boland, the girl with the gramophone voice, Little Norman, Chris of the permanent wave and various others. You'll have no trouble in finding us.

CHRIS ARMSTRONG, NORMAN SMITH.

## 2G

**Form Teacher:** Mrs. Pynt.  
**Captain:** Claire Reynolds.

If you had the misfortune to walk into 2G, this is, perhaps, what would happen.

Probably you would find a couple of girls gently caressing a white mouse and, more likely than not, some poor frightened damsel being chased by someone with a caterpillar. Loud screams of mirth can always be counted on to lead you safely to Room 10. When you walk in the door, take care that you are not hit by a jet-propelled blackboard duster which has been intended for some other unfortunate victim but which makes do with you instead.

We do have our virtues, of course. For instance, Lynn Irons came top in the half-year examinations with the excellent average of 86%. Another of our triumphs was the £13 raised at our stall. We are also proud of the fact that two of the four girl House Captains belong to our form.

No-one can really be singled out as the class angel, nor as its evil spirit.

Before finishing these notes we feel we must allude to our teachers. Our popularity is something to remark upon, for no teacher enters our room without saying, "Those darling 2G again!" And no teacher ever walks out, or is carried out in a state of nervous prostration, without saying, "I'll never teach them again." But that same teacher always returns for the next period so I suppose we can't really be as bad as all that.

CLAIRE REYNOLDS, LURLINE THOMAS.

## 2M

**Form Teacher:** Miss Doran.  
**Captain:** Beverley Finn.

This is Form 2M reporting on its pupils and activities during the past nine months.

We, as a form, have had the pleasure of attending two important excursions, one to the E.S. & A. Bank in town (this was kindly arranged and supervised by Mrs. Pynt) and the other an interesting day at Yallourn.

Our form is all girls but don't get the impression, for one instant, that we are a little group of angels, for we have one or two mad-caps in the form, though they're not "menaces" by any means. Nola, our maddest mad-cap, is well known for her continuous joking and her hysterical laughter.

Jeani is our dreaming beauty, quite a changed personality, for instead of making her presence quite noticeable, she now sits and dreams most of the time, except in English where she sends off great sparks of intelligence.

A member of the form we must mention is Helen Stewart who represented the school at the Combined Athletic Sports.

BEVERLEY FINN.

## 2P

**Form Teacher:** Mr. Roney.  
**Captains:** Janet Fraser, Terry Costigan.

2P sends you this report on our form's activities for the year.

Out of the ten prefects elected this year we are proud to say that five girls and three of the boys come from this form. We felt this was a great honour.

Although our teachers have often said that our behaviour leaves very much to be desired, we did very well in the half-yearly examinations with Janis Nether-ton coming first in the form and Wilma Riddell second.

Many people in the form have represented the school at sport, some in football, softball and cricket, others at basketball, hockey, swimming and athletics.

Our form stall was, we felt, a great success. We made about £23. Everybody in the form helped greatly by contributing food and helping with the games. Our form teacher, Mr. Roney, Miss Doran and Mrs. Davies all helped us to make it a wonderful effort.

In the Form Play Festival, in which we competed

on November 4th, we came second with our play, "The Oak Settle". The actors were Mary Long, who was named the best actor in the play, Lyndal Buckham, Peter Doughty, Ian Howard and Ian Dowsing, who was named the best supporting actor. For giving up so much of her time helping the people who took part, we would like to thank Miss Doran.

2P closes this report now, hoping that next year will be as enjoyable and successful as this year has been.

JANET FRASER.

## A CRUMBY STORY

"Hey, Jim, come and get these loaves while they are still hot."

These were the first words heard in this big world. Mr. Jason, the fat baker, was calling to his apprentice, Bill Gunn, who was busily drooling over a cream bun.

There were six loaves beside me and they were all crisp and brown. Each of us was picked up and thrown into the baker's van. Then I heard the clatter of the horse's hoofs on the pebbles and next the sound of a door-bell.

"G' morning, ma'am," called Bill in a fresh voice.

"Hello, young man!" replied a lady.

I was handed in through the doorway. "Thank you," said the lady. "Goodbye."

Then I was hustled into a quaint little kitchen where the lady put me down on a thick square board. She picked up a sharp knife. Then thud! my knobby crust was shattered and I felt a violent pain shoot through me. In a few minutes I was a loaf of bread no longer. I had become a dozen salad sandwiches.

RUSSELL SMITH, 1H.

## THE YOUNG LADY OF CROUSE

There was a young lady of Crouse  
Who stood on a tiny wee mouse.  
Her screams were so loud  
That she woke up the crowd  
And they all sent her out of the house.

CLAIRE REYNOLDS, 2G.

## GILBERT AND SULLIVAN

Even the word "opera" is shunned by some people and thought of as a ridiculous display of warbling women. This is definitely not so. Some operas are dreadfully boring, but Gilbert and Sullivan operas are extremely amusing and very humorous. Amongst other things, the costumes are always very colourful.

Read these names and see from them what an assortment of operas Gilbert and Sullivan provide—"The Pirates of Penzance", "The Gondoliers", "Trial by Jury", "H.M.S. Pinafore".

"The Pirates of Penzance" had me in fits of laughter. A patrol of fat policemen happened to be chasing a gang of not very ferocious pirates. Somehow or other, a Major-General, who knows a great deal about every subject except war and the army, becomes mixed into it with his twelve daughters and from then on the fun really began.

The music in these musical plays is as enjoyable as the words. It requires very good singers who must practise for months before the opera is ready to be performed.

Just see one of these operas and you will want to see the rest.

BRIAN YEATES, 2E.



Front Row (l. to r.): W. Surman, D. Warner, M. Russell, H. Wall, J. Moore, K. Wood, P. Skelton, J. Viccars, B. Sparnon, M. Stewart.  
 Second Row: B. Buchanan, J. Yeatman, J. McQuie, G. Davey, J. Matthews, E. Shadbolt, B. Henderson, I. Schilling, G. Cornell, A. Reynolds, R. Bucella, Mrs. Davies.  
 Third Row: J. Jackson, I. Addams, C. Robinson, R. Dorozuk, P. Grant, T. Holt, R. McRae, E. Goldie, K. Oakley, I. Cashen.  
 Fourth Row: L. Slater, D. Thatcher, R. Pilbeam, T. Simmons, K. Hodder, G. McDonald, B. Payne, J. Watson, D. Sharman.



Front Row (l. to r.): J. Woollard, C. Clements, M. Lord, J. Parker, D. Ferrari, A. Boland, J. Wallace, J. Morgan, D. Kershaw.  
 Second Row: H. Pavli, W. Young, B. Young, L. Maggio, J. Thompson, D. Raft, A. Abbott, G. Corbett.  
 Third Row: C. Stanley, J. Hawker, J. Maddaford, B. Yeates, P. Pincott, E. Dixon, J. Davidson, M. Illingsworth, R. French.  
 Fourth Row: C. Armstrong, A. Honeyman, P. O'Donnell, I. McCrindle, J. McLeod, N. Smith, B. Loudon.



Front Row (l. to r.): H. Cleary, L. Irons, J. Reynolds, J. Haynes, P. Bolitho, A. Gibbs, B. Kendall, S. Jones, W. Clark, G. Leggett.

*Good 3rd form.*

Second Row: M. Nicholls, R. Richardson, R. Brick, J. Bladon, M. Coffey, L. Faulkner, L. Thomas, J. Paul, H. Dymond, G. O'Hagan.

*Good 2nd form*

Third Row: B. Graham, N. Ray, D. Gibb, E. McPherson, S. O'Brien, G. Cameron, C. Glendenning, L. Flegg, C. Raphael, J. Bassett.

*Good 1st + 2nd form*

Fourth Row: M. Johnson, C. Parson, J. Craik, J. Hallo, C. Reynolds, H. Penton, J. Moyle, P. Blennerhasset, V. Lawrance.



*Ann Johnstone*

Front Row (l. to r.): A. Johnstone, B. Charters, H. Stewart, H. Grass, N. O'Brien, M. Allen, J. Coleman, D. Black.

*Sea Elephant*

Second Row: D. Kellack, H. Bichel, R. Sternberg, D. Lee, B. Finn, J. Hadley, L. Lewis.

*Good 2nd form.*

Third Row: M. Matthews, L. Saunders, H. Robinson, H. Cotton, J. Redmond, C. Bourke, E. Tulloch, M. Uren.



Front Row (l. to r.): J. Netherton, B. Evans, S. Morris, D. Burren, L. Buckam, L. Long, L. Tancoe, E. Watson, J. Sigg, M. Lemair, M. McAleese.  
 Second Row: W. Riddell, M. Long, M. Wiebrecht, S. Dennis, B. Charles, J. Fraser, B. Pagram, D. Booth, C. Haeusler, Mr. Roney.  
 Third Row: B. White, P. England, B. Young, P. Doughty, P. Orchard, L. Hoyle, L. Wellard, R. Fraser, J. Cousland, T. Costigan, W. Manderson.  
 Fourth Row: R. Sneeuwjagt, C. Baker, P. Davies, I. Dowsing, J. Nicholls, I. Ridgway, B. Richards, P. Millar, J. Taylor, I. Howard.



*Wood 2nd Form* **FORM CAPTAINS 1959**

Front Row (l. to r.): C. Arblaster, B. Finn, J. Davidson, V. Jackson, J. Fraser, J. Foster, M. Stewart.  
 Second Row: E. Deering, G. McDonald, T. Costigan, S. Conley, P. O'Donnell, R. Welsh.  
 Back Row: C. Yeatman, M. McGregor, C. Reynolds.

# THE CLUBS REPORT

## CRAFT CLUB

The Craft Club is an all girls club, supervised by Miss Young and Mrs. Rees.

Our choice of activities includes sewing, knitting, felt toys, fancy-work, crocheting. Some of the things made are pyjamas, skirts, aprons, blouses, felt animals, squares for rugs, jumpers, crocheted face-washers. Some of the girls in the club no longer learn needle-work and they enjoy the chance to sew. Several of the girls have made clothes for themselves with the aid of our teachers.

Altogether we enjoy the break from ordinary class activities and wish we had longer.

LYNDAL BUCKHAM, DELYCE BOOTH.

## GIRLS' GYMNASTIC CLUB

The Gymnastic Club, under the capable guidance of Miss Macpherson, has spent a very enjoyable year.

For some time before Education Day we were practising hand-stands, rolling and balancing so that the parents and visitors to the school might not think us as clumsy as we really are.

At the beginning of the third term, folk-dancing was alternated on Fridays with gymnastics to allow us to practise our dances for Speech Night. We are divided into two groups and are learning "The Witch" and "The Sicilian Fisherfolk."

Our thanks go to Miss Macpherson who has helped us throughout the year to make our gymnastics and folk-dancing so enjoyable.

WILMA RIDDELL.

## GARDENING CLUB

During activities period on Fridays, the Gardening Club work hard around the school, trying to improve its appearance with gardens. During the hot summer months we watered the newly planted lawn which is now looking beautiful. We have planted flowers in the four flower-boxes at the entrance of the school, flowers which are now in full bloom. In one box we have cineraria, in another we have heuchera and in the other we have irises. Mrs. Robinson helped us greatly when she planted shrubs and small flowers along the northern side of the main building. Mr. and Mrs. Wellard have also helped us by planting agapanthus in front of the Domestic Arts building.

LORRAINE WELLARD.

## THE VILLAGE GLEE CLUB

Every Friday afternoon in Room 4, we, the Village Glee Club, get together and sing popular selections from "My Fair Lady," traditional songs, canons and popular hits.

After singing, we have our own concerts during which we have found that many of our fellow pupils have good voices. Mrs. Davies, we discovered, has too.

At the beginning of this year we were called the School Choir and, as such, we sang in the Malvern Town Hall at the local Schools' Music Festival. We sang "Westering Home" and "Down in the Glen."

We also performed on Education Day, singing a canon and "Wouldn't It Be Luvly."

Altogether we have had a very good year and would like to thank Mrs. Davies for taking us.

LYNETTE LONG.

## MAGAZINE CLUB

Our activity for the year is, of course, represented in these pages. The path to the printing-press is by no means a smooth one, as anyone passing the dining-room, last period on Friday, will quickly see. Some figures are to be observed writing industriously. These are few. Others are clutching fevered brows and exclaiming bitterly, "This rhyme won't work out!" or are gazing round the room, inquiring loudly of the air, "What forms went to Yallourn?" "How much money did Form — raise?" Others again are assuring Miss Doran that they just don't seem to be able to settle down to write that afternoon. Small wonder that that harassed woman gathers up the debris of Magazine Club inspiration, wondering if there will ever be a magazine produced in 1959. Somehow, however, the material assembles itself, the magazine is sent to the printer, and the Magazine Club prepares for 1960.

## FLORAL ART GROUP

Every Friday, last period, the Floral Art Group under the supervision of Mrs. Kellam, meet in Room 3.

Every week Mrs. Day and Mrs. White come to teach us all ways of arranging flowers, making sprays and head-bands. On Anzac Day our group made wreaths for the school memorial service. The Form Captains each carried a floral tribute made by us. The flowers were mainly brought by Mrs. Day and Mrs. White. We were very pleased with our handiwork.

Education Day was especially exciting for us as there was a special display of arrangements. Some of the girls were demonstrating during the afternoon. Another occasion on which we displayed our art was at the School Fete on October 31st, when three girls sold sprays made by the group and raised £1/6/6.

Allison Barker won a First for an arrangement of a sand saucer, and a Second for a spray in a Floral Show at Ashburton on October 31st. Congratulations Allison!

In our group we have about thirty girls who all enjoy the work in the club very much. We would all like to thank Mrs. Day, Mrs. White and Mrs. Kellam who give up their time to teach and help us.

DIANE THATCHER, JENNIFER MOORE,  
HEATHER WALL.

## POTTERY CLUB

When the Pottery Club began, we thought we might get a potter's wheel. This hasn't happened but the thirty members of the group have found the work we do very interesting and a lot of fun.

Our activities began after Miss James bought the clay. The first model we made was a small vase, made by winding clay coils together round a template and sticking it on a base. After we had completed the vase Miss James tried to see whether we could get them fired cheaply, but we couldn't. The firing of the vases makes them waterproof and glossy, but if the coils were not stuck together properly, they would explode in the oven while being fired.

After the vases we turned our attention to clay models of such things as head studies, dogs and ash-trays. These have been most enjoyable to make and many members have turned out really fine models.

CYRIL PEAKE.

## CAMERA CLUB

The Camera Club have had, this year, many competitions to see who could take the best photograph of the school ground or on Geography excursions. These we call Field Days.

We have had some lectures on how to take care of a camera. Earlier in the year Philip Garland gave us a talk on how to develop a film. Recently Mr. Walker gave us a talk on how a movie camera and a projector work for a 8 mm. film.

Some of our group have brought slides to show the club of different places, pets and views. Many of these have been most interesting.

Altogether, the Camera Club has had a very interesting year.

JUSTIN COOK.

## TENNIS CLUB

In Activities Period every Friday, we push our bikes to Alvie Road, Mount Waverly, for tennis lessons. Our instructor is Mr. Stan Birch of the L.T.A.V. who gives us very good lessons in the game. He has three porous courts situated about two miles from the school. He has a tennis-ball machine which fires balls repeatedly on the fore-hand and then on the back-hand. He has his own tennis club.

IAN DOWSING, TERRY SIMMONS.

## MUSIC CLUB

This is the Record Club reporting from Room 7 of Ashwood High.

Our club's main activity is listening to and discussing both new and old records. Our club has formed a committee which meets once a week and discusses the program for the week and also any new ideas put forward by club members. The committee members are: Nola O'Brien, Bronwyn Martin, Janice Parker, John Matthews, Norman Smith and Ian McCrindle.

We all enjoy the club very much and hope it will continue to improve.

HELEN STEWART.

## DRAMA CLUB

In the Drama Group this year all of our twenty members have been very busy.

Every week, Chris Armstrong, our treasurer, collects money to pay for the various things a proper drama group needs. This money is spent on such things as grease-paint, having costumes dry-cleaned and buying materials to make stage-properties.

Our first public performance for the year was our production of the comedy, "The Knave of Hearts". During the afternoon and evening of Education Day we put on four performances and all went off very well.

Our next venture was a Drama Festival at Brighton High School on Monday, September 4th. We opened the program with the play we had performed on Education Day and then settled down to watch the plays performed by the other schools. I am sure the whole Drama Club benefited from our visit.

We are now busy working on the play which we are to perform on Speech Night. The name of the play is, as yet, not available for publication, so you will have to restrain your curiosity for the moment. I'll just say that we're enjoying playing it very much.

KATHRYN WOOD.

## SOCIAL SERVICE CLUB

Our activities so far have not been very spectacular but much quiet work is done every Friday.

We started off the year with three enthusiastic workers but people kept joining us until now we have some sixteen members, all girls of course.

Our main purpose as a club is to knit toys for children who are in hospital for long periods. We all hope to complete a toy each by the end of the year.

The club, in a great burst of enthusiasm, started knitting squares for a knitted patchwork quilt. This is not yet complete but we hope to finish this, too, by the end of the year.

LURLINE THOMAS.

## FIRST-AID CLUB

The First-Aid Club plays an important part in the school. Not only do members roster themselves to help the teacher in charge of First Aid but they also look after minor injuries and sickness and save the teacher unnecessary demands on time.

Since the beginning of the year, its twenty-four members have learnt, among many things, how to treat snake-bite, arrest the bleeding of a cut arm, bind an injured head and treat cases of choking.

On Education Day the club members demonstrated their training in a very good display. For this, they treated a make-believe accident.

Our club is ably led by Mr. Csakfai.

LORRAINE FAULKNER.

## AN ODE TO 2P

2P has a bad reputation

And we all know our destination.

A few of us will be promoted

But most of us will be demoted.

One teacher says we make too much noise

Especially on the part of the boys.

We promised we'd get better fast

But alas that fine vow did not last.

Terry, our captain, is not so bad

But the Wam ads and the Goons are MAD.

Peter Millar is always moving

But we think he is just slightly improving.

But I know we aren't as bad as they think,

So I'll close this verse with a hope, and a wink.

LYNETTE HOYLE, 2P.

## TIMES PAST

Dinosaurs and Ancient Greeks

And witch-doctors and more!

In History, three times a week,

The past we travel o'er.

Dionysius lived in Babylon

Or did he live in Rome?

Or Spain, or Portugal, or France?

Why must I know his home?

Francis Drake was a Chinese god,

Mussolini our first martyr,

And Romans lived in Paraguay;

Anglo-Saxons came from Sparta.

Da Vinci was a Spaniard brave,

Churchill a Persian king.

I don't know why the teacher says

That I don't know a thing.

ALAN GYNGELL, 1C.

# THE SCHOOL THROUGH THE YEAR

## SCHOOL DIARY

Feb. 4: School begins.

Feb. 25: House Swimming Sports.

March 6: Combined Swimming Sports. Though we didn't come first, we beat our old rivals, Murrumbena.

March 20: Miss Waters is married. We must remember to call her Mrs. Trenerry.

March 24: Forms 1L, 1H, 1R go to Orchestral Concert.

March 26-30: Easter. A very welcome break.

April 2: Boys play Jordanville Tech. cricket. (Scores: 1st XI, Ash. 48, Jord. 49; 2nd XI, Ash. 65, Jord. 65.)

April 7: School teams play Murrumbena. (Scores: 1st Softball, A. 29, M. 8; 2nd Softball, A. 18, M. 16; Cricket, A. 67, M. 64.)

April 15: T.B. skin test (my arm's sore).

April 17: T.B. vaccination (my arm's very sore now).

April 20: First Form Intelligence Test.

April 21: Return match with Murrumbena. (Scores: 1st Softball, A. 25, M. 13; 2nd Softball, A. 23, M. 25; Cricket, A. 0/23, M. all out for 22.)

April 22: First Forms go to Orchestral Concert.

April 24: Anzac Day ceremony.

May 6: Investiture of Prefects, House Captains and Form Captains.

May 12: School Choir goes to Malvern Town Hall for Choral Festival.

May 16-26: May Holiday.

June 9: School plays Huntingdale. (Scores: Basketball, 1st, A. 21, H. 10; 2nd, A. 30, H. 15; Football, A. 13 g. 4, H. 0.0.)

June 15: Queen's Birthday. Will we study or go to the football?

June 19: Exams begin. Oh, those papers!

June 22: Still exams. Harder and harder!

June 23: Exams finish and we play Springvale. (Scores: Hockey, A. 1, S. 1; Basketball, 1st, A. 23, S. 16; 2nd, A. 16, S. 25; Football, A. 2.4, S. 6.1; Softball, A. 25, S. 16.)

June 20-30: Flu hits teachers.

July 2: We play Jordanville Tech. football. Scores: A. 2.4, J. 10.6.

July 15: Form Stalls begin. 2E raises £8/5/-.

July 17: 1C raises £10/2/9.

July 22: 2G raises £13.

July 25: 1A raises £12/2/5.

July 29: 2P raises £23.

July 31: 1L raises £12/16/10.

Aug. 5: 2M raises £10/4/11.

Aug. 7: 1R raises £18.

Aug. 12: 2A raises £38.

Aug. 18: Second Forms have an enjoyable excursion to Yallourn.

Aug. 14: 1F raises £19/3/9.

Aug. 19: 1H raises £13/14/2.

Aug. 28-Sept. 8: Holidays!

Sept. 15: High and Broad Jumps.

Sept. 17: 1C, 1L, 1H go to see Princess Alexandra. School goes to evening performance of "Nutcracker Suite".

Sept. 22: School House Sports. Congratulations Truscott!

Oct. 21: Six forms present their plays.

Oct. 28: 200 go to hear Luton Girls' Choir. Rest of school have a holiday as water is cut off. School suddenly develops fondness for the Board of Works.

Nov. 4: Play Festival ends. Result: 2E 1st, 2P 2nd and 1C 3rd.

Nov. 26: Three days of nightmare. Will we survive it?

Diary compiled by BARBARA CHARLES.

## ANZAC DAY, 1959

Anzac Day, 1959, was the second this school has commemorated. Our ceremony was held at the North End of the school on April 24th.

After the special guests had arrived, the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides filed down the centre of the Assembly and took their places in front of the other pupils. The flag was then lowered to half-mast after which the school sang the Australian anthem, "Land of Mine". Mr. Butler then introduced the visitors and our visiting speaker, Mr. Wiltshire, who proceeded to speak to us on the traditions of Anzac, reminding us that the responsibility for keeping up this tradition was in our hands. At the conclusion of the address, the solemn hymn "Recessional" was sung by all present. Following this, wreaths from the eleven forms of the school, from the Mothers' Club and Parents' Association, from the Ashburton R.S.L. and from individual pupils were laid at the simple cenotaph, after which all stood in a silence of remembrance. After the "Last Post" and "Reveille" had been sounded, the school sang the National Anthem. This concluded the simple but moving ceremony.

IAN CRAWFORD, ALAN GYNGELL.

## SPEECH NIGHT, 1958

On December the 17th, 1958, Ashwood High School had their first Speech Night in the Presbyterian Hall, Glen Iris. The hall, small as it was, served the purpose well and Mr. Butler was quite proud of all concerned. Guest speaker was the Reverend Lyle Dixon.

In the first half of the evening Mr. Butler gave an account of the school year's progress and Rev. Lyle Dixon told us an exciting story illustrating the need for kindness.

Following this, various leaders, such as form-captains, the dux of school and house captains, received their badges, certificates and cups.

After an interval the choir sang two items "That's the Way for Billy and Me" and "The Little Men", under the fine supervision of Miss Doran. Under the organisation of Mr. Walker the boys' gym held us dumbfounded with their antics and Miss Doran came into the lime-light again when she presented us with a fine "verse-speaking" group of boys who recited "Sir Smash-em-up." "Alice in Wonderland" starring Diana Gibb was another highlight of the evening.

At the conclusion of the evening the parents went home, feeling satisfied that the first year of the new school had been a great success in all ways.

LYNETTE HOYLE.

## THE VISIT OF PASTOR DOUG NICHOLLS

On the 30th of April we were honoured by a visit from Pastor Doug Nicholls who gave us a very interesting talk on the aborigines, their future and what we can do to help them. His opening remarks showed us how entertaining a speaker he would prove, for he told us how he remembered that, when he was at school, as soon as the visitor came into view, the murmur would arise, "Queer looking cove, isn't he!" and he added that he was quite certain this was what we had been saying too. He went on to give us a very interesting view of what the aborigines think of us and what help they need from us. A native Australian himself, he showed us that the aborigines are and should be recognized as equal with us. His talk influenced some of the listeners to form a branch of the Aborigines' League at the school. This is now well established and has some 20 members.

BRIAN YEATES, PETER GOODWIN.

### Aborigines Advancement League

The Aborigines Advancement League is a group of interested people formed to support Pastor Douglas Nicholls.

The League's objectives are:

1. To assist people of aboriginal descent to acquire full citizenship rights.
2. Integration of aboriginals in the Australian community.
3. To establish a general policy for the advancement of the aborigines.
4. To seek co-ordination of the different organizations in Victoria working on behalf of the aborigines.

A group was recently formed at the school with the co-operation of Miss James and Mrs. Lees.

The investiture of the committee by Pastor Nicholls took place at a picture night at which Mr. Stan Davey was also present.

The committee consists of:

President: Janice Hoare.

Secretary: Ian Howard.

Committee: Max O'Brien, Geoff Power, Carol Arblaster, Ann Paton.

IAN HOWARD.

## INVESTITURE OF PREFECTS

On the afternoon of May 6th, the first investiture of prefects took place before an assembly of the entire school. On either side of the dais were seated the guests, the staff, the parents of those being invested and representatives of the two parents' organizations.

Mr. Butler formally opened proceedings by welcoming the guests after which he explained the object of the ceremony, reminding those to be invested that, whilst the school was conferring honour and privileges on them, it was also giving them responsibilities to assume. These responsibilities called for a degree of selflessness and dedication, a determination to put themselves at the service of the school. This was even more necessary than usual, for traditions had to be built up in the school and, in the making of these traditions, the office-bearers would play no small part.

As a symbol of their determination to act always in the service of the school, the prefects recited a simple pledge of service before being invested with their badges by Mr. Wiltshire, the Member for Mulgrave.

After the prefects had resumed their places, the House Captains, standing beside the banner of their House, were invested with their badges by Mr. Hamilton, the Mayor of Camberwell. A brief explanation of their duties and their role in the life of the school was given by Mr. Roney, our Sports Master, before they, too, took their seats.

Finally came the investiture of the Form Captains, Mr. McDonald first explaining their part in the school. This investiture was made by Mr. Hallo, the President of the Parents' and Citizens' Association.

It was now the turn of the school to express its support of those invested and this it did by promising to help all holders of office.

At this point, one of the prefects, Colin Baker, eloquently thanked the investing officers and expressed, on behalf of those invested, their gratification at the confidence put in them by the school.

An invitation by Mr. Butler to the guests and those who had taken part in the ceremony to have afternoon tea completed a memorable afternoon.

ADRIAN REYNOLDS.

## EXCURSION TO PORT MELBOURNE

The excursion started at 1.00 on a Monday in June. We left the school at 1.15 and proceeded to Station and Princes Pier. After taking snaps and collecting names of ships, we went up Salmon Street, on to Lorimer Street and down to the ships' graveyard. There we saw the "Moore", a ship of 900 tons. From there we proceeded to the timber jetties. Everyone, pleased with the observations so far, got on the bus and we went to Victoria Docks.

We saw the Kirribilli (10,000 tons) taking on a cargo of wool, and sheep-skins, and the Tindara and Windara unloading coal. After seeing the Corinda and Kanimbla we suddenly found out, to our great disappointment, that it was time to go home. So sadly we got into the bus and went down to Spencer Street and back to school.

PETER GOODMAN.

## DISPLAY FOR PRINCESS ALEXANDRA

On the 17th September Forms 1C, 1H, 1L went to the Melbourne Cricket Ground to the School Children's Welcome to Her Royal Highness Princess Alexandra. Accompanied by Mr. Csakfai, Mr. McDonnell, Mrs. Kellam and Mrs. Suhr we left school at 9.15. Once at the ground we had about 20 minutes to wait and we watched the children in the tableau moving to their places.

At one time someone started to cheer, so everyone joined in for no apparent reason. But soon there was a reason for cheering as the Royal standard was broken. Princess Alexandra had arrived. The massed school choirs then sang "Land of Freedom" and "The Song of the Music Makers". Then the tableau in red, white and blue uniforms formed the word "Greetings."

The big moment came as Princess Alexandra boarded the big black Landrover and drove around the oval to tumultuous applause. She was wearing a dress of blue and a loose fitting silk coat to match. Lady Moira Hamilton (her lady in waiting) sat next to her.

After this the Princess left, and left us sure that she certainly was a Princess we could be proud to have seen.

ALAN GYNGELL.

## EXCURSION TO YALLOURN

It was the 13th of August and the day dawned bright and early, definitely too bright and early for the 2nd Formers of Ashwood High. It was the Yallourn-Morwell Excursion and after assembling at Ashburton station we caught the train to Flinders Street where we boarded the "Gippslander." After a 2½ hour interesting and educational trip (Miss Doran got trapped in between the carriages), we arrived in Morwell. There, after a long wait, we transferred to buses and went to the Morwell Open Cut. There we saw a number of dredges working on the coal, and later the Morwell Briquette Factory and the new Power House.

We then went to Yallourn, and, due to rain, had our lunch at the Bus Depot. We continued up to the Power House and a very interesting tour began.

At the briquette factory we split into two groups and while one group continued on to the Open Cut the other group looked over the process of briquetting at the factory. Before going back to the train the second group went to the Open Cut and vice versa.

The journey home, not altogether uneventful, completed a very enjoyable day.

BARRY WHITE.

## A SCHOOL DAY IN THE LIFE OF 2P

As two minutes to nine comes around on a week day, the assembly area becomes quiet, waiting for the assembly to start.

When all the assembly has finished 2P sprints willingly into their form room. As they approach the room a perfume of a million flowers comes over them.

They sit down at their desks and wait impatiently for the beginning of their first lesson.

The joy in labour goes on to dinner time, when they are reluctant to eat, but sit quietly waiting for the beginning of lessons after dinner.

At last home time comes and they pack up reluctantly for home, their only consolation the thought of the next day's school.

BEV. D. EVANS.

[This seemed, to us, so typical of all classes that we decided to print it amongst the other school activities.]

## FORM PLAY FESTIVAL

On October 21st and November 4th we had two Drama afternoons and both proved to be a great success. On both occasions the plays (there were eleven altogether) began at 1 p.m. in the Methodist Hall, Ashburton. The plays on the first afternoon were "Queer Street" (2E), "No Smoke Without Fire" (1L), "Pie and the Tart" (1A), "Ophir" (1C), "The Return" (2M), "Crooks Christmas" (2G). On the second afternoon the plays were "Shivering Shocks" (2A), "The Oak Settle" (2P), "Robin Hood and the Butcher" (1F), "Return of the Hero" (1R), "Nothing but is Due" (1H). After the plays had finished on the second occasion the results were given: First placing was given to "Queer Street" performed by 2E, second was "Oak Settle" (2P), and third "Ophir" (1C). The banner was presented to 2E by Mr. Johnson of the Advisory Council and after hearty applause we all went home.

LYNETTE HOYLE.

## THE LUTON GIRLS' CHOIR

An enjoyable morning was spent at the Melbourne Town Hall by 208 pupils listening to the Luton Girls' Choir.

The girls came from Luton, a city of some 123,000 inhabitants. All the girls live within a five mile radius of the Town Hall. The choir has really 75 permanent members, but only 47 could come on the tour because of the difficulties in transporting them. Mr. Arthur Davies was at the piano and he is the Choir's musical director and choirmaster.

On arriving we were welcomed by one of the choir, while in the background the choir was singing "Music for Me". Then a collection of seventeen songs were sung. They included "The Trumpet Voluntary", "Down in the Forest", "The Snow", "The Skye Boat Song", "Charlie is my Darling", "Wouldn't it be Luvverly", and a collection of English Nursery Rhymes.

Solos were sung by Linda Bunker, Gillian Fox, Sheila Land, Maureen Wren, Barbara Chance and Beryl Brown.

Altogether it was a very enjoyable morning spent listening to wonderful singing.

BEV. D. EVANS.

## THE CANTEEN

We now have in our school grounds a very well run Canteen. I don't think most of us realize all the work our parents have put into the Canteen. It has taken up a considerable amount of time and energy on the part of the parents to give us a place to obtain anything in the way of food such as: Pies, Pasties, Rolls, Soup, Buns, Drinks, Sweets, Icy-poles, Ice-cream, etc. Mrs. Dowsing, mother of one of the pupils, comes up every morning and helps out with the Canteen, along with various other mothers, who are willing to help the school and us. On behalf of the pupils of Ashwood High School, I would like to thank everybody concerned in the establishment of the Canteen, and the time and effort our parents have put into it.

JUDITH REDMOND.

## PARENT ORGANIZATIONS

The pupils would like to thank members of the Parents and Citizens Association and the Ladies' Auxiliary for the great amount of work done for the school this year. While much of the work was done "behind the scenes" at numerous meetings, the practical results of the parents' work can be seen around the school.

A large working bee set cement borders, planted the entrance lawn and planted shrubs and seedlings. This area, now in full bloom, has set the pattern for what we hope to see soon around the whole school.

Money from street stalls, and a monster fete has been used to build a large well-equipped Canteen which has been in operation since the beginning of Term III. Once again many parents have given of their spare time helping in the fete and the building of the Canteen.

The Ladies' Auxiliary has organized a roster of ladies to help at the Canteen. Without their generous help it would be impossible to organize this service.

The Advisory Council has also played a prominent part in the beginning of the school.

Would all persons working for these organizations please accept the grateful thanks of the pupils.

MR. BUTLER.

## OBSERVATORY EXCURSION

Recently some Second Formers had the privilege of visiting the Melbourne Observatory. Three small parties went, one on Thursday, October 8th, another on the following Friday and the third party on the following Tuesday. These excursions were organized by Mr. Csakfai and were in the evening.

The party I went with met near the Ashburton Station. The transport was provided by the parents of some of the pupils.

We arrived at the Observatory, which is near the Shrine of Remembrance, at about 8 o'clock. After a short wait, we split up into two groups, one consisting of the boys and some strangers, and the other of the girls and still more strangers. The girls went off to see an eight-inch refracting telescope.

I, being in the first group, saw first a three-inch refracting telescope. Through this we saw the moon through a wide-angle eye-piece and then we had a closer view through a different eye-piece.

We then went across to see the largest of the three telescopes, the twelve-inch reflecting telescope. Through this we saw Jupiter and four of its moons, Saturn with its rings, a cluster of stars and finally another view of the moon.

The guides were most co-operative and answered many questions, telling us numerous interesting facts.

Our drive home in the private cars, instead of having to wait for public transport, set the seal on a most interesting and enjoyable evening.

BRIAN RICHARDS.

## FORM STALLS

During the latter half of the second term, as one walked up the northern corridor, one would have to weather a storm of sounds—Slurp! Crrunnch! Eeek! Ugh!—as one confronted a melee of feet, fists, lolly papers and contorted faces. This was the era of the Form Stalls and these were the consequences one would have to face if one attempted to purchase goods.

The stalls were a tremendous success and raised well over the promised amount of £100 for the new canteen. 2A made a superlative effort in raising £38.

Details of the amounts raised are as follows: 1A £12/2/5, 1C £10/2/9, 1F £19/3/9, 1H £13/14/2, 1L £12/16/10, 1R £18, 2A £38, 2E £8/5/-, 2G £13, 2M £10/4/11, 2P £23.

TERRY COSTIGAN.

## THE LIBRARY

Our library here at Ashwood High is quite small but in time it will grow larger. Although it is small, it holds books on many subjects, history, hobbies, geography, science, art, needlework, woodwork, fiction, space fiction and many others. I have tried to write down below just exactly what we did to get the books ready for lending.

Our teachers and librarian first went to the booksellers and bought books suitable for children of our ages to read.

When these books arrived at the school they were taken out of their boxes and checked off against the bookseller's list. Then they were stamped with the school stamp and given an accession number.

In the accession register this number was written down along with the author, title, publisher, date of publication, price, source, call number and remarks.

While this was being done, two catalogue cards were written up. (On the first card is written the author's name, then the title and call number. The other card has the title first, then the author's name.)

After that, the dust covers were cut up and the book review was cut out and pasted inside on the first inside page. The front of the dust cover was then cut out and pasted on the front as a decoration.

On the spine of the book a patch was drawn. The patch was painted with black ink and after it was dry, a white alphabetical figure or a number was written.

Finally the books were lacquered to preserve them and they were then arranged on the shelves in alphabetical or numerical order. They were at last ready to be borrowed by readers.

BEVERLY EVANS.

## THE PENNY AND THE THREEPENCE

"I am eight years old tomorrow," bragged the penny to the threepence as they jingled round merrily in a small boy's pocket. The boy was on his way to market, proud of the fourpence he had collected from his Uncle.

"But I am the shiniest" the threepence argued.

"That is only because you are younger. You are not nearly as experienced as I" said the proud and haughty penny.

"We will see when we get to the market. I am sure that the boy will keep me and use you to buy something with. I am the best of us two and so he will keep me" said the threepence now holding himself stiff and proud.

So they agreed that, in this way, they would discover which of them was really the better.

When they reached the market, the little boy skipped merrily towards the Sweet Counter. He quickly pushed his hand into his pocket and pulled out the penny and the threepence. He looked at the large, round penny and said sharply, "You won't buy enough. My shiny new threepence will buy three times as much as you."

Hurriedly he thrust the threepence into the stall keeper's hand and was given three bright red lollies. The penny smiled smugly to itself as it settled back into the boy's pocket. Obviously, it was the better of the two.

CHERYL LOBB, 1L.

## INTERNATIONAL RHUBARB DAY

Friday the thirteenth has once more brought International Rhubarb Day to us. On this day we Rhubarbarians, stationed in all four corners of the globe, strive to wear that fragrant symbol of our brotherhood, a stick of rhubarb but, alas, the regulations of unsympathetic rulers often prevent this.

It comforts us to know, however, that as we sit here engrossed in the responsibilities of writing our report, groups of faithful Rhubarbarians are seeking to inspire us by chanting that well-loved anthem, the Rhubarb Chorus.

As time prevents further elaboration on this memorable occasion, we leave you non-Rhubarbarians, to return to our Annual Banquet where only that proud emblem of our society is honoured, in the form of pickled rhubarb-sticks washed down by that hallowed and immortal nectar, Rhubarb Froth.

Ad Rhubarb!

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE  
RHUBARBARIANS OF 2P.

# INFORMATION FROM THE HOUSES



## HOUSE CAPTAINS

Front Row (l. to r.): P. Bolitho, M. Stewart, Mr. Roney, M. Nicholls, J. Netherton.

Back Row: P. Grant, K. Hodder, R. Fraser, E. Shadbolt.

*Good 3rd form.*

## FLYNN HOUSE (GIRLS)

This year Flynn House girls have been very fortunate in having Miss James as House Mistress and Janis Netherton as Captain. They have both done a great deal for us and I am sure all Flynn will appreciate their good work.

The first big competition was the Swimming Sports, which we were successful in winning. However, at the Annual House Athletic Sports we did not do so well, as we scored third position. Our weekly sports on Tuesday are doing quite well.

In the egg appeal Flynn came second. For the fete the school was asked to bring groceries and a house competition was organized along these lines. In this Flynn came second again and our articles, added to the other Houses' totals, resulted in a great help to the grocery stall on the day of the fete.

Although we are still quite a few points behind Truscott, we hope to overcome their total and be the leading house for 1959.

SUSAN MORRIS.

## FLYNN HOUSE (BOYS)

Flynn started the year brilliantly by winning the swimming sports. Our water babies swam very well especially in the last event which put us in the lead to beat Truscott by only a few points and win the swimming cup for the second year in succession.

The next of our Interhouse competitions was the football. On this occasion our football team was down-hearted when it seemed Hillary had won the Cup. But after a recheck it was found that Flynn had come out on top again.

The cross country followed the football, in which we gained the highest points. Congratulations go to Jeff. Power our Star Runner for winning this event. Jeff. also did very well in the House Athletics which were held in October. We only managed to come third this year to Truscott, but we hope to do better in the following Athletic meets.

In regards to Social Services we came second in both the egg and groceries appeal.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Walker, our House Master, for the time and training in all activities he has given us through the year.

ERNIE SHADBOLT.

## HILLARY HOUSE NOTES (GIRLS)

Hi other Houses!

This is Hillary House reporting to you some events which might be of interest to you.

This year we, the girls, have Mrs. Pynt for our House-Mistress, Pam Bolitho for House Captain, and Diana Burren for vice-captain. They are doing a marvellous job getting teams ready for Tuesday's sport and spurring us on to do our best in contest and team games.

Although we have not achieved anything outstanding we have done our best in all sporting events. We had the luck and keenness to come third in the egg appeal.

Special credit we think should go to those girls of our house who played their part in the combined sports at Olympic Park.

While we are about it, Hillary congratulates Truscott on winning our school sports and thanks all houses for their keen competition.

Last of all we wish to give a warning to all other houses. WATCH YOUR LAURELS!!!

Yours,

HILLARY HOUSE GIRLS.

## HILLARY HOUSE (BOYS)

Hillary boys started off very well in the House Swimming but, the girls letting us down, we ended up coming third. In the cricket at the start of the year we started off strongly, but due to the sickness of some of the boys we came third. Hillary had eight boys in the school cricket teams.

In softball we were not so successful, only winning one game. Three boys were represented in the school softball team.

In the football we started off not too strongly but in the last five games we won four of them, therefore coming second. Out of Hillary House fourteen boys were picked to play in the school football teams.

PETER GRANT.

### MAWSON HOUSE (GIRLS)

Mawson House or Blue House meet in Room 12, with our House Mistress, Mrs. Davies. If you ever listen to a meeting you would hear the peptalks saying that we've got to win everything. We do sometimes but not always.

This year Mawson House were not successful in regaining the House Sports Cup, as we lost by two points. We won quite a few track events and field events and through most of the sports kept with Truscott House. But in the end they won through. I think our House Mistress and Master were the most disappointed. We are thankful for the encouragement that they gave us.

In the egg appeal Mawson won with a number of 92 dozen eggs. On behalf of Mawson House I would like to say thank you to our House Captain, Margaret Stewart for her encouragement and help to our house. Also a special thank-you to Mrs. Davies for her help and guidance to everyone.

RHONDA RICHARDSON.

### MAWSON HOUSE (BOYS)

In the early part of this year, swimming was our first obstacle in which we did not do very well, for we finished a bad last. I think that the boy who did the most for Mawson in the swimming was John Thompson.

With the swimming completed we then went on to cricket where again we were not very successful, for we only won one match in the series.

Within two weeks we had started on football and by the end of the season we had won over three quarters of the games we had played. The outstanding players in football were G. Cornell, R. Buccella and J. Thompson.

Next was the egg appeal in which we won fairly easily. We beat our nearest rivals, who were Flynn, by over 25 dozen eggs.

Following the egg appeal was the Athletics in which we came an unlucky second. We were leading for most of the day, until just near the end when we were disqualified twice. That allowed Truscott House to just beat us by two points. I think all the boys in Mawson did something to make us put up a good fight.

Throughout the year we have not been very successful, but I feel sure that all of the boys in Mawson will be looking forward to 1960 as a grand year. I feel that the most outstanding sportsman in Mawson House this year was Graeme Cornell.

KEN HODDER.

### TRUSCOTT HOUSE (GIRLS)

This year Truscott House has worked well with the help of our House Mistress, Miss Young, and our House Captain, Margaret Nichols.

At the swimming sports we were defeated by Flynn in the last relay, which resulted in a win for them by three points.

In summer and winter sports we fared fairly well, winning quite a few games against other houses.

At the end of several weeks' practising, the Athletic Sports were held at Ashburton Oval. After an exciting struggle, we defeated Mawson by two points and also won the Marching Cup.

Although we were good at sports, we found during the egg appeal that we were not "Eggy" enough, i.e. we didn't bring enough eggs! The same thing happened with the groceries brought for the fete.

At the moment, Truscott is leading and although the other houses are not far behind, we hope to remain there long enough to take the shield.

We would like to thank Miss Young, who gave up so much of her free time to help us and also to thank Margaret Nichols for acting as House Captain during the year.

WILMA RIDDELL.

### TRUSCOTT HOUSE NOTES (BOYS)

This year began well for Truscott. We came second to Flynn in the swimming sports by three points. The results depended on the last event.

We won the first round at cricket, with the firsts undefeated, the seconds losing one match and the thirds winning all but one drawn game.

Our two bowlers who consistently took wickets were Max O'Brien and Robert Welsh. Good performers with the bat were Max O'Brien, Peter Wilkinson and Graham Ellis.

Although several members of our football team, among them Robert Welsh, Ricky Sneeuwjagt and Ian Kerr, battled well we succeeded in winning only two matches.

The softballers, under the able captainship of Peter Wilkinson, every bit made up for this by winning every match.

Worth mentioning among the cross country runners were John Nichols and Peter Davies. They helped us to gain second highest points.

Our teamwork in the Athletics proved to be our strong weapon for it was in the team events, rather than in the individual contests, that we ran out winners in that sport. We defeated last year's winners, Mawson, by the narrowest of margins. All credit must go to Truscott girls for their good performances on track and field.

Our efforts in the collection of groceries and eggs were not very satisfying as we came last in both of these.

Special thanks go to Mr. Morris, our House Master, for doing a very good job of managing us throughout the year.

In conclusion I would like to say that if we win the House Competition for 1959, it will be through a team effort with every member of the house co-operating.

ROBERT FRASER.

# THE SCHOOL AT SPORT



## FIRST FOOTBALL XVIII

Front Row (l. to r.): R. Sneeuwjagt, P. Grant, E. Shalbolt (Capt.), I. Dowsing (V. Capt.).  
Second Row: I. Kerr, R. Welsh, K. Hodder, J. Whyte.  
Third Row: M. Jones, B. Buchanan, M. Carroll, R. Hannam, N. Hendrie.  
Fourth Row: J. Yeatman, R. Fraser, D. Raft, G. Cornell, G. Power.



## SECOND FOOTBALL XVIII

Front Row (l. to r.): G. Corbett, J. Gosewinckel, R. McRae (Capt.), B. White, J. Jackson.  
Second Row: E. Deering, P. Davies, J. Taylor, R. Hutton.  
Third Row: A. O'Brien, I. McDonald, G. Ellis (V. Capt.), P. Mathers, R. Grant.  
Fourth Row: W. Young, J. Thompson, B. Henderson.



**FIRST CRICKET XI**

Top Row (l. to r.): G. Power, E. Shadbolt, M. O'Brien.

Centre: P. Grant, J. Whyte, M. Carroll, R. Hutton.

Front: R. Welsh, G. Ellis, G. Cornell (Capt.), I. Dowsing (V. Capt.), K. Hodder.



**HOCKEY TEAM**

Back Semi-circle (l. to r.): P. Bolitho, S. Jones, S. Morris, L. Long, M. Wiebrecht,  
C. Haeusler, E. Kline, J. Bladon.

Front Semi-circle: W. Riddell, J. Netherton, B. Pagram.



**GIRLS' SOFTBALL TEAM**

*Peggy*

Back Semi-circle (l. to r.): S. Jones, J. Sigg, M. Sutton, M. Wiebrecht, J. Parker.

Front Semi-circle: M. Nicholls, L. Thorn, J. Netherton, M. Stewart, R. Holzer.



Taken at the Combined Schools' Athletic Meeting.

## PREPARATIONS FOR THE SPORTS

(This article was written when fever ran highest.)

"Get into line there! You there, swing your arms!" bawls an active, irate figure pacing beside a weary squad. This is Mr. Roney as he tries to make the Mawson Marching Squad fit to parade before a general.

Now, as there is not very long to the House Sports, all competitors are training enthusiastically if not always skilfully. At some time during the day, athletic figures, and not so athletic figures, are to be seen scrambling over high jumps, racing breathlessly through the mud and mire of our only piece of flat ground, or laboriously throwing a basketball to and fro in the mysterious ritual known as Cross-passing.

Every day there is marching practice, with everybody grumbling except the teachers, who wear strangely satisfied smiles as the exhausted files plod by once more.

It seems strange to think that in a few short weeks all this athletic fever will have disappeared and, instead of the casual visitor seeing energetic forms dispatching themselves in all directions, he will see no more energetic display than a group of girls idly chatting or a knot of boys experimenting with new developments in the paper plane industry.

## THE HOUSE ATHLETIC SPORTS

The second House Athletic Sports that took place on Tuesday, September 22nd, were a great success. The day was perfect and the pupils looked very smart, the girls in their green tunics, trimmed with braid in the colours of their House, and the boys in white shorts and House singlets.

The marching was the highlight of the day and the different Houses looked very effective indeed.

Of the athletes, Janice Parker and Ernie Shadbolt must be congratulated on their outstanding success in the running events. While some people stood out, however, everyone in the Houses must be praised for all tried hard to gain points for their respective Houses. Pauline Olsen was a tremendous help to Truscott and similarly Paul Maas to Mawson.

Truscott and Mawson had a battle all day to see who would come first and it was only in the last event, the Mixed Relay that the tussle was decided. You can imagine the feverish excitement during the progress of the race, Truscott winning the event and the Sports. Mawson was a well-deserved second, Flynn third and Hillary fourth.

An exciting and enjoyable afternoon came to a close with Mr. Butler thanking all those who had helped, particularly those parents who had given up their afternoon to act as officials, his words of thanks being followed by the presentation of the cup to the winning House.

LYNETTE HOYLE.

## THE COMBINED ATHLETIC SPORTS

On October 15th at Olympic Park, our Athletic Sports were held. Ashwood competed against Beaumaris, Murrumbena, Bonbeach and Mornington. In junior and team events, Ashwood starred, but was outclassed in senior events. After running second for some time, we were eventually overtaken and ended

the day in third position—a very creditable effort, considering that the two leading schools, Beaumaris and Mornington have higher forms than we have.

The Junior boys' tunnel ball team gave a brilliant performance and won easily, while two of the Cross Passing teams and the Hockey Dribble came second.

Some of our individual stars were Pauline Olsen, who won the Junior Broad Jump, the 100 yards and came second in the 75 yds., John Fyfe, who won the Junior 75 yds. and Geoff. Power who won the 100 yards Junior. Helen Neale, Peter Jackson, Margaret Nichols, Margaret Coffey, Murray Jones, Virginia Jackson and Ernie Shadbolt all came second in their respective events.

The Junior and Intermediate girls' relays and the Junior Boys' relay rather surprised us too, with their brilliant wins.

The weather was perfect, and the audience enthusiastic, so that we feel it was a most enjoyable day.

We congratulate all those who were picked to represent Ashwood High School and hope we may have even greater success next year.

## RUN!

"Run!" cries the starter of the four mile race,

"Run!" cries the policeman with a frown on his face,

"Run!" cries the porter as the train whistle blows,

"Run!" cries the teacher as the school bell goes,

"Run!" cries the mother, "out of doors to play,"

It's run, run, run for me the whole long day.

JOHN WHYTE, 1H.

## L'ASHWOODAISE

Here the battle-field doth lie  
Across the Ashwood Heights.  
Here the pen-and-pencil gang  
Hold general war, and fights.

Although the ammunition's short,  
Although the odds are long,  
The Ashwood knights will still stand brave  
And sing their martial song.

" 'Tis they who will surrender,  
'Tis they who will give in,  
And we the gruesome fight will end  
And we the battle win."

When the enemy's crushed to powder,  
Their casualties on the mend,  
They all return to schoolwork  
Their notes and texts to tend.

Here our valiant school doth stand  
Upon the Ashwood Heights.  
And here with pen and pencil,  
The Ashwood scholar fights.

BRIAN YEATES, 2E.



#### BASKETBALL TEAM

Back (l. to r.): R. Holzer, J. Hoare, J. Sigg, N. McDonald, M. Stewart, J. Parker, P. Olsen.  
In centre: M. Nicholls.



#### BOYS' SOFTBALL TEAM

Back semi-circle (l. to r.): R. Smith, C. Baker, G. Corbett, B. Richards, P. Jackson.  
Front: M. O'Brien, G. Osborne, P. Wilkinson, K. Watson, J. Cousland.

# OUR LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

## OUTBACK

I was just twenty-two when I was sent up to North-West Australia on my first trip, being stationed at Derby under a sergeant. I could ride almost anything on four legs and had come across to the west from Victoria, so this arid north-west country, where the plains turned to desert in the summertime seemed rather strange to me.

Although I had a sergeant over me, I was often in sole charge of the station, the sergeant having been called away to attend to some other matter, often at considerable distance. This was the case when, one day, a horseman arrived from about a hundred miles away inland with a story of shooting at a grog-shanty. A blackfellow had been seriously wounded, though he was not yet dead. The whiteman responsible had taken his horse and set off east, hoping, the fellow reckoned, to reach the Northern Territory.

I closed the police-station and set off with my tracker Darby for the scene of the trouble.

By the time we arrived the man had been gone three days. We immediately set out after him.

It took us a week to come up with Smith. There was nothing clever about finding him. With a good tracker tracking his horses' hoofs it was just like following a chalk line. He was camped by a small waterhole and was suffering from lack of food.

His horse had escaped because he had no hobbles to put on it or any way of securing it at night. Immobilized and almost starving he was quite glad to see us, but I found myself now faced with the problem of getting him back over a couple of hundred miles.

It was on the third day of the returning journey when the incident occurred. All the water we had left was in the two-gallon bag on the horse Darby had been riding. We had camped at midday for a rest when I asked Darby for the water bag. He approached very slowly, handing me the bag at arm's length. It was empty—still damp but quite empty! I could hardly believe my eyes. "Where's the water?" I demanded angrily. He began to whine, "By cripes, boss, but I bin dry all that way come alonga bush!"

It was no use cursing him. That couldn't bring the water back. His idea was to eat and drink everything today and let tomorrow look after itself.

We pushed on, but all through the afternoon we kept getting more and more thirsty. I was worried about the horses, who hadn't had a drink for two days. They were North-West animals, bred to dry conditions, but they couldn't go on indefinitely.

When it came to making dry camp that evening my prisoner protested strongly. "I'm your prisoner," he wailed, "you've got to look after me." I had some tinned meat, but no water. So, sharing the contents of the tin between us, we began to eat. For a while this eased our parched tongues, but soon we were to regret eating it.

During the night Darby deserted us. He had lately turned sulky—particularly towards the prisoner. He might have been able to guide us to water. He must have known where to find some, otherwise he wouldn't have gone off on his own. So now we were left to our own devices.

In the morning we began to proceed towards a line of hills just visible away to the north. In those hills, if we could reach them, I felt sure we should find water. If we didn't find it that day, however, the prospects for the morrow looked pretty bleak. At mid-day we halted for a rest under a patch of the scrub which sprinkled the plain. Suddenly I noticed the tracks of a shod horse leading towards the hills, probably in the knowledge that water was to be found there.

Following those old hoof marks we reached the hills. They rose so gradually that it could hardly be called a climb, and presently I spotted a patch of green scrub down a shallow gully about a quarter of a mile distant. There undoubtedly was water! The horses smelt it and quickened their pace. By this time they were in none too good condition.

When we descended to the green scrub we discovered that the gully floor broke suddenly. A rock bar ran abruptly across it, creating a small water-fall in the wet season. Beyond this, situated so that it always lay in the shade, was a pool of water, cool, serene, inviting.

Within sight of it, however, I stopped dead, holding the now wildly-excited horses back by main force. All round that lovely pool lay dried-up bundles of fur—dead kangaroos.

Just before I left Derby, the mail had come in from Perth, bringing a letter from Headquarters warning us that, for several months past, quite large shipments of cyanide had been dispatched to the North-West. Headquarters suspected that some of the cattle-stations might have been using it for poisoning far-out water-holes in order to get rid of kangaroos. Such a procedure wouldn't only kill the kangaroos but also any natives—possibly a whole tribe—if they happened to come along and drink.

There was this pool with at least twenty dead kangaroos lying around it. The horse tracks must have been made by the rider who had been doing the poisoning. Tying up the horses to saplings, I went to the verge of the pool to inspect the water. It was deep and clear; I had quite a job to keep myself from risking a drink, for, by this time, my tongue was beginning to swell and my lips were dry and caked with dust.

"Ain't ya gonna give a man a drink?" the prisoner, Smith, demanded in a cracked voice.

"You can have a drink if you like," I told him, "but I believe the water's been poisoned. Look at those 'roos!"

"Why don't you make certain?" he retorted peevishly. "It's your duty to look after me. Try the water yourself."

"We'll move on. We may find water further down the gully."

## A DAY TO GO MUSTERING

But there wasn't any. Miles away the gully petered out onto the usual plain—scrub and flatness as far as the eye could see. Accordingly we turned back until we came to a wide valley up which the horses seemed anxious to go. I therefore allowed them to have their heads. It was a long way up that valley. Night had fallen, and a bright, full moon was rising.

It was close on midnight when the old pack-brumby began to whinny softly. She could smell water and presently we came upon it, gleaming in the brilliant moonlight. To my horror, however, I beheld the familiar rock-bar and the same sinister scattering of dead kangaroos. The horses had brought us back to the poisoned pool.

This time, indeed, it was hard to keep them back but eventually I got them turned and led them, rearing and fighting, a fair distance down the valley. There, with a long rein, I tethered them so that, if they collapsed, its length would allow them to fall without injury. I was now very weary and before long, I fell asleep.

I awoke suddenly with a conviction that something was happening. I could hear a noise over by the pool. It was Smith! The coolness of the early morning hours had revived him and given him strength to crawl. Horrified, I ran to stop him but he had already drunk his fill. After a minute or so, he began to groan and writhe in pain. I still had my pocket first-aid kit, containing iodine and chlorodyne. I forced some of the latter down his throat. It acted as a sort of emetic, and I watched him anxiously. Half an hour later, Smith was still alive, although he had sunk into a coma.

By this time I was burning as with a fever and the longing to plunge my hands into the cold water couldn't be denied. Dipping my arms to the elbows into the pool, I gazed down into those inviting but deadly depths. Suddenly I saw something incredible. Rising to the surface was a tiny water-beetle, and a few feet away I spotted another. The pool couldn't be poisoned or such insects would inevitably have been killed!

Never before or since have I had a drink like this one. My blistered tongue which had been getting too big for my mouth, relaxed immediately and the water seemed to pour through my veins like new life.

It was only then that it dawned on me why Smith had seemed to be poisoned. He had merely drunk the icy cold water too fast. Much the same must have happened to the kangaroos. Parched for so long, they had gulped the water in such draughts that violent stomach cramps had resulted and, in the case of those still at the water-hole, sudden death. I resolved to take particular care that the horses didn't suffer a similar fate.

Having watered the horses and saddled them, I prepared to leave. As for Smith, the cause of all my trouble, I got him back safe and reasonably sound. The case, however, had an unsatisfactory ending. The wounded native didn't die after all and he decided that there was nothing to be gained by siding with the police, so he readily admitted that he and the other natives had attacked Smith. Smith, claiming self-defence, was therefore acquitted by the court.

One fine Spring morning at about 8 o'clock, my sister came dashing into the kitchen where everyone was having breakfast and exclaimed, "Margaret has just rung up and she wants us to go out to her place to help her muster the sheep for wiggling."

"What's wiggling?" demanded my small brother at once.

"It's cutting the wool away from the sheep's eyes," explained Dad.

"What time did she say to be there?" I asked.

"In about half an hour, so we'll have to hurry," she replied.

Soon after this, we were speeding along the quiet country roads with the stately old gum-trees looking down on us like guardians of the creek. We presently reached "Overdale", the sheep station of about 17,000 acres which was Margaret's home.

She was waiting for us at the gate, to tell us the details of the day's mustering.

"First," she said, "I think we'd better do the two 'seven mile' paddocks so that we can bring the sheep from them back to the yards and then go off in the other direction."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Dad. "Don't tell me you have two paddocks seven miles long."

"Oh no," replied Margaret. "They are only called that because of the creek which divides them. It's called Seven Mile Creek."

After Dad had gone home and we had saddled up, we started off for the first of the paddocks. We had not gone far before we saw a few sheep dotting the hillside. We left these, however, to collect on the way back and went on.

Soon we separated and started to comb the countryside for sheep which we then herded into a group. With the help of two sheep-dogs which we had brought with us, the flock was soon safely in the second of the paddocks where the procedure began again.

When this paddock had been searched for sheep, we shifted our flock (now very much bigger) onto the road and headed homeward. The going now, however, was extremely slow and when only half way to the homestead, we had to stop at a dam for lunch. The thirsty sheep were very glad of the cool water after their long dusty walk and drank until they could drink no more.

After lunch, we moved the flock on again and, after a time, arrived at the yards where we deposited the sheep.

"What's next on the program?" I asked. Margaret replied that we had to shift the sheep from one paddock to another, and to check that no rams had mingled with the ewes and wethers. If they had we were to return them to the ram paddock.

The flock we had to shift was most obliging as they all stayed in one big mob and didn't try to break away. Marg. explained that this was because it was the flock she used for training the sheep-dogs and consequently they were used to being handled.

The flock being so helpful, we soon had them grazing safely in another paddock. As there were no rams among them, our job was done for the day.

We cantered back to the homestead, the horses pulling when their heads were pointed to home. Having watered and fed them, Margaret took us both home in the Land Rover. We had had lots of fun but were we stiff next day!

## LUNIK II REACHES THE MOON

Somewhere near the dust-laden surface of the Sea of Tranquillity lies the Russian rocket, Lunik II. As the rocket is unmanned, nobody yet knows whether the moon is made in parts of green cheese or if little green men inhabit it.

Of course, without confirmation from Lunik II, scientists are sure that the part of the moon we see isn't made of cheese, for this side of the moon is better mapped than many parts of the earth.

But what is on the OTHER side? Perhaps bald-headed men with tails like that of a kangaroo and huge claws, are at this very moment preparing a space-fleet to conquer Earth. Huge cities might be erected there or giant animals might roam its dusty surface.

Man thinks that there is no life on the moon but he might be wrong. At this moment, men are being trained to become explorers of the moon. What do you think they will find there?

PETER GOODWIN, 1C.

## A STAFF ROOM SCENE

(To be placed amongst the non-fiction.)

In the Staff Room at morning recess a tired, frustrated teacher flops down in her window-side seat.

"That was a hard period! Do you have Form Xyz for anything?"

"Yes!" reply several sympathetic voices. "They're terrors."

"Gimme a cup of tea," a notable English teacher hoarsely murmurs as she staggers to her chair.

At this moment, a faint knock is heard. On the door being opened a certain Geography teacher is discovered lying in the corridor. Those teachers who still have any strength left, drag him into the First Aid room.

Just then the metallic clang, so familiar to all, is heard.

"First bell already!" shrieks a French teacher. "And I've got Form ZYX next!"

"I haven't given in my lunch order, yet," mutters another crossly. "Hey, young man. I know you won't mind taking this over to the canteen."

The sound of doom echoes for the second time along the corridor.

"Second bell!"

"Where are my History notes?"

"I've got to go to Assembly."

"I've lost that wretched child's Arithmetic book."

And here we must turn away, for the rest of the remarks were not intended to be aired publicly.

IAN CRAWFORD, 1A.

## THE SAD TALE OF HERBERT WHO DIDN'T DO HIS HOMEWORK AND WAS EATEN BY A SPOTTED DRAGON

Herbert did not like his school  
He thought his teacher was a fool  
And when homework should be done  
All he did was think of fun.  
To Mother he would make his plea  
"I'd like to go and watch T.V."  
His mother did give in at last  
The T.V. set was turned on fast  
And our young Herbert looked and saw  
Murder, Westerns, Crime galore.

One night his parents both went out.  
You should have heard his joyous shout.  
He rushed and turned on their T.V.  
And then sat down quite happily.  
The little hours went slipping by  
The midnight hour was drawing nigh  
When out the depths of the T.V. screen  
A most ferocious face was seen.  
A spotted dragon did appear.  
Herbert's face went white with fear.

The Dragon then approached the lad  
Herbert knew that he'd been bad.  
The Dragon took a monstrous bite  
Herbert screamed with all his might  
He called on all his friends so dear  
His last and solemn words to hear.  
"Always do your homework first,  
Lest the spotted Dragon do his worst  
THEN go and watch T.V." he cried.  
With these last words young Herbert died.

I. CRAWFORD, 1A.

## A STORM IN QUEANBEYAN

Crash! went the lightning,  
Down came the rain,  
All the town quickly  
Donned coats again,  
Rushed for the shelter  
Of shop or store.  
As the rain came pelting down  
They heard the thunder roar.

The wild wind howled,  
The roads were wet,  
The townsfolk shivered  
As darkness set.  
But the storm had stopped  
As people ran  
Back to their homes  
In Queanbeyan.

MICHAEL WITHERS, 1H.

## A FISHY STORY

Last night, when we were watching television, we saw a film called "The Pirates of the Seven Seas." In the film there was a storm at sea. The sea was so rough that it actually broke the television screen. The salt water came pouring into our living room. After about ten minutes we were in a foot of water.

We were scooping it out of the window when I suddenly had a bright idea. "Why don't we turn off the television set," said I.

The flow of water stopped when we did so.

We spent the rest of the evening catching the large fish that were swimming about the room.

LOUISE LEMAIR, 1L.

## COOLNESS

Today is very hot, probably in the nineties, and, as I sit at my desk, I can imagine myself in one of the coolest, most pleasant places on earth.

It is a small canyon in a range of mountains. There is a babbling brook running swiftly through it and on either side grows lush green grass with wild ferns, flowers and trees.

High overhead the branches of the trees are twined together with creepers and vines, forming a canopy which the sun's powerful rays cannot penetrate. In the distance, bell-birds can be heard singing with other small birds whose home is in the trees.

At one point, the brook runs lower and meanders through weeping-willows whose branches trail in the crystal water. A few wild swans and ducks make their home there because of its coolness and peace. As the brook nears the end of the canyon, it forms a tiny waterfall which falls gently into a minute pool.

This is where I should love to be today as I sit here, my brain throbbing as I try to solve my maths.

BEVERLEY EVANS, 2P.

## A TRAMP'S DIARY

MONDAY. Me merciful Heavens! Today I was walkin' along a country road and I actually found a purse with ten bob in it. Now, I tells meself, I'm gonna git a meal fit fer a king at the next farmhouse I comes to. But I bin walkin' all day and I still ain't seen one.

TUESDAY. At last I finds a farmhouse. The farm's all surrounded by bush. A pretty scene it was, too, to poor ol' me, who ain't never had a real home. So I walks up and knocks on the door. A skinny, red-faced farmer comes to the door. "Watcher doin' 'ere?" he yells, "yer dirty good-fer-nothin' tramp. Git orf me property before I gits me gun an' shoots yer."

WEDNESDAY. I find another house and, wot do yer know? A dear ol' lady comes to the door. She was just like me own ma, she was. "Come in," she says, "and have some supper." That was the best supper I ever had in me whole life. There was home-made bread with jam and cream, fresh milk, strawberries and roast chook. "Yer can sleep here tonight if yer like," says she, "and I'll give yer a job."

THURSDAY. I got up real early and set orf. I didn't want the job because I'm a born wanderer and I didn't want to give the ol' lady the impression I was lazy.

FRIDAY. Today I left the road and went into the bush. Mighty pretty the bush is, when yer git to know it.

SATURDAY. Oh glory be! Today I was walkin' along a little bush track an' I hears a hiss'n noise. It was a snake! I grabs a stick and beats it as hard as I could again and again till the creature lays still.

SUNDAY. I gits up and starts walkin' very early. I comes to a road again. Suddenly I hears bells. "Can it be me ears ringin'?" I says. But no, it was church bells and all the people was goin' to church. "Well," I says, "Sund'y is supposed to be a day of rest." So I gces back into the bush again and has a nap. When I wakes up it's tea-time. "Well, well," I says, and I has a meal and goes back to sleep again.

VALERIE WINTERBINE, 1R.

## THE TRAMP

Down the red, dusty track trudges a solitary figure. A hot wind is blowing his tattered clothes and ruffling his unruly hair. He is unshaven and his tattered beard has specks of red dust tangled in it.

Now he comes to a scattered township where dusty hens pick at imaginary grains. A few people are lounging about at the hitching-post talking in their slow drawling voices of the mild affairs of the town.

As the stranger draws near, the hens create a commotion arousing the men from their day-dreams. As is usual for folks in the outback, they scrutinize him from head to foot.

"Got a bite for an 'ungry bloke?" he asks ungraciously. He holds out a grubby pan with a dirty coin in it.

One of the by-standers strolls off returning with a scanty meal. The tramp eats it with relish. After thanking them he shuffles off and slowly disappears, a weary figure in the distance.

"Raggedy trees for kookaburras;  
ridge-rocks for the close  
of day with colours: roads for tramping . . .  
me for all of those." (Rex Ingamells.)

ROSEMARY LEVER, 1L.

## THE SAD STORY OF HORATIUS

Horatius was a little boy,  
Who didn't like a single toy;  
All day long he'd slide and glide  
Oh how he'd love a little ride,  
Up and down the polished floor,  
Never missing a corridor.

But, one dark and dreary night,  
Horatius got a horrid fright,  
As he went sliding up and down,  
He saw a figure in a white gown,  
This was such a horrid sight  
Horatius ran on through the night,  
Because it was as black as pitch,  
He fell into a bottomless ditch.

This sad story teaches you,  
That when the dreary day is through,  
Never step outside your door  
And don't go sliding on the polished floor.

By IRENE SPEISER, 1R.

## CAPE OTWAY

The waterfall trickles over the old grey rocks and into a large waterhole bounded by deep green rushes which cast their rippling reflections on the crystal pure water. A fisherman sits in a notch carved in the fungus-encrusted rock slope near where an old weeping willow is casting its cooling shadow.

The water continues in a wide stream between a steep embankment and the reeds until it flows drunkenly across the peaceful beach and disappears into the gentle waves inside a sheltered, miniature bay formed by steep slope inclining sharply to a sheer cliff. The cliff drops onto a rugged shelf of rock, disappearing into the rolling swell.

In the rock face are frequent pools which contain weird forms of small sea life.

Further around there is more rock which forms an unimaginable coast. The terrific breakers cruelly crash on to the cliffs, wearing them over the centuries to deep gutters hundreds of yards long in between the rock plateaus.

A few more miles around this interesting coast there is the lighthouse, towering with grandeur over the horrible rocks.

Here in the strange sea life in the rock pools, the tremendous ocean, the cruel rocks, the large inlets, the pleasant waterfalls, you will find all the mysterious and dramatic wonders of nature.

BRIAN RICHARDS, 2P.

## THE LIFE STORY OF PETER PENGUIN

Let me introduce myself. My name is Peter Penguin. This is the story of my wonderful life as a young penguin.

I was born in Greenland during mid-winter and I had a brother and a sister. We were not like our handsome parents with their black dinner-jackets and white waistcoats. Instead we were all fluffy little balls but soon we began to outgrow our coat of down and look like our parents.

When we were about four weeks old, we had to go to school with the other young penguins to learn to swim and fish.

After we had mastered these skills, we began training for the big march north. This took place when I was about eight weeks old.

The march lasted about three days. When we finally stopped, the young ones, including myself, began to look for a mate. I chose a penguin named Penny. Soon nesting season began and I built our nest while Penny fished. When the time came for Penny to lay her eggs I had to supply the food.

After about four days the eggs hatched and we had two little male penguins. When they were old enough, they began their training too. At the coming of the summer we marched south.

This went on for many years. Now, after a good life, I am willing to depart from this earth.

SUSAN BROWNE, 1A.

## CONTRAST IN WEARING UNIFORMS BY 2E

1. One small group of boys, even on a day of  $10^{\circ}$ , insists on having their ties undone, their jumpers off and the ends of their pants rolled up.

2. Then vice-versa there are those who for the sake of a new scarf or coat and some gloves don the lot on a day of  $180^{\circ}$ .

## THE UNWELCOMING HOUSE

As I walked shivering with cold, down the short, narrow avenue of tall, shadowy, rustling trees, gloomy in the twilight, their fallen leaves and twigs snapping and crackling underfoot, I could feel the loneliness of the secluded street.

Passing the trees I scanned the dilapidated fences, trying to find Number 13 which was to be my home for the next six months. When I saw it, my spirits sank. It was a large, rambling old house very much in need of repair. The vast front garden and lawn were neglected and everything, to my eyes, had a sinister air. The shutters on the narrow windows were flapping aimlessly on their hinges while the wind howled through what I suppose had once been an orchard.

As I put the key into the rusty lock, opened the door and looked inside, a feeling of depression engulfed me. Cobwebs hung from the lofty, discoloured ceiling and the dim light bulb, hanging by its frayed cord, threw ghostly shadows over the walls and cold, bare floor.

All the rooms were in the same uncared-for, dusty condition and I had no alternative but to climb into my sleeping-bag in a corner of one of the rooms on the ground floor and try to go to sleep.

JANET FRASER, 2P.

## SCIENCE COLUMN

On this page you will find experiments tried and proved in the Laboratories Incorporated of Jordanville.

To make an interesting new aroma around the old home, the Hydrogen Sulphide experiment is, perhaps, the most successful. It is interesting to observe in your note-books the reaction of someone when suddenly awakened from a dreamless sleep by the delightful perfume of Morning Glory or HS<sub>2</sub>. This experiment has actually been tested in one of Melbourne's leading hotels, on a business-man who wanted to wake up at 3 o'clock in the morning. Now he always wakes up at 2.30 a.m. in case it should happen again.

For those of you whose intellectual curiosity has already been aroused, here is the formula.

Take one scoop of FS<sub>2</sub> or Ferrous Sulphide and add a small piece of wax, heat this very slowly and retreat, or else put it in a corked bottle. (This experiment is guaranteed.)

Our next experiment is . . .

**APOLOGY:** We regret that our next experiments, which concerned formulae for making explosives, have been rejected by the Editor. I am instructed to inform you that after last year's effort, the printing of explosives formulae in school magazines has been banned by the authorities.

J. COUSLAND, 2P.

\* \* \*

Two particularly choice pieces of learning might not be out of place on this page. . . .

One of Beethoven's compositions was the celebrated Mess he wrote in D.

A Beethoven work which is often heard is the Moonlight Sinatra.

## Epilogue . . .

I believe this magazine should not close without a brief comment on the work done by the members of the Magazine Club. These people have proved valuable in a variety of ways. They have written many of the reports on school events of the year which appear in these pages; many of them have contributed other articles as well. They have drawn posters to encourage other pupils to write for the magazine; they have chased up tardy reporters of clubs and forms.

So that the rest of the school will know just who these people were, who helped so considerably to make the production of our magazine possible, here is a list of members of the club.

*Barbara Charles*

*Lynette Hoyle*

*Terry Costigan*

*Jim Cousland*

*Ian Crawford*

*Peter Goodwin*

*Alan Gyngel*

*Alan Honeyman*

*Warwick Manderson*

*Adrian Reynolds*

*Brian Richards*

*Ian Schilling*

*Barry White*

*Brian Yeates*

