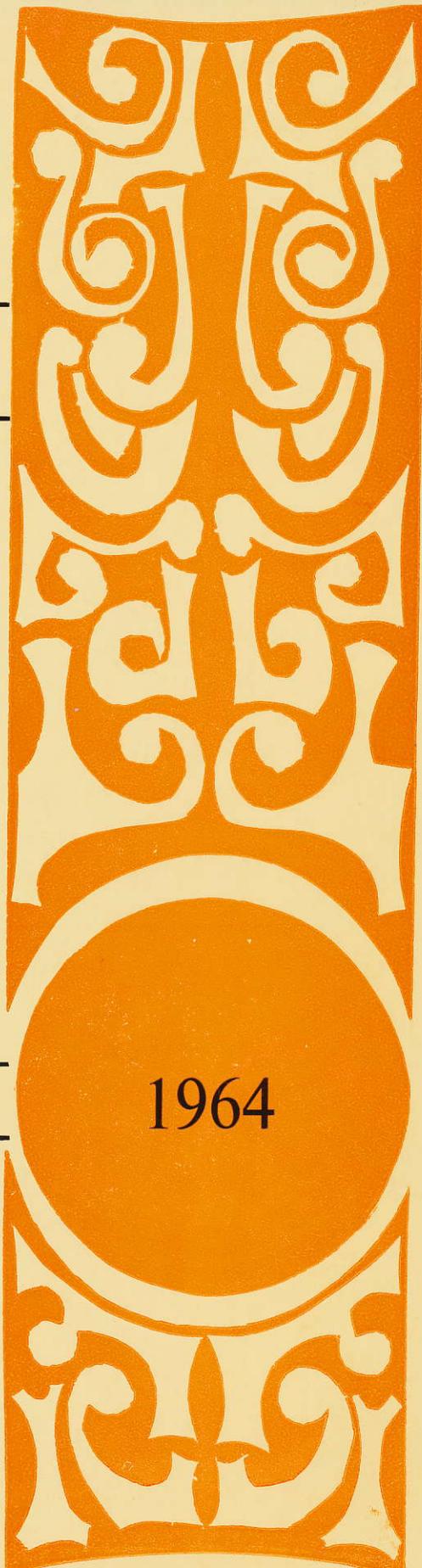

Ashwood High School

MAGAZINE

1964



THE MAGAZINE CLUB

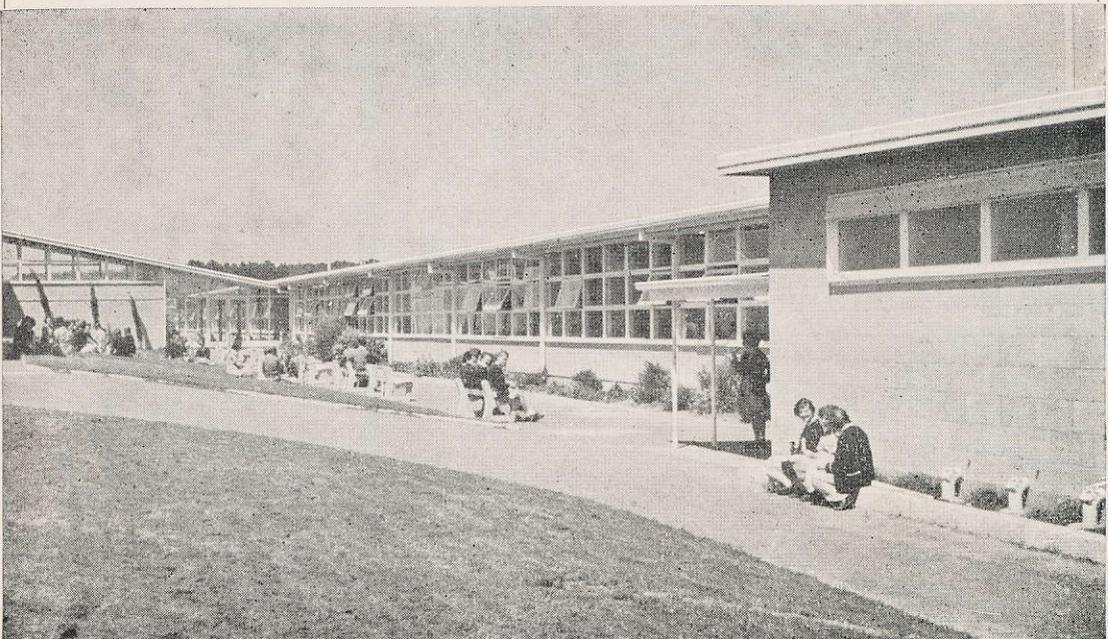
presents

THE MAGAZINE

of

ASHWOOD HIGH SCHOOL

1964



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1964

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Head Master's Message

FEW SCHOOLS have such tangible evidence of wide-spread parent help as Ashwood High School has. We have an efficient canteen, spacious grounds and lawns, and a great variety of special class-room equipment, all supplied by the parent associations.

Having established the grounds and arranged for their maintenance, the Advisory Council was then faced with the problem of providing changing and showering rooms for the students using the grounds. It soon became obvious that the cost of such facilities was very high and that in addition some effort should be made to provide a gymnasium for physical education. The next step in the chain of reasoning was the idea of an assembly hall which would incorporate all required facilities. It is to the credit of the Ladies' Auxiliary that it was the first body to place this suggestion before the Advisory Council. When it was learned the Education Department would provide a handsome subsidy of £3 for £1 up to a maximum subsidy of £30,000, the Advisory Council, with the backing of the parent associations, took up the scheme and the Ashwood High School Assembly Hall Building Fund was established early this year.

The building of an assembly hall is not, of course, a simple or easy venture, but the proposal was received with such enthusiasm by the parent associations that it was felt that the objective was within our abilities. It is estimated that we will need to raise £2500 in each of the next three years. It is encouraging to know that we expect to reach the target for this year. The dream of an assembly hall is taking shape and the prospects of its being a reality in the near future are bright.

If 1964 is noted for no other reason than it marks the beginning of the Assembly Hall Appeal it will still be one of the most important years in the history of Ashwood High School.



THE INSTALLATION OF THE SCHOOL PREFECTS

It was on the afternoon of March 12th that the school was assembled on the north side of the school building, silently awaiting the arrival of the Official Party, from which then the investiture would begin. When the school arose to welcome the "official party" and the parents of the prefects, our head master, Mr. Potter, then thanked them for giving up their time to come along. The ceremony then began.

The chosen Prefects' names were then read out; they then stepped forward and met the Mayoress of Waverley who presented them with their badges. The ceremony was then over and the Official Party left with the parents of the prefects and house captains, who all retired to the cookery centre for afternoon tea.

—C. TURNBULL, 3E.

I.S.C.F. REPORT

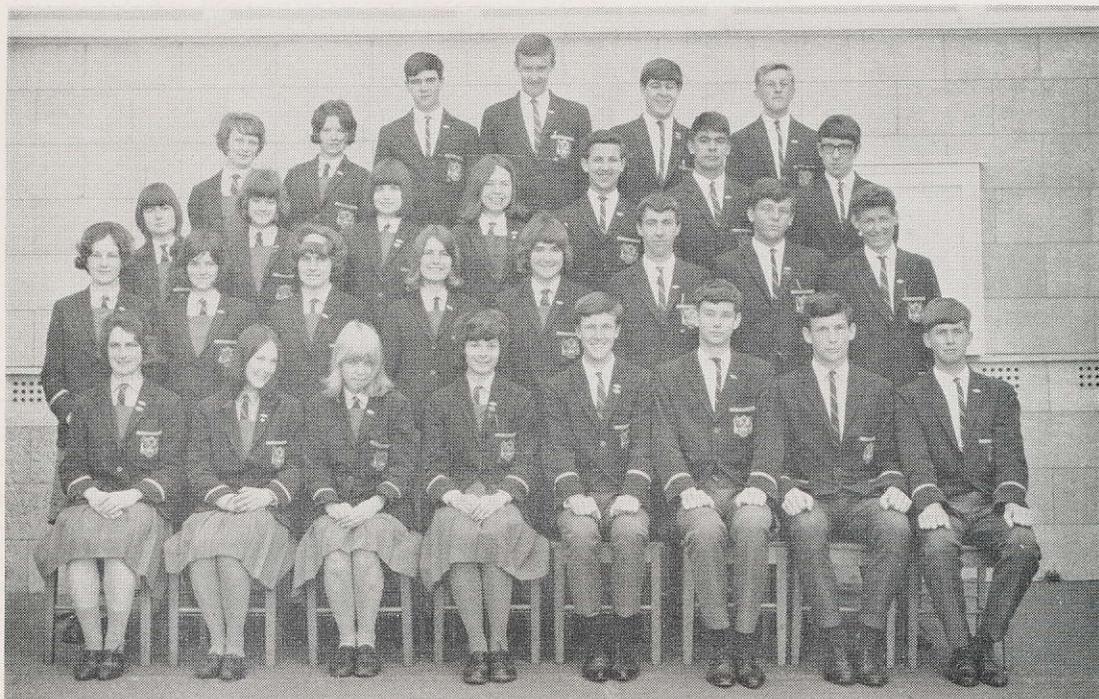
1964 has been an active year for the Inter School Christian Fellowship. We've had an enthusiastic committee and an excellent counsellor in Mrs. Lucas.

Although few boys attend, our numbers have greatly increased this year. As a group we have had a number of outings and a few attended a wonderful camp in May.

We held a social early in the year and are having another as a Christmas break-up soon.

We feel that God has worked through our group this year and quite a few senior members have come to know Christ and really believe in Him. We pray that God will continue blessing this group in the years ahead.

—H. COUSLAND (Sec.).



PREFECTS, 1964

FRONT ROW (l. to r.): D. Moore, W. Surman, G. McIntosh, G. Bartlett (Girl Captain), C. Robinson (Boy Captain), M. Withers, D. Twitt, S. Conley.
 SECOND ROW: M. Smith, H. Ogilvie, H. Cousland, J. Hansen, J. Waters, P. Wilkinson, T. Wilson, M. Williams.
 THIRD ROW: J. Perriman, R. Lever, H. La Brooy, J. Tribe, R. Boddington, R. Sneeuwjagt, R. Smith.
 BACK ROW: S. Waters, I. Speiser, R. Welsh, G. Ellis, B. Irvine, R. Dowsing.



LIBRARY COMMITTEE

FRONT ROW (l. to r.): R. Finger, A. Studley, R. Sherrif, A. Smith, R. Skinner, P. Perrin, J. Crane, R. Hession, M. Davies.
 SECOND ROW: B. Young, P. Day, A. Gyngell, P. Zeplin, G. Perry, V. Easton, J. Tancoe, J. Sabados.
 THIRD ROW: G. Henderson, A. Weir, J. Crome, L. Cuttriss, M. Cooper, E. Phillips, J. Hill, N. Burt, L. Staehr, A. Clark, J. Peterson, D. Peters, A. Ferguson, T. Gitsham.
 FOURTH ROW: C. Wilson, H. Wilson, R. Tynan, F. Erwin, R. Drobotiuk, L. Comley, D. Brehaut, C. Taylor, E. Tenkin, K. Thomas, P. Wilkinson.
 BACK ROW: R. Williams, N. Cogle, B. Hicks, L. Osborne, W. Green, I. Kotoukis, I. Smith, J. Noble, S. Taylor, A. Young.



SOCIAL SERVICE REPRESENTATIVES

FRONT—KNEELING (l. to r.): P. Greenland, B. Porter, J. Pain, R. Williams. SEATED: E. Malcolm, S. Hall, S. Dobbs, M. Sneeuwagt, A. Barker, E. Eckfeld, K. Craik, M. McDonald.
 THIRD ROW: L. Horton, J. Bromfield, C. Turnbull, G. De Marchi, S. Morrison, J. Nobelius, H. Withers, P. Day, D. Briggs.
 FOURTH ROW: K. Lane, P. Clark, D. Penman, A. Weir, P. Bolitho, P. Elliott, E. Harders, K. Boyd, Z. Hassan.
 BACK ROW: K. Gynge, G. Pollard, D. Little, J. Baxter, M. Gregory, R. Donovan, T. Gitsham, P. Howard, D. Lish, J. Crane.



CHOIR

FRONT ROW (l. to r.): N. Cogle, L. Hickman, J. Nible, I. Smith, D. Briggs, B. Davies.
 SECOND ROW: H. Cousland, J. Smith, L. Cuttriss, A. Barker, B. Coe, A. Taubman, P. Fowler, D. Smith.
 THIRD ROW: Mrs. Davies, S. Hammond, V. Easton, F. Holt, S. Hunt, R. Drobo, J. Sabados, T. Hunt, G. Eddy, J. Kingshott.
 FOURTH ROW: J. French, S. Thompson, E. Tonkin, H. Osbrough, R. Smith, J. Smith, C. Taylor, D. Robertson.
 BACK ROW: S. Taylor, W. Green, F. Erwin, J. Grevatt, H. Wilson, C. Wilson, R. Tynan, C. Baker, A. Green.

Legacy

This term, we had an appeal at school for Legacy. Many of us had not heard of it and, after enquiring, we discovered some very interesting facts about it.

Legacy, a purely Australian organization, was started after the First World War by Stanley Savage, who later became General Sir Stanley Savage, a New South Wales Governor. This association cares for the wives and families of servicemen who died during the war or who died as a result of injuries received in the war.

Legacy cares for about 6200 widows and 15,000 children in Victoria alone. It provides health services, cultural guidance and general welfare assistance for these people, as well as maintaining three Legacy Residences. This association strives to take the place of a father to the children, making their lives much happier.

Legacy receives no government subsidy. Every year, it conducts an appeal to raise money and it is with this money and other donations received from many kind-hearted people, that Legacy manages to do such a magnificent job.

—RON SEARLE and NEVILLE
WOOD-BRADLEY.

Library Report

The Library is one of the most important parts of any school, providing, as it must, opportunities for reference as well as pure entertainment. This year has been one of great expansion, with nearly 1100 new books being added to the shelves. For those who like figures, 4630 fiction books have been taken out during the year, 3621 non-fiction books have been borrowed and 1320 reference books were taken out on over-night loans. 1D have borrowed many more books than any other form.

The members of the Library Committee, aided Mrs. Fcoulatos, have helped to cover and catalogue new books, as well as arranging various special displays. During the year some committee members went to Chadstone during Children's Book Week to hear an address by Nan. Chauncy, the famous children's authoress, and also to see the exhibition arranged by the Children's Book Council.

We hope that next year students will use the library even more and will come to understand more about this integral part of the school.

—A. GYNGELL, Form 6.

Social Service

Social Service this year has received excellent support from all forms. Forms 2A and 6 have consistently contributed throughout the year. Among the charities which have been supported by the donations were six of Melbourne's major hospitals—the Alfred, Royal Melbourne, Royal Children's and the Mercy.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children received £50; the Hostel for the Deaf Children (Burwood) £20; The State Schools Relief Committee £25; the A. J. Ferguson Memorial Appeal (Australian-Japanese Children) £50; and the sale of Anzac Day Tokens brought £24.

Recently a very successful Egg Appeal was held. 5A was the top contributor with £12/2/-, or 484 eggs. The total amount was £52/4/3 or 174 dozen eggs. Congratulations, 5A, for your wonderful effort, and to 2E for coming second. The Social Service Representatives would like to congratulate the rest of the school on their efforts, not only in this appeal but throughout 1964, and we hope that this fine performance will continue.

The representatives would also like to thank Mrs. Moore for the help and guidance she has provided during the year.

—ALLISON BARKER (Sec.).



NATIONAL REPRESENTATIVE

Peter Tonkin, a member of the Australian Olympic Swimming Team, Tokyo, 1964.

Sports Report

As a young school with standards and traditions still being moulded, Ashwood has been fortunate to have gained notable sporting successes, particularly in its first two or three years as a "senior school".

1964 has seen the maintaining of a high standard of sport within the school and the strengthening of a reputation in inter-school competitions as "one to beat".

This was particularly noticeable in winter sport where, for example, the boys' baseball team won the Eastern Division championship and the Senior First and Second XVIII football teams came second, after winning all home-and-home matches convincingly.

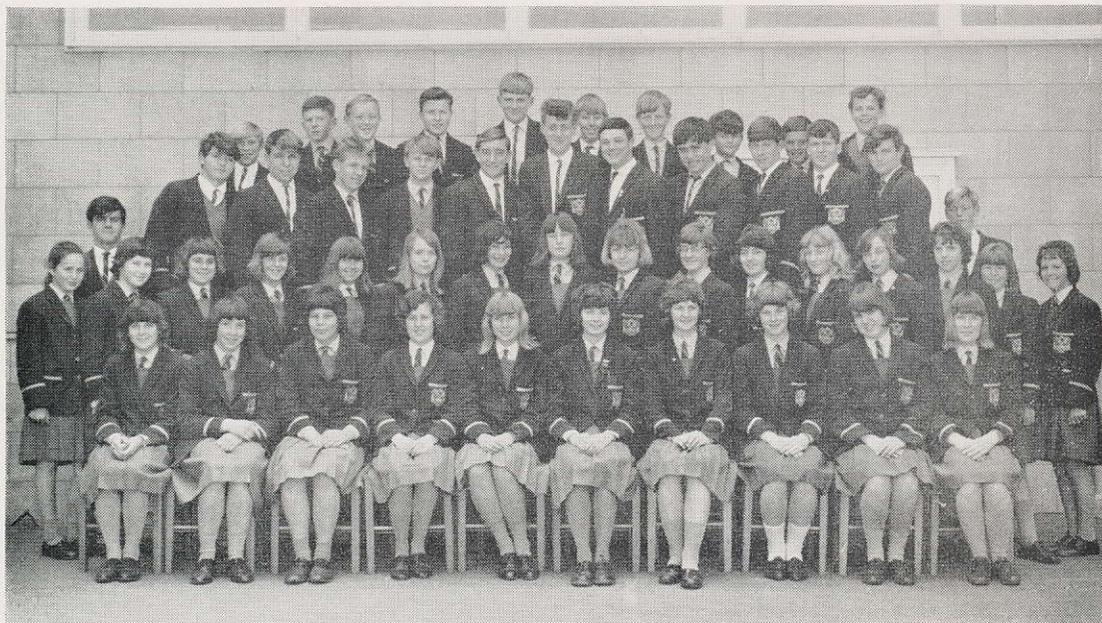
Certain individuals had outstanding success during the year—Peter Tonkin represented Australia in swimming events at the Tokyo Olympics; Ray Woods, Peter Tonkin, and Neil Swann won All High Schools medals; Shirley Morrison was selected in a State schoolgirls' Cricket team; Dianne Smith won an event at the Victorian Schoolgirls' Athletics championships. It has been, then, a year when both individuals and teams have scored successes—for the third consecutive year the Junior athletics team won an Eastern Division shield. A most pleasing factor has been the increasing role played by girls, who earned more

points for the school than the boys in the combined athletics and who competed with success in Saturday morning cricket and softball. A good all-round strength is being built up, not one based on just a few champions.

The year has had its complications as regards organisation with such things as the closing down of the Appleton Centre for most of the year, the problem of the girls' basketball courts and the lower oval's habit of occasionally getting a little wet underfoot. These have been partly offset by the opening of the new Southern Pool (although being an outdoor pool it is neither heated nor open during winter) and the news of the new Assembly Hall which will meet such needs as showers, gymnasium, and men's basketball courts.

Finally, some mention must be made of certain people without whom sport could not have operated this year—the house masters and house mistresses, house captains and officials, and the teachers who have coached in particular sports. The time devoted to the organising and successful competition in various sports is not often realised by those who merely see the end results, but these people connected with organisation have most definitely made an essential contribution to the overall team effort and it is on such people that winning eventually depends.

—J. McARTHUR.



SCHOOL SWIMMING TEAM

FRONT ROW (l. to r.): J. Ginn, P. Gamble, J. Smith, S. Morrison, E. McAleese, G. Bartlett, D. Smith, M. Hoare, S. Jackson, V. Croke.
SECOND ROW: W. Green, Z. Rechter, J. Jones, R. Ambrose, D. Rogers, S. Scott, C. Feldmann, B. Giffin, J. Giffin, J. Nobelius, R. Morrison, J. Kingshott, V. Easton, H. Osbrough, D. Allen, J. Ambrose.
THIRD ROW: M. Phelan, R. Campbell, N. Swann, W. Judkins, I. James, K. Boyd, P. Kingshott, P. Tonkin, P. Little, P. Elliott, A. O'Brien, P. Shadbolt, D. Wight.
BACK ROW: G. Cumming, A. Croke, R. Skinner, V. Campbell, I. England, D. Blackburn, M. Grenfell, A. Cornell, R. Hession, R. Morrison.

BASEBALL, 1964

IN FOND RETROSPECT

Like a fortress are they; forever bearing the banner of fortitude and strength;

Like a threatening nimbus are they; hovering black over all opposition.

—Jack Skolnik, 1964.

Such is the praise of the all-conquering A.H.S. baseball team. Stronger than 9 oxen, the team's record of 11 wins and one loss has never been equalled in the history of Metropolitan High Schools baseball competition.

Stars such as "Swah" Wilkinson, who pitched with all the fervour and vigour of an unleashed New York Yankee; Graeme Ellis, who showed just as much skill on the field as he undoubtedly has in other directions; Ising, Conley, Doroszuk, Welsh, Robinson, Smith, Clark and Geoff Wilkinson are all names that will remain eternal on the Ashwood High baseball roll of honour. It is this team that won the Eastern Division Metropolitan High School baseball grand final (the first ever in the 5 years of inter-school baseball at Ashwood High).

Is it any wonder that we will never forget the lilting strains of "We are the boys from Ashwood High" drifting over the listless, yet victorious school buildings. The fine team spirit, the fanatical desire to win, will set down an unblemished example in years to come for all those participating in baseball at Ashwood High!

—RUSSELL SMITH, in collaboration with ARNOLD.



STATE REPRESENTATIVE

Shirley Morrison, selected this year in the Victorian Schoolgirls' Cricket Team.

FOOTBALL—FIRST EIGHTEEN

What a thriller!

Ashwood, undefeated in the initial two rounds of our division, ran out onto Macleay Park to play off for the 1964 premiership. The Ashwood team, resplendent as they have been throughout the season in their new jumpers and socks, were a side to be proud of in this titanic four quarters with Balwyn.

The appalling conditions did not help and the umpire decided to "throw the ball up" from the cutset. During this stirring struggle there were to be only ten scoring shots. This possibly gave the best indication of how close and keenly contested this Grand Final was. Balwyn finally ran out the winners, 2 goals 2 points to Ashwood's 6 points.

The inspiring leadership of Captain Malcolm Carroll and vice-captain Geoff Clarke, combined with the determination of each Ashwood player to give of his best in the true sporting spirit, set the seal on this happy and successful '64 season.

We had many good players as can be seen in the team photo; however, special mentions are for R. Dowsing and G. Gough who represented Eastern Division in the combined games.

We were fortunate in having Mr. John Helmer as our coach for this 1964 season, and it is here that I wish to thank him on behalf of the team for his valuable time, guidance and the team spirit he instilled in us during the year, without which the team would never have reached the final.

—M. CARROLL.



ALL-HIGH GOLD MEDAL WINNERS

L. to R.: N. Swann, U/15 Breaststroke; P. Tonkin, U/16 Breaststroke; R. Woods, U/14 Long Jump.



GIRLS' ATHLETICS

FRONT (l. to r.): B. Cousland, M. Comber, K. Craik, G. Bartlett, D. Smith, M. Hoare, J. Waters, D. Moore.
 SECOND ROW: J. Orford, J. O'Hara, V. Rundle, A. Kirsten, P. Wood, M. McDonald, D. Grail, E. Macdonald,
 J. Hadden.
 THIRD ROW: J. Cover, R. Morrison, J. Nobelius, J. Hall, P. Gamble, C. Young, G. Wade, A. Cox.
 BACK: S. Munro, C. Baker, J. Silver, J. Jones, K. Haeusler, S. Wade, C. Feldmann, R. Ambrose, Y. Townsend.



BOYS' ATHLETICS

BACK ROW (l. to r.): R. Donovan, G. Birch, G. George, A. Smith, I. Miles, G. Jenkinson, J. Ross, G. Cumming.
 SECOND ROW: C. James, G. Mawby, P. Jackson, P. Dwight, R. Welsh, B. Irvine, T. Deering, R. Woods.
 THIRD ROW: K. Auld, G. Ellis, M. Williams, P. Benson, M. Phelan, N. Swann, K. Boyd, W. Rees.
 FRONT: R. Thatcher, N. Whelan, J. Wilkinson, C. Robinson, P. Ising, D. Twitt, J. Wood-Bradley, M. Hall.



SENIOR BASKETBALL—FIRSTS

FRONT (l. to r.): D. Grail, H. Cousland, D. Moore, M. Comber.
 BACK: E. Macdonald, B. Cousland, H. Irvine, M. McDonald.



SENIOR BASKETBALL—SECONDS

FRONT (l. to r.): D. Bergner, M. Sneeuwjagt, R. Lever, S. Morrison.
 BACK: M. Flintoff, R. Morrison, S. Shaw, D. McGregor, C. Mulvaney.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL—FIRSTS

BACK (l. to r.): G. Holzer, D. Bromage, M. White.
 FRONT: J. Draper, J. Jones, J. Cover, J. O'Hara.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL—SECONDS

BACK (l. to r.): E. Peden, M. Hoare, S. Hardy.
 FRONT: C. Thomas, A. Campbell, B. Cole, J. Draper.

SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL

This year we had an enjoyable, if not entirely successful, round of inter-school matches. Out of the six matches we played, we won three. The two sisters, Heather and Beryl Cousland played very well throughout every match. Marion McDonald and Marlene Comber were also strong players who helped the team to success. We again beat Burwood High this year in both matches played against them. Included in the schools we played were Blackburn South and Nunawading.

We gained our honours by a consistent and enthusiastic team effort throughout the season. Thanks goes to all the girls who represented the school and may the team keep up its consistent team efforts next year.



GIRLS' TENNIS

FRONT (l. to r.): J. Haddon, S. Lloyd, V. Hudson.
 BACK: J. Waters, P. Wood, M. Smith, G. Bartlett.



SENIOR HOCKEY

STANDING (l. to r.): C. Young, H. Ogilvie, N. Burt, K. Craik, J. Hansen, S. Dennis.
 SEATED: J. Hicks, G. Demmler, D. Smith, R. Ambrose.
 FRONT: J. Crome, L. Horton.



JUNIOR HOCKEY

BACK (l. to r.): B. Porter, C. Davies, J. Smith, L. Thompson, E. Feschuk, L. Stevens.
 CENTRE: L. Nelson, J. Giffin, P. Stokes, K. Haeusler.
 FRONT: J. Faithful, M. Taylor.



BASEBALL

STANDING (l. to r.): Mr. Everett, R. Welsh, J. Wilkinson, P. Ising, R. Dorozuk, T. Clark, R. Smith.
SEATED: S. Conley, P. Wilkinson, G. Ellis, C. Robinson.



BOYS' CRICKET

BACK (l. to r.): G. Ellis, P. Bolitho, M. Williams, P. Wilkinson.
CENTRE: A. O'Brien, M. Carroll, R. Dowsing, P. Russell.
FRONT: I. Wright, R. Boddington.

JUNIOR SCHOOL SOFTBALL

Capt.: Paul Trantallis.
Vice Capt.: Richard Jolly.

We have had a very successful year in softball under the wise direction of Mr. Csakfai.

We have our practices every lunchtime on the bottom oval and Mr. Csakfai gives up his lunchtime to give us some good advice.

We won every match except two against South Blackburn where we lost by one run.

Our best homer-maker is Paul Trantallis, who is also our pitcher. Our backstop is Lance Fenton, first base Richard Jolly, second P. Hearn, third R. Finger, with Ray Dixon, Robert Massey, Peter Fullalove and R. Skinner placed around the field.

In one of our matches against Nunawading we forgot our equipment but still managed to win by twelve homers. I hope that these boys will play baseball next year as well as they played softball this year, and I am sure they will.

—By RICHARD JOLLY.

JUNIOR FOOTBALL NOTES

Captain: Robert Donovan.
Vice Captain: Jeff Jenkinson.

The Junior School football team has had a very successful year, losing only two matches, by small margins. Best players were Rod Munro, Trevor Deering, Robert Donovan, Jeff Jenkinson and John Powell. These are only a few of the good players, but they could not have pulled their weight without the help of all the other boys who played a winning role also. Our coach Mr. McArthur helped us in many ways on and off the field. Let's hope the younger 1st formers can wear the red and green jumpers with as much pride and honour as we have done, this season.

—R. DONOVAN.



SENIOR SOFTBALL

BACK (l. to r.): C. Young, E. Macdonald, J. Haddon, C. Waters, D. Meredith.

SEATED: C. Koenig, P. Wood, B. Beatson, J. Munro.

KNEELING: M. Smith, D. Moore.



JUNIOR SOFTBALL

BACK (l. to r.): P. Michael, J. Round, J. Cover, L. Stephens, I. Katoukis.

FRONT: S. Wade, A. Kirsten, V. Rundle, K. Feldmann.



HOUSE CAPTAINS

L. to R.: B. Irvine and H. La Brooy (Flynn), T. Wilson and G. Bartlett (Hillary),
C. Forsyth and D. Moore (Truscott), C. Robinson and R. Lever (Mawson).



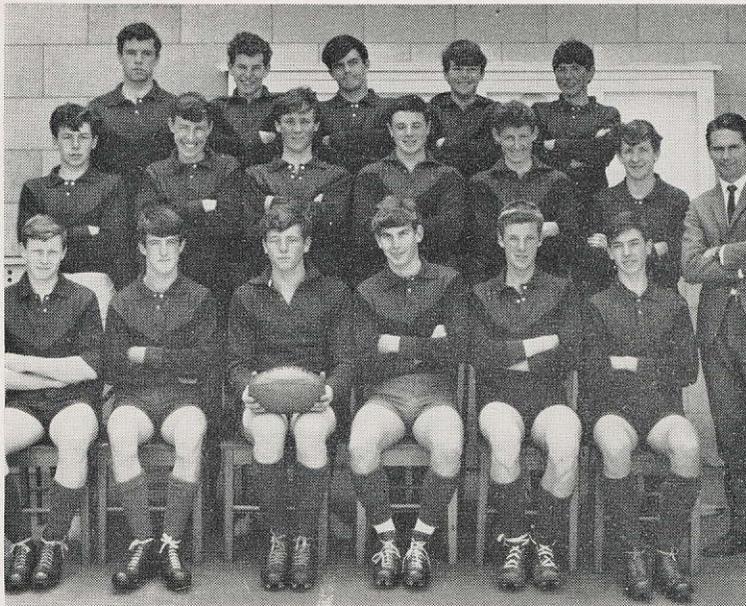
GIRLS' CRICKET

BACK (l. to r.): V. Easton, A. Barker, K. Craik, D. Yendel.
CENTRE: D. McGregor, L. Williams, N. Burt, S. Shaw, A. Clark.
FRONT: R. Morrison, J. Crome, J. Waters, S. Morrison, C. Young, J. Hicks.



SENIOR FOOTBALL—FIRSTS

FRONT (l. to r.): R. Snee, M. Springthorpe, M. Carroll, Mr. Helmer, G. Clark, R. Dowsing.
 SECOND ROW: R. Boddington, I. Kerr, C. Forsyth, R. Grant, P. Benson, M. Kego, A. O'Brien.
 THIRD ROW: K. Boyd, D. Twitt, P. Little, G. Gough, M. Hall, J. Gamble.
 BACK: B. Irvine, P. Morris, E. Rankin.



SENIOR FOOTBALL—SECONDS

FRONT (l. to r.): R. Glover, P. Russell, T. Wilson, J. Konings, B. Knights, R. Hutton.
 CENTRE: J. Wood-Bradley, R. Jenkinson, P. Bolitho, P. Tonkin, M. Williams, J. Dorman,
 Mr. Barker.
 BACK: E. Rankin, R. Thatcher, M. Phelan, R. Campbell, W. Rees.



JUNIOR FOOTBALL

FRONT (l. to r.): C. Cruise, A. Cornell, G. Jenkinson, R. Donovan, N. Williams, P. Dwight.
 SECOND ROW: T. Abbott, R. Crawley, I. England, D. Moore, D. Parker, Z. Hassan, T. Deering.
 THIRD ROW: K. Gynge, B. Fettes, J. Powell, R. Munro, A. McDonald, J. Ross.
 BACK ROW: I. McDonald, G. Bartlett, D. Blackburn, R. Morrison, L. McCarthy, R. Davey, G. Cumming.



BOYS' SOFTBALL

STANDING (l. to r.): J. Golding, R. Dixon, P. Hearn, Mr. Csakfai, T. Gitsham, L. Fenton, R. Skinner.
 SEATED: P. Sykes, R. Jolly, P. Trantallis, R. Finger.

House Notes



HILLARY HOUSE

Hillary began the year quite successfully with the Swimming Sports in which we gained second place in the Girls' Aggregate. The outstanding swimmers were Peta Gamble and Judy Jones.

Although we managed only third place in the Athletic Sports, every girl must be commended on a team effort. Judy Jones and Glenys Wade were among those who represented Hillary at the Combined Sports.

The Weekly House Competitions proved to be our most successful activity, as we had many girls representing us in school teams. Those who excelled were Susan Dennis, Janet Tribe, Janice Hicks and Janet Crome. Hillary have remained undefeated in both Tennis and Vigaró and have performed well in all other sports throughout the year.

The House Drama Competition was the final House activity for the year, in which Hillary performed very well, with the final decision going to Mawson House, who deserve congratulations on a fine effort.

All in all, Hillary have progressed well this year and it is hoped that our efforts will be rewarded with the "green" flag showing the way.

—GLENYS BARTLETT (Senior House Captain).

MAWSON SENIOR GIRLS

This year Mawson had Rosemary Lever as House Captain, and Jan Hansen as Vice-Captain. Mrs. Davies was our helpful and encouraging house mistress (especially in her advice to us on the Inter-House sports days not to eat too many cakes and pasties!!).

Mawson's main claim to fame this year is their winning the House Drama competition. Mawson are creating quite a tradition here because we have won this award both times and intend to keep it in our house. Special thanks go to the actors, actresses and Mrs. Davies especially, for the long hours of preparation they put into the performance.

In other fields of house competition Mawson has not been so successful. Although it may be said that we do have many "stars" every girl is willing to do her bit to help her house, and let us hope that in future years, with everyone pulling her weight, Mawson will take the lead, our main hopes being many of our juniors, especially Joanne Cover, the Junior Captain, who represented the school in the Athletic sports, and gained at least one first place.

Finally, I would like to thank all the other houses for their keen competition, and also Mrs. Meo, who has had a hard job forcing all of us lazy girls "to play sport".

MAWSON HOUSE BOYS

The Seniors, led this year by Captain Chris Robinson, Vice Captain Keith Boyd and secretary Michael Springthorpe, had another only moderate year. The Juniors, captained by Jimmy Ross, also had a moderate year.

All the members combined well as a team, and were continually guided and encouraged by Mr. Holland and Mr. Elmore, whom I would like to thank on behalf of the Mawson boys for their efforts in managing the house throughout the year.

The most successful function, held in aid of the Assembly Hall fund, was the House Plays, in which Mawson gained first place for their "Magic In The Mirror."

The first inter-house competition of interest to the whole school was the swimming sports. Mawson gained third place, and was represented later in the school sports by W. Judkins, I. James, K. Boyd, and R. Skinner (junior).

Again the athletics were held much earlier than the inter-school competition, and third place was again filled by Mawson. A special mention must be given to Murray Hall, our best competitor, who later went on to gain a silver and bronze medal at the All-High Carnival. Others to make the school team were N. Whelan, J. Wilkinson, C. Robinson, K. Boyd and juniors J. Ross, L. Macarthy, and K. Gyngeil.

Baseball was a feature of winter sport and all the school matches played were won by Ashwood, with the exception of one. C. Robinson, T. Clark and R. Doroszuk ably represented the house in this field.

Our neighbours across the street, boasting about their soccer skill, challenged the school to a match. A team of which Mawson supplied R. Springthorpe, J. Bates, J. Chapman, H. Greenland and K. Boyd, defeated the over-confident opposition.

In the cross country run over the gruelling three miles, the Mawson team finished second, with special mentions to Philip and Robert Davey, and J. Wilkinson.

The future for Mawson is a bright one. The increasing standard is slow but with the coming-on of some of the juniors better things are assured.

FLYNN BOYS—SENIOR

1964 proved a year of mixed success for Flynn. We began well by repeating last year's effort with a brilliant win in the House Swimming Sports, our success being attributable to a real TEAM effort. Peter Shadbolt, Paul Little and Martin Phelan were our best performers, and each did well in the Combined Carnival at the Olympic Pool.

However, the House Cricket proved to be less successful. We began on an unlucky note by losing the first match by a few runs, and although performances improved as the season progressed, we still failed to win matches. Players who stood out were the team Captain Malcolm Carroll, Rick Tolson, Peter Shadbolt and Graeme Mathers.

The second major event of the year was the Athletic Sports in which we were once again out-distanced by our old rivals Truscott. This, too, was a good team effort, and a number of our athletes went on to compete for the school at Olympic Park. Peter Ising, Martin Phelan and Bruce Irvine all performed well. Peter won two events and then

went on to win a bronze medal in the All High Sports and also had the honour of being elected School Track Captain.

This year, unfortunately there was no House Football, because of the Inter-School Championship, in which Malcolm Carroll led the team to the grand final. Other representatives were Richard Boddington, Robert Grant, Bruce Irvine, Paul Little and Peter Mirtschin as well as Ewen Rankin, Martin Phelan, Kevin Jordin and Robert Thatcher, who made the 2nd 18. Peter Ising (the "great basin") and Russell "Snatcho" Smith were members of the victorious Ashwood baseball team, and Jeff Malley helped the team considerably by umpiring a number of games.

On behalf of Flynn boys we must thank Mr. Deasey, our House-Master, for his enthusiastic work in administration throughout the year; not forgetting the hard work put in by our Sports Master—Mr. McArthur—and other sporting administrators during 1964.

Best of luck in '65, Flynn.

The House Officials: Bruce Irvine (House Captain), Malcolm Carroll (Vice Captain), Rick Boddington (Secretary).

HILLARY SENIOR BOYS

The Swimming Carnival was the first event on the summer program. It was held at the new Southern Pool with every boy trying his best for his house, but as to the result, we could only manage third place. Hillary had the honour of having the school's only Olympic representative, Peter Tonkin, in the house and it was pleasing to see him do very well in swimming.

At the House Athletic Sports, we were narrowly (?) beaten into fourth place. Apart from the many triers our house had, we had a few boys who gained places in their respective events and they were David Allen, Kelvan Auld, John Buchanan and Terry Poskitt.

We were most upset at the lack of the House football competition as we had our sights set on a possible victory. But house football went by the wayside because of the added interest in school football. Graham Gough, John Buchanan, John Gamble, Peter Bolitho, Tony Wilson and Rob Dowsing were Hillary's representatives in the Senior Football Teams, and each played his part in helping his side reach the finals.

Then came the small jog commonly known as the cross-country. This event is dear to almost every boy's heart and it was not through lack of competitors that we came third. David Wight, Les Erick and Ken Payne gained places in the various races.

In the cricket, Truscott were the only team to beat us, but this was almost a moral victory as they sneaked home by one run. Some good results were turned in by our boys, especially by Alan Watts and Stephen Conley.

Hillary also competed in the Drama Festival at Canterbury Hall and our actors performed creditably. Congratulations go to all those connected with the night.

In conclusion, the house would like to thank both Mr. King for his help and encouragement throughout the year, and the other houses for a year of keen competition.

—ROB DOWSING.

TRUSCOTT HOUSE GIRLS

This is yet another report about a year of success for Truscott.

We began the year well; coming second to our close rivals Flynn, in the swimming sports. April arrived and the Truscott team marched out to take all honours for the Athletic Sports for the fifth consecutive year in the school's history.

We did not hibernate during the winter months, but continued with zestful energy to build up our house reputation. We also built up the school's reputation by having Truscott girls in every school team which included a very good representation in the Combined Athletic Sports at Olympic Park in October.

Truscott again made her presence felt in the House Drama Festival, being narrowly defeated by the Great Mawson. Congratulations and thanks go to everyone who took part in the play, "Our Little World."

Although we have a few outstanding sportsgirls in our house, we gained our honours by a consistent and enthusiastic team effort.

We are hoping to win the aggregate again this year, but we also wish success to the other houses. Thanks goes to the other houses for the keen competition they have given us throughout the year.

Congratulations and thanks go to Mrs. Wadge, Dorothy Moore, and Mr. Kefford and the Truscott girls.

—HEATHER COUSLAND.

FLYNN GIRLS

Swimming, Athletics and Drama, combined with the weekly Wednesday sporting activities, have provided a year of keen competition for Flynn House girls. An outstanding win for the House at the Swimming Sports, which was the first major competition, and in which our girls competed enthusiastically to be placed a close second, provided a bright beginning for 1964. However, we were not quite so successful at the House Athletic Sports in which Flynn finished second, our girls being placed third. In the House Drama Competitions, in which our cast presented a most entertaining play, we once again did not win; nevertheless we did enjoy competing. Congratulations to those members who represented us in the Swimming and Athletic Sports and House Drama Competition for their splendid performances.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all the Flynn House girls for their eager co-operation and wonderful team spirit throughout the year. Thank you, too, to Dianne Smith (Vice Captain) and Vicky Rundle (Junior House Captain) for their untiring efforts, and last, but certainly not least, to Miss Bowe and Mrs. Thomas (Senior and Junior House Mistresses) for all their help and encouragement throughout the year.

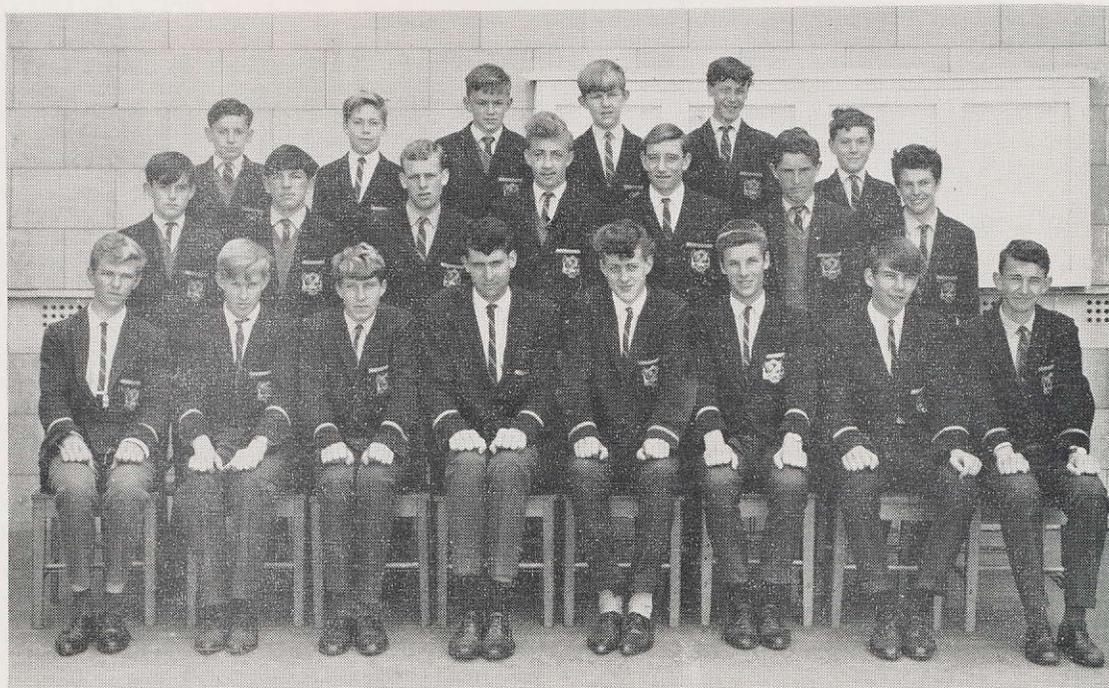
Finally, to Hillary, Mawson and Truscott may I extend the thanks of Flynn House for providing us with an incentive and extremely keen competition.

—HAZEL LA BROOY (Senior House Captain).



GIRL FORM CAPTAINS

BACK (l. to r.): S. Waters, E. Pedon, J. Jones, R. Morrison, R. Smith, S. Holmes, C. Waters.
 CENTRE: K. Larson, J. Giffin, C. Hausler, C. Setford, J. Taylor, E. McAleese, Cook.
 FRONT: L. Fricker, K. Garde, C. Koening, G. Tanner, S. Dennis, V. Wallworth, A. Bleach, K. Long.



BOY FORM CAPTAINS

FRONT (l. to r.): H. Barnett, R. Harder, J. Wilkinson, R. Grant, P. Kingshott, B. Knights, N. Whelan, G. Patterson.
 CENTRE: P. Warner, P. Grant, M. Carroll, D. Parker, K. Boyd, J. Powell, R. Crawley.
 BACK: J. Milne, J. Yarnton, J. Ross, P. Smith, D. Davies, N. Harlock.

Form Notes

☆☆

1A

This year form 1A consists of 27 girls and 19 boys, our form captains being Anne Bleach and David Davis.

Each Friday matters concerning the form are dealt with at form assembly. During this discussion small amounts of money are collected which goes towards Social Service. The approximate total for our form is 6/- per week.

We are very proud of Carolyn Baker, because she represented our school in the combined school sports.

The whole form would like to thank the teachers for helping us during the year.

1B

This is 1B reporting from Room 10. We are rather a noisy form, consisting of 27 sweet girls and 18 noisy boys. Our patient form teacher is Mrs. Hunter. There were several children in our form who represented us in several sports.

The swimmers were Judy Jones, Peta Gamble, Robert Hession, Jeannine Kingshott, Wilma Green and Margaret Hoare.

The athletics competitors were Peta Gamble, Judy Jones, Judy Hall, Margaret Hoare and Greg George.

Peta Gamble and Judy Jones represented us in all-High School sports.

Also there are some people in our form who are in the choir; they are Suzanne Hammond, Jeannine Kingshott, Wilma Green, Tania Hunt, and Lynette Hickman.

Our form captains are Judy Jones and Neville Harlock.

This is 1B signing off.

—JEANNINE KINGSHOTT.

1C

REPORTING FROM THE M. (Room 11) C.G.

The siren has sounded and Umpire Mrs. Rogers bounces the ball. Up go the two Form Captains (Evelyn Peden and Jay Milne); Evelyn comes out on top and sends the ball down field where Janice Pain and Glen Pollard, the Social Service Representatives, fly for the ball. Other good players have been Ian Miles, Sue Monroe, Zola Rechter, Peta Michael, Karyn Rattray-Wood, Linda McDonald, Evelyn Peden, Jane Muller, Ian McDonald and Glenis Moyle who won marks for our form in School Sports and Swimming, and we were proud of Ian Miles who competed in Inter High School Sports.

The whole team has played well for social service contributions, and we were in the final four for the Grocery Appeal. Some members acted in the house Drama competitions.

1D

Form Captains: Robyn Smith, John Yarnton.

Judging by the form averages of this last term 1D has done quite well for the first year at Secondary School.

Our Form Teacher, Mrs. Piper, has done wonderful work teaching our 44 students French, Geography, History and English.

1D has taken the most books out of the Library for this year, and we hope it will do just as well next year.

The form has a very good reputation for good behaviour, but is a bit noisy during change of periods.

Diane Robertson wrote this poem about our form room:

OUR FORM ROOM

Room 12 has many features,
Filled with all kinds of creatures,
Giggling girls without a care,
Meddling boys with sticky hair,
Teachers saying, "Do your work,"
And desks that squeak with every jerk.

—ROBYN SMITH.

2A

Form Captains: Dorothy Bromage, Robin Crawley.
Form Teacher: Mr. Ente.

Our form has performed fairly well this past year. Geoff Cumming represented us in the Athletic Sports which were held at Olympic Park.

Julie Bradshaw topped the form in the first exams.

Pauline Nobelius worked very hard to collect £33 in the Popular Pet competition and came home to win first prize. We gave about £20 to Social Service and came second after the Matriculation form. We are performing very well in the Egg Appeal.

The form's behaviour has been satisfactory although it could perhaps be improved even more.

We would like to thank Mr. Ente for his help during the year; also we would like to thank all the teachers for putting up with us.

2B

From 1B to 2B—from Bad to Better.
Form Captains: Peter Smith, Jan Cook.

At the start of the year we welcomed several new members.

All donated generously to social service.

All the gang would like to extend thanks to all the teachers who tried hard to get through the cement wall.

We would like to praise the form's representatives in Athletics, Joanne Cover, Kathy Feldmann, Jenny O'Hara, Peter Dwight. The girls came first in the form competitions and received a bag of jelly beans.

We hope to make it as follows:

From 2B to 3,
From better to best.

—GWENDA DeMARCHI.

2C

Form Teacher: Mr. Csakfai.

Form Captains: Kathy Haeusler, Doug Parker.

Vice-Captains: Lee Forward, Richard Jolly.

We did very well in the scholastic field; Richard Jolly came top with an average of 92.2; Susan Hall was second with an average of 86.8, which beat John Mills by .4. Mr. Csakfai remarked that Susan was to be commended for her great effort. Also Lee Forward has done very well this year both in School work and in sport. She came from 13th to 6th position in the class.

Of course we could not have done so well without the strong support of Mr. Csakfai.

—MADELAINE HURREN.

2D

Our Form Teacher is Mr. McDonnell, who also teaches us History. The girls' form captain is Kerrin Larsen and Vice is Gail Morris. The boys' form captain is Jim Ross.

Vickie Rundle represented the school at the Athletic Sports. Ron Searle topped the form in second term.

We would like to thank all the teachers who put up with us.

P.S.—We hope to be promoted to third form next year.

2E

E is for exclusiveness, especially 2E's, Everlasting eagerness and ennecontahedralities, Exceptionally efficient in an earnest way, Exhibiting our enthusiasm, every single day.

2E has been very successful in the sporting field, being well-represented in the Eastern Division Athletic Sports by Jeff Jenkinson, Ray Woods and Sandra Wade. Ray Woods gained 1st place in both the U/14 Broad Jump and the U/14 Triple Jump, 2nd place in both the U/14 Relay and U/14 100 yards, and 4th place in the U/14 220 yards. Jeff Jenkinson also represented us in the U/14 relay, but Sandra was unplaced in the U/14 Broad Jump. Ray Woods also won a Gold Medal at the All-High meeting when he won the U/14 Broad Jump.

In the First Term, Lyn Stevens topped the form with an extremely good average of 86.6%. In the Second Term, however, Ray Woods, with an excellent average of 88.1%, gained top position. These high averages could not have been obtained without the excellent tutoring of our teachers. These teachers are: Mr. Helmer (Maths and Arithmetic); Mrs. Suhr (Geography); Mrs. Piper (English); Mrs. Moore (History); Mr. Morris (Woodwork); Mr. Landvogt (Art); Mrs. Davies (Music); Mr. Csakfai (Science); and Mrs. Rogers (French). Mr. Helmer is also our form-teacher, and has given us the incentive and encouragement to do well. To all these teachers, 2E would like to extend their deepest gratitude. John Powell and Kathleen Long are our form captains.

—C. SMITH and N. WOOD-BRADLEY.

2F

Form Teacher: Miss Bowe.

Form Captain: Julie Giffin.

Vice-Captain: Sue Dobson.

We are a form of 34 "litttle angels". Our form teacher, Miss Bowe, has been great to us this year and given us confidence in everything that we've done. In the second term, Miss Bowe made arrangements to give us a day out at Como House. The people who went, enjoyed themselves immensely. In the Swimming Sports, we were represented by Julie Giffin, Dianne Allen and Helen Briggs; and in the athletics, by Yvonne Townsend. We had a few representatives in the school Softball, Hockey and Basketball Teams. We have donated generously to Social Services this year, our representatives being Elizabeth Malcolm and Carole Charter. In the first half of the year Sue Fell did a splendid job as form captain and in the second half, Julie Giffin took over and did just as splendid a job, with Sue Dobson as Vice-captain. We would like to thank all of our teachers for their patience and understanding during the year.

—SANDRA JAMES and YVONNE TOWNSEND.

3A

Pilot: Mrs. Nobes.

Co-Pilot: Neil Whelan.

Air Hostess: Elizabeth McAleese.

Our flights usually take off from room 32 every Monday morning, and we don't return from the clouds till 4.00 p.m. on Friday night. Our passengers consist of 42 cheerful and talkative people. Among our passengers, are several well known celebrities such as M. Comber, B. Cousland, G. Wade, J. Orford, N. Whelan, B. Rees, K. Auld, A. Smith and P. Jackson, who participated in the school athletic sports at Olympic Park. The brains on the passenger list are Val Croke, Peter Jackson, Elizabeth McAleese and John Balodis. On two occasions, we visited places of interest. One visit was to an orchestral concert; another to the Art Gallery of Melbourne, and both were very enjoyable.

Sometimes, we passengers go along with our eyes shut and when we open them we find ourselves with terrible engine trouble. But thanks to our pilot, and other able bodied mechanics on board, we are shown the way to fine weather.

But although our going is not always smooth, and we sometimes hit the most dreadful storms, we hope we will all land safely at the end of the term and go into bigger things next year.

—JENNY ORFORD.

3B

3B came into existence this year and made a rather "deep" impression in the minds of the eleven teachers who tried (in vain most of the time) to put a little information into our thick skulls. Other 3B's following will find it very hard to live down the well-established reputation.

We were ably led by Cheryl Waters and Phillip Grant, whom we all served under very gallantly.

Lesley Horton and David Little were our Social Service representatives and we apologise for overloading them with silver every week.

Brain of the form is Susan "The sixth Rolling Stone" Jackson. Susan came top both 1st and 2nd terms, and we expect her to come top again 3rd term.

We were well represented in the sporting field this year, but 1st class credit must go to Neil "the man" Swann for his outstanding wins in swimming.

Congratulations go to Jenny Gray on her win in a competition in which she won a trip for 3 to Fiji. (Jenny suddenly found herself with a number of best friends.)

Lastly, we thank Mr. Deasey very much for his understanding and co-operation during the year. His promptness to form assembly has been extra good and many of us are now following his example.

3C

We have been lucky enough to be chosen to write the reports for 3C (Commercial) this year. Our form captain is Sue Holmes, who is of course, very sweet and innocent. We occupy room 23, the Music room, and our form-teacher is Mrs. Davies who we think is too soft and sweet with us.

The three brains of the form are as follows—Sandra Graham, Helen Tanner and Patricia Seamer. In the first term we were represented in the school swimming team by Jennifer Ginn and Bronwyn Giffin. Jenny obtained 4th position and Bronwyn 2nd.

Seeing that 3C is the Commercial form, the following girls were elected by Mrs. Vincent (our Commercial teacher), to represent us in the school bank.

Branch A: Lynette Gregory, Jean Tynan, Lorraine Marshall, Brigitte Knoth.

Branch B: Lynette Jeffreys, Arleen Jordan, Leah Diamond (manager) and Gail Hatfield (superintendent).

We thank our teachers for a successful year. Just before we finish, we would like to wish you all a Happy Christmas.

—BRONWYN GIFFIN and PATRICIA SEAMER.

3D

Form Captains: Robyn Morrison, Peter Kingshott.

Hi everybody! This is 3D the form of room 3. Our form teacher is Mr. Kent—"fortunate man." We consist of 34 industrious sporting little angels, 18 girls and 16 boys.

Of our industry, the top 3 in the first term were: 1. Judy Nobelius, 2. Beverly Harper, 3. Susan Clark. Of our sporting abilities, Rod Campbell, Andrea Cox, Barbara Beatson, Colin Bird, Judy Nobelius, Robin Morrison, Jeanette Silvers, Helen Wright and Dianne Rogers were in teams such as football, athletics, squash, swimming, basketball, softball and cricket.

The melodious tolling of the school bell has been the responsibility of Geoff Perry and Graham Hanby throughout the school year.

The Tasmanian trip was a marvellous experience for the fortunate girls and boys who were chosen.

In Social Service, we have collected an average sum of 8/- per week, and I would like to praise the generous contributions various members of

our form made to the Egg Appeal, in which we finished third.

Finally on behalf of our form, I would like to thank Mr. Kent for his patience and help during the school-year, and hope that we shall all be promoted to form 4 next year.

—ROBIN MORRISON.

3E

We are a form of 18 girls and 12 boys. This last term we have had Mr. Waters for our form teacher, as Mrs. Williams, whom we had for the first two terms, left for a trip to England with her family.

Although the majority of us are triers, Mr. Waters fights a losing battle with some of us.

In second term Jeremy Wilkinson topped the form, with Greg Wicks second and then Peter Clark. Come on girls, we'll have to do better next year.

—CAROL TURNBULL.

3F

Although our form has not had much representation in sports, about 75% of us have passed the first and second term exams. Mr. Armstrong has stated that the boys of our form have a monopoly of the detention book, but we regard this as a gross exaggeration (we let others in sometimes). Most of us are considered rowdy but actually we are nice, quiet, gentle, well-behaved, well-mannered, generous, agreeable, delightful, fastidious young ladies and gentlemen.

—DARYL HUTCHINS.

4A

Our Motto: "Speech is silver, silence ridiculous."

When a teacher enters the corridor, and is deafened by a thundering chaos, he can rest assured (so we have been told) that it is 4A.

When chalk and paper pellets fly around so thickly that the teacher comes in wearing snow boots and carrying his skis, it is positively 4A's doing.

When the blackboard is covered with witty remarks, or sick jokes, 4A wrote them.

With these facts taken into consideration, it is surprising that the majority of 4A obtained a fairly high average. Graham Patterson won first place last term with an outstanding average of 91%. Other brilliant stars in the academic field are Kathryn Craik, Carol Koenig, Pam Zeplin and David Conley.

As for athletics, by far our most predominant successful participant is Murray Hall, who obtained two first places, a second and a third in the Eastern Division Sports, and a second and a third in the "All High". Diane Grail also represented us in the all High sports.

Our swimming champions are Barbara Gray and Jenny Smith.

Too numerous to mention are all our other celebrities, in the form of actors, artists, singers, thinkers and orators.

We would like to thank Mrs. Moore for her patience throughout the year.

—JOAN JOHNSTON.

4B

Form Captains: Keryn Garde and Barry Knights.

Under the guidance of Mr. Gunn, 4B has taken an active interest in all school functions. Throughout the year we have held a prominent position in the class rankings for the weekly social service appeals. In the field of sports we have had many outstanding participants. In athletics—D. Wight and G. Birch; in football—P. Benson and B. Knights; in baseball—T. Ferres; in hockey—R. Ambrose; and most important of all, captain of the Girls' Cricket Team, and member of the Victorian Girls' Cricket Team, Shirley Morrison.

In examinations, G. Penton and K. Garde fared very well. On the whole, our teachers have been patient throughout the year and have given extra help wherever needed.

4C

This is a report from 4C, the form with the most pigtails in the school. Our form consists of thirty girls, who are studying for their Intermediate Certificate. Apart from thinking about boys and Beatles, we still work hard and that's why the teachers love us.

Wendy Erwin is the "brain" of our form and deserves plenty of credit for her excellent results.

All of us do not enjoy playing sport at school every Wednesday afternoon. However, we have three girls who are very keen on sport, namely, Diane Smith, Marion McDonald and Judith Had-don. Diane has come first many times in running and high jump events, and must be graded A1 for sport. Marion and Judy, our two other runners, have had much success also.

When we had our swimming sports at Olympic Pool earlier this year, Susan Scott represented our form in the diving, in which she gained third place.

Believe it or not, we have an actress in our form by the name of Gail Demmler, who acted as "Pansy" in the Flynn House school play, and her performance was excellent.

During the year, we were taken on three interesting excursions to the Melbourne Stock Exchange, a Stockbroker's Firm and to a concert at the Melbourne Town Hall, conducted by George Tzipine.

Diane Brown, who was loved greatly by us all, passed away recently after a long illness. We send our sincere sympathy to her family.

We would like to thank our vice-captain, Carolyn Leggett for helping maintain peace and quiet in the form, and also Marion McDonald for being our Social Service representative.

Although we all know that Mrs. Vincent can hardly wait for the Christmas holidays, so that she may escape from us and relax, we would like to thank her for her help and guidance throughout the year, as she has been more than good to us all.

Apart from "borrowing" paper, paints, books and goodness knows what else from each other, we still manage to remain good friends.

—CAROLE SETFORD.

4D

Our form went on an excursion in the second term to the Science Exhibition, which we all found very enjoyable and interesting.

Joe Russell obtained the highest marks in the second term exams, with Helen Ellis and Daryl Bayley running second and third respectively. We would like to thank Mr. Miller who was our form teacher and English teacher for the first term.

Mr. Landvogt is now our form teacher and Art teacher and we would like to thank him for the help and good reports he has given us during the year.

—PETER FERRIN and BRIAN YOUNG.

4E

Academically most of the pupils of 4E have performed reasonably well this year. We were also well represented in swimming, athletics and the series of one-act plays.

Mr. Elmore, our most honourable form teacher, performed excellently this year, even though he would insist on detaining us each night after school to clean up the room (not to mention week-ends). "Talk about forced labour" — but apart from this minor fault he behaved himself quite well.

We made a splendid effort in response to the egg appeal. We collected 3 dozen eggs.

—T.J.P.

5A

The teachers of 5A can be justly proud of the form's achievements and activities—if they graciously forget one or two things. Our form was well represented in three major spheres of school activity—sport, social service and studies. Alas, there is a note of sadness to add.

In the sporting field, our form's swimmers especially performed well. The notable swimmers were Peter Tonkin, Ian James and Keith Boyd. Peter Tonkin added further glory to the form when he represented 5A as ambassador, and Australia as a breast-stroker, at the Tokyo Olympics. Other notable performers were David Twitt, Keith Boyd and Geoff Clark in the football team, and David Twitt and Keith Boyd in the athletics squad. The outstanding girl athlete was the incomparable cricketer and tennis player, Jennifer Waters.

Social Service and studies were spheres for team efforts. Our weekly collections for social service netted a considerable sum of money. These contributions, however, were overshadowed by the egg-straordinary amount (£12/6/-) raised for the egg appeal.

Geoff Edwards was the most brilliant scholar in a form of scholars.

We must congratulate Sue Waters on gaining a valuable nursing bursary. Also, many of the form's brilliant students competed in examinations for Commonwealth scholarships.

But we cannot forget our teachers. So the form extends sincere thanks to the teachers for their wonderful co-operation with the 5A students throughout the year. Mr. Everett who, enviably, was both form and French teacher of 5A, must receive a special mention.

All students will mourn the recent sudden death of the spirit of 5A. This spirit, until the last moment, was a most valiant and noble fighter against the tyranny and corruption of the system. It died after a short illness caused by overwork.

Editor's Note: Actually, this spirit died at birth.

And it came to pass on the fourth day of the month of February in the year nineteen hundred and sixty four that a brave knight, Sir Malcolm Carroll, rose up and spake thus, "So I am the chosen one. I shall lead you forth and all other forms shall fade before us, but forget not that the daye of reckning is ahead and ye shall set yourselves down to ye olde grinde stone". And Sir Malcolm, with the able assistance of Lady Jennie, led us on.

As time passeth and the multitude setteth down to said grinde stone much talent shewed forth in our midst, noteworthy examples of the sayme being Lady Glenys, Lady Dorothy, Lady Pamela, Sir Peter and Sir Murray. Meanwhile our brave liege Master King leadeth us onward and upward.

But lo, as the daye of reckoning drawes nigh the merriment dieth and the cheerless, knights and ladies prepare for their doome. But fear not, for we shall return next year to complete our education in the sixth forme.

—LADY SUZANNE.

6

For most of us, if all goes well, this will be our last year at school. At least we will have something to remember. Form 6 have been led by Mr. Holland this year, and (in the final analysis) it is to him that we owe much of our hope for the exams. Who will ever forget the terror which Mr. Holland's frequent and enthusiastic harangues inspired in our complacent and self-satisfied hearts?

Form 6 have been fortunate in counting among their ranks such illustrious students as Roger Harder and Susan Dennis, our form captains. Many other colourful characters were to be seen in room 28 during form assemblies. (Mon Dieu! But whose is this face emerging from a jungle of wild, black hair? Ah! 'Tis only Michael Springthorpe.) Conspicuous by their absences during the year were Peter Wilkinson, Tim Holt and Terry Costigan. The other male members of the form, as befits their rank and many offices, have at all times acted with the dignity and enthusiasm which one would expect; indeed such exalted sporting names as Robert Welsh, Martin Phelan and Chris Robinson were from form 6.

The girls of the form (delicate and fragile creatures all) have contributed much to making the year a success. Who could forget, for instance, the sight of Rosemary Lever welcoming us to school on winter mornings with her pure, sweet voice lifted, Ophelia-like, in song? Who, indeed!

Unfortunately many of the form members have trodden the "primrose path of dalliance" during the year. There will however, be, in Mr. Holland's memorable phrase, a "day of reckoning."

Next year we will all set out upon our various paths in the big cruel world. We know that at Ashwood training will serve us well and that, in the years to come, when we are P.M.'s, State Premiers, Chief Justices of the High Court, Company Directors, Psychologists, Fashion Models, Scientists or just plain workies, we may look back, as illustrious Alumni full of praise for the extraordinary influence Ashwood had on us during the formative years of our youth.

—A.G.

Novel Review

"SOFTLY TREAD THE BRAVE" (Ivan Southall)

This is a book based on the exploits of two Australian mine disposal officers. It is set in England during the Second World War when England was being mercilessly attacked by the Germans under the orders of the ruthless Hitler.

The author, Ivan Southall, has realistically related this true story of these two Australians with their unbounded courage. The two Aussies (Mould and Syme) volunteered as replacements for an unnamed top-secret team. They were stunned by their appointment to the R.M.S. (Rendering Mines Safe Squad)—a select group of men who worked constantly with death. The courage of these men was staggering. Their margin of safety was often almost non-existent. Sometimes they found themselves with seventeen seconds to get out of the danger area of 400 yards which is utterly impossible under any circumstances, but when you are trying to plough through knee-high mud and "sush" or clamber out of a vertical nine feet deep hole, there is absolutely no hope of even reaching some nearby haystack or a pit outside the "extreme radius" of one hundred and fifty yards. Within this "extreme radius", if the mine were to explode, there would be no hope of picking up the pieces. There simply would not be any pieces to pick up for these German mines were packed solid with explosives and weighed more than a ton.

The story tells of many scrapes with death that these two Australians had and their different emotions each time they went to "crack" a different mine. It tells of many different places in which these mines were found and the difficulties Mould and Syme had to face whilst trying to render them safe.

This story is a thrilling one. Ivan Southall has matched his deep feeling for his subject with a fine and authentic reconstruction of the work of Mould, Syme and their colleagues. And he has portrayed them as people, who in their glory could still display the fragility of human nature.

—MARGARET PHILLIPS, 3D.

Do you brush your teeth as vigorously as if you were scrubbing the wheels on your hearse? Do you brush up, down, sideways or from the inside out? No matter what type of toothbrusher you are, you'll brush your fangs better with BREAKODENT, the electric-action brush for teeth, gums, and great for touching up your long, sharp fingernails. BREAKODENT is made by SCREAM, leader in dental research and in oil well digging. BREAKODENT brushes gently up and down—162 times a second. BREAKODENT was tested five years in dental clinics, dungeons, and torture chambers. Supplied with 4 different colour snap-on brushes, 'prison pink', 'graveyard grey', 'batwings blue', and 'monster mauve'. A thoughtful and welcome gift . . . for Mother's Day, Father's Day, Wedding and successful grave robbings.

—BRUCE McPHIE, IC.

Original Contributions

☆☆

THE RIVERSIDE 7 JAZZ BAND

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, for the first time here at 'Red Trumpet' we would like to introduce the Riverside 7 Jazz Band. And here is their leader, Satch Russ."

"Thank you, patrons, thank you. For our first number we would like to play 'Buddy's Habits'." And away we went, swinging through the old King Oliver time, much to the pleasure of the two people in the crowd (Russell's mother and father).

After having played at the School Fete this year, we thought that the jazzers of the school might like to learn about our band which consists of the swinging fellow himself, Russell Smith, trumpet; Lance Dixon, clarinet and haranguer-in-chief; Archie Thompson, trombone; John Reid, banjo; Ray Quar "The Oriental Man", piano; Ian Braid, the MANfred, bass, and Richard Boddington, gongs, traps and effects.

Since we first started playing together, the band has performed at five dances, namely "Lot 44" in Mt. Waverley (for nine weeks), "Tom Katz" in Scrento (for a week-end), "Bullfight" in Black Rock (for three weeks), and we are at present playing at "Northside" in Coburg and "Red Trumpet" in St. Kilda, which is commonly known as 431.

Although we are having fun and are in a jovial mood all the time we are playing, a number of occasions stand out prominently as the most humorous. Once, when our banjo player was doing a solo, two of his strings broke and he finished by clicking his fingers as Happy Hammond does. Another time, Ray, our pianist, was singing when he fell through the stage floor, which luckily was only about six inches above the ground; once, Archie was having a solo while Russell balanced mutes on the soloist's head. These situations may not seem funny to you, but for the euphamumph (many euphamumphus) who read this article they will.

It is a great thrill to beat the pigskins in this band as it is for the others to blast the soundwaves, for a spine-tingling sensation comes over us when we hear our name broadcast over the radio, see it printed on posters, or, when we are walking along the street, hear someone say very discreetly, "There goes one of the Riverside 7." But when the crowds at our dances begin to appreciate our music and applaud, we know that we have got through to them. After they realize that we are a good band (which, of course, we are) and that good things come in glass, they request their favourite numbers, which we usually can play. We very rarely play requests unless we are asked. But one time at "Northside" a gorgeous looking blonde asked the debonair member of the band (me) whether we could play "Barnacle Bill the Sailor". Strangely

enough, this was one number which we could not play, but in two seconds during our break we rehearsed it. We mounted the stage (and galloped off) and announced that our next number would be "Barnacle Bill". Of course, it was a shambles (that is, the stage) but both the band and the crowd enjoyed it (because it was made in Japan).

We can only hope, that in the future, we may become as well known as the Bay Pity Jazz Band, the Kentucky Jazz Band or Con Crysanthou and his lazy Late Hour Boys. Let me leave you with this thought—

"Whosoever readeth this essay
Shall marvel at its wonders."—Anong.

—R.B. and R.S., VI.

THE LITTLE GREEN MEN

I stepped out from the door and walked in a carefree manner down the crowded street. As it happened I bumped into several careless citizens who simply did not move when I swayed into them. The park was my only seclusion and I fell over the chain fence into the park flower bed, but nobody bothered to pick me up. I wandered down a narrow path to my accustomed position near the statue of Sir Isaac Newton glaring from its marble pedestal.

The little flashes of light through the trees must have been the cars departing from the adjacent car park, and by eight-thirty they had all left, and the lights no longer sped by the trees.

I immediately reached for the left pocket and grappled with the bottle of whisky which doubled every few seconds. Attributing this to my earlier refreshment I took a long look at the two bottles before deciding which was the one with the suitable contents.

By the time the liquid had been transferred from the bottle to my mouth I could see six bottles. All six shattered on the ground as I hurled the bottle at Sir Isaac passing his profound judgment on me.

Visions and apparitions passed before me on parade and I saw six elephants before the flying saucer landed in the park. Twelve little green men rolled along the path towards the city but one stopped before he passed me. In my opinion his exact words were:—

"Huro beena beeta?"

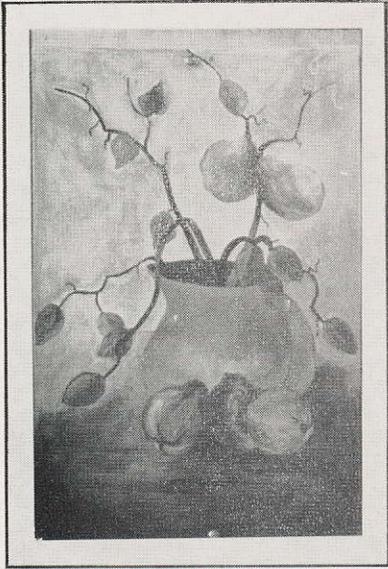
To which I replied in a knowledgeable tone:—
"Hic."

They returned one hour later with three adults and one child floating before them and all boarded the saucer and flew off.

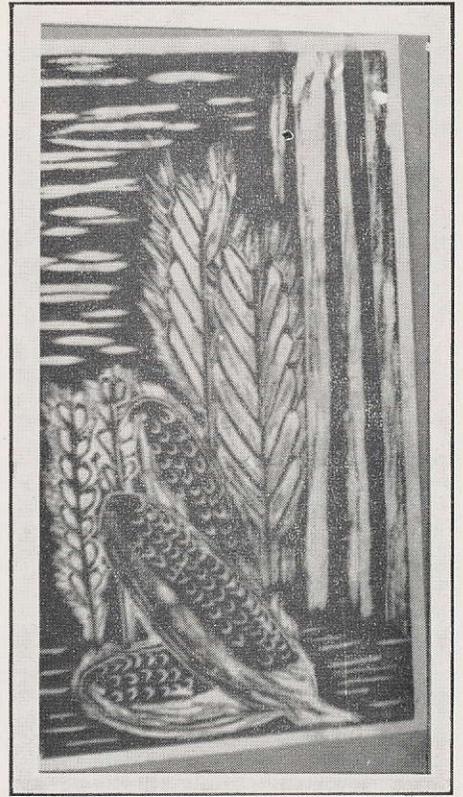
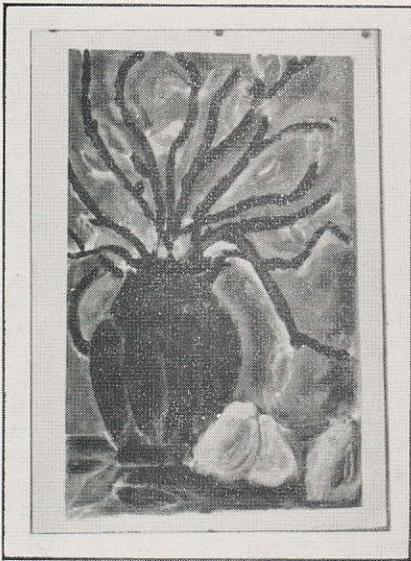
The following day I read in the morning newspapers (actually reading it in the afternoon because of my inexplicable early morning headache) that a disappearance had been reported and three adults and one child were missing.

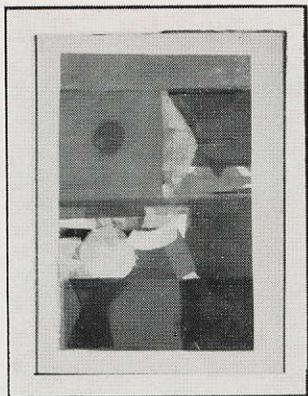
Naturally, I hastily proceeded to the police station but to no avail. Here the story ends and I will never know the truth. I no longer drink and I am a confirmed . . . NUT—and if you have been absorbed in this story you will inevitably suffer the same fate.

—Adapted from the No Bell prize-winning book "Midnight in Melbourne" by B. PARKER, IVA.

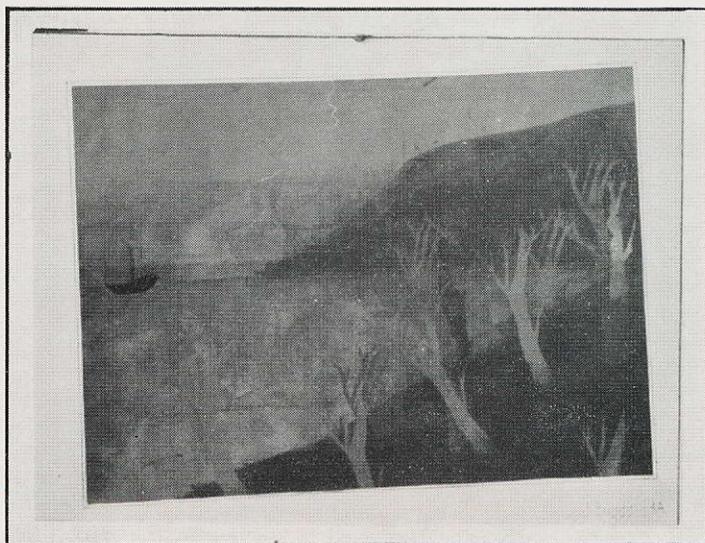
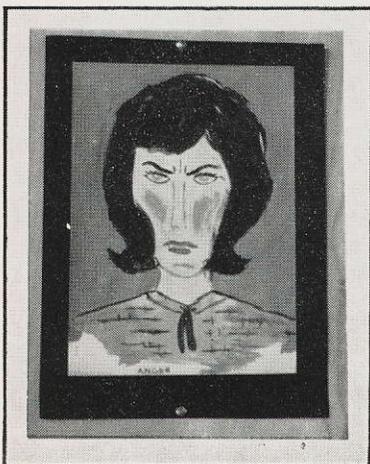


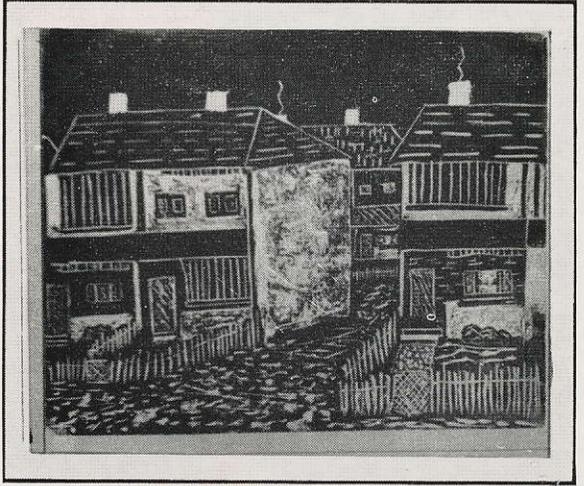
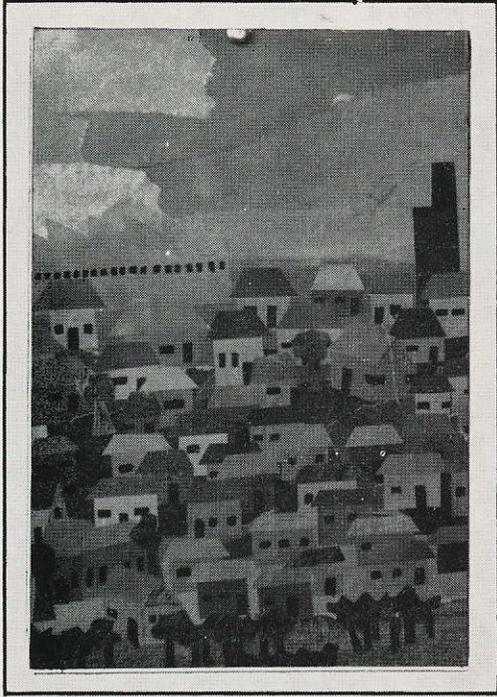
Still Life



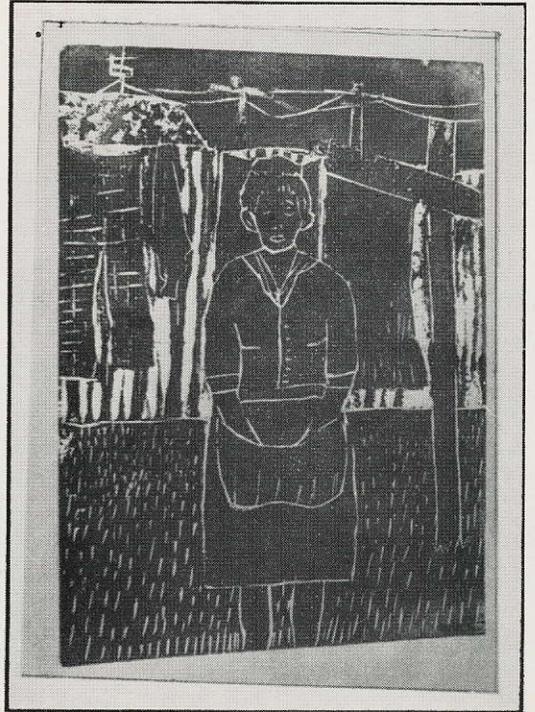
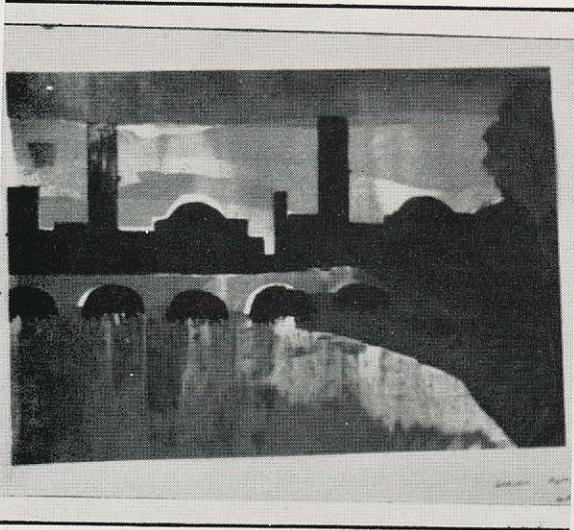


*People
And
Places*





Suburbia



PREPARATION FOR BUSHWALKING

Bushwalking is one of the most pleasant ways I know of spending a holiday. The form of bushwalking I intend to discuss here is the long distance journey, the type taking two weeks or more across country impassable to everything except perhaps a four-wheel drive vehicle.

For a journey of this nature, a great deal of preparation is necessary, especially for calculation of rations. Diet is one of the most important features of the preparation, because on such a long journey it is impossible to take fresh food, so concentrates and dried foods have to be taken. In order to get the maximum benefit from the food those with the highest calorific values are taken, to provide the necessary requirements. For a man about 25 and weighing 10 stone, his calorie requirements may be 4400 kilo calories. If a diet is not supplying the required amount of calories the body uses up its own stores in the form of adipose tissue. One pound of this fat has a calorie value of over 3000 calories, so that if the diet is deficient by 1500 calories about one pound of body weight will be lost in two days. A good way for losing those unwanted inches. Actual calorie counts for various foods can be obtained from many sources, one of which is the "Mountaineer", a periodical magazine.

The next job of preparation to be attended to is preparing a plan of the journey from maps, reports from other bush walkers, and a dozen other sources. This must be done carefully, correlating information from the map with that from reports. This is important, as we found out a few years back. We were following an old cattle track up a place called Purgatory Spur. At the top we lost the track over a burnt out area and we decided to follow the Razorback, as it was called, to our destination, but late in the afternoon we found that we were standing at a point about three miles south west of our intended destination. Three miles appears to be only a short walk but considering the country in between, which consisted of the precipitous flank of the Gable End, we decided to "scrub bash" our way to the river and camp. This, I think, shows the value of planning and obtaining information about the track where possible.

Many people prefer to do an exploratory type of journey, where they pick out two points on a map and get there by the best track they can find or make. This type of journey requires almost unlimited time because of obstacles that may crop up, but it can prove a very interesting type of journey.

Equipment is next on the list of important items to be considered, and of this section I think boots are the most important item. New boots should always be broken in before the journey; leaving the breaking in until the journey can prove very painful and could ruin the whole trip. A good way to break in boots is to soak them thoroughly in water and then walk around in them until they dry. Another is to rub neatsfoot oil into them, as this softens the leather. It is said that neatsfoot oil rots stitching but I have used it on three pairs of boots, and I have no complaints about it.

All other items of equipment should be thoroughly checked. Sleeping bags should be checked for worn spots or tears, packs should be

checked for torn stitching and hardened shoulder straps. Eating and cooking utensils can be cleaned and stowed into their respective bags (I use cotton bags with plastic inserts for frypan and billies). Parkas, socks, shorts or trousers, shirts and other articles of clothing should be checked for missing buttons, tears and so on. And boots should be restudded if the existing studs are getting worn down and are beginning to lose their effect.

If all the necessary preparations are seen to and care is taken on the trip, there is no reason why it should not be enjoyable to everyone. My friends and I travelled nearly one hundred and thirty miles in January this year over a space of ten days. The only thing that almost ruined our journey was the fact that one of our party used an old pair of military boots, which gave up the ghost after about one third of the trip. He finished in a pair of sandshoes and almost as many blisters as miles travelled.

—CHRIS ROBINSON, VI.

THE MORNING STAMPEDE

There goes the locker bell. But where are the prefects to open the doors? Who can tell! Pallid faces press against the door; impatient murmurs rustle through the waiting crowd.

At last some "kind" person with a leering grin, "kindly" condescends to open one of the double doors. The morning rush is on. The crowd surges in without even bothering to open the other door, buffeting each other and driving the foremost of them slap bang into the closed door.

Gradually the tempo slackens and some pupils actually manage to get to their lockers. The unfortunate bottom locker owners sink apprehensively to the floor, clinging to their locker handles as if their lives depended on them.

A carefree scholar cheerfully "trips" down the corridor, literally trips over someone's bag and sprawls to the floor. Whilst lying prostrate the scholar is smothered with books which have slipped from the arms of a sympathetic soul whilst she is bending down to help.

Finally the scholar reaches her locker and, forgetting she has just bundled her books in the night before, opens the door, causing a shower of books to rain down upon the owner of the locker beneath hers.

The warning bell rings; frustrated pupils fly everywhere; a teacher appears out of the blue and shepherds passively-resisting pupils down the corridor for twenty feet or so, ignoring their plaintive pleas that their destination lies in the opposite direction and that they are already in front of a suitable exit.

After walking half way round the school you finally arrive at your assembly point just as the bell rings. School has officially begun. But where are the teachers? Ah, here they come sauntering casually towards the assembly point. Lines are hurriedly formed. Games of handball are hastily dispersed and a ragged line forms. The pupils "march" forward reluctantly and file into the room. The school will be comparatively quiet for the next half hour except for the resounding echoes of the classroom.

—MARGARET PHILLIPS, 3D.

L. HERVINGTON, D.S., MESOZOIC ERA, EOCENE PERIOD

It seemed that, the instant before, I had been standing within the Metal Sphere which is my Time Machine adjusting some of the instruments, my Dog, Thor at my side, when suddenly I found myself the centre of a terrific, mind-shaking flash. I recall the sensation of hurtling away from myself at incredible speed, and I seemed to hear, faint and hollow as I spun crazily in nothingness, the terrified frantic yelping of a dog. I tried to think, but as I did so, I spun faster and faster, the red, yellow and black void merging with the increasing throb of the machine, filling my head with an unbearable ringing. My head ached with sound and I felt incredibly sick. The ringing became a bubbling chirp, like a telephone ringing under water, which grew louder and louder; its regularity and volume became unbearable until mercifully consciousness slipped away.

I remember gradually floating back from the timeless void of semi-consciousness. I lay for a while, gathering my wits, slowly re-absorbing all which had occurred, and when it all was complete, I felt a thrill of both excitement and fear. I had travelled back in time; the red and yellow colouring and the fact that I had been spinning anti-clockwise—as far as I could recall—told me this. I looked up and found to my astonishment that I was lying beneath some large tree-trunks, which I recognised as a type of primeval fern. After extricating myself from beneath these, leaving half my skin behind me—I stood up, looked about me and received the shock of my life! Before me stretched an immense swamp, dank and mysterious, covered in slime and water weed. Dotted here and there, reaching upwards like skeleton fingers, were several dead and dying trees. I could see gigantic dragonflies hovering over the reeking water, or resting lazily upon the fern-like fronds and reeds which were in abundance at the water's edge. But suddenly my attention was riveted upon a huge, dark object, one of many which I had taken for boulders, some distance out in the swamp. My eyes grew wide with horror, and my flesh started to crawl, as I saw one of them moving. It was only a slight movement, but I instinctively froze, and as I did so, a long, supple sinuous neck was lifted from beneath the water, and a small, serpentine head waved to and fro cautiously testing the air. The wind was blowing from him to me, thank heaven, so that the Brontosaurus, for that is what it was, could not scent me. I was aware of his short-sightedness, and knew that my best defence was stillness. Finding nothing amiss, the titanic creature of the swamp resumed his quiet browsing. I breathed a sigh of relief, and as I looked at the huge, metallic-grey lustrous body I wondered how so small a brain could control so large a body. I then remembered that he had in his possession another nerve centre near the base of his tail.

I dropped onto all fours and crawled to higher ground, where I could see the land behind the vast swamps. There was a green, fertile plain, sloping away to wooded foothills and, misted by distance, black forbidding mountains reaching upwards into the tawny primeval sky.

I wandered about some more, blazing a trail on trees, marking springs and making a rough path through the wilderness, until I had a rough know-

ledge of at least some of the area. But I also had the good sense to look for wood and a place of shelter. I searched about the higher ground and discovered where a fall of granite rock had formed a hollow into which I could squeeze. Once inside I found that here was the perfect hideout. It was spacious enough to accommodate me comfortably and was clean and dry. I at once built a fire, as night was approaching, and lit it by striking a spark with two rocks. I was hungry, but I dared not risk going out into the sinister blackness beyond the protective amber glow of the fire. Once or twice I saw dark shapes lumber by the tiny entrance, and heard dim, far-off shrieks of pain and chill terror. I shivered as I huddled into a niche and piled more wood on the fire for warmth. Imagine a man in such a position, in a strange, desolate, hostile country, without food or protection save that of a small cave and a fire. Weary with horror and exertion I fell asleep. . . .

The next few days—or was it weeks? (I had no idea of time apart from the rising and setting of the sun, but judged it to be about five days) I spent in gathering wood, improvising weapons (I had, and still have in my possession a rough spear, a stone axe; a flint for striking sparks, a grinding stone; also a pile of mammalian skins (mammals were on the scene, so I could be no further back than the Mesozoic era) and some rough drinking vessels and water pots, etc. I also had a large pit dug, lined with an animal skin for cooking meat.

My life was full of peril; the animals all about me—some of which I had had encounters with which still awaken me in the night, sweating and screaming with terror—knew my whereabouts; and knew them far more intimately than I knew theirs.

I noticed that I had become extremely agile and quick-witted, and on viewing myself in a clear pool for the first time one day was startled to see that I had grown shorter and stockier and was covered in a considerable amount of body hair. I had also noticed that my senses of smell, sight and hearing had intensified and that I had developed a strange sense which enabled me to perceive the near presence of an enemy.

One day, however, I almost met my end. Stalking a small flightless bird, I happened to step between two rocks, one of which was broad and short, the other tall, with a U-shaped cleft. I instantly realized that I was in danger and I meted back beyond the cleft, but simultaneous with my backward move, a huge animal, which I took to be an ancestor of the fox, but which was more like a mountain cat, jack-knifed through the cleft and landed a few feet in front of me. I could have used my spear, but one look at the animal's thick, furry hide told me that it would have no effect save to enrage the blood-hungry beast more. My only hope was to attain a hold on its back and split its thick skull in two. I glanced up at the cleft. If only I could get there . . . I judged the distance between me and my would-be killer. If he followed me, he would be almost directly beneath the cleft when I reached it. It would have to be split-second timing; but it was my only chance. I started towards the cleft, judging it to be about 3 feet; an easy jump. Suddenly, a terrific roar issued behind me and the creature sprang about six feet and sent me to the ground with the momentum of its spring. The wind was knocked out of me, but I struggled to free the arm in which

I was grasping my axe. The animal was scratching my back and arms, but I held its head back with my free arm so that its murderous fangs could not finish the job. I finally freed my arm, but was unable to use the axe at such an angle, and was helpless. The loss of blood was telling on my strength, and I remember thinking that on the third-last day of my stay in Pre-history I was to leave my skeleton to puzzle some archaeologist in years to come. I was suddenly aware that a huge, grey wolf had sprung into the scene, and with a howl of sheer fury it buried its muzzle into the neck of the animal which was trying to kill me. Forgetting its prey, the fox-like creature whirled to meet its enemy, dealing a smashing blow to the animal's ribs, which would have ended its life had the wolf not leaped aside at that instant. The battle lasted no more than five minutes. The wolf was too quick, and with lupine ferocity it pulled its slower victim to the earth, shaking it and snarling with terrifying ferocity. Was this to be my fate? In a last savage act the wolf tore at the lifeless body with malevolent hatred, and then turned his eyes, still coal-blazing with the kill-lust upon me, lying helpless. The smoulder died, and with love in his eyes, the 'wolf' hurled himself upon me and proceeded to lick me furiously. It was Thor. Thor, my brave, wonderful, faithful, loving Thor . . . Thor. What strange creatures men are! I soaked his great, grey shaggy mane with thankful tears. But what a change!

No longer before me was the black and tan, sleek, well groomed Alsatian which I had possessed. Before me was a wolf—a huge, grey, rangy animal with the scars of many recent and fierce battles upon him. He was not emaciated, but thin to the point of tireless endurance and strength—it is wonderful how nature tidies things up to suit the needs of her children. His muzzle was furry and grizzled and beneath were teeth such as no Alsatian would ever possess. They were the teeth of a wild animal which relies on its strength and ferocity to survive. But there was still the collar upon its great neck, almost buried in a shaggy tangle of thick hair, with his name, address and number upon it.

One day, an archaeologist will find, to his surprise and consternation, the skeletons of a man and a wolf—or dog, whichever he chooses—in the Eocene era, and will probably find the remains of a silver name plate. If he is diligent, he will also find, in a sealed stone jar, a manuscript—if paper and ink will last that long—and this story will become known to the world.

THE BEATLES

We three Beatles of Liverpool are
John in a taxi, Paul in a car,
George on his scooter
Bipping his hooter,
Following Ringo Starr.

We four Beatles of Liverpool are
One on drums, three on guitar,
John, Paul, and George Harrison,
Following Ringo Starr.

—ANONYMOUS, 3D.

THE NATURE OF THE PRESENT THREAT TO AUSTRALIA'S SECURITY

In view of Australia's vast spaces, her wide variety of raw materials, and her attractive climate, there seems little doubt that our country must rate highly in the eyes of Asian leaders such as Soekarno, Mao Tse-tung and the like, who make little secret of the fact that they desperately require new territory, preferably with a capacity for intensive agricultural and industrial development.

With this in mind it seems logical to assume that the greatest threat to Australia's security, a term best defined as meaning freedom and safety under our present form of democratic government, is a combination of the densely-populated Asian nations to the north and our own under-populated and by all accounts poorly-defended northern half.

Thus, the remedy lies partly with ourselves. The north must be made more attractive to settlement, perhaps by extending the beef cattle industry, by the construction of further irrigation schemes similar to the Ord and Fitzroy Rivers project, by further experiments in rice-growing to follow up the progress already made at Humpty Doo in the Northern Territory, or even by furthering the present bauxite plant at Weipa in Northern Queensland. Such ambitious projects require two basic ingredients—people and capital. The obvious solution to the former would be a relaxing of the controversial White Australia Policy, which I think is based greatly on racial prejudice, and the admittance to Australia of large numbers of suitable migrants from both Asia and Africa as well as Europe. The raising of capital is a more difficult problem which rests on the shoulders of the Federal Government—overseas loans or even new forms of taxation may be a solution.

Defence is another way in which we can help preserve our security. Far too much reliance is placed on the S.E.A.T.O. and A.N.Z.U.S. pacts, and not enough emphasis placed on extending the armed services and the C.M.F. If the position in S.E. Asia continues to deteriorate, our leaders will be forced to consider seriously the re-introduction of compulsory national service for all youths of our own age.

Another major threat to Australia's security, a threat more difficult to control or predict, is the aggression and obvious adherence to armed warfare displayed by Dr. Soekarno—the recent landings of Indonesian guerillas in Malaysia are enough proof of his intentions without the addition of his regular tirades against what he calls British neo-colonialism — and by Communist Chinese leader Mao Tse-tung. Both of these men have in their hands vast armies involving millions of dedicated men and women which make our total population of eleven million seem very meagre by contrast. In the event of open war our only hope of survival seems to lie with our allies under the previously mentioned treaties, the most important of which are Britain and the United States of America.

The whole question of defence and foreign threats to our security is of vital concern to us all, and I only hope, in view of our desperate position, that war remains a memory and does not become a reality.

—PETER WILKINSON, VI.

MT. MARTHA WHEN IT SIZZLES

This original piece of literature was written to enlighten the few and entertain the many.

At the beginning of summer where do the young primitives of the atomic age migrate to? The answer is, of course, that they flock by the thousands to that restful camping area at Mt. Martha, on the Mornington Peninsula. The area of sand between the Mt. Martha Yacht Club and Balcombe Creek is thickly populated by a group known as the "Mt. Martha Trogs".

There are many beneficial pastimes to be enjoyed. There is spear fishing, yachting, water skiing, jumping off the bridge and stomping on car roofs and watching them cave in. Surfing is great fun. The surf at Mt. Martha on occasions has been recorded to be at least one foot high. Of course for the more energetic, sporting-minded individual there is always the thrill of building sand castles.

Let us peek into this basket of goodies lying on the sand. Nobody is interested. They are watching a group of 'posers' in a speed boat. Hm, very interesting; bottles of peroxide, Vodka (and cans of tomato juice), packets of 'Aspros', hacksaws, chains, studded belts, switch-blade knives and banned books. The obscene one here is Noddy. There is also a photograph of that greatly admired star of motion picture and television, Frank Thring.

Travelling up Balcombe Creek in a tiny craft one can make many interesting observations. Firstly, the boat is not large enough to hold eight people. Secondly, in places the warm, gently-rippling brown water is two inches deep, and thirdly, we must all push. The soft green mud is squelching through your toes. This is ecstasy. The melodious voices of the bullfrog and the mosquito serenade you until the craft slides in to deep water. After that 'crude interlude' one can marvel at the picturesque scenery consisting of tea-tree, water and tea-tree. Five hours and four fish later that 'voyage of recovery' has concluded.

"Look out," cries someone in a frantic tone, "here comes the daily rush on the toilets and showers." Fortunately, the speed limit is 5 m.p.h., catering for such emergencies. The crude toilets pulsate as thousands issue forth. The queue diminishes. You are full of expectation. The shower is empty. But alas, hither and thither rush others of your own kind and to save time, vacate the same cubicle. After drying what moisture may have landed on your body you proceed to dress. Someone else is in your clothes. After the mistake has been rectified you fight your way outside again (dressed).

Night falls. After a meal of what looks like slithering serpents in a meaty mangle, Youth makes his way to the laundry. Here, strange rituals around the power points take place. Women heavily laden with washing and ironing are persuaded to leave by playing Eliers at full volume. If this is futile the mysterious Indian War Dance begins. Strange creatures with yellow hair and black beards, wearing dark glasses and unusual attire, perform these antics. The women look on, horrified, and then scuttle away. Now that Youth is left to his own devices, 'Unity in Diversity' takes action. The war between 'Beatles and Ball' begins. There is a mediator in this hot war. He sings the 'Sorberent' song. If you yearn for the cool stimulating night air, take a stroll along the beach. The waves lapping on your toes feel very inviting.

You take a dip. But be careful you do not go out of your depth. Sea level has been known to rise when a mass migration to the beach occurs.

You can do absolutely nothing at Mt. Martha but laze in the sun, or you can do any number of enjoyable things like eating and sleeping. That is the life. Why not meander down this Christmas, and you too can be awefully inspected in your natural summer surroundings.

—JOAN JOHNSTON, IVA.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL

The single classroom which made up the school was half full of children, and the teacher, an old, rather cross looking woman was standing at the front of the class. There were six girls and about nine boys. Their ages varied from seven to fourteen, with one or two older ones who came only once a week as they were doing apprenticeships.

One boy who was fourteen, and the oldest there, was sitting near the window and looking extremely bored. His name was Geoff and he was tall, fair haired and nicely built.

Geoff yawned and glanced out of the window. He sat up with a jerk and looked again. He wasn't seeing things after all.

Coming across the rough paddock which served as a school-ground were two animals. One was a huge, powerful-looking, golden dog and beside it was a young but tall, silver-cream colt.

Geoff watched them for a while but then he sensed someone standing over him. It was the old teacher and she, too, was looking out of the window. As they watched the two animals the other children gathered around to see the thing that was of such interest.

The teacher seeming to be quite unperturbed, turned and asked if anyone knew who they belonged to or where they had come from.

"I do," said Geoff. "They belong to me." The old woman was never more surprised, but glared unbelievably at Geoff, because no mere boy could possibly own two such fine animals.

Geoff immediately went outside and appeared at the window a few minutes later, sitting astride the colt. Then he gave a display of riding that any experienced stockman would hesitate to perform, even with a saddle and bridle, which Tam, the horse did not have.

There was now no doubt about who owned the two animals. The teacher changed her tone and told Geoff to leave his pets outside and to come in and finish the afternoon's work. When he was dismissed, Geoff rode home with his great yellow dog trotting contentedly behind.

—JUNE ETCHELL, 3E.

SHEEP

How strange it is that grazing sheep
Behave in such a manner;
They stand upon their breakfast,
They lie down on their dinner.

This would not seem so strange to us
If fish grew round our legs,
If we had floors of marmalade
And beds of buttered eggs.

—T. GITSHAM, IIB.

CROCODILE TEARS

"Why, oh why, must it happen to me!" sighed a lonely boy as he was sitting on a rock by the side of a cool gurgling stream.

"What is the matter, little boy?" asked a warm friendly voice.

"Oh, woe is me! I have lost my way in the forest and cannot find the right track," he started to sob loudly.

"Never mind lad, I will cheer you up, listen." A small old man with a wrinkled forehead sat down beside him.

"In the eventide, so long ago it is unimaginable, a crawling mammal came out of the sea to live on the land. His name was Croco-diletus (short for crocodile). He was very happy; for a while he lived on the land but found after a time he had to have water. By now he had wandered far from the sea and was lost. (Not really, but he didn't know where he was and that is the shortest word possible to say that he was not where he wanted to be.) He struggled through thick, dense forests with tangling undergrowth and prickly bushes. He breathed heavily as he climbed the high mountains to get to that water. However, the feat was just too much for him. Do you know what he did?" the old man asked.

"No," answered the small boy.

"He sat down like you are now and cried and cried and cried. He was just so unhappy. He cried all through that day and night and when he woke up in the morning he was so surprised. He found his coat was saturated (in those days they wore the buttoned up type coats which was much handier as they needn't have been killed for their coats) and that he was floating down a stream of tears. Now he was happy and laughed so much that little drops of water rolled down his cheeks. He cried because he was sad but also because he was happy.

"All through the day he built himself a raft and then next day set out on his long journey to the sea. He had many accidents but that did not deter him. He kept paddling on and on. His feet were getting rather tired by now and his body was beginning to drag and feel heavy, but that did not stop him; he paddled harder than ever. Through mountain valleys, sweeping across the plain. Oh, was he having fun!"

"Did he ride his tears all that way?" asked the lad.

"Oh yes, he was very unhappy when he cried. He did travel as far as that on his tears. Does that sound unbelievable to you? (It does to me.) Fancy riding on your tears. Oh well, back to my story. He had been drifting about for two years when his stream ran dry. But he was lucky; he had stopped just one hundred yards from the sea. He crawled as fast as he could to the sea and dived in and splashed and did all sorts of things in the water."

"I'll never leave the sea again," he thought, but he was foolish. God knew he was only thinking about himself and decreed that he must live on land and return to the water all the time." The old man stopped and took a deep breath.

"So if you see a crocodile cry, you will know it is because he has to go ashore. I hope that story has made you forget your unhappiness."

"Oh yes it has, thank you," and the little boy ran back into the forest.

A long slimy figure slipped into the stream and stealthily swam down stream. A small ripple on the side of the stream was all to show of that meeting between the little boy and the happy little man.

—KATHRYN CRAIK, IVA.

THE CHARM OF MURDER

What immense joy one may derive from the merciless slaughtering of another human being! What pride one feels at the taking of yet another life!

The feel of cold steel clenched tightly within my fingers exhilarates me beyond belief. A feeling of tremendous power surges through my body, as I see the knife plunging into some unsuspecting person's flesh, cutting, biting, moving infinitely inwards until it finally slashes some vital organ. The dying shrieks of agony still trembling on its lips, the lifeless corpse dully flops to the floor at my feet.

Now what to do with the body? Shall I dress it in its best Sunday suit, and immerse it in concrete to be sunk to the bottom of the canal? Perhaps it would be a better idea to see the cadaver dissolve in a bath of concentrated acid. No, I don't think so; it will be more fun to cut him into sections and send him piece by piece by mail to his brother. I will start with his fingers and his toes, then his legs and arms, finally working up to my triumph of butchery, my piece de resistance—the beautifully mutilated head. This will arrive in a shiny mahogany box with brass trimmings. When the lid is removed the brother will be treated to a delightful spectacle of a shrunken head, the bone completely removed and the lips stitched tightly together with a fine leather thong.

Anyway, now to proceed with my task before rigor mortis steps in. Drawing out my scimitar and my hacksaw I start the slitting of the skin. Slicing neatly through the tender red, bleeding meat surrounding his marrow I come to the bone—a task for my trusty hacksaw. Then the delightful sound of metal scraping, grinding through bone—a serenade to my ears. Not even the Beatles can surpass this melody.

Continuing with my task, I finally reach the stage where all that remains to do is the filleting and curing of the head, and the packing and mailing of various limbs. The torso I sell as various exotic dishes at my Asian cafe, and the customers never fail to wonder at my fabulous culinary powers.

Some months later the products of the killing have all petered out. The brother has been mentally tortured, my customers are fat and satisfied, and my own blood lust has been quenched. What now? Another murder of course! Now how shall it be done this time?

Gun?—no, too noisy!

Gas?—no, too long!

Poison?—no, my customers would suffer!

Rope?—yes, a rope would satisfy all my needs. I can watch the bulging eyes, the lolling tongue. A rope—yes, a rope. . . .

—JOHN GOODMAN, VI.

MY HOME

On first seeing our house from the front gate, the observer cannot fail to be lukewarm in his praise. Although a certain geometric dignity is present and although a little green shrubbery adds colour and gentleness, the building is certainly the worse for wear.

The paint on spouting and fascia boards has become flaky and many years of rough weather have chipped it in many areas, leaving an untidy mottled surface showing considerable age. The tiles have lost some of their former brightness and vivacity. They appear to have given up the struggle against Nature.

In the front garden, surrounding a patchy, unkempt lawn, a few flowers are feebly battling to put forth pale dabs of colour to grace the unimpressive scene. Their efforts are largely in vain, due to the lack of that labour to give them the encouragement they need.

A description of the house would be incomplete without a mention of its complementary partners in suffering, the garage and the workshop. These latter, defiantly resisting the ravages of time, lurch drunkenly into the main building for shelter, crying out for a few nails and a tin of paint. Maybe their request will be granted sometime. . . .

In Springtime, the raucous shrieks of gluttonous fledglings in nests cleverly hidden in cracks in the eaves are hardly a pleasant tune. However, when their din later becomes the harmonious melody of full-grown thrushes and blackbirds, we are the last to complain.

The back at first sight is hardly more encouraging. But when one searches beneath the overgrowth of straggling weeds and grass, one is surprised to find that there actually does happen to exist a number of garden beds, having some (slight) measure of success in producing crops of vegetables from the impoverished, waterlogged, neglected soil. If I had less homework, some semblance of order and neatness might appear.

Inside, our house is quite clean and tidy, thanks to the diligence of Mother. There are many bookshelves, filled with volumes collecting dust and moths; there is so little time in this frenzied, frantic existence to unlock literary treasures such as line our shelves.

This house and surrounds I have been describing is more than an impersonal structure of brick, plaster and timber. It is the only home I have ever known. My whole earthly life is centred around it. However, surely it would be even more friendly and warm if it were less like so many other buildings in the street, and if less hard and stark materials and methods were used in its making? But when savoury odours of a well-cooked meal greet me on return home from a gruelling day at school, do I complain?

—GEOFF EDWARDS, 5A.

OVERHEARD AT LOCKERS ABOUT 4 P.M.

SENIOR: "Who are you shoving?"

JUNIOR: "Dunno, what's your name?"

FRENCH

QUESTION: Conjugate the verb "to laugh".

ANSWER: Je smile, tu giggles, il laugh, nous roarons, vous splitez, ils burstent.

—CHERYL WATERS, IIB.

HOME GARDENING

One hobby which I enjoy very much is home gardening. The purpose of this article is to try and persuade thoughtful readers to join the happy clan of home horticulturists.

It has often been argued that home vegetable-growing is pointless; that when the cost of fertilizer, seed, tools and so forth is taken into account, it is cheaper, and certainly less troublesome, to buy vegetables in the shops. This is taking, however, a very limited and materialistic view of the subject.

My reasons for taking an interest in horticulture are far removed from any thought of monetary saving. In this destructive day and age, there is a lot to be said for the feeling of pride, of achievement, that one experiences in producing an attractive harvest from lifeless raw materials. Pride in construction is a quality well worth having.

There are few more pleasant activities than throwing homework to the winds on a Saturday and spending several hours in physical exertion in the garden. One finishes feeling less tired and far more relaxed than before. Gardening is an outlet for the nervous tensions and mental strains of the preceding week.

There is no more peaceful and quiet spot in the world than a garden. Close to Nature, one is close to the Creator; the upsurging of one's spirit, the elevating of the soul experienced in an hour's communion with the natural world are worth any expense in time, labour or money to be obtained. Yet, like all the best things in life, they are virtually free. The calm, the serenity, the stillness and freshness of a garden, especially after a thunderstorm and showers, is better experienced than described.

I am very sorry that time does not permit me more frequent contact with our garden.

—GEOFF EDWARDS, 5A.

THE GAZELLE

Slowly and cautiously
she came to the water-hole.

She arched her dainty neck,
to drink the cool water.

The air was still
as she watched—
listened.

Birds jeered at her,
as she stood—lonely,
without a friend.

Suddenly the jeering accusers
were silenced,

as the arrogant king
stalked onto the scene.

His brown eyes glistened
like jewels against
his forest of fur.

Then he sprang at her,
with his talon like claws outstretched,
his cruel teeth ready to strike—

but as fleet as the wind
she darted off into the darkening shadows.

—COLLEEN TAYLOR, ID.

VENGEANCE

The faint light dims, the mountains tower,
Ever growing higher in the dark,
The wind chants, the trees sway
Like dancers to the jazzy swing.
The rocks crouch like ever watchful
Sentries, that guard
The hidden treasures of the night.
And man still sleeps
While nature calls her children
To this the vengeant council.
No more will man's flashing axe
Fell the boughs.
While all is night the conqueror sleeps.
He sleeps, and yet
His will goes on as torrent turns to pond,
Forest becomes a clearing and open land
A farm.
All night the vengeant council whispers
While man, he sleeps.
But day must dawn
And in the morning light the master calls
His axes to their task.
Nature mocks the man who calls.
His will shall be denied
For now it comes, the wind, the rain,
The storm.
Buffeting the trees as in eerie harmony
They laugh.
Man, no longer king, flees
Runs from nature's mighty wrath
Yet he shall not escape—for the world
Has willed it so.
Even the mighty sun is lost to him
As cloud obscures the sky.
Where once a pool,
There is a rush of water deep and strong
Pierce with desire of man's destruction.
All these, and then the holocaust,
Sweeps horrifying tongues to lick at man.
Devour his feet, his heart, his brain, his very soul.
And man the conqueror, he falls,
A victim of himself.

—ALLISON CLARK, IVA.

SOME PEOPLE

Do you know any people
Who are always, always bright?
They're absolutely maddening
And think that they're so right.

When you plan to have a picnic
And it rains, you feel vexation,
But they say, "Well, you've had the fun
Of the anticipation."

You'd like to hit them, but you don't,
'Twould not be kind, you fear,
And, really, all they've tried to do
Is to give you some good cheer.

You'd feel much better if something
At them you could have hurled,
But, anyway, I s'pose it takes
All sorts to make a world.

—K. HUDSON, IIE.

JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY

A man of grace and ease,
Full of love and quick to please,
Endowed with wit,
Tolerant and fair,
We all knew J.F.K. was there.

He was a special kind of man,
A leader who never ran
From troubles, big or small,
He calmly smiled,
And faced them all.

This man, called John,
Has but a short time gone,
But in our hearts
We love him still,
And remember him we always will.

—ANONYMOUS.

A SUPERSTITIOUS FOOL

I found a four leaf clover
Yesterday, while playing sport,
So I put it in my pocket,
To bring me luck I thought.

I placed it 'neath my pillow
With the utmost care.
And when I woke next morning,
It was tangled in my hair.

I broke a dish at breakfast,
Spilt cornflakes on the floor,
My mother couldn't stand it
And kicked me out the door.

I know the wind was blowing,
And the screws weren't very tight,
But I was not expecting
To be hit by the porch light.

Not to be discouraged,
I went along my way,
Thinking as I went,
I'd have a lucky day.

I touched the four leaf clover,
Some luck to bring me true,
And a rotten apple hit me,
Like a bolt from out the blue.

The day dragged slowly onward,
I thought 'twould never end,
My fountain pen was leaking
And my dress in need of mend.

At last, the school bell ringing,
I raced out from the room,
Only to be confronted by
The cleaner's dusty broom.

When I arrived at home,
My wits were at their end.
That dratted four leaf clover,
Had driven me round the bend.

P.S.: I gave it to my sister.

—BARBARA WAGSTAFF, IIIA.

BEWITCHED

The night is black; the moon is pale;
I hear the Night Wind moan and wail;
The reeds bow down; the grass lies low;
Over the moor the shadows go.
The rivers rage, the lake waves froth;
The night is filled with wild, wild wrath.
I tremble by the glowing coal;
The Night Wind cries like a lost, damned soul.
The fire gives out an eerie light,
I wonder . . . "will they come tonight?"

A rushing of air, a swishing of wings,
Over the roof, the Night Wind sings.
Like a blanket of evil they cover the place.
I am on my knees; I hide my face.
They are scratching, searching. My heart grows
cold;
I pray to God that the windows hold.
O horrible night! I crouch in fear,
As I hear them scrabble and scratch and tear
Their hideous wings I hear a-flutter,
They are flapping and clawing at every shutter!

I close my eyes and cover my ears;
My mind whirls back o'er the terrible years;
Every night when the full moon pales,
Every night when the Night Wind wails,
Over my rooftop I hear them fly,
And I sob, "Oh, that I could but die."
I see that old, old woman croon
"Dark wings, dark wings by the pale, pale moon!"
In flames I hear her shrieking still
These screams! They make my blood turn chill!

I remember—she screamed as the flames grew high
"You will wish for death, but you will not die!
You will search, but death will not be found!"
Then while the cruel flames licked around
She shrieked her curse into the sky!
I saw her, screaming, cursing, die!
How true, her terrible prophecy;
I wish for death, but I cannot die!
My mind grows dim, my senses fail
I hear the Night Wind moan and wail!

—K.B.

NATURE

Have you ever looked at slender trees,
When their leaves rustle in the breeze?
Have you ever listened to the song of birds,
Stopped and heard their chirping words?

Do you ever stare at the blue, blue sky
And wonder why it is way up so high?
Do you ever hear the hum of bees,
Or hear the surging of rolling seas?

Have you ever strolled through shady nooks,
And listened to the rippling of babbling brooks?
Have you ever chased a butterfly,
Or has it flown much, much too high?

Do you ever get wet in icy showers?
Have you ever noticed the petals of flowers?
Have you ever noticed the petals unfurled?
All of this is Nature's World.

—J. ORFORD, IIIA.

HIS DAY OF RECKONING

With a song in his heart,
And a smile on his lips,
He ascended the heavenly stair.
An atmosphere of immortality
Drifted through the air.
His hand was still and steady
He felt confident and ready
To meet his master face to face,
In the tranquillity of that place.

Then all at once there was doubt
He wanted to run and shout
To tell every unsuspecting man
To do his utmost if he can
At any price,
In any way,
Use any vice,
But be certain that men know
And at all costs do not go
To the church on their wedding day.

—JOAN JOHNSTON, IVA.

SPORTS DAY

The girls and boys in green and grey
Stand in lines of neat array.
The teachers running to and fro,
To naughty children give a blow.

Libby's hair is not tied back,
And Susan's dress looks like a sack.
No students care what people say,
Today is Ashwood High's Sports Day.

Down to the station now they rush,
With passers-by caught in the crush,
And Jacquie almost drops her bag
When treading on some dear old hag.

They're standing on the platform now,
Lorraine is chewing like a cow.
Now comes the train, and there's a fight,
Marlene shoves with all her might.

Jenny S. is in distress,
Because her school hat is a mess,
Some cruel child pulls Inta's plait,
And Beryl nearly gets squashed flat.

At last at Richmond they arrive,
The train is like a swarming hive
Until its load of children sweet
Have gone their victory to meet.

In the main the day was fun,
Although some girls got too much sun.
One opened a can to quench her thirst,
Unfortunately she shook it first.

The students all return at last,
Marg's streamers waving like a mast.
And home they go, worn out and tired,
But all the same they're filled with pride (?)

—ANON., 3A.

THE EUPHAMUMPHIS

JON GOOBNAM, VI

Adopted by Form VI boys as their national
common-room symbol.

Emerging from its cavernous cavern in a cavernly cliff on the lost atoll of "Springa," in the "Wily" Sea, the mighty, marvellous and splendid euphamumphis emitted a squeek peculiar to its species and shed its sequinous, ostentate scaly shell.

Stretching its armature and its five features, whilst vibrating its ten knee-caps, the omnipotent wonder lowered its eyelid with a crattles, munchers, chncks and burps. (The latter named usually occurs with an increase in the syze of its eye pupil.) These knoisen normally immunate from the left neecap of its forth ligature; however if the euphamumphis contracts larringitis it uses sine language. This sine language it performs with its tentaculars, which emurge from its broad feet, which emurge from its narrow (nee-cap split) legs, which in turn emurge from the euphamumphis' lower (or bassen) eye-lid.

Unfortunately the euphamumphis is a knoisy munchter and the digestion of these sputniks is accomkneedy by differious spearks, crattles, munchers, chncks and burps. (The latter named usually occurs with an increase in the syze of its eye pupil.) These knoisen normally immunate from the left neecap of its forth ligature; however if the euphamumphis contracts larringitis it uses sine language. This sine language it performs with its tentaculars, which emurge from its broad feet, which emurge from its narrow (nee-cap split) legs, which in turn emurge from the euphamumphis' lower (or bassen) eye-lid.

The euphamumphis, altho an amphibimarine, deems to spend most of its day bascking in the splorrid heat under the brazening sun, and only occasionally does it swlde beneath the calm waves into its coolthy retreat off the Isle of "Springa."

LET'S THINK

Examinations are formidable, even to the best prepared, for the greatest fool may ask more than the wisest man can answer.—Anon.

The object of teaching a child is to enable him to get along without a teacher.—Anon.

A MOUNTAIN SCENE

The view is very picturesque from the top of a cool green mountain. On one side you may see a wonderful view of the valley below, while on the other, there is a vast plain, or the summits of other mountains. There is also a rippling brook winding its way down the side to the small river below.

—ZOLA RECHTER, IC.

If you wish in this world to advance,
Your merits you're bound to enhance,
You must stir it, and stump it,
And blow your own trumpet,
Or trust me, you haven't a chance.

—R. ANDERSON, IIIA.

Training is everything. The peach was once a bitter almond; cauliflower is nothing but a cabbage with a college education.

—R. ANDERSON, IIIA.

"A SNAKE YARN"

One day my grandfather went out to finish ploughing one of his fields (for he was a farmer) and as noon drew near he thought he might have his lunch, so he headed his team of faithful horses towards the chaff shed.

Now this shed was half full of sacks of chaff for the horses and Granddad kept one of these bags only half full because it was a very comfortable seat.

This particular day, after unharnessing his horses he went in to eat his lunch. It was a very tasty meal but he never knew what it tasted like, for, after unwrapping his sandwiches, he sat down on the half sack of grain thinking how pleasant it would be to have a nice long rest. But he wasn't sitting down long; within half a second he was on his feet again, dropping his lunch in a bucket of wheat pickle (which is poisonous) in the process. The sack had moved under him. He grabbed a plough-chain and started striking the sack with all his might, showering chaff in every direction.

A city person passing by would probably have thought he was quite mad, but he had a very good reason for his odd behaviour, for after the sack was well and truly pounded and the hail of chaff had subsided, my Grandfather tipped up the ruined wreck of the sack and out fell a piece of what had once been a huge tiger snake.

Lamenting the loss of his lunch, he went back to work.

—MARGARET PHILLIPS, 3D.

THE DEATH OF TEACHERS

FROM "KING RICHARD II" BY WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE — A SLIGHT VARIATION

For God's sake, let us sit upon our desks
And tell sad stories of the death of teachers:—
How they have been overthrown, some drowned
in ink,
Some haunted by the threats of students banned
from class;
Some smothered by dusters; some crushed by
pupils;
All demoralized: for within the mortar board
Which rounds the throbbing temples of a teacher
There is little sense; and there the students sit,
Scoffing his knowledge, and grinning at his
unawareness.

As if the room which surrounded his class,
Were impervious to sound; but then at last
Through corridors, the noise arrives at the office,
The head investigates, and—farewell teacher!

—JOHN GOODMAN, VI.

THAT SPRING FEELING

A game hunter returning from an expedition was confronted by a ferocious lion which was not 20 feet away. As the lion sprang the hunter fired and missed, and the lion, which had landed some 20 feet behind the hunter, ran off into the bush. The following day as the hunter was practising shooting at close range he heard a noise in the bushes to his right. On investigating, he found it was the lion practising short leaps.

—G. MAWBY, IIC.

A NIGHT'S SLEEP

The school-day is over, the homework delayed,
The clock moves on relentlessly;
Sleep's heavy hand can no longer be stayed—
I succumb helplessly.

The soft, quiet stillness of the night-air around
Lulls me to rest.
I sink into the pillow, relaxation at last found;
This is life at its best.

But then a train rumbles by,
Why at this time?
The factory night-shift starts up, why
Do people see sleep as a crime?

Oh, why won't that neighbour's cat quit its wail,
The wretched so-and-so of a beast;
Whenever I need rest, it starts without fail—
Someday they will find it "deceased".

Then there's that rooster outside somewhere,
Is there no peace at all?
And howling dogs, it's just not fair,
My night's sleep begins to pall.

Finally, in the East breaks the Dawn;
The next day begins.
A new day, with all its trouble and toil, all borne
After a night when insomnia wins.

—GEOFF EDWARDS.

SILVER MISTS

Morning mists, silver and white,
Clothe the valleys in wondrous light;
As we approach the light of day,
Silently they creep away.

Evening mists, gentle and grey,
Warn us night is on its way;
Soon stars above, so bright and clear,
Keep hope and faith forever near.

—CHERYL WATERS, IIIB.

THE FIGHT OF THE BRUMBIES

A shrill whinny broke out from the stallion,
All the mares turned their heads to see
A mighty black horse on a rock;
Who was ready to fight for victory.

The gallant leader of the herd,
A huge and powerful grey,
Trotted calmly over to fight him,
In the eerie mist of May.

Flailing hooves went flying,
And enraged whinnies echoed all round,
Then suddenly all was silent,
For the grey lay dead on the ground.

So the black was the new leader,
As he had bravely fought, and won,
And the horses turned to graze again,
In the warm and strengthening sun.

—SUE MUNRO, IC.

THE UNFORGIVING SUN

The lack of water was agonising, the heat was affecting the mind. The red dust and rock stretched flat for miles around, broken only by a monadnock, jutting lazily from the surrounding plain. The thin sun-bleached buffalo grass scraped for an existence amid the over-heated craze of rocks.

He was the sole survivor of the disastrous fire that had destroyed the C.S.I.R.O. research station in the fiery centre of the land "down under". The sole survivor . . . the last one . . . out of fifteen, he was the only one that was left.

Why hadn't they come? Surely they would have realized that something was amiss when the regular radio reports ceased. It was almost five days since that fire had destroyed fourteen men, the radio, valuable tracking equipment and the main food store. Water had been running low even before the fire, and much had drained away through holes made by the flames, the fire having started near the water shed. Now he had only half a pint. His food supply was almost as low—most of it having been burnt to useless masses of charred substance in the fire.

All this he recalled as he lay there, trying to make use of the little shade that the buffalo grass gave. Crash! His water was gone. He did not know how; neither did he care. He couldn't care, for the heat was scorching, blinding, apt to send anyone insane.

He staggered to his feet, calling out to the devil to take him, and he stumbled, blinded by the scorching light into the dry creek bed; and there he lay, pierced by the weather-sharpened rib bone of a dead cow.

Ten minutes later, the rescue plane droned overhead.

—DAVID PENMAN, IVA.

SOUNDS I LIKE AND DISLIKE

The sound of rain pitter-pattering on the roof is an eerie but a very musical sound. The howl of the wind when you are alone can sound very frightening, especially on a dark cold night.

Boiling milk hisses softly and when poured produces a gurgling sound. When an owl hoots on a dark night when you are in bed, it sometimes has a startling effect if you have just been asleep. This is a sound I dislike.

The clanking of trams and the honking of car horns in a busy square is very boisterous. Often you can hear the shouts and orders of men working on a new building and then the noise of the crane which is lifting some heavy girder can be heard above the din of workmen.

—ALAN STUDLEY, ID.

SOMEONE'S HAT

Mrs. Smithe's hat very closely resembled a bowl of fruit salad! Apples, pears, grapes and other fruits were liberally scattered about it, and it looked as if she had taken a bowl, put some fruit in it, and perched it on her head. Then Mrs. Jones walked past her, wearing an identical hat! I almost felt sick for poor Mrs. Smithe, as she hurried home to take it off.

—THERESA MEADE, IC.

THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACKNESS

SHORT STORY

All of a sudden the lights went out. I was alone, in my den, with only the pitch black for company. I knew there were some matches lying around, so I scrambled to my feet and began groping around the room. And as I put my hand forth to the light switch, after a vain attempt at looking for the matches, something was pressed into my hand. The latter withdrew, and the former fell to the floor with a rattle. It was obviously the match-box.

I managed to raise a feeble, quivering "grunt".

Silence still reigned, so I feverishly began to try and open the door, but stopped suddenly when I realized that it was gone, replaced by a wall.

I swung round. My eyes were becoming accustomed to the dark, and ahead of me, I could see a shadowy form, mildly resembling an ape. I saw two large, red glows and finally came to the conclusion that they were eyes. I fell to the ground, in a frightened shuddering heap, when I heard a hideous inhuman laugh, followed immediately by a swishing noise, such as one would expect a flying bat to make. BAT! The mere mention of the word made me quiver even more, for I also have heard those flesh creeping tales of "Dracula" and "The Bat".

My trembling head was lifted suddenly up, by a pair of grotesque hands, and I found myself staring into a face that not even Edgar Allan Poe could have dreamed up. It had closely cropped white hair bunched up on its long, thin, black face. Its shoulders met somewhere above its crown, and its body resembled that of an ape, with bat wings jutting hideously out of its hunched back.

Suddenly it ripped at my face with one of its grotesque hands, and after the pain, I felt the trickle of warm blood, down my cheek and chin.

The beast then hopped up and began flying round the room, till it disappeared.

I awoke, still at my desk, in my den. The lights were on. I jumped up, scanned the empty room, then dashed across to the mirror, where peering in, I focused on four long, thin scars on the side of my face. How could those scratches have healed so quickly? Was my experience a true happening or did I dream it? What will people say when they hear about my adventure? But wait, no one will ever know, because you see I am dumb, and therefore cannot speak, to tell anyone of this night, and my acquaintance with "the creature from the blackness".

—R. SPRINGTHORPE, IIIB.

MY FAVOURITE COUNTRY SCENE

My favourite country scene is about four miles out of Healesville, just before entering Maroondah Park, which is next to Maroondah Dam. You can just catch a glimpse of the high Dam wall which towers above even the tallest trees. There are many of our Australian Gum trees on the hillside and beautiful old, and new houses scattered about. There is a lovely old two-storey home, which is painted red and white, that adds even more beauty to the scene.

—THERESA MEADE, IC.

NO FLIES ON THESE REPLIES!

Here are twenty replies by waiters to that well-known complaint by a diner: "Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

1. There is no extra charge, sir.
2. They don't drink much, sir.
3. Well, at least we got the fly-paper out, sir!
4. I'll throw it a lifebelt, sir.
5. It's the hot water that kills them, sir.
6. Yes sir, see—it's learning to swim!
7. I'll phone the R.S.P.C.A. at once, sir.
8. As a matter of fact you nearly had two, sir, but the other one was drowned.
9. It's quite all right, sir, the spider in the bread roll will soon get it.
10. Could you please be a bit more quiet, sir, or everyone will want one.
11. I think it will reach the other side very quickly, sir.
12. Let's rescue it, sir. It might drown!
13. If you will look at the menu, sir, it's fly soup today.
14. It's not a fly at all, sir. Flies simply don't swim like that.
15. Oh, yes sir! Isn't it pretty!
16. It's all right, sir. It's dead.
17. Yes, sir, it's a specialty of the house.
18. Well sir, the cook did his best.
19. Hold on! I'll get the insecticide at once, sir.
20. It isn't soup, sir. It's broth!

—STEVEN ECKFELD, IA.

SAD STORY OF A BIRD WATCHER

Young Fred was only sixty-three
Or somewhere thereabouts, when he
Began to show in divers ways
The early stages of the craze
For learning the particulars
Of gay young gals and motor cars.
He started with a little book,
To enter numbers which he took,
And, though his mother often said,
"Now do be careful, my young Fred.
Oh Dear! Oh, Dear! What shall I do
If anyone makes love to you?
(Which our young Fred could hardly know,
And sometimes told his mother so.)
It didn't check his zeal a bit,
But rather seemed to foster it;
Indeed it would astonish you
To hear of all the things he knew.
Now when a boy thinks day and night
Of gay young gals with all his might,
He gets affected in the head,
And so it was with our young Fred.
And when he got to school he tried
To park himself all day inside,
At which the Head became irate,
And quickly showed to him the gate.
Crossing the road Fred paused awhile
To view a gay young gal of style,
That was the end of poor young Fred,
A car came by and left him dead.

—MALCOLM CAMPBELL, IIIA.

LIVERPUDLIAN GROUPS

There are three groups from the Merseyside,
The Beatles, The Searchers,
And the Dave Clark Five.

To follow them up and ride on their backs,
We have The Kinks, The Zombies,
And the Applejacks.

To make the sound grow,
As well you must know,
We must not leave out The Tremoloes.

A group on stage that looks so neat,
Is commonly known
As the Merseybeats.

—"4 LIVERPOOL SOUND FANS," 3D

The Group that came in '64,
Whom we all love and adore,
John, George, Ringo and also Paul,
Makes the sound that bids us call.

They hail from Liverpool, it's told,
Loved by all, young and old.
We dig their crazy way-off beat,
It makes us want to stamp our feet.

—G. DEMMLER & L. ANDREWS, IVC.

SIR RINGO'S LOVER

Sir Ringo rode up to his lover's door,
His armour so heavy, he fell on the floor,
He picked himself up and rang on the bell,
Only to find his lover not well.

Now Sir Ringo being a stubborn chap,
Wanted to know more of this sudden mishap,
So he ran round the back to climb up a vine,
But half-way up fell, nearly breaking his spine.

Not to be discouraged, he climbed up a tree,
But on the way up he was stung by a bee,
Sir Ringo, becoming just a little bit vexed,
Sat on a log and thought, what to do next.

Sir Ringo looked up to the window so high,
Then looked at his height with a hopeless sigh,
How he wished he was tall, he got madder and
madder,
Then what should he see but a shiny new ladder.

He put the new ladder against the wall,
And when he reached the top gave out his call,
The window was opened and who should appear,
But his one and only, sweet-heart dear.

Sir Ringo got such an awful fright,
When at last she did come into sight
Her hair in rollers, her face in mud,
Sir Ringo fell with a sudden thud.

He jumped on his horse and rode away,
And hasn't been seen to this very day,
But if on your screen you see him there,
You'll hear him singing Yeah, Yeah, Yeah!

—J. ORFORD, IIIA.

TARANTELLA ON THE CROSS-COUNTRY

Do you remember the run,
Dear Friend?
Do you remember the run?
And the straining that's pertaining
To all excessive training,
And those who were graining and those who were
moaning,
And those who were beginning to bend?
And the cheers and the jeers as each runner
appears,
Flodding, staggering on to the end?
Do you remember the run, dear friend,
Do you remember the run?

And the cheers and the jeers as each runner
appears,
Whose muscles are torn,
And whose hopes are forlorn,
And the wheezing of his breath and his lungs?
And the Blow! Blast! (and worse)
Of the curse
Of the hapless on the ground, and the sound
Of his friends all jeering,
Sneering,
Appearing,
Laughing and leering,
Hurrying to their unlucky companion, run
To make fun—
And the Thid, Thod, Thud on to the bend!
Do you remember the run,
Dear Friend?
Do you remember the run?

Never again,
Dear Friend,
Never again.
Only a sport for men
Who are reaching a score not after ten
All bare

Is the route of the moot, destitute
Of any
Of the feet of athletes, and is there
All bare
But for the shoe
Left by the one who never knew.

—CHERYL WATERS, IIIB.

THE WITCH

She flew through the air with the greatest of ease
That old cackling witch with the knobby knees
She rides on a broom in front of the moon
With her cloak on her back and her cat on her
broom.

Screaching and screaming when the rain is
a-teeming,
Weaving mean wicked spells without any meaning.
Then her battery went flat and she fell in the
swamp,
Landing upside down with quite a big plomp.

Cobwebs and dust, frog's legs and toads,
Make of her house an evil abode.
Warts on her face, clothed all in black,
The wicked old witch and her wicked black cat.

—COLLEEN TAYLOR, ID.

ASH—7

DEATH IN THE CORRIDOR

Dedicated to those who survived

The day of the injections has arrived, and the yellow cards are distributed to those who desire a long, healthy life, free from T.B.

A voice emerging from the public address system kindly advises all teachers that "anyone who wishes to have the injection may line up with the pupils." Our teacher freezes and turns white as a marble statue.

We each roll up our left sleeve and bravely walk out of the room with our yellow cards. All too soon we reach the line. We begin to wonder how long it takes for a needle to become blunt—after twenty people, or perhaps thirty? I know it makes no difference of course, for at least fifty people have gone before me.

Teachers stroll up and down the line enjoying our plight. Some boys boast of previous ordeals, drawing weak laughs from their hearers until someone faints and all is quiet again.

Finally we arrive in the specially prepared room. Somewhere from out of the mist comes a strong, sinewy arm which seizes my card, grabs my arm, and rubs something on it. My arm turns to ice. Like a zombie I walk on.

In front of me stands the biggest, toughest, strongest, healthiest boy in my form.

The doctor gives him the injection. I see the needle slowly submerge under his skin. The poor boy weakly emits a faint sigh and collapses. The doctor draws his instrument out again—minus the needle, just as two over-worked stretcher bearers emerge, sponging their brows with soaked handkerchiefs. I resolve not to faint.

By now I have practically turned to jelly.

"Next please."

My heart stops beating, but under the pressure of some unknown, and unexplained force I somehow move forward, and await the unknown.

"Next please."

It is over! I did not even feel it! My heart starts beating again, and blindly I begin to move forward.

Dazedly walking out through the door I am handed a paper. My heart sinks as I read of the further tortures I must yet endure as a result of my injection. Half-way down the corridor all goes blank. . . .

—COLIN X (D.O.A.)

CRAZY VERSE

Mary had a parrot tame,
(She killed it in her rage,
Because when Mary's boy friend came
The parrot told her age.

She also had a little lamb;
She fed it kerosene,
One day it got too near the fire,
Since then it's not benzine.

The porcupine may have its quills,
The elephant his trunk,
But when it comes to common scents
My money's on the skunk!

—STEVEN CURTIS, IIE.

THE BEATLE PHENOMENON

What is it that makes people, particularly girls, reach the verge, and sometimes beyond the verge of hysteria at the sight of the Beatles, or any other similar group? What is it that will make them eat the cores of apples dropped by the Beatles like wild beasts? What is it that makes them scream like maniacs at the sight or sound of such a star? Is it the Beatles themselves? Is it their commercial backing? Or is it that the world is going absolutely haywire?

Firstly, the Beatles themselves—are they devils or angels? This question is quite unanswerable, as their horns or halos, whatever they may be, are completely hidden by their hairstyles. They are obviously a very lively and energetic group, and this is what has most endeared them to their fans. The critics hail them as one of the few modern groups who can really play their instruments and sing harmoniously. This, of course, adds oil to the fire called Beatlemania, but it is still only an additive, not the basic fuel. Many other groups have been successful without the acclamation of the critics, so what is their basic fuel?

The only possible cause of this ludicrous state of affairs is the overwhelming power of commercialism over a certain section of the community who want to be "in the mob". What "the mob" does is controlled by the advertisers—their clothes, the Beatles admit, are chosen for them. These clothes are advertised to the extent that anyone who does not wear them is considered an ancient "square," raking in millions of pounds for the producer. This commercial interest is the buttress behind the Beatles' success, and this is the prime cause of the Beatles phenomenon.

—COLIN OLIVER, IVA.

WONDER DRUG

Ell Bailey was a rough old man
Who drank stale ale from an old tin can,
He lived in the township of Snurd on the Murray,
And relished such dishes as codfish and curry.

But he had a terrible backache, that worried him so,

To the man who could fix it, he'd heap on the dough,

Now into the township came a man with a suitcase,
A tall looking man with a freckled face.

This feller went to the pub and stood outside,
And began boasting of 'a wonder drug' with audible pride,

"It's a special formula, known only by me,
It cures anything from gout to dysentery."

"Chuck me a bottle," shouted old Bill,
Took one swig and stood stock still,
"Heck! It tastes like creek water, it's gone to my head,"

Took a deep breath and dropped stone dead.

The townspeople grabbed the tall, freckled man,
And drowned him in a rain-water can,
Snurd on the Murray is now deathly quiet,
And the ghost of the tall man prowls at night.

—CHRIS TRUSSLER, IIID.

A NARROW ESCAPE

It was Tuesday, 11th October 1941, and the time was 7.00 a.m. as we were scrambled for the second time that morning. It took us five minutes flat, to gather our flying kits and board our aircraft ready for the take off. I am Flight Lieutenant John Hobbs, leader of flight formation B. Our Spitfires had been re-fitted only a week ago and our aircraft were straining on the chocks. Then we were away, the engine revs. increasing rapidly, and so did our ground speed . . . 10 . . . 20 . . . 35 . . . 50 . . . 75 . . . 100 miles per hour, and we were airborne.

Our destination was six miles off the English coast and we were to intercept a large formation of enemy bombers making their way towards London. We immediately climbed to an altitude of three thousand feet and set course towards our targets. We held a right formation, and then opened our throttles fully. Within minutes we sighted our objectives and proceeded to attack on their blind side . . . out of the sun.

A-formation led the first attack, sending the three leaders earthwards. We recognized our foes as German Dornier bombers. Now it was our turn. I led my force in an almost vertical dive, breaking the bomber formation up and causing havoc amongst the crews. Two more bombers screamed earthwards, but one Spitfire also crashed into the sea. He had been over-confident and found a bomber's accurate shooting too much. Fortunately, he bailed out and was picked up by the Navy.

In this dogfight I was to get three aircraft and was almost to lose my life. I saw a crippled Dornier trying to make its way back to its squadron, and I thought this a good opportunity to make my tally fifteen. Then I made my mistake; instead of attacking the enemy from behind, I climbed to make an attack from above. While climbing and manoeuvring for attack, we had already crossed the coast of France.

Suddenly, the Dornier crashed and I was alone in enemy occupied territory. A barrage of flak was aimed at me of strength such as I have never experienced. Every square foot around me was a chaos of black smoke and of whistling cannon shells. It was a miracle that my plane has not been hit sooner, but eventually, I felt the shudder and the tearing sound of fabric ripping. Then I found that my plane would not answer to the controls, so I slapped back the canopy and jumped.

As I descended towards a cultivated field, escape was my one main thought. I could see a German patrol making towards the field and I knew that my time was limited. "Thud". I had hit the soft earth. As quickly as I could, I whipped off my harness and made towards a small thicket. No sooner had I reached the outskirts than a German, surely from the patrol, raised his rifle and shot me at point-blank range.

On awakening, I found myself in a strange house—probably a French farm. The farmer, called Toni, was a Resistance man and had carried me from the thicket to his farm. The German's bullet had grazed me and knocked me unconscious. The German, thinking me dead, had not bothered to make sure that I had been killed. Toni had found me still breathing, and had treated my wounds and given me food.

In a few days I was well enough to walk and

Toni had given me a route by which I might make my way back to England. After many weeks of frightening experiences, and travelling over half of France, I eventually caught a small craft which had made its journey from England at the request of the Resistance.

—NEIL WHELAN, IIIA.

CHILDHOOD JOY

The waves curled upon the sand,
Some seagulls squawked noisily above,
Two children run hand in hand,
Along the pebbly beach they love.

They stop, they stare,
In wonder at the things seen there,
In the rockpools upon the shore,
And at shells they've seen before.

The sun set slowly,
They turn at last to go.
To leave this world of wonder,
And enter one they know.

—DIANNE GRAIL, IVA.

SAD STORY OF A BEATLE FAN

Young Lucy Smith was only three,
Or somewhere round that age, when she
Began to show in queerish ways
The advanced stages of the craze
For buying Beatle books in scores
And finding other stars such bores.
It started after she took one look
And then poor Elvis she forsook,
Her mother said, "Now careful, dear,"
But Lucy would just scream and cheer.

When Paul McCartney shook his head
Young Lucy's face would turn quite red,
The cause for this she did not know
Perhaps 'twas 'cause she loved him so.
When Johnny Lennon sang "Twist and Shout,"
This would knock poor Lucy out,
And when she saw dear Ringo's nose
She tingled right from head to toes.

But still she liked her George the best,
And at their home she'd have him guest.
To a Beatles' concert she did go
With her four-year-old friend, Joe.
And through the crowd the two did forge,
But ere our Lucy reached dear George,
Catastrophe had struck, alas!
For there she lay a mangled mass,
Trampled by thousands running wild
Who all on top of her had piled.

And on her grave right to this day,
These beautiful words ring out and say,
"Killed in Action, Beatles Day,"
And from this grave she'll never stray,
To ask George Harrison out to tea,
And as she died,
She slowly sighed,
"Georgy, Georgy! PLEASE, PLEASE ME!"

—ANONYMOUS, IIIA.

TRIBUTE TO THE LATE PRESIDENT

Sorry I had to leave right away,
I look down and smile at you every day;
Little Patrick asks to say "Hi,"
I love you, I'm happy, so please don't cry.

And Caroline, I'd like to say,
How proud Daddy was of you that day;
When you stood like a lady and watched me go by,
And doing as Mommy, you tried not to cry.

Little John, now you're a big man,
So take care of Mommy as best you can;
You were just like a soldier—that salute so brave,
Thanks for the flag you placed on my grave.

And Jackie, there was no time for good-byes,
But I'm sure you could read the Farewell in my eyes,
Watch over our children and love them for me,
I'll treasure your love thro' eternity.

So please carry on as you did before,
Till all of us are on heaven's bright shore,
Remember I love you, remember I care,
I'll always be with you though you don't see me there.

—GWENDA DeMARCHI, IIB.

TEN COMMANDMENTS OF EXAMS

(1) Thou shalt not communicate with thy neighbour after thou hast entered the room of fate, neither by word of mouth nor by mental telepathy nor by the written word lest thou causest the wrath of the Head to descend upon thee.

(2) Thou shalt not display thy knowledge through the medium of biro unto the teacher who correcteth thy paper.

(3) Thou shalt not conduct any knowledge into the room of woe, neither in the pocket nor shirt sleeve nor on the hand—with the exception that thou mayest carry the knowledge in thy head.

(4) Thou shalt upon inspection be allowed to carry one piece of paper into the room, that being the books of logs, neither with blemish, mark nor pin holes thereupon.

(5) When thou readest the impossible question paper and thou art in doubt as to the answer—then panic.

(6) Thou shalt not retrieve any fallen object from the floor, while the master turneth from thee, but in his sight thou mayest but try.

(7) Thou shalt not borrow any implement from thy neighbour after entering the room of woe—neither his pen, nor his compass nor his ink nor his knowledge, lest thou might pass the examination.

(8) Thou shalt not leave thy seat before the time lest thou might disturb thy brother who struggles with the questions.

(9) Thou shalt fold thy paper correctly as summoned, lest thou incurst the wrath of thy examiner against thee even before thou hast had thine answers corrected.

(10) Thou shalt attempt to answer at least one question and thereby show that thou didst not take the afternoon off.

—"JACK".

READERS INDIGESTIBLE MAGAZINE

The Filming of the Bird

By Seymour Viewfinder (Photographer)

"I jumped into my sports car and headed for some remote mountains where I was to make a history-making film of the very rare and unusual, bald-headed, red-bellied, Zoogoot bird. After a solid five hours' drive, I started to climb a tall mountain, on top of which was the nest of the bird. For two days I climbed, through sleet and snow, but determined to make this important film, I pressed on. Finally, I reached the peak and set my Polly-Bexo X45, Reflex ZX, 17½ mm., three turret lens, reflex focusing before, during and after filming, film speeds from 0-100 F.P.S., continuous running or single frame exposure with instantaneous or time exposure on the single frame, clutch for uncoupling spring-motor, a footage counter as well as a frame counter, and variable shutter with fader, complete with case and valued at £371, on my Loxo Static Profile Tripod which is very rigid with a unique wedge-type locking, comprising a three section with centre column, and available at all good camera shops from £15/15/-. Installed in the camera was the latest cine-film costing £20 including developing, in either black and white or colour. After setting myself up, surrounded by four, 500 kilo-watt spot-lights, the power of which comes from a 6ft. by 6ft. square battery, in the boot of my little sports car, joined with a 3 mile length of high-voltage wiring, I proceeded to wait for the very rare and unusual, bald-headed, red-bellied, Zoogoot bird, never before photographed in the entire history of man. Summer passed, then Autumn, Winter, Spring, then Summer again. Finally, after a year looking through the eyepiece, I decided to leave the mountains to the birds. But then I remembered the effort it took me to get here, and decided to stick to my task. Then after 20 months of waiting for the very rare and unusual, bald-headed, red-bellied, Zoogoot bird, it finally came. I immediately made the historic picture of the bird, probably never to be photographed again as this was the last of the species."

EDITOR'S NOTE: After filming the very rare and unusual, bald-headed, red-bellied, Zoogoot bird, Seymour Viewfinder plunged, screaming, to the bottom of the canyon after realising his film was out of date. Rest in peace, Seymour.

—PETER ISING, 5B.

HIT TUNE

There was a composer named Bong,
Who composed a new popular song.

It was simply the croon
Of a love-sick baboon,
With occasional thumps on the gong.

—T. GITSHAM, 2D.

A TYPICAL SCHOOLBOY

The boy I am going to describe is a pupil at Ashwood High School. He is helpful, attentive and well-mannered. His name is Horace. In class Horace is always the quietest and most helpful boy in the room. Generally he is asked by the teacher to take his place when he is out. All in all, I think Horace is a typical Ashwood High pupil.

—JOHN STEWART, ID.

FORM VI HISTORY CLASS, 1964

Young Irvine, whose other name's Bruce,
Seems to like girls with hair flowing loose.
As for girls of this kind,
It appears they don't mind
Chaps with hair cut off short, colour puce.

A foreign young Irishman, Phelan,
Casts his eyes, when he speaks, to the ceilin',
And his long lock of hair
Which is dark, and looks rare,
Falls across his pale brow (sets 'em squealin').

Saturnine is the word for Paul Morris,
Who glowers just like Karloff, Boris.
I should be much afraid
If his work I mislaid,
And in fact it would give me the horrors.

A taled young bugler is Russ,
Among the most musical of us.
"Your stirring top note
Brought a lump to my throat!"
"Me, too," answers Russ, "I'm ravenous."

In the class there's a fellow named Flash,
Who is full of high spirits and dash.
Not at all ostentatious,
He is gallant and gracious,
And his speech is keen-clipped like a lash.

Another fine fellow's Big Springer,
A regular, sporting hum-dinger.
So eager to study,
He'll come in all muddy,
And creased as if put through a wringer.

A shy little student named Moore
Gave a wee little tap on the door.
"Is me Mum there?" she said,
Looking just a bit red,
And as if she would sink through the floor.

Laurence Cohen is fond of discourse
(Philosophical discourse, wot's worse!)
With a crease in his brow
He will opine, "I trow
That the reason for why, is because."

Janet buries her nose in a book,
Nor to left nor to right does she look.
After just a wee minute
She can say what is in it,
And if it is good-oh, or crook.

Old Gyngell slopes round like a bear,
With a blond mop of basin-trimmed hair.
When they call, "Hey there, sport!"
Alan pulls up quite short,
And looks round with a blue sort of stare.

A fellow by name Malcolm Kego
Asked, "What can I do for my ego?
Because of my glasses
I cannot make passes—
Just how can I make my psyche grow?"

A raw, lanky student named Tony
Looking angular, tough and quite bony,
Wallows in youthful sin
With a most cheerful grin,
And doesn't mind who for a crony.

A serious young chap is Graeme Ellis,
What he thinks about he doesn't tell us.
With an affable smile,
Never getting hostile,
He does all that he can just as well as.

Robert Welsh is a miler (retired),
Who a few facts of learning acquired
In the hope, so he said,
They would stay in his head
Long enough just to make him inspired.

Wilkinson is a chap of some note,
Who says, "Fellows, I don't want to gloat,
But I've got this game skun—
I've learnt facts by the ton,
And the chance they can trick me's remote."

A young lady student named Gail
Came to school for a while, then turned pale:
"Many hazards I dare
But," she said, "I don't care
All that chalk in the air to inhale."

There's another young girl, named Irene,
Who's no feelin' for work, that is seen.
She says she's not sitting
So I guess it's quite fitting
She should stand around as she has been.

Richard Boddington when playing the drum
Pats his curls down with some pomatum.
If or not Richard passes,
His rose-coloured glasses
Keep him smiling whatever may come.

I must tell of a girl, name of Barker,
Who was quiet so's you'd never remark her,
Till, to put it quite blunt,
She'd her fringe curled in front,
Since which day she's been quite a sky-larker.

A quiet little miss named La Brooy,
Sits all day in her desk looking coy.
I suppose she is working
Even though there is lurking
Quite near her a brunette and boy.

Wendy Surman's devoted to Art,
And I must say she does look the part.
A Christina Rossetti,
Hair that's lank like spaghetti,
And for history a head that's all heart.

A dinkum young Aussie named Terry,
Has strong views about certain things, very,
Pommies, rock 'n rolls, mods,
Cool cats, squares, hot rods—
All these subjects don't make Terry merry!

A youth by the name of Tim Holt,
Makes a practice of doing a bolt.
When he nears an exam,
Out he goes on the lam—
Dashing over the fields like a colt.

PERSONALITIES, 1964

RUSSELL SMITH.—Prefect, clown player and trumpeter. Represented school in baseball. Chief peculiarity: Russell Smith. Ambition: To be a "Rolling Stone". Pet saying: "Too much." Nickname: "Cecil." Likely future: Black. Pet aversion: Rockers.

MARTIN O'PHELAN.—Irish rebel, potato digger. Represented school in football, swimming and athletics. Chief peculiarity: His long hair. Ambition: To find himself. Pet saying: "What's your caper?" Nickname: Satan. Likely future: Leadership of I.R.A. Pet aversion: Fridays (at the market?).

MICHAEL SPRINGTHORPE. — Represented school in football. Chief peculiarities: Everyone writes songs about him. Ambition: To exterminate all barbers. Pet saying: "Sends me right off!" Nickname: Springa. Likely future: A professional peculiarity. Pet aversion: Milk.

STEPHEN MATTHEWS.—Ostentatious, rugged, extremely quick with the ball as well as the girls; likes to smile. Chief peculiarities: Wears no singlet. Ambition: To sleep forever, or to outflash Flash Gordon. Pet saying: M-i-g-h-t-y! Nickname: Ostentation. Likely future: Singlet manufacturer. Pet aversion: Anything fast.

TONY WILSON.—Shy, sincere, courteous and punctual. Prefect; an autocrat in a hurry and a splendid second-rater. Chief peculiarity: Ever see him run? Ambition: Lawyer. Pet saying: Gee—that'll be nice (extremely high voice). Nickname: Wiley. Likely future: To make the bar. Pet aversion: People who knock Sydney and W.A.; horses that die on the track.

ALAN GYNGELL.—An enlightened despot. Chief peculiarity: Eating girls' lunches. (Social Service?) Ambition: To be Prime Minister. Pet saying: Oh marvellous. Nickname: Make up your own. Likely future: Prime Minister. Pet aversion: Browning.

ALLISON BARKER.—Social Service Rep., capt. of school cricket team. Ambition: To have long hair (L-O-N-G). Chief peculiarity: Feeding buns to Mr. "G." Pet aversion: Hairdressers; Pet saying: What are you doing? Probable future: State Social Service Representative.

IRENE SPIESER.—Prefect, chatterbox. Nickname: "I." Pet aversion: Exercise (mental and physical). Pet saying: You know. Likely future: Bachelor girl. Ambition: To be a psychologist.

JAN HANSEN.—Prefect. Ambition: To idle. Pet saying: You're a goofy guy. Chief peculiarity: Looks like one. Pet aversion: Being called Janice. Probable future: A professional idler. Nickname: Trog.

JANET TRIBE.—Prefect, swimmer. Ambition: To be a hysterical (sorry, historical) teacher. Chief peculiarity: That voice!!! Pet saying: What are you talking about? Likely future: Leader (tribal?). Pet aversion: Corridor duty and David. Nickname: Tribalize.

HAZEL LA BROOY.—Prefect, Flynn's House Captain, Pianist? Ambition: Teaching—but what? Pet saying: Lummey! Chief peculiarity: Fat cheeks. Pet aversion: Being a pianist in school hours. Probable future: NOT a pianist, especially for choir.

ROSEMARY LEVER.—Prefect, Mawson's House Captain, Basketballer, budding pop-singer. Ambition: Radio-technologist. Pet aversion: Bananas. Chief peculiarity: That imitation of Dinah Lee. Pet saying: Yechttttt!!!! Probable future: Leading a vaudeville troop. Nickname: Beaver.

GAYE McINTOSH.—Prefect. Ambition: To be a blond teacher. Pet aversion: Punctuality and cutting her own lunch. Chief peculiarity: Eats chips, laces glasses and biology books. Pet saying: Oh sure! Probable future: Brunette. Nickname: Gayeness.

FOUR O'CLOCK RUSH

At four o'clock the rush begins,
Of people hurrying to get their things,
From lockers big and lockers small,
Be you short or be you tall,
You still emerge sore head and shins.

If you're not quick getting your bag,
You get kept in, or slowly lag,
You'll never get in to your locker at all,
Whether you're short or whether you're tall,
You're certain to emerge torn like a rag.

But if you hurry and get there first,
You must be quick or die of thirst,
For once you're in you can't get out,
Be you thin or be you stout
You'll be so crowded you'll have to curse.

So listen my friends, to what I say,
For if you're caught you'll be there to stay,
Amongst the crowd to get squashed flat,
Whether you're slim or whether you're fat,
So hurry to your locker every day.

—J.L.O., IIIA.

MORNING

The light of day is breaking,
The dawn is silver-pearl,
And in the shadow'd places,
Soft skirts of grey mist swirl.

The faintest flush of crimson,
The herald of the light,
Dispels the velvet darkness,
The mantle of the night.

In dazzling shafts of glory,
The golden light streams down,
Aslant the dewy leaflets
Of the forest's ferny gown.

By a streamlet in the valley,
Whose pools are molten gold,
In the music of a blackbird,
Are the joyful tidings told.

The world is bright with beauty,
Another day is here
Oh, rise, all ye who harken!
The Lamp of Light burns clear.

—CHERYL WATERS, IIIB.

THE OLD HUT

On the highest part of the knoll by the sea stood a damaged hut. Pam, Peter and Pal, their dog, were exploring the gentle shore when they came suddenly to a halt and stood staring at the hut.

"I will race you to it!" called Peter, and the twins and Pal ran up to the battered door.

Inside everything was clothed in dust, but Pam took a piece of rag and began to clean it. It had been an old fisherman's hut, but now it was falling into decay.

Every day for a week Pam and Peter worked in it, until it was spotless. They continued to play there until they had to go back to school, but every holiday the twins and Pal returned to the old hut until they were too old to play any more.

—THERESA MEADE, IC.

We left for Southtown U.S.A. — that is **Teeny, Speedy Gonzales, Catalina** and I—this morning. We had decided to spend a **week in the country** because it was plain to see it would be a **blue winter** and there would probably be **popcicles and icicles** everywhere. As we left Speedy shouted "**Bye Bye Barbara**" to his sister.

We boarded the **Southern 'Rora** and as we travelled on we felt as though we were **borne on the wind**. On the way Catalina started **talking about my baby**.

"**She's a Mod**," said Catalina, "but **anyone who had a heart** wouldn't mind."

But I said I had nothing to do with her any more, but a **little bitty tear let me down**.

"I guess a **fool never learns**," quipped Speedy. With that episode forgotten we continued on our journey.

Going through **Saginaw Michigan** we saw a **crooked little man** with a **surfin' bird** on his shoulder and it kept singing "**Go tell it on the Mountain**."

When we arrived Speedy went for a walk and came running back saying he had **good news**, he had found a **harem**, with which I retorted **Wow Wee**.

But Teeny chipped in and told us it was **out of limits**. Still, we had a terrific time, and one day we went for a trip to **Moon River** and the **Island of Dreams**, where we saw a **stranger on the shore**.

We said "**Do you want to dance?**"

But he said, "**No! Never on Sunday.**"

We thought we would **stay awhile** but Catalina said there was a **good show up on the roof** tonight, with the **Folk Singer** and **Scarlett O'Hara**, so we returned to town.

When it was time to leave we all felt pretty broken up, and even Speedy said he was in **bits and pieces**. I said "**If I had a hammer** I'd put you back together again," at which Speedy laughed.

All in all we had a very enjoyable time.

—G. SMITH, IIIA.

MAROONED ON A DESERT ISLAND

"Hocrah!" exclaimed Jim, the elder of the two sons of Mr. and Mrs. Mullens. "It's the first day of the hols and we are going exploring in our new row-boat."

"Let's get the boat out and be on our way," shouted Jim's brother, Bob. The two boys set out.

"Let's explore the island."

"Which island? Oh! I see, yes, that looks a beauty," answered Bob. They steered the boat over to the small stretch of sand on the shore, and dragged it excitedly onto the beach.

All that morning they spent gathering wood to build a hut, and make a fire. After their meal of chops and vegetables, cooked on an open fire, they began to explore. After many hours, Jim looked at his watch, and decided it was time to return home. They packed up their food dishes, and walked toward the place where they had left the boat, but it was not there . . . where could it be? It so happened that the tide had come in and the little boat had drifted out to sea. They began to panic.

Meanwhile, at the Mullens' home, Bob and Jim's parents were beginning to worry, as their children were over-due to arrive home. Mr. Mullens went out in his motor launch, and first of all he saw their boat overturned in front of him. His heart almost stopped. . . . After surveying the up-turned boat he heard a noise . . . could it be them? . . . maybe . . . but he was not sure. The noise sounded once again . . . it was a human sound . . . it may be them. I wonder? He turned quickly and something caught his eye. It was two boys . . . or it seemed to be . . . waving frantically. It was them. He started the boat up and raced over to the island, the boys jumped in, he sped home.

Mrs. Mullens was relieved to see them safe.

—BRUCE McPHIE, IC.

A CAUTIONARY TALE

Here is a story of sadness and woe,
Of what befell Willie a few weeks ago,
A boy who loved pudding and biscuits and cake,
And scorned any warnings his dentist might make.

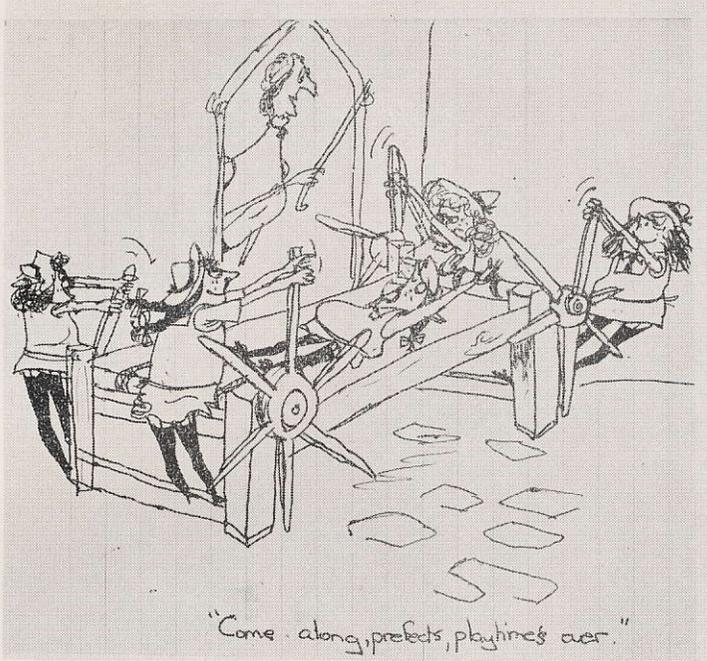
He raided the larder between every meal,
A toothbrush was something he really did feel
Was useless, until, crunching toffee one day,
His tooth started aching. What utter dismay!

To his consternation, the dentist then said,
That all Willie's teeth must be pulled from his head.

The agony that our poor Bill had to bear
Will remind him forever on what he must fare.

And so all my friends who like food that is sweet,
Remember poor Willie—and be more discreet!

—CHERYL WATERS, IIIB.



"Come along, prefects, playtimes over."



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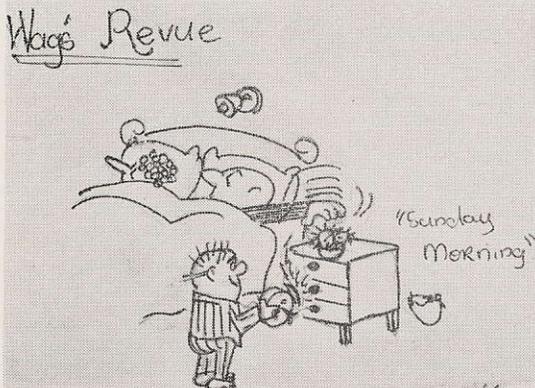
I Wagstaffe 20

Wags Day



G. Wagstaffe Form 2A

Wags Revue



ROLL CALL

FORM VI

Boddington, R. R.
Brown, D. R.
Clausing, J. M.
Cohen, L. J.
Conley, S. J.
Costigan, T. E.
Crooke, R. M.
Doroszuk, R.
Ellis, G. R.
Goodman, J. E.
Gyngell, A. G.
Haddad, P. R.
Harder, R. W.
Holt, T. M.
Hutton, R. F.
Irvine, B. A.
Kego, M. McN.
Konings, J. D.
Mathews, S. C.
Morris, P. G.
Morris, A. J.
Noble, R. S.
O'Brien, A. R.
Perrin, G. J.
Phelan, M. P.
Robinson, C. J.
Smith, R. H.
Sneeuwjagt, R. J.
Springthorpe, M. J.
Tribe, D. E.
Welsh, R. C.
White, B. D.
Wilkinson, P. R.
Wilson, A. J.
Withers, M. S.
Barker, A. J.
Dennis, S. L.
Hansen, J. S.
La Brooy, H. L.
Lever, R. A.
McIntosh, P. G.
Moore, V. J.
Ogilvie, H. J.
Speiser, I. E.
Surman, W. D.
Tribe, J. E.

FORM VA

Angus, R. J.
Bates, J. L.
Bolitho, P. S.
Boyd, K. R.
Buchanan, J. A.
Chapman, J. N.
Chow, S. L.
Clark, G. C.
Cullis, P. G.
Dixon, G. F.
Dowell, L. J.
Driver, D. J.
Edwards, G. P.
Evans, R. A.
Forsyth, C. G.
Glover, R.
Graham, J. R.
Haddad, P. F.
Henderson, G. S.
Howarth, R. S.
Hunt, R. T.
James, I. R.
Lanham, R. F.
Moore, R. C.
Rankin, E. C.
Thatcher, R. C.
Tonkin, P. J.

Twitt, D. H.
Wilkinson, P. G.
Williams, J. R.
Black, K. A.
Clark, M. A.
Cogle, J. M.
Cousland, H. M.
Eckfeld, E.
Furmedge, J. J.
Hicks, R. K.
Ferriman, J. M.
Phillips, E. A.
Sellens, E. P.
Waters, J. D.
Waters, S. F.
Wiebrecht, E. F.

FORM VB

Amos, R. R.
Bolitho, S. J.
Carroll, M. V.
Dalton, J. D.
Dowsing, R. E.
Duran, G. J.
Gamble, J. C.
Grant, R. J.
Greenwood, R. J.
Howard, P.
Ising, P. R.
Kerr, I. G.
Kingsley-Smith, B.
Little, P. A.
Malley, J. I.
Marks, C. W.
Mery, K. J.
O'Brien, M. N.
Russell, P. J.
Sheers, L. J.
Tyson, R. J.
Williams, M. J.
Wrigglesworth, I. W.
Wright, I. G.
Bartaska, E. V.
Bartlett, G. A.
Coleman, P. A.
Day, J. L.
Dyson, P. D.
Eley, K. E.
Falcke, J. D.
Hoskins, C. M.
Hudson, V. J.
Lloyd, S. N.
Lock, J. A.
McDonald, S. A.
Moore, D. C.
Munro, J. G.
Smith, M. J.
Stewart, J. G.
Thomson, P. R.
Wood, P. M.

FORM IVA

Brehaut, R. J.
Briggs, J. R.
Conley, D. N.
Cover, D. W.
Cruise, W. S.
Davies, D. J.
Flinn, P. C.
Gough, G. J.
Greenland, H.
Haeusler, H. K.
Hall, A. M.
Hayes, J. P.
Mitchell, L. D.
Nelson, R. J.
Oliver, C. L.

Parker, B. D.
Parry, G. D.
Patterson, G. K.
Penman, D. R.
Redmond, S.
Skillern, R. J.
Thomas, P. E.
Veal, A. R.
Yarnton, W. L.
Fletcher, C.
Anderson, L. M.
Burt, N. F.
Clark, A. J.
Collins, M. A.
Craik, K. M.
Crome, J.
Dean, J. S.
Grail, D. L.
Gray, B. M.
Harding, J. E.
Johnson, J. E.
Koenig, C. H.
Meredith, D. H.
Nelson, J. L.
Fayne, B. A.
Rennie, J. M.
Slater, K. L.
Smith, J. M.
Staehr, L. J.
Withers, G. F.
Zeplin, P. J.

FORM IVB

Benson, P. J.
Birch, G. M.
Cox, D. J.
Ferres, T. G.
Fry, R. W.
Habgood, A. M.
Harders, E.
Harris, M. J.
Horsnell, K. L.
Kelly, T. W.
Knights, B. L.
Laidlaw, P. R.
Morath, K. P.
Ferriman, C. J.
Stanford, M. J.
Taylor, R. S.
Wight, D. J.
Winter, A. G.
Ambrose, R. E.
Beddoe, M. E.
Cunningham, A.
Fraser, L. R.
Garde, K.
Green, R. J.
Jackson, D. M.
Malseed, M. A.
Morrison, S. M.
Penton, G. M.
Veitch, L. H.
Burton, S. P. A.

FORM IVC

Andrews, L. D.
Bartlett, L.
Demmler, G. M.
Easton, D. C. M.
Erwin, W.
Flintoff, M. M.
Garde, D. E.
Germaine, G. L.
Glen, L. P.
Haddon, J. J.
Harders, M.
Imray, A. E.
Leggett, C. A.
Lorimer, E. A.
McDonald, M. J.
Miller, G. D.
Olsen, H. A.

Phelps, W. E. A.
Schneider, H. L.
Scott, G. S.
Setford, C. J.
Smith, D. L.
Stephen, C. A.
Watts, J. M.
Webster, P. A.
Williams, H. M.
Wilsner, C. R.
Wilsher, J. L.
Woodgate, D. J.
Woods, J. M.

FORM IVD

Barnett, H. R.
Bayley, D. E.
Brick, J. L.
Davidson, R. J.
Dorman, J. H.
Doroszuk, E.
Fairley, W. D.
Gaywood, J. M.
Hill, J. W.
Jackson, B. M.
Jenkinson, R.
Jenkins, W. G.
Mitchell, R. G.
Perrin, P. A.
Phillips, G. A.
Russell, J. E.
Tancoe, G. J.
Young, B. M.
Baker, J. M.
Colee, C. J.
Ellis, H. J.
Henderson, M. D.
Mackay, K. A.
Moginie, R.
Taylor, J. M.

FORM IVE

Allen, D. W.
Clark, T. W.
Ctercteko, D. H.
Davies, G. A.
Easton, E. R.
Grant, R. C.
Greenaway, G. L.
Hayes, T. J.
James, C.
Jordan, K. F.
Mathers, G. L.
Mendel, H.
Page, L. G.
Patrick, G. N.
Popper, H.
Poskitt, T. J.
Shadbolt, P. G.
Styler, N. P. D.
Tolson, R. E.
Wakefield, R. D.
Walker, G. A.
Withers, G. L.
Collins, C. M.
Costoloe, C. M.
Forward, C. L.
Fricker, L. R.
MacDonald, E. A.
Morris, E. A.
Mulaney, C. Y.
O'Connor, E. A.
Simons, P. J.
Sneeuwjagt, M.
Wellard, S. E.

FORM IIIA

Anderson, R. B.
Auld, K. C.
Balodis, J. U.
Campbell, M. D.
Cornell, B. A.

Daniel, J. C.
Elliott, P. J.
Furze, B. D.
Hall, D. J.
Harding, J. W.
Jackson, P. J.
McDonald, H. J.
Mansell, P. S.
Payne, K. C.
Rees, W. D.
Smith, G. F.
Smith, A. F.
Watts, A. R.
Whelan, N. W.
Wilkinson, G. L.
Fletcher, R.
Broze, Inta
Comber, M. J.
Cousland, B. M.
Crooke, V. M.
Dawkins, P. M.
Easton, V. N.
French, J. A.
Grevatt, J. A. A.
Hubbard, L. M.
Lever, J. K.
McAleese, E. B.
Mattson, M. K.
Morrison, A. L.
Orford, J. L.
Parry, S. I.
Patterson, M. J.
Rattray-Wood, R. L.
Simpson, L. McL.
Storey, J. M.
Wade, G. J.
Wagstaff, B. E.

FORM IIB

Boddy, C. J. D.
Dalton, A. D.
Davey, P. C.
Davey, R. W.
Ford, P. J.
Ford, S. H.
Glossop, K. W.
Grant, P. J.
Hadley, G. W.
Holt, G. T. J.
Hutchinson, J. E.
Little, D. J.
Nicholson, K. A.
Noble, I. A.
Peake, A.
Springthorpe, R. L.
Swann, N. J.
Tyler, P. J.
Wood-Bradley, J. K.
Wood-Bradley, M. J.
Cullis, J. H.
Gray, J. L.
Horton, L. A.
Jackson, S. P.
Kotoukis, A.
MacGregor, D. J.
Martin, G. J.
Seeber, K. M.
Shaw, S. J.
Thomas, M. K.
Trotter, J. P.
Tulloch, L. W.
Waters, C.
Williams, L. J.
Yendle, D. A.

FORM IIC

Arblaster, S.
Ashton, J. A.
Bergner, D. E.
Bromfield, J. C.
Derman, Y. M.
Dymond, L. F.

Evans, R. L.
Falconer, R. I.
Fowler, P. J.
Giffin, B. A.
Ginn, J. L.
Graham, S. M.
Gregory, L.
Hallo, L. J.
Harrop, R. A.
Hatfield, G. A.
Hicks, J. A.
Holmes, S. M.
Horne, S.
Irvine, H. M.
Jeffreys, L. M.
Jordan, A. L.
Klemm, M. A.
Knoth, B. L.
Laidlow, J. R.
McInerney, M. L.
Marshall, L. D.
Miller, Y. J.
Morris, A. L.
Oakford, J. E.
Rankin, J. A.
Rocke, J. M.
Seamer, P. R.
Simmons, G. L.
Sutton, H. L.
Tanner, H. M.
Tynan, J. P.
Wilson, J.
Young, C. M.

FORM IID

Bird, C.
Blamey, I. C.
Campbell, R. V.
Clarke, G. G.
Clark, P. J.
Cruse, A. K.
Hanby, G. B.
Kingshott, P. J.
Marazita, M. F.
Perry, G. J.
Rogers, J. M.
Scott, R. C.
Slater, G. J.
Trussler, C. E.
Weeks, O. D.
Weir, A. J.
Beard, K. O.
Beatson, B. J.
Bryson, Y. M.
Butt, R. J.
Clark, S. M.
Clear, J. L.
Cox, A. A.
Craik, H. N.
Harper, B. R.
Miles, S. J.
Morris, C. J.
Morrison, R. M.
Nobelius, J. A.
Phillips, H. M.
Rodgers, D. H.
Silver, J. L.
Webster, R. L.
Wright, H. M.

FORM IIE

Cavanagh, M. J.
Clark, P. J.
Cohen, K. D.
Cook, R. J.
Cooper, M. L.
Fairley, B. G.
Halliday, S. R.
Leitner, R. G.
Simkin, D. S.
Wicks, G. A.
Wilkinson, J. W.

Winch, K. J.
Russell, G. W.
Povey, K. T.
Greenland, M.
Brown, S. A.
Comley, L. J.
Culph, R. M.
Davey, C. E.
Etchell, J. M.
Figgins, H. G.
Hill, G.
Kong, R. L.
McCarthy, V. P.
Merry, E. J.
Payne, L.
Poole, E. P.
Raphael, P.
Redmond, L.
Timmins, J. A.
Turnbull, C. L.
Wallworth, V. C.
Horsnell, S. A.
Crudass, P. H.

FORM IIF

Cuttriss, G. D.
Delaney, R. J.
Hansen, J. D.
Hunt, D. J.
Hutchins, D. L.
Knights, R. A.
Lane, K. J.
Thompson, R. J.
Warner, P. S.
Westcott, A. E.
Bond, P. G.
Bath, C. H. G.
Cobb, B. R.
Corrin, A. I.
Davison, M. A.
Dobbs, S. M.
Finger, P. A.
Godfrey, H. J.
Hadler, L. J.
Kirk, A. K.
Logan, K. L.
Quanchi, F. M.
Tanner, G. R.
Thomas, F. E. C.
Upton, R. M.
Wright, A. M.
Jackson, L. J.
Lester, M. C.

FORM IIA

Abbott, P. J.
Abbott, T. J.
Armstrong, G.
Artlett, I. M.
Baker, P. N.
Bartlett, G. J.
Baxter, J. S.
Beatson, B. D.
Billingham, P. J.
Blackburn, D. E.
Bloomfield, P.
Briggs, D. J.
Chaffey, P. L.
Crawley, R. L.
Crombie, R.
Cruise, L. W.
Cruse, C. J.
Cumming, G. J.
Adams, M. C.
Alger, G. M.
Ambrose, J. P.
Bayliss, P. J.
Black, H. A.
Bradshaw, J.
Brent, D. R.
Briggs, D. R.
Bromage, D. L.

Bugler, P. S.
Clarke, B. L.
Coe, B. A.
Cole, B. R.
Davies, E. P.
Nelson, L. E.
Nobelius, P. F.
Osbrough, H.
Smith, J. A.
Thomas, C.
Thorn, S.
Van Der Hinde, I.

FORM IIB

Deering, T. C.
Dixon, R. K.
Dwight, P. J.
England, I. G.
Fettes, W. A.
Fenton, L. V.
Fullalove, K. R.
Gale, B. L.
Gitsham, T. J.
Godfrey, D. S.
Golding, J. T.
Gregory, M. J.
Grenfell, M. R.
Haddon, C. A.
Harris, N. R.
Hearn, P. J.
Henderson, S. R.
Horner, P. A.
Smith, P. G.
Collins, G. A.
Comley, J. F.
Cook, J. M.
Costigan, M. P.
Cover, J.
Davis, A. E.
Day, J. M.
Day, L. A.
De Marchi, G. J.
Dunn, V. M.
Eddy, G. M.
Fairbank, P. J.
Faithful, J. J.
Feldmann, C. R.
Ferguson, J.
Jamieson, S.
O'Hara, J. M.
Smith, J. A.
White, M. A.

FORM IIC

Eaker, L. P.
Dcnovan, R. J.
Jolly, R. A.
Jordan, M. J.
Kerr, D. A.
Lacy, J. M.
Lescun, D. A.
Lock, G. T.
McCarty, L. L.
McDonald, A. R.
Massey, R. B.
Mawby, G. R.
Meadows, G. W.
Mills, J. N.
Moore, D. E.
Morrison, R. L.
Munro, R. G.
Naismith, M. D.
Oldham, J. E.
Parker, D. B.
Feschuk, I. P.
Forward, L. A.
Fraser, G. J.
Gale, B. M.
Gale, M. A.
Glendenning, S. P.
Glossop, T. F.
Green, A. L.

Haeusler, K. J.
Hall, S. M.
Hill, R. A.
Holt, F. M.
Hunt, S. P.
Hurren, M. E.
Huxtable, B. J.
Johnston, C. A.
Paull, M. C.
Plummer, S. M.

FORM IID

Hassan, Z.
Robinson, G.
Ross, R. J.
Rundle, P. L.
Scott, S. D.
Scarle, R. G.
Setford, J.
Slade, R. P.
Taylor, W. F.
Trantallis, P.
Wagstaffe, G. J.
Wagstaffe, I. A.
Wakefield, I. N.
Waters, B. J.
Westcott, P. F.
Wilkinson, R. C.
Williams, D. J.
Williams, N. W.
Gould, J.
Killeen, B. M.
Kirsten, A. S.
Larsen, K. A.
Lee, L. C.
Lemair, A. M.
McAlpine, C. A. J.
Massey, H. J.
Mathews, V. J.
Morris, G. F.
Payne, L.
Pill, C. J.
Porter, B.
Ridgway, J. R.
Robertson, G. A.
Roland, V. E.
Round, G. M.
Rowlands, L. G.
Rundle, V. J.
Walsh, J. M.

FORM IIE

Archer, D. J.
Crane, J. F.
Curtis, S. J.
Davey, R. P.
Germann, P. D.
Haddad, P. J.
Hudson, K. L.
Jenkinson, J.
May, P.
Morrison, I. B.
Powell, J. P.
Power, L. W.
Prowse, G. O.
Rodgers, B. L.
Seamer, M. J.
Sykes, P.
Wilson, R. J.
Wood-Bradley, N. R.
Woods, R. W.
Cornish, B. R.
Cornish, P. J. S.
Long, K. M.
Mirtschin, J. G.
Simpson, R. M.
Smith, C. J.
Smith, J. A.
Smyth, L. M.
Spencer, P.
Stevens, L. S.
Stewart, J. M.

Stokes, P. A.
Taylor, M. L.
Thomson, L. J.
Twitt, P. E.
Wade, S. M.
Watts, H. M.
Winter, H. J.
Withers, H. M.
Woodgate, J. E.
Woods, S. P.
Wright, V. J.

FORM IIF

Allan, D. A.
Armstrong, L. J.
Baker, S. J.
Barker, J. A.
Barrow, B. J.
Barty, F. M.
Blackstock, L.
Eriggs, H. M.
Budruis, T. M.
Charter, C.
Cooper, E. A.
Coventry, L. F.
Curtain, J. L.
Davey, M.
Davies, B. G.
Denton, P. M.
Dobson, S. M.
Fell, F. I.
Fell, S. E.
Fletcher, L. M.
Giffin, J. E.
James, S. L.
Johnson, B. J.
Kirk, R. G.
Malcolm, E. A.
McLeod, M. D.
McNair, A. K.
Mitchell, R. J.
Oakley, R. M.
Reeve-Cox, J. L.
Spear, J. D.
Stokes, G. A.
Tait, I. M.
Townsend, Y. M.
Van Asten, A.
Winduss, S. J.

FORM IA

Adams, D. J.
Anderson, D. W.
Azzola, R. J.
Barnes, M. W.
Bayley, P. H.
Bleach, P. H. H.
Brown, I. D.
Campbell, V. E.
Clark, C. J.
Cook, G. J.
Coppa, R.
Cornell, A. M.
Cooke, A. J.
Cullis, G. J.
Dalton, K. G.
Davies, D. J.
Davies, M. J.
D'Hoop, V. H.
Eckfeld, S.
Allen, R.
Auton, S. J.
Baker, C. J.
Eates, S. K.
Bleach, A. M.
Bourke, L. J.
Ereuhaut, D. M.
Brown, J. I.
Campbell, A. C.
Comley, L. F.
Cooper, M. L.
Cogle, N. N.

Cuttriss, L. J.
Davis, C. M.
Day, P. A.
Di Fulvio, M.
Dower, K. M.
Draper, J.
Drew, S. F.
Drobotiuk, R. A.
Edwards, C. A.
Erwin, F. L.
Ferguson, A. M.
Jones, C. A.
King, D.
Malchom, P.
Stokan, J.
Eavis, C.

FORM IB

Finger, R. A.
George, G. R.
Gyngell, K.
Hall, B. J.
Harlock, N. F.
Hayes, C.
Hayes, R. B.
Hession, R. A. B.
Hill, T. E.
Hegarth, K. A.
Hyde, M. H.
Jackson, J. C.
Jackson, K. B.
Kamp, G. K.
Kretchmer, G. J.
Livingston, D. R.
Loon, G. R. W.
Strickland, R. A.
Little, T.
Figgins, G. L.
French, J. R.
Gamble, P. L.
Garde, S.
Gilder, D. L.
Green, W. M.
Greenland, P.
Hall, J. L.
Hammond, S. M.
Hardie, S. E.
Hickman, L. A.
Hicks, B. J.
Hill, C. J.
Hill, J. M. A.
Hozre, M. A.
Holzer, G. M.
Howell, D. M.
Hunt, T. G.
Jewson, C.
Jones, J. L.
Kingshott, J. A.
Katoukis, I.
Leftley, A. J.
McDonald, L. N.
Malchom, B. J.
Malseed, D. L.
Kirk, S. A.

FORM IC

MacDonald, I. J.
Manson, H. J.
Mauger, G. L.
McCowan, D. R.
McKenzie, G. R.
McNair, R.
McPhie, B.
Miles, I. W.
Milne, W. J.
Mitchell, W. F.
Nicolaou, G.
Norris, P. L.
Oates, C. J.
Orford, P. G.
Pollard, G. L.
Porter, A. G.

Puckey, G. R.
Manouguian, N.
Johnston, H. I.
Lee, S. C.
Manouguian, F.
Marazita, L. V.
Marsh, S. P.
McDonald, L. G.
Meade, T. J.
Michael, P. J.
Middleton, D. G.
Middleton, R. G.
Moyle, G. J.
Muller, J. L.
Mulvaney, C. A.
Munro, S. H.
Mutton, K. A.
Nelson, Y. C.
Oldham, J. G.
Osborne, L. D.
Pain, J. I.
Payne, J. J.
Peden, E.
Peters, D. R.
Peterson, J. E.
Rands, D.
Ratray-Wood, K. L.
Rechter, Z. R.
Riley, D. H.
Roberts, C. G.
Metcalfe, E.

FORM ID

Lish, D.
Robson, D. J.
Rusch, I. R.
Salmon, M. E.
Sampson, C. R.
Sherriff, R. L.
Skinner, R. J.
Stewart, J. McL.
Studley, A. T.
Thomas, B. L.
Warner, F. M.
Weeks, K. J.
Westgarth, B. R.
Williams, J. G.
Wilson, J.
Wood-Bradley, G. T.
Wright, R. G.
Yarnton, J. B.
Sampson, C. R.
Nelson, G. J.
Nelson, C. J.
Noble, J. R.
Phillips, B. J.
Phillis, J. M.
Robertson, D. L.
Sharp, G. D.
Smith, G. A.
Smith, I. D.
Smith, L. M.
Smith, R. L.
Storey, G. P.
Szabados, J.
Taubman, A. J.
Taylor, C. G.
Taylor, S. J.
Thomas, K. J.
Thomas, M. J.
Thomas, S. L.
Thompson, S. R.
Tonkin, E. A.
Tynan, R. J. A.
Whitely, K. M.
Williams, R. J.
Norris, C. J.
Wilson, H. F.
Wothespooon, J.
Young, A. R.

Autographs

W. Adelow

N. Appleby
J. Armstrong
W. Brinker

R. Barrett

B. A. Vincent

W. R. Beard

W. J. Brown

J. R. Mansfield
J. R. Lambrook

S. F. G. Lewis
S. Lakin

W. S. Lark

M. C. Townshend

A. R. Gough

H. G. L. Piper

J. A. King

J. de Rogers
Newford Ingham
B. G. Boulton

T. Clark

Hunter

H. G. Wadge

E. Davison
J. McArthur

W. A. Miles

M. C. Davies

Mr. Thomas

R. Walsh

S. H. Hirsch

A. G. Gannon

John J. Jones

G. Moore

H. Pugh

David Sheppard

Kevin Holland

William Wright

