

PERIODICALS

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ASHWOOD COLLEGE

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65 Whiteside Road, CLAYTON. 3168.
Phone: 544 0297

CONTENTS

	page nos.
Artwork.....	11, 19 – 26
Cartoons, K. Blackman.....	29, 42
Comic Strip, J. Dennis, M. Orford.....	40
Craft.....	18
Drama Notes.....	34 – 35
Editorial.....	3
Excursions, Fourth Form.....	9
House Notes.....	6 – 8
Interviews.....	4
Lapidary, article by Mrs. M. Wadge.....	33
Letterbox.....	27 – 28
Literary contributions.....	19 – 26
Magazine Committee.....	30 – 31
Music Notes.....	32 – 33
Photographs : Collage 1.....	5
Collage 2.....	10
Collage 3.....	36 – 37
Collage 4.....	41
Principal's article.....	back cover
Roll Call.....	43 – 44
Sixth Form Notes.....	38 – 39
Sport.....	41
Staff	41

Cover design: John Dennis 6A

Sports Frontispiece: Stephen Burt 3C

Art Frontispiece (from l to r)

Top: Robert Bayliss 4D, Carol Clark 4C1, Carol Clarke 4C1

Centre: Nerida Longthorpe 4A

Bottom: Leonie Wilson 4C1, Sue Brookman 5C, Rhonda Stewart 4C1.

EDITORIAL

What is the purpose of school? — "To educate" would be the most common reply, but the word "education" implies more than the mere learning of facts, it encompasses even wider spheres such as 'strengthening the powers of body and mind, culture, training, instruction...'

School should not just be a place where all teenagers up to the age of fifteen have to attend from 9 till 4 every day. It should not be an institution that teaches the same facts year after year, which simply become more complex at senior levels.

School should be the place where each individual can develop his self-awareness. He should be encouraged to look realistically and objectively at himself and be given ample opportunity to develop his own talents. Not everyone is academically brilliant, but many are talented in other creative ways ... manual arts such as woodwork, needlework, etc. (This was our aim in including crafts in the magazine P.18). Take sporting prowess as another example. School should provide the environment where no individual has his talents overlooked or neglected because they do not conform with the criteria of academics.

School should prepare the student for the future by developing his consciousness of the world. The student should be made aware of what is going on around him — the changes within the society of which he is part. This would lead to his realising his responsibility as a citizen.

Understanding of and relationship with others should be encouraged within school. Practical day-to-day harmonies are an essential part of life which we must master in order to develop as people and more social activities at school would foster these.

Schools should also develop students' logical faculties and should encourage the individual to determine his own personal values, both ethical and material.

There seems to be a swing away from measuring life in material terms. Some people have begun to question whether there is more in life than the securing of a nice little house in suburbia, with two cars, T.V., stereo, etc. Yet, our system still revolves around 'educating' students for a 'good' career. It is time for reassessment of values and schools should take the lead.

How could we improve education today? Obviously a basic body of facts is still required because knowledge is undeniably an essential; but the traditional curriculum is somewhat outdated and it seems desirable for a new approach in both teaching and syllabus. New subjects could be introduced such as Asian languages, Philosophy, Psychology.

It is time that schools were not just
'Little boxes on the hillside'
Little boxes made of ticky-tacky'
but a part of society. Students should participate in community matters and the Community should involve itself more in the School. (This was our aim in interviewing members of our community, p.4.)

Perhaps more emphasis should be given to sport — not just for those good at sport, but for all students (healthy body, healthy mind).

Ashwood has undoubtedly made some progressive innovations which indicate a widening of educational attitudes. The choral and public speaking contests are examples which have been successful. 'Electives' was an extremely good idea, but didn't work because of teacher shortages

and senior student unwillingness to participate. With external exams looming ahead and tied to a set syllabus, students could not afford to waste precious study time.

The prefect system is becoming outdated and this year has caused the 6th form to become fragmented. The suggestion of giving the whole 6th form a position of authority and responsibility would be a marked improvement. An S.R.C. would give junior forms an opportunity to voice their rather strong opinions (see Letters to the Editor, pp 27/28).

1972 has seen a relaxation of the school rules, especially as regards the 6th form. There seems to be a faction within the staff who believes that the seniors have abused their privileges. Could this be because the students were not made aware of the responsibilities expected of them? Perhaps emphasis on the responsibilities that accompany the privileges gained has been missing from Ashwood High.

Because Society is in a state of constant change, schools must be prepared to change too, not just remain static units within Society. But, change can only proceed smoothly and effectively when all the consequences, the pros and cons have been considered.

The individual must learn to become adaptable. Our education system and our Schools must provide the essential training.

Judy Haeusler,
ASHWOOD CO.
on behalf of
Janette Comley & Graeme Bailey
LIBRARY
EDITORS.



Mr. J. Currie and Mr. M. McKay

ADVISORY COUNCIL

Hazel Piscioneri and Margot Rosser interviewed Mr. J. Currie, Treasurer of the Advisory Council and the following are some of his very interesting comments.

THE COUNCIL

A body of men and women who act in an advisory capacity to the Principal.

The council also determines how to use funds raised by the Parents & Citizens, and Canteen Committees.

Main aim is to be of assistance to the Principal.

SCHOOL PROJECTS — Achieved/Planned

Main aim this year was to pay off the Assembly Hall. This is hoped to be achieved at the end of this year.

Intended project after the hall is to build a cafeteria and the proposed site is the area between the toilet block and Vannam Drive.

The council tries to have as many schemes as possible under consideration and to maintain at least one definite goal.

ASHWOOD TODAY

Ashwood is a good school. It has kept up with the times with the principal's attitude to boys' hair length and uniforms generally. There is, however, a lack of parent participation in fund-raising areas.

MAGAZINE

It should represent all areas of school activity. Committee should comprise the Principal, naturally, one member of staff, representatives of each form, club and team. It should be for old and young to enjoy. It should not be used for teachers to express their political views or students' radical outbursts.

PRESIDENT ILL

We are sorry to hear that Mr. K. Williams, President of the council, has been very ill and we wish him speedy recovery.

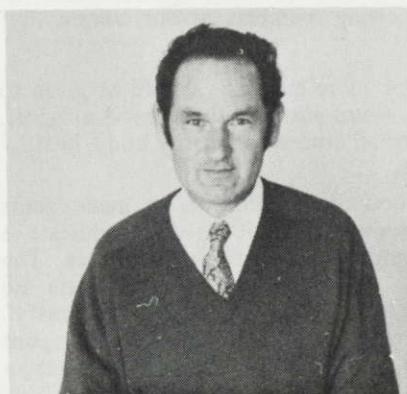
INTERVIEWS WITH PEOPLE CLOSELY ASSOCIATED WITH THE SCHOOL

PARENTS' & CITIZENS' COMMITTEE

Louise Barker asked Mr. P. Lockhart the following questions:

- Q. What is the role of the Parents & Citizens Committee?
A. Basically, fund raising.
Q. Do you feel that there is a lack of support from the parents?
A. Yes, definitely; especially at fete time. We are always short-staffed on stalls.
Q. Do you enjoy being on the Committee?
A. Yes; I enjoy meeting new people and making friends. The school has provided us with a common interest; my wife was secretary for 3 years and then 2 years ago I joined. I've had the privilege of being President for those two years.
Q. Do you feel that there is a lack of communication between staff, students and parents?
A. Yes. Staff aren't altogether to blame as they are always available for interview, but parents don't avail themselves of this often enough.
Q. What future projects are you likely to be working for?
A. Possibly raising money for the new cafeteria envisaged by the Advisory Council.
Q. Have you any general comments?
A. We are always looking for new ideas for raising money, and hoping for larger attendances at our annual meeting.
Q. What do you think about a school magazine?
A. It should definitely be a magazine brought out by the students of the school for them to look back over in years to come.

THANK YOU VERY MUCH, MR. LOCKHART,



Mr. P. Lockhart

MOTHERS' CLUB

Our interview with the President of the Mothers' Club, Mrs. Sykes, was most revealing. Contrary to our former impression of gossipy female gatherings, we learnt that the Mothers' Club were a serious and hardworking group whose main role was to raise money to cover the additional expenses of the school. Their usual methods of fund raising include social events such as tennis tournaments, theatre nights and luncheons. Mrs. Sykes felt that the club had achieved what it set out to do this year.

Asked for comments on the school generally, Mrs. Sykes was somewhat cautious. She felt that a trained psychologist for the benefit of students would be highly desirable. In general, she also felt that parents lent insufficient support to school projects. Ashwood was, however, a good and well-equipped school. Concerning the magazine, Mrs. Sykes felt that although the students should organise it and contribute to it, Mr. McKay should be able to censor the magazine, omitting anything which he did not approve of.

Hazel Piscioneri and
Margot Rosser.

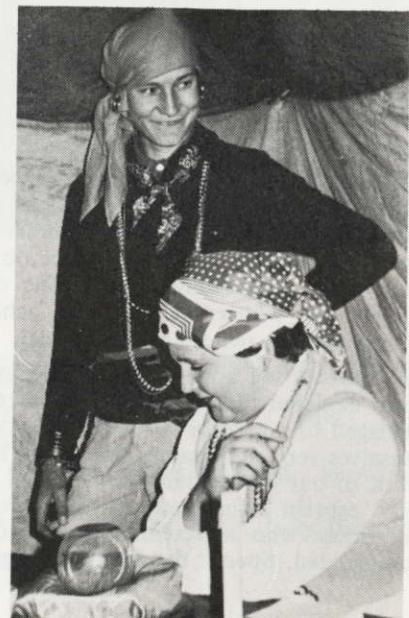
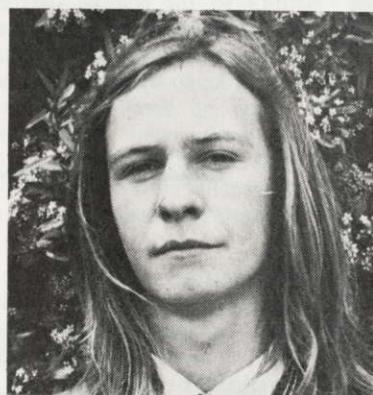
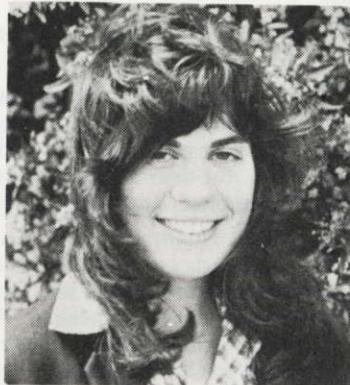
CANTEEN COMMITTEE

Mrs. J. Smyth talked with Kim McGrath about the canteen in particular and about our school in general. She has worked for the canteen for 7 years and has maintained a close association with the school throughout that period. This year, the canteen did very well, making a profit and enjoying the companionship of a co-operative band of mothers. The committee's main aim is to provide a service to the school with lunches for staff and students. They would welcome any suggestions for improvements to the canteen.

One of the main areas for dispute in school canteens has been the type of food sold, e.g. sweets. Mrs. Smyth felt that most of the food sold at the canteen was beneficial and that the selling of sweets was wise, as children would otherwise be tempted to go outside the school to buy them. Many complaints have been received by Mrs. Smyth concerning this matter, but she felt that none of the criticism has been constructive.

Ashwood's concern about the length of girls' dresses and boys' hair, and about whether girls' should wear hats, was in her opinion somewhat exaggerated. She was, however, a firm believer in having a school uniform.

Mrs. Smyth also felt that the school needed better equipped science laboratories and that there was a number of teachers who did not have a good staff-student relationship.





HILLARY

Hillary House wins again! They turned on a fantastic performance when they beat "pre-post" favourites Mawson by more than 150 points to win the House Athletics Sports.

This was but one of the many successes which Hillary enjoyed this year. They also won the "Choral Contest" and the "Public Speaking Contest", making it three out of four major Inter-House events. The only activity in which we did not achieve victory was the swimming (2nd place).

The year started slowly with our swimming team depleted due to illness. However we managed to overcome our losses and acquit ourselves very well mainly due to the hard work of our vice-captain Gary Russell and girls' captain Julie Shaw. All members of our house who represented us are to be commended. Special thanks must be given

to Mick Eddelbuttel (Iron-man – 6 events) and Lesley-Ann Rechter.

Next came the "Choral Contest" which many believe to be the highlight of the school year. Through dedication and plain hard work we were able to win this coveted event. I would like to thank every person who volunteered (Ha! Ha!) to take part – especially those who made up the third item. Special thanks must go to Mr. Robertson, Mr. Swalwell and Miss (or is it Mrs.?) Harman and Mrs. Calcutt for their services – without their help this contest would not have been ours.

From there we moved on to the "Public Speaking" where we once again excelled. Our speakers showed their conscientiousness in that they were prepared to thoroughly study their topics to enable them to gain extra points. Every person

who participated in this event is thanked. Finally the long awaited House Athletics arrived. This I believe was our greatest achievement. Many thought that Mawson was going to romp the "Ath." in. However due to dedication and discipline Hillary triumphed and eventually annihilated our rivals.

Although our victory was due to an overall team effort thanks must go to Chris Hayes (who beat the so-called Mawson champ.), Mick Forest, Daryl Vernon, Stephen Bahn, Jenny Dunn, Leanne Crawford, Nerida Longthorpe, Rhonda Wills and Adele Seekamp.

Half way through the year Julie Shaw left school so the role of Girl House Captain was to be filled. This was ably taken by Jenny Dunn and Lesley-Ann Rechter. I would like to thank Jenny, Lesley-Ann and

Gary Russell for their help through the year especially while I was hospitalized. These three members formed a team which worked tirelessly all year making my job comparatively easy.

On summing up, I would like to say that this year has been a successful year for Hillary in all facets and I hope that the enthusiasm which has been instilled this year will follow on next year. I must thank our devoted House-teachers (already named) who have helped us achieve our success.

Finally let's hope that we win the "Aggregate Shield" to cap off an exceptional year for Hillary House.

Boy Capt: Ken Zimmer
Girl Capt: Jenny Dunn
Lesley-Ann Rechter

MAWSON

The year began without much success. Mawson came third in the swimming sports, although only by a few points. Perhaps, if we had not been struck by a wave of coughs, colds and non-swimmers we could have managed to do better. The more prominent swimmers were, amongst the girls, G. Junker, L. Simpson and L. Taylor; amongst the boys we had D. O'Connor, L. Bennington, A. Coe and the Phillipson brothers.

MAWSON *Continued*

Athletics on the other hand, seemed to bring out a bit more enthusiasm from the Mawsonites. Enthusiasm wasn't quite enough and although we tried hard for the cup, we only managed second place, well ahead of the other two houses. Aths. stars included Roy Gascoigne, Dick O'Connor, Mark (lead) Phillips, S. Kane, B. Gibbons, A. Grigoriou, S. Watson, T. and P. Cutting and D. Lee. From the female side, Julie Rae, L. Simpson, G. Junker, J. Shearer and H. Davies.

The Choral Festival was once again a success and Mawson was well represented by its choir which included 'Orford's Octaves'. A considerable amount of time and effort was put into producing our choir by the conductress (Louise) and the pianist (Pam). I'm sure they will agree that the effort was worthwhile.



Other house competitions included the house debates — we came third, although we did have one prominent member in Pam Thomas, who was first in the sixth form.

Mawson's big success of the year was in the interhouse football. Under captain-coach Gary 'Big Nick' Roach, Mawson came through undefeated. We also comprised a major part of the school side with all-stars such as Roy Gascoigne, Mick Shone, Ross Simpson, Steve Kane, Allan Stansfield, Pat Shone and the champion utility player 'Royce' Roach.

At the end of second term the progress results for yard duty, service, uniform and sports were not very promising. Only in sport did we manage to come first, while the others were all seconds and thirds. Perhaps the final results will be better. Yard duty supervisors have done an excellent job in rounding up students each lunch-time. Sports teams were successful and Mawson took more than their share of first places.

The house-captains' jobs have been made a lot easier with the help of Julie Rae, Louise Barker and Linda Simpson, while the boys' house captain was helped by Mark Orford, Ross Simpson and also Roy Gascoigne. Without the support of the house teachers, Mrs. Piper, Mrs. Baxter, Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Blackman, Mawson could not have reached their present standard.

Well done Mawson! All the best for '73.
GARY and ZANE.

House Captains: Gary Roach, Zane Balotis
Vice Captains: Mark Orford, Julie Rae
Secretaries: Ross Simpson, Louise Barker

TRUSCOTT

This year had, once again, been one of mixed success for Truscott. As usual too much was left to too few people. We began the year on a good note by winning the swimming sports by a large margin, for the 8th successive year. Notable performers were R. Horwood, R. Lascelles, M. Nyitray, H. & P. Chugg and Vicki Hill who was Vice Captain before she left. We tried valiantly in the Athletic Sports but were outclassed finally finishing 3rd, and we must congratulate Hillary on their fine win. Special mention must go to M. Tait, C. Stamboultsis, B. Stewart, E. Ayre and R. Horwood for their consistent efforts.

The house Public Speaking Contest, a new innovation this year, was keenly contested. We finished 3rd, but I must congratulate the fine performances by our speakers.

Lack of senior support was our downfall in the Choral Competitions, but we must thank Dianne Barns and Sue Whitfield for their hard work in the long weeks of practice. Truscott members made the backbone of the senior Football team, M. Tait, R. Horwood and M. Crosbie; and the basketball team, D. Luxford, M. Crosbie. Lastly we must mention Yard Duty which the girls excelled in; but the apathy of the boys is reflected in the final results.

Special thanks must go to those who have given us so much support this year, and who knows, with a concerted effort we may do better next year.

LYN and MICHAEL



House Teachers: Mr. Morris, Mrs. Walsh, Mr. Fernando, Miss Goodman
House Captains: Michael Crosbie, Lyn Ledger
Vice Captains: Roger Horwood, Charmaine Chamarette
Secretaries: Graeme Baily, Judy Haeusler

FLYNN



Oh! Flynn! How Good we Are! Once again we have proved how unenthusiastic, lazy and lacking in house spirit we are, by coming third or last in every house competition.

As a house we are a disaster area. We started off the year, as usual, unsuccessfully, coming third in the swimming sports. But our special thanks go to all our competitors and especially Carol Feddema, Kim Westgarth, Denile Walsh, Eddie Margan and David George who gained places! Oh! but wait, a special mention to those 'house-proud' students who brought false notes stating that sudden colds had arisen.

Towards the end of first term, though, we managed with our loud voices to gain a third in the Choral Festival. Of course it took a lot of yelling and pushing to gain some attendances at practice, but wonders will never cease, we did eventually gain some recognition. Our undying thanks go to Sue Brookman and Eddie Margan for helping with the organizing, and last but not least our thanks go to Boo McLeod for

showing her remarkable conducting talents and gorgeous legs in short dresses. We would also like to thank Erica Laos on the piano, Russel Malley and Roy Jackson on guitars, Julian de Kretser on drums and Hugh Johnson on the cymbals.

Don't worry fans, we haven't left out our great effort in the athletic sports, in which we managed to come last (don't ask us how!); good luck always seems to follow Flynn. Sue Brookman, may we add, led the girls in the athletic sports — ta very muchly Sue! Special thanks to Steve Bickham (Speedy), David Dostes Coates, and Eddie Margan; without those three boys Flynn would probably still be running.

The girls proved they were good garbage collectors, by gaining good placings in Yard Duty, but due to the boys' losing their book, they did not manage to reach the high standard of the girls. Our thanks go to Sue and David for organizing Yard Duty.

And now we would like to praise that most enthusiastic member of Flynn, our Mr. Laughton, without whose confidence and

help in every competition we would have been utterly lost. Thanks Mr. L., you're a man in a million. Thanks also to Miss Morgan, Mrs. Nobes and Mr. McIntyre.

But students, the best is yet to come. We actually came second in the House talks. Amazing isn't it, we are unbelievably shocking at everything except talking. Our thanks to all those who competed. Well done kids! (including Colin Lackman).

And so to finish Flynn's usual year of disappointments ... We give to the next Flynn CHouse Captains the migraine headache which we inherited from Don and Jenny and which we don't doubt will be passed on for many years to come. We also have the name of a good psychiatrist and for good luck, we throw in a packet of Asprins, to be found in the Prefect's room. Flynn, we wish you all the best for 1973.

KELLY and JEFF



*House Captains: Kelly Dolman, Jeff Fowler,
Vice Captains: Sue Brookman, David George,
Secretaries: Jeanette McLeod, Eddie Margan.*



CENTRAL AUSTRALIAN TOUR '72

A flock of 42 students left Ashwood with three teachers, (Mr. Swalwell, Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. Whittle) our driver (Horrie) and our courier (Rod), on Saturday, 29th April, all set for our unforgettable journey into the desert.

On reaching Wilpena Pound on the third day, we were given a free afternoon, which was spent entirely in putting up tents. That night we were entertained by Mrs. Jordan on her piano-accordion. One night was spent sleeping under the stars, which was an experience on its own.

Alice Springs proved to be one of the most enjoyable places stayed at and most looked forward to, for the more luxurious facilities than we had been used to. Trips were taken to Stanley Chasm, Simpsons Gap, Pitchie Ritchie and other interesting places from Alice Springs, before continuing on to Ayres Rock, a few days later.

We were supposed to leave Alice on May 8th but due to certain mix-ups, our courier had been replaced by a new one (Mac), for whom we had to wait before continuing.

We all participated in some way and were put on rosters for cooking, collecting firewood, putting up tents, loading/unloading the coach and filling-in the toilet. Nobody gained weight owing to the wonderful meals which we didn't get; (A few exceptions made!) and some didn't think it was necessary to wash often, did they Chuck?

The day we reached the great red rock we were taken around the base and shown over various caves. The following morning seemed to be the climax of the tour when we started our walk to the top of the rock. After many long rests we made it and received our well earned badges. After our visit to the Olgas we began our journey home.

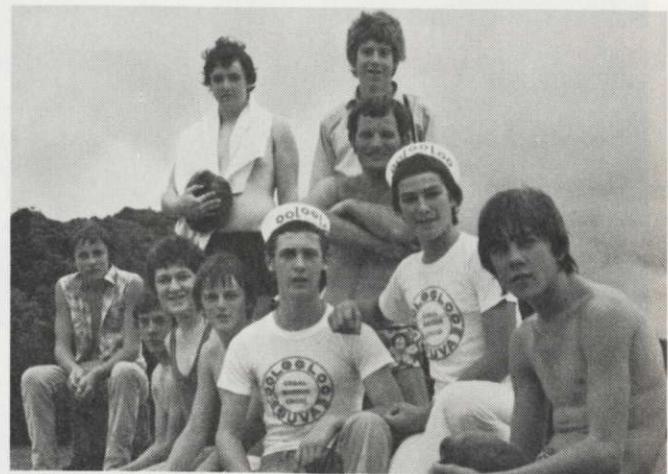
Our stay at Coober Pedy was only a short one where we were shown through opal caves and dugouts. We spent our last bush camp at Wirrappa where we enjoyed Mr. Swalwell's fine effort of pancakes for supper.

We continued straight through Port Augusta and Adelaide to try to make up time and camped beside a petrol station in which we had breakfast early, the day of our return.

We arrived at school at 6.00 p.m. to find not a parent in sight owing to a confusion about arrival time, so it was a rush to the phone.

Even though our trip proved to be an unusual one we enjoyed it very much and our thanks must go to the teachers for putting up with us . . . (and vice versa).

Stephen Schubert
Billy Wills



FIJIAN CRUISE 1972

This year eleven boys and Mr. McKay went on a cruise to Suva, travelling on P & O S.S. ORIANA.

We left Sydney on Friday evening at 7.10, 28th April, destination Suva. On Saturday most of us explored the ship, half of the boys suddenly came across the bar and the Poker machines – and so began our cruise. On Saturday afternoon half the boys felt ill. I have never worked out why, because the weather report for Saturday 29th April was: 'gentle E.S. Easterly breeze. Slight seas and swell.' On Sunday the sea was very rough; this increased the sea-sickness amongst the boys.

Generally, the cruise was enjoyed by all of us – the entertainment, the food and the service were superb. Suva was a very interesting place but, being there for only one day, all we were interested in was to get our duty-free shopping done. On the whole, Mr. McKay and myself were the only ones who weren't sea-sick. We were all disappointed when it finished, but it had to some time.

Derek Sree IVC (2)



FOURTH FORM TOURS

TASMANIAN TOUR

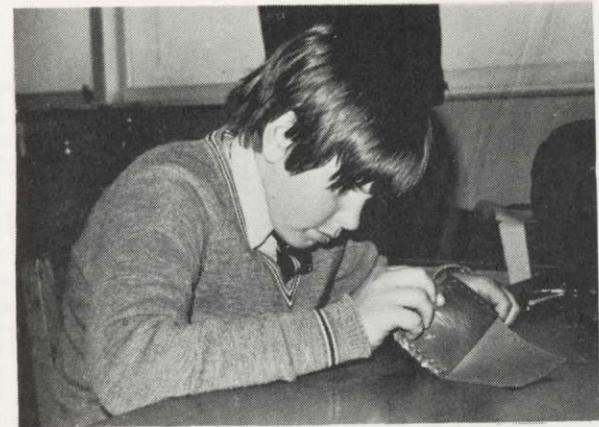
Monday, May 1st, a bus load of merry, sweet school children were driven to Tullamarine airport, where they were transferred to a Jet. Once imprisoned inside, meddling fingers found their way to the emergency exits, causing a short delay in take-off. Up, up and away, with the youngsters' mouths full of chewy, seat belts fastened, and hand on paper bags, we were ready for any emergency.

Arrival at Launceston airport. All were herded into a bus and driven to the Poatina Power Station where they entered a long, dark tunnel which led to the underground power station. Then off to the historical Entally House and Launceston where the group took up residence in the Metropole.

After visiting Tamar Gorge, the children were allowed to mingle with the Natives of Hobart. Thursday . . . The reliable charter mobile broke down forcing gallant students to fight against bitter cold and raging winds, conquering the summit of Mount Wellington. Friday . . . The crew went fishing in the rich Salmon ponds, but because of poor shower facilities the temptation was too great for one member of staff to bathe among the salmon.

Back to Melbourne, a mixture of joy and sorrow.

Barbara Scott
Mary Tudden





Sport

SOFTBALL SMASH-HIT

Ashwood High Junior Softball team scored a home-run with a runaway victory in the All High Schools' Finals.

After six successive wins in the Southern Division the team forged ahead in the Division Finals to defeat Glen Waverley 9 - 7. This victory placed them in the All High Schools' Finals. However, the third form girls who played brilliantly to take the team to the Division Finals had to be replaced, as the All High Schools' Finals for Juniors allowed only first and second formers to compete. Despite this last-minute re-arrangement, the team displayed superb talent and team-work by crushing Dandenong Girls' High with a score of 33 to 2 in the Semi-Final and by soundly defeating St. Alban's in the Grand Final 26 to 4.

With such sporting ability evident at the Junior level, Ashwood is assured of more success in future years.

GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN

The Junior Tennis Team comprised K. McPherson, R. Callick, K. Kennedy, P. Chugg, who played a season of eight matches, in the Southern Division. Although they had only one success they gained much experience and thoroughly enjoyed playing.



Back Row (Left to right) Chris Powell, Francis Tait, Dorothy Deering, Sue Wilson
2nd Row (Left to right) Julie Sharpe, Rhonda Wills, Karen Sharpe, Kathy Leahy
3rd Row (Left to right) Lorraine Dunn, Caryn Kuhlmann
Front Row (L to R) Eva Nyitrai, Tracey Burt, Lynette Houston. Absent: Gwenda Young, Pam Dixon.

Greater Love hath no man

(Continued.....)

Karyn Wight, Lyn Ledger, Jenny Dunn, Kim Wesgarth, Rhonda Wilson, and Barbara Scott formed the Senior team. Perhaps the practice gained in leaping over the net to congratulate the victors gave Jenny the impetus to go on to success in the long jump. Our boys will agree that they made a pretty picture on the courts.



Back Row (Left to right) Jane Sandford, Dawn Holland, Francis Tait, Belinda Heathcote
2nd Row (Left to right) Julie Sharpe, Dorothy Deering, Dierdre Williams.
Front Row (Left to right) Lorraine Dunn.

BRILLIANT BASKET BALLERS

Another victory was obtained for the Junior Girls when the Under 16 Five-A-Side basketball team defeated Doncaster by 10 points in the Grand Final at Burwood Stadium to capture the pennant for Ashwood.

The team was ably coached by Mr. Dunn and the matches were played every Friday night. The team must be commended for all the time and effort they put into practising and playing outside of school hours and for the success they brought to the school.

TABLE - TENNIS VICTORY

After many months of training the guys well deserved their great success, as they took on all comers and convincingly defeated them. The Eastern Suburbs Championship fell easily into our hands and only stiff luck hindered our winning the Victorian Schoolboys' Championship.

Many players dominated, these being Graeme Lenton, Eddy Margan, Ian Crane, and Glen Peters. Others tried hard and mention must be made of them, otherwise they'd probably bash me. These included R. O'Connor, J. De-Kretser, R. Horwood, G. Wallis and the old wagger J. Fowler.

After we won the "big one", we congratulated ourselves and realised how great we were. Mr. McLeod helped a little but it was our true ability that won it for us.

Graeme Lenton

Members of the team were David George (capt) Robert Rea, Neil Smyth and Graeme Masterson.

Needless to say, the team continues to revel in its glory and confidently looks forward to the future.

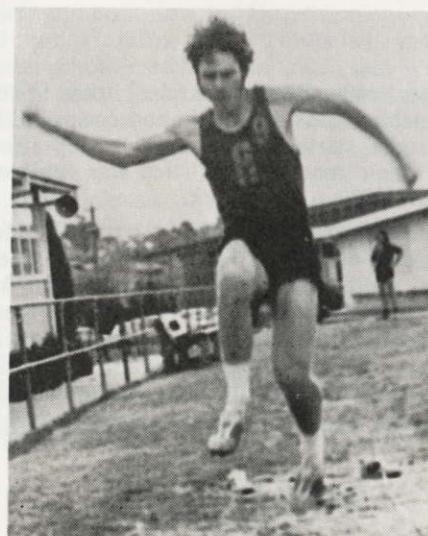
David George

JUNIOR

Our team enjoyed excellent success this season with a total of 9 wins and 1 draw. Members of the team were Russell George, Peter Thatcher, Mark Butson and Robert Slapar.

For the Round Robin Tournament the services of Ross Carlton (Under 11 Victorian Champion) were employed to considerable advantage as may be seen in the loss of only three sets from a possible thirty, over several days play. Bearing in mind the consistency of performance we can look forward to similar successes next year.

Russell George



ASHWOOD BEATS BLACKBURN

This year's 1st Eighteen made football history when they beat the glamour side of our division, Blackburn.

For just on five years Blackburn has repeatedly annihilated Ashwood — and as captain I must make it clear that I was proud of every player in that team.

After a woeful beginning to the year in which Ashwood was defeated soundly by Jordanville, Glen Waverley, Mt. Scopus and Koonung, the team lifted its enthusiasm and game, rising to its full potential in the game against Blackburn. Every person did his bit in this win and through brilliant, tenacious and dedicated football, we were able to despose Blackburn from the throne of champions.

If this standard of keenness had been kept up, I am sure that we would have won more games.

Our last matches once again were disappointing. We lost to both Mt. Scopus and Glen Waverley again through lack of concentration (Blueing all the time).

The final game of the year proved to be a real thriller. We played Camberwell on the V.F.A. ground. After a poor first three quarters the team pulled itself together to get within 5 points of Camberwell before the siren. This was a tremendous effort.

Overall the Ashwood High School 1st Eighteen acquitted itself quite well. All players contributed to the team's performance, but those who stood out were Chris Hayes, Gary Roach (Mt. Scopus), Max Tate, "Skinny" and Allen Smith.



I would like to thank Mr. McLeod (Macca) for coaching this year and personally thank each player for giving me his full support . . . And for beating Blackburn.

"We ate 'em alive"

Ken Zimmer (Capt)

BOYS' TENNIS

SENIOR

A season of unparalleled success with the team emerging undefeated over the entire season . . . this great feat was achieved in a single afternoon as a result of a match played against Mt. Scopus.

SENIOR HOCKEY

Despite the rain, cold mud and 9 team members instead of 11, we managed to draw 1 match out of the 4 played on the first field day at Wattle Park. We left for home somewhat bruised and battered but our spirits weren't dampened even though the weather was excessively so — we were determined to come back fighting on the second field day the following week.

Armed this time with 13 players, extra shin guards and other protective gear we went onto the second field day where we played 3 matches, and even though we went down, it can't be said that we didn't go down fighting. The whole team played much more intelligent and cohesive hockey, and taking into account that we played the 3 top sides, the narrow margins by which we lost were, in fact, a credit to us.

The hopes for next year look very good, especially with the talent evident in the fourth formers.



HOCKEY AT MONASH

A special mention must be given to the girls who rose bright and early every Saturday morning to play hockey at 9.00 a.m. at Monash University. Though both numbers and the support given by the school were small, there was always the dedicated group who would put in an appearance for Ashwood, whether it be against "Up-up-upwey" or playing on rainy days on a field covered a foot deep with water. Ably assisted by their strong vocal chords, they managed to keep the school spirit alive by their determination and beautiful rendition of the Ashwood High School Song . . . "Good on yer!" — the group; Mary, Louise and Judy

Judy Haeusler (capt)



Back Row (L-R) Carolyn Wall, Amanda Reid, Kim McGrath, Andrea Jordan.

Front Row (L-R) Julie Syles, Judy Haeusler, Lesley-Ann Rechter.

Others In Team: Janet Shearer, Debbie Micheal, Pnita Higgs, Sue Hogan, Heather Adcock, Sue Broockman, Mary Gobbo.

SENIOR SOFTBALL

The softball team this year went extremely well owing to the effortless practice which we all put in.

We played 1 match against Wattle Park during the year which we won without any trouble. This win helped us to succeed when we went to Templestowe High to play against schools from all districts. We played 7 matches of which we won 6, but we needed 7 to make the Grand Final.

Thanks to Mrs. Abbot who nearly coached us to a softball Grand Final, and to our terrific scorer Janette.

The Senior Boys' Basketball team in the capable hands of captain and coach, Eddy Margan, started off by winning only a few of their matches, but this was achieved with brilliant team work.

Knowing that we would have to play extra hard to reach the 1st Semi-Final, I asked for assistance from K. Zimmer and M. Crosbie, but even with help from these capable(?) players we were still beaten in every match though only by a small margin. No thanks to Zimmer and Crosbie.

On the whole I have been pleased with the

team's performances throughout the year and I would like to see all future teams being more successful than we have, perhaps reaching and even winning the Finals.

I'd also like to mention some of the players who did well, though the decision was hard to reach. After much contemplation and sleepless nights I decided that the best players were P. Richards, D. Luxford and D. Coates, but the next most consistent player out of the lot was E. Margan.

E. Margan

SENIOR BOYS' SOCCER

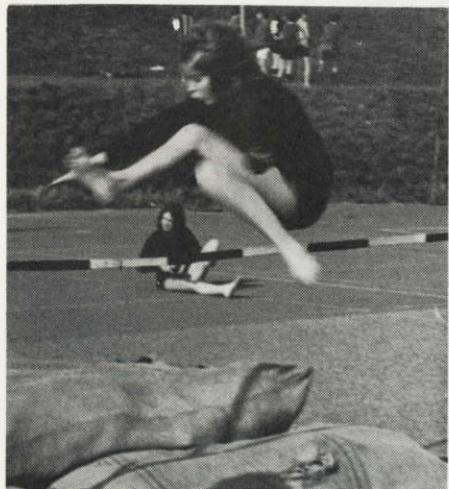
The soccer team led by captain-coach Michael Claven, proved to be a formidable combination (A combination of football and cricket refugees with a few of the old guard to give respectability to the scores).

Although the team showed fire and enthusiasm, determination and dedication to the game, we lost all the matches we played in competition. This was due to the fact that we were always players short, hence the rejects.

Out of this picture of despair, there is a ray of hope in that the improvement shown by the rest of the team should ensure that past successes(?) will be continued . . .

Well, we hope to win at least one game next season.

Michael Claven (Capt)



JUNIOR NETBALL

This year the Junior Netball consisted of two teams A and B. The A grade team won 3 matches out of 6 played. They narrowly defeated Balwyn by 1 goal, but soundly defeated both Kew and Greythorn.

B grade team only competed in 3 inter-school matches, 2 of which they won. They had a good win over Greythorn and obtained the victory over Balwyn via a forfeit. The teams were

A Grade

Lynda Simpson
Dierdre Williams
Julie Marke
Joanne Tait
Lauren Newstead
Terri Mattison
Bronwyn Payne
Wendy Smith
Kerry Cossom
Debra Nevins

B Grade

Pam Shearer
Joan Bunting
Karen Robertson
Judith Glenn
Belinda Heathcote
Julie McIntyre
Sue Wilson
Julie Graham

One weekend midway through third term a group consisting of 4 students – David George, Jeanette Thompson, Trevor Parker, and Carol Feddema, and three noble teachers in a quest for losing weight – Miss Goodman, Miss Morgan and the famous guide who lost his way twice, Mr. Swalwell, struggled voluntarily up and down gigantic hills too steep for motor bikes! The area chosen for such torture was in the locality of Warburton. The weather was fine and sunny – ideal for those who were fit! Apart from occasional chance

meetings with snakes, Mr. Swalwell's addiction to Johnsons' Baby Powder, large blisters, and the disappointment that only a few students participated, all had a marvellous time. What weight we didn't lose travelling during the day we lost by freezing at night. The scenery varied greatly, changing from sunny grassy areas to damp, moist, lush green gullies to open scrub and tall, tall gum trees. The teachers were fabulous and we all look forward to another hike next year.

Carol Feddema

JUNIOR HOCKEY

The inter-school matches for the Junior Hockey were played on two field days at Balwyn. 4 matches were played on the first day, resulting in three losses and 1 draw. Though the team's play improved on the second day, they still could not obtain a victory, and out of the 3 matches played they once again could only manage a draw. With a little more practice and enthusiasm, next season will undoubtedly be more successful.

Team:

Carol Smith	Heather McKenzie
Cathy Leahy	Meryl Sexton
Joanne Hayes	Sue Crossly
Terry Jordan	Jeanette Saurels
Denise Brown	Pat Naismith
Sandra Horwood	Janne Brookman
Donna McLeod	



JUNIOR FOOTBALL

After a great season with only two defeats (one was a practice match) Ashwood showed that apart from their small side they still played like champions soundly beating the other sides.

Best players throughout the year; Greg Ross (capt) Tony Quinn, Russell Black, Bruce Gibbons, Shane Rooney, Russell Gascoigne, Andrew Kerr and the rest of the team played well too. With thanks to Mr. McLeod for a fine coaching job throughout the season.



BOMBED OUT BY THREE POINTS

Ashwood just missed winning the Inter-school Athletics by the narrow margin of three points to Mt. Waverley.

Though this result was disappointing, the performances of the Ashwood athletes was in most cases, quite brilliant. This year brought substantial improvement, particularly in the Junior section. As a result Ashwood won the Junior Shield.

Exceptional performances were by D. Vernon U/13 Long Jump; S. Bann U/13 100m and 200m; W. Nunn U/14 100m and 200m; D. Werthenbach U/14 Long Jump and High Jump; and the U/13 Relay. Both S. Bann U/13 200m and the U/13 Relay met with further success at the All High Sports with the achievement of 1st places.

First placings of girls in the Junior section went to R. Wills U/14 High Jump; and the U/13 Relay. These competitors also went on to the All High Sports to obtain second placings.

Senior boys took out three 1st places as a result of determined efforts by S. Kane U/17 High Jump; C. Hayes U/17 Shot Put; the U/17 Relay and D. Coates Open Long Jump.

Both S. Kane and U/17 Relay reasserted their supremacy by taking the honour position at the All High Sports.



Back Row: (L-R) S. Bann, D. Vernon, J. O'Brien, L. Bennington.
Front Row: (L-R) S. Kane, G. Woolnough, M. Tate, C. Hayes.



Back Row: (L-R) J. Dunn, J. Shearer, R. Wills,
N. Seekamp, L. Brennan, K. Davies, A. Seekamp.

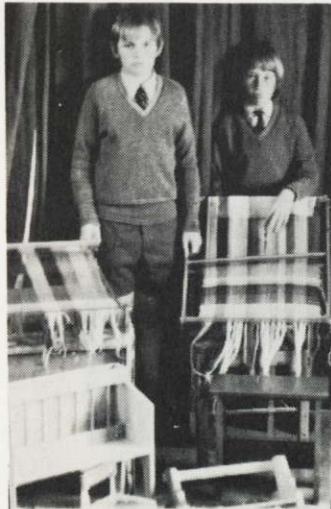
Senior Girls also received excellent results with first placings going to S. Brookman Open High Jump; J. Shearer U/16 100m and 200m; K. Lenthall Open Javelin; and J. Dunn Open 100m, 200m and Long Jump. These competitors went on to the All High Sports and J. Shearer and J. Dunn both received 4th places.

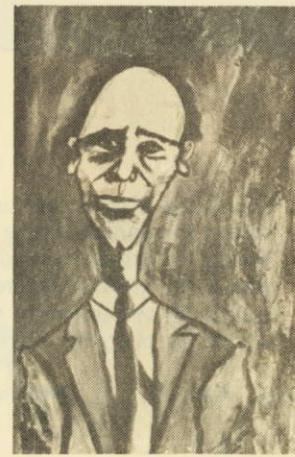
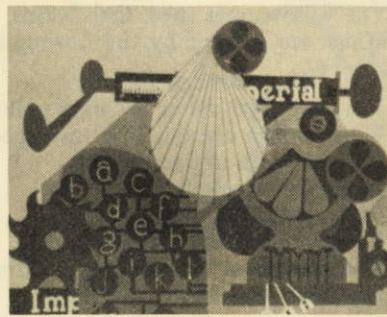
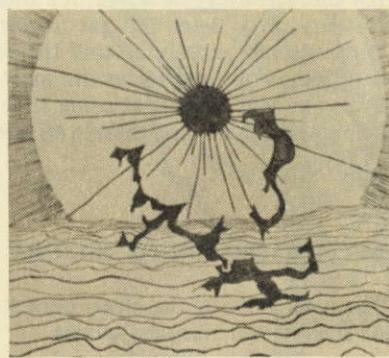
Lack of space has meant that only persons gaining 1st place have received mention however it should be realised that team success is the result of team effort and many more are worthy of comment. One must not forget to mention a most unfortunate Allen Smith (Open) who won no fewer than five second placings.

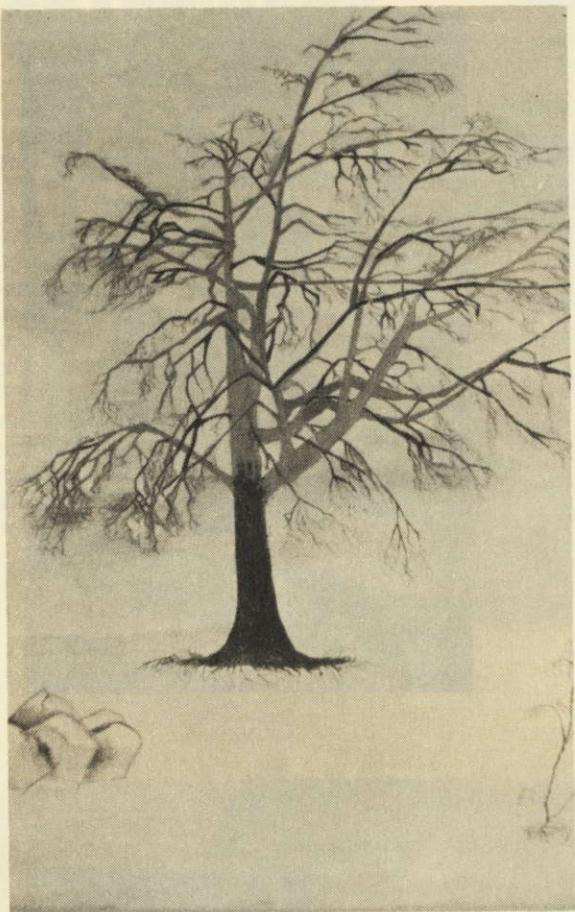
Thanks must also be extended to the sports teachers and staff who have maintained their support throughout the year.

CRAFTWORK

Creative activities at AHS cover a wide range of arts and crafts, such as handloom weaving, needlework, raffia work, woodwork and cookery. We have illustrations here of tiny models of musical instruments made by form 1 students, as well as some very fine and delicate needlework by form 3 and 4 girls. The raffia animals were made by form 2 students and the woodwork models by form 2 and 3 boys.







WRITTEN HERE, INSTEAD OF ON A WALL

Wall writing DESTROYS desk defacing DESTROYS
Seat Slashing DESTROYS loathesome litter DESTROYS
Pilfering property DESTROYS endangering environment
DESTROYS

DESTROYS THE QUALITY OF LIFE

Painting pictures CREATES making music CREATES
Producing poetry CREATES reacting responsibly CREATES
Endeavouring CREATES caring about conservation CREATES

CREATING ENRICHES THE QUALITY OF LIFE

John and Margaret Landvogt

DEATH

Death is silent with cobwebs in its hair.
Death is foul and it pollutes the air.
It's there at every accident, it's there at every fire.
It's very, very sharp and has fingernails of wire.
It travels very closely around the edge of time
And jumps out and seizes the most reluctant find.
Everyone will meet it at some time or place.
It'll catch up to you; there's no need to race.

Judy Simkin 1A

THE DISTORTION OF NATURE

The brisk flow of the clear, pure stream
As it falls over rounded stones
Down the snow-covered peaks
To the fresh green paddocks
Which border each bank.
The willow trees shed their leaves,
Which are carried by the flowing stream.

As it passes through the city
The pure clear water becomes polluted
With rubbish discarded by townspeople.
It turns to an impure black,
Its freshness to odour,
Its briskness to a crawl.
The green borders now distorted
And blackened by the smog-filled industries.
I sit, and remember.

Derek Slee 4C2

F stands for what future may hold.
U stands for understanding the world of the old
T stands for tomorrow and what it will bring
U stands for universe where pollution will sting
R stands for revolution to stop all the war and
E stands for everyone filled with awe.

Lynda Wight 2E

SURRENDER

This prison will be my life
My Fortune, my Fate
And my death.
I think I have lost the meaning and breadth
Of life.

I can't remember . . .
It was so long ago
When I was free
— If I was free —
And I didn't even know that
I meant to do it.

If I had only searched deep down
I would have found that desire
I could have quenched that fire
If I only had.

Events led to events
Circumstances to circumstances
While I followed my blind impulses.
Even then I could have saved myself
I could have played at being brave
Been a man and given myself in
But not many understand
That wild and desperate hunted feeling
When you've suddenly opened your eyes
And beheld what you've done
And panicked
And run.

It is even harder to accept
That you, the most important person in the world
Are the scum of the world,
A criminal
Despised of all men.
And you don't know why;
You don't even know why.

This cell
My meaningless hell
Will be my life
My Fortune, my Fate
And my death.
I think I have lost the feeling and depth
Of life.

J. Lawrence 5B

SICK AFFRONTED

Flics cluster around open sores
Children utter agony from rashed pores.

No alarms, no clamorous haste,
No discordant sounds to warn of coming human waste
Explosions from earthen cups
Beckoning blood to overflow their lips.
Hot steel and warm flesh rain the air
And febrile children never run anywhere.

Lines of men march. They jest
Smoking cigarattes,
They come to look over their success.

An upper body rises
Dribbles blood from mouth and nostrils
And drops its broken head
To join the dead.
On the side a woman squats
Alone
Unflinching
Awaiting the same
Like a Buddhist martyr awaiting consummation by flame.

And after all the brave men in khaki have left
The villagers will come and clean up this mess;
The oozed bowels of the earth.
And the fertile soil
Will rot the flourishing dead of turmoil.

Glenn Peters 6C

A PESSEMISTIC AND

AND the world is blind and deaf and stupid
And it keeps right on its plotted course
To selfish aim and 'my' satisfaction
And it doesn't give a damn about a nuclear war.
And it doesn't care less about its threatened children
And it doesn't ever think 'bout its doomed neighbours and friends
And it will keep right on in its state of pitiful ignorance
Till it meets its destiny, right on time, at the end.

When it hasn't a friend.
When the world blows up in a ghastly light
And screams and echoes and burns like hell
And its children know they don't want to grow up
And its children's children don't have a mind
And out in space they keep wondering –
Whatever happened to Mankind?

For Mankind is ignorant and blind and stupid
And it doesn't give a damn for doomed Mankind.
And the destiny it speeds so giddily towards
Is the hell that itself built and designed.
And it only makes one wonder, when on its dying lips
The world gasps and agonises in searing light,
And cries out My God, why did it happen my God
Won't it just be a little too late?
AND . . .

Jenny Lawrence 5B

S.W.



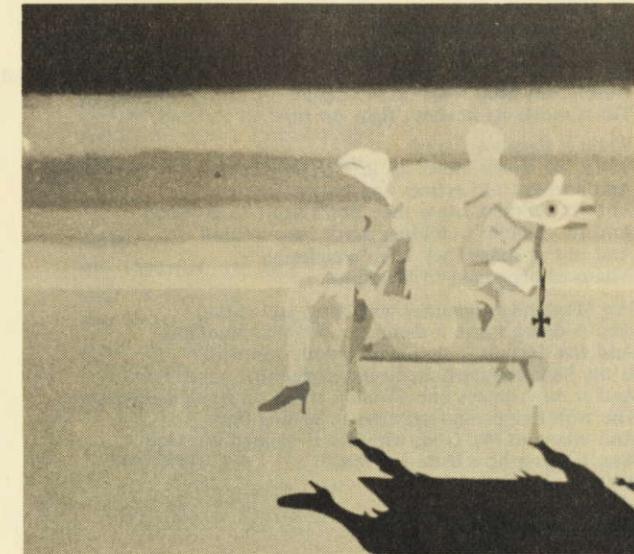
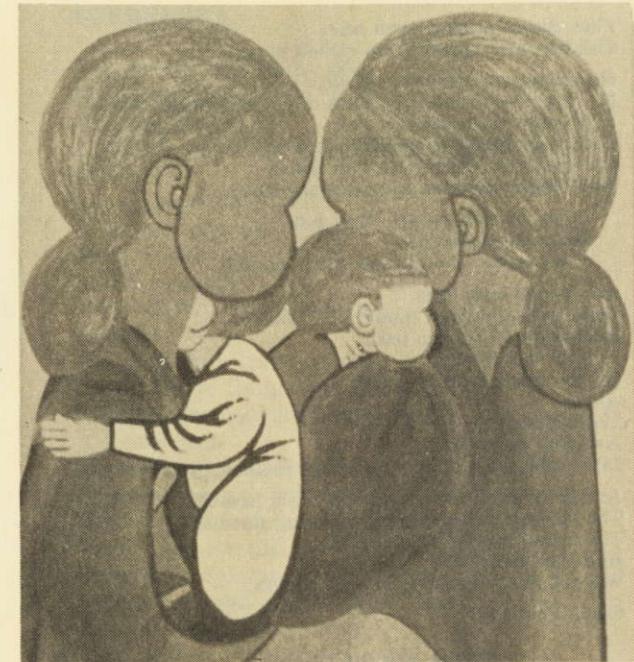
I think of you
 In the still of the night
 When all is tranquil, translucent,
 And caress its velvet darkness soft and warm.
 To hold it close, to kiss the moistness of the dew
 That trickles like a tear to pause, untouched,
 The bowing blade.
 My mind runs restless on
 Across the field to where you lay in virgin white,
 Beneath the whispering, weeping, will.
 And as I pause I stare bewitched,
 For dawn awakes within your eyes
 And with its birth the earth begins to yawn and stretch
 And shudder off its midnight mist.
 Rays of gold flutter, filter down to where you be
 And touch your hair with threads of silver silk
 That travels down to weave into a gown of love.
 Two blue-bells see what red roses show
 And you rise beneath that
 As you smile and raise a hand that beckons me.
 But my feet are bound, I cannot move
 As you rise beneath that waving wall
 And fade into its groping arms that wither and die
 As they feast upon your youthful heart
 That was to be mine.
 My body's freed to a life that's lost.
 What good are tears; who will see,
 What good are prayers; who will hear,
 What good is memory; who will remember,
 Who?

Gary Russell 6C

THOUGHT

The gentle touch of one's hand, the gentle intention
 of one's mind,
 Will wither the lily, so divine, will destroy indirectly, thine
 It's not so clear, I know myself, in fact it is such a smear
 I fear myself,
 Yes in both ways — I fear me, I fear for me.
 Such things infer the greatness of the small.
 They need attention all the more.
 Their meaning is so hard to elucidate, sometimes causing
 misapprehension,
 Resulting hate.

Hazel Piscioneri 5C



Silently the waves are hitting
Then they are just sitting.
Then with a mighty wind they roar.
A rowing boat loses its oar.
They are crashing,
Bashing on the rocks.

Raymond Findlay 2A

Flowers awaken in the soft light
gay fish chase each other swiftly
Tien the swans sail past
Leaping frogs lead the way
Followed by a string of colourful butterflies
Dancing on the gentle spring breeze.
The dancing dolphins leap into the air
And the graceful ducks fly high above.

Betty Ratajczyk 2D

MUSIC

Smooth, fast, some parts loud
A violin being played on a cloud.
Tempo is always fast
It sounds like a part that is cast.
Before it sounded very quiet
But now it's turned into a riot.
It sounds like children slashing
It sounds like cars crashing.

Daryl Vernon

THE DAY

The first rays of dawn
Shine in the early morn.
Flowers are opening
And the country children yawn.

Up with the sun
And ready to have fun.
They'll all skylark
Till the day is done.

They'll be back
When the sky is black.
Each little sleepy head
Will be in bed.

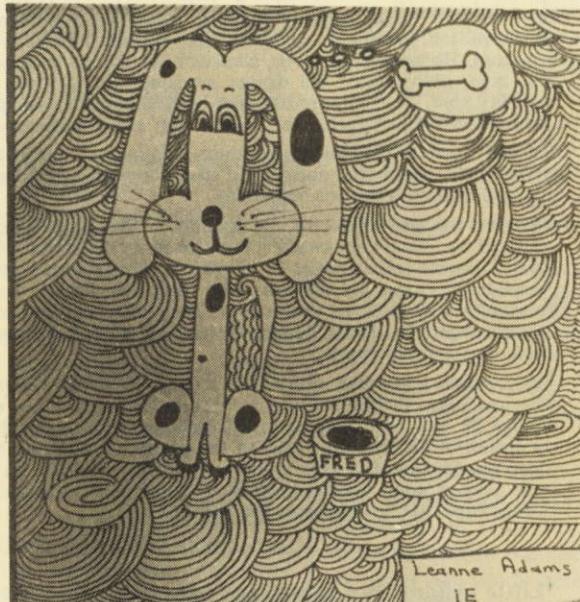
Bill Dockrey 1B

The judge's decision
Was death
And the man took breath.
He wanted to be free
So he had to flee.
He lifted his feet
And ran for the street.
He got shot in the street
By a man with sheep.

John Mirabella 1E

Oh the baby bird, how he does try
Fluttering desperately to get up into the sky.
How he boosts with all his might
And triumphant, takes off on his first flight
Gliding through the calm breeze
Landing on the whispering trees.
How proudly he does fly
In the beautiful big blue sky.

Steven Watson 1B



A Fox is a very timid creature
And hurts nothing for fun
But when the men come with dogs
He thinks of nothing but to hide.
He never ceases to run
But sooner or later he will get tired
And then you hear the gun.

Shane Gellion 2B

The lion stalks through the tall green grass.
He is after some food to eat.
He sees a deer.
He stalks, then springs at the deer.
The struggle is on! The struggle is on!
The lion wins and the deer is dead.
The lion walks off prouder than ever.

Andrew Baird 1D

THE HUNT

The dawn had broken
The riders had woken
The hounds were barking and ready to go.
The horn had sounded
The riders had mounted
And all the fountains were sparkling gold.

The hounds were pacing
The hounds were racing
The horses were galloping to and fro.
With a snap of teeth and a bang of a gun
The fox was dead and the game was won.

Kate Tudgey 2

THE MOUNTAIN

A girl running for freedom
She comes to a meadow where bees hum
She stares laughing and breathing fresh air
She lets out her hair.

Suddenly she sees blue mountains
And marble fountains
A land of wonder.
Then she hears thunder.

The mountains fade yet glow
A fierce wind begins to blow
She is running again
She sees war men.

Nowhere to run!
Then the blast of a gun.
She is trapped.
The grey clouds snapped

There! On the mountain, there!
She sees girls so fair
She lives without fear
Without even a tear.

Kathleen O'Brien 2D

MUSIC

Suddenly a piece of music comes to my ear
It is so soft I cannot hear.
The music is soft
Each step I take it grows softer and softer
And I stop and go back to the shop.
When I was walking away from the music it became louder
I was walking so fast that the music was harder.

Next morning I woke up and opened the window.
Suddenly I heard the same music and it was coming
directly downstairs.
When I looked in the lounge room
There was a bridegroom on the chair
And the music came from the bedroom.

Alex Fida 1C

THEATRE NIGHTS

(Susan Whitfield 5A)

Sitting quietly in the back seat of her chauffeur driven car Mrs. Johnson composed her face into her favourite expression of complacency and re-arranged her expensive fur. She sighed slightly because it was just a little too warm, then gently touched her hair and her lustrous diamonds to see that they were showing to the best advantage. Tonight was a second Thursday, the evening which she always spent at the best theatres. It was a social necessity that she should attend although it was often quite boring. It was a pity, she thought, that her husband, well-bred as he was, did not appreciate this. The chauffeur stopped the car outside the brightly lit theatre. When he had opened the door she stepped elegantly on to the pavement and, smiling gracious smiles, she moved inside to greet her acquaintances.

In a shabby room off a back passage, a young man sat smoking behind a thick mask of greasepaint. The brilliant globes around his make-up mirror lit the room with harsh contrasts. A voice called 'ten minutes' and he mumbled a reply. The first faint strains of the orchestral music seeped down to him from above and he sat in trance-like meditation. Tension welled up in him until he forced himself to relax. This evening they must understand. He sighed as he stood up and walked quietly on practiced feet to take his place on centre stage and wait for the curtain to rise.

Mrs. Johnston lingered for a while on a light-hearted titter at some humourous statement, then added a last comment to the social gossip before sitting back in her seat and turning her bored attention to the already opened stage. For the next two hours, behind a mask of studied interest and concentration, her mind flitted back and forth between the topics of chatter. Occasionally she wondered at the agonising expressions on the faces of the actors. One young man in particular grasped at the fringes of her attention. The strange anxiety and intensity of his acting caught at her. As the performance came to an end, she carefully smothered slight uncomfortable feelings of guilt, that they had been trying to tell her something she did not care to comprehend, beneath a curtain of genteel applause and socially polite prattle. Then, satisfactorily bored, she once again made her way to her chauffeur driven car.

Behind the darkened stage an exhausted and dejected young man threw a coat over his shoulders and slumped out into the chill night air.

SPEED

Janette Comley 6C

The young boy concealed in the shadows in the dirty, narrow street was pale and thin. He looked as though he was sickening for some dreaded disease. His skin was clammy, his eyes dull and lifeless, his hair wild and unkempt. He wore a pair of torn faded jeans, bare feet, and old T-shirt. At a close distance, one could have seen small scars on the inside of his arms, and cold sweat dripping down his face.

He crouched there, scarcely moving; watching, hawk-like the movements of the passers-by. Suddenly the man he had been waiting for appeared. He gritted his teeth, clenched his fist and prepared to spring. The man, oblivious of the danger awaiting him, stopped to leisurely light his pipe. Next moment he had been knocked to the ground, quite unconscious. The youth knelt beside him and commenced his search. He had opened his wallet, extracted a couple of notes, replaced the wallet in the man's coat pocket and sped down the street before anyone else had realised what was happening.

His mind was now fixed on one thought – the meeting place that was arranged and the relief awaiting him. He raced up several narrow, dingy streets, turned into a series of alleyways, which would have seemed a bewildering mass to anyone who did not know the area, and eventually arrived at his destination. They were waiting for him and as he arrived in front of the derelict warehouse, a small door opened and a figure directed him inside.

The moment had come at last. The money was handed over to the man who had been waiting for him. In return, his hands at last clutched the syringe he had been longing for. Trembling, he directed the needle to the inside of his wrist and pushed the plunger, adding another mark to those already there. As the speed entered his veins, his face relaxed, a smile played upon his lips and he lay back, ready for another of the blissful trips that he could not live without.

Little children live 'sometimes in houses with no walls, only leaves to mark where you cannot walk. "Watch out!" you can't walk there; see, the door's over there!' "Yes, yes, of course", say the Big People, smiling down at the dirt.

Little children sweep their floors with leaves from trees and sleep on beds of grass which smell sweetly in their dreams. Grubby hands place daisies and dandelions in broken jars, or perhaps a tin can which they find, lying slovenly in the gutter. "See," they say to the tin can, "no you look beautiful." Sometimes little children chase a butterfly (a fairy, they say!) around the house they have made and it really doesn't matter if you step across the leaves, they say. You can step anywhere you like, only please pick up the daisies if you knock them over because they might die...

Little children must grow up and build walls of plaster where the mounds of leaves once were. The wind, they say. The rain is cold, the sun is strong, a wall of plaster must be built, they say. Big People buy a crystal vase for the perfect roses grown in the garden they have built. (They took out all the daisies because you really can't control them you know). Tin cans go rusty after a while they belong in a tip along with all the glass jars and the daisies which are slowly dying because someone forgot to pick them up, and the mounds of leaves which really

PING PONG

(Kay Turnbull 1A)

Some Chinamen set out one day
And to Australia sailed away.

*Ping, Pong: Ping Pong;
to teach us how to play.*

First they wouldn't play I fear
Because the Taiwanese girls were here.

Ping, Pong: . . .

But after sitting down to chat
They decided after all to bat.

Ping, Pong: . . .

And in a large and well-known hall
They showed us how to hit the ball.

Ping, Pong: . . .

They hit the ball so very fast
We couldn't see it going past.

Ping, Pong: . . .

We saw our champions all fall,
As one by one they beat them all.

Ping, Pong: . . .

And so they bade us all farewell
And of Australia what will they tell?

Ping, Pong: . . .

couldn't keep out all the 'outside'. In the tip you will find, sometimes, if you really look hard, little children who just couldn't grow up into Big People.

Behind the tip, down under the grassy hill, are tin cans and broken jars with daisies and dandelions bursting from them. All the dirt is swept away and the grass is gathered into heaps of softly smelling green and sometimes yellow or brown beds of grass. Sometimes, if you listen very hard, the old and battered car rings with childish laughter and sprouts wild and colourful flowers from the dented roof and glassless windows. Still you cannot see? Look, look at the butterflies (fairies, they say!) flying round the leaves and old tin cans. Still you cannot see? Wait, then, till it is dark; perhaps the moon will let you see. Wait for a while, till it is dark.

Now! Now you must be able to see! All the Big People who looked so Big in the light of day are now small. See, they gather leaves and grass under the moon and stars. Hear them laughing around the car, chasing the fairies, watering the dandelions. See them now, laughing and running and playing in the house with no walls.

Jenny Day (6C)

'To Love Oneself is the beginning of a lifelong Romance' . . . (Oscar Wilde)

"Into the back straight for the last time, they've got a furlong and a half to travel; Sovereign Slipper a length to Genty's Pride . . ."

"Jesus, give the bloody thing a bash; of all the times to bust!"

" . . . Roy Boy's pulled out on Gunsynd! He's riding hands and heels, the grey's got the money. Here's a go for second! Sovereign Slipper and Mangalore Mac. I wouldn't like to gamble with sheep stations but I fancy Mac's grabbed it on the line . . ."

"Awright Jack, fill'em up, I'm five units times the T.A.B. 'Dub' in the pocket. I told ya Ned, but you wouldn't believe me; old St. Simon rarely fails. Can't say so much for your Donkey Dave tipster."

"Shutup. I've still got the last quinella; might salvage enough to buy fish and chips for the wife."

" . . . Correct weight. There it is and the dividends paid one dollar sixty the win, eighty cents the place, for number three Gunsynd; twenty five dollars ninety to number seven, Mangalore Mac, and sixty cents the place for number five, Sovereign Slipper. Just repeating, correct weight has been notified for race seven. Here just to hand is the T.A.B. double . . ."

"Here you listen fellas."

" . . . take on Races five and seven, the double has paid thirty-five dollars fifty . . ."

"You bloody beauty, come on Bluey, you reckon you're good at estimating, what's my profit?"

"Five units? I'd say about one hundred and sixty seven dollars, plus fifty cents. About one hundred and sixty bucks by the time you leave here this arvo."

To clarify the situation, the Drainage Contractors of Smith, Kelly and Roberts have a regular social commitment every Saturday afternoon at the Chelsea Hotel. The exclusive atmosphere and clientele is reflected in these three discerning executives. Clustered in small groups along the bar can be recognised the Management of Seaford Plumbing, the local council Social Club, two refined English gentlemen sipping portogaffs and behind the bar, old Jack, the learned gentleman who, amongst other things, can tell you young Griff's real name.

"Pack of Marlboro thanks Jack. None left? Oh, well what's the other Aussie brand? Viscount, that's them; never too far from the legends of our past, eh, mate?"

By this time of the afternoon the alcohol is beginning to assist the course and tempo of the conversation.

"You know, that race only goes to prove my opinion of our Aussie racing conditions – best horses and jockeys in the world."

"Why's that Smitty?"

"Well there y're, they go inviting those foreign jockeys, coons, Japs and I think there was a pommy according to the Sun, yeh . . . here it is – 'The seventh race at Moonee Valley today will feature several international jockeys' . . . gawd! Here's a dago Spaniard as well. As I was sayin', these wogs come out here and not one can get within two furlongs of old Higgi, let alone the other Aussi jockeys."

"I thought the Jap came second or so Billy Collins said before."

"Even he can make a mistake sitting up in that press box oven, give 'im a go. But I don't reckon our Racings the only thing, our working conditions are superior, our unions, our beer (cheers!) . . . shielas, beaches, even our cockneys are the best blokes you'd ever meet. I mean you look at bloody America; stinkin' great pollution problem

they've got, all because they've got those yank tanks instead of the Holden. I reckon the General'd kill 'em. Also, they're the biggest pack of war mongers this side of the Black Stump and not a patch on our Anzacs, . . . Lest we Forget . . . poor buggers. Then you have the bloody winging Poms: just like those two fairies up there, think they're Winston Churchills, drinking Portogaff and suckin' on those stinkin' cigars. All come out here for ten bucks, winge for 3 years and then go home again. You'd never know they only come out here because they're envious – it's a fact. After enjoying our hospitality and saving all they can get, it's no longer any good, so they buzz back to Pommyland. They never wanted this country until we made something out of it. Our old pioneer ancestors raised this land from nothing but waste. The abo's never did anything – stupid lazy lot. You look at what we are now; damn near best country in the world. Y'know fellas, you and I belong to the finest nation under the sun, has been the finest for two hundred years (after our pioneering ancestors developed it) and I'd stand by this land of ours under any bastard's attack – Advance Australia Fair!"

"Christ, Smitty, that was one hell'uva speech; didn't know ya had it in ya."

"Yeh, well said Smitty, I'm proud o' ya."

"Shutup you guys down the end. They're in the stalls for the last race."

Graeme Bailey, 6A

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Dark people should not be allowed into Australia because:

They are different.

They live in a different country.

They eat different food.

They look different.

The people are dirty. They should use bleaching oil (like our suntan oil). If we allow them into our country, our standards are sure to be lowered. It follows that because they are weaker culturally and intellectually, they are weaker physically. Well, it's obvious. If we don't watch out the world will end up a dirty chocolate colour. Our pure white blood will be lost! Our heritage will be lost!

Besides that, they are different.

They're not the same as me. Birds of a feather should flock together. We must unite against this Yellow . . . er . . . Black Peril and save the Anglo Saxon race from destruction, from Infiltration by the Enemy. Why, before we know it, they'll be Invading our Privacy and Walking down our Streets! If we let some dark people into our country, in no time we'll have all the other backward and dirty people like um . . . er . . . wanting to come in too. We can't allow it! They're primitive!

Also, they're different.



Jenny Lawrence, 5B

THE DEAD HEROES

by the late Brian Williams (Form 1A)

They rode into town – they were all tough and mean,
The boldest and most reckless gang ever seen.
They'd shot dozens of people with merely a laugh –
Brian Williams, Kevin Parker and Raymond Horvath.

They took money and gold and went chasing the birds,
They drank and they smoked and they said bad words.
They stole money and jewels and a gold cup
And now they decided to live it up.

But the troopers stepped in – there were twenty or more –
And drove the villains right into the floor;
Made them ride out of town without even a bath –
Brian Williams, Kevin Parker and Raymond Horvath.

The three were now mad and were ready to fight.
They all had a meeting in the mountains that night.
They'd stolen so much and they'd shot up a drover
So decided for this town, the picnic was over.

They pledged for this town misery and dread,
They'd keep right on shooting and fill them with lead.
Slowly they walked through the deep creek and fern
Ready and waiting to make this town learn.
Now they were happy and could easily laugh –
Brian Williams, Kevin Parker and Raymond Horvath.

They saw movement! And over the creek the troopers they bounded.
To their horror they saw that they were surrounded.
Th' bloke bringing their meals and their whisky had talked;
How their minds filled with hatred for dobber Gray Hawke!

They got to the hut right on top of the hill
And got their guns ready for the fight and the kill.
But right from the start it was clear they were trapped,
The villains were helpless, they'd just been gift-wrapped.

Cried the leader, "If we're caught the fuzz gets the credit,"
And ran out of the hut to the lake as he said it.
He went straight down, he went straight in, and
Made the discovery that he couldn't swim.

The other two followed like two blind sheep
And they found the water a bit too deep
Now some people use their photos for darts
But for others they're heroes wedged deep in their hearts.

And though all of this happened in the bad times of old,
Nobody's found where they buried their gold.
And how they were trapped still gives troopers a laugh –
Brian Williams, Kevin Parker and Raymond Horvath.



LETTER BOX

The following pages will reflect the intelligence, or lack of it, amongst the students at Ashwood. They will indicate the awareness and interest shown by students in topics relevant to both school and current affairs. We leave you to pass your own verdict!

The majority of the letters came from the Junior

We take a bow . . .

I wish to say a very deeply felt 'thank you' to all the Magazine Committee who have worked so hard to put this magazine together. I am grateful for your bolstering my often flagging spirits, for enduring my nagging with fortitude and for your young and spontaneous good spirits which made my task less onerous, even entertaining.

There are too many of you to name individually, but in particular; Judy, Graeme (Bailey), Louise, David and Mark — I don't know how I would have managed without your willingness to spend those long hours after school and at the weekend to get our magazine to the printer. I trust the school appreciates your efforts; I do.

Denise Vetting

Perfect Prefect

I sincerely think that the prefects have done an extremely good job in controlling the juniors and helping them. There is one 5th form boy prefect whom I feel has done a marvellous job, (MICHAEL SHONE)

Lynette Clarke (1A)

(Eds.: We wish to remind students that Mick was also the prefect who, in the line of duty suffered a cowardly attack by a pack of thugs at the Vannam Drive milk bar. More recently, when he attempted to stop a brawl he was seriously injured, ending up in hospital with concussion and a severely cut eye requiring stitches. Dedication and courage appreciated Mick; hope the students continue to support a prefect who realises responsibility and the best interests of the school).

Respect

Even though I am only in Form 1, I have been in the Drama Club all year and the Drama Elective as long as I was able. I was very impressed with the work the members of the club put into learning and later, producing a large production

and Middle school and in line with committee policy no anonymous letters have been published.

We believe that this section of the magazine should not only entertain, but should stimulate other students to reassess their own values and attitudes and even jerk some into action. Now read on . . .

on Friday, October 6th. For this production to be done successfully, all members had to give up time and offer their full co-operation to the rest of the cast. The few who didn't, were quickly shown the exit. Those who were left, managed with a first class effort, and give to the audience that night, a very good, if not professional programme.

This, I think, should be an example to all those who go around Ashwood High School treating it with little or no respect.

By this I mean the vandals who mutilate desks and notice boards, the litterbugs who drop their papers for the patient yard-duty students to pickup, and many more examples. The worst, I think, are those who do not give the teachers all due respect, but expect to get away with cheekiness, unheard of in State School. Yes, those people have a lot to live up to if the Drama Club is anything to go by.

Mery Sexton (1A)

Joe Cocker

I was very annoyed when the Editors of the "Herald", "Sun", "Age", etc. printed the incident when Joe Cocker was caught taking drugs, and they also made the whole thing worse by printing it on the front page. They never print the news about other people taking drugs. It could ruin Joe Cocker's whole career. If they had kept the thing quiet and only told Joe and the other five people caught, they could have then left Australia quietly and the people who organised the concerts could have cancelled the last two. And they could have told the people who had tickets that Joe Cocker and his band had to go back to England on business or something like that.

Susan Horsfield (1E)

Baby Bashing

I am writing to you about the problem of child and baby bashing, which I feel is one of the worst crimes that can be committed. There should be extremely severe punishments given to the parents of these unfortunate children.

At times children can be a strain somehow on their parents. But surely it is not necessary to really damage or harm them physically. In some cases this results in a permanent handicap.

There should be stricter laws on this type of cruelty, as it is quite a common thing. Whether people want their children or not, or whether they are angry with them, or just simply can't be bothered, they should be sure never to turn to this type of punishment.

Once a thing like this happens, they have no right to be a parent and the child should be taken away to a proper home for its own safety and welfare.

I hope that soon, in the future we will find a solution to this terrible problem, and that all children can be sure of living in a safe, happy home, which I think is one of the main things to get a child off to the right start.

Leonie Wilson (4C1)

Animal Lover

I am writing about my views on a subject I am ashamed to hear about. It is about "Cruelty to Animals". I was greatly disgusted when I heard about the blowing up of cats with crackers, a few years back. I think crackers should be banned. I also object to the use of "Vivisection" on any sort of animals at all. This is cold-blooded murder. All animals have as much right to live as any Human Being.

About a week ago I was shown a pamphlet about the breaking of kangaroos limbs to kill them while they are in pain. Now I would not buy a kangaroo skin purse, bag, etc. if I was paid a hundred dollars. Kangaroos are or will be getting extinct because of this cruel and selfish behaviour.

Soon anyone who has pets will have to keep them under the watch of a close eye, to prevent any of this behaviour happening to their very own pets. Even later, pets may be classed as a luxury. Or should I say seeing animals around in their native habitat would be like seeing a four-legged human being — very rare.

People these days will let everyone and anyone suffer as long as it doesn't affect themselves personally. Why don't people who agree with my views stand up and say what they feel? They can't be bothered like most of us these days. I would like to see all animals be able to stay in the native bushland etc., without being worried about being harmed by people.

Rhonda Stewart (4C1)

Inflation

I am complaining about the prices of food, toys and cars, etc. If you want to buy something, for example you have got 15 cents and you are thirsty, so you do down to the local milk bar to buy a can of lemonade, but you find out that you haven't enough money. The cans of drink are 16 cents, but the day before they were only 15 cents so you end up having a drink of water. (I have heard that in the city you have to pay 3 cents for a drink of water!)

John King (1E)

Pollution

Last week in one of the daily papers there was an article on pollution. The picture showed a girl standing in a creek. The creek was so polluted that the girl was covered with mud.

My friend and I are doing a survey on water pollution and when we took some sample recently from Dampier Creek in the Waverley area we were disgusted with the state of it. There was rubbish everywhere and slime and foamy detergent was running freely.

We think that something should be done, so we are writing a complaint to the newspapers. We hope that others will take the same sort of concern.

Kay Turnbull (1A)

Interschool Sports

I think we should give credit to all our school's athletics who competed in the sports and particularly to those who were able to gain places. All of Ashwood High School should be very proud because instead of our usual place down near the bottom the school gained 2nd place and were defeated narrowly. Some of our athletes even managed to get into the All Schools Sports and were able to gain places. So I think all the athletes deserve a pat on the back!

Rhonda Ainsworth (2D)

A school such as this . . .

This school of ours is on top of some hills
The people that go there must be dills.
A school such as this
Is far from bliss.

The teachers are crackpots, of these there's a lot
If you go to the staffroom they're playing join dots

The students are angels, an innocent lot
They stay in the toilets smoking their pot.
I pose it's al right for those who dare,
The teachers know, and they don't care.
A school such as this
Is far from bliss.

A rubbish dump for grounds
Full of ditches and mounds
Now to the classroom which seek repair
A new paint job is needed, I declare!
A school such as this
Is far from bliss.

Graeme Masterson (4C2)

LETTER BOX

Continued

Grizzlies

Sir, I think that the sports equipment in the hall is very good, but in sport periods we hardly ever get to use it because there is no teacher, so we are given a football to go outside.

Steven Bann (1A)

I think it is stupid having to buy books that are never used. This year I have bought 3 books that have never been used, last year it was 2. We are wasting hard-earned money buying these books. I think the teachers (even though they are a bit mad) should have some idea about what books are to be used.

Mick Eddelbuttel (4C2)

I would like to make a complaint about the corridors. If a boy is caught in the girls' corridors by a teacher he gets a detention. BUT!! girls are allowed in the boys' corridor and they don't get detention. I think that this is not fair. There is an old saying and it does like this: "If it's good for one it's good for all."

(Written in detention)
Martin Leahy 3D

Why can't students eat in class? Most students get hungry before lunch time and like to hold back their appetite during periods. Chewing can't send teachers nutty although you think it did the way they act. They would let us eat if they could eat but they get jealous because they can't eat because the students would see them putting them in their mouths.

'Bloody Starving'
James Taylor (3D)

I am writing to complain about the desk lids being screwed down. This is a completely stupid idea because, although it may stop the lids being torn off, people will put food scraps down the inkwells and it also offers a greater challenge in getting the lids off.

This act will result in desks being filled with rotten smelling food and vandalism to the desks will still continue. Already people have emptied other people's pencils into the desks. Screws have also been removed.

B. Wallis (4A)

I would like to complain about too much authority in too few people. At this school there are approximately four principal people, therefore the rest of the school bows down to them, being led by them without any thought of branching out and developing their own ideas. This, I think, is the main problem at this school; not enough imagination and determination to help improve our school as a society in itself. More student-power and less dictatorship is needed, and this is not possible under the present leadership in Ashwood High.

Janet McIntosh (3D)

I have been thinking lately about the needless pushing and shuffling in the corridors with hardly any area to move or breathe in. The lockers are unnecessary because they take up so much room in the corridors. It would be much better and not so stuffy if there were lockers which were built into the walls of the corridors. Also there wouldn't be so many casualties and injuries to girls and boys through bumping into lockers and hurting themselves. So come, have a heart for us poor souls.

Vivien Varkanyi (2D)

I feel that our art system is far behind other high schools and for that matter far behind primary schools too. We have two periods a week yet for one period the teacher tells us what to paint, how to paint, who to paint, when to paint and why to paint. The most constructive idea comes out of the children's heads, not the teachers.

Did Michaelangelo have a teacher looking over his shoulder? Did Leonardo have a teacher watching and correcting his every move? If so, our teachers belong to their age, not ours.

They shouldn't be able to drag us down to the 1600's where people were constricted to drawing rubbish bins and dead trees. We want more art periods and more freedom to express our feeling, not the teachers'. While we are drawing rocks in a stream and rings of age in trees, even the little kids in State School are tie-dyeing, constructing robots, modelling with clay, making props for plays, painting, doing origami, etc. All of this the children plan, set out and do by themselves!

Judy Simkin (1A)

I would like to comment on the exam system at this school and throughout the whole education department. I think that assignments and tests should have more importance towards our final marks than exams. Especially in 5th and 6th form, I believe that exams put too much pressure on the individual and therefore they don't really get the students' true ability. I also think that if a student works hard and puts a lot of work into his year at school he should be given more chance of passing in the final mark.

Lynne Knights (4C1)

I would like to say something about the smoking at Ashwood High. For instance cigarette butts. They are most likely to be found in toilets, behind trees, in puddles, etc. It wouldn't be such a bad idea to build a small smoking room for all the smokers. We could provide bins and keep it under supervision by a prefect or teacher. And we could make them pay a fee of 5 cents admission. They could provide their own cigarettes or buy them in an inserting cigarette machine.

Teachers may smoke in there if they want. With the money we receive for the admission we could buy a small air conditioner with help from other things too.

Emey Schiliro (3D).

I am complaining about lunchtimes when prefects give detentions for buying your lunch at other shops. Why should we have to buy our lunch at the canteen if half of the things are stale. Anyway by the time Form 1 get served, all the good things are gone. The cups are 10 cents a cup and there is only about 4 cent worth.

Peter Richmond (1E)

Food for thought?

I think that instead of having a swimming pool or a cafeteria we should have a room where children can practise plays and make projects.

When we are in the library we can only read and we are not allowed to bring sheets of projects or paper in there, just a piece of paper and a few pencils.

Anna Wilde (1A)

A BIG THANKYOU to ...

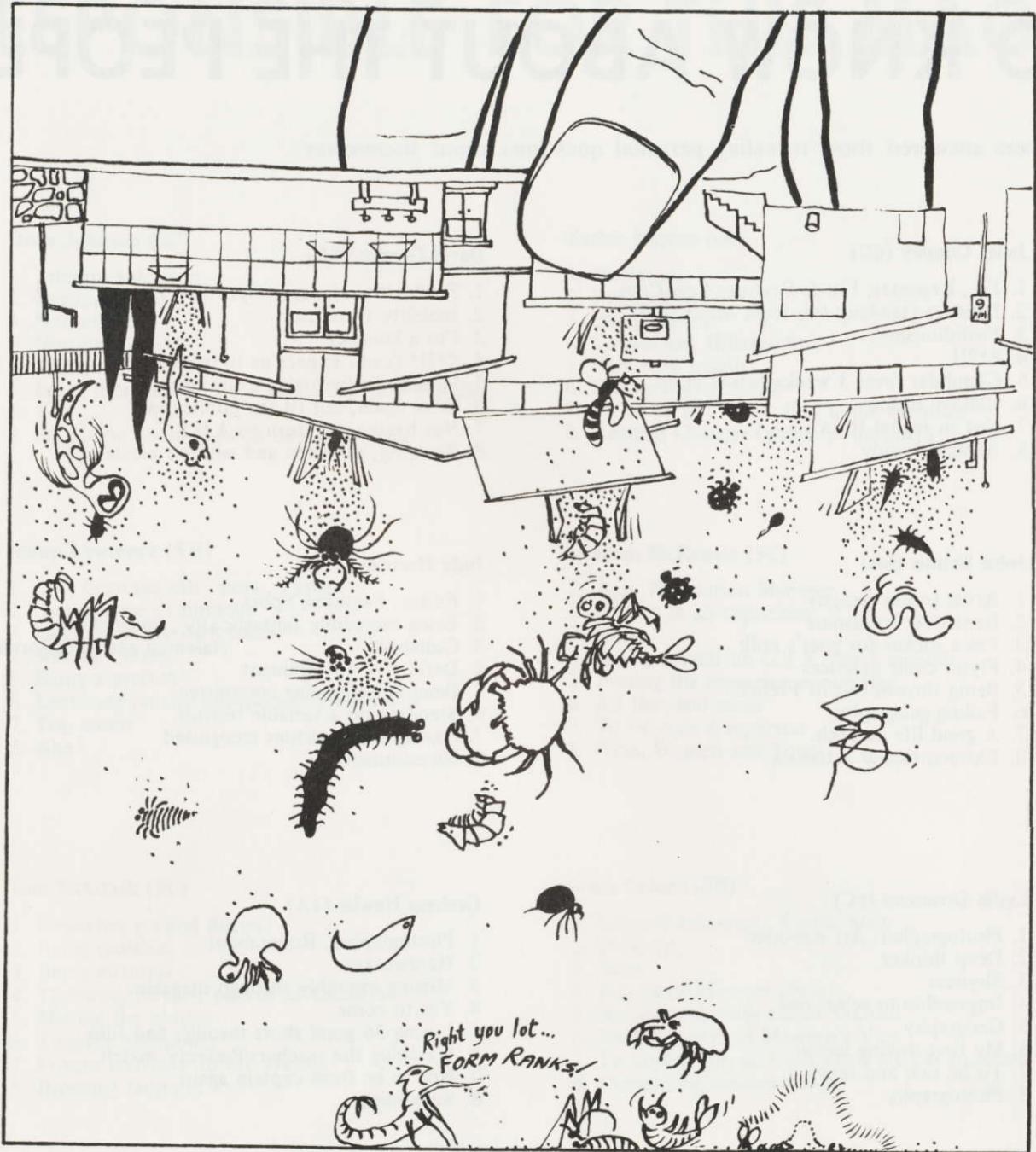
MR. SWALWELL for advice, assistance and the loan of valuable photographic equipment. Lydia's brother, EDDIE DRONSEIKA, for his generosity and trust in letting us use his expensive camera and tripod.

MR. HAWKE, Graham's father, for helping Graham and developing all his photos without charge to the magazine.

E & S TRADING for donating a transistor radio which we raffled for funds to buy films.

MRS. VEGTING for being the driving force behind the magazine, without whose assistance and organization (and sense of urgency), we could not have produced such an ace magazine. Our personal thanks to all involved, — and our most sincere appreciation goes to the brilliant, enthusiastic, imaginative and fantastic editors.

THE EDITORS
Janette, Judy and Graeme
R.I.P. 1972
"It is finished"



WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THE PEOPLE

Committee members answered these revealing personal questions about themselves:

Key to Questionnaire

1. Role in magazine committee
2. Prime virtue
3. Worst fault
4. Most exciting experience in '72.
5. Most depressing experience in '72.
6. Most amusing experience in '72.
7. Hopes for next year
8. Favourite past-time

Janet Comley (6C)

1. Ed., Reporter, Lit. & Features Sub.-Com.
2. Patience (tea-lady 6th form social club)
3. Fastidiousness
4. ***?!!
5. Glandular fever 3 weeks before H.S.C.
6. Biology lessons
7. Not to repeat H.S.C.
8. Avoiding study

David George 96B)

1. Production Manager, Sports
2. Inability to refuse
3. I'm a knocker
4. ***!** (can't expect us to print that)
5. Waiting for/receiving exam results
6. Once again, not fit for publication
7. Not having to return to A.H.S.
8. Bludging; as, when and where I please.

Graeme Bailey (6A)

1. Editor, Photographer
2. Responsible (when I want to be)
3. High degree of inertia
4. Having dinner at Queen's College
5. Working out these answers
6. Seeing motorcycle with rider forward somersault
7. I'll tell you next year
8. Going bush

John Dennis (6A)

1. Artist (cover design)
2. Irrisistibly handsome
3. I'm a sucker for goat's milk
4. Flynn choir practices
5. Being thrown out of French
6. Failing geography
7. A good life at Tech.
8. Extracurricular activities

Judy Haeusley (6A)

1. Editor, Features, Sport
2. Being incredibly fantastically , imaginative
3. Gullability /talented and hardworking
4. Definitely no comment
5. Being on magazine committee
6. Standing on a variable resistor
7. Having above virtues recognised
8. No comment

Louise Barker (6C)

1. Art sub-com., Photo asst., Reporter
2. Magnaninous in crumbling feudal backwater
3. Antony & Cleopatra, Act 5., Sc.1, Line 30
4. Going to assembly
5. Studying John Hopkins
6. Yet to come
7. Many!
8. Singing in the rain and playing hockey

Lydia Dronseka (6C)

1. Photographer, Art sub-com;
2. Deep thinker
3. Shyness
4. Impossible to select one
5. Geography
6. My first driving lesson
7. To be rich and famous
8. Photography

Graham Hawke (1A)

1. Photographer, Rouseabout
2. Hardworker
3. Missing assembly through magazine
4. Yet to come
5. Losing 36 good shots through bad film
6. Watching the teachers/Prefects' match
7. Not to be form captain again
8. Swimming

RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS MAGAZINE?

Drew Johnson (6C)

1. Literary sub.-com.
2. Essential greatness
3. Non-existent
4. Non-Existant
5. This year
6. Being reprimanded by Rowney the Boy Wonder
7. Yes
8. Scribbling obscenities on new desk tops

Kathie Magree (6C)

1. Music
2. Being myself
3. Being myself
4. Conducting Hillary choir
5. Half term results
6. Seeing Teaser drown
7. To be or not to be, that is the question
8. Reading Chaucer (naughty, naughty)

Hazel Piscioneri (5C)

1. Reporter, general duties
2. Working hard and fearing God
3. Overlooking the obvious
4. Sharpening pencils
5. Losing my locker key
6. School
7. Here's hoping
8. Looking gorgeous

Jenny Lawrence (5B)

1. Lit., Features sub. com., Typist.
2. (only) sense of humour
3. laughing at my own jokes
4. Making friends
5. Being a prefect
6. Lecturing on the sub-species: Teachers
7. Top secret
8. Aha !

Graham McKenzie (5C)

1. Asst. Production Manager
2. Perfect in all capacities
3. None
4. Seeing myself on G.T.K. for 5 seconds
5. Joining the magazine committee
6. All that and more
7. To become a superstar
8. Wine, Women and Song

Margot Rosser (5C)

1. Art sub.-com., Reporter
2. Being a slob
3. Laughing at my jobs
4. Library periods
5. Falling up the link corridor
6. School
7. To come back to A.H.S.(?)
8. Breeding tadpoles

Kim McGrath (5C)

1. Reporter, general duties
2. Being faultless
3. Being virtuous
4. Throwing darts at photos of teachers
5. Missing the photos
6. Tuesday assemblies
7. Private secretary to Mr. Hawke
8. Breeding tadpoles.

Mark Orford (6B)

1. Literary sub.-com., Comic Strip
2. Modesty
3. None
4. Singing in Mawson choir
5. Being continually called 'Oxford'
6. Being Captain of Mawson's Vice
7. To repeat 6th, so I can drive my car to school
8. Composing obscene songs.

Denise Vetting (Staff)

1. Whip wielder
2. Emotional calm under stress
3. Excessive modesty
4. Wearing my new 6" platform-sole sandals
5. Falling off them
6. Reading the letters to editors
7. Someone else to run the magazine
8. Criticising students.

CHORALS

Hillary

Once again Hillary House was successful in competition. We sang three songs:

- Bush Night Song (set)
- If I were a rich man
- a medley of themes from Godspell and Jesus Christ Superstar.

The first two songs were such a success due to the enthusiasm of the choir and the conductor, Kathy Magree. Both enthusiasm and practice resulted in the choir reaching its goal.

The second song was dominated by Ken Zimmer with his tuneful solo!

Our third arrangement was the success of some of our senior student body who made an extra effort for the benefit of the house. The keenness they showed in practice was really amazing!

We would also like to thank Miss Harman and Mrs. Calcutt for turning up to the practices. We have to mention Mr. Swalwell and Mr. Robertson for their consistent attendances? Especially at 8.00 a.m.!!

Congratulations to all who participated in the choir.

Jenny Dunn & Lesley-ann Rechter.

Mawson

Once again Mawson has proved itself successful in the field of music. Although we came second only, our choir performed superbly in the competition due to the organisation and support of several senior students. We would like to thank Louise Barker (conductor), Pam Thomas (pianist) Zane Balodis, Gary Roach and Mark Orford. Also we must thank a group of 5th form boys who provided our instrumental item. We are all grateful to those people who both helped and took part in the items. In particular, we must thank Mrs. Piper, Mrs. Baxter, Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Blackman for their keen interest.

Well done Mawson!

Pam Thomas

Flynn

Well! For once I can say we tried I'm sure the ability to sing has always been there, It just needs a lot of nagging to

bring it out. Our great effort gained us third place, which really isn't too bad. Thanks go to Sue Brookman, Eddie Margan, our great conductor Jeanette McLeod and last but not least to Erica Laos, who attended every rehearsal without fail. Our first item 'Bush Night Song' went very well, with Michael Rea and Co. singing out of tune. Our 'Gonna Build a Mountain'; well! I think it's still being built! Flynn always leaves the best till last. Our third musical item 'Windmills of Your Mind' was a great success, thanks to all concerned.

Truscott

This year Truscott choir was well supported by the girls and the junior boys but we were sadly lacking in sixth form students. Nevertheless we persevered with good attendances from early morning practices to after school. Many thanks are due to all members of the choir ... A fine performance of the 'Rhythm of Life' was given but we did not win. Next year the enthusiasm of those who joined will bring us out on top.

Sue Whitefield.

"SQUEAKS and SQUARKS INC.

Each Thursday from "behind the red curtain" in the Hall and soaring above the noise of "phys-ed", the dulcet tones of Ashwood High's violinists can be heard. On speechnight this year some of the group are hoping to perform in front of the red curtain.

Two students entered for the Australian Music Examinations held in May at the University of Melbourne Conservatorium.

Kay Whitfield gained Honours 86% for Second Grade and Pamela Dixon gained Credit 81% for Second Grade.



SUNRISE - Players - (from left to right) Tony Couttie, Phillip Molineux, Shane Couttie, David Law, (Russell McPhie).

MRS. COX

A special mention must be made of Mrs. Cox's inspiration and dedication in making Ashwood High School musically minded. Despite her prolonged illness she has encouraged juniors and seniors to continue with the work she commenced. There is steady progress being made by the choirs which initially stemmed from her enthusiasm. — Thank you Mrs. Cox.

MY MUSIC LESSON

Every Monday I go to the Hall with Greg McAloney and Glenn Williams to learn how to play the clarinet. We go a different period each week so as we don't miss out on the same period each week. The first week we spent getting acquainted with the instrument and did not play anything as our instruction books were a little late in arriving. Consequently we learnt from sheets for a while. When our books arrived our playing became much better. We have since made a steady progress.

I. Plummer

WOODWIND LESSONS

Woodwind classes take place on Monday in alternate periods Mrs. Cairns being the teacher. If we are able, Evan Johnson particularly tries to talk some of the time away. We all enjoy woodwind lessons. Mrs. Cairns is very good as our teacher (except for homework which she sets) and helps us with all our problems. During the lessons we have to play songs, duets and scales.

R. Carlton.

MUSIC



Members of the consort:

Brian Wallis - Descant, Jill Craven - Treble, Marion Caddy - Tenor, Colin Smith - Bass.

TOP BAND

Once again the recorder consort entered in the Victorian State School's Band Association Post-Primary Recorder Consort competitions, this year. The consort gained first place, which entitled them to play in the V.S.S.B.A. final night. Brian Wallis, also did very well in winning the Post-Primary Treble Solo section.

These competitions were held at the Kew City Hall. Later in the year the consort played in the Waverley Music Festival which was held in the Ashwood School Hall.

Special thanks must go to Mrs. Box for her assistance to the consort.

TELA KHAN

Coffee Lounge

Held in Room 33 to raise money for the Fete. Was it a success? Bet your sweet 20 cents it was, with thanks to those who came to listen to the super music of Lenin and Sunrise, who kindly donated their musical talents, so that all profit went to the school. Many thanks also to the teachers (Messrs. Nicholson, Turner, Laughton and Fernando) for their valuable time to supervise. Thanks also to the Fifth Form Committee (R. Steiner, C. Chamarette, M. Page, S. Tennison, S. Neville, P. Scarle) who had to battle against all opposition to make this memorable event possible. Finally, we hope those who came enjoyed themselves and that everyone will come next year.

MAKERS

WAVERLY FESTIVAL OF MUSIC

One week before the Waverly Music Festival the girls choir began to practice - we had a selection of three songs - 'There but for you go', 'Heather on the hill,' and 'Jean'. Mrs. Cox had chosen these songs because of our new Tartan uniforms and consequently two days before the festival three winter uniforms had to be found. The girls were a credit to the school as was confirmed by all. After contending with practices the night finally came. The choir had to be seated by 7.30 although Ashwood High had the last item. I have never seen so many knees knocking or teeth chattering; finally we were on stage. It was just like another practice session; no-one else was there. The girls were tremendous, their voices raised the roof; so did the applause. Thanks must go of course to Mrs. Cox for giving up her time, also thank you to the 3 soloists and to all the girls who participated.

THE GIRLS CHOIR



'SUNRISE'

As 'Sunrise', we have been together for only six months and have played at approximately ten gigs, including 'Tele Kahan' and 'Z' at Ashwood High. All of the members are ex-pupils of Ashwood except Dave Law.

Since early life, we have been interested in music and through Sunrise we have developed our skills as musicians, besides having a good time.

Russel McPHIE, 'Wally'-Our talented drummer has developed his natural ability for the drums in only a short period.

Tony Couttie, - Is our pretty boy, lead singer. He manages to keep the sound of Sunrise at its best with his well controlled voice.

David Law, -Bass player who with the help of Shane has managed to master this instrument in four months! Dave has only recently been married. (Congratulations!)

Shane Couttie, -The younger brother of Tony, plays lead guitar. Shane and Phil write most of the original material that we play, which contributes to our repertoire. Shane also shows his outstanding ability at composing lead.

Philip Molineux, -our rhythm guitarist is a very keen musician and tends to devote much of his time at school and at home to Sunrise.



BUDDING PIANIST

Anna Kryvenko of 2B, who is 13 years

Dandenong Festival:

Sun Encouragement Scholarship - 1st

14 years and under - 1st

16 years and under - Hon. Men.

Most promising in Pianoforte Scholarship

Concerto Section 23 yrs & under - Hon. Men.

Entered A.B.C. concerto festival

Played with Astra Chamber Orchestra at youth concert, Assembly Hall, Melbourne.

(Mozart piano concerto)

Hartwell Eisteddford:

Junior Piano Championship (16 yrs. and under) - Equal 1st

Open Piano Championship - 1st

Accompanied a famous Ukrainian baritone from America - 2 concerts.

ILLNESS STRIKES THE MUSIC DEPT.

It seems that the Ashwood High Music department is fated with illness this year. Mrs. Cox has been absent for some weeks because of a prolonged illness and now her successor in the form of Kathy Magree has also succumbed to a mystery woe. We hope it won't affect her H.S.C. results and selfishly our Final Night for which she has so willingly worked with the choirs.

Get better soon Kathy.

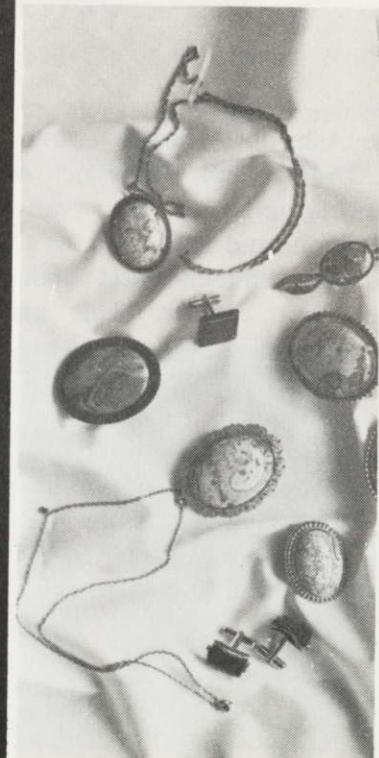
LAPIDARY ENTHUSIAST

Fossicking for gemstones and working them into attractive pieces of jewellery is an absorbing hobby. Gem stones have always commanded great interest and they have been highly prized since the earliest civilized times. Recently it has become an even more popular past time and it is estimated that there are some 20,000 people collecting and working gem stones in Australia.

A great diversity of material is to be found in our country and awaits the enthusiastic collector who is prepared to study the subject of lapidary.

Some pieces of jewellery made by Mrs. Wadge. The selection features both local and imported stones including the following:- Ribbon stone, A variety of Agates, petrified wood, tiger eye, fossil marble, fossil jasper, mookaite, mahogany obsidian, solalite and mexican lace agate.

Mrs. Wadge



FINAL NIGHT

As the magazine will go to press before Final Night, I feel that it is appropriate for students who will be unable to attend this event to have some knowledge of the musical arrangements for that evening. Due to the untimely illness of Mrs. Cox the choirs were, at one stage cancelled.

However two sixth formers and a 'capable' 5th former have reclaimed the drowning choir and already begun beating out some harmonious melodies. With generous co-operation from Anna Kryvenko and the thirty volunteers they battle through twenty minutes each lunch hour.

The girls, however, must be commended on their regular attendance without which the choirs could not function as a group especially as they are attempting seven songs one of which is German.

We hope all who attend final night will appreciate the effort and sacrifice these girls have made. Pam and Kathy also plan to organise a boys choir - however at this point it is still only on the drawing board. So, come to Final Night to see if two insufficient females can bring together 15-20 boys who can at least stay in tune.

We hope that Mrs. Cox will be proud of her students whom she tried valiantly to train before she became ill. We look forward to seeing you on Final Night.

Pam and Kathy.

ERNIE CAME!



The Ashwood Theatre Group, better known as the Drama Club, was which officially formed at the beginning of the year, endured a very precarious and hectic life for a good eight months and then suddenly burst forth in sparkling talent. Well, not exactly. This may cause a little disillusionment in parental and other high circles, but a description of the drama club would not be complete without mention of temperamental and screaming producer-directors, feuds over what should and should not be in the final program, casts swearing and crying with frustration at the same time (a remarkable feat) and — a lot of good hard work and time sacrificed!

At first 'Drama' was a small group that congregated in Room 2 at Friday lunchtimes. By the time of THE night, October 6, rehearsals were held every day and soon the school was used to seeing signs round the school like: ERNIE IS COMING! and DID YOU EVER SEE BLOOD DRIPPING FROM A PUTTY KNIFE?



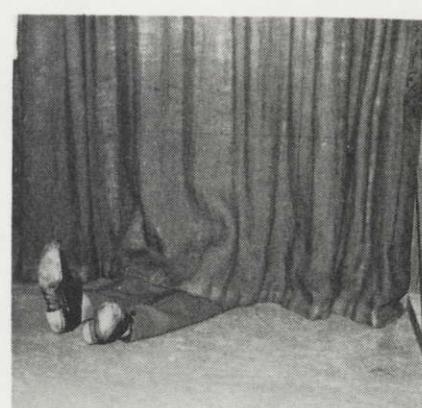
The night, "A Good Night's Entertainment (Quote Norm)" was thoroughly enjoyed by the 250-odd audience and 30-very-odd cast. It presented a varied program from, a negro rhythm poem, Daniel Jazz, the curtain raiser, to Ernie's Incredible Illusions, the main effort. There were a few short plays including one written by a student — guess who? I wish to state here that, regrettably, the play was written about this school, but without malice, was NOT anti-establishment and anyway most of it came from my ears. The entire program was sandwiched together with interestingly presented poems and some hilarious sketches written and acted by the comedians of the future, Ross Vernon and Hugh Johnson of Form 3.



Encouraged by the success of a play presented by some of the group in last year's Final Night, we laboured to create a rewarding experience for ourselves and others and to form a drama club of standing for the school and future audiences. There were more than a few times when everybody felt that they were going nowhere fast and, once, we seriously considered scrapping the whole show. After the Principal's heart warming congratulations and the audience's obvious appreciation, we are glad we didn't. The group, under the leadership of Mrs. Roberts (a hard-working, dedicated Staff member), Erica Laos (President and talented actress) and Sue Whitfield (Secretary) hopes to go on to further successes and already has a few schemes tucked up its sleeves. It will be performing Ernie again on Final Night this year and I suspect that even though we all say that the repeat performance is due to the success of the first, the real reason is that the cast misses the words they heard for so many months every Monday afternoon . . .

THERE WILL BE AN IMPORTANT
REHEARSAL OF ERNIE AT 3.30 SHARP IN
THE HALL TONIGHT. ALL CAST . . ."

Poor Mr. Rowney; he probably mutters it in his sleep!



FORM I WRITES AND PRODUCES ITS OWN PLAY



Meryl Sexton wrote the play, "Sherlock's Mystery" and Lyn Clarke, Nola Wibberley, Kay Turnbull, Janet Slapar, Pam Stewart, Ruth Drohan, Meryl and Judy Simkin gave an entertaining performance for their classmates. Graham Hawke, photographed the following scenes.





SIXTH FORM

My last few days at Ashwood High. I just can't believe it! The time has gone so fast and now it is time to take that long jump into the BIG WIDE WORLD. I have been sheltered in this sanctuary of knowledge for the past six years, trying to study for the big day in 1972 when thousands of other students, like myself, will sit for the H.S.C. (external) examinations.

Even the teachers are noticing the change in student behaviour. As one of our illustrious teachers remarked, it was the first time all year he had seen the sixth form students doing any work (constructive, that is). Well, IT IS TIME. The panic is on!!

All I seem to remember is the day in 1967, my first at A.H.S. Was I frightened! I managed to get under everyone's feet, including two extremely large boys. I remember quite distinctly the assemblies in the quadrange, in the hot, hot, sun. Now we suffer assemblies in the cool of a large hall. The sixth form year for me has been rewarding I have made good friends and had good times; the 6th v. teachers basketball match (down with umpires), the 6th social, the social club, the prefects room, the school choirs and everything that goes to make up the face of Ashwood High.

Well, I suppose it is time I end. I hope that the 1st formers will have great memories to look back on; I have!

Kathie Magree (6C)



1972



H.S.C. – HEAVEN OR HELL?

Being a H.S.C. student is an unforgettable experience. The student who does not reach this stage, just doesn't know what he or she is missing! To the uninformed the H.S.C. is the final year of schooling supposedly the peak of high school education BUT we know otherwise.

There are several important prerequisites for the year. The prospective student should have a sound grounding in the game "400", should not be a member of Alcholics Anonymous and should have a craving for knowledge outside the classroom.

At the commencement of the school year there is a concerted effort to corrupt the few innocent newcomers and only after this has been achieved can Ashwood High settle down to a constructive year of bludging. If an outsider were to ask an H.S.C. student what they considered Hell was, they would probably say one of many things, such as

1. being forced to attend classes for a full day
2. going without a cigarette for more than an hour

3. having to shave and keep one's hair short
4. waiting for Mrs. Parsons' weekly raid of the Girls' Prefect Room
5. The coffee at our social club.

Heaven, to an H.S.C. pupil is a prolonged binge at the 'Mountain View' followed by winning open Misere at 500 and then sleeping it all off at school assembly.

H.S.C. is a year in which a student matures and learns a great deal besides the minimum of academic fact and self discipline. This year there are very few who have been left unscathed; most have been completely corrupted in that den of iniquity commonly referred to as the Boy's Prefect Room. Few know what goes on behind those strictly guarded doors, but whatever it is, it must be good because nobody sees the boy prefects outside their sanctuary.

The girl prefects, of course, have performed their duties as they have always done. Unfortunately, due to their isolated position they often found it extremely inconvenient to venture out of their room,

therefore, like the boy prefects, the girl prefects are a rarely seen enigma which has done much to support the ideal of the traditional prefect system.

Considerable criticism has been levelled at this year's sixth form, but without our presence Ashwood High School would lack that distinct reputation we now possess at all the local hotels and the staff too would miss their drinking companions. Secondly the sixth form reflects the driving force and burning desire for knowledge which the teaching staff so clearly exhibit.

Our attitudes have been engendered by the remarkable enthusiasm and encouragement the staff have given us throughout the year. Despite our apparent apathy the prefects organised an extremely successful social and the senior students participation made the Choral Competition possible. The grocery stall would have failed dismally without the support of the sixth form and those elusive boy prefects also washed cars at the fete.

All these good deeds make us immune to the accusations made against us and most of the H.S.C. population are expecting a heavenly pass in their final exams. If we don't get what we expect we will haunt Ashwood High School for many years until we have avenged ourselves on our helpful teachers.

(Eds.: This article is anonymous because the facts are distorted but the underlying feeling represents the view of some).

H.S.C. ANOTHER VIEW

As a member of this year's 6th form and a prefect, I felt I should express my view of 1972's H.S.C. year.

I was surprisingly pleased to see the keen involvement of the 6th form portrayed in the organisation of the Senior Social, and also to a certain extent in the House Choral Competition. Unfortunately, this was the most some people could do, while a few more concerned persons carried out other services and activities. Most of these students have, of course been involved in these activities in previous years, and have thus become reliable assistants to teachers in both house activities and general odd jobs around the school. But in a lot of cases the responsibility has been shouldered by more conscientious students in lower forms, due to a lack of interest and school spirit on the part of the 6th form.

Too many 6th formers have been prone to make severe criticism of the teachers, when the apathy really lies in the 6th form itself, both to academic studies and the rest of the school. The lack of school spirit in the form of concern for our fellow students and co-operation with the teachers has left us with nothing we can really put our names to and say; 'That was our achievement in our 6th year at A.H.S.'

Overconcerned with the frivolities of life, namely beer, cigarettes and cards and the demands of socialising, we have let our studies fall by the wayside. It can't ONLY be the teachers' fault, after all, the number of absentees from classes and the number of unfinished assignments must have had something to do with it!

This doesn't mean that I haven't enjoyed both this year and the previous five at A.H.S. They have been really great and I wouldn't have missed them for the world. But maybe if we'd tried a little harder to understand and co-operate with the

H.S.C. BLUES

(To be sung to the tune of "The House Of The Rising Sun")

Life is only sin and misery all this sixth form year,
It aint gambling that's getting me down – it's failing that I fear.

'Cos there's these places at Ashwood High they call the "Prefects' Rooms",
I've gone there and been dragged down, and now I am in ruins.

There's gambling and smoking and vice and sin inside those four walls,
And it's been the dreaded cancer and cards that have been my downfall.
I've even learnt some four-letter words – bad words, like "work" and "fail".
And now I sit in torment and gloom as my future I bewail.

Parents tell your children not to do as I have done,
Don't spend your time in these dens of vice – beware of having "fun".

My teachers warned me, my parents said it too, "Please try to learn some facts",
But now the year has gone too far – there is no turning back.

For I have succumbed to the evil around and am now in misery,
As I return to the Prefects' Rooms there is no hope for me.

Judy Haeusler 6A.

METAMORPHOSIS

For weeks beforehand, the prefects had been pleading with students to "Come to Metamorphosis – It's the most important social events in the school year." They were convinced that the evening would be a failure when, on the Monday before the great event, there was an enormous upsurge in ticket sales, with the result that 200 students plus 'incidentals' (as one prefect called the teachers) attended the event.

Many comments were received about the group "Friends". Everyone, including Mr. McKay was delighted with the music, but they were disappointed with the long breaks between songs.

The decorations earned many compliments. They were composed of silver insulating paper and spider webs of nylon thread in which gigantic bats and spiders, and even a skeleton were ensnared. Ten minutes after the social had finished, the nylon webs had been pulled to the floor. Several unfortunate people succeeded in getting tangled up in the middle of it! It had taken the prefects two hardworking days just to erect the decorations.

Wasn't it funny how the majority of the teachers spent the evening clustered in the foyer, while the students kept to the interior of the hall? Voluntary segregation?

teachers 1972 would have been a more enjoyable and successful year, both academically and socially. To quote Alan Baxter, a 6th former in 1970: "Teachers are only human beings; if you offer human beings respect, you can expect it in return."

Pam Thomas (6C)

THE LAST ROUND-UP

• • • • of the Prefects

Bruno, Bailey and Barassi
were the leaders of the posse.

Mathew, Steve, Mick and John –
note the raids that they've been on.

Kris and Robert lost have been,
going west they were seen
Gai fell for a long, tall stranger
quiet, slow-talking – the Lone Ranger?

Rae, Lawrence and also Laos
will help prevent next year's chaos.
Even when the sun's gone down,
the card sharps still bum 'round.

Gamblin', drinkin', smokin' men –
These are Rusty, Ron and Ken.

Who can draw faster than
Slim Simpkin and Bat Masterson?
Who at music halls can do the can-can?
No-body else but Kathy and Pam can.

Gary Roach wears knee-high boots.
He kicks Skin while Skin shoots.

Ju-Jitsu Horwood chops 'em down
and Stickman hides while they're around.
Bronco-busting, bright Louise,
always ready and eager to please.

Fi-on-a horse is quite amiss,
likewise gentle Judy and earnest Chris.
We did lots of shootin', not much killin'.
Some were eager, some were willin'.
At the show-down who's to tell
which to heaven, which to hell!!!

For the next few weeks "Metamorphosis" was the talk of the school – the decorations, the group, the outfits worn by this or that person, and the inevitable snippets of spicy gossip. All seemed to agree that this year's social was the best they had been to; an event to be remembered. For the prefects, the hard work was over and all that remained as a memento of their triumph was a few rather bedraggled decorations and two hundred sleepy faces.

Jan Comley (6C)

INTRODUCING

THE
ADVENTURES OF



BAT-M^KAY

AND

ROWNEY
THE BOY WONDER.

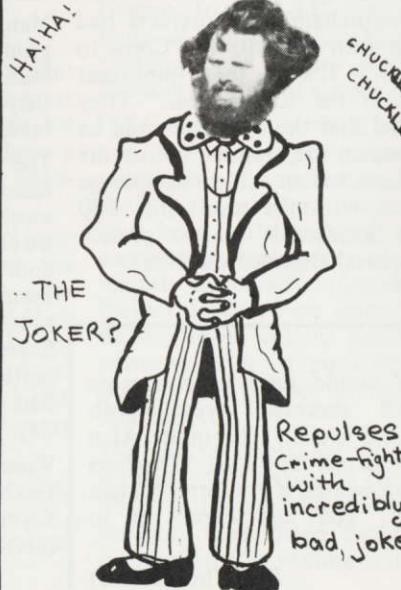


CREATED BY: M. OXFORD. ARTIST: J. DENNIS.

AS CRIME-FIGHTERS THE CAPED-CRUSADERS HAVE TO CHALLENGE NUMEROUS ARCH-IFIENDS, SUCH AS...



.. THE RIDDLE

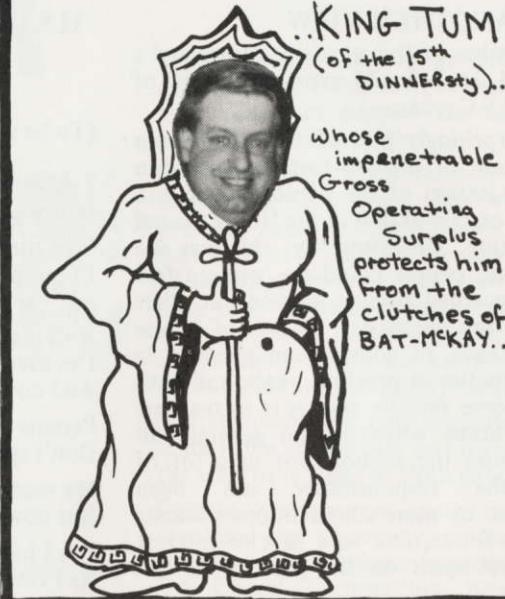


.. FACTS FAHEY

.. who baffles the dynamic duo with unbelievable tales..

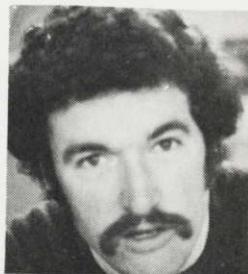


.. DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUE TO READ HOW THE TALENTED TWOSOME BATTLE AGAINST FACTS FAHEY'S SIXTY FOOT KANGAROOS + SUN BURNT POLAR BEARS, AND HOW THEY FINALLY ESCAPE ABOARD A ONE MILLION TON TANKER.



STAFF — 1972

Mrs. K. Abbott
*Mr. A. Allen
Mrs. J. Attwood
Mrs. L. Baxter
Mr. D. Beach
Mr. K. Blackman
Mrs. K. Brown
Mrs. E. Cairns
Mrs. Y. Calcutt
Mrs. M. Cox
Mrs. J. Elliston
Mr. J. Fahey
Mr. E. Fernando
Mrs. D. Gaughan
Miss S. Goodman
Miss W. Harman
Mrs. H. Hughson
Mrs. M. Jordan
Mr. J. Landvogt
Mrs. M. Landvogt
Mr. R. Laughton
Mr. B. McIntyre
Mr. I. McLeod
Mr. M. McKay
Miss H. Mathews
Miss M. Morgan
Mr. J. Morris
Mrs. P. Nash
Mr. P. Nicholson
Mrs. B. Nielsen
Mrs. A. Nobes
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Mr. R. Paulusz
Mrs. N. Piper
Mrs. M. Reicher
Mrs. L. Reid
Mrs. M. Roberts
Mr. R. Robertson
Mr. G. Rowney
Mrs. J. Runci
Mrs. R. Sargeant
Mrs. C. Sturges
Mr. T. Swalwell
Mr. D. Teasdale
Mr. C. Turner
Mrs. D. Vegting
Mrs. M. Wade
Mrs. R. Walsh
Mrs. L. Whittle
* left this year



WOULD YOU BUY A USED CAR FROM THESE PEOPLE?

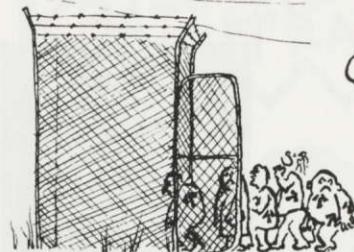
You MUST have seen it - or is it by now
just part of the landscape? or a sacred cow?

Is it a haven or is it a gaol?

Is it a warning to those who might FAIL?

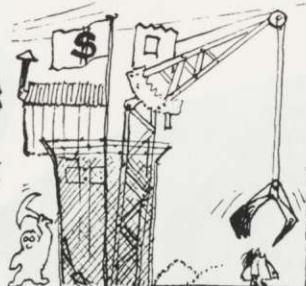
Is it for chem. teachers conquered
in stealth?

Or is it an oversquare wall of death?

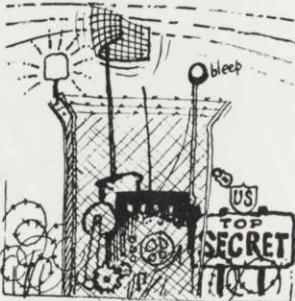


Is it an accident
or can it be
meant

To preserve the
Ashwood environment?



Is it a triumph -
or is it a shame?
Is it a BHP mining
claim?



Is it a defence against creeping
inflation?

Is it Australia's omega station?



Is it a fortress or is it a fence
..... Or is it a jug for subversive aliens?

Is it the site of our new swimming
pool?
Or is it an improved quarterdeck
for the school?

Will it endure or as scrap iron just crumble away
in a heap of brown rust?



ROLL CALL

1A

BANN, Steven
BRIEN, Geoffrey
BUTCHER, Warren
DALTON, Anthony
HAWKE, Graham
HORVATH, Raymond
McCoy, Alan
MILLER, Graeme
PARKER, Kevin
ROSCOE, Ian
SHEARER, Philip
SKELLY, Robert
STEHN, Colin
VERNON, Daryl
WILLIAM, Brian

CLARKE, Gwynedd
CLARKE, Lynette
CRAVEN, Jillian
DROHAN, Ruth
GREEN, Karen
MUDDIMAN, Denise
O'DONNELL, Dianne
PAQUIN, Jacqueline
PATERAS, Kathy
PRICE, Karen
RYRIE, Lissa
SEXTON, Meryl
SIMKIN, Judith
SLAPAR, Janet
STEWART, Pamela
STOCKS, Elizabeth
TURNBULL, Kay
WIBBERLEY, Nola
WILDE, Anna
WILDING, Gail

1B

BARKER, Glenn
BENNINGTON, Leigh
CARLTON, Ross
DOCKERY, William
HARIGRAVE, Ian
HUDSON, Peter
JASKIEWICZ, Robert
JOHNSON, Evan
NYITRAI, Mick
O'DONNEL, David
PALMER, Kevin
ROGERS, Paul
SAURELS, Leigh
SHARPE, Peter
SMITH, Douglas
WATSON, Steven
WIGHT, Raymond

ANDERSON, Karen

BIBBY, Marie
BURT, Tracey
DWIGHT, Sharon
EDWARDS, Debra
HOWARD, Janet
JARMAN, Karen
McCONNEL, Alicia
McMILLAN, June
ORFORD, Karen
PETRIE, Lorraine
SAVVA, Domna
SHARP, Gaye
SMITH, Jenny
STUBBINGS, Lee
TAYLOR, Leonie
VANDERBURG, Jenny
WHITMORE, Susan
WOOD, Kathryn

1C

ADAMS, Stephen
APOSTOLAKIS, John
CONNELL, Paul
COOK, Gary
EWEN, Gregory
HUDSON, Andrew
ILLINGWORTH, Graeme
MCALONEY, Gregory
OBRIEN, John
PRATT, Tony
SIMPKIN, Luke
SLATER, Matthew
SYLE, David
WILLIAMS, Glenn

BAILEY, Robyn

BELL, Pamela
BROWN, Susan
DeMARCHI, Jenny
EDWARDS, Marlyn
JOHNSTONE, Carol
KENNEDY, Mandy
KINGSHOT, Donna
KULHMANN, Caryn
LAWRENCE, Robyn
McDONALD, Julie
McSWAN, Lindy
MEAGER, Jennie
MITCHELL, Leonie
RISK, Sally
SCHMIDT, Jennifer
SCOTT, Lynden
SNOOKS, Vicki
WADE, Leonie
WILLIAMS, Linda

1D

ADAMS, Craig
BAIRD, Andrew
CROSSLEY, Brian
DAVIS, Steven
DISMORE, Reginald
FULLALOVE, Rodney
GHALAYINI, Peter
HINDI, John
LEWIS, David
LOMBARDO, Vincent
McDERMOTT, Peter
McNIFF, Graham
MONETTE, Neil
TUIM, Ravio

BIRD, Cathryn
BROWN, Catherine
COOK, Robyn
DOBBS, Leanne
HIGGS, Lisa
KERR, Jillian
MANNO, Anna
MARLAND, Sherallen
MASON, Wendy
#MATTISON, Terri
MOREHOUSE, Jeanette
NEWSTEAD, Lauren
SEEKAM, Adele
SEEKAM, Nadene
SHONE, Helen
STEWART, Pamela
TAYLOR, Patricia
TRIPOVICH, Sally
WEST, Julie

1E

CHAMARETTE, Wayne
EDMISTON, Gray
GIGAS, Jimmy
GLENN, David
HARGRAVE, Ian
KING, John
McDERMOTT, Kenneth
MIRABELLA, John
MORRISON, Mark
MORTIMER, Roger
PLUMMER, Ian
RICHMOND, Peter
ROBERTSON, Gary
RODNEY, Kevin
SHAW, Alan
STEWART, Bruce
YOUNG, William
ADAMS, Leanne
ANDERSON, Barbara

BRENNAN, Louise
DAVIES, Kerry
FARMER, Cheryl
GEISLER, Debra
HANRAHAN, Gwenda
HEENAN, Kerry
HELLYER, Valerie
HENDERSON, Wendy
HORSFIELD, Susan
McGRATH, Robyn
McKEON, Amanda
NEWTON, Cheryl
NICHOLLS, Anne
PAYNE, Bronwyn
POWER, Denise
SALMON, Tracy
SHELLEY, Melinda
SLATTERY, Carolyn
SYMONDS, Eunice
ZEGENHAGEN, Robin

2A

ADAMS, Bruce
ANDREW, John
ARTHUR, Colin
AYRE, Peter
BACOLAS, Jim
BAMBERY, Keith
BELL, Jeffrey
BERGHOFF, Nigel
BYRNE, Alan
CHRISTENSON, Paul
COWIE, Michael
CRANE, Colin
DAVIDSON, Peter
DUFFY, Martin
NUNN, Wade

ADAMS, Brenda
ATCHISON, Mandy
BIRD, Linda
BITZILIS, Yottia
BREEDON, Jennifer
BREMNER, Margaret
BRIEN, Cathy
BRIGGS, Christine
BROWN, Elizabeth
BROWN, Heather
CADDY, Marion
CALLICK, Robyn
CARTER, Julie
CONNORS, Marian
COSSON, Kerry
KING, Tracey
NICHOLS, Joyce
SALE, Heather
SUTHERLAND, Debra
WEEKS, Kaylene

2B

*BROOKS, Darryl
CARROLL, Ian

COMLEY, Noel
COX, Philip
CUTTING, Trevor
DAVIDSON, Gregory
DOWN, Malcolm
DIXON, Jeffery
EDE, Robert
EDWARDS, Graeme
GELLION, Shane
GIBSON, Gregory
HAHN, Michael
HUEL, Glen
SYMINGTON, John
VILLEMIN, Jean-Claude
ASQUITH, Heather
CARBERY, Wendy
CURRIGAN, Valerie
DANIEL, Robyn
*DEDEURWARDER, Sylvia
DIXON, Pam
FULLALOVE, Lynette
GLENN, Judith
GOLDTHORPE, Josephine
HALL, Karen
HOLFORD, Carolyne
HORTON, Sharon
KRYVENKO, Anna
SHARPE, Karen
TONKIN, Debra
WILLS, Rhonda
WILSON, Lynette

2C

ENGEL, Frank
EDDY, Stephen
FIDA, Alexander
FINDLAY, Raymond
GRIGORIOU, Arthur
HAMILTON, Grant
HAUGHTON, Michael
KOLOKOSIAN, Reggie
LANGHAM, Warwick
LLOYD, Peter
McCOWAN, Timothy
MILL, Rodney
McPHERSON, Neil
PALMER, Gregory

FESCHUK, Nadia
FLYNN, Helen
GIGAS, Irene
HALL, Dianne
HOUSTON, Lynette
JACKSON, Adele
KLEINMAN, Ria
KUKUROZOVIC, Anna
LEAHY, Kathy
LEWIS, Dale
MARKE, Julie
McCUBBIN, Karen
MURPHY, Suzanne

NAISMITH, Patricia
NEVINS, Debra
NELSON, Jennifer
O'CARROLL, Louise
PIMM, Dawn
QUINN, Vicki
READ, Judith
SAURELS, Jeanette

2D

HILL, James
JOHANSEN, Darryl
LEE, Mark
LENTON, David
MARSH, Gary
MASSEY, John
MURRAY, Philip
O'DONNELL, Greg
PHILLIPSON, Waverly
PISCIONERI, Frank
PLUMMER, Barry
RICHARDSON, Chris
SCHUBERT, Peter
SHAW, Paul
STEELE, Douglas
TENNISON, Michael
WATERS, Rick

AINSWORTH, Rhonda
FRENCH, Denise
HORAN, Maureen
HUXLEY, Jillian
MONTAGUE, Lynette
NYITRAI, Eva
OBRIEN, Kathleen
PAQUIN, Rachelle
PHILLIPS, Diane
RANCE, Sue-Anne
RATAJCZYK, Betty
ROBERTSON, Karen
ROKX, Anita
SIMPSON, Judith
TAYLOR, Wendy
VARKONYI, Vivian

2E

CONNERTON, Ian
EDWARDS, Greg
GOLDSMITH, Mark
HAMMILL, Darryl
KONSTANDELIS, Peter
PROWSE, Rik
RANDS, Garry
SEGEWICK, Alan
STAMBOULTGIS, Kon
STEWART, Peter
STUBBINGS, Wayne
SWEETMAN, Geoff
TRAYES, Robert
WARREN, Garry
WERTHENBACH, Dennis
WIGHT, Neil

BUCKLER, Lorraine
LOTT, Christine
OSWALD, Vicki
PAIN, Beverley
RATTRAY-WOOD, Nola
READ, Caroline
*SJO, Cherylanne
SMITH, Debra
SUTHERLAND, Nick
SWIFT, Kerry
TAIT, Frances
TUDGEY, Katherine
WHITFIELD, Kay
WIGHT, Linda
WILDE, Christine
WILSON, Susan
WOOD, Julie

3A

BUTSON, Mark
CARROLL, Brian
CLARKE, Alan
FAIRTHORNE, Alan
GEORGE, Russell
GODFRED, Ian
HATCHER, Gregory
KNIGHTS, Robert
KOTOUKIS, Eric
MARLAND, David
MASSIE, Steven
McPHEE, John
NICHOLLS, Geoffrey
PARRY, Graham
QUINN, Anthony
RECHTER, William
THATHER, Peter
WILLIAMS, Daryl
WOOD-BRADLEY, Colin
YOUNG, Peter
ZEGENHAGEN, Kim

BANN, Rhonda
BROWN, Denise
CONNERTON, Margaret
DEACON, Sylvia
GRAHAM, Jennifer
HORWOOD, Sandra
JORDAN, Terry
LUXFORD, Heather
MCKENZIE, Heather
MURRAY, Lynne
SMITH, Carole
VRBANEK, Carolina
WILLIAMS, Deirdre

3B

BROOKS, Greg
D'UNIENVILLE, Patrick
GASCOIGNE, Russell
GREEN, Leslie
GUNN, Ian
HORVATH, Frank

JOYCE, Stephen
MAUGER, Darryl
MONETTE, Ross
MORRIS, Darryl
PAYNE, David
PROUT, Gary
REA, Michael
SLAPAR, Robert
VERON, Ross
WHITE, Paul

BROOKMAN, Janne
CHAMARETTE, Pauline
CHUGG, Penelope
DAVIDSON, Carol
DRONSEIKA, Elena
HAWKE, Judith
HAYES, Joanne
HIGGS, Leonie
KENNEDY, Catherine
McPAUL, Debra
PILL, Lynda
SHEARER, Pamela
SMITH, Wendy
SPARK, Rhonda
THOMAS, Karen
WHITFIELD, Janet
WRAIGHT, Prudence
YOUNG, Gwenda

3C

AYRE, Edward
ADCOCK, Robert
BLACK, Russell
BRETHERTON, Leigh
BURT, Stephen
CONNELL, James
DALTON, Christopher
GIBBONS, Bruce
JOHNSON, Hugh
KERR, Andrew
MARTINO, Frank
McMAHON, Gary
NAISMITH, Peter
NEVINS, Keith
NEWSTEAD, Gavan
PIERCE, Stephen
ROONEY, Shane
ROSS, Greg
SAVVA, Michael
SMITH, Graeme
STEWART, Colin

DAVIES, Heather
DEERING, Dorothy
DUNLOP, Sandra
DUNN, Lorraine
HEATHCOTE, Belinda
INGHAM, Marcia
KAISER, Pauline
McPHERSON, Kaylene
POWELL, Christine
SIMPSON, Lynda

SIPEK, Kristina
TAIT, Jo-Anne
VILLEMIN, Brigitte

3D
*FEKOS, Jim
LEAHY, Martin
MORTIMER, Max
SCHILIRO, Emilio
SIDEBOTTOM, Neil
TAYLOR, James
*PASZENKO, George

ARTUFEL, Laura
*BRAYBROOK, Gail
BRIEN, Debra
BUNTING, Joan
COUETIE, Patricia
*CROSSLEY, Susan
DODD, Jannette
*ETCHELL, Helen
GOODWIN, Rebecca
HANRAHAN, Debbie
JEFFREY, Sharon
KRESKAS, Kathy
LANG, Marion
McCONNELL, Veronica
McINTOSH, Janet
MCLEOD, Donna
McPHEE, Suzanne
ORFANOS, Mary
PEARCE, Susan
PIMM, Betty
POWER, Carol
*PROKOV, Anna
SCAGLIO, Sandra
SHARPE, Julie
WATSON, Julie
WILLIAMS, Annette

4A

BREEDON, Michael
BROWN, Philip
CURRIE, Trevor
HADLER, Robert
HAYES, Chris
LEE, Donald
MITCHELL, Stuart
MONTAGUE, Brian
POYNTER, Andrew
SAVANAH, Stephane
SCHUBERT, Steven
STANBOROUGH, Mark
STEVENS, Bryce
SUTHERLAND, Wayne
WALLIS, Brian
WILLS, William (Billy)
WOOD, Ian
WOOD, Robert

AVERY, Jane
BAILEY, Christine
BELL, Karen

COKER, Lynne
ECKFELD, Tonia
GRAHAM, Julie
LOCKHART, Kerry
LONGTHORP, Nerida
McCARTNEY, Debbie
MILLER, Elizabeth
PHILLIPS, Heather
SHARP, Kerry
SMITH, Jennifer
STEVENS, Linda
STEVENSON, Jennifer
TUDDIN, Mary
ZVIRBULIS, Karen

4B

AVERY, Mark
BURROWES, Ian
CHALMERS, Bret
CHECKLEY, Ian
COOK, Stephen
CHUGG, Andrew
DARBYSHIRE, Leslie
GREGORIOU, George
HADAWAY, Craig
HOBDAY, Geoffrey
HARGRAVE, Graeme
KIDD, Philip
KOLK, Lawrence
McPAUL, Jeffrey
MARGAN, Don
MURRAY, Robert
PATERAS, John
PHILLPSO, Gary
RICHMOND, Robert
SLINGSBY, Ken
TAIT, Max
TENNISON, James
YARNTON, Greg

BEBE, Linda
BROWN, Debbie
DUNSTAN, Leonie
HOLLAND, Dawn
KILLEEN, Susan
*MALSEED, Tina
MICHAEL, Debra
PARRY, Judith
SCOTT, Barbara
THOMPSON, Jenny
WILLSON, Rhonda
WOOD, Debbie

4C1

*ADAMS, Jeanette
AINSWORTH, Julie
ANDREWS, Karen
BALLINGALL, Jill
BECKWITH, Lyn
CLARK, Carol
DAVIES, Jeanette
DUNLOP, Catherine

GERMAINE, Carole
HASTINGS, Janet
HEENAN, Lesley
HOOD, Liz
HOLZER, Roslyn
HUXLEY, Belinda
KNIGHTS, Lynne
KING, Amanda
LEE, Jenny
MARTIN, Lynette
O'DONNELL, Suzanne
RIDLEY, Jan
ROACH, Maree
SHEARER, Janet
STEWART, Rhonda
SYKES, Julie
VEGTING, Karen
WADE, Linda
WALL, Carolyn
WILKINSON, Carolyn
WILSON, Leonie

4C2

*ARMSTRONG, Bryce
BLACKWELL, Peter
BROWN, Tony
CLAUSING, Gordon
COE, Andrew
COUETIE, Shane
EDDELBUTTEL, Michael
FIDA, Roman
GLOSSOP, Geoff
GOLDING, Paul
HALL, Robert
HARGRAVE, Gary
HILL, Stephen
JOHNSON, David
KANE, Stephen
MASTERSON, Graeme
McGRATH, Ian
MOLYNEUX, John
MURRAY, Philip
RICHARDS, Dean
SAYERS, Andrew
SCOBEL, Noel
SHELLEY, Bruce
SLEE, Derek
SMITH, Bradley
SPATH, Heinz
STANLEY, Dale
WAGSTAFF, Cameron
WHITROD, Garry
WHITTINGTON, Philip
WILKINSON, Richard
WOOLNOUGH, Garry

CRAWFORD, Leanne
SANDFORD, Jane

4D

BAYLISS, Robert
CUTTING, Patrick

DUFFY, Paul
FOOTE, Paul
FORREST, Michael
FRENCH, Lawrence
MARRION, Philip
MARSH, David
*MCCONNELL, Michael
NAISMITH, Garry
PAIN, John
POSTHLEWAITE, Robert
SALMON, Robert
STEWART, Geoff

*ARMSTRONG, Dianne
*DeCANEA, Loretta
FAIRTHORNE, Cheryle
GOBBO, Mary
*GRIBBIN, Gayle
HOWELL, Linda
*KAMP, Julie
*KIRK, Julie
LEWIS, Dana
McKAY, Margaret
McNIFF, Elaine
SMITH, Robyn
WALSH, Denile
*WILDING, Kay
*WRIGHT, Jenny

5A

ABBOTT, Ian
CLIPSTONE, Terry
HEATHCOTE, Robert
HILL, Richard
KENDALL, John
KRIGER, Joseph
LEE, David
ORMEROD, Phillip
PHILLIPSON, Shane
STRAHAN, Gregory
STURDY, John
TRIPOVICH, Matthew
WAGSTAFF, Derek
WALLIS, Michael
WIGHT, Ian
WILKINSON, Leigh
WILLS, Robert

DUNN, Jennifer
GRAHAM, Julie-Maxine
JACKSON, Rochelle
JORDAN, Andrea
LAOS, Erica
READ, Amanda
WHITFIELD, Susan
WIGHT, Karyn

5B LIBRARY COLLEGE

*LEWIS, Peter
McGEACHIN, Wayne
MARGAN, Edward
MILLANE, Adrian
NEEMAN, Garry

5C

NEVILLE, Stephen
ROACH, Gerand (Gary)
SHONE, Michael
STEVENS, Wayne
TUDDIN, John
WILLIAMS, Peter

ARTUFEL, Linda
BAILEY, Judy
BROOKS, Gail
FEDDEMA, Carol
HARDING, Pamela
JUNKER, Gail

*ARMSTRONG, Dianne
*DeCANEA, Loretta
FAIRTHORNE, Cheryle
GOBBO, Mary
*GRIBBIN, Gayle
HOWELL, Linda
*KAMP, Julie
*KIRK, Julie
LEWIS, Dana
McKAY, Margaret
McNIFF, Elaine
SMITH, Robyn
WALSH, Denile
*WILDING, Kay
*WRIGHT, Jenny

5C

BARTROP, Paul
BRIGGS, Steven
EDMISTON, Lindsay
McGHEE, Thomas
MCKENZIE, Graham
McNair, Alan
MOLINEUX, Phillip
PAYNE, John
SEARLE, Phillip
SIMPKIN, Rowan
WARD, Wayne
WHITE, Alan

BROOKMAN, Susan
CHAMARETTE, Charmaine
GILL, Suzanne
HOGAN, Suzanne
LEDGER, Lynette
McGRATH, Kim
PISCIONERI, Hazel
ROSSER, Margot
*SHAW, Julie
TENNISON, Suzanne
TUDGEY, Jennifer

5D

CURRIE, Peter
DAVIES, Christopher
DAVIES, Gary
DICKENSON, Eric
ERWIN, Ian
FOWLER, Jeff
GASCOIGNE, Neil
GOLDSMITH, Peter
MCPIE, Russell
PASHLEY, Paul
SIMPSON, Ross
SKELTON, Robert
TSAROUCHAS, Chris
VERNON, Doug
WATKINS, Brian

WATKINS, Craig
ADCOCK, Heather
BARNES, Dianne
BOYCE, Christine
DOLMAN, Kelly
HIGGS, Pinta
MCLEOD, Jeanette
PRICE, Christine
RAE, Julie

6A

BAILEY, Graeme
BEARD, Trevor
BREEDON, David
BUI, Andrew
CHECKLEY, Greg
CLARK, Stephen
COATES, David
CRANE, Ian
CROSbie, Michael
DEKRETser, Julian
DENNIS, John
ENGEL, Otto
GASCOIGNE, Ron
HAZLE, David
HORWOOD, Roger
HOFFMAN, William
JACKSON, Roy
JOHNSTONE, Richard
LUXFORD, David
O'CONNOR, Richard
SMITH, Alan
SMITH, Colin
ZIMMER, Kenneth

DECANEVA, Denise
HAEUSLER, Judith
*JORDAN, Jan.
*MICALLEF, Roula
ORFANOS, Tina
WIGHT, Christine

6B

BICKHAM, Stephen
CLAVEN, Michael
DZIAN, Christopher
GEORGE, David
HOLMAN, Michael
KONG, David
LACKMANN, Colin
LENTON, Graeme
MALLEY, Russell
McEVOY, Garth
McGAW, David
ORFORD, Mark
PARKER, Trevor
PIERIDES, Harry
REA, Robert
RICHARDS, Phillip
SPARKS, David
STANSFIELD, Alan

*left this year

WAGSTAFFE, Stuart
WALLACE, Gregory
LERCH, Kristiane
LINDSAY, Fiona
MASON, Elizabeth
STEWART, Margaret
THOMPSON, Jeanette



FADS, FASHIONS AND FALLACIES

Fashions are fun, especially things like mini-skirts, long hair, music and slang — sometimes even the bad jokes like that successful failure the maxi. Sometimes, of course, they tend to exaggeration. Hair styles are often so wild that you can scarcely see the wood for the frieze.

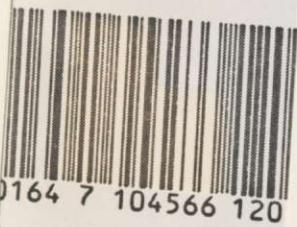
Perhaps the worst you can say about fashions is that they disguise reality and individuality. They are a device of the conservatives. Who can tell a person's real nature when the face hides behind a screen? And how sad it is to see a very large girl, forced by the need to conform, straining the seams of a ludicrous pair of jeans.

Sometimes, too, they tend to cause unnecessary divisions and sects. How can a group of boys who happen to like modern suits mix comfortably with a group that favours very casual gear? When fashions (or their commercial sponsors) deliberately try to control one's thinking, dangers loom up. Just what are the implications of that soulful tune "I believe in Levi's"?

It seems a pity, too, that fashions tend to lead us around in circles so that often it is fashionable to be eighty years behind the times. Just where does Barry Humphries think he's going? Whatever his motives, his Edna seems determined to strengthen the great Australian legend of mediocrity and his Bazza seems equally determined to Foster vulgarity with a vocabulary and repertoire that made Chaucer's patrons laugh six hundred years ago.

May fads and fashions come and go and may they soon bring in winds of change and truth that are clarified with some modern air-freshener.

M. McKay





ASHWOOD

CHEM

