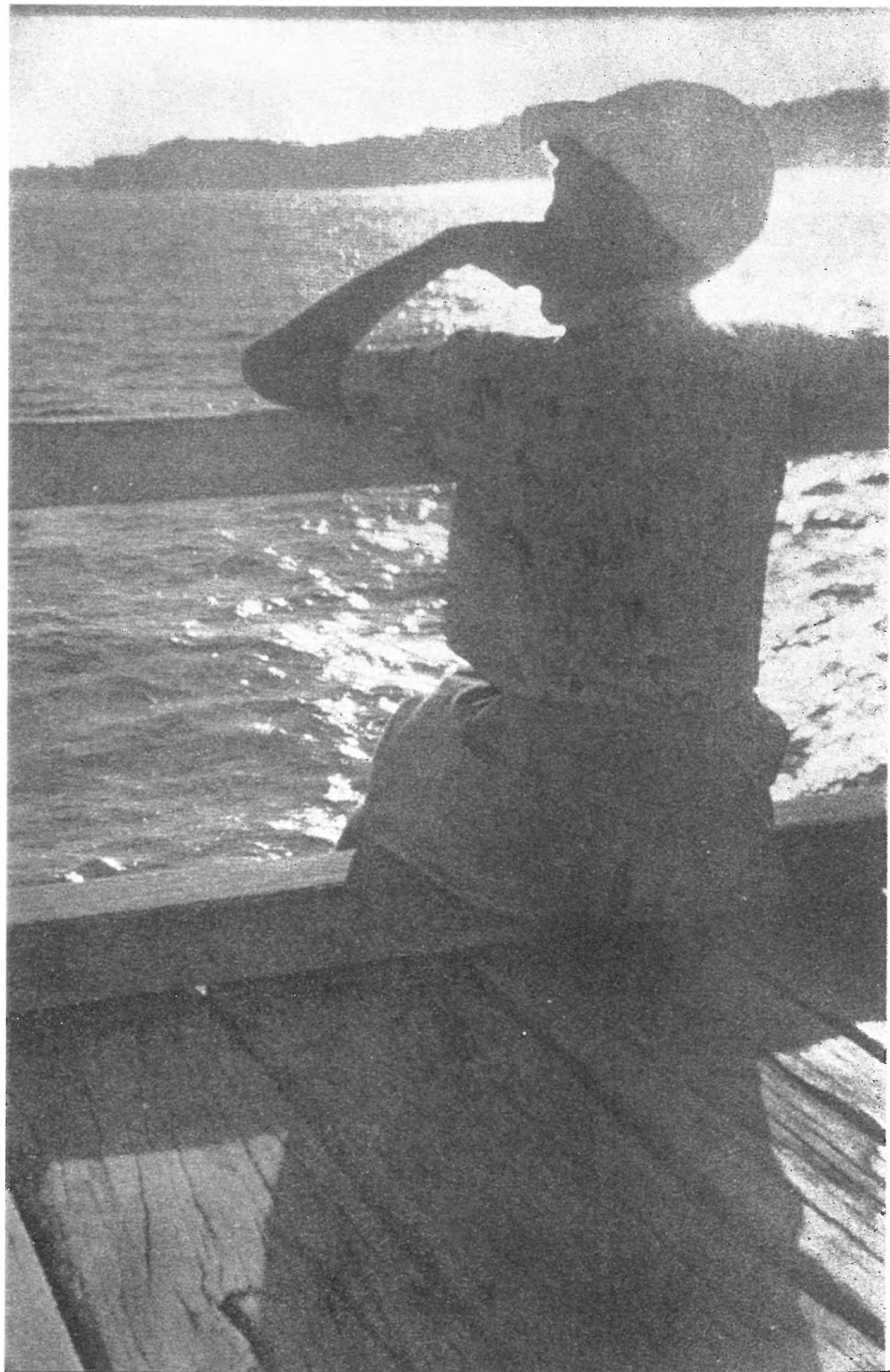


1961

# VOYAGER

BRIGHTON HIGH SCHOOL



Atan Lewis

**voyager      magazine of brighton high school 1961**



## advisory council

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Mr. L. Holford  
Cr. F. Julyan  
Cr. W. Lovell  
Mr. M. McDonald  
Mr. C. Morris  
Dr. R. Waddell  
Mr. W. Wilson  
Mr. D. Streader, B.A., B.Ed.

## staff

### teaching staff

G. Stirling, B.A., Dip.Ed.  
C. Hallett, B.A., Dip.Ed.  
A. M. McLean, T.T.C., D.P.T.C.  
R. Prowse, B.A., Dip.Ed.  
P. Vardon, B.A., T.P.T.C.  
B. Newbold, B.Com., B.Ed., A.A.S.A.  
G. Wilson, B.Comm., Dip.Ed.(Qual.)  
G. Warhurst, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.(Qual.)  
M. Cantlon, B.A., Cert. Art, T.P.T.C.  
I. Bereson, B.A., Dip.Ed.(Hons.)  
M. Goulbergh, Ph.D., T.T.C.  
A. Murphy, Mus.Bac., Dip.Ed.  
L. Waters, B.A.(Hons.), Dip.Ed., T.T.C.  
D. Byrnes, W.T.C., Second Honors.  
G. Frank, Dip.Phys.Ed., T.P.T.C.  
G. Cantieni, T.S.T.C.  
J. Carkeek, B.Com., Dip.Ed.(Hons.)  
I. Grandy, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.  
P. Oyston, T.S.T.C.  
D. Hardy  
R. Lee, Dip.Comm., Dip.Ed., A.I.C.A.  
V. Pepper, B.A., Dip.Ed.  
S. Graves, P.S.C.(R.L.)  
L. Perzcuk, Ph.M.(Warsaw)  
A. Moorrees  
N. O'Doherty, B.A.  
B. Colbert  
J. Lisle, T.T.C.(W.A.)  
V. Vogt  
Miss A. McLennan, B.A., Dip.Ed.  
Miss K. Carey, B.A., Dip.Ed.  
Mrs. M. Sherrington, M.A., T.S.T.C.  
Mrs. H. Chatfield, B.A., Dip.Ed.  
Miss M. Hughes, B.S.C., Dip.Ed.  
Miss M. Friedman, Dom.Arts., T.S.T.C.  
Miss M. McLean, Dip.Phys.Ed., T.P.T.C.  
Mrs. K. Robertson, B.A., T.S.T.C. (U.K.)  
Mrs. J. Morris, Prim. Cert.  
Miss E. Judd, T.P.T.C.  
Miss J. Golding, T.S.T.C.  
Miss F. Bennett, T.S.T.C.  
Mrs. B. Humphries, B.A., Dip.Ed.  
Mrs. B. Hamilton, B.A.  
Mrs. L. Hayes, T.P.T.C.  
Mrs. A. Harris  
Mrs. H. Goulberg  
Mrs. J. Murray, T.T.C.  
Mrs. J. Held  
Mrs. B. Shaw  
Mrs. L. Pascoe

### administrative staff

Mrs. Martendale  
Mrs. C. Becker  
Miss M. Evans

## staff notes

Both staff and student population continue to rise, but the increase in staff is still barely adequate to manage all facets of school activity. Brighton is now the largest co-educational high school in the State, and the staff probably in proportion.

As would be expected in such a large staff, there were quite a few new arrivals at the beginning of the year. At that time we welcomed Mrs. Chatfield, whose reputation arrived some time before she did; Mrs. Murray; Miss McLennan, our new senior mistress; Misses Bennett, Friedman, Golding, Hughes and Hodgson.

Also joining us at the beginning of the year were Messrs. Newbold, O'Doherty, Oyston and Pepper.

Time passing by, it became necessary to add replacements as some dropped by the way. Mr. Lisle came to our aid when Miss Wyse left to partake of the nuptial state, and Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Pascoe joined us when Mrs. Richardson left.

During the year too, Mr. Vogt began teaching here, and we were very pleased to welcome Mr. Cantlon back from Italy. On his return, Miss Hodgson left, and Mr. Cantlon is once more teaching art, now with a strong Italianate flavour.

Inevitably, at the end of the year we will lose some people who have been with us for some time. Mr. Maclean, one of the original members of the staff of this school, goes to Swan Hill, while Mr. Prowse, who helped so much in the production of Voyager, is to become a secondary inspector. Mr. Lee goes to a well-earned retirement, and Mr. Wilson takes up an appointment at Noble Park. To all these people we extend our best wishes and gratitude for what they have done for the school.



## school diary

### February

Wednesday, 8th Resume school.  
Wednesday, 16th House swimming sports — win to Phillip.

### March

Friday, 10th Installation of prefects, house captains and form captains by Councillor Lovell, former Mayor, Brighton, and Councillor Clarke, Mayor of Moorabbin.  
Monday, 27th Inter-school swimming sports. Boys — win to Melbourne. Brighton fourth. Girls — win to Camberwell, Brighton fourth.

### April

Friday, 14th Visit of young Elizabethan players; Form 4 saw Merchant of Venice; Form 5 saw the Balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet.  
Monday, 24th Anzac service with an address by Archdeacon Codrington.  
Thursday, 27th Form 5 and 6 social in the cafe.  
Friday, 28th Correction day.

### May

Thursday, 4th A.F.S. musical night in Holland Hall.  
Friday, 5th Forms 2 and 3 went to orchestral concert in Melbourne Town Hall.  
Sunday, 7th Youth Sunday march — Brighton sent contingent.  
Wednesday, 10th Form 5 went to Romeo and Juliet at Esquire, Elsternwick.  
Friday, 12th Mothers' Club Gilbert and Sullivan production.  
Monday, 15th Another 5 and 6 dance in the cafe. Felt by all to have been highly successful.  
Thursday, 18th School dance run by Social Committee.  
Friday, 19th End of term. Whacko!  
Wednesday, 31st Back to the grind, but soon —

### June

Monday, 12th A holiday — Queen's Birthday.  
Monday, 26th to Friday, 30th Matric. exams.

### July

Thursday, 6th House plays—a very creditable show by Phillip.  
Thursday, 27th Term 2 exams bring cries of "Oh, I can't remember a thing!"

### August

Thursday, 10th to Saturday, 12th School production of Hamlet, a very polished performance involving a lot of hard work and thought.  
Friday, 18th Girls leave for Woodville after a hearty war cry on the station.  
Monday, 21st Mr. Vogt, Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Pascoe joined the staff.  
Tuesday, 22nd Our American Field Service student, Candy Rogers, returned to America by plane — taking happy memories with her. Many were sad to see her go.  
Friday, 25th Education Day marked the return of the girls from Woodville.  
Saturday, 26th Woodville boys arrive. High hopes?  
Sunday, 27th Church parade.  
Thursday, 31st Social — we learned that the Woodville boys aren't jazz fans.

### September

Friday, 1st First day of spring brought the end to a hard (?) term's work.  
Tuesday, 12th Return to school and this time it's really noses down for once.  
Monday, 18th The Board of Inspectors arrive.  
Thursday, 28th Term's work broken by Show Day—what fun.

### October

Friday, 7th House athletic sports—a win to Grant with Murray rising to second place. Congratulations. Inter-school athletic sports.  
Tuesday, 17th Matric. October tests.  
Monday, 23rd to Friday, 27th Term 3 exams.

### November

Wednesday, 15th Matriculation exams commence as wobbly-kneed six formers shudder into the hall.  
Wednesday, 22nd Correction day for the rest of the school.  
Friday, 24th Junior speech night.

### December

Wednesday, 6th Matric. dinner and social.  
Thursday, 7th Senior speech night.  
Friday, 8th Many students leave—for jobs?  
Monday, 11th Holidays start. Oh, boy.  
Tuesday, 19th Hurrah! Horray?





In writing this page in 1960 I reviewed the creditable scholastic growth of the school during its six years of existence and I entertained the hope that the members of our first matriculation class would do credit to the school in open competition. They did: their splendid results exceeded expectations. We have no reason to doubt that this year's class will equal the performance of last year's pioneers. Some optimists even suggest an improvement on last year's achievement. I myself am firmly convinced that our best scholars will continue to add lustre to the school's reputation.

I have frequently averred that this generation of school children is better than any of its predecessors in my experience, having in mind the frankness and friendliness of the young folk of today, but this statement is impossible to test. Then at times there comes that divine discontent with their social progress. I wonder if they will be better citizens than their parents.

Even in a fine school such as ours desks and lockers carry the evidence of vandalism—a barbarous trait not expected in a high school. Then there are the litter-bugs whose laziness prompts them to throw down where they stand the filth that others have to clean up. Is our school failing in the social education of its pupils or have we, like others, many suffering from retarded development? If we cannot develop in our pupils a pride in their school how can we develop in them a larger pride in their country?

About a century and a half ago, Sir Walter Scott inquired,

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land!"

This form of patriotism is to be commended because such a love of country gives rise to groups

of people who will conserve our country's natural resources for generations still to come. We have in this fifth continent unique possessions and we owe a duty to the rest of the world to preserve them.

What Wordsworth said last century is true today:

"The world is too much with us; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.  
Little we see in Nature that is ours."

Do we fully appreciate the glory of Mount Dandenong with its cool fern gullies sheltering that master mimic, the lyre-bird? This is our nearest National Park and we are watching, with apparent consent, while commercial tentacles stretch threateningly towards this silvan jewel. Sherbrooke Forest and its wild life must be preserved at all costs.

A quarter of a century ago we had portions of a primitive paradise in Phillip Island and Wilson's Promontory. Who could watch unmoved in the gathering gloom on the back beach of Phillip Island as the penguins returned to their homes, hesitantly, like reluctant revellers? And in the same locality without journeying far one could see the cuddlesome koala, the quaint mutton birds and the frolicsome seals. Now, on Phillip Island there is a gridiron of roads and suburban villas and the accompanying signs of civilization will soon supplant some more of Nature's wonders.

Wilson's Promontory has already been partially ravaged but the National Parks Authority is to be commended for the work it is doing to preserve this varied wonderland and other proclaimed areas valuable to the nation.

At school this year we planted a Sequoia to remind us of our first American Field Service student, Candy Rogers. In America's National Parks some Sequoias are known to be the tallest trees in the world. America's National Parks are world famous. How many of us have visited the Cumberland Valley to see the tallest hardwoods in the world, our own Mountain Ash?

Every Australian State has been wasteful of its forest wealth; is it too late for home and school to combine to produce a generation that will take such a pride in their heritage that they will reserve large areas for the perpetuation of our distinctive trees, plants, birds and animals? If we were successful, I would hazard a guess that the purloins of civilization would no longer be marked by rusty tins and empty bottles.

*Ch. Stucking*

HEADMASTER



around the school





### **editorial**

A brief examination of the pages of 1961's Voyager should convince anyone that a basic change in concept has taken place. Most magazines, we believe, have two major faults: there is no synthesis between the picture and the written word, and they do not give a full survey of the activity — intellectual and otherwise — of a year in the particular school.

But with Voyager 1961, we feel proud of what we have achieved. We have tried to relate the pictures we've used to the words of the article, and we have tried to incorporate all facets of school life with, we think, some creditable success.

Reflecting the new concept of the magazine, more importance has been laid on the aesthetic appeal of simple planning.

Again, senior and junior original work has been separated, in order to prevent the appearance of a poorly-planned city block, with single storey warehouses nestling in the shadow of huge office buildings.

We do feel proud, we hope justifiably, of what we have done. But we are proudest of all that this was made possible by the unprecedented co-operation of staff and students. If Voyager 1961 represents the spirit of Brighton High School 1961, we fervently hope that this spirit pervades and lasts as long as the school.

Traditions are slow to be built up, and it is an unfortunate truism that once they are built up they generally become dead wood — the original purpose of the ceremony has died like an old shellfish, leaving only the crust of ritual. But we feel that this magazine is part of a living tradition, and as such, and for what, in itself, it is, we are proud to present it to the school.

### **c.i-s.c.f.**

Crusader Inter-School Christian Fellowship is "a world-wide inter-denominational students' movement, whose aim is to present Jesus Christ as a living and personal Saviour to the young people of a school, and to enrich the spiritual life of those who already know Him as their Lord."

During the year weekly meetings, with an average attendance of 20-30 students, were held in room 4 on Wednesdays at lunchtime. These meetings were addressed by many speakers including local ministers, Mrs. Bennetts, counsellor of the McKinnon High School girls' I.S.C.F.; and Miss Povey, girls' travelling secretary for the I.S.C.F.

Variety in the programme was provided by several coloured filmstrips, and meetings taken by some of the students themselves. The year was highlighted by visits from the girls of the McKinnon High School I.S.C.F. who, on two occasions, led our meetings. This experimental exchange between groups proved successful and will, we hope, be continued.

Our weekly prayer meetings have continued throughout the year, and were supplemented by a bi-weekly Bible Study, which has proved a blessing to all who attended.

Our gratitude is extended to Mr. Stirling and the staff for their co-operation and help during the year. Our thanks go to Miss Judd, our counsellor, for her valuable support and guidance throughout the year. We also thank all our regular members for their support, and we trust that those who are leaving will be guided as to their future.

"For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God." 1 Cor. 1:18.

### **chess notes**

This year a team was entered in the C grade division of the V.C.A. inter-school competitions. With the final yet to be played, Brighton High hold first position on the ladder, having lost only one match for the season. The team's thanks go to the Secretary, Mr. Perczuk, and also to Mr. Lisle for his helpful advice.

The school chess tournament was held in the second term and resulted in a win for J. Szmulewicz.

Attempts were made during the year to form a chess club in the school, with disappointing results. However, with the prospect of promotion of the team to B grade, it is hoped that next year more support will be forthcoming.



## **anzac day ceremony, april 24**

The school's celebration of Anzac Day began at an 11 o'clock morning service, held around the flagpole. The ceremonial began with the house captains laying wreaths for their houses and then Anthony Cooper and Eva Colin laid wreaths on behalf of the whole school. The traditional silence was then observed.

This was followed by an assembly in the hall. During the singing of "Ave Australia," the official party took their places on the stage.

Mr. Stirling welcomed the guests to the school — Mr. Ray Whittorn, M.L.A. for Balaclava, and Archdeacon Codrington. Mr. Stirling then pointed out that Anzac Day was the one commemorative holiday, even though the actual event had taken place 46 years ago, which fires the imagination of people; it was a fight for democracy, and an outstanding example of courage, endurance and sacrifice.

Mr. Stirling then mentioned that during the second world war Australia had received help from the United States of America, and that both countries adhere to the same high ideals. He pointed out that message of one of America's greatest presidents, Lincoln's Gettysburg address, has the same tenets and ideals as the message of Anzac: "These dead shall not have died in vain." Pupils of 2B then read three verses of Macrae's "In Flanders' Fields," and the school gave the last verse as a response.

Mr. Whittorn then introduced Archdeacon Codrington who, he said, had served both God and his country. He had been a chaplain in the navy, and was decorated during the war. Archdeacon Codrington mentioned the famous sentence of General Paton: "God damn all war!" and stressed that the verb was in the subjunctive mood, and that the general was right, especially for servicemen who have been wounded and maimed by war.

It is a noble and natural thing, our speaker went on, to honour and remember and cherish our dead, and stressed the perfect condition of Anzac graves. The danger of glorifying war was strongly emphasized, although the necessity and propriety of fighting for freedom cannot be denied. Archdeacon Codrington explained the future in the terms of an apparent paradox: "We must never have another war, but we must be prepared."

The school then sang "Land of Mine," after which there was a prayer of dedication, which stressed the theme of honouring the dead, and making it a better world by ensuring that they had not died in vain.

The school then sang the "Recessional" which, because of the inspiring message of our speaker, was more deeply moving than ever. During the singing the official party left the stage.

## **flag monitors**

Guardians of safety this year were Terry Black and Geoff Kitchen who, regardless of personal safety, each morning and evening hung out the flags at the School Crossings. Unfortunately, this is one of the many jobs which are all too often taken for granted. Thank you, Geoff and Terry.

## **bells!**

Heaven alone knows what would happen if the bell monitors ceased operations. But, due to the energies of Andrew Helmos, Ian Ferrier and Max Ketels we have rushed, keen and eager, from one period to the next.

## **seat crew**

The arrangement of seats in a hall built for seven hundred in such a way that twelve hundred are accommodated calls for a great deal of care and research. Under the guidance of Mr. Carkeek, the seat crew, Robert Neal, Michael Hamilton, Peter Edgerton, Jim Sargeant, Anthony Lewis and Graeme Parrett, have worked wonders.

## **stage crew**

Although the Stage Crew take the onerous task themselves of thanking themselves elsewhere in this journal, special thanks must be given to them. Due to a highly necessary reorganization in July, an almost entirely inexperienced stage crew worked in the production of the house plays. It is of great credit to all of them that the production of these plays was such a success. To Rex Chadwick, David Rayson, Alan Best, Trevor Norton, Wayne Gray, Howard Guscott, Jeff Moran and Robin Whitehead our thanks and congratulations.

## **gardens and grounds**

Due in all probability to the efforts of the Gardens Committee, Brighton High was awarded the prize for the best garden in the St. Kilda inspectorate.

During the year, the school was graced by the visit of two enormous graders which, in a matter of days, reduced what had been a trackless waste into the basis of a well-graded oval. All that is now required is top dressing, and our long-dreamt-of oval will be a reality.

## **coral sea commemoration ceremony, may 8**

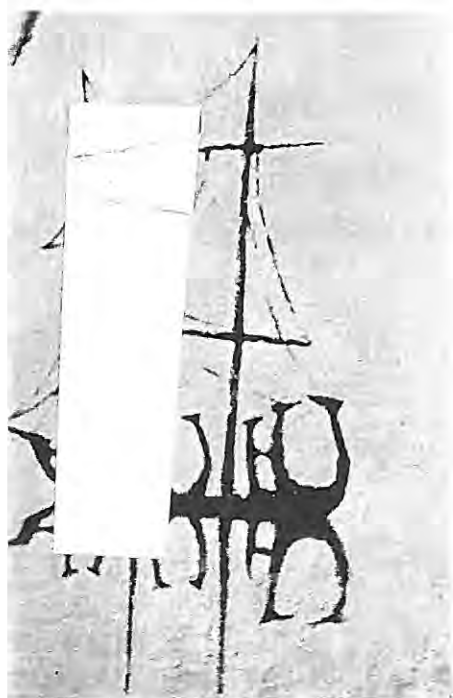
Coral Sea Commemoration began on a particularly suitable note: the singing of the school song for a tape-recording which will be sent to the school to which Candy Rogers is returning.

Mr. Stirling, stressing that, as on Anzac Day, this was *not* an assembly to glorify war, introduced our guest speaker, Lieutenant-Commander Don, R.A.N.R.

Lieutenant-Commander Don pointed out that maps used by the Americans during the Coral Sea Battle were in fact drawn up by Australians, although the help of the Americans was essential. The Lieutenant-Commander went on to explain that the allies in fact lost more than the Japanese — the importance of the Coral Sea was that it was the first time the Japanese had lost at all.

The real essence of the Coral Sea Battle was the present-day co-operation and friendship of the United States, Australia and Britain. Britain's help could not be by any means overlooked.

The "Star-spangled Banner" was then sung, and the ceremony concluded with a sincere rendering of "Land of Mine."



### MATRICULATION HONOURS

**English Literature, Second Class:** Jennifer Lark, Chris. Martin, William Meyer, Janice Morgan.  
**French, Second Class:** Jennifer Lark.  
**Pure Mathematics, Second Class:** Dorothy Callander.  
**Physics, Second Class:** Graeme Rimmer.  
**Chemistry, Second Class:** Dorothy Callander, Graeme Rimmer, Nola Scrase.  
**Geography, First Class:** Margaret Fleming, Ronald Kemp.  
**Modern History, First Class:** Jennifer Lark.  
**Modern History, Second Class:** David Ansell, Ronald Kemp, Chris. Martin, William Meyer, Donald

Morris, Robyn Murtagh, Maureen O'Shaughnessy, Roy Sach, Carol Tempest, Jill Usher, Joan Warton.  
**British History, First Class:** Jennifer Lark, Robyn Murtagh, Jill Usher.  
**British History, Second Class:** David Ansell, Margaret Fleming, Ronald Kemp, Chris. Martin, Donald Morris, Ian Taylor, Carol Tempest, Harvey Turner, Joan Warton.  
**Economics, First Class:** Ronald Kemp.  
**Economics, Second Class:** Robyn Murtagh.  
**Art, First Class:** Janice Morgan.  
**Art, Second Class:** Joan Crewdson, Jill Usher.

### MATRICULATION EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1960

First Class Honours . . . . . 8  
Second Class Honours . . . . . 33  
Subject Passes . . . . . 130  
Passed Matriculation Examination . . . . . 26  
**Commonwealth Scholarships (12):** Dorothy Callander, Ronald Kemp, Jennifer Lark, Chris. Martin,

William Meyer, Janice Morgan, Donald Morris, Robyn Murtagh, Graeme Rimmer, Carol Tempest, Jill Usher, Joan Warton.  
**Secondary Studentships (4):** Ronald Kemp, Jennifer Lark, Chris. Martin, William Meyer.

### MATRICULATION BURSARIES, 1961

Allan, Lorraine Jean  
Baker, Carol Ann  
Beechey, Robyn  
Lynette

Boyle, Maxine Claire  
Cheyne, Christine  
Mary  
Cook, Bruce Alexander

Marris, Ronda Elaine  
Matthews, Ross  
Frazer  
McQueen, Anne Eline

Rigney, William  
Keith  
Wigg, Jillian

### LEAVING BURSARIES, 1961

**TEACHING**  
Elias, David Barry  
Evans, Suzanne Jillian  
Gilpin, Valerie  
Lorraine  
Grant, Jeffrey Ross  
Hannah, Howard John

Hartley, Wendy Jill  
Heard, Ernest John  
Kibell, Roger Leonard  
Manning, Margaret  
Edith  
Morton, Wendy  
Jeanette

Phillips, Kirsty Jean  
Rhimes, Robert William  
Sheedy, Margaret Anita  
Smith, Philip Vincent  
Tucker, Lesley Ellen  
Ward, Eric Alan  
Wilson, Cara Jacqueline

**NURSING**  
Cook, June  
Glover, Margaret  
Hartley, Jill  
Holley, Janet  
Hubel, Frances

### MATRICULATION

Ansell, David  
Kemp, Ronald  
Leihy, David  
Lermanis, Ilgvars  
Martin, Christopher  
Mayer, William  
Morris, Donald

McHugh, Robert  
Rimmer, Graeme  
Sach, Roy  
Thompson, Neil  
Turner, Harvey  
Callander, Dorothy  
Evans, Maxine

Fleming, Margaret  
Lark, Jennifer  
Morgan, Janice  
Murtagh, Robyn  
Scrase, Nola  
Sykes, Evelyn  
Tempest, Carol

Usher, Jillian  
Warton, Joan  
Crewdson, Joan  
O'Shaughnessy,  
Maureen  
Doughty, Janette



## LEAVING, 1960

### FORM 5A

Barbour, John  
Bennett, Paul  
Boddington, Timothy  
Brame, Roger  
Caine, Neville  
Carman, Robert  
Chadwick, William  
Cook, Bruce  
Cooper, Anthony  
Cooper, Ross  
Cumming, Bruce  
Cumming, Gordon  
Brown, Ian  
Allen, Lorraine  
Allen, Judith  
Baker, Carol  
Beechey, Robyn  
Beer, Pamela  
Bell, Margaret  
Bodsworth, Patricia  
Boyle, Maxine  
Burman, Susan  
Canavan, Christine

Cheyne, Christine  
Colin, Eva

### FORM 5B

Daly, Geoffrey  
Darques, Bernard  
Dimsey, Peter  
Fidler, Graeme  
Findlay, John  
Fletcher, Dennis  
Goldberg, Robert  
Hamilton, Christopher  
Hancock, Warren  
Dianiska, Helen  
Fellowes, Vivien  
Fenwick, Sylvia  
Gould, Heather  
Gray, Wendy  
Harris, Helen  
Hobbs, Leonie  
Hopkins, Sue  
Jenkins, Lynette  
Hart, David  
Hughes, Geoffrey

Hyland, John  
Hudnott, Christopher  
Johnson, Heather

### FORM 5C

Knapp, Robert  
Koglin, Norman  
Leahy, Geoffrey  
Leary, Graham  
McIntyre, James  
McLeod, Allan  
Matthews, Ross  
Middleton, John  
Pask, Raymond  
Renison, Richard  
Richmond, William  
Rigney, William  
Laurie, Diana  
Lynch, Glenys  
McDonald, Margaret  
McQueen, Anne  
Maning, Wendy  
Marris, Ronda  
Miljoen, Patricia  
Mills, Genief

Minchin, Jennifer  
Penhalluriack, Lauris  
Rosen, Joycelyn  
Manning, Sonia

### FORM 5D

Robilliard, Leigh  
Schellekens, Robert  
Smith, Barry  
Spencer, John  
Thomas, Russell  
Vardon, John  
Wilson, Lawrence  
Salna, Ita  
Song, Tienieke  
Sungalia, Sigrid  
Waters, Diane  
Watmuff, David  
Whetton, Faye  
Wigg, Jillian  
Willmott, Dorothy  
Winstone, Joy  
Winter, Walburga  
Wood, Elaine

## INTERMEDIATE, 1960

### FORM 4A

Arnott, Brentwood  
Booth, Geoffrey  
Cernovs, Gerd  
Hakman, Harry  
Hannah, John  
Hastings, Paul  
Heard, Ronald  
Kibell, Roger  
Lippert, Frank  
Lynch, Kim  
Middleton, Ross  
Peebles, Garry  
Rhimes, Robert  
Shiels, Graeme  
Abramowitch, Sylvia  
Bassat, Josette  
Cohen, Susan  
Flood, Jennifer  
Fussell, Jean  
Gilpin, Valerie  
Glover, Margaret  
Green, Janice  
Hartley, Wendy  
Henley, Anne  
Holley, Janet  
Hubel, Frances  
Komesaroff, Ilona  
Manderson, Coral  
Smith, Geoffrey  
Smith, Phillip  
Szmuelwicz, John  
Strunin, Alan  
Ward, Eric  
Ward, Peter  
Wilkinson, David  
Windust, Ronald  
Manning, Margaret  
McLeod, Carol  
Moore, Valerie  
Morton, Wendy  
Norman, Margaret  
O'Shaughnessy, Kathleen  
Phillips, Kirsty

Reed, Rosemary  
Sheedy, Margaret  
Teague, Dorothy  
Tucker, Lesley  
Wheeler, Wendy  
Wilson, Cara  
Waddell, Josephine  
Crouch, Joy  
Schleicher, Sylvia

### FORM 4B1

Beer, Hartley  
Bryant, John  
Doyle, Edward  
Doyle, Geoffrey  
Elias, David  
Fletcher, Rodney  
Gombos, Joseph  
Grant, Ross  
Hesketh, Ronald  
Jones, Ronald  
Kenner, Rodney  
Kosky, William  
McCarthy, Denis  
Morris, Anthony  
Patterson, Ian  
Patterson, Lindsay  
Pike, John  
Raleigh, Michael  
Still, Colin  
Sullivan, Peter  
Welch, John  
Whitelaw, Peter  
Wilsmore, Paul  
Brough, Patricia  
Cohne, Josephine  
Day, Helen  
Evans, Suzanne  
Fall, Naomi  
Gamil, Carole  
Harbour, Niree  
Jackson, Catherine  
Jenkins, Carole  
Krause, Sandra  
McDonald, Gillian  
McDonald, Isabel

McDonald, Helen  
McHugh, Barbara  
Mann, Diana  
Sneesby, Heather  
Ward, Diana

### FORM 4B2

Baird, Jonathan  
Bell, Thomas  
Broadbent, Kevin  
Clements, Geoffrey  
Collins, John  
Cooper, Gary  
Guy, Graeme  
Humphrey, Robert  
Hunter, Ian  
Jamieson, David  
Koetsier, Hendrik  
Little, Barry  
Olsen, Rodney  
Phillips, David  
Raisbeck, John  
Sebire, Robert  
Smith, Richard  
Stanley, Brian  
Vial, John  
Wilson, John

### FORM 4C

Ashton, Shirley  
Belsey, Diane  
Billingham, Judith  
Britton, Angela  
Clark, Glenys  
Child, Susan  
Court, Sandra  
Dalziel, Roslyn  
Della-Pietra, Rhonda  
Denton, Lorna  
Dobson, Barbara  
Drummond, Marilyn  
Duncan, Joan  
Eastwood, Patricia  
Flagg, Susan  
Gaal, Elly  
Hall, Barbara

Harkness, Dale  
Holmes, Ruth  
Horton, Leonie  
Howes, Julie  
Hubbard, Diane  
McQuilten, Prudence  
Murphy, Kaye  
Proctor, Barbara  
Quintrell, Robyn  
Rowell, Anne  
Smith, Brenda  
Steedman, Glenys  
Sturrock, Vivienne  
Sutton, Diane  
Tobin, Lesley  
Werner, Beverley  
Whitbourne, Suzanne  
Young, Valerie  
Young, Lorraine

### FORM 4D

Adams, Robert  
Anderson, Peter  
Blair, Michael  
Crothers, Norman  
Ditterich, Carl  
Evans, Warwick  
Falconer, Douglas  
Harcoan, David  
James, David  
Leihy, Roger  
Newton, Brian  
Orr, Christopher  
Stewart, David  
Watson, Graeme  
Renison, Neil  
Beere, Laraine  
Borowick, Kerry  
Cook, Patricia  
Drysedale, Heather  
Graham, Diane  
O'Leary, Jennifer  
Weekes, Nerolie  
Whitney, Jennifer  
Wilson, Lynne  
Willis, Helen

## **mr. scarfe in india**

*Some extracts from his letters*

Since our return the temperature has maintained a steady 86-88 degrees inside the house. The monsoon this year has been about three weeks early and unusually heavy, causing severe floods throughout India; overflowing the new dams, completely submerging the town of Poona, and down south affecting eight million people in Kerala State. Throughout northern India cholera has been rampant.

None of the introductions of ours have been continued in our absence. The bathing stopped and the children are filthy. The attention to sores, finger-nails and hair stopped, and all those details are in a bad way. There is no more effort to teach the children soap-making or agriculture. We have not yet visited the school but are assuming that any of the innovations in teaching methods, such as not having the class run about all round the playground when one is teaching, have also faded out of existence.

Because of the monsoon the local bus service has stopped. So firstly I had to ride a bicycle ten miles over a track which skirts the jungle and is mostly sand and rocks. Having reached the bitumen road I left the bicycle at a tea shop and caught the bus to Narvada. There I was able to collect our stove in its box and buy some fruit (mangoes and lemons) and vegetables (potatoes, sweet-corn and a type of bean). In the area about the ashram we can at present buy neither fruit nor vegetables. I returned on the bus and met the ashram bullock cart—two big white bullocks with a heavy wooden yoke drawing a rubber-tyred open cart—and came back the ten miles in about five hours.

The colours at present (on dry days) are astonishingly rich, and the sunsets on the massed cumulous clouds are the most beautiful we have ever seen. A full moon was up, exposed sky was green or heliotrope, an enormous spiral tower of gold perched on the mountain, the sun sank crimson, and in the northern segment of the sky a bank of black cloud moved up over pink and purple spreading a huge mauve stain. The young rice is a brilliant yellow green; it stands in brown water; the vegetation on the jungle hills is olive green. The bleak red dustiness, the bare trees, the tufts of dry grass have been replaced by pools of water, heavy foliage, abundant deep grass and weeds, and crops of sweet corn.

We reached Boddh Gaya on July 14 for conferences with Jayaprakash about his school and the framing of a report for the Bihar Minister of Education requesting the services of three teachers for our school, whose wages will be paid by the Government. Boddh Gaya is the spot where Buddha gained enlightenment 2500 years ago. It is now of course the site of many old and new Buddhist temples. A Thailand temple is under construction, costing thousands. Unlike the Hindu priests who have to lead an extremely ascetic life, the Buddhist priests live in very considerable luxury, equipped with radios, electricity, bathrooms, cigarettes and film-star magazines. Needless to say there is no evidence of the priests actively helping the desperately poor village people who live thereabouts, nor of them feeling in any way ashamed of keeping the huge temples in good order from the farthings of the village worshippers.

The rice transplanting goes somewhat as follows: The permanent plot is flooded and ploughed by bullock-powered one-furrow wooden ploughs, then it is levelled with a long wooden bar dragged after the bullocks. Reeds are disposed of. The rice seedlings in another field are flooded so that the ground is soft, then hauled out, tied in bundles and passed on to the women and girls who transplant them in fairly-straight rows, some inches apart, in those plots (prepared above) where the rice will come to maturity.

Are the  
have the



## prefects' notes

Due to the nineteen vacancies left by last year's matriculation prefects, eleven sixth-formers and eight fifth-formers were elected at the beginning of this year. At the installation of school officials, the prefects took the pledge to serve their school, and later signed the prefects' book in the headmaster's office.

Apart from domestic matters such as cafeteria, corridor and gate duty, thanking speakers, and taking the reading of religious instruction, the prefects this year have had other more important duties. At the church parade in term two many prefects read the lesson.

Planning the social for the Woodville boys and decorating the hall proved to be a difficult task but it was a very successful evening.

The appearance of the girls' prefects' room was greatly improved by the addition of new curtains made and hung with the help of the sixth form girls. Unfortunately, the boys' prefects' room is still being used as a classroom, but we hope that this situation will soon be altered.

We were very pleased to welcome Dennis Harvie back on his return from America and as he was a prefect before his trip, he kept his prefectship and the number of boy prefects rose to thirteen.

Just before the matriculation October tests the girl prefects assisted the staff in choosing the probationary prefects to hold office during the matriculation examinations.

With the numbers in the school increasing, the prefects' task of checking uniforms has become very difficult. However, the improvements during the year were promising.

Many pupils do not realize that a prefect is their communication with the staff, and will help them at any time. Although the honour of being a prefect is a great one, the task is not all glory, and students could be more tolerant towards the efforts of this small group.

Our thanks go to Mr. Stirling, Miss McLennan and the staff who have given us great assistance throughout the year.

### PREFECTS

Back Row: A. Henley, D. Waters, J. Holley, J. Evans, W. Winter, J. Waddell, R. Marris, C. Cheyne.  
Middle Row: P. Lodge, J. Scott, J. Chambers, P. Steven, M. Patterson, J. Middleton, J. Hyland, N. Kane.  
Front Row: I. Patterson, V. Fellowes, A. Cooper, Miss MacLennan, Mr. Stirling, E. Colin, R. Chadwick, R. Beechey.





## **brighton high school mothers' club**

It has been said that schools could not function efficiently without the voluntary help given by Mothers' Clubs. This challenging statement can be justified when we consider how mothers give of their time and effort in the canteen, to feed the many hungry maws that appear at lunchtime. Some 150 mothers are rostered to help Mrs. Usher to run the canteen smoothly and although not all of them are members of the Mothers' Club we do wish to thank them sincerely.

We do endeavour to mix business with pleasure and we have invited many interesting speakers to our meetings. These have included "Qantas" who enlightened us on the training of air hostesses; Mrs. Nothling and her guide dog Fanta; Singer Sewing Machine Co.; Mrs. A. MacDonald, who demonstrated floral art; and Dennis Harvey.

Members have visited Heinz food factory and Smith's lace factory, both at Dandenong. Successful card afternoons were held at the homes of Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Ward. Two radio programmes were recorded; one for 3KZ and one for 3DB.

A doll, cleverly dressed as a mermaid by Mrs. Hancock, was entered for a competition sponsored by a city store.

At our Birthday Afternoon, when we entertained representatives of neighbouring Mothers' Clubs, we heard a delightful talk by Candy Rogers, our visiting American Field Service scholar. Mrs. M. Thompson, a foundation member of the club, was guest speaker from foundation. Other guests included Mrs. Gwen O'Brien, Mr. J. Rossiter, Mrs. C. Streader, Mr. and Mrs. G. Stirling, Miss McLennan and Mr. C. Hallett. Visitors remarked on the friendly informality of the afternoon and the excellent catering.

Members have also assisted with the catering on other occasions when the school has entertained. These have included speech nights, the presentation of light opera by the Savoyards, and the presentation of Hamlet, the exchange visit by Woodville High School and various evening gatherings of parents.

It is planned to combine with the Parents' and Citizens' Association to hold a Parents' Dance at the end of the year.

Mothers' Club prizes were awarded at the end of 1960 to the two Head Prefects, Dorothy Callendar and Ron Kemp; Domestic Science student Lorraine Beere; and first-formers Margaret Cummings and John Curzon-Siggers.

The Club has been represented at the quarterly conferences of the Victorian Federation of State School Mothers' Clubs and of the Southern District Association of Mothers' Clubs. Club news has been reported monthly in the school newsletters.

To those mothers whose children are leaving school at the end of the year we extend an open invitation to revisit us and join again in our social activities and our efforts to "serve the children."

*N. Evelyn Jones, President*

*C. Hunter, Honorary Secretary*

*M. Paganette, Honorary Treasurer*

## **parents' and citizens' association**

The Parents' and Citizens' Association is one of the parent bodies attached to the school and welcomes as members all parents and any interested citizens who have the welfare of the school at heart. Business matters are largely in the hands of an elected committee who report to members, at intervals not greater than two months, on affairs of the Association. This leaves the regular monthly meetings of members (held each month except in December and January) more or less free to hear lectures from chosen speakers and engage in discussions concerning education and other allied subjects.

This has been the pattern of our operations in 1961, which started with an invitation to parents of Form 1 students to meet the headmaster and teachers. Lecturers at succeeding meetings have dealt with psychology, careers and a variety of other interesting topics. Our members are kept well informed on all matters pertaining to the school through the addresses of Mr. Sterling at our meetings.

A number of working-bees were arranged during the year to clean up the school grounds and nature strips, and lacquer classroom desks.

On the social side, we have arranged dances in the Holland Hall for students in the senior school. The number attending these functions and the enthusiasm shown indicate them to have been highly successful. An "end-of-the-year" dance is also being held in the hall during December for parents and friends. This is being run in conjunction with the Mothers' Club.

Card evenings have been held at the school for parents and friends on the same nights as the students' dances. A car rally arranged early in the year also proved a popular innovation. Funds raised from functions such as these are used towards supplying amenities for the school not forthcoming from the Education Department. This year we were pleased to provide a projector and daylight screen for the science classes and a horizontal bar with rubber mats for the gymnasium.

Parents—and students—are kept well advised regarding Association affairs through the Brighton High School Newsletter, produced each month in conjunction with the Mothers' Club. Besides being an outlet for news from these parent bodies it is a most valuable source of information to parents on school matters generally through the headmaster's notes appearing therein. For the issue of this news-sheet we are grateful to the efforts of our editress, Mrs. M. Mason, and our publisher, Mr. G. Young.

We record in these notes our thanks and appreciation of the support received at all times from the headmaster and Mrs. Stirling, the teaching staff, Advisory Council members, the caretaker (Mr. Phillips), Mrs. Usher in the canteen, Mrs. Jones (President), other office-bearers and members of the Mothers' Club whose co-operation we value highly, the students and parents.

Office-bearers of the Association during 1961 were: President, Mr. E. I. Englert; Vice-President, Mr. A. G. Booth; Secretary, Mr. C. Moor; Treasurer, Mr. A. Jones; Committee, Mesdames Moor and Rae, Messrs. Leeks, Hall and B. W. Wilson; Auditor, Mr. J. Hunter.



## hamlet

Undoubtedly the outstanding and most exciting event of the school year was Mr. Oyston's production of "Hamlet." It was unquestionably a story of those who came to mock remained to cheer: for months previous doubters had been querying the logic of choosing a tragedy of such strong meat.

The play itself followed, more or less, the original quarto, with some modifications to stress certain points of characterization and construction. The players were excellent: each became, on each of the nights, absorbed in another world—the magic world of the theatre, where all are superlative heroes or indescribable villains.

Hamlet was played by Ian Catchlove, and there can be no doubt that his native ability coupled with Mr. Oyston's production gave this part new and telling vitality. It was a belligerent Hamlet, and yet one strangely sensitive and introverted in his bellicosity. Catchlove's performance was intelligent, sensitive and theatrically aesthetic—an excellent performance.

Horatio was played by Kim Lynch, and although credits of anything other than stage-presence are out of place here, Kim also designed the programme cover. Horatio, however, did not rest on this, but gave a carefully-balanced and keen performance. Horatio's part is not an easy one to play, due to the necessary dominance of Hamlet's character, and Lynch made no attempt to steal scenes, which is a strong temptation in this part.

Jill Evans was a magnificently moving and ethereal Ophelia. Her understanding of the part was irrelevant—she had the rare and touching ability to *be* Ophelia. Jill is fortunate in possessing great personal beauty, and yet it was more than physical beauty which caused her to be the focal point whenever she was on stage. With her the basic and eternal empathy of womanhood transcended the immediate and material. It seemed as if the eternally mystic lines of Kyd,

"Eyes — not eyes  
But fountains fraught with tears"

had suddenly and most majestically found a new point of central aspect.

Gertrude—mature and frighteningly Elizabethan—was played by Jenny Flood, and yet again, superlatives fall far short. Here was no Viking queen, as chronology would have demanded, but a true Elizabethan objective study—one could feel the kindred spirits at the Mermaid quietly nodding not in sleep but acquiescence.

Robert Love was a disgustingly evil Claudius. His blatant hypocrisy was such that one questions the reactions of our audience—any full-blooded lover of justice (no pun intended) would have, like Tom Jones' friend, offered advice to the players.

Polonius was delightful. More, his senile banality was delicious. Again I must congratulate a player whose natural tendency in this part, one would expect, would be to steal scenes. John Hannah was intelligent, as sensitive as the part allows, and, *Deus Gratia*, aware of the fact that subtlety is more important than the "out-heroding Herod" of the mediaeval mystery plays.

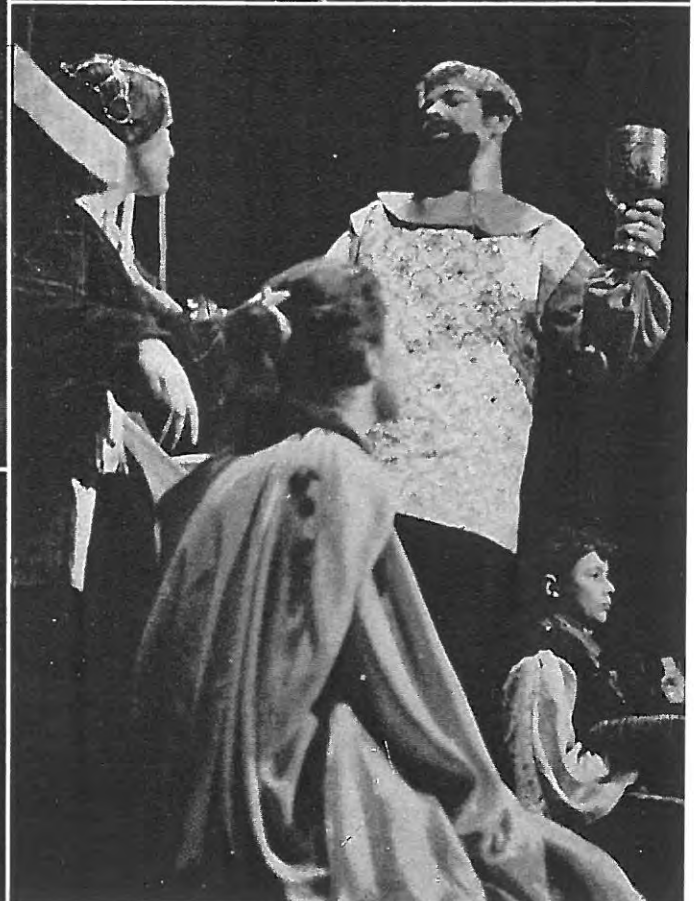
Laertes was pleasantly wooden, and as such, a good foil to the intellectual, yet subjective, humours of a bullying Hamlet. Osric, I think, deserves especial mention. Rarely in student drama—especially in Shakespeare, which fortunately is rarely attempted, does one find so complete an understanding of a part. Osric is one of Shakespeare's perfect miniatures, and Roger Kibell one of the few people to realize this. His acknowledgment of the part was completely Shakespearian.

Ian Cooper's interpretation of the grave digger was one of the delights of the play—his boorish buffoonery would have delighted even the most raucous pit dweller.

This account would be incomplete without particular mention of the stage staff, who did so much to help the technical perfection come about. There are too many of them to mention individually, and in any case I am sure that a collective congratulatory remark would be more appreciated by them.

The production of this play certainly proved—to others—that Brighton High is probably one of the most advanced and enthusiastic schools in the field of student drama.

*Evad ben Ydrah*







## house drama contest

The house drama contest was held on July 6 in the Holland Hall. Proceedings opened by Phillip, whose producer, Val Winter, chose the very difficult play, "The Folly of Sephanon."

Being the first play of the afternoon, the actors began a trifle nervously, giving a stilted quality to their performance. The main character, Sephanon, played by Rex Chadwick, was, in these initial stages, patchy and inconsistent. His sense of dramatic force improved, however, and he never lost sight of his part in the integral harmony of the play.

The part of Sephanon's friend's wife on the other hand was played by an actress (Ruth Sput) who did lose sight of her part in the play. Although a good and confident actress, her part was a minor one, which she, unfortunately, mistook for a major one, trying to draw as much attention to herself as possible. In a play of this kind, the idea is paramount: an actor must not attempt to alter the focus to suit his own tangential subject.

The climax of the play was a disaster which overwhelmed the small village, and this sense of catastrophe and doom was well conveyed. The use of the set was, at this point, very intelligent indeed.

This climax was followed by a rather patchy soliloquy by Sephanon; in fact this middle section of the play was not entirely a success. Gwen (Lynette Baker) took some time to settle into her part, and was for some time barely audible and after that rather dull. Her appreciation of the part developed later, and the closing stages of the play were strong and impressive.

Phillip's performance and production were judged the best of the day, and Rex Chadwick the contest's best actor.

The next play in this feast of culture was presented by Lonsdale, and the producer was Robert Love, who also played the part of Robert Kean. This play was a rather mawkish affair which on occasion came dangerously close to becoming farce when Valerie, played by Susan King, responded to some highly-audible comments from the audience by giggling.

The story of the play was flimsy, and this was not helped by a rather hasty manner assumed by Robert Love, by which much of the real meaning of his lines was lost. One minor character deserves mention: this was Davey, played by Jill Lowe. She was delightfully slatternly, and had an excellent method of mumbling this impression to the audience.

Production was unexceptional but, in such a play, it is difficult to see where it could have been improved. This play was judged second.

The next two plays were seen by a less appreciative audience, and the first of these plays was "Exit," presented by Murray. The story of this play is quite a well known one and depends on the central character, Miss Jules, for its effect. Unfortunately, Miss Jules, played by Susan Baxter, did not have enough strength to convey the horror of her personality, and this was not assisted by a lack of support from the other characters.

The set of this play was quite intelligently laid out, but the best use was not made of it. The movements of the minor characters were not tightly enough controlled by the producer, and this gave a rather haphazard effect when reinforced by Miss Jules's near inaudibility. But the play did carry an eerie chill about it, and the main actors were faced with a difficult task.

The last play of the day was, in a way, the most ambitious effort of all. This was "Hiss the Villain," presented by Grant. Production was imaginative and fairly decisive, but too often evidence of hasty preparation showed itself quite clearly. Again, the audience did not co-operate with the players and much of the track of the melodrama was lost among a mire of bad manners. Bowler, played by Stacey Meeking, and Percy, played by Colin Coutts, struggled hard against superior weight of members, but the other actors were obviously—and who can blame them?—affected by the attitude of the audience.

The plays were all enjoyable, and the points noted above are intended simply as a guide. Each of the players obviously tried to enter into the spirit of his part, and each obviously enjoyed himself. To have "trod the boards," to coin a phrase, carries a thrill which can only be understood by those who have done it; and many actors in student drama have often gone on to more important and often proportionately unexpected achievements.

Our thanks to the stage crew who, under the guidance of Mr. Oysten, did a truly creditable and imaginative job. There can be no doubt, after seeing such an afternoon, that the nursling plants of previous years are now reaching maturity—student drama at Brighton High has arrived, and intends to stay.

*Evad Ben Ydrah*





## 1961 stage crew

This year, under the capable Mr. Oyston, the stage crew progressed rapidly and were enthusiastic and conscientious about the many projects they have undertaken.

Their main objective was Hamlet. Two weeks after first term began the cast was selected and the stage crew set about producing sets and lighting and the many other things necessary to create a Shakespearean atmosphere.

The play was a huge success due to the co-operation between the players and the stage crew and the untiring efforts of producer, Mr. Oyston. A new idea was introduced this year, with the producer and the sound engineer, Howard Guscott, sitting in the projection booth, enabling them to watch the progress of the play.

The producer gave his instruction by phone to the stage manager, David Rayson, who in turn relayed these commands to the lighting engineers, Robin Whitehead and Wayne Gray, to the prop men, Alan Best and Frank Dawson, then to the cheese-cloth operators, Stephen Gannon and Jeffrey Moran, and to the cast. The phone system was a David Rayson idea and was invaluable.

Another project which has been achieved this year is our workshop. We have concreted the floor and built benches around the walls. This workshop will speed up production of sets and props for future productions. It has also been the largest project that any group of students has attempted in the history of the school.



### **a.f.s.**

The purpose of the American Field Service Scholarship is to increase understanding between different nations of the world. To Brighton High School in 1961 came Candy Rogers, from Des Moines, Iowa.

Candy was an excellent ambassadress for her country: informal and capable of deep and warm friendship. She stayed at the home of Josie Waddell, and in 1962 Josie will be travelling to America on an A.F.S. scholarship herself.

We were proud and pleased to have Candy with us, proud to have our school used as a host, and pleased to have such a fine guest as Candy was.

Candy participated in sport too; she represented the school in the softball team. Her real interests, however, were vocal music and camping, and no doubt because of this love of the great outdoors, Mr. Stirling persuaded Candy to plant a sequoia tree in the school grounds.

Best of luck for the future, Candy, we loved having you. And good luck Josie, we're sure you'll be a worthy representative not only of Australia but of Brighton as well.



## woodville visit, 1961

### boys

It is quite a pronounced fact of child (and even adult) psychology, that can a child escape from the paternal and maternal love that is usually showered upon him, for even a week, that child will behave as if he has only a little time left to live, and thus he will do things he would not even think of doing.

This hypothesis was either to be confirmed or disproved, as this was the week in which 52 Woodville boys had planned to come to Brighton. in the annual interstate trip.

We can assume from the few reports that filtered through, that the train journey was similar to our journey the previous year. However, whatever happened, when the boys reached Melbourne on the Saturday morning, they looked like a few of the guests at one of Czar Peter the Great's parties.

By Monday most of the boys and their hosts had recovered from the Saturday night and the following morning, and everyone was looking forward to one of Mr. Noblett's speeches.

Football and baseball training succeeded the welcome assembly, thus enabling the boys to let out their pent-up emotions caused by the assembly.

Tuesday morning saw the beginning of the sporting competitions: tennis was first on the agenda, with Brighton winning by six rubbers to three.

In the afternoon the annual Brighton-Woodville grudge match was on. Yes, the football! At 2.30, thirty-six boys came on to the field. With leonine strides they covered the circumference of the ellipse. The referee took the stage, blew the whistle, the siren went, and it was on! By round two a mass of imbricated bodies littered the surface of the ellipse. But after round three this enthusiasm began to evanesce. Although it was obvious by the scores that Woodville had won the game, the experts are (using a crude colloquialism) still "figuring out" who won the fight. Heartiest congratulations go to Ian Patterson for being Brighton's representative at the Alfred.

Typical Melbourne weather prevailed on Thursday, and thus the picnic to Upper Yarra Dam was off to a good start. Once out of the sprawling suburbia the countryside looked extremely beautiful, and the mountains around Warburton and the Dandenong Ranges made a picturesque and impressive sight. About 15 miles past Warburton we came to the gates of the boundary surrounding the dam. The eerie quietness was soon shattered by the oscillations of sound waves made by the raucous shouts of over a hundred boys. Soon the screams became contented grunts as the hunger of each individual was satisfied. After lunch we were shown over the major parts of the dam, and everyone was impressed by the vastness of the dam and the surrounding grounds. We returned to school a tired and emaciated group.

That night the school social was held amidst the decorations of streamers and balloons, all of which helped to create the neo-Platonic atmosphere that one finds so often at dances.

The last day of a holiday can either be looked forward to in anticipation or dread. Most of the Woodville boys seemed to be showing the latter reaction.

However, the assembly was short and precise, speeches were delivered in the usual fashion, although John Middleton's speech was an example of calculated cunning which, like Hitler's speeches, appeased the wrath of the rabble, Nodrog and all.

As the train departed that night, teardrops and frantic last-minute farewells were the mediums of expression used to show that the "Woodvillians" had had a marvellous time.

### girls

Spencer Street station reverberated to its usual hum of activity on that fateful Thursday evening. The time was 7.20 p.m., and the exact location, platform one. The Overland stood ready, tense

and vibrant and anxious to be moving. The scene seemed normal, but underlying this normal atmosphere was a sinister current of noisy violence.

The air was suddenly split as this underlying sedition burst into manifestation. Brighton High School was sounding its Haka—the war-cry had begun. Startled porters and other lesser railway officials manned action stations, while women and children, fearing for their lives, were shepherded into the lifeboats. The war-cry finished—for the time being—the girls and staff members, puffed and triumphant and perhaps just a little defiant, boarded the Overland.

After such a beginning the actual journey could only be an anti-climax. It was not, however, without some traces of interest. A gentleman who seemed to know Miss McLean boarded the train at Minyip and travelled with us to the border.

A rather latish party was held in the carriage by Chris Clark, Merril Taylor and Annette Isaacs, who seemed to be under the impression that if the leprechauns found anyone asleep in the Overland at midnight, these sleepy ones were changed immediately into pumpkins by the little people.

Others were unimpressed by this story, and Chris Cheyne and Eva Colin, finding padded seats uncomfortable, slept on the floor.

On arrival at Adelaide we were met by a bus, and our luggage problems solved by many hands making light work.

We were then presented at a longish assembly at Woodville High, where we undoubtedly took the honours in the battle of the war-cries. Plentiful goodies were supplied by the local mothers' cluo. On the same day, Friday, was the first softball match, and this, not surprisingly after such a trip, we lost.

The weekend was spent in recuperation.

Monday saw us bright and fit, but it saw Woodville brighter and fitter, and we lost the tennis, hockey and debate, but won the softball.

Tuesday was the picnic day, and a more unsuitable day could scarcely be imagined. The rain poured down and the Barossa Valley was definitely not seen at its best—we hope.

By Wednesday we were beginning to get into stride and the hockey teams drew. Basketball, however, lost again.

On Wednesday evening was the social and, due no doubt to a misunderstanding, our "cakewalking" Mr. Grandy was unceremoniously slung off the stage. Otrigious insultus! However, many firm friendships were formed at the social, some quite fond and touching.

Thursday brought us back—some with a more nasty jolt after Wednesday night—to more mundane things. We were farewelled at a school assembly and the rest of the day was ours, to pack, to shop or just to take one last look at Adelaide.

Perhaps not unexpectedly, the departing scenes were full of interest for an anthropologist or even a casual spectator. Who was it said "Each parting has in it a little quantity of death"?

Mr. Grandy ushered us to our seats, and in so doing nearly occasioned a serious breach of Australian-Italian relations, with one family at least.

Sleeping on the corridor floor was this time out of the question, as the conductor, fired with the zeal of an obscure religion and his uniform, systematically walked on the recumbent ones.

Organization, though, was not all on the part of the V.R. and S.A.R. Lorraine Allen and Robyn Beechy sponsored a card game for the unwary, and fortunes changed hands with startling rapidity.

Other amusements were Helen Harris, being simply Helen Harris, and Eva Colin, who spattered yoghurt over the carriage windows, the luggage, Mr. Stirling and the facial scenery adjoining her mouth.

Ultimately we reached Melbourne after a most enjoyable trip. We all thank Mr. Stirling, Miss McLean, Miss Judd and Mr. Grandy for looking after us so well. And we hope the Woodville girls enjoy themselves as much next year.

Chris Cheyne



## **the camperdown trip, 1961**

On Friday, May 12, at 8.30 a.m., a dozen Brighton High School girls departed from Spencer Street station. The destination of the girls, whose chaperone was Miss Hodgson, a member of our staff, was Camperdown. They were greeted at Camperdown station by their Camperdown High School hostesses; girls who had offered to billet our girls into their homes.

The people of Camperdown High School expressed their welcome to the visitors by providing them with lunch in their cooking centre, and by arranging a hike for them to the top of a nearby volcano, Mount Leura, that afternoon.

Our girls were then taken to the respective homes of their hostesses. They were given free time until the following Monday morning, during which most of the girls were shown the countryside.

During the Monday morning assembly at Camperdown High School the Brighton girls were personally welcomed to the school by the Headmaster, Mr. Dawes. After the assembly the girls and their hostesses went on a very enjoyable all-day bus trip to Port Campbell.

After saying farewell to the many friends the girls had made, especially their hostesses, they boarded the Melbourne train which left Camperdown station on Monday, May 15, at 5 p.m. They arrived in Melbourne at 8.30 p.m. feeling that their long week-end trip had been very pleasant and worthwhile.

*Josie Waddell*

## **best junior overend award**

Early this year the friends of Best Junior Overend were saddened to hear of his death in an automobile accident. Best came to our school at the Intermediate stage and immediately adjusted himself to his new surrounding and made many friends. He made outstanding progress in the metal-work room under Mr. McLean's guidance. On leaving our school he was attracted to agriculture but death cut short a promising career. His family have thought fit to perpetuate Best Junior's memory among his school friends by awarding a prize annually for some five years to the outstanding worker in metal. The first award is made to Peter Anderson, Form 5.

## **music, 1961**

The school choir made two public appearances this year: in May we sang at the Brighton Town Hall for Youth Sunday, then for the annual school church parade we sang at St. Cuthbert's.

During second term a musical evening was arranged to which various schools brought choirs and solo performers. These schools also brought along their American Field Service scholars and these gave very instructive lecturettes on aspects of American living and education.

This year the recorder group continued its work and assisted the choir at the Open Day singing of Bach's "Flocks May Safely Graze" sung to welcome the parents.

Additional instrumental groups founded this year have been the trumpets and the clarinets. Both these groups have supplied accompaniments for the choir and the massed singing, and given individual items. The trumpets played Purcell's "Trumpet Voluntary" at the church parade.

The Madrigal Group went into recess this year, but the senior choir amply compensated for this lack.

All of which brings us nearer to the day when we will have a school orchestra and first-class choir, and can produce some Gilbert and Sullivan, or an operetta.



## magazine acknowledgments

Once the agony of creation is over, the contributor's work is done. But for others the work is just beginning and without the help of these people the production of this magazine would have been impossible. To all those who have been asked to write special articles and who have done so, with much good humour, our thanks, particularly Chris Cheyne.

Mr. Cantieni for much fruitful and often harmonious discussion.

Bob Carman, for his keen interest in the magazine and his indefatigable use of his camera.

Diane Brown, Helen Carr, Barbara Neylan and Diane Thorley, who skilfully deciphered manuscripts and did all our typing.

And all members of staff — too numerous to name individually — who gave unstinted and very welcome assistance.

## debating

The debating teams this year met with "intermittent success" as termed by the A Grade captain, John Middleton. There were neither spectacular successes, nor humiliating defeats.

The A Grade team, John Middleton, John Vial and Alan Baillie, won three games and lost two, working, we thought, rather more as a team than as talkative individuals. The help of Mr. O'Doherty, it must be noted, was a great influence in our victories, which followed our two successive losses.

B Grade took part in only two debates out of four arranged, losing only one and that by forfeit. Best speaker was the captain, Ruth Sput, supported by Frank Henley, Ian Cooper and Joyce Duggan. Mr. Bereson coached.

C Grade was composed of Tom Valenta, Peter Young and Robert Skillicorn.

The Woodville debates were the year's highlights. The girls (Ruth Sput, Dorothy Willmott, Jill Evans) debated before a remarkably quiet audience at Woodville, and lost — due in part, they say, to a slightly "blue" poem recited by Dorothy to a clerical adjudicator, and suggested, of all people, by Mr. Stirling! In all fairness, though, Mr. Stirling's support was invaluable. The boys balanced the girls' defeat with the regular A Grade team before a friendly and noisy home audience, with a microphone which conveniently broke down for the duration of the Woodville second speaker's speech.

Finally, we failed to receive an honourable mention in the "Parliament of Youth" programme; our speakers, Tony Cooper, Dorothy Willmott and John Middleton denying the proposition that the voting age be reduced to 18 against Ringwood High School. B Grade objected to being denied positions in the team, being told their chance would come later.

In short, a fair, but not good year.





## lights

I like lights!  
Lights that glitter, lights that gleam,  
Lights that lengthen from the headlamps' beam  
Lights are moving designs in the air  
That sparkle and glimmer, twinkle and glare,  
Lights a-flickering are a wonderful sight—  
Fireworks, crackers and sparks so bright,  
Lights can glimmer and lights can shine,  
Lights can flash from a neon sign.  
Lights are lanterns to chase away gloom  
And bring the daylight into my room.  
I like lights!

*Cherry Baldwin, 1A*

## creative activities: forms 1 & 2

### my cat

Exquisite nose and emerald eyes,  
Long white whiskers, soft velvet paw;  
My cat's beauty is in her coat—  
A queen's fur wrap rests on my floor!

*Diane Finlayson, 1B*

### sounds

If I'm in my house, as still as a mouse  
I hear sounds.  
The squeak of the door, the creak of the floor;  
The drip of the tap, the curtains that flap;  
Dad's boots that go bumping, our dog's tail thumping;

Sausages sizzling, baby Jane's grizzling,  
The telephone ringing, Mum's off-key singing;  
The chime of the clock, with its gentle tick-tock;  
The rapping knock-knock;  
The key in the lock;  
These are the sounds I hear in my house  
Whenever I sit as still as a mouse.

*1B*

### waves

Waves are crashing!  
Dashing, smashing,  
All along the rocky shore.

Waves are roaring!  
Clawing, soaring.  
Can you hear their mighty roar?

*Susan Guthrie, 1B*

### out-of-doors

I love the smell of clean-cut grass,  
Of trees, and flowers, and gardens I pass;  
I love the smell of falling rain,  
I love the sun when it shines again.

I love to hear the wind blow free,  
And whistle loud in an old gum-tree;  
These things I love and many more,  
In the wonderful world of out-of-door!

*Judy Brown, 1A*

### sound

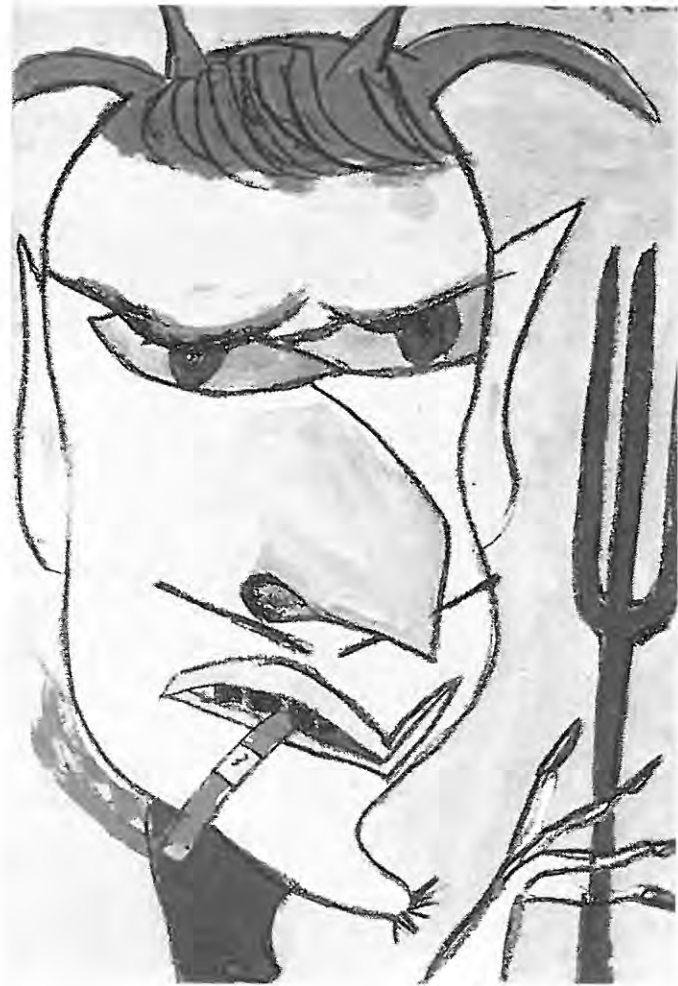
I like sound—  
The stamp of a foot, the tramp of a hoof;  
The tick of a watch, the splash on a roof;  
The screech of brakes, the rustle of leaves;  
The buzz of bees, birds' wings in the trees;  
The chatter of people, the clatter of feet;  
My little dog's yelp, the bump of a seat;  
The telephone's ring, the bell-bird's song;  
The grandfather clock with its heavy ding dong—  
I like sound.

*Cheryl Disher, 1B*

## the big act

On the greatest stage.  
With innumerable players  
Performing a play.  
The masses of actors content with small parts.  
The handful of principals discontent.  
Each principal actor wants to produce the play  
In a new way.  
Each strives for stardom.  
Each appeals to the masses for support  
In the new production.  
The new production is better.  
The masses will have larger parts  
In the new production.  
The principal actors begin to fight.  
The masses take sides and fight also.  
They had no differences once,  
And they were content.  
The play is destroyed,  
But it had a long season.  
And the stage is closed down.  
The world is a stage,  
The greatest stage.

*John Scott, 6*



*Georgina Reed, 1C*

## summer

When I sit by the fire  
On a cold and wintry night,  
I wish that it was summer  
With the sun shining bright.

I wish that I were at the beach  
On the warm golden sand,  
Tanning while reading a book  
Which I'd have in my hand.

But then I look through the window  
At the rain pouring down,  
And I realise that we need it  
For survival in this town.

*G. Dunlop, 2B*

## sounds

I like the sound of rain on the roof,  
The clippety-clop of a galloping hoof,  
The patter of rain on the window pane.  
The throb in the brain from the roar of a train.

I like the sound of the clattering tins,  
That comes with dust-men emptying bins,  
The rustle of grass, or a choir that is singing.  
The tinkle of glass, or a bell that is ringing.

I like the sound of the drone of a bee,  
The murmur that comes from a fast ebbing sea.  
The crack of a whip, the wind's low moan.  
The swish of a ship, or the ring from a phone.  
I like sounds.

*Brian Joseph, 1B*



### sounds about the house

The crying of babies,  
The banging of pans,  
The barking of dogs,  
The clanging of cans—  
That's OUR family.

The screeching of tyres,  
The banging of doors,  
The rattle of engine,  
The squeak in the floor—  
That's OUR car.

The hissing of gas,  
The drip of the tap,  
The leak in the roof,  
The fence with a gap.  
That's OUR house.

*Peter Dixon, 1A*

### destruction

The clouds burst o'er the stormy sea.  
The waves reached high, and fell  
To murky depths, with angry force.  
Into the churning swell.

The rain lashed wildly 'cross the sky  
As salt spray swept the towns.  
The hungry, ruthless fingers grabbed  
And pulled their victims down.

The gale-wind tore the thatched roofs  
From under their weak'ning bounds  
The storm raged on for many a day  
'Til all the village was drowned.

The sea grew calm; the wind was still  
The sun smiled on the shore,  
The water rippled through the town—  
A ghost for evermore.

*Tosca Kulagin, 2C*

### five black cats

Five black cats sat on a fence,  
Meow, meow, meow, meow, meow!  
Five black cats with eyes aglow  
And swishing tails, all in a row,  
Five black cats who cleaned their paws  
And licked their whiskers around their jaws.  
Five black cats one dark, dark night  
Suddenly vanished from my sight—  
Where? There!  
Hi! Ho!  
Five black cats—or were they bats?  
I'll never know.

*Rhonda Blumfield, 1A*

### i like pets

Once I found a slimy slug.  
Put him on the bathroom rug.  
Mother found him, had a fit  
Told me to get rid of it.

Once I had a frog named Scamper.  
Put him in the laundry hamper,  
Mother found him, had a fit  
Told me to get rid of it.

Now I have a grassy snake,  
Hidden in a box marked "Cake,"  
Mother's sure to have a fit  
Telling me, "Get rid of it."

*Anthony Brown, 1B*



*Cheryl Northeast, 1C*

## **an embarrassing experience**

This all happened when I was very young. Our family was staying in Mildura at Grandpa's place for the holidays. Grandpa is a carrier and has five trucks.

Grandpa had parked one of the trucks outside after he had finished work for the day. My big brother and I were playing on the tray of the truck with some bags, when we decided to go inside. I started to climb down, but was brought to a halt as something caught on my trousers. I decided to fall to the ground. I released my grip to find that I was hanging in mid air by my trousers, which had caught on a hook sticking out of the end of the tray.

Russell, my big brother, ran inside to get help. I imagined myself hanging on the end of the truck as Grandpa drove down the street. I started to panic and cry. Suddenly I came thudding to the ground. Looking up above me I saw my trousers hanging on the hook. I am not sure what happened after that because I was in such a hurry to get inside. I think Mum and Russell came out the door just as I came racing up the path and they took me inside. I can assure you that it was embarrassing, even at the age I was then.

*Graeme Keam, 1B*

## **a gale at the seaside**

The waves crashed against the rocks with a thunderous roar while the swirling surge sucked in the sand with strange gurgling sounds. Protesting gulls were swept across the sky into the raindrops which hurtled down like grey bullets. The stinging sand was carried aloft by the howling wind. Now and then a sudden jagged flash of lightning lit up the whole sky. Pity help the mariners out in that terrifying gale.

*D. Fuller, 1B*

## **the description of a marsh**

A marsh is an eerie and mysterious place with crouching old willow trees throwing ghostly shadows over the swamp. There is no sound except the occasional moan of the bitter wind. The dreary mist hangs low over the lagoons and small gums. The marsh is covered with reeds and is full of slush, while the withered thin grass droops to the ground among the muddy, swirling mass.

*Neville Leeks, 1B*

## **senior forms**

### **the year 2000 a.d.**

Desolation everywhere, not a blade of grass or a tree or any other living thing! If only they hadn't fired the first atomic missile! Everything is destroyed by radiation. The only living things are now underground and will be until the radiation is absorbed by the atmosphere, in two hundred years' time.

Back in 1990 Russia declared war on the free world and for two years nations refrained from using atomic missiles, but the temptation was too great and in six months only the people in "Radiation Shelters" were left alive.

There is no way of telling how many people are alive today, but of the ten thousand people assigned to this shelter, only one thousand are alive now.

The shelters themselves are buried deep under the ground and are a maze of tunnels with smaller tunnels, where people can sleep. Air is pumped into the tunnels only after having passed through a special air filter. The tunnels are lighted and heated by "Supabsorbers" which absorb the sun's light and supply it to the tunnels.

Food is available, but it is contained in capsule form, which supply the necessary vitamins. We no longer eat together but eat when we feel hungry.

We have a large map which shows the location of all the shelters in the world. Each is linked by a special short-wave radio transmitter and as our common aim is survival, each centre reports any progress in scientific development to the rest of the living world.

Today tunnelling goes on in a bid to link all the shelters of the world. We work at this for physical exercise as well as an occupation, for boredom is our greatest enemy.

We are like Stone-Age men trying to recreate a lost civilization underground. The future stretches before us without hope or promise. If we could only turn the clock back to the year 1990.

*David Halliday, 4C*



Kim Lynch, 5

## siesta

"Hey, Pancho!"

Pedro heard the voice vaguely, as he was pulling in a net heavy with fish, their slippery, silver forms tumbling in a living cascade onto the streaming deck.

"Pancho! Wake up!"

The net suddenly became lighter in his hands, then the fish and the boat faded into a dull, stuffy blackness. Reluctantly, he tilted his sombrero back on his head and leant forward, glaring up at the owner of the aggressive voice. Before him stood a short, fat American, clad typically in a soiled suit of white duck, and a cigar.

"My name," he answered slowly, looking askance at the newcomer, "is Pedro. What do you want?"

The American knelt condescendingly and twisted the cigar in his mouth. "How'd you like to make a fast peseta, Pancho?" he asked confidently.

Pedro had been in the town without money for three days, his luck with the fish having finally given out on him. "Pedro," he corrected as a last condescension to dignity. "Who do I keel?"

The American laughed nervously. "It's nothing like that, Pancho. I just need a guide to take me up round the badlands for a day or two. I reckon there's oil up there."

"Oil?" The word to him meant tin cans and fish.

"Yeah, oil." The American gesticulated. "Y'know — black stuff — gooey. Worth plenty pesetas. I pay you well as a guide."

Pedro nodded. It has been a long time since he had been up in the badlands — almost back to his childhood, but he still knew his way around, and money was money. "You come tomorrow, with burros, and I guide you," he said flatly, tilting the sombrero back over his head.

The American rose and placed the butts of his hands on his hips. "I gotta jeep and supplies ready loaded," he said peevishly. "Why can't we go now?"

Pedro again tilted his hat back. "You say jeep?" he demanded incredulously.

"Yeah. Why?"

The fisherman answered as if soothing a particularly stupid and stubborn burro. "The paths up there, they are very steep — and loose. A jeep would go over the side of a precipice."

"Rubbish!" snorted the other. "A jeep can go anywhere a donkey can go, and faster."

"I weel not go up into the badlands in a jeep, senor."

The prospector glared, and his lips tightened. "No jeep, no money," he said adamantly.

Pedro thought for a long, bleak moment. For money, maybe even a ride with a mad foreigner in the badlands could be ventured. "I go," he murmured reluctantly, "but manana. Now I siesta, and even your money weel not dissuade me from that, senor."

Next morning found Pedro being bounced along a winding cliff track deep in the badlands, a great chasm yawning at the very rim of the left wheels of the jeep. The prospector drove just a little too fast and a little too unsteadily on a track made for a brace of burros for the fisherman's peace of mind. Blanched beneath his deeply-burned face, he clung to the jeep with one hand as if his life depended on it, which indeed it did, while with the other he held down his bucking sombrero.

At last, the prospector brought the vehicle to a scudding halt in a small dust valley, in which the heat of the overhead sun blasted and ricocheted from each bleached white face of the bordering cliffs. Gratefully, Pedro hauled himself from the jeep and limped towards a nearby sloping rock face, which cast a small, but relatively cool, shadow.

"Hey!" the prospector shouted. "What d'you think you're doing?"

Pedro thumbed at the sun. "Siesta," he replied laconically, seating himself.

The other groaned. "Oh no! Now listen, Pancho, this has gone far enough. If I can work out in the sun, so can you. Now get up, and give me a hand with this gear."

Pedro removed his sombrero and fanned himself. "All my life," he murmured lazily, "I have taken a siesta in the middle of the day, when the sun is at its hottest. And my father, all his life, he has taken a siesta. And my father's father . . ."

The prospector fairly exploded. "I'm not interested in your confounded hidebound traditions! While you're working for me, you'll work how and when I say, not as you like. Now help me, or you're fired," he piled threat upon threat, "and you can walk home — broke!"

For a long moment Pedro deliberated on standing on his dignity, and letting the mad gringo do his worst, then, deciding that money was, after all, more important than the customs of his father's father, he slowly rose to his feet.

"That's better," snapped the prospector in lofty triumph. "Now let's get this stuff unloaded."

Pedro helped the mad gringo unload boxes of many strange things, and drilled little holes in the ground for him. Into these holes the other put sticks of dynamite, and wired them together with a plunger. He then set a large box on the ground and listened to it as Pedro pressed the plunger.

The prospector cursed. "No luck here!" he finally snorted when his language was



again printable, glaring at the fisherman as if he held him personally responsible. "We'll try further on."

Many times during the day, the same strange ceremony was initiated, always with the same results. The prospector subsided into a glowering silence, opening his mouth only to give vent to his spleen as the jeep was twisted round curves in the mountains on only two wheels. Pedro, now convinced that he would never see his beloved fish again, had made his peace and was now complacent in his death seat.

Suddenly, the jeep shuddered to a stop in a small dust basin, the four locked wheels slewing violently on the powdered sand. Excitedly, the American vaulted out and ran over to a large dark stain in the white sand. Breathlessly, he scooped at the sand like a dog looking for a bone, hurling the sodden sand aside until he could immerse his hands in a small pool of thick, black liquid almost the consistency of treacle. He laughed almost hysterically as he held up his hands, allowing the muck to drip from his wrists and flow back along his forearms in greasy rivulets.

"D'you see that, Pancho!" he yelled, gripping the fisherman and dancing wildly round him. "That's oil, man—oil! I'm rich!"

Pedro's expression registered complete vacancy.

"What does this mean?" he asked slowly, as the prospector was mapping in his claim.

"Mean?" The other was incredulous. "Why, it means I'll get a million, maybe, enough to live in luxury for the rest of my life." He gazed back at the muck in rapt adoration, then clambered into the jeep beside the fisherman and drove rapidly off. "And you, Pancho. Just wait till you see what it does for you!"

Pedro's eyebrow's lifted as he clutched hurriedly at the windscreen.

The prospector shouted above the disjointed roar of the engine. "Your town, Pancho. We'll come back and drill great wells up here thousands and thousands of feet into the ground, and all your people will have jobs drilling for the oil. We'll run pipes of steel and rubber clean out into the badlands, and across the country, and we'll replace your funny little burro tracks with roads for trucks, lorries and hundreds of cars. Then we'll tear down those dirty old shacks you live in and put up new houses, schools, paved streets. We'll put plate glass in your windows, and we'll bring cars from thousands of miles away to the town for you." The prospector seemed lost in a world of anticipation.

"You won't have to sleep in the sun any more, 'cause there'll be fans and cooling systems in your new homes, and anyway, there'll be too much to do."

Pedro sat silently in the erratically lurching seat. Vaguely, he could picture his people being changed by the foreigner, digging in that slush all day, and living in a town which wasn't theirs, given as a gift by the mad gringos. Pedros didn't want any gifts. Pedro didn't want anything.

"You will change my village?" There was something approaching a subdued menace in the fisherman's voice.

The prospector laughed, almost raucously. "Change it? Man, when we're finished, you'll hardly recognise the old dump."

Pedro's face hardened.

\*

Pedro stood apologetically before the Man of the Law, bedraggled and dusty, as though from a long and tiring walk.

"It was very sad, senor," he was explaining, his face a mask of martyred piety. "The jeep, it suddenly goes over the edge of the cliff and into the reever far below. I jump, and only just escape with my life, but the gringo . . ." He made an expressive gesture with his hands, then removed his sombrero and lifted his eyes towards Heaven.

The Man of the Law smiled and patted the little fisherman on the shoulder. "All right, Pedro. Did he find anything?"

"Nothing but sand, senor."

"We will go and look for the gringo, but you must stay here. If there has been anything funny . . ." The menace was good humoured and lazy.

Pedro was shocked. "Funny? Senor, I will wait for your satisfaction."

He was asleep against an adobe wall as the Man of the Law set out later that day, his pockets sagging under the weight of many metallic objects which had clinked when he walked.

*Allan Baillie*

### bird-song

Loveliest of birds, the robin now  
Sits with song upon the bough  
And looking at the ground below  
Stays smugly there above the snow.  
Loveliest of birds, the robin sees  
Signs of Spring among the leaves  
And as I walk among the trees  
The robin's song comes on the breeze.

*Robert Riches, 4C*

## the park

The sun was shining brightly and warmly as I lay on the clean, freshly-cut grass. All around me, the delicate fragrance of flowers rose from the circular gardens to mingle with the freshness of the pine trees. It was so fresh, so peaceful, so natural as I lay there and, with a book in my hand, began to doze off, lulled by the distant, hollow "thank" of tennis balls being spun back and forth in some far-off corner of the park. Occasionally, muted applause would accompany the sound. A crow sheeled lazily above in the cloudless, infinite blue sky, and . . . I slept.

It is colder now. Noisier, too. I distinguish a shrill whistle, followed by a raucous "Play! . . . Ball! . . ." The next moment comes the "whack" of a baseball being hit solidly by a bat: in the hushed silence which follows I hear a "thud" as the ball buries itself in the safety of a catcher's mitt. The spell is broken. Rowdy cheers and jeers; the honking of car horns break the magic silence. The game goes on; youthful voices rise and die away in accord with the tempo of the game.

But soon a new sound joins the confusion—the thump of running feet, many of them, and the jarring crash of lacrosse sticks being brought together as players jostle each other: each attempting to net the ball. But wait! The ball has no desire to be trapped in those encircling nets. It springs out of one and sails, high and fast, through the air. It disappears! All that remains is a faint odour of singed leather—and the puzzled, but now silent, players. The spectators speak in hushed whispers as they greet the new ball: and the game continues.

Far away, above this confusion of sound a loud, distorted voice booms out—the loudspeaker, muffled by distance, from the racecourse.

I roll over in an attempt to recapture the enchanting solitude. But I cannot escape this whirlwind of sound and tension, mounting as the games draw to a close. It is even colder now.

As I sit up to don my coat, I see that the sky is no longer a blue infinity. It is closer; closed in. Dark clouds now race furiously across the greyish-bronze backdrop. Whipped by a frenzied wind, they race violently across the sky—as if they, too, were trying to escape, to find freedom and solitude.

The tide of tension and sound rises. Nature herself has joined the other elements in this destructive race for supremacy. As the final shouting and honking dies away, and crowds race off to seek shelter from the howling gale, the thunderstorm bursts forth in all its savage glory.

Lightning slashes viciously across the sky; clouds rush along before the now-screaming winds, which seem to be escaping the ponderous, yet appallingly loud, claps of thunder. The resulting noise and tension in cataclysmic!

Then comes the rain. Not a drizzle; not a steady downpour; but sheet after sheet, torrent after torrent of water begin to fall, covering the ground and obscuring the view of anything beyond a few feet away.

The transformation of the quiet, peaceful park is complete. It is now the desolate battlefield of the natural elements. Yet even here, in the midst of this raging storm, there is a certain solitude, or certain freedom.

*Wendy Maning, 6*

## metamorphosis

As I lay in bed, I listened, almost fearfully, as the wind shrieked and whistled round the corners of our house, bringing with it torrential, driving rain which lashed and battered the walls, windows and roof with an uninterrupted, persistent violence. As I felt the drowsy sensation of sleep creep slowly over my body, the exterior noises amalgamated into one mad, distastefully chaotic harmony which suddenly seemed to fill the room. Then all ceased with sharp abruptness and I must have fallen into an unusually deep sleep.

When I awoke, it was not to the barbaric metallic ringing of my contemptible alarm clock, but rather to a strange powerful telepathic impulse which seemed to be urging me to wakefulness. As it is my habit on awaking, I donned my dressing gown, and being unable to comprehendingly observe my immediate vicinity as my eyes were still clouded with sleep, I walked unassuming into the garden.

As my surroundings became more clearly defined, I realized to my dumbfounded astonishment that I could recognize nothing which related to the previous evening. Our former brick-veneer house seemed to have been miraculously transformed into an exotically-shaped pure Kremoline building, and on gazing upwards, I perceived innumerable saucer-shaped crafts which hummed almost inaudibly across the sky.

I stared incredulously about me, completely dazed by these phenomenal sights, and I began to wonder if this was not a strange dream; then a familiar name caught my eye, and I grasped the *Age*—my last link with reality. But I was completely jolted by the headline which ran thus:

"FOUR GREAT POWERS: INDONESIA, INDIA, PAPUALAND and THAILAND OCCUPYING PEKING; REACH DEADLOCK: WAR THREATENS."

I looked with stunned disbelief at the date and read: "November 20, 2075."

An overpowering urge to explore suddenly overwhelmed me and, having dressed quickly, I stepped into a "flying saucer" which had apparently taken the place of Dad's car, and pressed a button. There was a powerful hum, and I found myself sliding smoothly on and across the sky.

Looking below, I saw what seemed to be the completed art centre, which seemed slightly worn with age, and rather out of place among the pure Kremoline buildings, spread spaciouly on all sides beneath me.

I also observed that the people seemed to be moving through the streets on invisible conveyer belts, and I correctly deduced that it was the solution for eliminating auto and pedestrian confusion. Shops such as fruit shops and greengrocers it seemed no

longer existed, food probably being taken in the form of pills which contained the concentrated necessities.

On looking to my left, I saw a beautiful silver-gold antenna, rising approximately two hundred feet into the air, and I knowledgably concluded that it was the telepentic device which could awaken the population at a certain time, and which had done so to me not long before.

Then suddenly, through all these wonderful fantasies, came that harsh, savage, barbaric, metallic shrilling of my wretched alarm clock, which shocked me into the reality of a hostile winter morning.

*Frank Henley, 4A*

## **man's best friend**

It was a neat little cottage, situated at the crossroads near Georgetown. A white picket fence bordered its perimeter, in the approved style, and trees and other shrubbery flourished in its neat, well-kept garden. Why should such an attractive cottage still be vacant? The answer was to be found not very far away in a neighbour's back yard.

Fido was a pedigreed cousin of the Alsatian species, as well bred as a dog could be. His coat was thick and shiny brown, his ears straight and alert, and his teeth white and sharp. He had only one fault—he didn't like people.

The first tenants of the house had just arrived when Fido made his first attack. He trotted down the pathway, spotted Mrs. Potts and charged at her, knocking her to the ground. She wasn't hurt physically, but her shock was infinitely great, for even her loudest screams could not express her innermost feelings. Mr. Potts disliked the dog because of the way he mutilated the morning paper. Fido would patiently await the arrival of the paper, contemptuously saunter to the front gate, take the paper between his two mammoth jaws and make a complete and thorough "papier mache" of it.

The owners of the dog, a retired gentleman and his wife, would listen graciously to the blatant complaints of neighbours, and then courteously explain that Fido was only playfully young and would soon grow out of his "puppy pranks." This was not to be, however, and after many poison baits had been refused by Fido, the Potts decided to vacate the house.

The next prospective tenants to "look over" the house, after the "evacuation" of the Potts, was the editor of the local newspaper, Mr. Todd and his wife. Mr. Phillips, the proud owner of the house, joyously recited the virtues and splendours of the little house and for a time it seemed that Mr. and Mrs. Todd were interested clients. But Fido intervened. He came bounding through the open back door and, on the prospect of making new friends, leaped straight at Mr. Todd, knocking him over and severely bruising his "pride." Disgustedly he and his wife left, but it wasn't to be the end. The next morning, the people of Georgetown read about the notorious Fido on the front page of Mr. Todd's newspaper and the area through which this monster roamed was immediately condemned by all and from that day forward the house at the crossroads has never been occupied.

*Peter Jacobs, 4A*

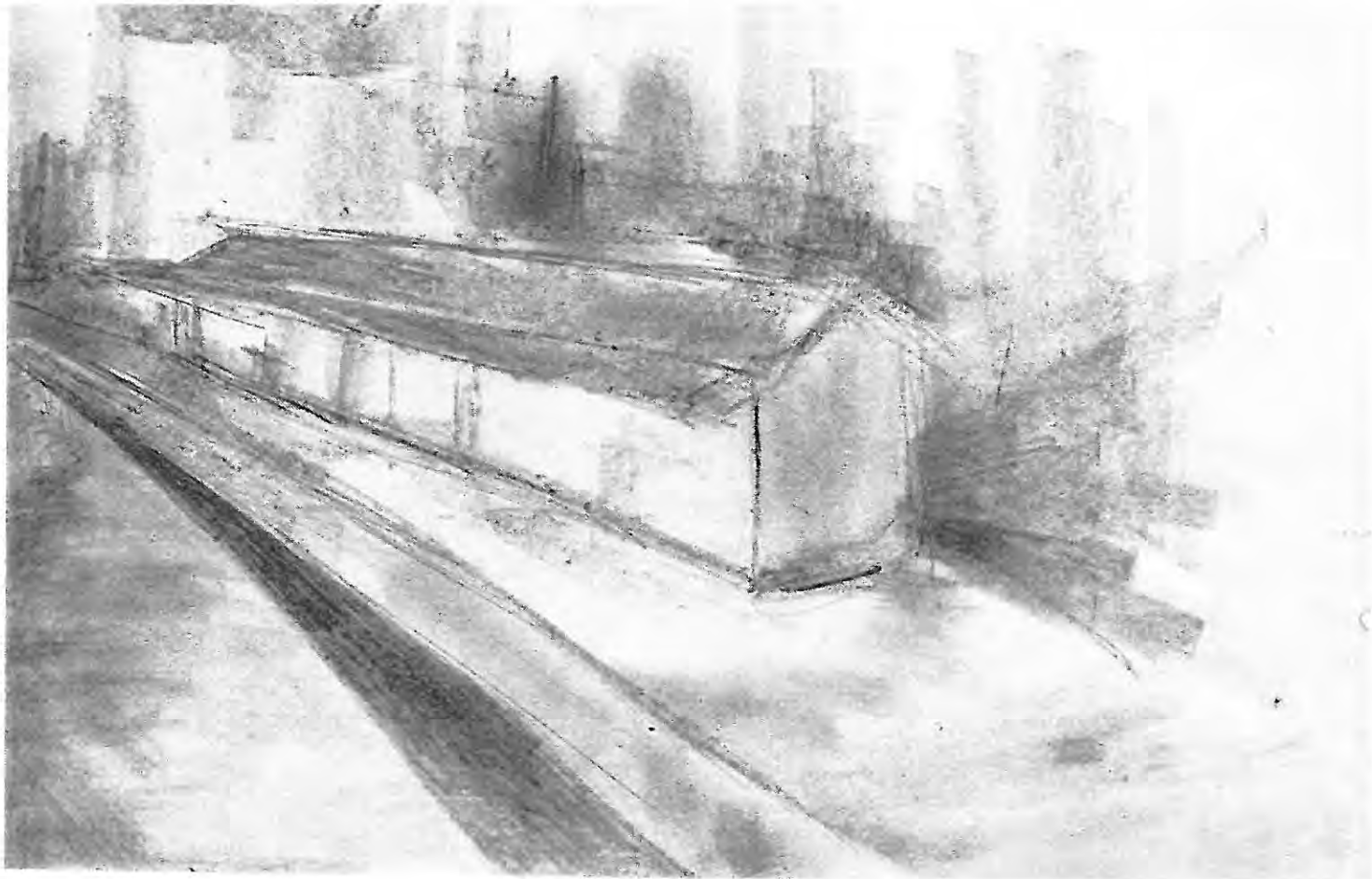
## **cat**

Composed after reading "Snake," by D. H. Lawrence

A cat came to my window-sill.  
On a cold, cold night in June,  
And I in dressing-gown was there to close the shutters, for the night was cold.  
And I thought how dare this great, ugly, black creature  
Intrude into my house—and disturb my peace . . .  
Yet somehow, I could not tear myself away—  
And I watched, watched her black-black body against my pane;  
And as I watched, her great green eyes seemed to jeer at my comforts.  
Then, as I turned to go, something brushed past me!  
I turned—and saw the black intruder on my bed!

I grew angry,  
I raised my arm.  
I wanted to strike at her—  
But she was too quick!  
For with one bounding leap she went—into the blackness of the night—  
Through the window pane. It cracked and broke,  
And like lightning she was gone!  
When I awoke next morn,  
And looked into my garden of flowers,  
I saw something black on the ground . . .  
My heart grew cold!  
My head felt sick with pain!  
A great sadness grew within me.  
For there on the sweet earth, lay my intruder—dead.  
And I thought—how like a Queen she had been—  
And I, guilty of her death,  
Stood lost to the world around me . . .

*Sue Gresham, 4C*



*Isabel Macdonald, 5*

### **the blood test**

During the last few years the question of whether or not the blood test for alcohol content should be introduced into Victoria has been brought to the notice of the public because of the increasing number of accidents that occur on the roads. Dr. Birrell, the Victoria Police surgeon, has said that he believes that the introduction of the blood test would help considerably to lessen the road accidents. However, there are also many people who have put forward reasons against the introduction of the blood test for alcohol.

Dr. Birrell has stated that if the blood test is to be effective in reducing the number of road accidents, it would have to be compulsory for anyone that the police thought might be intoxicated. Those people against the introduction of the blood test say that if the test is compulsory it is destroying a person's democratic right to be able to decide for himself.

Another major objection raised by the people who are against the blood test being introduced is purely an emotional one. To carry out a blood test a doctor or someone in authority would have to take a small amount of a person's blood. This, the objectors maintain, is invading a person's body and also his privacy.

The major argument in favour of the introduction of the blood test is that it may considerably help to curb the increasing rate of road accidents. While there are many thoughts for and against the introduction of the blood alcohol tests there are several points which must be considered in trying to evaluate the merits of the arguments in favour of these tests.

Firstly, the tests would have to be carried out by a person who would be impartial in his judgment.

Secondly, a satisfactory figure of blood alcohol content would have to be decided upon, to convict a person of intoxication.

Thirdly, it would be necessary for the method of blood testing to be satisfactorily carried out in all parts of Victoria and not only in the highly-populated areas.

In addition to this, the test would have to be taken within a specified time, otherwise a person's blood alcohol content would decline if the test were delayed too long.

In conclusion, the problem of road accidents today is a very real one. However, in my opinion, the introduction of blood alcohol tests is dependent upon three factors. Firstly, can the tests be carried out with complete fairness to the person concerned? Secondly, is there a better method of deciding if a person is intoxicated? The last factor, which is perhaps the most important, is that there may be another more satisfactory method of solving the problem of road accidents without introducing a test to determine whether a person is intoxicated at the time of an accident.

*John Chambers, 6*



## **dirty work at the crossroads or capitalist dog**

Thomas A. Murray was a tramp, unkempt and bedraggled, but he was as jovial as he was fat. On the road, with his dog Butch trotting by his side, with the eucalypts overhead, he could complain of nothing. This day, above all others, however, he was pleased, for it was the day of the convention of the United Swagmen's Union, where he would be reunited with his "comrades" (!) of the past.

He looked down at Butch—the pride of his possessions; his mate; his ever-faithful ally. It was with these thoughts in mind that he reached the summit of the hill, and surveyed with elation the house at the crossroads—already surrounded by kindred spirits. He concocted his policy speech as he slowly descended through the paddocks to the house. Service grants, less work, and the condemnation of capitalism—Tom the "swaggie" was a politician in the truest sense of the word.

The meeting started at sunset, under the auspices of Big Brother You-Know-Who, and a leaky roof, for the sunshine of the morning was the calm before the storm, and such a night was no night for a union meeting.

The various candidates stood up, and merrily set about condemning everything in general, with one exception, and that exception—communism. For no one was admitted without a red tie! The verbose oratory persisted until two hours after midnight, when canine shrieks from under the house broke the silence.

On investigation, a scandal was revealed. Butch—the faithful servant of the most radical of the radical communists of the U.S.U.—was *selling* bones to his other doggy associates, one belonging to each member of the union.

Two words rang out: "Capitalist Dog." Such treason, such skulduggery could not be tolerated. The U.S.U. was finished! And so from that day forward, the house at the crossroads has never been occupied.

*Bill Russell, 4A*

## **the cultural centre**

The proposed new cultural centre is very spacious, and although it is modern in design it looks stately and elegant because of its simplicity. A good example of this spaciousness and simplicity is the big reception hall, which has a fan-vaulted ceiling to add to its splendour.

The centre is to be built on the old Wirth's Park site which is bounded by St. Kilda Road and Sturt and Nolan Streets. Two subways will provide easy access to the spire. A huge underground car park is to be built so that it will be possible for many people to come by car.

The tall spire will not only be an interesting landmark but it will hold three large theatres, the country visitors' centre, a large cafeteria and a restaurant. The spire will be a steel structure covered in copper on the upper hundred feet.

There will be room enough to display all the paintings of the National Gallery in the new gallery as the floor space is six times that of the old gallery which can hold only a third of its collection at a time. This means that all the paintings will be on display together in the new centre until more are purchased.

I think the planners had an excellent idea designing the "floating floors." Not only does it allow daylight to enter and help light up the pictures on each floor, but it will prevent the pictures from being damaged by small children in the gallery.

The Pool of Reflection will have a practical as well as ornamental use—it will be the means of cooling water for the air-conditioning system. (The air will cool as it rises in the fountains.)

One of the three courtyards (or "gardens within the building") will be used for displaying sculpture. I think it will be a great deal better to see the sculptures against a natural background than in a room or gallery as the natural light during the day helps to make it look more natural and interesting. I think people will enjoy this courtyard as much as they will the oriental style and informal Australian courtyards.

I have seen several books of paintings done by children in many countries and I think Australian children should have a gallery of their own. In it, paintings by children of all ages could be hung, and if they were only hung temporarily, there would always be an interesting variety.

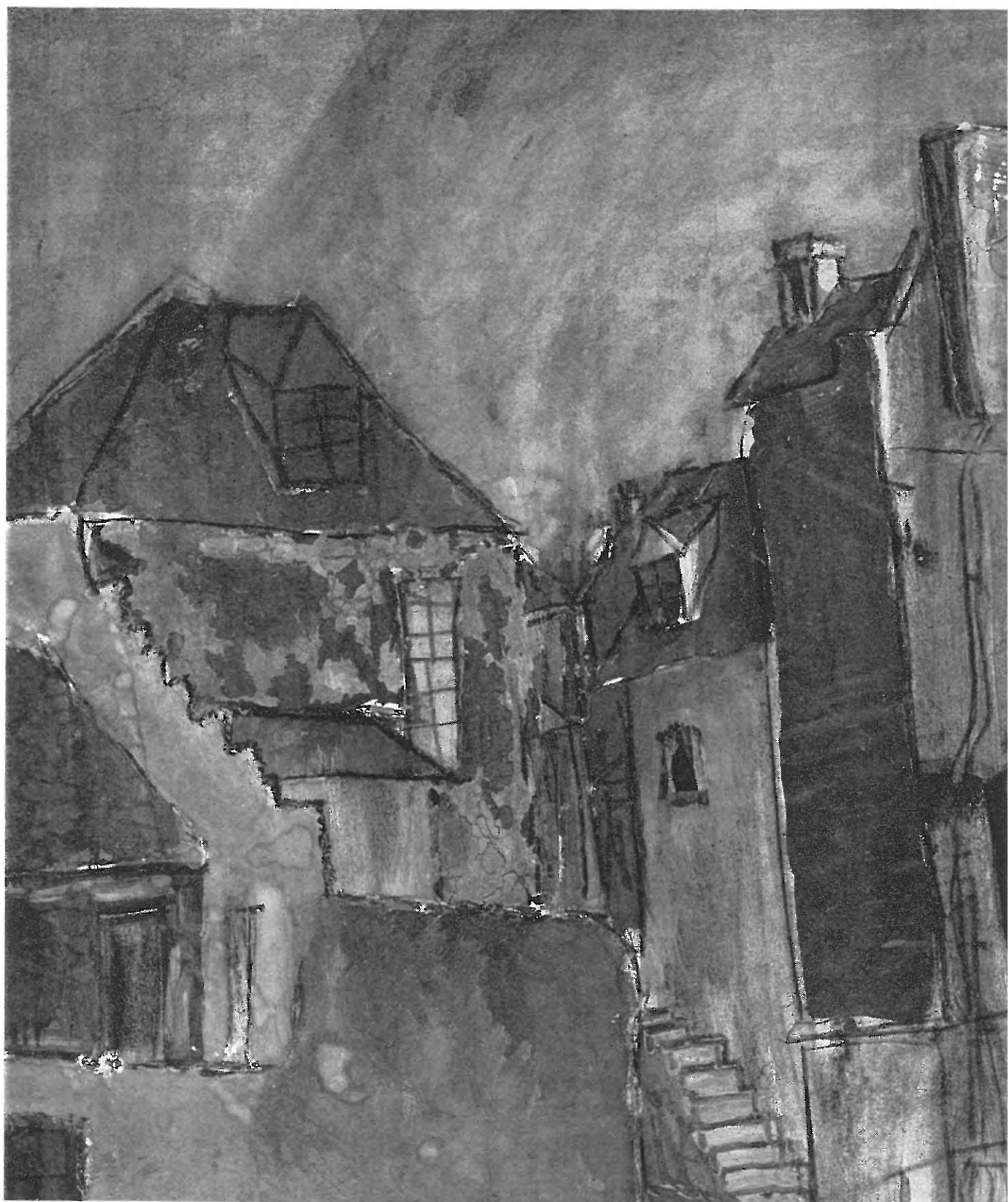
A library of books on art would be an asset to the centre. It would help students find out more about the paintings and types of paintings displayed in the gallery.

I do not think that the centre needs many improvements, however, and I think that the people of Melbourne will be proud of it, not only as a sound building but as a home of culture.

*Anonymous*

*John Hannah, 5*







## tahiti

TAHITI! Does this name stir in your mind thoughts of tropical islands in mid-Pacific, and dark, grass-skirted maidens, palm trees, and coral reefs? That is what Tahiti is like. I spent two wonderful days there on my way to the United States.

I was one of a group of 70 foreign exchange students on board the Dutch ship *Johan van Oldenbarnevelt* bound for Miami and New York. Most of the group had been up since about daybreak in anticipation of our arrival in Tahiti. We first sighted the island in the early morning haze, and even then most of us were impressed by the beauty of the rugged hills that stood up sharply against the sky.

A small launch came chugging out of the mist to lead us through the minute gap in the coral reef that surrounds the island. Soon we were in the clear blue water of the lagoon and nestling against the hills that come almost down to the water's edge. We could see Papeete, the only town on the island. It looked beautiful in the early morning light, with its little red church and white buildings against the tropical green background of palms and undergrowth.

Surprisingly the dock was crowded; there were hundreds of natives watching as we tied up. Many of them were selling shell necklaces and other trinkets that tourists might be interested in buying. I was interested to see the popularity of motor-cycles with the natives. There were many natives whose clothes were in a very poor condition and yet they had shiny motor-cycles; apparently they are considered a necessity. During my brief stay on the island I saw very few cars, and those I did see were owned by Europeans.

As soon as we were able to go ashore, a group of Australian students, including myself, set off to have a look at this fascinating little town. We soon saw that our first impressions from the ship were not correct, as the streets and buildings were quite dirty and many of the buildings were dilapidated. For the Australian and New Zealand students it was our first contact with a decimal currency system, so confusion reigned until the Americans in the party came to our rescue. We had heard on the ship that the best way to see the sights was to hire a motor-cycle. Exhausting our very limited French vocabulary, we eventually came upon a small shop that handled rentals. After arguing about the price as we had been warned to do, I secured an apparently trusty vehicle for the sum of three dollars (27/-) for the day, which I thought was reasonable.

Few of us had noticed that Tahiti, being a French-administered territory, has the same road laws as France, that is, they drive on the wrong side of the road as they do in the U.S.

We set off on our motor-cycles on the left-hand side of the road as we were accustomed, and soon found that we were having traffic difficulties. The local inhabitants were shouting unpleasant things at us so naturally we became very much disturbed as did a gendarme. He proceeded to tell us off in no uncertain terms in French. As we understood very little, we just smiled politely and shrugged our shoulders. He eventually gave up in disgust and walked off muttering. We decided that in order to preserve the good international relations between Australia and France, we should do as the rest of the traffic was doing and drive on the right-hand side.

That evening we dined at a Tahitian hotel on a local dish consisting of fish and rice. While we were eating, some native girls performed the Tahitian version of the hula.

Next morning, a girl from Firbank and I decided to drive around the island on a larger and more powerful scooter. Once we were clear of the town, the country became very rugged and the road hugged the shoreline. It was really beautiful, and apparently untouched by civilization. Set back from the road in the palm groves were small palm huts with thatched roofs, looking as they must have looked before the white man came.

Along the road were coconut and banana plantations which produce the main export of the island. As I was driving, I had to keep my eyes on the road, due to it being strewn with coconuts from the tall palms overhead. Used to paying for coconuts in Melbourne, we were determined not to miss such an opportunity, so we picked up two but were unable to open them. We soon came upon natives splitting coconuts and spreading them in the sun to dry so they could extract the copra for export. We stopped and were able to make them understand that we would like to have our coconuts opened. They were very friendly and quickly cut the coconuts into pieces.

We arrived back in Papeete in good time and were able to have a last look around before boarding the *J.V.O.* We needn't have hurried back, as it turned out, for there was some excitement to follow. One of the cooks from the ship had been caught shop-lifting and was given a 12-day sentence in the local clink. The rest of the kitchen staff on board did not want to leave him behind, so they walked off the ship and went to talk to the local authorities. The ship could not leave without a large section of its crew so we had to wait until the men returned with their crewmate.

As soon as everyone was back on board, the lines were cast off and we bade farewell to Tahiti, just as the sun was setting behind the rugged peaks. The sunset was well worth the delay.

And so ended a wonderful two days in Tahiti, "Pearl of the Pacific."

Dennis Harvie



## **as others see us**

Our family has been the object of superstition from the earliest ages. In Egypt, temples were erected in our honour, sacrifices were offered to us, and if one of our kind died in a household it was customary for the members of the family to shave off their eyebrows. In the Middle Ages, the favourite shape of Satan was said to be that of a black member of our family, and our kind was regarded as an object of dread instead of veneration.

Biologically, our family is distinguished by the most refined adaptations to a hunting life; claws which may be retracted into sheaths to maintain their sharpness, soft foot-pads for silent movement; eyes with an astounding range of adjustment for clear vision in light, ranging from bright sunlight to near-darkness; and whiskers and eyebrows for guidance by sense of touch in confined spaces. Most members of our family are effectively camouflaged for special environments and all of our kind are extremely rapid in their movements.

However, we are a distinct class in our family. We are easily recognized from other members of our family by our distinctive markings and colourings. Different members of our breed have Chocolate points, Blue points, Seal points, Red points and also Lilac points, yet we are a proud breed despite our different colourings.

You may recognize a champion of our breed from the following characteristics. We should have a wedge-shaped face, wide separation between the ears, a straight nose, a long, evenly-tapered tail without any "kinks" and we should be small in body size compared with other members of our family.

The female of our breed is often mated with a champion of our breed and her offspring are usually eagerly awaited by those peculiar beings who wear clothes and consider us the most important members of their family.

We enjoy attention and affection. To have our coat stroked is the ultimate in relaxation, but we also enjoy sleeping in front of the fire and eating fish and chewing chop bones. However, away from our natural habitat our diets must be supplemented with vitamins and calcium to ensure our good health.

Perhaps our greatest pleasure is to be allowed outside our keeper's domicile and to roam through his garden, searching for birds and mice which would be some of the delicacies of our natural surroundings.

The people who look after members of our breed have much pleasure in grooming us and preparing us for shows in which many members of our family are displayed. We are shown to those ignorant humans. We are placed in cages and recline and sleep on beautiful cushions while people often gaze in contempt, wishing they could lead the life of our magnificent breed.

We are a proud breed; we are intelligent compared with other members of our family and we love comfort. What are we? Why, we are the aristocrats of the cat family. We are Siamese Cats.

*John Chambers, 6*

## **a thunderstorm**

It was extraordinarily humid. Not a leaf rustled and at the moment, life did not seem to exist. People felt uneasy. An uneasiness that spread from one person to another like a contagious disease. An uneasiness redoubled after seeing black formidable clouds blanketing the sun's rays, motionless, waiting to strike at a moment's notice, like an ever-menacing eagle hovering above its prey.

Then the elements erupted. Uneasiness changed to deep-seated terror, and as the lightning played about the sky, illuminating the heavens with an awful flash, and the thunder reverberated deafeningly, people felt their own insignificance amidst these tremendous forces. The noise rose to a crescendo, then slowly died.

The storm had abated quickly, but signs of its presence could be seen all around. In some places it seemed as though a giant axe had struck the earth; trees lay splintered and strewn about.

But there was a new freshness in the air, a tang that brought new vigour and life to the surroundings, a freshness brought by a thunderstorm.

*Phillip Bender, 3A*

## **the storm**

The great ominous cloud gathered over the plain and cast its sinister shadow over the salt-bush plateau. The wind roared over the precipice and licked the angry surf until it had smashed its strength on the cliff face, swallowing the washed-up debris on the beach. The rain whipped the land where its wet fingers could penetrate. The thunder bellowed, providing a change for the forces of nature as lightning pricked the sky, illuminating the surrounding countryside, showing the desolation that this unpredictable weather could cause. The trees were lashed by the mighty wind, and it looked as if they were pulling their hair out, as they were tortured by the fury of the gale.

The storm continued that night and the next morning. Then the sun blinked through the clouds and sleepily cast its rays on the scene of chaos.

*Ross Grant, 5A*



## skiing

Mount Buller is the skiing centre of Victoria. It is almost six thousand feet high, only 160 miles from Melbourne and full accommodation is provided. Many ski-tows and good slopes make it very popular for both beginners and experts.

Skiing is the sport of sports. Nothing can compare with the thrill of speeding down a snow-covered slope on a pair of skis. The difficult part is to avoid the oncoming tree or stop before you hit those rocks ahead.

Apart from the fact that nearly everyone has a broken bone during his skiing career, this sport is today comparatively safe. The reason for this is the invention of "safety bindings" which release the foot from the ski before the leg releases from the foot.

As most of you will be beginners if you visit one of Australia's popular resorts, you will prepare to try skiing which looks easy but is not. After many attempts, you sit down frustrated, envying the experts who flash by, swaying gracefully. If sensible you will enlist in a class and after a few days under skilful guidance, you venture diligently on to the steeper inclines. One look and back to the nursery slopes you go, but with the desire to one day conquer them.

The ski-tows are either a continuous rope turned by a motor which you try to hang on to, or the T-bar type which you lean against to be pulled up the slope.

The modern skiing style known as the "Wedeln" consists of a swaying movement which causes a zig-zag motion as you slide down.

Many races are held, particularly at Mount Buller, but to enter you must be a veteran skier and willing to take many risks. Slalom races are between sets of poles in a zig-zag pattern and the straight downhill races are over a set course. The fastest speed on skis was recorded during a downhill race and stands at almost 105 m.p.h.

If you live through the first season, you cannot wait until next season to advance further. If possible you may buy a complete set of equipment which will cost about £50.

Although skiing is expensive and dangerous, it is a wonderful sport and everyone should attempt it at least.

*Peter Whitelaw, 5D*

## the old ships

The boat was long and high,  
And on the narrow beach,  
It seemed a ghost of sailors long ago,  
Who in this great canoe,  
Of bronzed and fair-haired men,  
Had sailed the seas of time,  
And in the masts and planks  
Remained the marks of craftsmen long ago,  
Who in their long forgotten art,  
They left a hallowed memory  
Of palms and surf,  
And the sun burns hot upon  
The old, old ships.

John Laurie, 4A

## the "deeper meaning"

*An Essay on the Trends of Literary Symbolism in Modern Literature*

Literary symbolism is that device by which a standard piece of fiction is so set out, that, by means of allegorical representation, it illustrates some complex abstract conception, requiring deep, intellectual study.

Congratulations on persevering. The fact is, many modern (and not so modern) stories don't just tell you what happened and who did it; they indicate the meaning of minor incidents to a grand, even colossal scale. The drop of a pin can be the end of the world, a circle the futility of the struggle of man. Dante was one of the beginners with an allegorical trip through hell, and the thing has developed through the ages till literary critics can find it in almost every great book.

Take for example the following: "Blind Harry" totters groggily up the drive to his home very late at night. He stops before his closed door, fumbles clumsily for his key, and after stabbing erratically at the door for about a minute, manages to insert it into the slot. Battling nobly on, he twists and wrenches the instrument about until the door finally gives and he stands triumphant before the open passageway. Exhilarated, he staggers forward, trips on the step, and falls flat on his face inside."

A simple incident? No, much as it grieves me, I must relate its true meaning lies far deeper than that. The name "Harry" for instance; a more common name it would be difficult to find. Harry, therefore, is the Symbol of Mankind, a symbol heightened by his blindness and grogginess, representative of Man's Eternal Struggle for Knowledge and Truth. Harry is trying to open the door of knowledge with the key he has acquired in his long, hard struggle from the Tree. His missing jabs at the door symbolize all his misuses of knowledge—wars, persecution, television, etc. At last he uses his knowledge correctly to open the Door to a Great New Life. Unfortunately, the new acquisition is too much for him and in the moment of dawning on a New Era he trips on the one tiny obstacle in his way (Cuba? Berlin?) and crashes in a welter of Atomic War, colliding planets or some such form of total destruction.

Variations on the theme may show "Harry" searching for the Inner Meaning of his spirit and finding its depth too great for him, or hunting for the Final Truth, and so on ad nauseum. This trend will probably spread into every branch of Literature, so a perceptive eye will soon be able to extract the Deeper Meaning of the "Biggles" books, or even the "Noddy" stories!

Allan Baillie, 6

## relaxation

Relaxation, a hobby insurmountable by any other hobby, is taken up enthusiastically by me, just three weeks before any examination. Relaxation during these few weeks is thoroughly appreciated, but for this hobby to be completely successful, I must follow the words of wisdom that what can be done today, do tomorrow—or the day after.

Obviously a novice to this stimulating hobby will be hampered by a conscience. A conscience which must be educated immediately or it will ensure a life of care, toil, lined face and grey hair.

Having taken to this recreation like an ant to treacle, I began to instruct my doting parents in the belief that their darling daughter must spend twenty-three hours fifty-nine minutes of each day on the various activities of her pleasant hobby.

Each evening Monday to Friday I retire to my warm room and soft arm-chair with several apples, chewing-gum, transistor radio, the latest "Blondie" comics and occasionally some intellectual reading matter such as "The Truth." Week-ends signify relaxation. Relaxation is my hobby and is employed after a strenuous afternoon as spectator of a football match, with a batch of jazz records and several friends willing to see the night out with me.

With the ease of one experienced, I move through examinations unperturbed; watching the diverting antics of my harassed fellow-students. Never again will I waste precious seconds expanding on the effects of metals on non-metal or vice versa, when the blank expanse of paper provides irresistible opportunity to doodle. Remember doodling is relaxing.

No matter when, where, why and how, relaxation can be pursued by everyone, any time. Then why isn't this inspiring hobby popular? Because report cards are disconcertingly verbal and Fathers irascible.

Robyn Thompson, 4A



## machinery in modern life

Our modern age has been called the "age of science" or "the machine age." If one merely glances at these statements and thinks of such things as computers, nuclear reactors and Sputniks, one automatically agrees.

But, if one ponders on the statement one realizes how completely reliant is the community on machinery. Let us, as an example, take all the machinery one would see during even one day in our fair city of Melbourne.

Before one leaves for the city itself, however, it is necessary to ensure that one's ideal example of a suburban villa is in a satisfactory condition. One consequently washes the dishes, cleans and possibly polishes the floor, and finally turns on the newly-installed central heating unit. To do all this one has used the mechanized aids of a vacuum cleaner, polisher, heating unit and possibly of others, without which the work would have been impossibly long and tedious. To reach the city one travels by car, train or tram—all mechanized forms of transport. (If one drives, one finds a demoniacal piece of machinery—a parking meter—waiting impassively to rob one of one's livelihood, or part of it.)

Once in the city one seems to have been jettisoned into some great maelstrom of hurrying crowds of people and impetuous machinery—an experience rather like that of being among the gigantic, softly-whirring cogs in the heart of some tremendous machine.

Everywhere one looks, one is confronted, whether one is aware of it or not, by machines. Large, small, obvious, concealed. Trams, trains, cars, planes—and parking meters; clocks, radios, radiograms, televisions, neon signs—all types of machinery which one can see as one promenades along Swanston Street. Then, as one enters one of the larger emporiums one is acutely aware of a blast of hot or cold air—depending on the natural temperature—from the central heating plant. On all sides one sees cash registers merrily registering sales of, among other nick-nacks, mechanical gadgets. One is also conscious that the whole scene, which unfolds before one's delighted eyes as one progresses, is brilliantly lit by an excellent electric lighting system.

To move from floor to floor in search of inexpensive, yet attractive merchandise, one uses an elevator (which leaves one's stomach feeling rather queer) or an escalator, which leaves one with an air of accomplishment. After a short stroll through such a store one inevitably wends one's way towards the cafeteria where one, depending on one's sophistication, approaches either the soda fountain or espresso bar for refreshment. (During this time one should have noticed at least eighteen types of machinery!)

After some refreshment one decides to go home to cook the evening meal, and of course to watch television. But then the phone rings.

In this "revelation" of a fairly-specialized field—that of the machines one could find in a private home, or a large emporium—one can see innumerable instances of machinery which one completely takes for granted. If all the machines were to be destroyed what would people do? The average person in everyday life relies on the machine as much as, if not more than, does the scientist; even though one often hears the opposite opinion expressed.

Perhaps some day (soon) someone will invent a machine which will compose my essays for me!

Wendy Maning, 6

## the most important event in my life

Although of wealthy parents, I was unusually discontented with my status in life. I had often heard our coachman refer to George Stephenson, a promising young railway engineer; suddenly I wanted to join him in establishing the new invention, the steam locomotive, as a practical means of transport.

Although my knowledge of engineering was limited, my enthusiasm to learn gained me a position at Stephenson's Newcastle works. After several years' training and studying I qualified as an engineer.

The news of a locomotive contest at Rainhill aroused much excitement at the works. The broad grin on George Stephenson's face assured us he was willing to accept the challenge. All production on stationary steam engines ceased. The entire resources of the men at the works were turned to the centre of the dimly-lit, steam-scoured works. There, under the overhanging blanket of depressing heat, the foundations of a locomotive of radical new design were laid.

The problems of producing a steam engine that conformed strictly with the regulations were immense. But through the genius of George Stephenson and the help of the engineers, the engine, to be named "Rocket," was evolved. A new design in the boiler, suggested by a Mr. Booth, improved the performance of "Rocket." After a defect in the fire box was discovered and remedied, "Rocket" was completely finished. Everyone in the works said she was the neatest little engine they had ever seen.

"Rocket" was transported to Rainhill. She performed even better than our early expectations and we were now confident of taking out the contest. Of the ten engines under construction only four were ready for the contest. The day that would prove "Rocket's" ability and completely modernize British transport arrived. The Manchester ladies sat placidly in the hastily-erected grandstand. Gentlemen strolled about, and the servants drove chaises and curricles to a safe distance. Hundreds of navvies acted as temporary constables. The inevitable brass band was there, as too were the hawkers selling refreshments, and the even more inevitable pickpockets. A great mass of humans clad in all their finery thronged about the engines. George Stephenson sat anxiously, apparently unaware of the numerous faces surrounding him, waiting for the start.

The eventual result favoured "Rocket." All the men from the works gathered round George congratulating him, and then themselves. The future of the mobile steam locomotive was then assured.

As I walked away from the turbulent scene I realized that instead of leading an unrewarding existence, I now possessed a life that would provide me with continual interest and challenge and I could accomplish much to benefit my fellow man.

W. Hill, 4A



### beach scene

The day was hot and sultry. People were sweltering under the scorching rays of the sun. It was too hot to stay inside—too hot to read—too hot to sit outside. Many people were heading for the beach to escape the heat.

After a short walk along sandy paths, over-shadowed and surrounded by gnarled tea-trees, the group came into view of the sea. To the left of the bay below them, the waves rolled in to meet the sandy-coloured rocks which were slowly eroded with each bite. A jetty extended like an arm from near the rocks and Life Saving Club toward a sunken battleship. This warship, some two hundred yards from the beach, served as a breakwater and tourist attraction for the beach. On the jetty several tattered fishermen were vainly attempting to neglect the throngs which crowded to see their catch. The yellow sand, contrasting vividly with the crystal-clear azure sea, swept in an unbroken line to the rust-coloured cliffs on the extreme right of the bay. Some one hundred and fifty feet high, these cliffs attracted many avid rock-climbers, who attempted the ascent, despite the danger due to erosion and crumbling. A small promontory of drill grey rocks pitted into the sea at the base of the cliffs, and afforded to the public crannies where crabs and sea-shells could be found.

The sand itself was a seething mass of colour. Brightly-coloured umbrellas studded the beach. A swarming multitude of people was crammed together; scrambling over each other, sunbaking, basking, listening to blaring transistors, playing with balls and shuttlecocks, or smearing themselves with suntan oil for protection against the boiling sun. Teenagers were lazing in the shallows, half submerged by the cool, sparkling water. A little further out to sea, children were propelling their surfboards with the aid of long paddles. Their younger brothers and sisters watched them enviously from their own rubber tubes. Along the beach paraded an ever-changing assortment of people: plump matrons, who quite obviously had not been in bathers since last season, were self-consciously attempting to hide their lack of tan; several young girls were brazenly flaunting their new bikinis; robust youths were flexing and reflexing their golden muscles. Tanned bodies were sprawled along the beach absorbing the heat and rays from the sun.

Away from the overcrowded beaches, the sea appeared serene and unconcerned as the speedboats and yachts cleaved their way through the waves, leaving in their wake a clean line of white spray. Oh to be able to escape the bustle of mankind, and be out on the open sea in a small boat; independent and free to enjoy nature as it should be enjoyed—with respect and love.

*Vivien Fellowes, 6*



### a cross of correction

Then, as now, I often wonder how all this has come about:  
Holding life by a golden thread of silk  
I sort out all the out-smoked butt ends of my days —  
Savage life is, the grey soot clinging  
Inert and dreary,  
Sludge and humid absorbent decay,  
Venal and obscene, clinging to the ceiling where  
Once once once  
Young smoke curling transcendently up  
And then as time slow time  
Goes on on on with mad cacophony  
Ensconcing dirt where formerly in hope  
Rich lazy and laconic smoke had been.  
The smoke of mystery and dreams  
Of finer things — dreams rich —  
The very quintessence of all men's dreams.  
Held slow course upward.  
Experience brings, has brought  
Sad truth and close reality, suffocating forlorn  
Hopeless hopes, cabalistic charms  
Inherent and knowingly futile in  
The languid ecstasy of pale blue mist.  
Which now is gone — not gone so much —  
Is rather transformed to grey dust,  
To the stale and spat-out-butt-ends  
Horrors in the mind are armed with.  
I try to dream still, the soot and stale  
Tobacco dregs a substitute for the stuff of my dreams.

*Anonymous, 6*

### grey

The curtain fell; dusk had gone.  
And through the night there came a cry,  
For help. God came and helped.  
He asked not, "Black or White?"  
Thereby citing, "Live or die."  
In a township, fraught with hate,  
A man cried out against a wrong,  
They seized him, bound him; tore his flesh,  
Then he was hanged.  
"He's black!" they cried. That was their song.  
The day is white, the night is black,  
The ground is dull, the stars are bright,  
God made them so. Yet people ask,  
"Which is wrong and which is right?"

*Robyn Roseman, 4A*

### nightmare

The night was dark, the air was still.  
But yet I could not sleep,  
When all at once I heard a sound,  
Which made my flesh to creep;  
I saw the hand come o'er the rill  
The dagger tightly grasped,  
There followed then the leering head,  
The eyes so cruelly rashed.  
My veins ran cold, my heart was chilled,  
My soul was filled with awe,  
And in my mind I visualised  
My life's blood on the floor.  
The villain leapt and I with dread,  
Gave out a mighty scream!  
And wet with sweat, I woke in bed.  
The victim of a dream . . .

*John Baird, 5A*

## the rainstorm

Warmth is spread o'er hill and valley;  
Sun's warm rays beat down so strongly,  
Making everyone feel happy,  
Feel so happy to be living.

But clouds gather without warning.  
Spread with haste across the heavens,  
Darkening all the earth below them;  
Making day seem like the night-time.

First small drops of rain are falling,  
Watering all the thirsty flowers,  
Rain drops glisten on the petals,  
For an instant; then roll downwards.

On the window panes are tapping,  
Little drops of rain from heaven.  
Soon the puddles grow much larger,  
And the earth is wet and dismal.

Skies are bright just for a moment,  
When a flash of lightning passes,  
Then once more sink back to darkness,  
Watching all the rain come falling.

Gradually the downpour lessens,  
Thunder claps are heard less often,  
'Cross the sky with splendid beauty,  
Spreads the spectrum of a rainbow.

Meek pale rays of light are striving,  
To pierce through the eerie darkness,  
Now the clouds are being melted,  
Into nothing by the sunshine.

Birds once more begin their chirping,  
Gladly greet the welcome sunshine,  
Warmth is spread o'er hill and valley;  
Sun's warm rays beat down so strongly.

*Anna Rosner, 3A*

## brighton high school

We have a little school,  
Which is relatively young.  
They promised us a swimming pool,  
But everything went wrong.

They're doing the yards at last,  
Using tractors noisy and big,  
They hadn't done it in the past.  
'Cause they hadn't had the rig.

We have a trampoline,  
On which we love to bounce.  
We can frequently be seen,  
Losing ounce by ounce.

Mr. Stirling is our head,  
With a staff of many pests.  
Who fill our hearts with dread,  
When we have those awful tests.

We work and work and work,  
Until the holidays come,  
And then we go berserk,  
And hope to have some fun.

*Max Ketels, 3A*

## henry lawson

In the middle of the 1860s, a great Australian personage, Henry Lawson the storyteller, was born into the world amid the chatter and clatter of the Grenfell diggings. Early in life Lawson became deaf, and he felt that he was isolated from the happiness and the feelings of his fellow human beings. This feeling of neglect never left him, and it later found expression in some of his works.

At fourteen, Lawson left school to help his father, occasionally writing verses or articles for the local papers. But, as he was not making any progress in anything he attempted, Lawson moved in with his mother who had settled nearer Sydney. Here he became bound as an apprentice to a firm of coach painters, and attended night school. About this time, Henry Lawson's literary gifts began to show themselves, so his firm obligingly made him a clerk in their offices. Unluckily, Lawson failed at this job as he could not endure the long days spent employed at the same desk and within the same four walls.

On a trip to Melbourne, Lawson tried vainly to cure his deafness, and returned to Sydney, out of work. Being one of the unemployed at this time, he gave expression to his feelings in one of his first notable verses, "The Song of the Republic." His first published story, "His Father's Mate," also appeared at this time.

In the late 1880s, Lawson began to wander. As a swagman he travelled about the south-west of West Australia, painting as he went. From there he journeyed to Queensland where he joined the staff of a Brisbane newspaper. Under a nom-de-plume, Lawson wrote, in this paper, on behalf of the strikers during the Great Shearers' Strike of the 1890s. The depression which followed left him unemployed, so he returned to New South Wales, spent some time in New Zealand, and finally found work in Sydney. It was here that, in 1894, his mother brought out his first collection of stories and poems.

Two years later, Lawson married Bertha Bredt, a nurse from Gippsland. The Lawsons moved to Perth where Henry wrote some of his best works. They included "While the Billy Boils" and "In the Days when the World was Wide." From Perth, the couple journeyed to New Zealand where Lawson worked as the master of a small Maori school, but after a year at this post he and his family returned to Sydney.

Unhappy in his work as a clerk, Lawson was persuaded to try his luck in England. However, in London Lawson became tired and homesick and he returned within three years. The Lawsons separated and Henry's works soon deteriorated. He fell in with bad company, became estranged from his friends, and was finally set up by the Government on a small farm at Lerton and commissioned to write and sketch for the irrigation area. In 1916 Lawson left his farm to return to Sydney for the last five years of his life.

Lawson's short stories, sketches and poems give a true picture of the land he knew and loved so well. No one, I feel, has been able to capture the spirit as this writer. Although he never wrote a novel, and only a few of his poems are exceptional, Lawson stands out in my mind as one of the greatest figures Australia has produced because of his wonderful stories and great gift of words.

*Anne McQueen*

## the hall of memory — canberra

In 1917 there was a suggestion from the Australian front in France that the relics and the names of those who lost their lives on service in the armed forces of Australia should be suitably housed in Canberra. The Australian War Records Section was formed about this time for custody of the historical records. To this collection was added the paintings by the official artists, the photographic records, and later, models of the region fought through and of famous incidents.

The Hall of Memory, designed as the focus of the Memorial, is eighty feet high from the floor to apex, with stained glass windows on three sides, a memorial statue in an apsidal bay, and rich glass mosaic on the interior walls and dome. The memorial statue is eighteen feet high and is raised a further nine feet by its marble pedestal, and behind it is a marble column. The figure, cast in bronze, with a patina finish, is the central feature of the Hall, symbolizing the spirit of those who, in the Great Wars, remained proudly defiant in the cause of their country. The three stained windows in the Hall of Memory look down onto the sculptured figure. Each of the fifteen panels in the three windows portrays a figure in the uniform and equipment of the 1914-18 war. A feature of the south window is the Aurora Australis with the Southern Cross superimposed. In the west window, the A.I.F. badge is embodied, while the social qualities of the Australian service man and woman are depicted in the panels. The east window also embodies the A.I.F. badge, and the fighting qualities are represented. The mosaic is the third main feature of the Hall of Memory.

This magnificent, imposing memorial will never be forgotten by all who have ever seen it.

*Julie King, 4E*



## rain

Torrents of it, cold and harsh,  
Beating down upon the earth, till the whole is drowned.  
Crushing all the pavement, tearing up the soil,  
Disaster on the rampage; All the farmer's toil,  
Has it gone for nothing, was it just a waste?  
As the old man looks and curses, thinks about the past.  
When he so much suffered, just to till his ground.  
Now he listens heavy hearted to that familiar sound,  
Of rivers rushing sou'ward, to his lonely crop,  
Will it keep on moving, will it ever stop?  
No! Unkind and damned rain,  
The farmer turns around and walks inside again.  
Oh, so heavy hearted, with clenching fists and mouth drawn tight,  
Listens conscious of it, all the long-houred night.

And when the old man wakens, the sun is out again,  
Because he is in Heaven, where there is no cursed rain,  
Where everything is still, no sound, no stirring soul,  
Where every day the sun shines down,  
Never is it cold,  
And looking down upon the earth, his heart does no sound utter,  
because it is so still.  
And he sights six heavy riders, riding o'er the hill,  
And with them is a casket of old and weathered pine.  
Now he slowly turns away. "That casket there is mine!"

*Michael Ruleigh, 5C*

## what a stinger!

In the dim distance a loud voice rumbled "While cleaning the car a wasp stung me." How ridiculous! As if a wasp could clean a car! The ignorant little ruffians in this class of humans shared the joke with the English teacher: Wopsy stirred uneasily, then suddenly spun out of bed. It was only a bad dream.

As he prepared his breakfast, Wopsy thought about this horrifying nightmare. What if it were true? What if those uncivilized, uneducated human giants really held that opinion of wasps? How unthinkable; how ig—ig—igno—mini—us! Got it!—that word always puzzled him. The thought that this might possibly be true so infuriated Wopsy that he did not wait to finish his breakfast but rushed out, buttoning his shirt on backwards as he went.

Once outside he slowed down and walked sedately round to the garage. He unlocked the door and stood for a moment, looking proudly at his most cherished possession—his Gogo Dart, the latest model sports car.

He hopped in and drove carefully—he had only had his car for a week—away. On arriving at his office he was still almost breathless; the ecstasy he experienced, when driving, affected him that way. The rest of the day was just a happy whirl of jumbled events for him after that. But he did remember quite definitely that Wispy, his girl-friend, had phoned to confirm a date for the same night. Now, Wispy had not been for a ride in the Dart before, so Wopsy decided to leave work early in order to polish his car and make it really wonderfully, marvellously, fabulously beautiful.

Here, if the reader is to understand this beautiful tale, it is necessary to interrupt with a note of explanation. If the reader has not already guessed, as he or she must have, that this tale is about one, nay two, wasps, then let me say that this is indeed the case and in this story, wasplement—a settlement of wasps—is situated on the outskirts of a country town, in the immediate vicinity of the school—which perhaps accounts for the nightmare. Quite often a siren would ring, warning the wasps that a human, or humans, were approaching. This was similar to an air-raid warning; the only difference being that the stampeding humans were unaware of their victims' existence.

However, this particular afternoon, Wopsy was too preoccupied with cleaning his car to notice the siren. His first premonition of the impending catastrophe was a loud noise and a great quaking of the ground. He stood transfixed! In horror he watched a huge foot come crashing down on his beautiful Dart. He was furious! He sprang up and launched himself, with murderous intent, towards the terrible foot! Then—sproing!!! He connected: his sting was firmly embedded! Another leap backwards this time—and he was free. He stood and watched, with a feeling of sadistic satisfaction, as he saw the foot jumping, rocking and writhing in agony.

Little did he know that it was the foot of the teacher who, in what he thought was nightmare, had said "How ridiculous!" at the thought of a wasp cleaning a car. It seems strange that Wopsy never had that nightmare again—or does it?

*Wendy Maning, 6*

## flore at harrovia!

(A Fine Song)

When Adam fell, because of Eve,  
Upon that dreadful day,  
He did not own up loud and strong,  
And take his licking with a song,  
In our good English way:  
He had so little chivalry,  
He said "The Woman tempted me,"  
And tried to hide away.

But in the blaze of brighter days  
Britannia yet shall rule,  
While English Sportsmen worship God  
And bend their bottoms to the rod!  
For the Honour of the School!

When Joshua strafed Jericho  
(N.B. — another Jew)  
He did not risk his precious gore  
Or take a sporting chance in war  
As English soldiers do:  
He marched his bandsmen round the walls  
And knocked it down with bugle calls —  
A trick that is tabu.  
(Chorus)

When Roland, at the gates of Spain,  
Died beside Oliver,  
He must have had it rather hard  
To stand his ground and keep the guard,  
Being a foreigner:  
So we can only think he went  
There by some kind of accident,  
Or as an arbiter.  
(Chorus)

When Louis faced the guillotine,  
That calm the people saw  
Flinched to a sickly pallour when  
He knew he was an alien,  
A breed without the law;  
Where one of truly British phlegm,  
Of course, would have leapt down at them  
And socked them on the jaw.  
(Chorus)

But in our stately tolerance  
We condescend to see  
That heroes whose names end in — vitch  
Are striving to be something which  
We know they cannot be,  
But, sweating hard, they make a good  
Attempt to do what Britons would  
Achieve instinctively.  
(Chorus)

So let's give praise through all our days,  
Again and yet again,  
That we do not eat sauerkraut,  
That some storks knew their way about,  
And made us Englishmen!

*Peter Burman, 3C*

## the modern struwwelpeter

"Wilberforce Egbert Levi Gupp  
Was very, very well brought up,  
Not even in his infant crib  
Did he make messes on his bib.  
Or ever, in his riper years  
Forget to wash behind his ears.  
Trained from his rawest youth to rule  
(At that immortal Public School  
Whose playing fields have helped to lose  
Innumerable Waterloos).  
His brains, his wit, his chin, were all  
Infinitesimal,  
But (underline the vital fact)  
He was the very soul of tact,  
And never in his innocence  
Gave anyone the least offence:  
Can it be wondered at that he  
Became, in course of time, MP?"

"Robed in his faultless morning dress  
They voted him a huge success;  
The sober drabness of the garb  
Fittingly framed the pukka sahib;  
And though his many panaceas  
Showed no original ideas,  
Gupp, who could not be lightly balked,  
Just talked, and talked, and talked, and talked.  
Until the parliamentary clan  
Prophesied him a coming man."  
And down the corridors of fame  
Wilberforce Egbert duly came.  
His human kindness knew no bounds:  
Even when hunting with the hounds  
He always had a thought to spare  
For the poor little hunted hare;  
But manfully he set his lips  
And did the bidding of the Whips.  
And though at times his motives would  
Be cruelly misunderstood,  
Wilberforce plodded loyally on  
Like a well-bred automaton,  
Till 1940, when the vote  
Placed the Gupp party in the boat,  
And Wilberforce assumed the helm  
And laboured to defend the realm.

And through those tense and tedious days  
Wilberforce gambolled (in his stays);  
The general public got to know  
That Gupp, who never answered "No."  
Could be depended on to give  
Deft answers in the negative;  
And Royal Commissions by the score  
Added to Wisdom's bounteous store:  
The Simple Foods Commission found  
That turnips still grow underground;  
The Poultry Farms Commission heard  
That turkeys were a kind of bird;  
While in an office in the city  
The Famous Vicious Drugs Committee  
Sat through ten epic calendars  
To learn if women smoked cigars;  
"And with the help Gupp's party gave  
Britannia proudly ruled the wave  
(Reported to be wet—but see  
Marine Commission, section D.)

Thus, on good terms with everyone,  
Nothing accomplished, nothing done,  
Sir Wilberforce, as history knows,  
Earned in due course a knight's repose,  
And with his fellow pioneers,  
Rose shortly to the House of Peers,  
Which nearly (but not quite) woke up  
To greet the noble Baron Gupp.  
Citizens, praise careers like his,  
Which have made England what she is,  
And prove that only Lesser Breeds  
Follow where a stuffed walrus leads."

## **the return to my people**

It is a beautiful spring afternoon, and as the Australian sun shines down and makes the ripples in the water sparkle, I hear the drone of the didgeridoo in the distance. With every dip of the oar, I am coming closer to my beloved homeland. I now realize that the true happiness I've been searching for is right at home.

As my boat glides along the swift-flowing stream I recall how I, a member of an aboriginal tribe, started out four years ago, with a hunger for learning. I was sixteen years of age when I left the camp and decided to go to the city of the white people, which I had been dreaming about for years, and which I regarded almost as a paradise.

At first I was impressed and overwhelmed by the city, but immediately I knew I could never adopt the white people's way of life. What struck me most was the feverish tempo in which these people lived. They were swallowed up in the mad rush of life, having no time to enjoy their short life on this earth. There was a constant struggle to obtain more money, which seemed the only important thing. Although they have marvellous inventions such as wireless, canned foods and washing machines, they are but slaves to these inventions. My people, who have survived for centuries without these things, find great peace and happiness in the simple joys and beauties of life.

As the boat stops and my foot rests on the familiar ground, I see my people coming to greet me with radiant faces and shining eyes. Although I benefited from my experiences in the city, I now feel free of the tension, and realize that the blessings which God has provided free for us, are truly the greatest.

After a fine dinner of simple food, which I had not tasted for such a long time. I now lie in my bed, and instead of hearing the screeching of brakes and honking of horns, I catch the sounds of some crickets in the undergrowth, and a bird calling to his mate. I hear the sound of my people's voices as they sing around the fire, and I know that life in the city could never equal this happiness.

*Anna Rosner, 3A*

## **the joys of a fishing holiday**

There is no more satisfying way of spending a week-end than to go fishing in the mountains. If you are downhearted, sad, worried, get away from it all, go for a fishing holiday. It is exhilarating, refreshing, and it helps you to forget your worries.

You can sit peacefully in the shade of a tree on the bank of some small stream with your line dangling in the cool water. The dark shapes of fish can be seen flitting between the rocks. Every so often one of them will be tempted by the bait on your hook. If you are lucky when you gaze into the water, you may see a trout, fighting furiously to escape from your hook. You will have to play him carefully. The battle may go on for some time before he is exhausted and can be landed. You will soon get to know the places where the biggest and best fish can be found.

If you get tired of fishing you can climb the mountain or walk along the stream or through the bush, watching the birds and animals.

Then there is the joy of cooking your meals over a camp fire. The fish sizzling in the pan give off a most appetizing smell that makes you feel glad that you decided to take a holiday.

By Sunday evening you are ready to leave, feeling happy, refreshed and ready to tackle another hard working week.

*Peter Liddell, 3A*

## **the wager**

I don't remember when the conversation first turned to the supernatural, but I do know that later I was to wish it had never begun.

Being rather sceptical of anything pertaining to reincarnation or powers of the deceased, I scoffed at my companion's apparent beliefs in them; at which he became rather indignant and furiously exclaimed a way of putting his theory to the test. He told me of a town in the outer districts, the inn of which had a mysterious legend attached to it, this being that any person daring to sleep alone in the "haunted" room was never to be seen or heard of again. Following his tale, he invited me to stand by my convictions by staying in the room one night, adding interest by wagering that I would not. To this I hysterically cried I would.

Preparations were made ready and we departed on the Friday morning, arriving at the inn at dusk. Despite my friend's attempts to dissuade me, saying that he had regrets for my sake, I assured him of my intentions to go through with the plan. The innkeeper showed me my room, my friend to the one adjacent, and I managed to spend a sleepless but uneventful night.

With high spirits I rose early in the morning to gloat over my triumph, and to collect the wager, but to my annoyance my friend was nowhere to be found, until anxiously I asked the innkeeper if he knew of his whereabouts, and it was then that he told me that on the preceding night my companion had insisted on sleeping in the room that was reserved for me!

*John Baird, 5A*



## **drought in the outback**

Nelson Town had not had a bad drought for a number of years and were not expecting one. But, after a few rainless and heat-scorching months the people knew they were doomed. On a certain hot summer's day came a sandstorm, with annoying results. The water-troughs were filled with sand and the water-level of the town's reservoir was rapidly dropping.

The cattle looked lean and hungry and the small lambs bleated sorrowfully. So this was the drought I had read and heard about but not experienced! The area, by this time, looked like land that had been scorched from an atomic blast. In the day, our mouths were dry and swollen and by night we lay awake, thinking about the fate ahead of us if we did not take action. We rationed the water, expecting rain to come soon, but to no avail. The townspeople said they knew of an aborigine, Nigimby, and brought him back to town, saying that he could bring rain.

Many of us did not believe in such a fantastic feat. But sure enough, after Nigimby had gone to pray behind a rock, a rain cloud appeared. A few hours later the rain came down.

I still do not know to this day if the rain was a coincidence but I know now that a powerful prayer was answered that day. I hope I will never have to experience such a terrible fate as the drought again.

*Roselyn Helmer, 3A*

## **winter**

When winter comes, with it, it brings,  
A score of many wondrous things.  
It made with skill and very fast,  
The pure, white snow like a plaster cast.  
That encloses the earth so bare.

When winter comes the sea is rough.  
The birds have flown, where food's enough  
To last them till they return one day;  
Back to the beaches where they will stay  
Till winter time comes back again.

When winter goes the snow does melt.  
It seems to be crying for the winter spent.  
And, when the river flows with greater vigour,  
It rages like a thunder bolt as if to roar,  
"Come back! Come back! Don't go!"

*Lynette Baker, 4A*

## **poem**

The splashing, surging waters,  
That echoed loud and fierce,  
Tore at the cliffs, beat at the shore.  
And my heart did pierce.

For I have known some angry storms,  
Some roaring, bellowing seas,  
But of them all I cannot tell,  
Of waves as huge as these.

I've sailed the Bay of Biscay,  
I've ventured round the Cape.  
I've journeyed to Australia,  
I've fought with Francis Drake.

I've traded with the Indians,  
I've bought their spices rich,  
But on my journeys far and long,  
Ne'er a wave could ditch.

A ship so easily as this,  
Imposing, raging sea,  
And watching on the shore alone,  
I think what can it be.

That brings this cursed thing to us?  
So, slowly down the track,  
I walk, for I am old, tired  
Of this day so black.

*Lynette Baker, 4A*

## berry-picking

One of the most interesting and profitable ways of spending the Christmas holidays is to go berry-picking at Silvan or Monbulk. It is interesting because there are so many different types of berry and always something new to learn about them, profitable because a good picker can earn over £1/10/- a day; but it is hard work . . . you are likely to be stiff and tired by the end of a day, sunburnt, very dirty, and covered with scratches.

The pickers are advertised for by notices outside the farms or in the local newspapers and shop windows; and although school children come by the dozens, the farmers are always desperately short of pickers. We have to wear the oldest clothes we have because it is impossible to get rid of the red soil that invariably covers everything, and it is best to wear a hat and put on anti-sunburn cream as there is practically no shade.

Berries are picked into 1-lb. and 6-lb. punnets and 20-lb. tins. Six or eight small punnets can be carried at once in trays and the larger ones are strapped onto the picker to leave both hands free. The small punnets are sent to the market, but the tins and larger punnets (which are emptied into tins) are taken to the nearby jam factory.

Besides the berries there are cherries, and later on, plums. For this pickers perch on (often rickety) ladders and put the fruit into buckets. However, care must be taken to leave the stems on cherries or the cherries bruise. It is very easy to knock from the cherry trees the little twigs that will bear next year's crop, and the farmer is not pleased when he finds many of these scattered on the ground!

If a farmer points out to a picker that something is being done incorrectly, he is only trying to protect his crop. He does not try to discourage pickers because unless the crop is picked he loses money, and for this reason pickers are rarely sacked.

How can you go picking? If you know people living in that area you could spend some of your holidays with them. I had to spend some of my time working on the gladioli farm I stayed at to pay for my keep, and I picked at nearby farms on the other days. There are plenty of places to pitch a tent or keep a caravan, and the local people are very helpful. Picking is on every day of the week except Saturday (because there is no market on Sunday) and starts early in the morning. The farmer will give you the instructions for picking and will usually provide morning and afternoon tea. Pickers are expected to bring a cut lunch.

You are allowed to eat the fruit, but when you return home you will find you never want to see another berry again!

*Anonymous*

## ballet

To some people ballet is merely a frippish, effeminate type of dancing to the accompaniment of decadent music, to others ballet means a great deal. Ballet is poetry in motion to some of the most beautiful and striking music ever written. The great physical strength of the men is contrasted to the delicate gracefulness of the women, the masculinity of the men is contrasted to the femininity of the women, the men perform as men should, the women as women should. Unless the character should call for it the men are never effeminate yet some people (many who have never seen a ballet) seem to think that once a man begins to dance ballet he loses his manliness and becomes, not only on the stage but in real life as well, effeminate. This is ABSOLUTELY WRONG.

Ballet was begun professionally in 1661 when Louis XIV of France gave permission for the use of a room to be used during meetings of the Dance Academy. Later L'Academie Nationale de Musique et de la Danse was formed and from this French ballet was born. Since the founding of the French Academy ballet in many countries has fought its way to its rightful place beside the sister arts, music, poetry, and drama.

Ballet unites people of different professions, the dancer, choreographer, artist, designer, musician and writer; and don't let us leave out those important people without whom there would be no such thing as a ballet performance . . . the dressmakers, wardrobe mistresses, stage hands, lighting experts and the advertisers.

At the moment ballet has a great following in Australia. Ballet schools are found everywhere; some, it is true, do more harm than good, but one can still find the real ballet teachers who have the welfare of their students at heart and a knowledge of technique, anatomy, music and choreography. There are thousands of dance students who learn for only a few years before tiring of the hobby or those who realize that however much they love it, professional ballet is not for them. So few people have succeeded in the ballet field, it is such a very highly specialized one.

Besides natural grace, an ear for music and excellent health, one must be prepared to spend many hours in perfecting one's technique. Yet even perfect technique does not ensure success, there is still that extra intangible unnamable thing that is really the hallmark of greatness. The dancer who can make you cry as she dances the death of Giselle, or can make you dislike intensely as you watch Odile enchanting the Prince, she is the great dancer, the one, to quote Arnold Haskell, who "uses technique as a means, not as an end." Personality and character have a lot to do with being a dancer worthy of mention.

During the past four or five years we in Australia have had several chances to see excellent ballet in the personal appearances of Dame Margot Fonteyn, Michael Somes, and some of the Royal Ballet dancers, our own Borovansky Ballet, the Russian Bolshoi Ballet dancers and the New York City Ballet. In the films of the Royal Ballet and the Bolshoi Ballet, although one is seeing them on film, the photography is so good that one can almost pretend it was a live performance. The different Spanish dancers who have visited Australia, although they do not do ballet, and we do not expect them to, are still first-class dancers.

There is a large ballet audience in Australia who are eagerly waiting to see what is going to be done by the Australian Ballet Foundation. This foundation is really necessary and will definitely fill the empty gap left in the ballet world by the loss of the Borovansky Ballet.

Ballet in Australia is looking up, let us hope it continues that way.

*Anonymous*

## on waking up in a wrong century

It was raining gently, and the soft "pitter patter" of the raindrops falling against the window soon beat me to sleep. That night I had the queerest dream.

The sun was shining brightly in the morning sky and as usual the birds were gaily twittering. The grass was green . . . greener than usual?

I hurriedly dressed for I had numerous chores to do on this fine Saturday morning. With a shopping basket slung across my arm I skipped off across a golden field. I began whistling . . . then stopped. Something different? I looked hard at my surroundings. saw nothing . . . the fence, the hill . . . all the hills, the trees, the river and the sky? There was a strange atmosphere hanging around everything. I could sense it. Was not the sky a little too blue, the fence a little too straight? The hills were more softly sloping, the trees were too perfect, the water in the meandering river looked fresher, the air was cleaner!

For several moments I stared, puzzled, but try as I might I could find no solution to the problem.

Then, before my bulging eyes, things began to change. The colours . . . everything was gradually growing darker. The golden fields turned bronze, a sculptor's masterpiece. The leaves on the trees turned brown then shrivelled into little black beads. The once passive blue sky changed to a restless blue-black, and was pierced by the sun, a burning ember. The gently-rolling hills surged up to form dark, cruel mountains, from out of which poured the fires of hell.

Added to this colossal destruction of earth was the terrifying howling of the wind. Then suddenly it struck me. I was witnessing the end of the world!

The dead bodies of countless generations finally being reunited with their souls, rose from beneath the ground and started moving slowly, surely. Every minute more bodies joined the ever-growing multitude. They came from everywhere until they carpeted the land for as far as I could see. They flowed on, unheeded by any obstructions, to the place where they were to be judged.

I began to follow them and soon I noticed a glow on the distant horizon. As I approached it, I felt happier.

The final mountain was before me. In an ecstasy of joy I hastily climbed it, but before I could reach the peak from where I would have been able to see, I awoke, for I was not destined to see Him, before my time.

*Tibor Szilagyi*

## the school anzac service

Of the many holidays Australia has on her calendar, none fires our imagination as Anzac Day does. On that day we remember those whom two world wars had taken in the fight for freedom; we remember their courage, comradeship, and self-sacrifice and honour those who lost their lives in the cause of freedom.

As our school assembled in front of the flag-pole, a solemn stillness hung in the warm morning air, a stillness present all over the world, a stillness signifying Anzac Day. The school joined with Mr. Stirling, their voices breaking through the stillness, repeating "Lest We Forget," as the flag was lowered slowly to half-mast. The house captains laid a wreath at the foot of the flag-pole, and the head prefects laid wreaths on behalf of the whole school. The Last Post was played over the loud-speaker and heads were bowed as one minute's silence was observed in memory of those who fell in the two world wars. To see eleven hundred children bareheaded in the April sunshine, silent in remembrance, was an impressive sight.

After the Reveille, the school marched quickly to Holland Hall and commenced singing "Ave Australia," during which time the Headmaster, his wife, and our official guests, took their places on the stage. During the opening address, Mr. Stirling discussed and recited portions of Lincoln's Gettysburg address as appropriate now for the two world wars as it was in its time for the civil war. He stressed that no wreath, no shrine can fittingly honour the dead. "It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to the cause—of peace."

After another song and an introduction from Mr. Whittorn, M.H.R. for Balaclava, Archdeacon Codrington gave his stirring address. The prayer he quoted from an American General, "God damn all wars," we echoed in our hearts. Speaking of his work in the war as a chaplain in England, and at sea in the Mediterranean, drawing on the situations full of ugliness and misery that he had seen and endured during the war, the Archdeacon made us realize that was a stupid and beastly thing and he passed this theme on to the school in such a dramatic manner, that his words will be long remembered by those privileged to hear him. For Archdeacon Codrington wasted no time—he went straight to the point, stressing the futility of war, the misery and agony it causes. It was a memorable address delivered by a man whose hatred of war had stemmed from his own ugly experiences.

The first two verses of "In Flanders' Fields," written during the first world war, were recited by Form 2E and the whole school gave the reply, "We'll not break faith with you who die on many a field." A prayer was recited by the school, remembering all those who fell during the wars, ending our effective and solemn observance.

The story of the Anzacs, that large group of young men who came ashore at Gallipoli, should be remembered now and for evermore by Australians.

In our ceremony at Brighton High School there was no thought of glorifying war—we were paying tribute to the Anzacs and their ideals of self-sacrifice and brotherhood.

*Ross Matthews, 6*





## form notes

### 6A

#### prologue to six years hard labour (apologies to Geoffrey Chaucer)

Whan that the High Schole bel with merrie chyme,  
Hath stricken nine to tellen many the tyme,  
Scholeres we see that comen at hasteninge bounde,  
Unto a room which is y-hidden undergrounde,  
Where unto whan the techer mayde surfti pace,  
She founde eche ther ful safe in that place,  
And Forme Six females were they alle—  
A merrie companye in felaweshipe withal;  
And naive of them as so it seemed to me,  
I tellen which they were and of what degree.

Eva, ther was Head Captaine and Prefect,  
And never oon responsibilitie did she neglect,  
And Chris, with her who did her tyme y-spende,  
On bokes and lerning whereto her hed she bende,  
Robyn, a scholere after historye wolden strive,  
There to much wisdom and learning to derive,  
With the talle and splendre mayde Maxine,

Helen, hir friend alle tymes was to be y-seen,  
Anne ther was, so greet in hir artistic werke,  
Ful wel colde Margaret swinken at Physik,  
As Jill at Maths nor was ther noon her lyk,  
Trewly did Walburga y-wield a swerde so reel,  
Al be it she was fencing champion every deel,  
And certes for wisdom and discreisun,

With Vivien ther is never oon comparisoun,  
Heather and Lis wolde with voices lyghte,  
Tellen us alle they did on Saturdaye nyghte,  
At football wolde Pat cheere ryghte hertely,  
While Diane French she spake ful fetishly,

Of Wendy did we reed hir hy forme of sentence,  
And little did we heer of Diana's parf at presence,

At ballet our Sylvia wel did shew us hir grace,  
With Ronda's squash there's noon can keep surch  
pace,

Ester is heer from hir far-offe countree londe,  
To swinken, guided wel by our goode techer's honde,  
Lorraine and Carol desiren if it myte be,  
To han eche housebondes, hardy, wise, and free.

Such maydes you have y-seen in lab and librerie,  
For six long years—this merrie companye,

Have with gay jokes, mirth and in goode style,  
The hours at schole y-tried to beguile,

Our teacher y-cleped Mrs. Chats, colde talke,  
"Excuse me, Mrs. Chats, but . . ." ofte we baulke,

But some tyme of our efforts wolde she be  
satirical,

And be ofte tymes waxed quite hysterical,  
Scriven on bokes with her reed and her myghte,  
Hir hair torne; ful hopes alle longe nyghte,

That dremes have been significacrouas,  
As wel of joye as of tribulaciously.

Now I pray you to foryene it me,  
Al have I nat set folke in hir degree,

Heer in this tale, as that they sholde stonde,  
My wit is short, ye may wel understonde.

**6B** This being a Matriculation form, I feel it would be useful, or at any rate space-billing, to record our experiences this year. Any poor fool who aspires to our illustrious state and has ventured from the realm of his own form notes may be warned to leave school—now!

At the beginning of the year, they (the fathers of our Woe) warned us we would be working harder than ever in our lives before, or probably again. Comments were that we would age five years in one, and would have to conquer the habits of sleeping and eating, etc. These people maintained their obsession for work—OUR work—throughout the year, and when we emerged, bleary-eyed and shaking, to do battle with the last term, they told us we "would have to do a *little* work, now." Most of them made a consistent habit of telling us we were all going to fail—miserably. We will soon see.

Now for the routing. In all form notes it is customary to mention the super-intelligences and physiques of the form, and so that those concerned here may see their names spelt wrongly in print, here is a list of those of whom we *should* be proud.

Football: J. Chambers (captain), J. Finlay, C. Hamilton, H. Caine, R. Renison, T. Bodington, R. Chadwick, G. Cumming.

Tennis: J. Hyland, P. Stevens, I. Brown.

Swimming: R. Remison, M. Newman.

Athletics: All who couldn't develop sprained ligaments during training.

Debating: J. Middleton, H. Turner, P. Stevens.

Dux: Hard to judge through diversity of subjects.

Highest average: C. Hamilton.

A mention must of course be made to our form master, Mr. Bereson, who was deluded into thinking we worked harder than last year's matric., and Dennis Harvie, who returned from an American Field Service Scholarship at the end of second term with an atrocious American accent and the hope of passing his matric. in one term.

That, BROTHER, is the lot.

**5A** has completed a lovely year together under the guiding name of Mr. Waters.

Being so talented a form, 5A has of course excelled in all fields, both sporting and academic. Geoffrey Clements, one of our beloved prefects, brought honour to our form with his success on the tennis court. Jenifer Flood, Jill Evans, Ian Catchlove and Geoffrey Booth, outstanding members of the form, proved their ability by giving excellent performances in the very successful production of Hamlet.

Geoffrey Booth has also proved himself a good scholar by being one of the outstanding pupils at scholastic ability and Norman Coruthers came third in the State for an essay on insurance.

With such overwhelming evidence, we can be sure that those who read this will agree with our decision to nominate 5A as the best form of 1961.



**5B** "To be or not to be." At the beginning of this year 5B decided it was nobler in the mind to suffer, which we proceeded to do in the hope of acquiring our Leaving Certificates. Frances Hubel has been the most successful sufferer, gaining averages of 83% in Term 1 and 87% in Term 2.

The rest of us have tried vainly to emulate Frances's achievements.

Although 5B is not particularly sport-minded (our main activity is walking from class to class), we do have people like Anne Henley, Janet Holley, Jean Fussel and Frances Hubel, who were selected for the sporting teams which went to Woodville.

A newcomer to Brighton this year was Zipporah Males, formerly of Perth. Within a week "Zippy" had convinced us that a) Perth is definitely Utopia. b) She was a secret agent of the West Australian Tourist Bureau. She has effectively sabotaged Mr. Bolte's "Come to Victoria" speeches. Lloyd Carrick is a keen amateur photographer who also plays the clarinet skilfully as he demonstrated at several assemblies during the year. Roger Kibell portrayed the dandified courtier Osric most convincingly in Hamlet, and looked very fetching in his elaborate clothing. At the beginning of the year we elected Janet Holley and Gerd Cernovs as form captains, and we thank them for the conscientious fulfilment of their duties. Each Tuesday morning, Mr. Vardon stands at the front of Room 14 offering advice, making helpful suggestions and, unfortunately, cracking unbelievably corny jokes. Despite this unfortunate habit, Mr. Vardon has been the driving force behind 5B and we all thank him sincerely for his help throughout 1961.

**5C** This year 5C, a mixed form, has resided in room 15, under the supervision of "Farmer Wilson." By some strange coincidence the boys outnumber the girls 2:1. The form welcomed four new students: Jennie Ratten, Mike Johns, Eddy Khoury, and from Singapore, Ray Mo, who has topped the form—well done.

Many members of our form have represented the school in various sports. Of the girls who visited Woodville this year, Catherine Jackson and Margaret Norman (hockey), Gillian McDonald (softball) and Julie Howes (tennis) were from 5C.

In inter-school competitions throughout the year girls from 5C represented Brighton High School in athletics, Julie Howes; hockey, Catherine Jackson and Margaret Norman; softball, Gillian McDonald and Margaret Oakley; tennis, Julie Howes; and in the volleyball, Gillian McDonald and Rosemary Reed. Sandra Krause assisted in the backstage production of Hamlet.

The boys also represented the school in sport. The following achieved recognition in individual events or in teams. Athletics, Tony Morris, Ian Patterson, Mick Patterson and Nip Raisbeck. Cricket, Barry Little, Ian Patterson and Mick Patterson. Congratulations to the first eleven in winning the 1961 Central High Schools Premiership. First eighteen, Eddy Khoury, Barry Little, Phil Lodge, Ian Patterson, Mick Patterson and Nip Raisbeck. Finally the tennis—Brian Newton.

There are also three prefects in the form: Phil Lodge, Ian Patterson and Mick Patterson, as well as two house captains: Mick Patterson and Nip Raisbeck.

To all students of this form leaving school we wish you success as you step out into the world; and to those returning, see you next year—in form 5?

**5D** Having once again completed another year at Brighton High School, we are greatly indebted to many people for helping us hurdle the second last barrier, Form Five.

Being a brilliant form we have excelled in all fields. Scholastically we were represented by Helen Teague, Josie Waddell, Cara Wilson and Phillip Smith.

We were represented in Hamlet by Eric Ward and John Hannah, who gave very creditable performances. This displays some of our brilliance, but as a sporting form we exhibited our greatest

talents. Representing the girls in school teams were Dawn Whitbourne, Heather Sneesby, Helen Teague, Josie Waddell, Vivien Sturrock, Margaret Speedy, Sylvia Schleicher, Diana Ward and Candy Rogers.

Candy was our American guest who stayed with us for eight months and we appreciated her presence and her customs.

We are very proud of Sylvia Schleicher, a talented pianist who has played at various school functions during the year and who won the Dandenong Concerto Scholarship for 1961.

Representing the boys in school teams were John Vial, Geoff Smith, Brian Stanley, John Wilson, David Stewart, Robert Waterson and Paul Wilsmore.

Our form captains this year were Paul Wilsmore and Viv Sturrock, assisted by vice-captains Geoff Smith and Jenny Whitney. Our form teacher was Miss Carey, who has helped us greatly throughout the year.

**4A** This year 4A is really 4As—amiable, angelic, ardent and 'appy. Mrs. Humphries, our form mistress, has continually striven to keep it so, together with form captains Glynn Elias and Robyn Roseman. The vice form captains are Ian Thomas and Lynette Baker. Lynette also helps Sandra Trunoff in the hard, but pleasant, task of collecting social services.

As usual three boys topped the form. These are Peter Fraser, Tony Wallace and Frank Henley, but they are closely followed by Carol Fussel, metaphorically speaking.

On the other hand, in the sporting field the girls shine. Out of 50 girls going to Woodville, South Australia, ten are from 4A. They are: Carol Fussel and Lois Williamson in the basketball team, Kaye Truman and Pat Reddie in the tennis, Elizabeth Paterson, Sandra Trunoff, Robyn Thompson and Lynette Baker in hockey, and Robyn Roseman in softball. To make the tenth is Jill Lowe, who is going as debater. The swimmers are Betty Kosky and Lois Williamson.

But we have a few athletes among the boys, these being Peter Watmuff, Ian Thomas, Peter Keep, Alkis Joanides, Peter Jacobs and Glynn Elias.

Two newcomers to the form are Lynne Morrey, whom we welcome from England, and Robyn Diggins, from Beaumaris High.

Five members of our form participated in the inter-house plays. Phillip: Lynette Baker, Glynn Elias and John Lawire; Grant: Robyn Thompson; Lonsdale: Jill Lowe, who was also in the school play of Hamlet.

We greatly appreciate the help and co-operation which the teachers have given us this year, especially Mrs. Humphries, who unfortunately has been absent lately through ill-health.

**4B** "Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown."

As it is with the head of our esteemed form teacher, Mr. L'Isle. (No relation to G.-G.) "The qualities of mercy are not strained," but might have become had our form teacher, Miss Wise, not become Mrs. Cook and to our lamenting, left this school accompanied by 4B's bunch of flowers, telegram and flame shell heater, manufactured by Vulcan Pty. Ltd. "The play is the thing . . ." but would not have been without the brilliant acting of Ian Cooper in his dual role of Marcellus and the Grave Digger in the school's presentation of Hamlet.

"Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears." The debaters who borrowed the ears were Robert A. Skillicorn, Peter Young, Ruth Sput and Joyce Duggan.

"A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse." Although our sporting curriculum does not include equestrian activities we are privileged to have the captain of the soccer team, Emry Bihary, and his teammates, Greg Walsh, John Ferguson and Bruce Fletcher, in our form. Peter Pamphillon, Wayne Jones and Tony Smeeton helped sustain the legend of "Aussie Rules" in the under fifteens.

Stars of volley ball were Jenne Harding, Joyce

Duggan and Wendy Milligan while Sue Spencer made a favourable impression with her brilliant tennis.

House swimmers were Bruce Drogan and Wayne Jones, but Ian Englert represented the school in this sport.

"I hold the world but as the world." To hold us on the straight and narrow, there are form captains Rosalind Griffiths and Peter Young.

"Romeo, Romeo, where for art thou?" Certainly not in 4B . . . so be it.

**4C** Occasionally we have a full cast of 34 pupils.

We have in our midst many Houdinis, of whom the majority are Houdiniettes.

In theory Robert Neal is form captain and optimistic ha'penny social service collector.

Our chief personification of personality is a girl, a form captain, court lady, teacher tantalizer, and Wendy Ham.

Although many wish to remain anonymous, their names here are unfolded — Sherrin Iverson, Judy Pascoe, Susan Gresham, David Haliday, Tom Valenta, Peter Fortune, Regine Smulewicz represented the school in the sporting field. Although many did well, ask no questions and you'll be told no lies, regarding the fate of our competitors. Another competent competitor of our society is an interstate high school diver, producer of Grant house play, and Judy Stone.

Barry Law, a trumpet player, excelled in spine-chilling variety to assemblies throughout the year, playing with either a talented group or solo.

The opinion towards us from the different teachers vary, therefore we sincerely thank them for being so consistent in their attendance with us.

Our petite belle, form mistress Miss Bennet has had her nerves stretched, and she has our sympathy although it is not always shown.

Finally, our sincere thanks (and apologies) go to all those who did their utmost to conserve this form.

**4D** The beginning of this year saw the boys of 4D start the 4D students' union which unanimously elected Robert Bishop and Ralph Levy as form captains.

Throughout the year the form has had many successful strikes and uprisings with unionists excelling themselves at all sports.

Hough, Mitchell, Shaw, Levy, Oakley, Raftapulos and Turner played for school football teams. Griffith and Bishop were in the first cricket teams, with Hough, Shaw and Boston in the second. Stewart gained selection in the State under 16 soccer team.

**4E** Form 4E is a happy class of 43 attractive girls who do the Commercial course. Our form captains are Helen Beck and Merrill Taylor. Mrs. Sherrington is both our form mistress and English teacher and all the work she has done for us is very much appreciated. Diane Brown is our top scholar for first and second terms.

We were represented in the house swimming sports by Jenny Espie, Chris Clark and Pat Howarth. Jenny Espie and Pat Howarth also competed in the school swimming sports. Barbara Hogan, Diane Doughty, Chris Clark, Merrill Taylor and Pat Howarth went on the trip to Woodville High School and had a most enjoyable week.

There is considerable talent in Form 4E. Chris Dobson, Diane Doughty and Carol Hillis are prominent trumpet players and every Tuesday morning the sweet sound of their trumpets can be heard floating out from the hall.

Susan King was the leading lady in the Lonsdale House play "In a Glass Darkly" and Chris Clark was a court lady in the school production of Hamlet.

In conclusion we thank all the teachers for their help and encouragement throughout the year and sincerely hope that we shall be a credit to them and to our school.

**3A** This is the story of the great ship "Mrs. Robertson." It begins where captains Ian Hannaford and Jennifer Banoff go abroad to find that rogue Stacy Meeking stealing a carton of





chewing gum. Immediately he is sent below to the taskmaster, Alan Walmsley, who sends him to help the cooks, Elaine McDonald, Faye Brockley and Tyra Shoemith. The captains called for Brigadier Bridgart and Commander Coutts to put on the Ketels and make a cup of coffee without K(r)eam. On the deck Janice is taking a Knapp. and Annette Isaacs is running round the swimming pool as fast as only she can, with Darryl Trotting behind. In the pool we see Chris Jackson, Val Rosen and Lloyd Loftus having a swimming race. At the desk we see Anna Rosner and Peter Liddell working madly at the books. We put out to sea but soon darkness closed in and we all retired to our various Chambers. We were awakened in the morning by a little Nightingale that popped out of the cuckoo clock. From the kitchen came the smell of fried eggs being cooked by Eli Fryher. Soon every Mann could be seen in the dining room. Above the sound of clattering dishes could be heard the voice of chief chef Bodsworth shooting orders to the cooks. After breakfast the sailors gave a gym display, but First Officer Phillip ripped his jacket while doing a back-Bender. He quickly went to the Taylor. Gathered around the table-tennis table we see Sue Hodgson, Pam Gleeson, Mary Waddell, Colyn Poutney and Michael Remi watching the mixed doubles tournament between Sue Bromley, Ian Pascarl, Glenice Skerman and Louis Gross. In the library, grouped round the humorous corner, Margaret Moorrees, Robert Russel and Judy Murray are laughing Merritt(ly), Armida and Bev are playing deck quoits while John Richards scores. But wait, Roselyn on the Helm(er) has just sighted land. Our thanks to Mrs. Robertson for helping us throughout the journey.

**3B** In last year's edition of the Voyager 3B was mentioned as having "a dignified atmosphere." It is with great pleasure that we announce that this year's 3B has carried on the tradition. This has been the result of our very conscientious form captains, Jenny Hyland and David Rayson. Our thanks go to Mr. Hardy and all the other teachers who have so ably assisted us throughout the year.

Our form was well represented in school sporting events this year. Carrol Westward and Jeffery Moran were outstanding in the combined swimming sports, David Rayson and David Mullins also represented their house in the swimming sports with near-victories. Robert Condon and Bruce Warren-Smith starred in the under fourteen and fifteen football teams. Peter Ridder played in the school soccer team and Kathryn Henderson represented the school in the volley ball team.

During the course of the year tennis, chess and table tennis competitions were held within the form. Eventually the tennis tournament was won by Sam Abramowitch, the chess by Robert Rubens and the table tennis by George Golvan. The competitions were very well organized and very successful.

This year we have noticed outstanding scholastic achievements by Kerry Hobbs, Noemi Schiick and Graham Seamer, all with averages over eighty.

3B was well connected with the production of Hamlet. Our form captain, David Rayson, is the stage manager, and spent many later hours backstage in the production of the play. Jeff Moran and Frank Dawson also worked hard in the stage crew. Margaret Hayes had a part in the play, and also had a part in the house play.

So you can see that we are not only "dignified" but a happy, conscientious, hard-working group.

**3C** This year form 3C is privileged to have Mr. Cantieni as our esteemed form teacher. This year's form captains are Kay Lawrie and Robin Whitehead, who endeavour to keep the class in order when the teacher is not present. As well as being our form captain Robin has had the honour of being a member of the stage crew. In our midst we have a talented actress, Jill Willeinson, who took part in the school play of Hamlet. There is never a dull moment when Ray Wallace (our clown) is at school. We are represented in most





fields of sport by Robin Whitehead (long jump), Barbara Hancock (running and swimming), Keith Warren-Smith (vice-captain under 15 football team), Maureen Codby (running) and Sue Stewart (swimming), who are but a few of our athletes.

Academic achievements by Hilda Mandl, Barbara Hancock, Blanche Malinovsky were notable.

We thank all the teachers for (trying) to put up with form 3C.

**3D** Our form consists of 36 boys under the guidance of Mr. Newbold, ably assisted by Bill Brown and Neil Best, who were form captains. In our form we have many pupils who have competed in many different fields of sport:

E.g. Ian Strong was a member of the school tennis, swimming and athletics teams.

Bill Brown was captain of the under 14 football team and also a member of the under 15 football team.

Neil Best was in the swimming, first football, under 15 football, second cricket team and athletics teams.

Randal Morris, David Berkeley, Russell Rowe were also in the under 15 football team.

Our social service monitor, David Berkeley, had a great time in extracting money from our would-be donors.

Last, but not least, we thank all the teachers who assisted us throughout the year.

**3E** is a commercial form of fifty girls. Our form teacher is Mrs. Murray, who has tried to improve our standards in English this year. The form captains are Carol Blake and Elaine Smith, who are assisted by vice-captains Helen Hasforth and Heather Wilsmore. The "intellectuals" of our form are Jillian Anderson, Louise Manuel and Elizabeth Hill, all of whom gained very high averages in the term examinations.

To aid social service funds, the "Rockers" of our form held concerts in the hall. These were financial successes.

In the field of sport we are quite talented, being represented in basketball, volley ball, tennis, softball and swimming. Jillian Anderson represented us in the basketball team when members of our school visited Woodville.

During the year we all attended two orchestral concerts in the Melbourne Town Hall. These were deeply appreciated, if only for the bus ride.

Finally, we thank all the teachers who have helped us throughout the year—especially for their kindness and understanding!

**3F** In 3F this year we have 20 boys. We are well represented in sport: Wayne Aigner and Denis Lansbury in the football team. Even though we have boys in sport we also have actors who played in the school production of Hamlet. These were Peter Rule, John Green and the form captain Ian Deegan. This year six 3F boys billeted Woodville boys; they were Wayne Aigner, Tracy Shannon, Peter Clarke, John Gourlay, Warren Turnbull and Geoffrey Taylor. Our form teacher, Mr. Oyston, was the producer of Hamlet and we extend our thanks to him for helping us this year. We were generous this year in Social Service; on an average we gave 5/- per week. Bruce Watt raised £1/15/- by selling rides on his go-kart. The form has developed a remarkable sense of humour to counteract the severe discipline and stern rules imposed on them. We always come up smiling (Ha Ha). All our thanks to all our teachers for teaching us form captains this year were Ian Deegan, captain; this year. Thanks very much Mr. Oyston. The and Ian Hendrie, vice-captain.

**3G** this year consists of 28 girls doing a domestic course, with the inclusion of Typing with Mrs. Morris as our Form Mistress and Glenise Stephenson and Pam Henderson as Form Captains. We are quite a brilliant crowd, with the top average Glenise Stephenson 70%, Sue and Judy Faulkener. Jan Lowe and Annette Fuller are our sporting individuals having represented us in the swimming sports. Half-way through the year we lost Mrs. Richardson, our very popular Needlework and Cookery teacher, and we have Mrs. Pascoe to take her place. I would like to interest you further in our form activities, but unfortunately will have to close to make room for others.

**2A** If you have ever been told that this year 2A is one of the noisiest forms in the school, it is quite true.

Kathryn, Kent and John supply most of the form's comedy.

Our two form captains are Michelle Whitney and Warwick Hall.

Andrew Halmos, the bell monitor, never forgets to ring the bell on time.

Michelle Whitney topped the form in the first term with an average of 93. Only .1% behind her was Janet Sales, who achieved second place. Third was Margaret Cumming with a 91 average.

In the sports field we are well represented. Carolyn Ketels, as well as being in the school fencing team, is junior house captain of Lonsdale with Margaret Roaseman as vice-captain. Audone Dumskis is junior house captain of Murray. Ross Bingham and John Kilpatrick are in the under 14 football team. John is also a member of the cricket team. Michael Evans is our star runner. 2A was well represented in the swimming sports at the beginning of the year.

Through the year we held a sweet stall and a rock and roll concert. From these two functions we collected about £7 for social services.

Finally, we extend our thanks to all of our teachers, especially Mr. Grandy, our form teacher, who have managed to teach us something this year.

**2B** At the beginning of the year Tom Stoyadinovich and Cheryl Morey were selected form captains by a wide margin of votes due to their popularity. Then John Fleming and Margaret Bentley were selected vice-captains. Both were captains in different forms last year. Our brains who hope to be in 3A next year are Ian Ross, Wendy Ross and Caroline Ross . . . oops Caroline Moore, with respectively 88%, 92%, 88%. David Harvest is our mathematician. David Jacobs is our American, happy-go-lucky, carefree rocker, and Sandra Larke kills the teachers by dozens with her ironic and logical remarks. Of course the picture wouldn't be finished without the help of Geoffrey Orr, our aristocrat-slang-free-actor. We have a good sporting form, as five of our boys are in the under 14 football, three in the soccer team, and two in the under 14 cricket team, while two of our boys are house captains. We have had quite a variety service ladder. We had a cake stall and raised about £3 and momentarily shot us up the ladder, but only momentarily (shot us up) as we were overcome by 2A and company. Finally, we thank all the teachers who helped us heartily but not always willingly. We really enjoyed our school year (most of us) and we hope to be together next year, pupils and teachers.

**2C** Form 2C has had quite a successful year. The form consists of 25 girls and 20 boys, making a total of 45 in all. Form captains are





Joan Eyles and Algi Kruksciunas, with vice-captains Dorothy Willis and Peter Jones.

Brains for first term Tosca Kulagin 83% and Sandra Phelps 80%. Second term Sandra Phelps 80% and Tosca slipping down to second place with 78%.

Fay Englert and Barbara Espie were both in the swimming sports and did very well.

Football. John Rhimes, Graeme Mellet were in the under 14 team also John was in the cricket team. So much for sport. I'm afraid we only had one person in the plays, who was Tosca Kulagin.

Graham Akinston is house captain of Lonsdale. Judith Howarth captain of Grant, and Dorothy Hanlon captain of Phillip.

Enough for the activities of the form. I'm sure that all of 2C would like to display their deepest gratitude to our form teacher, Mrs. Hayes, for putting up with us right through the year. Also being a wonderful help to us.

**2D** consists of 22 girls and 16 boys; they have all helped to make social service and our stalls a success.

We are represented by our form captains, Ilona Treleaven and Peter Robertson, assisted by their deputies, Maureen Banoff and Robert Jolly.

Robert Schvyver topped the form with an average of 82%, closely followed by Bill Franks, 79%, with Carol Roberts third with an average of 73%.

The pupils in our form are very active; and Don Chisholm being very enthusiastic in tennis; has been enlisted for the team. Jim Stait is an excellent cricketer and fast bowler. Wendy Paganetti and Maureen Banoff are both in the basketball team. Robyn Wilton represented Murray house in the house sports at the beginning of the year, in swimming.

We very much appreciate Mr. O'Doherty's efforts as our form teacher and for putting up with a form like ours! And last of all we thank all the other teachers who have persevered with us during the year of 1961.

**2E** consists of fifteen girls and thirteen boys. The two form captains of 2E are Valerie Took and Ron Denton and the vice-captains are Mary Langlands and Martyn Hart. Our form teacher is Mrs. Held, who also is our English teacher, whom we thank for all she has done for us this year, and all the other teachers who have been so patient with us throughout the year.

**1A** Our form consists of 23 girls and 24 boys. This has been a good year, for most of us did well in our first exam in the second term.

Two redheads, Robert Bell and Dinah Caln, and a blonde, Margot Cornelius, came top. Our form captains are Marilyn Clayton and Chris Anderson. Marilyn and also Linda Declaria went into hospital for operations. During the second term the boys challenged 2A to a football match and lost by four points (2-5 to 2-1).

Mr. Moorrees, our Geography teacher, is also our form teacher. Dinah Caln left for England at the beginning of last term and sent us a postcard from Hong Kong. She expects to be with us again in the second term next year. Our thanks to all teachers who have helped us this year, in particular, Mr. Moorrees.

**1B** This year we have had many sportsmen and sportswomen such as:

Soccer: Peter Kurta.

Cricket: Ron McLeod, Peter Kurta.

Swimming: Peter Jones, Yantina Klaver, Jenifer Job. 1B boys played 1D and 1C and won both games of football.

We held a form sweet stall early in the year for social service. We raised approximately £2/15/-.

We thank the form captains, Ronald McLeod and Inna Klimenko, and Miss Golding, our form teacher, for their assistance.

**1C** This year our form captains were Anne McWilliam and Robert Pitcher, who were ably assisted by Cheryl Northeast and John Moor. Kaye Millard, Helen Leeden, Margaret McKenzie, Phillip Newey and Lindsay McMillan swam in the school house sports. Our form was well represented in the gym display on Education Day by Roy Park, Paul Rouse, Alan Moor and Chris Mark. Christene Patterson and Robert McNamara both had the outstanding average of 90% in the second term exams. We have some boys on the junior stage and seat crew. We are very fortunate this year to have two new members to add to our form, Janet Howe from Johannesburg, South Africa, and Stephen Nowland from Sydney. There are eight girls from our form in the choir, and fortunately no boys. Our social service monitors are Cheryl Northeast and John Moor. Finally, we thank our form teacher, Mrs. Goulberg, for the support she has given during the year.

**1D** form captains are Dale Williams and Gavin Sharpe. They are assisted by Sandra Walker and Chris Thompson. Our social service representatives are Ann Smith and Bruce Woodham. In the beginning of the year we raised money for social service up to ten shillings but by the end of the second term the amount had dropped down to two shillings. During the year we had a sweet stall and we raised £2/14/- for social service.

In the first two terms two European children came into our form. They are Heidi, who came from Germany, and Patrick, who came from France. Margaret Waddell, Alison Teague and Chris Thompson took part in the swimming sports earlier in the year. Our boys played football matches against 1B and 1A but they were unsuccessful. Our brightest student for the first half-year was Graham Warren, whose average was 92.9.

We thank Miss Judd, our form mistress, for her assistance during the year, and we also thank our other teachers for their help.

**1E** Form 1E consisted of 19 girls at the beginning of the year, but two have now left. Sally Chenery has gone to live in Adelaide, and Lorraine Kerr has gone to earn a living. Our form captain is Marian Child and our vice form captain is Lynette Anning. They have tried to control us throughout the year.

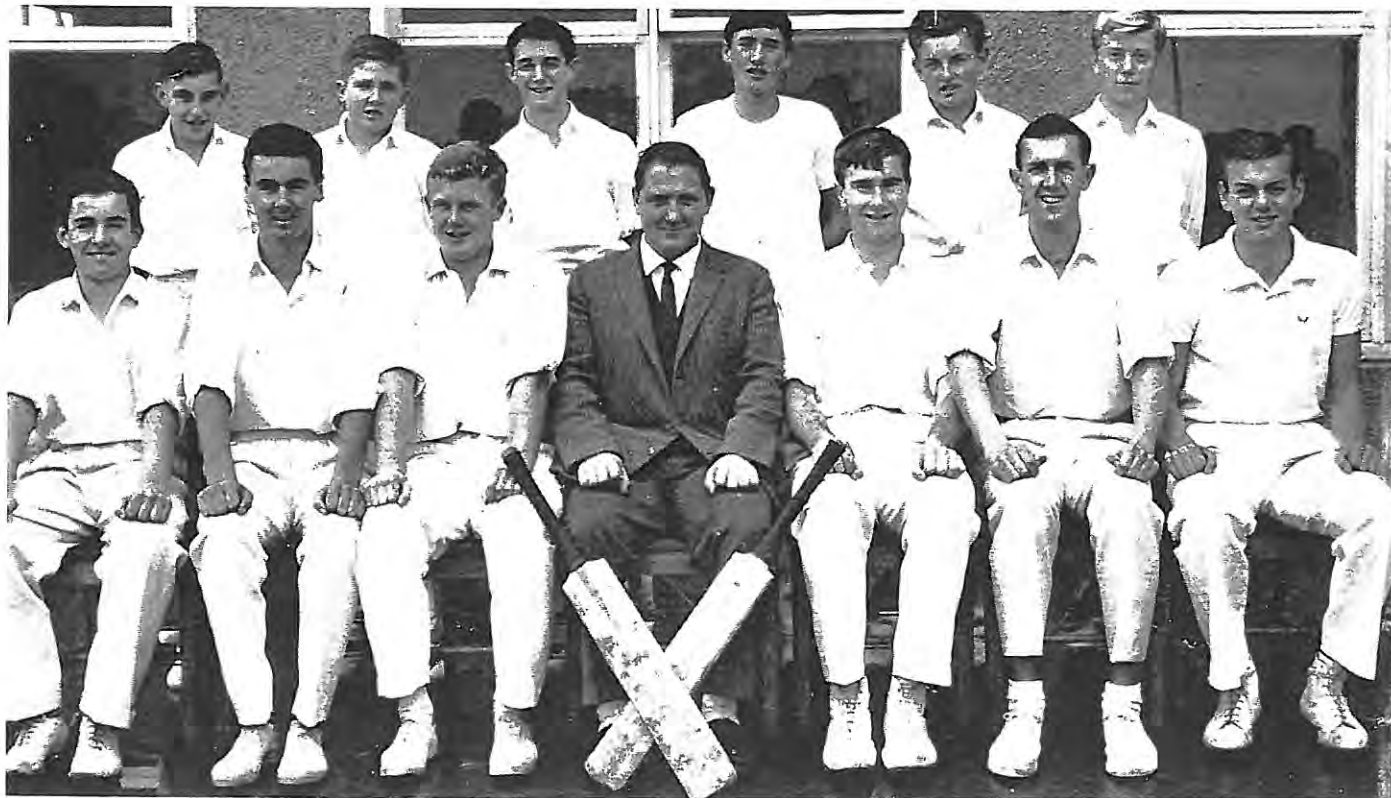
Our form teachers, Mrs. Richardson and Mrs. Pascoe, have been very good to us during the year. We were all very sad when Mrs. Richardson left us half-way through the year, but are very pleased to have Mrs. Pascoe in her place.

We also have two very good artists, Rosleigh Watts and Susan Hepburn. In sport we have Beverley Iverson and Marian Child in the swimming team. Marie Dawson represented us in the school basketball team. Marie went to Woodville with the school as a basketballer. Also Marie is in Lonsdale for the house sports as a runner.

As we are not very brainy, in 1E Lynette Anning's average was a very good 70, Jean Koetsier 67.3, Marion Child 64.3 and Lorraine Miller 64.2.

Lorraine Miller, Suzanne Curtis and Carol Leigh are very interested in stamp collecting.

The two comedienesses of the form are Suzanne (Aggie) Curtis and Rosleigh (Peanuts) Watts. Last but not least we would like to thank the teachers who put up with us throughout the year.



## sports notes

### cricket

After the dismal showing of the first Cricket XI last year, many of the boys returned to school this year determined to avenge their previous defeats. They were very successful for a comparatively inexperienced team, and eventually won the Central Division Premiership despite one defeat by Box Hill. The essence of the successes was determination and a very closely-knit team spirit which developed more and more as the season progressed. The team was captained by Michael Patterson and the vice-captain was John Chambers.

#### Camberwell v. Brighton

Camberwell won the toss and sent Brighton into bat on a wicket which had some early morning "life." After an early "collapse" Brighton were finally dismissed for 169 runs, including a fine 84 runs by Barry Little and a sound 27 runs by Peter Watmuff, who was playing his first game with the first eleven.

Camberwell commenced their innings on a pitch that was expected to give little help to our bowlers. However, contrary to "expert" opinion, the pitch did some unexpected things towards the end of the afternoon, and Camberwell were dismissed for 127 runs. The low score of the Camberwell XI was due to the bowling efforts of John Chambers, who took five wickets, and spin-bowler David Stewart, who took three wickets. The bowling was magnificently supported by wicket-keeper Michael Patterson, who claimed seven victims: five catches and two stumpings.

#### University v. Brighton

The game against University High School commenced in overcast and showery weather. University batted first and our bowlers, who were using sawdust on the bowling approaches, had considerable

difficulty in claiming eight University wickets for 118 runs at lunch.

During the lunch-break the rain became very heavy, making play impossible and the game was declared a draw.

#### Brighton v. Northcote

Northcote won the toss and batted on a good wicket in fine weather. Due to a fine bowling effort by John Chambers, who took six wickets, Northcote were dismissed for the total of 171 runs.

In the early afternoon Brighton batted and with a good second-wicket partnership by Michael Patterson and Barry Little the way was paved for the winning total of 193 runs. This match was notable for the consistent scoring of all batsmen and in particular Barry Little, David Stewart and Wayne Aigner.

#### Melbourne v. Brighton

Brighton won the toss and sent Melbourne in to bat on a wicket which looked promising for our bowlers. The Melbourne High batsmen received an unexpected "shock" from our bowlers when they lost their first four wickets for 22 runs. However, their later batsmen managed to partially stabilize the team and Melbourne High's final score was 127. Once again Barry Little, David Stewart and John Chambers took the bowling honours, while Michael Patterson "trapped" three behind the stumps.

The Brighton batsmen made an even more ignoble beginning to their innings than did their Melbourne counterparts. Brighton lost six wickets for 55 runs and our position looked hopeless. This precarious position was saved by two of our younger players. David Stewart and Robert Bishop who, with patience, moral support and considerable luck, managed to add 62 runs for the loss of the seventh wicket. When Robert Bishop lost his wicket Brighton still required 11 runs to win with only three wickets standing. Just before the end of play we scored the necessary runs to defeat the strong Melbourne High team.

#### Brighton v. Box Hill

On an ideal batting wicket Brighton won the toss and Michael Patterson decided to bat. The Brighton total of 165 runs was made mainly by Barry Little who made 60 runs and Peter Watmuff who made 38 runs. The Brighton total was thought by the team to be sufficient to beat Box Hill.

However, in the afternoon the game really turned into a social match, after Box Hill had deservedly won, when everyone in the Brighton team had a bowl. Box Hill were eventually all out for the





mammoth total of 360 runs. Although Brighton were defeated, it was a very enjoyable match with over 500 runs being scored in the one day.

In conclusion, the season of 1961 was very successful for the Brighton First XI. Much of the success of the team was due to Mr. Frank, who also gave some very "good" decisions while umpiring. The batting strength was led by Barry Little, Michael Patterson, Peter Watmuff and David Stewart. The bowling was carried by three bowlers. John Chambers, Barry Little and David Stewart. An interesting point about the bowling is that after the initial opening attack there was always a fast and slow bowler bowling from either end so that the opposing batsmen were never allowed to settle down against one particular type of attack. Behind the stumps Michael Patterson maintained a faultless standard throughout the season. In the field the bowlers were ably supported by Ian Patterson, Wayne Aigner, Robert Bishop, Phillip Smith, Niel Griffiths and David Jamieson. Tony Cooper also gave valuable support to the team as an efficient scorer.

### soccer notes

Although there has not been a great interest in soccer at this school yet, there was a tremendous improvement in this game at the school.

I would like to thank Mr. Bereson and Mr. Frank, on behalf of the team and myself, for everything they have done for us.

Although winning only three out of the eight games played, we have developed a good standard of soccer in the school. The coaching was done by E. Bihary, and it was pleasing to see new faces every Tuesday night. The youngest player in the team was first-former P. Kurta, who has a bright future ahead of him as a soccer player.

For the All-High School soccer team five boys were sent to represent Brighton High School at the selection, and all of them were selected. A. Stewart, T. Stoydonavitch and E. Bihary won selection for the under 16 team which toured South Australia for one week, while R. Mace and F. Gombos were selected for the under 17 team which played the Combined Technical Schools at Olympic Park.

Both F. Gombos and E. Bihary visited New South Wales for ten days last year with the Victorian State soccer team.

The two most improved players for the season are P. Fortune and G. Walsh.

*E. Bihary, Captain-Coach*

### baseball notes

The baseball team completed a relatively successful season, but was handicapped by the lack of experienced players and all-round strength. Although winning only two games out of the eight contested, the team functioned creditably against superior opposition. The team thanks Mr. Carkeek and all the others who aided us during the season.

*T. Bell*

### first football team

The first eighteen football team did not meet with the success the first cricket team had this year. Unfortunately it did not win a match but many were closely fought, and it must be remembered that it is only a young side with only ten players from last year's team playing. Considering we were competing in the highest zone against older schools we did remarkably well with Melbourne High and Box Hill High only defeating us by small margins.

The side was capably captained by John Chambers and Michael Patterson and they with the rest of the team wish to thank Mr. Frank for giving up his valuable time in tirelessly coaching the side throughout the year. But unfortunately for Mr. Frank there were some boys in the school selected in the side who failed to turn up, with the result that in most matches this year we did not field the best team possible.

A word also must be given to Ian Patterson, Geoff Booth, Phil Lodge, Barry Little, Eddie Khong and Wayne Aigner who played consistently throughout the year.

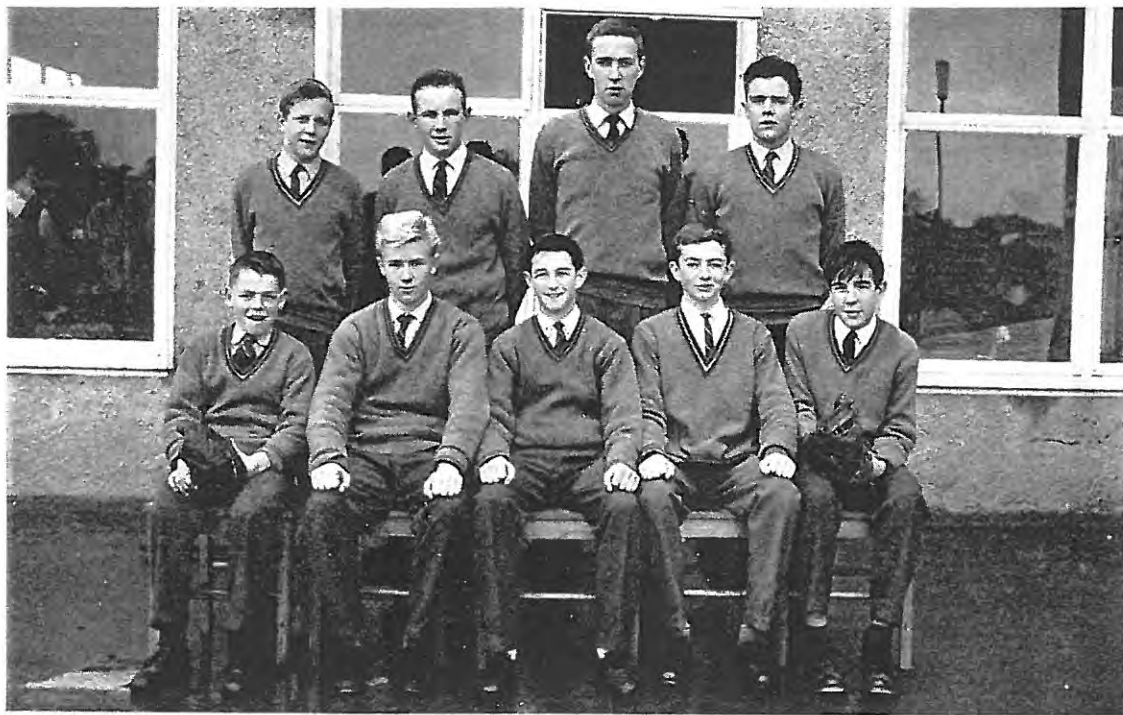
The highlight of the football season was the match against Woodville High. Unfortunately there were several injuries during the game, predominantly Ian Patterson who broke his cheekbone and was rushed to hospital. After a close struggle we were narrowly defeated.

We also wish to congratulate Wayne Aigner and Geoff Booth who played in the annual under 16 high schools v. public schools.

Our captain, John Chambers, travelled to Canberra with the Victorian High School team which defeated Duntroon Military College by ten goals.







## **school volleyball notes**

Although the volleyball teams this year have been unsuccessful in the majority of our matches we have completed the season with much more experience than when we began. The team captains this year were Viv Sturrock and Diana Ward for the first and second teams respectively. Miss Judd has also been extremely helpful by giving up much of her spare time to train us and we would like to thank her very much for her assistance throughout the year.



## **girls tennis notes**

This year the girls school tennis team, captained by Vivien Fellowes, and the seconds, captained by Ronda Marris, played against schools in the Central Division. The teams this year were stronger than previously, and although we were unlucky not to have many wins, the girls played well together as a team. The first team consisted of Janet Holley, Vivien Fellowes, Frances Hubel, Julie Howes, Lorraine Allan, Elizabeth Woodbridge, Heather Sneesby, and Pat Reddie. The best pair was Pat Reddie and Heather Sneesby who were beaten in only one match. The highlight of our year was the Woodville trip and for weeks before, girls were practising determinedly on the school courts. In spite of all the practice, we were defeated nine sets to three, and eight sets to four, but several pairs proved their competence. Frances Hubel and Pat Reddie won both their doubles and Frances and Heather Sneesby won their singles. Janet Holley, our vice-captain, was unlucky to narrowly lose her singles match against Woodville's "champ," Christine Wakelia. It was pleasing to see Julie Howes come up this year to play second pair in inter-school matches. Karen Brame and Sylvia Campbell, who played first pair in the second team, should be promising future players for Brighton High. Two players of the second, Kaye Truman and Lois Williamson, accompanied the first team to Woodville and although beaten, they played consistently.

Next year we hope to see some of the juniors fill the places of the seniors who are leaving this year, and we wish the team luck in future inter-school matches.

## **hockey notes, 1961**

This year saw great improvement and enthusiasm in the hockey team. We improved our teamwork tremendously and gave the teams we played stronger opposition than in previous years. Our great victory was against Macrob. High who beat us the first time 8-1 and whom we defeated 2-1 at our second meeting. Apart from one draw the rest of the scores were in favour of the opposition—against Camberwell 1-1, 2-0 and against University 3-2, 6-0—but we think that scores are not the only indication to a good hockey match.

We looked forward to and practised hard for our matches in Woodville and were rewarded for our enthusiasm by a close 2-1 defeat and a 2-all draw against their unbeaten team. Despite some very fast and close matches our casualties included nothing more serious than a black eye, a black thumb and a few bruised legs. All the girls played well and as a team in every match. For this we owe many thanks to our coach, Mr. Hardy, for his help during the year.





## athletics notes

On the morning of October 6, the sun rose and climbed its way into the heavens through a cloudless sky; Dendy Park was at its verdant best, a fine track lay waiting for the swift passing of many feet. The stage was set for a day of humble victories and gallant defeats in many closely-contested events.

Among the many fine wins recorded in both track and field events some successful competitors bear special mention:

The most outstanding performer was C. Ditterich of Murray, who won six events: J. Chambers, senior sprint champion; also Jacobs of Grant; and A. Joannides of Murray. Among the girls Eva Colin of Grant was successful, and we saw Gold first over the line several times as Marie Dawson won convincingly for Lonsdale.

Other competitors worth note are: Pat Howarth, Annette Isaacs, Chris Cheyne, Anne Henley, D. Chambers, T. Morris Wilkes, G. Clements and J. Raisbeck, who incidentally won the cross-country run.

In general, the standard of the house sports was high, as many records fell during the course of the afternoon. The Meehan Cup for the house relay was won by Lonsdale. But the Grant girls crushed all opposition and managed to clinch an overall win for their house while Murray were runners-up.

The next chance we had to show our athletic prowess was at the Combined High School Sports (central division) on October 17. This is the second time we have taken part in this competition and I feel that the representatives of the school acquitted themselves creditably. Our winners were Eva Colin, who won the open discus and weight put. Marie Dawson was successful in the under fourteen sprint double and weight put, while Jacobs and Joannides won the hop, step and jump, and long jump respectively. Young Wilkes won the under thirteen seventy-five and hundred yards; D. Chambers won the under fifteen high jump; B. Parfait in the under fourteen high jump; and C. Ditterich, who won the under seventeen hop, step and jump and was also successful in the high jump in which he cleared six feet two inches to break the previous record by three inches.

As a member and a representative of the school athletics team I extend my thanks to Miss McLean, Mr. Frank and Mr. Lisle for their time and energy in coaching and helping us.

"For when the One Great Scorer comes  
To write against your name  
He marks—not that you won or lost—  
But how you played the game."

*Rex Chadwick*

## phillip house notes

The year 1961 has been one of steady improvement for Phillip House.

The opening event of the sporting activities was the swimming sports held at the Olympic Pool. Our most successful competitors were L. Rich, Sherrin Iverson, Lee Iverson, Sue Stewart and Cathryn Jackson as well as the under 14 girls' relay team.

In second term all thoughts were turned towards the house drama festival which Phillip won outright. The play, "The Folly of Sephanon," was produced by Val Winter, who did a creditable job. Rex Chadwick, who played the leading part, was judged as best actor of the day. He played a magnificent part and was supported by Lynette Baker, Ruth Sput, John Laurie, Bruce Cook and Glynn Elias. The well-planned setting of the stage and the skilful use of lighting added to the general effect of the play. Congratulations to the other houses on their fine performances.

The main competition among the boys was football. After a poor showing in the first match, the team rallied under the leadership of Ross Middleton to win the competition. The tennis team, although they met solid opposition, acquitted themselves well. Representing us in the school football team were Phillip Lodge, Robert Fox and Rex Chadwick; in the tennis team Ian Strong and Trevor Norton and in the baseball team the captain, David Stewart, Steve Ganon and Michel Moharich.

During the year, in girls' inter-house sport, Phillip has fared quite well but as the competitions have not finished we do not know the results. We have been well represented in the school teams and many of the girls went to Woodville; Diane Waters, Lynette Baker, Margaret Norman and Cathryn

Jackson in the hockey team; Elizabeth Woodbridge, Heather Sneezby and Pat Reddie in the tennis team; Jean Fussell, Carol Fussell and Marrill Taylor in the basketball team; Margo Allan and Ronda Marris in the softball team; and Ruth Sput and Diane Doughty in the debating team.

The athletic sports have not been held yet, but we hope that everyone in the house will do his best, and we wish the competitors good luck.

We thank our house mistresses and masters, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Hayes, Mr. Warhurst and Mr. Oyston, for their help this year, and also the vice house captains, Diane Waters and Phillip Lodge, for their support.

Thank you, Phillip House, for your enthusiasm and co-operation and we wish you every success in the future.

*Ronda Marris  
Rex Chadwick*

## lonsdale

In our house notes last year we mentioned that we were looking forward to greater success this year—we well have achieved this. The house competition began with the swimming and for the first time Lonsdale proved successful in this field, scoring a convincing win over the other houses. In this regard we would like to thank the swimmers, both girls and boys, who did their best to honour Lonsdale's name in this competition.

In Wednesday inter-house matches the senior girls have competed successfully in most sports. And many of our girls have represented us in the various school sports teams. The girls in the junior house, particularly in the basketball, have been doing well. We are very happy to observe this talent which foretells greater success in the future for our house.





#### HOUSE CAPTAINS

R. Marris, R. Chadwick, Phillip; E. Colin, J. Chambers, Grant; C. Chayne, J. Raisbeck, Murray;  
M. Patterson, J. Evans, Lonsdale.

The senior boys have carried on in a praiseworthy manner although this year they lost the football, mainly due to the fact that we have many players in the school team and frequently they were not with us for our matches. In cricket Lonsdale was again hampered by the loss of star players to the school team and although the remaining members tried hard, Lonsdale could only manage second place. The tennis team also competed successfully, winning a great majority of their matches.

In the house play Lonsdale's production proved extremely entertaining and although we only managed second place the actors are to be congratulated on the way they portrayed their characters. Lonsdale was also well represented in the school play, taking many leading roles.

When this magazine went to print the athletic sports had not been held but with our many fine athletes we expect them to uphold Lonsdale's name in the way our past members have.

Our thanks go to Mrs. Hamilton and Mr. Waters who have guided and inspired us throughout the year and also Mr. Hardy and Mr. Carkeek who have led the junior house.

In conclusion we especially thank the following members of Lonsdale who have proved themselves outstanding in these sports.

Swimming: Y. Klaver, H. Teague, B. Hancock, B. Espie, J. Espie, M. Clayton, B. Handby, J. Evans, M. Blair, R. Love, M. Evans.

Tennis: F. Hubel, L. Allen. Boys: B. Newton, Mullings, R. Love.

Cricket: M. Patterson, B. Little, R. Bishop.

Football: M. Patterson, B. Little, N. Kaine, G. Smith.

Basketball: R. Boyd, L. Allen, M. Dawson.

Hockey: H. Harris, S. Trunoff, H. Drysdale, J. Nimmo.

House Drama: G. Kidd, R. Love, D. Mann, J. Lowe, S. King.

Leading roles in school play: J. Evans, R. Love, J. Lowe.

Jill Evans  
Michael Patterson

#### grant house

This year, in contrast to previous years, house sports have taken second place to school sporting activities. However, although not as successful as in previous years, Grant has maintained quite a high standard of sporting achievement.

The inter-house cricket competition was very closely contested this year and although many of our players were engaged in school team, we were successful in many of our matches.

The swimming sports provided our excellent opportunity for the members of the house to show their aquatic abilities. Although we were placed only second this year, the events were very exciting and the final result was in doubt until the end of the afternoon.

As the year progressed, the many other inter-house competitions were played with great rivalry. In both girls' and boys' competitions Grant remained well to the fore. In football, hockey, basketball, softball, tennis and baseball, the members of the Grant teams often excelled themselves and at no time were they completely disgraced in their efforts against the other houses.

During the second term the house drama competition was staged. The Grant play was entitled "Hiss the Villain," but the adjudicator "hissed" the loudest and Grant was placed last. Congratulations to the actors and actresses in all the houses for the considerable effort they put into their productions.

The athletic sports were the final inter-house activities for the year. Once again due to some fiery individual performances, Grant was able to challenge and surpass many of the efforts of the other houses. The athletic sports being the festival sporting activity of the year allowed the entrants to spend their boundless energy and then turn to the serious competition of academic qualification.

Finally, we thank Mrs. Murray, Miss Bennett, Mr. Byrnes and Mr. Wilson for their capable guidance and support during the year. Thanks must also be extended to all the members of Lonsdale, Murray and Phillip for their great rivalry and sportsmanship throughout the past year.

Eva Colin  
John Chambers



## judo

Last year boys' and girls' judo classes commenced at the school, the instructor being Mr. Van Kallaveen, a First Dan belt. They were well attended and included one teacher, Mr. Wilson. Those from the classes who attended the December gradings (1960) are to be congratulated on receiving their belts.

The display Mr. Van Kallaveen organized for speech night last year was well received and the humorous act at the end brought a few laughs.

Although Mr. Van Kallaveen was unable to continue the classes this year a few of us maintained an enthusiastic interest. A team of nine boys was formed and could be seen training every week (?) in the gymnasium.

In term two, feeling rather bold (and game!) we challenged Moorabbin Technical School to a contest. The match was held at Moorabbin but, this being our first inter-school contest, it ended in a win for our more experienced opponents. The score was  $5\frac{1}{2}$  points to 1.

A return match was played at Brighton but Moorabbin somehow managed to overpower us again. The score was  $6\frac{1}{2}$  points to 1. The best player was Richard Smith who scored  $1\frac{1}{2}$  points for us during the two matches; John Spencer also managed to score  $\frac{1}{2}$  point.

Our sincerest thanks go to our opponents who supplied the mat cover for the second match and also to Mr. Oelsner, a First Dan belt, who umpired the matches.

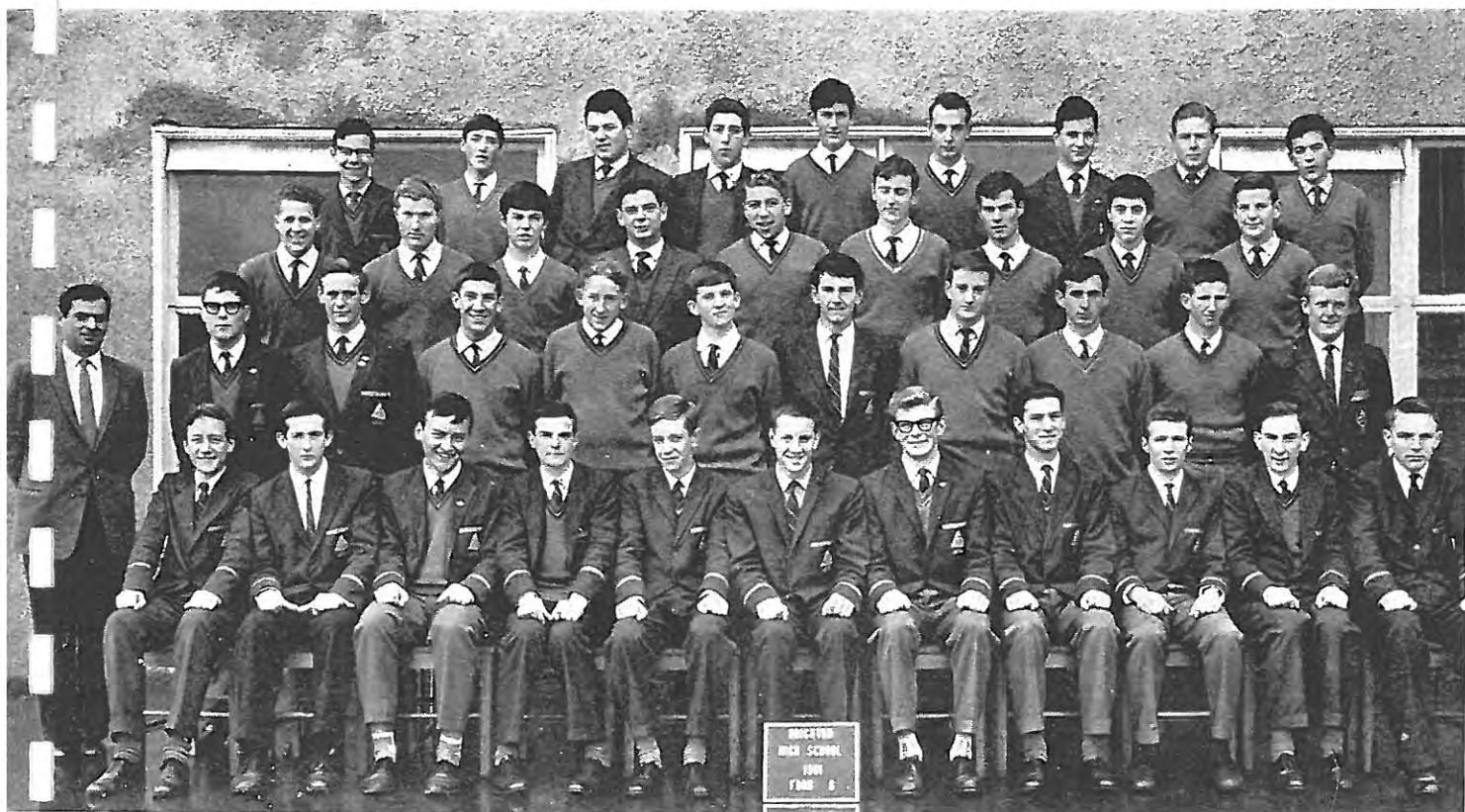
In term three Mr. Moorshead, a Fourth Dan belt, started a weekly class at the school. It is hoped that this class will not be discontinued as was previously the case.

Karate, a brutal Japanese system of self-defence, has been taken on by a few this year and is also proving to be popular.

We hope that judo will keep its place as a sport in the school and look forward to the day when we will have enough judo players to be able to hold a school tournament. We certainly look forward to many more inter-school contests.

G. Leary

## roll call 1961



### FORM 6 BOYS

Fourth Row: J. Vardon, B. Cuming, S. Bock, J. Spence, J. Finlay, B. Smith, N. Caine, D. Fletcher, A. McLeod.  
 Third Row: I. Brown, O. Berg, W. Rigney, M. Newman, C. Hudnott, G. Daley, J. Wheeler, N. Begg, R. Carmen.  
 Second Row: Mr. Bereson, J. Middleton, R. Chadwick, P. Steven, C. Hamilton, R. Cooper, T. Boddington, M. Renison,  
 L. Wilson, A. Baillie, J. Chambers.  
 Front Row: R. Matthews, R. Pask, J. Scott, W. Richmond, D. Hart, J. Hyland, A. Cooper, B. Cook, G. Leary,  
 R. Schellekens, H. Turner.

### FORM 6 GIRLS

Back: W. Maning, H. Johnson, C. Cheyne, E. Lo.  
 Middle: J. Wigg, C. Baker, D. Laurie, E. Woodbridge, P. Bodsworth, A. McQueen, M. Bell, D. Waters.  
 Front: D. Wilmot, S. Fenwick, M. Boyle, V. Fellowes, Mrs. Chatfield, E. Colin, R. Beechey, H. Harris, R. Marris.





### form 6A

Allan, Lorraine J.  
Baker, Carol A.  
Beechey, Robyn L.  
Bell, Margaret A.  
Bodsworth, Patricia A.  
Boyle, Maxine C.  
Cheyne, Christine M.  
Colin, Eva M.  
Fellows, Vivien  
Fenwick, Sylvie C.  
Harris, Helen M.  
Johnson, Heather C.  
Lau, Lind S.  
Laurie, Diana R.  
Lo, Ester  
McQueen, Anne E.  
Manning, Wendy E.  
Marris, Ronda E.  
Waters, Diane E.  
Wigg, Jillian R.  
Willmott, Dorothy L.  
Winter, Walburga  
Woodbridge, Eliza G.  
Form Teacher:  
Mrs. Chatfield

### form 6B

Baillie, Allan F.  
Begg, Richard W.  
Bock, Solomon  
Boddington, Timothy  
Berg, Oystein  
Brown, Ian W.  
Carman, Robert D.  
Caine, Neville R.  
Cook, Bruce A.  
Cooper, Anthony D.  
Cooper, Ross F.  
Chadwick, William R.  
Chambers, John G.  
Cumming, Gordon T.  
Daly, Geoffrey H.  
Fletcher, Dennis R.  
Findlay, John S.  
Hart, David R.  
Hamilton, Chris. J.  
Harvie, Dennis  
Hudnott, Chris. G.  
Hyland, John H.  
Leary, Graham R.  
Matthews, Ross F.  
MacLeod, Allan W.  
Middleton, Andrew J.  
Newman, Michael K.  
Pask, Raymond F.  
Renison, Richard A.  
Richmond, William H.  
Rigney, William K.  
Scott, John O.  
Schellekens, Rene R.  
Spencer, John A.  
Smith, Barry N.  
Steven, Peter  
Turner, John H.  
Vardon, John C.  
Wilson, Lawrence J.  
Wheeler, Jeffrey A.  
Form Teacher:  
Mr. Bereson

### form 5A

Adams, Robert J.  
Anderson, Peter A.  
Arnott, Brentwood N.  
Baird, Jonathan P.  
Beer, Hartley E.  
Bell, Thomas B.  
Blair, Michael D.  
Booth, Geoffrey C.  
Broadbent, Kevin H.  
Bryant, John G.  
Clements, Geoffrey P.  
Catchlove, Ian E.  
Collins, John V.  
Cooper, Gary N.  
Crothers, Norman G.  
Ditterich, Carl R.  
Dowling, Jeffrey P.  
Downes, John M.  
Doyle, Geoffrey R.  
Doyle, Edward W.  
Falconer, Douglas H.  
Fleming, Peter A.  
Fletcher, Rodney H.  
Fornaciari, Mario J.  
Fox, Robert A.  
Gardiner, Roy S.  
Gombos, Joseph A.  
Grant, Jeffrey R.  
Evans, Warwick W.  
Allen, Judith M.  
Anderson, Margaret L.  
Belsey, Diane M.  
Borowick, Kerry R.

Britton, Angela C.  
Broomfield,  
Frances H.  
Child, Susan  
Cohen, Susan Fran.  
Cook, Patricia J.  
Crouch, Edith J. S.  
Dobson, Barbara K.  
Drysdale, Heather D.  
Evans, Suzanne J.  
Fail, Naomi C.  
Flood, Jennifer A.  
Gaal, Elly W.  
Green, Janice C.  
Hall, Barbara L.  
Form Teacher:  
Mr. Waters

### form 5B

Carrick, Lloyd J.  
Cernovs, Gerd  
Elias, David B.  
Ellis, Andrew T.  
Kibell, Roger L.  
Hutley, Alan W.  
Lippert, Frank B.  
Peebles, Garry D.  
Rhimes, Robert W.  
Abramowitch, Sylvia  
Bassat, Josette  
Baxter, Susan A.  
Brough, Patricia M.  
Cohen, Josephine M.  
Fussell, Jean L.  
Gamil, Carole  
Gilpin, Valerie L.  
Hartley, Wendy J.  
Hay, Elizabeth M.  
Henley, Anne E.  
Holley, Janet M.  
Hubel, Frances S.  
Komesaroff, Ilona  
Macdonald, Isabel M.  
McDonald, Helen M.  
Maler, Zipporah  
Mann, Diana L.  
Manning, Margaret E.  
Moore, Valerie L.  
Morton, Wendy J.  
O'Shaughnessy,  
Kathleen  
Form Teacher:  
Mr. Vardon

### form 5C

Hastings, Paul F.  
Heard, Ronald J.  
James, David B.  
Jamieson, David L.  
Johns, Michael D.  
Jones, Ronald V.  
Kenner, Rodney D.  
Khouri, Edward  
Kidd, Garry J.  
Koetsier, Hendrik G.  
Kosky, William A.  
Lawrence, Michael G.  
Little, Barry R.  
Lodge, Phillip L.  
Love, Robert J.  
Lynch, Kim M.  
McCarthy, Denis A.  
Mace, Robert J.  
Matthews, John T.  
Middleton, Alfred R.  
Moharich, Michael J.  
Morris, Anthony D.  
Newton, Brian S.  
Olsen, Rodney G.  
Patterson, Jan R.  
Patterson, Michael L.  
Phillips, David K.  
Pike, John W.  
Raisbeck, John H.  
Raleigh, Michael  
Renison, Neil Charles  
Rose, Nathan A.  
Mo, Raymond  
Howes, Julie A.  
Jackson, Catherine M.  
Jenkins, Carole A.  
Krause, Sandra B.  
Landberg, Fay R.  
McDonald, Gillian M.  
Manderson, Coral J.  
Murphy, Kaye L.  
Norman, Margaret L.  
Oakley, Margaret J.  
Phillips, Kristy J.  
Quintrell, Robyn J.  
Ratten, Jennifer H.  
Reed, Rosemary E.  
Rowell, Anne H.  
Form Teacher:  
Mr. Wilson

### form 5D

Guy, Graeme S.  
Hakman, Harry  
Hannah, Howard J.  
Sebare, Robert J.  
Smith, Geoffrey J.  
Smith, Phillip V.  
Smith, Richard L. F.  
Stanley, Brian J.  
Stewart, David T.  
Still, Colin  
Strunin, Alan  
Sullivan, Peter E.  
Szmulewicz, John  
Terrell, Daniel J.  
Topless, Iain E.  
Vial, John N.  
Ward, Eric A.  
Ward, Peter C.  
Watson, Graeme M.  
Watts, George R.  
Welch, John  
Whitelaw, Peter R.  
Wilkinson, David H.  
Wilmshire, Paul F.  
Wilson, John R.  
Waterson, Robert G.  
Anderson, Richard E.  
Rogers, Candace  
Schleicher, Sylvia  
Sheedy, Margaret A.  
Sneeshy, Heather D.  
Steedman, Glenys J.  
Sturrock, Vivienne I.  
Teague, Dorothy H.  
Tobin, Lesley D.  
Tucker, Lesley E.  
Waddell, Josephine S.  
Ward, Diana W.  
Wheeler, Wendy J.  
Whitbourne,  
Suzanne D.  
Whitney, Jennifer V.  
Willis, Helen M.  
Wilson, Cara J.  
Wilson, Lynne  
Young, Lorraine H.  
Form Teacher:  
Miss Carey

### form 4A

Beer, Ronald W.  
Beer, Ian V.  
Donald, John B.  
Elias, Adrian G.  
Forbes, David J.  
Fraser, Peter L.  
Grimblat, Ian A.  
Henley, Frank R.  
Humphrey,  
Michael D.  
Hill, Warren L.  
Hollow, Tibor S.  
Jacobs, Peter  
Joannides, Alkis C.  
Keep, Peter A.  
Laurie, John S.  
Lovell, Douglas W.  
Leunig, Geoffrey A.  
Newbold, Anthony F.  
Russell, Edward W.  
Seggie, John L.  
Thomas, Ian H.  
Walliss, Anthony R.  
Watmuff, Peter C.  
Baker, Lynette J.  
Betts, Lynette S.  
Charles, Margot  
Cornelius, Leonie M.  
Crane, Judith R.  
Delevante, Carol G.  
Debinski, Onella  
Diggins, Robyn B.  
Eden, Vivien M.  
Fussell, Carol A.  
Hanlon, Marion R.  
Jackson, Susan C.  
Kosky, Elizabeth E.  
Liddiard, Carol A.  
Lowe, Jillian G.  
Murrey, Lynne  
Patterson,  
Elizabeth J.  
Reddie, Patricia A.  
Roseman, Robyn E.  
Ross, Jennifer M.  
Stevenson, Gail D.  
Thompson, Janice M.  
Thompson,  
Robyn G. D.  
Truman, Kaye M.  
Trunoff,  
Alexandra N.  
Williamson, Lois M.  
Form Teacher:  
Mrs. Humphries

### form 4B

Bailey, Ross  
Bihary, Emmery M.  
Brogan, Bruce W.  
Byham, Roger M.  
Cooper, Ian M.  
Englert, Ian R.  
Ferguson, John R.  
Fletcher, Bruce H.  
Gerst, Beno  
Hamilton, Michael J.  
Jones, Jon W.  
Keetley, Alan D.  
Margocsy, Paul  
Nankiville, David G.  
Pamphilon, Peter C.  
Paul, Graham L.  
Railey, Peter E.  
Rixon, John C.  
Rosenblatt, Leslie  
Sales, Graham W.  
Sargeant, James E.  
Skillicorn, Robert A.  
Smeeton, Anthony R.  
Steiner, Thomas B.  
Walsh, Gregory Peter  
Young, Grant R.  
Young, Peter A.  
Allen, Margot E.  
Curzon-Siggers,  
Susan L.  
Czarnecki, Margaret  
Doyle, Eileen M.  
Duggan, Elsa J.  
Griffiths, Rosalind M.  
Harding, Jeanne M.  
Milligan, Wendy J.  
Morton, Robyn E.  
Reid, Lyn M.  
Rubens, Fleur Y.  
Russell,  
Antoinette J.  
Sheehy, Joan S.  
Spencer, Susan J.  
Sput, Ruth A.  
Gurney, Ann E.  
Form Teacher:  
Mr. Lisle

### form 4C

Cheyne, Andrew D.  
Dineen, Ian  
Ferguson, John  
Goss, Roger  
Fortune, Peter J.  
Halliday, David J.  
Koetsier, Appy  
Law, Barry W.  
Lewis, Alan G.  
Manion, Douglas G.  
Neal, Robert T.  
Riches, Robert J.  
Thompson, Greg. C.  
Valenta, Thomas  
Wigley, Colin R.  
Wilson, Rowan N.  
Woodcock, Sidney L.  
Arber, Marion  
Ferrier, Lynne R.  
Carrick, Jillian M.  
Gresham, Susan  
Ham, Wendy L.  
Iverson, Sherrin J.  
Munsor, Dyann J.  
McDonough, Ann  
Pascoe, Judith  
Quinn, Ruth P.  
Richardson,  
Carlene D.  
Spark, Alison F.  
Scott, Elizabeth J.  
Stone, Judith K.  
Szmulewicz, R.  
Warren, Sylvia D.  
Wilson, Lorraine A.  
Form Teacher:  
Miss Bennet

### form 4D

Anderson, Brian J.  
Bach, Geoffrey P.  
Bishop, Robert D.  
Boston, Joseph A.  
Clark, Gary R.  
Cook, Paul L.  
Cornish, Ian C.  
Edgerton, Peter F.  
Ducat, Robert L.  
Finkelstein,  
Valentin  
Glass, Keith R.  
Griffith, Neal H.  
Henderson, Robert J.  
Hilson, Trevor J.  
Hooke, Clive A.

Hough, Kenneth L.  
Jackson, David R.  
Jones, Geoffrey A.  
Kenley, John C.  
Levy, Ralph H.  
McPherson, David B.  
Manuel, Denis A.  
Merrie, Lindsay E.  
Mitchell, Michael  
Nielsen, Andrew J.  
Oakley, Richard C.  
Okun, Michael B.  
Raftopoulos,  
Dennis J.  
Ross, David C.  
Roach, Ronald C.  
Shaw, Kenneth R.  
Stewart, Alan H.  
Thomas, Wayne M. D.  
Titler, Alfred R.  
Turner, Raymond J.  
Wall, John L.  
West, Brian D.  
Withall, David  
Form Teacher:  
Mr. Carkeek

### form 4E

Anderson, Judith L.  
Anderson, Robyn L.  
Beck, Helen L.  
Beer, June S.  
Brown, Diane J.  
Carr, Helen C.  
Clarke, Christine M.  
Cliff, Gail P.  
Comport, Helen  
Cooper, Diane J.  
Coulson, Margaret K.  
Crabtree, Dianne J.  
Crane, Lynette A.  
Dalton, Lynette J.  
Dobson, Christine D.  
Doughty, Diane  
Duclos, Lynette  
Espie, Jennifer J.  
Goldstein, Jillian R.  
Haile, Susan L.  
Hillis, Carol L.  
Hogan, Barbara L.  
Hooke, Raelene J.  
Howarth, Patricia A.  
Jones, Helen M.  
King, Julie E.  
King, Susan E.  
Leeder, Pamela J.  
McIver, Thalia Y.  
McKenzie, Marion C.  
Mandl, Anne M.  
Millard, Gail L.  
Morris, Ann W.  
Neylan, Barbara J.  
Paddock, Rhonda J.  
Ratten, Valma M.  
Simpson, Margaret D.  
Taylor, Merrill  
Templeton, April M.  
Thompson, Marilyn  
Thorley, Diane J.  
Warren-Smith,  
Karen  
Windley, Janice  
Form Teacher:  
Mrs. Sherrington

### form 4F

Ardley, Val O. F.  
Best, Richard A.  
Deal, Wayne A.  
Dingle, Leslie R.  
Fox, Noel R.  
Frank, Rolf T. F.  
Gannon, Stephen C.  
Gray, Wayne S.  
Guscott, Howard R.  
Hillis, Jason R.  
Lillie, Ronald A.  
McBrien, Douglass  
Morgan, Robert J.  
Norton, Trevor P.  
O'Gorman, Leslie T.  
Olsen, David W.  
Roberts, David J.  
Seddon, John A.  
Tierney, Neil J.  
Withall, Peter E.  
Basset, Pamela A.  
Bayne, Lynette S.  
Brown, Beverley A.  
Dunkley, Julianne V.  
Engelander,  
Jacqueline  
Freshman, Faye  
Landberg, Gita D.  
Martin, Kaye  
Nimmo, Judith G.



Sharples, Pamela E.  
Ralph, Beverley A.  
Rochman, Regina  
Watson, Annette I.  
Form Teacher:  
Miss Hughes

### form 3A

Bender, Phillip  
Bodsworth, Clifford  
Bridgart, Glenn  
Chambers, David A.  
Coutts, Colin R.  
Fryer, Eli  
Gross, Louis H.  
Hannaford, Ian C.  
Jackson, Christopher  
Kear, Russell M.  
Ketels, Maxwell K.  
Liddell, Peter R.  
Loftus, Lloyd J.  
Nightingale, Anthony  
Pascarl, Ian S.  
Pountney, Colyn J.  
Remi, Michael H.  
Richards, Lindsay J.  
Taylor, Douglas I.  
Trott, Darryl  
Walmsley, Alan A.  
Meeking, Stacy  
Russell, Robert  
Banoff, Jennifer S.  
Brockley, Fay E.  
Bromley, Susan M.  
Dumskis, Armida C.  
Gleeson, Pamela V.  
Helmer, Roselyn  
Hodgson, Susan M.  
Isaacs, Annette R.  
Knapp, Janice E.  
Macdonald, Elaine M.  
Mann, Joan L.  
Merritt, Patricia E.  
Moorrees, Margaret D.  
Murray, Judith A.  
Redpath, Beverley J.  
Rosen, Valerie R.  
Rosner, Anna  
Shoesmith, Tyra  
Skerman, Glenys F.  
Waddell, Mary D.  
Wright, Beverley  
Form Teacher:  
Mrs. Robertson

### form 3B

Abramowitch, Selman  
Bail, Robert G.  
Berger, Richard  
Condon, Robert J.  
Dawson, Frank R.  
Gamil, Victor  
Golvan, George  
Hopkins, Peter  
Jenkins, David R.  
Litchfield, Barry J.  
Major, Jeffery B.  
Manderson, Leonard J.  
Marks, Ian  
Marshall, Peter J.  
Moran, Jeffrey T.  
Motherwell, Albert P.  
Mullins, David H.  
Rayson, David C.  
Ridder, Peter B. E.  
Row, Ian R. A.  
Rubens, R. A. G.  
Seamer, Graeme R.  
Still, Peter  
Warren-Smith, Bruce A.  
Zalkans, Kristaps  
Fillmore, Gail P.  
Fortune, Janet M.  
Gottreich, Hadassa  
Goudy, Margaret A.  
Hayes, Margaret  
Henderson, Kathryn  
Hobbs, Kerry  
Hunter, Georgia P.  
Hyland, Jennifer J.  
Lewinger, Doris  
McEwan, Barbara J.  
Pentreath, Lynette  
Parry, Gail  
Schryver, Ariel L.  
Schick, Noemi  
Smith, Marlene K.  
Spicer, Marion H.  
Strong, Margaret I.  
Terrell, Jill Marie  
Watkins, Sandra M.  
Westwood, Carole H.  
Form Teacher:  
Mr. Hardy

### form 3C

Burman, Peter  
Cornall, Peter  
Dare, Kenneth  
Eagle, Bryan  
Finn, Arthur  
Fogarty, Ian  
Frith, Robert  
Hollow, Miklos S.  
Jones, Philip  
Kelly, Neil  
Lake, Christopher  
Leary, Alan  
Lesser, Max  
McLeod, Robert  
McClintock, Richard  
Mitchell, John  
Moore, Ronald  
Potton, Brian  
Salisbury, Leonard  
Wallace, Raymond  
Warren-Smith, Keith  
Weekes, Lindsay  
Whitehead, Robin  
Willmott, John  
Wyatt, Frederick  
Ellis, Mathew  
Grossman, Phillip  
Burge, Jennifer  
Cadby, Maureen  
Egan, Frances  
Ennis, Sandra  
Fels, Vivienne  
Hall, Nancye  
Hancock, Barbara  
Hersh, Elizabeth  
Lawrie, Kay  
Mace, Barbara  
Male, Glenys  
Malinovsky, Blanche  
Mandl, Hildegard  
Melnick, Rebecca  
Rhone, Gloria  
Shearer, Heather  
Stewart, Suzanne  
Taylor, Jacqueline  
Wilkinson, Jillian  
Form Teacher:  
Mr. Cantieni

### form 3D

Adkins, George S.  
Atkinson, John P.  
Aubor, Levi  
Baker, Arthur J.  
Beere, Graeme D.  
Berkeley, David J.  
Best, Neil F.  
Brilliant, Russell J.  
Browne, Rodney W.  
Busst, Trevor J.  
Byrns, Brian L.  
Carkeek, David B.  
Clement, Kim A.  
Chamberlain, Raymond  
Drylie, Anthony S.  
Gray, Ian R.  
Holding, Peter J.  
Holford, Anthony L.  
Jones, Ian T.  
Lee, Keith F.  
Lewis, Anthony R.  
McDonald, Ian  
Manning, Ian R.  
Moor, Graeme N.  
Morris, Randall W.  
O'Meara, John C.  
Pascoe, Ronald J.  
Peal, Murray T.  
Rich, Lynn F.  
Roberts, Colin J.  
Rowe, Russell S.  
Smith, John S.  
Strong, Ian A.  
Underwood, Stephen J.  
Wilton, Ian B.  
Kelly, Neil  
Form Teacher:  
Mr. Newbold

### form 3E

Andersen, Jillian E.  
Arnott, Glenys M.  
Avery, Fay E.  
Barker, Pauline M.  
Barber, Denise H.  
Blake, Carol P.  
Boatwood, Kaye J.  
Brame, Karen J.  
Campbell, Sylvia L.  
Christophers, Judith A.

Collier June E.  
Crooke, Janice  
Davey, Roslyn P.  
de Longville, Janet E.  
Edgar, Dawn M.  
Frederickson, Beverly A.  
Guy, Julie C.  
Hanby, Bronwyn M.  
Hartley, Jill R.  
Hasforth, Helen  
Hill, Elizabeth A.  
Hockley, Margaret L.  
Kerr, Margaret J.  
Landberg, Goldi L.  
McConnell, Joan E.  
Manuel, Louise E.  
Martin, Susan  
Miller, Judith L.  
Mole, Susan J.  
Murray, Suzanne  
Nye, Carol H.  
Parkinson, Judith B.  
Passmore, Suzanne J.  
Phillips, Sandra K.  
Rashleigh, Jillian C.  
Rees, Valerie J.  
Revill, Lorraine  
Seggie, Leonie A.  
Shiels, Joy M.  
Smith, Elaine M.  
Sumner, Gillian C.  
Thomas, Elizabeth L.  
Thompson, Joyce V.  
Walsh, Pamela A.  
Ward, Faye L.  
Ward, Patricia  
Watson, Gaye M.  
Williams, Gayle  
Wilsmore, Heather J.  
Wilson, Barbara M.  
Wishart, Marilyn H.  
Form Teacher:  
Mrs. Murray

### form 3F

Aigner, Wayne G.  
Clark, Peter G.  
Deegan, Ian M.  
Gemelli, Adrian J.  
Green, John W.  
Gourlay, John M.  
Harrison, Ian J.  
Harrison, Sidney L.  
Hendrie, Ian E.  
Hyland, Geoffrey K.  
Lansbury, Denise H.  
Melbourne, Richard F.  
Price, Roger H.  
Rule, Peter B.  
Shannon, Tracey N.  
Svendson, Allen T.  
Taylor, Geoffrey C.  
Turnbull, Warren A.  
Watt, Bruce Nixon  
White, Graeme R.  
Form Teacher:  
Mr. Oyston

### form 3G

Brown, Judith L.  
Burns, Christine  
Chant, Cynthia A.  
Coldrey, Rhonda M.  
Coleman, Jillian J.  
Elliott, Barbara J.  
Faulkner, Judith  
Faulkner, Susan  
Fidler, Glenys J.  
Frank, Ingrid H.  
Fuller, Annette  
Gould, Sandra J.  
Henderson, Pamela M.  
Herring, Cheryl  
Johnstone, Jillian R.  
Julyan, Diedrie E.  
Kneebone, Glenys A.  
Lewis, Carol A.  
Lowe, Janet L.  
Mace, Marjorie I.  
Madden, Glenis L.  
Mansfield, Penelope  
Murphy, Gail M.  
Oxlade, Clara-Bell  
Sauer, Marie  
Sleith, Marlene L.  
Stephenson, Glenise D.  
Weare, Mary T.  
Weir, Gail P.  
Form Teacher:  
Mrs. Morris

### form 2A

Bingham, Ross  
Black, Terrence I.  
Bock, John  
Curzon-Siggers, John H.  
Evans, Michael W.  
Ferrier, Ian B.  
Gilbert, John W.  
Hall, Warwick M.  
Halmos, Andrew  
Jackson, Gary M.  
Jones, Ian G.  
Kerr, Robert W.  
Kilpatrick, Clifton J.  
Lenko, Alexander  
McCabe, Andrew P.  
Markoff, Jeffrey  
Middleton, Anthony K.  
Nield, Dennis John  
Robinson, Graeme C.  
Capp, Heather L.  
Connell, Janice  
Cumming Margaret I.  
Dumskis, Audrone V.  
Elvish, Kathryn G.  
Fletcher, Anne H.  
Hannah, Helen L.  
Ketels, Carolyn S.  
Leahy, Julie M.  
Lupascu, Doina  
Martin, Julie M.  
Nicholson, Lorraine F.  
Nield, Carolyn F.  
Oakley, Frances J.  
Parfitt, Barbara  
Pendlebury, Pamela B.  
Roseman, Margaret A.  
Sales, Janet L.  
Sheen, Wendy F.  
Stirling, Glenda H.  
Sutton, Jenny E.  
Warton, Jill A.  
Whitney, Michelle L.  
Widera, Gertraud M.  
Wilson, Marjorie L.  
Form Teacher:  
Mr. Grandy

### form 2B

Frooks, Bruce P.  
Cunningham, Douglas L.  
De Clario, Domenico  
Fleming, John G.  
Harrison, Trevor M.  
Harvest, David  
Hobbs, Russell P.  
Hosking, Gary J.  
Jackson, Michael  
Jacobs, David  
Kitchin, Geoffrey P.  
Lanphier, Colin W.  
Lohman, Robert A.  
McDonald, Allan B.  
Morgan, Ross K.  
Orr, Geoffrey J.  
Ross, Ian K.  
Stovadinovich, Vladimir T.  
Wright, John A.  
Anderson, Keith R.  
Adams, Suzanne  
Bentley, Margaret  
Dunlop, Gaye L.  
Comori, Gabriel  
Halbert, Rosemary D.  
Halliday, Marjorie P.  
Hargraves, Patricia J.  
Horwood, Denise D.  
Hunter, Kathryn L.  
Larke, Sandra N.  
Liffmann, Joan E.  
MacDonald, Katharine J.  
Moore, Carolyn E.  
Morey, Cheryl A.  
Phillips, Heather L.  
Ramus, Kaye D.  
Reid, Rosslyn J.  
Rigney, Gail L.  
Ross, Wendy A.  
Simmons, Dawn C.  
Slonim, Dianne  
Smith, Pauline  
Taylor, Beverley J.  
Waksman, Anna  
Zalkalns, Lasma  
Form Teacher:  
Miss Hodgson

### form 2C

Alman, Neil C.  
Atkinson, B. G.  
Browne, Karl  
Comport, Ross S.  
Costa, Timothy J.  
Crook, Michael P.  
Davies, John R.  
Dowling, Peter H.  
Jones, Douglas L.  
Jones, Peter H.  
Krikscuinas, Algis J.  
Lasbury, Jeffery T.  
Manderson, Gerald R.  
Mellet, Graeme W.  
Norris, Robert J.  
O'Gorman, Raymond F.  
Rhimes, John M.  
Wong Hee, Anthony D.  
Raebel, Geoffrey W.  
Rostkier, Maurice I.  
Bachelor, Ruth E.  
Brierley, Kaye  
Daly, Janet G.  
Deering, Karolyne  
Dixon, Patricia  
Eileen  
Edelmaier, Ingrid  
Englert, Fay B.  
Espie, Barbara E.  
Eyles, Joan M.  
Fowler, H. E.  
Gaudoin, Christine I.  
Gibson, Angela M.  
Hanlon, Dorothy J.  
Hendriks, Helena M.  
Hird, Pamela D.  
Howarth, Judith L.  
Kulagin, Antonina V.  
Litt, Caroline A.  
Mullins, Lorraine M.  
O'Sullivan, Ilona  
Phelps, Sandra Y.  
Rosenblatt, Helen Z.  
Welgus, Judith Irene  
Willis, Dorothy M.  
Walsh, Lesley J.  
Form Teacher:  
Mrs. Hayes

### form 2D

Buelanan, Norman J.  
Chisholm, Donald  
Franks, William R.  
Jolly, Robert A.  
Lee, Geoffrey K.  
Nicholls, Ronald N.  
Provis, Ewan W.  
Ray, Stuart A.  
Robertson, Peter R.  
Robertson, Ian C.  
Stait, William J.  
Sill, Jeffrey C.  
Schryver, Robert N.  
Terry, Anthony J.  
Lewis, Darryl L.  
Lewis, Wayne F.  
Alexander, Barbara E.  
Aleksic, Susan D.  
Banoff, Maureen H.  
Brough, Janice D.  
Cochrane, Gael A.  
Crawford, Trina E.  
Drysdale, Glenda L.  
Ford, Pamela E.  
Hartley, Kay P.  
Haisley, Gwenneth J.  
Healy, Janice G.  
Hunter, Dorothy C.  
Muir, Peta J.  
Moody, Jennifer I.  
Meadows, Christine E.  
Paganetti, Wendy A.  
Polites, Anna S.  
Roberts, Carol V.  
Rae, Heather M.  
Treleaven, Ilona L.  
Wilton, Robyn E.  
Form Teacher:  
Mr. O'Doherty

### form 2E

Bradley, Edmond C.  
Denton, Ronald F.  
Eastwood, Neville A.  
Evans, Phillip C.  
Guscott, Philip R.  
Harris, John F. G.  
Hart, Martyn O.  
Lowe, Daryl R.  
Mole, Ian K.  
Morrice, Timothy J.

Muir, Robert P.  
 Pitts, John M.  
 Richardson, John  
 Alan  
 Sketcher, Frank W.  
 Young, Andrew C.  
 Anderson, Vicki M.  
 Baker, Carline R.  
 Brown, Corinne F.  
 Eastoe, Rosemary L.  
 Holding, Harriet C.  
 Langlands, Mary A.  
 McConville,  
 Roberta J.  
 Miles, Julie I.  
 Parry, Dawn E.  
 Riches, Beverley J.  
 Simmonds,  
 Margaret L.  
 Smith, Ercil K.  
 Took, Valerie L.  
 Williams, Marie J.  
 Williams, Cheryl S.  
 Form Teacher:  
 Mrs. Held

### form 1A

Anderson,  
 Christopher J.  
 Baxter, David G.  
 Bell, Robert C.  
 Berry, Ross A.  
 Bradley, Cameron J.  
 Brame, Andrew J.  
 Brown, Richard A.  
 Burrows, Ian Ross  
 Cameron, David P.  
 Chambers, Denis F.  
 Chant, Colin H.  
 Cherry, Patrick M.  
 Cooper, Peter L.  
 Cooper, Ronald G.  
 Cumming, William A.  
 Danson, Gary N.  
 Davis, Raymond M.  
 Davis, Warren L.  
 Deane, John P.  
 Delacoe, Walter R.  
 Delevantee, Gary E.  
 Dixon, Wayne E.  
 Dixon, Peter J.  
 Ellis, Ian D.  
 Ellis, Peter L. J.  
 Allen, Margaret A.  
 Arber, Ziona  
 Baldwin, Cheryl A.  
 Barrett, Janece M.  
 Beadle, Jeanette M.  
 Bentley, Jennifer  
 Bermingham, Leigh F.  
 Blumfield,  
 Rhonnda M.  
 Booth, Anne L.  
 Bowen, Judith A.  
 Bromberger, Rosalind  
 Caen, Dinah L.  
 Champion, Christine  
 Chenery, Julie M.  
 Clayton, Merrilyn E.  
 Coates, Rosemary E.  
 Collett, Robyn  
 Cornelius, Margot G.  
 Cornish, Paula  
 Vivien  
 Crawford, Anne F.  
 Davis, Sandra E.  
 Declario, Linda L.  
 Dickson, Gay C.  
 Dineen, Kaye  
 Form Teacher:  
 Mr. Moorrees

### form 1B

Brown, Anthony E. F.  
 Drayton, Gregory J.  
 Emodi, Thomas G.  
 Findlay, Colin A.  
 Finn, Rodney O. W.  
 Fox, Robert M.

Fuller, David J.  
 Griffith, David W. T.  
 Gannilis, James  
 Gannon, Allan H.  
 Hamley, Geoffrey R.  
 Harris, Alexander J.  
 Howes, William J.  
 Jolly, Alan Robert  
 Jones, Peter V.  
 Joseph, Brian K.  
 Kearn, Graeme W.  
 Kitchin, Graeme J.  
 Kurta, Peter  
 Leeks, Neville B.  
 Love, Geoffrey D.  
 Macleod, Ronald E.  
 Disher, Cheryl A.  
 Dunkley, Helen J.  
 Dutton, Janet M.  
 Farrell, Christine S.  
 Finlayson, Diane J.  
 Findlay, Shayne  
 Fletcher, Glenda M.  
 Gartner, Anne E.  
 Gates, Susan  
 Gaudoin, Pauline E.  
 Gill, Rosalie L.  
 Glas, Siebrieje M.  
 Gollmick, Beryl P.  
 Gray, Elizabeth J.  
 Guthrie, Susan F.  
 Hanby, Helen M.  
 Heusden Van,  
 Margaret  
 Hiscock, Lesley J.  
 Hooke, Dianne F.  
 Jess, Wally E.  
 Job, Jennifer A.  
 Kent, Jennifer M.  
 Kimberley, Pamela A.  
 Kirszenblat, Janet  
 Klaver, Yantina  
 Klimenko, Inna  
 Kyle, Rosemary E.  
 Murray, Elizabeth  
 Form Teacher:  
 Miss Golding

### form 1C

Mark, Christopher A.  
 Marden, Maxwell J.  
 Marsden, Anthony C.  
 McMillan, Lindsay O.  
 McNamara, Robert I.  
 Moffat, Robert F.  
 Moody, James B.  
 Moor, John W.  
 Moore, Alan I.  
 Mullin, David C.  
 Murphy, Geoffrey  
 Newey, Philip W.  
 Nowland, Stephen E.  
 Nicholls, Ray H.  
 Oliver, Geoffrey G.  
 Pamphilon,  
 Richard W.  
 Park, Roy W.  
 Parrett, Graham R.  
 Pitcher, Robert D.  
 Price, Peter J.  
 Quinn, Anthony  
 Ratz, Geoffrey B.  
 Rouse, Paul J.  
 Rosengren, Stanley R.  
 Togyer, Gill  
 Howe, Janet  
 Leeden, Helen M.  
 Lester, Janine K.  
 Levy, Cheryl A.  
 Manning, Christine R.  
 McKenzie,  
 Margaret A.  
 McKenna, Gail E.  
 McWilliam, Anne E.  
 Marritt, Susan J.  
 Millard, Kaye L.  
 Motherwell, Allison  
 Mullins, Elizabeth A.  
 Northeast, Cheryl A.  
 Osterburg, Monika B.

Patterson, Christine L.  
 Payne, Carol D.  
 Pearce, Lynette F.  
 Perrin, Brenda A.  
 Perrin, Barbara J.  
 Porter, Ailsa L.  
 Pyrah, Jennifer  
 Reed, Georgina M.  
 Rigaldi, Rosalyn J.  
 Scrase, Enid  
 Sheehy, Barbara A.  
 Shields, Judith M.

### form 1D

Brillouet, Patrick  
 Sadlier, Michael A.  
 Sharpe, Gavin J.  
 Slee, Raymond W.  
 Taylor, Richard J.  
 Thomas, Barry L.  
 Thompson,  
 Christopher R.  
 Thompson,  
 John C. R.  
 Torbit, Graeme  
 Trounson, Michael J.  
 Van Gemert,  
 Theodoros  
 Warren, Graham R.  
 Waldron, Douglas A.  
 Werner, Alan J.  
 Wilks, Peter J.  
 White, David N.  
 Whitelaw, Robert A.  
 Williams, Graeme H.  
 Woodhams, Bruce D.  
 Watson, Neil R.  
 Woodcock, Roger  
 Plant Janyne  
 Parkinson, Wendy L.  
 Sindrey, Michelo L.  
 Smith, Ann M.  
 Street, Gwenda I.  
 Sutter, Heide R.  
 Swale, Anthea  
 Taylor, Helen J.  
 Teague, Alison I.  
 Treeby, Janis M.  
 Trunoff, Natilie C.  
 Tucker, Marilyn A.  
 Unmack, Christine J.  
 Waddell, Margaret N.  
 Walker, Sandra J.  
 Wall, Julianne M.  
 Ward, Clare  
 Watson, Judith D.  
 Webster, Marilyn H.  
 Wetton, Valerie J.  
 Wickow, Carol M.  
 Whitehead, Wendy  
 Williams, Dale E.  
 Williams, Janece L.  
 Wilson, Paula M.  
 Wilsmore, Annette M.  
 Woodman,  
 Christine L.  
 Zylberstein, M.

### form 1E

Allison, Pamela  
 Anning, Lynette J.  
 Avery, Sandra J.  
 Child, Marion  
 Chenery, Sally E.  
 Curtis, Suzanne L.  
 Dawson, Maree J.  
 Deslandes, Jill D.  
 Hepburn, Susan A.  
 Horsley, Frances V.  
 Iverson, Beverley J.  
 Kerr, Lorraine D.  
 Koetsier, Jeanne H.  
 Lee, Virginia A.  
 Leigh, Carolyn E.  
 Miller, Lorraine R.  
 Mole, Helen J.  
 Pankhurst, Gail M.  
 Watts, Rosaleigh  
 Form Teacher:  
 Mrs. Richardson

## autographs



