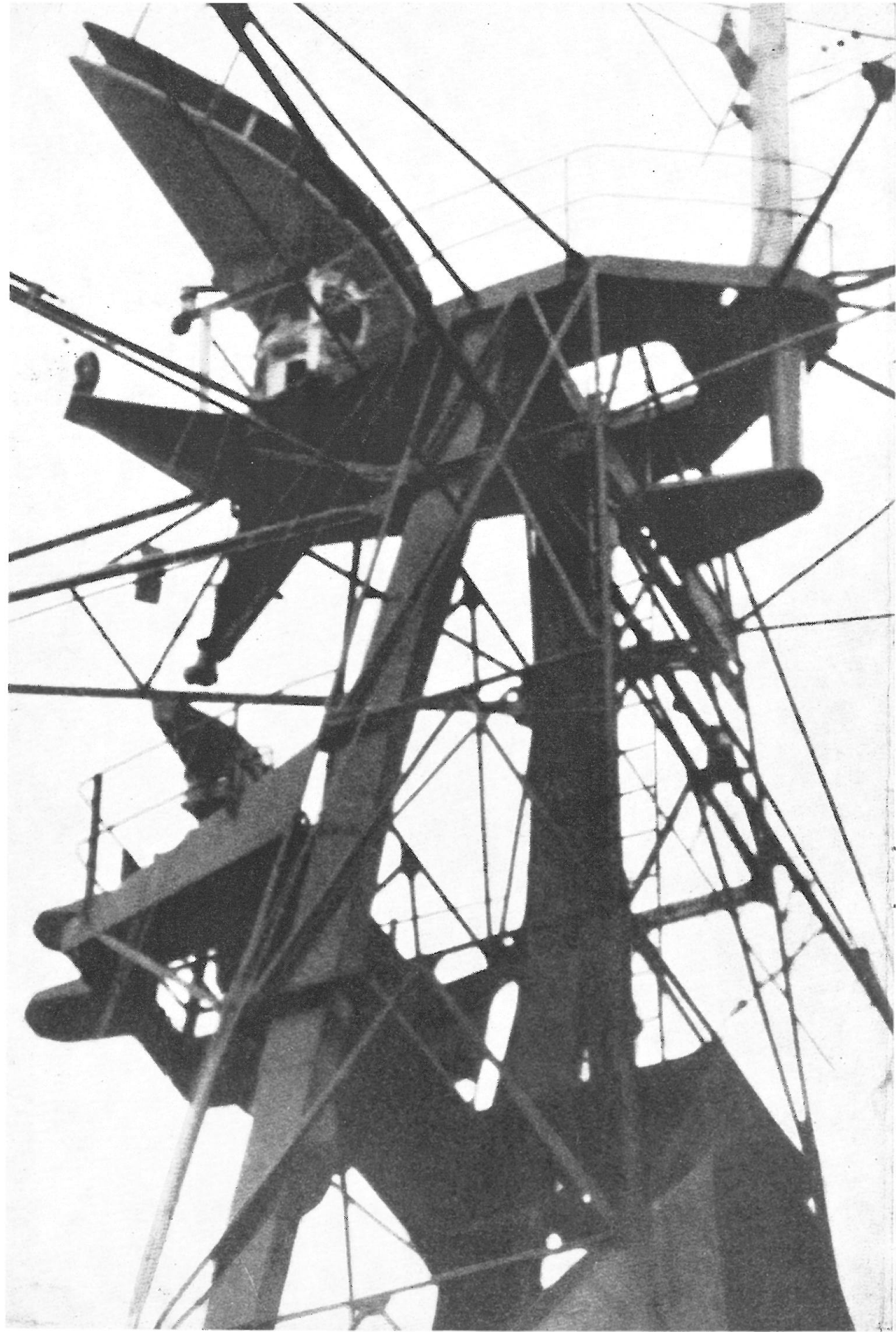


VOYAGER  
brighton high school  
1962



Alan Lewis

**voyager      magazine of brighton high school 1962**

## advisory council

Mr. D. C. Cooper (President)  
Mr. T. T. Anderson  
Mr. A. G. Booth  
Mr. A. Marks  
Cr. F. M. Julyan  
Cr. K. Hodgson  
Cr. W. B. Lovell  
Mr. C. B. Holford  
Mr. W. B. Wilson  
Mr. J. Rossiter, M.L.A.  
Dr. R. Waddell  
Mr. D. C. Streader, B.A., Dip.Ed.

## teaching staff

G. Stirling, B.A., Dip.Ed.  
C. L. Hallett, B.A., Dip.Ed.(Hons.)  
P. T. Vardon, B.A., T.P.T.C.  
N. K. McLeod, B.A.(Hons.)  
B. Newbold, B.Com., B.Ed., A.A.S.A., L.C.A.  
K. C. Smith, B.A., Dip.Ed.  
G. W. Warhurst, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.  
M. Cantlon, B.A., Cert.Art, T.P.T.C.  
I. Bereson, B.A., Dip.Ed.(Hons.)  
M. Goulbergh, Ph.D., T.T.C.  
L. J. Waters, B.A.(Hons.), T.T.C., Dip.Ed.  
D. L. Byrnes, W.T.C., Second Honors  
G. A. Frank, Dip.Phys.Ed., T.P.T.C.  
G. A. Cantieni, T.S.T.C.  
J. R. Carkeek, B.Com., Dip.Ed.(Hons.)  
I. R. Grandy, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.(Qual.)  
P. Oyston, T.S.T.C.  
S. E. Spragg, T.S.T.C.  
V. Pepper, B.A., Dip.Ed.  
J. W. S. Graves, T.T.T.(Tas.), P.S.C.(R.L.)  
S. Perzcuk, M.Phil., Teachers Dip. (Poland)  
A. D. M. Moorrees  
M. N. B. O'Doherty, B.A.  
J. Lisle, T.T.C.(W.A.)  
M. K. Vogt  
D. T. Hardy  
R. J. Lawrence  
M. C. Norman, B.A.(U.S.A.)  
W. B. Moore, B.Sc.  
Miss A. V. McLennan, B.A., Dip.Ed.  
Miss K. M. Carey, B.A., Dip.Ed.  
Mrs. M. M. Sherrington, M.A., S.T.C.(Scot.)  
Mrs. H. J. Chatfield, B.A., Dip.Ed.  
Miss M. C. Hughes, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.  
Miss C. B. Lynch, Mus.Bac., Dip.Ed.  
Miss M. A. Leech, T.S.T.C.(Dom. Art)  
Mrs. J. M. Robertson, B.A., T.S.T.C.(U.K.)  
Mrs. J. C. Worner, B.A., Dip.Ed.  
Miss H. A. Lees, Dip.Phys.Ed., T.S.T.C.  
Mrs. R. Watson, T.S.T.C.  
Miss E. N. Judd, T.P.T.C.  
Mrs. B. K. Hamilton, B.A.  
Mrs. L. A. Hayes, T.P.T.C.  
Mrs. A. Harris  
Mrs. H. Goulbergh  
Mrs. J. H. Murray, T.T.C.(Scot.)  
Mrs. F. E. Shaw, T.T.C.(Tas.)  
Mrs. I. M. Pascoe, Dip.Ndlecraft.  
Miss V. L. Chittick, T.C.(N.S.W.)  
Mrs. E. L. Collings, T.T.C.  
Mrs. M. C. Mortean, Arts & Crafts Trg.  
Miss J. A. Varley, B.A., Tchrs.Dip.Inst.Ed.(U.K.)  
Miss M. Plavkova  
Mrs. J. A. Michie, B.A., Dip.Ed.

## administrative staff

Mrs. M. H. Martindale  
Miss S. M. Sungaila

## staff notes

There was a time when the complete staff of Brighton — the whole eleven of them — fitted neatly into a small room at the front of McKinnon library. It was a fairly tight squeeze and we were all very happy to move into the lounge of the flat when we came to Brighton. By that time our numbers had increased a little, but at least we all knew each other; not only were we able to identify the faces, but through many a discussion and/or argument over lunch we felt that we had come to be something more to each other than bodies vaguely glimpsed in the passageway, as we rush from room 29 to 8 and back to 23.

This year I politely showed a lady to the cafeteria thinking her a mother come to help sell the cakes and lollies. Later I found she had been on the staff for over a month. At the beginning of the year, of course, we all meet each other, and for a day or so have time to note new arrivals.

Later, as the year progresses, the tempo increases, we note that Mr. Vardon takes long service leave and Mr. Hardy retires to the peace and quiet of an office in town. But only by degrees do we become aware of the new faces — their replacements.

During the eight years in which the staff has grown from eleven to fifty almost 140 teachers have passed through the school. Some have come for a short interval while others have remained with us for a long time. Only Mr. Cantlon has managed to do both of these things.

Judith Miller, 4E, lost her life in a car accident on Saturday, September 1. All at school were shocked to hear of her tragic death, for Judith was a girl who made friends everywhere. She was a girl who took her studies seriously and during her four years at school her results were always excellent. Although no longer with us, she will live long in our memory.



## editorial

### *five years of voyager*

This, the 1962 edition of *Voyager*, is our fifth school magazine. Changes during that time, both in the school and in the magazine, are everywhere in evidence. Understandably, because *Voyager* has been a true record and reflection of the activities in the school. We feel, too, that *Voyager* is becoming a symbol of the maturity and aspirations of B.H.S.

Last year's decision to alter the format of the magazine was made with one aim in mind: that of raising its aesthetic appeal. Whilst retaining the concept of simple planning, we have tried this year to accent the increasing literary output of the students of this school.

We hope, too, that *Voyager* is once again a reflection of all our worthwhile pursuits and activities.

---

## school diary

### FEBRUARY

- 7 School commences. All set for a year's hard (???) work.
- 15 House Swimming Sports. Congratulations to Lonsdale.

### MARCH

- 2 First Religious Instructions for year.
- 13 Installation of school officials — form captains, house captains and prefects.
- 22 Inter-school swimming sports.

### APRIL

- 13 Senior Students' dance.
- 17 House sports. A win to Grant house and many records broken.
- 20 Easter holidays provide a much needed break from school routine.
- 25 Anzac Day.
- 26 School Anzac Day ceremony. Brigadier Peters gives an excellent address.
- 27 Uh, Oh! Exams for forms 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5. Form 6 can gloat but not for long.

### MAY

- 1, 2, 3. School hall used for youth choirs, as part of Moorabbin Centenary. Brighton High excelled in their appearance on the third night.
- 4 Correction Day. Whacko-the-did!
- 6 Commonwealth Youth march — School well represented.
- 16 Neighbouring schools use our hall for their one-act plays. A fitting conclusion to the spectacular centenary celebrations of Moorabbin.

### JUNE

- 21 House plays shown to parents, as for-runner to competition of following day. Generally agreed to have reached a higher all-over standard than ever before.
- 22 House drama competitions. Adjudicator, Miss Irene Mitchell chose Phillip as winner.
- 28 Mother/daughter night.
- 29 Father/son night.

### JULY

- 3 Matriculation Examinations — Late nights and bleary eyes.
- 13 Another Senior dance. Why always held on Friday 13th?

### AUGUST

- 17 Official farewell to our American Field Service Scholar — Woody Emlen, who had made many friends during his stay.
- 19 Parliament of Youth — excellent speakers, enhanced by presence of many distinguished intellectuals as back-benchers. Church parade at St. Cuthberts, at night.
- 22 House Choral competitions. Lonsdale proved to be in best voice.
- 23 Open Day. Boys leave for Woodville at night.
- 31 Last day of term. Boys return from Woodville, only one victory — debating. Still, it's "how you played the game" that matters.

### SEPTEMBER

- 11 Back to the old grind. Woodville girls arrive on scene.
- 14 Official farewell to Woodville girls — all very emotional.
- 19, 20, 21, 22. "Under the Sycamore Tree." Tremendous!

### OCTOBER

- 1 Exhibition of lithographs opens. Organized by Mr. Cantlon and Mr. Cantieni.
- 16 Inter-school athletic sports.
- 22 (Till 29) Matriculation October Tests. Out with the pills again.

### NOVEMBER

- 16 Senior Speech night.
- 21 Final examinations start.
- 27 Final Matriculation examinations. Oh, dear!

### DECEMBER

- 7 Junior speech night.
- 14 Results given out — fingers crossed, everyone.
- 19 at last! At last!

WE'VE BROKEN UP.

## head master's page



*"Since wars begin in the minds of men, it is in the minds of men that the defences of peace must be constructed."*

—Preamble UNESCO constitution

The editorial in last year's Voyager laid claim to incorporating in the magazine all facets of school life with some creditable success. This is a worthy aim but in a large school it is difficult to achieve. All the while there is some extra-curricular activity of which some are not aware. This was brought forcibly to my notice when, on Education Sunday, Brighton High School was chosen to affirm in the Youth Parliament of the Air that our educational system contributes to better international relationships. When the material was gathered for the debate, we felt it would sound too much like boasting to cite what we ourselves are doing. The topic, chosen by the Hon. Lindsay Thomson, Acting Minister for Education, was an excellent one and drew our attention to one of the major problems that the rising generation will have to meet—how to cope with the explosive world population. It has been estimated that in the next forty years the world population will grow from nearly 3,000 million to 6 billion. Yet we are told in the world today two thirds of the children lack adequate food and protection against disease. And many of these undernourished children are our near neighbours. Unless some gigantic plan is undertaken, and undertaken immediately, we can expect social, political and economic chaos within a generation.

It seems to me that one way of helping is to support wholeheartedly the United Nations, particularly its agencies like U.N.I.C.E.F., U.N.E.S.C.O. and F.A.O., agencies that are doing such valuable work today.

The United Nations appeals are not forgotten when our social service funds are being disbursed. This year, too, the annual gathering of the Brighton United Nations Association is being held at our school. All schools in the Brighton area compete in essay and poster competitions, an exhibition is held and prizes are awarded. Judge Dethridge presides and entertainment is provided by school choirs and a dancing academy. All through the year at our school notice boards displaying current events and posters provided by the United Nations are always in evidence. Speakers from abroad are welcomed and the library contains much literature pertaining to other countries.

Our school, like other metropolitan secondary schools, has its quota of Asian students, particularly in the matriculation form. These students soon dispel any illusion some may still have of the intellectual superiority of the white race. It is pleasing to see how well these students fit into our school routine.

As a school, we take pride in the work that our former teacher, Mr. Scarfe, is doing in an ashram at Sarvodaya, Bihar, India. He and his wife, also a teacher, are sharing the hardships of the Indians in an under-developed part of the country and recently we heard that they had adopted an Indian girl. We have assisted them too in their noble work with our social service contributions.

The American Field Service scheme also assists international relationships. Through the generosity of two families in housing American students we been able to have at school this year Woody Emlen, from Madison, Wisconsin, and, last year, Candy Rogers from Des Moines, Iowa. These two were good ambassadors from the States. During 1960-1961, Dennis Harvie, from Brighton, spent a year with an American family and attended an American high school in Cedar Rapids. These exchanges cannot but help cement international friendships.

Mr. Cantlon, one of our Art teachers, was fortunate in obtaining an Italian Government Scholarship which enabled him to study for a year in Italy. On our staff are many teachers from other countries and in every class we find pupils who have migrated to Australia. Their presence helps to break down international barriers. Thus it can be seen that in a school such as ours there are many opportunities for the fostering of better international understanding, even without mentioning such subjects as history, geography and literature where the approach is more direct.

I commend the members of the magazine committee for their attempt to give a full survey of the activity of this school and I consider it a privilege to mention some of the ways in which we are striving to turn out future citizens with a wider sense of responsibility towards their neighbours.

*Ch. Scarfe*

## magazine acknowledgments

In a few words it is difficult to thank all those who have given so freely of their time and without whom the production of this magazine would not be possible.

But special thanks must go to the girls who had the unrewarding and somewhat tedious task of deciphering manuscripts and typing all the written material — Jillian Anderson, Julie Guy and their no less capable assistants, Elaine Smith, Gayle Williams and Leonie Seggie.

To all those who willingly contributed special articles when called on to do so.

Bob Carmen who again has put his camera to good use.

The staff for most welcome encouragement and assistance.

And not overlooking the contributors themselves — they are now in print.

## prefects

In a dignified and impressive assembly in Holland Hall on Tuesday, March 13, the twenty-four prefects, twelve boys and twelve girls, took the pledge to serve the school, and later signed the prefects' book in the headmaster's office. Due to the vacancies left by last year's prefects, eleven sixth-formers and two fifth-formers were elected this year. The prefects were ably led by Ian Patterson and Josie Waddell.

Apart from everyday duties such as cafeteria, gate duty and patrolling the corridors; the prefects' responsibilities have also included moving votes of thanks to speakers at assemblies and reading the lesson at religious instruction. Sometimes the girl prefects decided to have a uniform blitz, so they patrolled the gates before school also.

One major event in 1962 concerning us occurred when the boy prefects were finally given a prefects' room. The boys set out right away to improve the appearance of the room, and by installing lockers, tables and hanging pictures the room now looks quite presentable. The boys are especially grateful to Miss Carey for making the room available to them.

Congratulations go to Jill Evans and John Vial who represented us as two of the three speakers in the Parliament of Youth session on television. They both did a good job.

The boy prefects were well represented in the sporting teams with Michael Patterson, Ian Patterson, John Hyland, Phil Lodge, Roger Brame, Rodney Olsen, Geoff Clements and John Vial in most of the sporting teams. In the girls' sporting teams we had S. Schleicher, G. McDonald, Josie Waddell, R. Roseman, K. Truman, J. Evans, H. Teague and A. Henley.

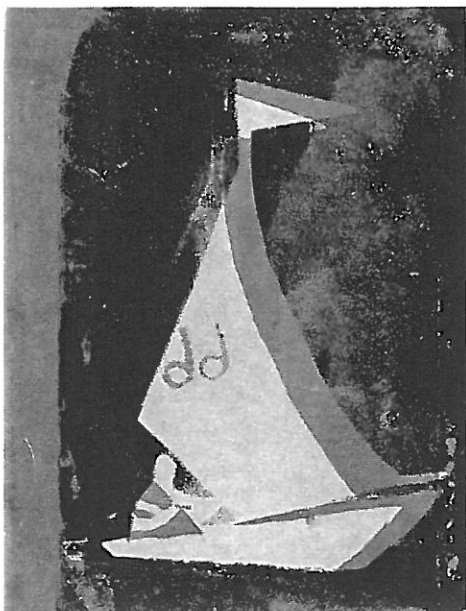
We managed to raise some money in the first term by running a dance in the cafeteria. This was an enjoyable and successful evening. Another dance was also arranged by us when the Woodville girls visited us this year.

Our thanks go to Mr. Stirling, Miss Carey and other members of the staff who have given us great assistance throughout the year, and also the students for the support they have given us in making our job a little easier.

### PREFECTS (Left to Right)

Back Row: S. Schleicher, C. Jackson, J. Hyland, G. McDonald, R. Brame, H. Teague, J. Vial, A. Henley.  
Centre Row: J. Scott, W. Morton, G. Clement, J. Flood, R. Olsen, J. Fussell, P. Lodge, J. Middleton.  
Front Row: R. Roseman, I. Catchlove, J. Waddell, Mr. Stirling, Miss Carey, I. Patterson, J. Evans, A. Cooper, K. Truman, M. Patterson.





## scholastic awards, 1961

### MATRICULATION EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1961

First Class Honours .....	15
Second Class Honours .....	28
Subject Passes .....	211
Passed Matriculation Examination .....	45

**Exhibitions: Geography,** Ross Cooper

**Senior Scholarship** — Ross Cooper

**Commonwealth Scholarships (12):** Margaret Bell, Solomon Bock, John Chambers, Christine Cheyne, Ross Cooper, Chris Hamilton, Dennis Harvie, Alan Macleod, Anne McQueen, Ross Matthews, Graeme Rimmer, Harvey Turner.

**Secondary Studentships (12):** Patricia Bodsworth, Christine Cheyne, Bruce Cook, Ross Cooper, Diana Laurie, Alan Macleod, Anne McQueen, Wendy Maning, Maureen O'Shaughnessy (1960), Ray Pask, William Rigney, Graeme Rimmer.

**Free Places (2):** Neville Caine, Gordon Cumming.

**Matriculation (45):** Lorraine Allen, Alan Baillie, Carol Baker, Robyn Beechey, Margaret Bell, Solomon Bock, Timothy Boddington, Patricia Bodsworth, Maxine Boyle, Neville Caine, John Chambers, Christine Cheyne, Eva Colin, Bruce Cook, Ross Cooper, Gordon Cumming, Vivien Fellowes, Sylvia Fenwick, John Findlay, Helen Harris, Chris Hamilton, Chris Hudnott, Heather Johnson, Diana Laurie, Graham Leary, Alan Macleod, Anne McQueen, Wendy Maning, Ronda Marriss, Ross Matthews, John Middleton, Raymond Pask, William Richmond, William Rigney, Rene Schellekens, Peter Steven, Harvey Turner, Diane Waters, Jeffrey Wheeler, Jillian Wigg, Dorothy Willmott, Lawrence Wilson, Walburga Winter, Elizabeth Woodbridge.

### MATRICULATION HONOURS

**English Literature, First Class:** Harvey Turner.

**English Literature, Second Class:** Lorraine Allan, Alan Baillie, Christine Cheyne.

**Pure Mathematics, First Class:** Margaret Bell, Chris Hamilton.

**Calculus and Applied Mathematics, First Class:** Margaret Bell, Chris Hamilton.

**Calculus and Applied Mathematics, Second Class:** Ross Matthews.

**Physics, First Class:** Margaret Bell.

**Physics, Second Class:** Chris Hamilton, Chris Hudnott, Ross Matthews.

**Chemistry, First Class:** Margaret Bell, Solomon Bock, Chris Hamilton.

**Geography, First Class:** Ross Cooper (Exhibition), Dorothy Willmott.

**Geography, Second Class:** Diana Laurie, Anne McQueen, Wendy Maning.

**Modern History, First Class:** Ross Cooper.

**Modern History, Second Class:** Alan Baillie, Timothy Boddington, John Chambers, Dennis Harvie, Alan Macleod.

**British History, First Class:** John Chambers, John Middleton.

**British History, Second Class:** Carol Baker, Christine Cheyne, Ross Cooper, Dennis Harvie, Heather Johnson, Alan Macleod, Raymond Pask, John Spencer, Lawrence Wilson.

**Economics, First Class:** Ross Cooper.

**Economics, Second Class:** Dennis Harvie.

**Art, Second Class:** Ross Cooper, Dorothy Willmott.

**German, Second Class:** Walburga Winter.



## LEAVING CERTIFICATES, 1961

### FORM 5A

Adams, Robert  
 Arnott, Brentwood  
 Beer, Hartley  
 Booth, Geoffrey  
 Bryant, John  
 Catchlove, Ian  
 Collins, John  
 Ditterich, Carl  
 Dowling, Jeffrey  
 Fletcher, Rodney  
 Grant, Jeffrey  
 Allen, Judith  
 Anderson, Margaret  
 Belsey, Diane  
 Borowick, Kerry  
 Britton, Angela  
 Cohen, Susan  
 Cook, Patricia  
 Crouch, Edith  
 Dobson, Barbara  
 Drysdale, Heather  
 Evans, Suzanne  
 Fall, Naomi  
 Flood, Jennifer  
 Gaal, Elly  
 Green, Janice  
 Hall, Barbara

### FORM 5B

Carrick, Lloyd  
 Ellis, Andrew  
 Kibell, Roger  
 Peebles, Garry  
 Rhimes, Robert  
 Abramowitch, Sylvia  
 Bassat, Josette  
 Baxter, Susan  
 Brough, Patricia  
 Cohen, Josephine  
 Fussell, Jean  
 Gamil, Carole  
 Gilpin, Valerie  
 Hartley, Wendy  
 Hay, Elizabeth  
 Henley, Anne  
 Holley, Janet  
 Hubel, Frances  
 Komesaroff, Ilona  
 MacDonald, Isabel  
 McDonald, Helen  
 Maler, Ziporah  
 Mann, Diane  
 Manning, Margaret  
 Moore, Valerie  
 Morton, Wendy  
 O'Shaughnessy, Kathleen

### FORM 5C

Hastings, Paul  
 Heard, Ronald  
 Johns, Michael  
 Kenner, Rodney  
 Khoury, Theodore  
 Kidd, Garry  
 Kosky, William  
 Lodge, Phillip  
 Lynch, Kim  
 Mace, Robert  
 Middleton, Alfred  
 Moharich, Michael  
 Newton, Brian  
 Olsen, Rodney  
 Patterson, Ian  
 Patterson, Michael  
 Pike, John  
 Rennison, Neil  
 Mo, Raymond  
 Jones, Ronald  
 Jackson, Catherine  
 Krause, Sandra  
 McDonald, Gillian  
 Murphy, Kaye  
 Norman, Margaret  
 Oakley, Margaret  
 Phillips, Kirsty  
 Reed, Rosemary  
 Rowell, Anne

### FORM 5D

Guy, Graeme  
 Hakman, Harry  
 Hannah, Howard  
 Smith, Geoffrey  
 Smith, Phillip  
 Stanley, Brian  
 Still, Colin  
 Strunin, Alan  
 Szmulewicz, John  
 Terrell, Daniel  
 Topliss, Ian  
 Topliss, Ian  
 Ward, Eric  
 Ward, Peter  
 Wilkinson, David  
 Wilshire, Paul  
 Waterson, Robert  
 Schleicher, Sylvia  
 Sheedy, Margaret  
 Sturrock, Vivienne  
 Teague, Dorothy  
 Tucker, Lesley  
 Waddell, Josephine  
 Wheeler, Wendy  
 Whitbourne, Suzanne  
 Whitney, Jennifer  
 Wilson, Cara  
 Wilson, Lynne

## INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATES, 1961

### FORM 4A

Beer, Ronald  
 Beer, Ian  
 Donald, John  
 Elias, Adrian  
 Forbes, David  
 Frazer, Peter  
 Grinblat, Ian  
 Henley, Frank  
 Humphrey, Michael  
 Hill, Warren  
 Jacobs, Peter  
 Joannides, Alkis  
 Keep, Peter  
 Laurie, John  
 Lovell, Douglas  
 Leunig, Geoffrey  
 Newbold, Anthony  
 Russell, Edward  
 Seggie, John  
 Szilagyi, Tibor  
 Walliss, Anthony  
 Watmuff, Peter  
 Baker, Lynette  
 Betts, Lynette  
 Charles, Margot  
 Cornelius, Leonie  
 Crane, Judith  
 Delevante, Carol  
 Debinsky, Onella  
 Diggins, Robyn  
 Eden, Vivien  
 Fussell, Carol  
 Hanlon, Marion  
 Jackson, Susan  
 Kosky, Elizabeth  
 Liddiard, Carol  
 Lowe, Jillian  
 Patterson, Elizabeth  
 Reddie, Patricia  
 Roseman, Robyn  
 Ross, Jennifer  
 Stephenson, Gail  
 Thompson, Janice  
 Thompson, Robyn  
 Truman, Kaye

Trunoff, Alexandra  
 Williamson, Lois  
 Morrey, Lynne

### FORM 4B

Bailey, Ross  
 Bihary, Emmery  
 Cooper, Ian  
 Englert, Ian  
 Ferguson, John  
 Gerst, Beno  
 Hamilton, Michael  
 Jones, Jon  
 Margocsy, Paul  
 Pamphilon, Peter  
 Paul, Graham  
 Railey, Peter  
 Rixon, John  
 Sales, Graham  
 Sargeant, James  
 Skillicorn, Roberts  
 Smeeton, Anthony  
 Steiner, Thomas  
 Walsh, Gregory  
 Young, Grant  
 Young, Peter  
 Rosenblatt, Leslie  
 Curzon Siggers, Susan  
 Czarnecki, Margaret  
 Duggan, Elsa  
 Griffiths, Rosalind  
 Harding, Jeanne  
 Milligan, Wendy  
 Morton, Robyn  
 Reid, Lyn  
 Rubens, Fleur  
 Russell, Antoinette  
 Sheehy, Joan  
 Spencer, Susan  
 Sput, Ruth

### FORM 4C

Dineen, Ian  
 Fortune, Peter  
 Halliday, David  
 Lewis, Allan  
 Neal, Robert

Riches, Robert  
 Thompson, Gregory  
 Valenta, Thomas  
 Wigley, Colin  
 Wilson, Rowan  
 Arber, Marion  
 Carrick, Jillian  
 Ferrier, Lynne  
 Ham, Wendy  
 Richardson, Carlene  
 Spark, Alison  
 Szmulewicz, Regine  
 Warren, Sylvia

### FORM 4D

Anderson, Brian  
 Bishop, Robert  
 Boston, Joseph  
 Cook, Lawrence  
 Cornish, Ian  
 Edgerton, Peter  
 Ducat, Robert  
 Finkelstein, Valentin  
 Glass, Keith  
 Henderson, Robert  
 Hilson, Trevor  
 Hooke, Clive  
 Kenley, John  
 Levy, Ralph  
 Manuel, Denis  
 Merrie, Lindsay  
 Oakley, Richard  
 Raftopoulos, Dennis  
 Roach, Ronald  
 Stewart, Allan  
 Titler, Alfred  
 Turner, Raymond  
 Wall, John  
 Withall, David

### FORM 4E

Anderson, Judith  
 Beck, Helen  
 Brown, Diane  
 Carr, Helen  
 Clarke, Christine  
 Comport, Helen

Crabtree, Dianne  
 Crane, Lynette  
 Dalton, Lynette  
 Dobson, Christine  
 Doughty, Diane  
 Duclos, Lynette  
 Espie, Jennifer  
 Haile, Susan  
 Hillis, Carol  
 Hogan, Barbara  
 Hooke, Raelene  
 Hawarth, Patricia  
 Jones, Helen  
 King, Julie  
 Leeder, Pamela  
 McIvor, Thaler  
 McKenzie, Marion  
 Millard, Gail  
 Morris, Ann  
 Neylan, Barbara  
 Paddock, Rhonda  
 Ratten, Valma  
 Simpson, Margaret  
 Taylor, Merrill  
 Templeton, April  
 Thompson, Marilyn  
 Thorley, Diane  
 Windley, Janice

### FORM 4F

Best, Richard  
 Frank, Rolf  
 Gannon, Stephen  
 Gray, Wayne  
 Guscott, Howard  
 Hillis, Jason  
 Lillie, Ronald  
 McBrien, Douglas  
 Morgan, Robert  
 Norton, Trevor  
 Olsen, David  
 Roberts, David  
 Seddon, John  
 Bayne, Lynette  
 Landberg, Gita  
 Sharples, Pamela

## mothers' club

There is always a hard core of stalwart and enthusiastic members at the centre of any active club, and in the case of the Mothers' Club, that core could be dubbed the "Catering Corps." Apart from the many hours put in at the canteen, members have responded excellently when asked to help at our birthday afternoon, to provide lunches and pack picnic boxes for our Woodville guests, and to provide suppers at the drama night and speech nights and to provide lunches for the combined athletic sports.

In our lighter moments we have enjoyed our visits to ABV2, GT7V9, MacRobertsons' chocolate factory, Potter and Moore perfume factory and Coca-Cola Bottlers Pty. Ltd.

We had such interesting speakers as a Victorian policewoman; Miss Bell, a medical librarian; and Mrs. Cole, who showed slides of her trip to Rhodesia. At members' homes we have had a floral art demonstration, card afternoons and a cosmetic demonstration, and we joined with the Parents' and Citizens' Association in forming the audience to "Any Questions?" at ABV2. A parade of "furs and fashions" is planned for the end of the year.

We tried to help parents by organizing a secondhand clothing sale in February. This is not an easy job to undertake and we thank both Miss McLennan and Miss Carey for their co-operation.

We were very pleased when the doll, dressed as a mermaid, was chosen to tour all the capital cities of the Commonwealth; now redressed by Mrs. Hancock, she is helping to raise funds for the school.

At the end of 1961 Mothers' Club prizes were awarded to Ian Catchlove and Jillian Evans for drama, and to Christine Cheyne and Robert Carman for the *Voyager*. Head prefects' gold pins were awarded to Eva Colin and Anthony Cooper.

Scholarships were awarded to Paula Wilson, Christine Patterson, Kaye Millard and Robert McNamara.

We thank all the members who have helped the Club so nobly, and to those mothers who no longer have children at the school, but who continue to work so well for us, we extend a sincere wish to work with you all again next year.

*N. E. Jones, President*  
*E. O. Hillis, Honorary Secretary*  
*R. Laurie, 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 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 on a wide variety of subjects and to engage in discussions concerning education and other allied subjects.

Our operations in 1962 commenced with an invitation to parents of Form 1 students to meet the headmaster and teachers. Lecturers at succeeding meetings have dealt with careers, efficient reading training methods, and a variety of other interesting topics. A large party of parents visited the studio of ABV Channel 2 in July to participate in the "Any Questions?" programme. We also arranged for parents of Grade 6 children from surrounding State Schools to listen to, and discuss their problems with, a panel of speakers including our headmaster, the headmaster of the Brighton Technical School, a psychologist from the Education Department, and the District Inspector. Our members are kept well informed on all matters pertaining to the school through the addresses of Mr. Stirling at our meetings.

Working bees have been arranged when requested by the headmaster and stewards were appointed to help the staff control the flow of visitors on open night during Education Week.

On Saturday afternoons, whenever the courts were not required for competition play, the students were offered the opportunity to play. This activity was supervised by a roster of parents and organised by Mrs. I. Taylor to whom we wish to express our thanks for her effort during the year.

On the social side, we have arranged dances in Holland Hall for students in the senior school. The number attending these functions and the enthusiasm shown indicate them to have been highly successful. We are indebted to our Secretary, Mrs. I. Baker, and the members of the School Social Committee for the thought and work which went into the organisation of these dances. In conjunction with the Mothers' Club, we are conducting an "end-of-the-year" social dance in the hall for parents and friends. Card evenings, organised by Mrs. Rigney and Mrs. Stanley, have been held each month at the school for parents and friends.

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 for the efforts of our Editor and 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) and the other office-bearers and members of the Mothers' Club whose co-operation we value highly, and the students and parents.

Office-bearers of the Association during 1962 were: President, Mr. C. C. Moor; Vice-President, Mr. E. I. Englert; Secretary, Mrs. I. Baker; Treasurer, Mr. A. Jones; Committee, Mrs. Henderson, Messrs. Pamphilon, Potton, Taylor and Young; Auditor, Mr. J. Hunter.

## house choral festival

This year, for the first time in the school's history, a House Choral Festival was introduced. Each house had to present a folk song in two or more parts, and a song by a known composer.

Feverish practices were soon under way and all houses had good representation of boys and girls. Lonsdale won the closely-contested competition with their inspiring and beautiful renditions of "Sea Fever," by John Ireland, and "Didn't my Lord deliver Daniel." Murray sang "Go Down Moses" and "Grandfather's Clock," Grant "All Through the Night" and Bizet's "Toreador Song," and Phillip "I've Got a Robe" and Schubert's "Who is Sylvia?" The competition was adjudicated by Mr. Nielson, former conductor of the famous Northcote City Choir.

Although this was the first competition of its kind, the standard of singing achieved was high and it is hoped that in future years it will be one of the outstanding features of the school year.

Thanks go to the people who participated in the choirs and by their singing helped make the festival such an enjoyable occasion; to the accompanists, and especially to the teachers who so wholeheartedly gave up their free time to train and conduct the choirs.

*Anne Henley, 6*



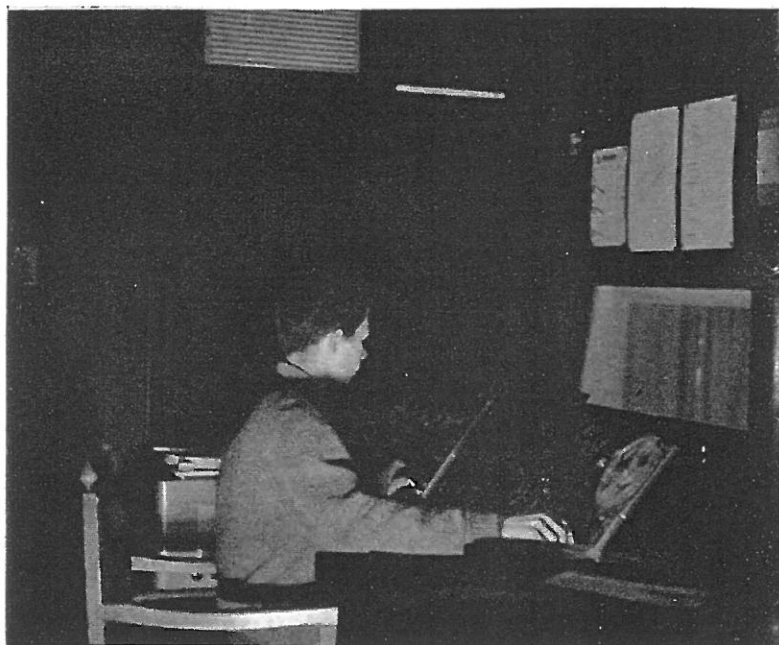
## around the school

### stage crew

One of the most hard-working and efficient student groups is the school stage crew consisting of only five boys: David Rayson (manager), Howard Guscott, Geoff Moran, Kris Zalkans and Frank Dawson. Their duties cover anything from taping speeches at assemblies to devising and executing the intricate lighting required for school drama. The four house plays, the drama festival and the school play have kept them extremely busy at all times.

In term one they carried out an important project, when they converted the projection room into a control room. This entailed replacing the three small inlets with long glass windows, and moving all the sound equipment up from the stage. The advantage of this move is that it allows the producers of the plays to give instructions by phone to the lighting crew, while watching the play from a vantage point at the back of the hall.

New equipment, which includes a Byer 66 tape recorder, and new technical improvements, such as the pre-amplifying and audio-mixing facilities, ensure that the Brighton High stage crew carry out their work with a maximum of efficiency.



### chess report

Chess is expanding in the school! New sets were purchased for the club this year and a girls' tournament was held for the first time resulting in a win for Georgina Schick. In the boys' tournament Eli Fryher defeated Leslie Stewart in the final.

Two teams, captained by Graham Leary, were entered in the V.C.A. inter-school tournaments, one in the C grade division and the other in D grade. In D grade Brighton High attained second position and in C grade, with the finals yet to be played, Brighton hold second position on the ladder, having lost only one match for the season. The youngest player in the C grade team was first-former L. Stewart, who has a bright future ahead of him as a chess player.

Since the C grade finals last year were played after the magazine went to press it is necessary to mention here that Brighton High were runners-up to Northcote High School in that division.

Unfortunately we did not do so well against Woodville High School this year or last year and suffered defeats of one game to four and no games to five respectively. George Golvan acted captain for this year's match.

The teams' thanks go to monitors Michael Newman and Graham Leary and also to the master in charge, Mr. Perczuk, and the secretary, Mr. Lisle, both of whom gave helpful and encouraging support to the teams.





## **seat crew**

For a large school to function it is necessary to appoint monitors to carry out duties which have no connection with academic studies. This could be a burden but the boys concerned worked willingly and well. The members of the seat crew receive little reward for their consistent efficiency in providing over 1200 seats for three major assemblies per week. Seat crew this year: David Jackson, Bill Howes, Geoff Kemp, Peter Bailey, Robert Neal, Greg Thompson, Alan Lewis.

## **hymn books**

Distribution of books for religious instruction was capably handled by Judy Miller, Jan Walmsley, H. McCormick, P. Cherry, R. Carr, R. Bell and G. Danson.

## **undaunted**

Geoff Clements entered for the C grade singles championship at the Easter tennis tournament at Yarrawonga. Owing to his bad writing, or something like that, his name came out in the B grade draw. He won the B grade singles event, something not usually achieved by a schoolboy, and with his partner, an ex-student from Brighton Tech., reached the semi-finals of the A grade doubles.

## **bells**

Bells ring  
and bells chime,  
but the bells Andrew rings  
are always on time!

Thanks to Andrew Helmos and assistants Max Ketels, Tom Emodi and Gary Danson for their willingness and efficiency in taking on this unrewarding task.

## **flags**

Guardians of safety this year were the law-abiding and diligent Neil Cox, John Humphrey, Geoff Ratz, Geoff Kemp and Frank Daley. Thank you, boys, for a worthwhile duty well executed.

## **anzac day ceremony**

The traditional laying of wreaths at the foot of the flag, by the house captains and head prefects, opened our Anzac ceremony for this year. A two-minute silence ensued, in which the flag was lowered, and the school remembered with respect the sacrifices made in two world wars, by those who fought and those who fell. The Last Post was played, and the school and official party made their way to the hall where the ceremony was to be continued.

Mr. Stirling, in a brief address, explained the origin and significance of Anzac Day, after which the choir sang "Tree of Peace" and form 3B recited "In Flanders Field." One of the distinguished guests, Colonel Holford, then introduced our guest speaker, Brigadier Peters.

In his address Brigadier Peters recalled an incident in the second world war when Australian soldiers in Greece, having suffered serious losses and in retreat, were inspired to fight with extra vigour and hope, on April 25, when they remembered the example set by their fathers in the first world war. The young people of today, he pointed out, have not shared the experience of the older folk and they, therefore, tend to overlook the significance of Anzac Day. This day, he said, should be a day of gratitude, and we should not lose sight of the fact that we were fighting for freedom — "freedom of the individual."

The ceremony concluded with the choir singing "Song of the South," and the school joining in the "Prayer of Dedication" and the "Recessional."

## **library**

The library remains the most popular room in the school. It is maintained by a small but enthusiastic group of students who are becoming proficient at spotting a "chewer" at twenty yards.

We were fortunate in having some sets of excellent books donated by parents: *International Library of Famous Literature*, a set of twenty volumes of handsomely-bound books; then another was a complete set of Charles Dickens' books, twenty in all; there has also been a wide range of novels added to the fiction section. Of course, there is still available a regular supply of local and overseas magazines.

*Ann Gurney, Sherrin Iverson*

## **b.h.s. old boys' tennis**

This year was Brighton High's first in the Old Grammarians' and Public Schools' Tennis Association. The team greatly appreciates the assistance given by Mr. Byrnes and the sponsorship of Mr. Stirling.

Although this was our first season in the competition Brighton High reached the final (still to be completed at time of publication). This should be encouraging news for all who would like to represent the school.

## **brighton high ex-students' association**

*President:* Jan Sellars. *Vice-Presidents:* Patricia Newton, Jeffrey Sutton. *Secretary:* Patricia Bodsworth.

Two general meetings have been held this year, the first on April 11 was the annual meeting, at which the new office-bearers for 1962 were elected, and the second on Education Night, August 22.

Regular committee meetings have been held to arrange functions and to arrange the sending-out of circulars. These circulars are the only means of notifying former students of activities, and therefore all those wishing to receive these must be financial.

### **ACTIVITIES ALREADY ARRANGED:**

#### **1. Warburton weekend**

About twenty went and a most enjoyable time was had by all (?). Weekends away have become regular events and are always successful and this one was by no means an exception.

#### **2. Day trip to Ferny Creek**

Sporting events were held, Brighton winning the basketball, but somehow losing the football.

All those students who intend leaving school this year and who wish to join this association which strengthens the link between past pupils and present and future activities within the school, may notify the secretary at 124 Centre Road, East Brighton (92 7776).

## **current affairs**

When people are busy they are less observant. They have little desire to read boring notices. Therefore, if information is to be read it must be attractively presented, interest must be created, the elements of design must be observed.

A team of students headed by Mr. Bereson are making a practical study of the elements of design. They spend their time considering layout of print and harmony and contrast of colour. Their purpose is to provide students with up-to-date information about the political world. Their method of approach gives them success.

## **the heaters**

When it is necessary to move from one wing to another we usually travel via the outside roadways, to avoid congested corridors. In winters gone by the corridors were so cold that this was no disadvantage. Nowadays the corridors are so warm that very few ever dare to step outside. The new heating system is a success.

## **the oval**

The smooth green pasture nearest Dendy Street is our new oval. It is a very welcome sight. (For seven years we have travelled to outside sports grounds which never quite catered for our needs.) Whatever next?

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

The 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 were held of a Tuesday lunchtime in room 4. Our usual programme has been varied by the showing of several coloured filmstrips including "What, no ball?" shown to us by Mr. Giles of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Other visiting speakers have included the Rev. J. Williams of St. Mary's, East Brighton, and Mr. McKenzie of the Ormond Church of Christ. Other meetings have been led by the committee, in the form of quizzes, discussions and plays. A number of us had the privilege of taking part in one of the meetings at McKinnon High School, and we hope that these visits will continue.

We are grateful to Mr. Stirling for his co-operation and to Miss Judd for her guidance and help throughout the year. The committee's thanks also go to those who have attended the meetings regularly and anyone who attends in the future can be assured of a warm welcome.

"Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Romans 5:1.



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

Keeping in mind that the purpose of the American Field Service Scholarship is to foster understanding and co-operation between the youth of the world, the United States could not have chosen a better ambassador to send to Brighton High School than Woody Emlen.

Excelling in basketball no less than in his scholastic work, Woody proved to be a good sportsman, a good student and a cheery citizen.

For two years now we have been both proud and pleased to have American scholarship students with us, proud to have our school used as a host, and pleased to have such fine guests with us.

### **parliament of youth**

On Education Sunday, Ruth Sput, John Vial, Jill Evans and twelve matriculation back-benchers represented Brighton High on the HSV7 programme Parliament of Youth. We took the affirmative side and tried to prove to our opposition that Our Education System Contributes to Better International Relationships. With the help of Mrs. Chatfield and Mr. Stirling we did quite well. The school was presented with £25 appearance money and the three front-benchers were presented with framed certificates.

### **debating**

This year the A grade debating team consisted of John Vial, Ruth Sput, Frank Henley and Jill Evans. Throughout the year John Vial proved himself the best speaker.

We proved to McKinnon High that Preferential Voting is Democratic and we proved to Melbourne Grammar that It was Better to be Dead than Red. However, Sunshine High established That the Federal Government should not give financial aid to Denominational Schools.

### **instrument screen**

This year, the school has begun to set up a weather station. A wire cage has been built behind the school near the men's basketball court, and in it a thermometer house has been erected on a three-feet high post. The thermometer house contains a maximum and minimum thermometer, which tells the highest and lowest temperatures in any day, and wet and dry bulb thermometers from which the humidity can be determined. A rain gauge will also be erected.

It is hoped that some of the information from the weather station will be displayed in a prominent place in the school buildings.

*Robert Bell, 2A*

### **united nations' committee**

The committee was formed in April to "encourage pupil-interest in the United Nations and its various agencies." The committee consists of two elected members from each of the three form five modern history classes. The representatives for this year were: Peter Young (Chairman), Sandra Trunoff (Secretary), Roger Titler (Notice Board Convener), Wayne Gray, Ruth Sput, and Woody Emlen, our American Field Service student. Mr. Bereson, who has been such a wonderful help to us throughout the year, was made a member. Mr. Stirling was appointed patron. We have, through the generosity of the school, been affiliated with the Brighton branch and with the Victorian branch of the United Nations.

Each month at least two delegates from our committee have attended meetings of the Melbourne inter-school U.N. committee. The aims of our local branch have been carried out by displays on the school notice boards, highlighting U.N. activities, while competitions conducted by various other committees have helped us in our work. The committee feels that we have had a most successful year and hopes that this success will continue in future years.

*Roger Titler*

## **mr. scarfe in india**

### *extracts from his letters*

This year looks like seeing much more achievement than last, all going well. The Patna Teachers' College has translated all our syllabuses into Hindi and we are gradually getting the syllabus for each class written into a class register. It will be then far easier to direct our teachers.

Our search for textbooks of any standard at all and, if possible, to cover the material in our syllabuses has ranged from Delhi to here, but we have at last collected sufficient to coast along, thanks to Brighton High.

There is no news of the grant we applied for to the Central Government, but we have heard of an arrangement by which we may be able to get money for two rooms from the Bihar Government to go with the two teachers. If so, we will put in money sent from Australia, and we should have three rooms of our new school before the hot season and summer vacation. We will know more about this by the end of this month.

A school garden is now discernible. Wendy's kindergarten continues to grow. Unable to get a teacher, we employed a very sweet village woman and have undertaken to meet her wages of £3 per month. We have asked some friends in America if they could collect this for us for us for a year. She is excellent with the children, tries hard, is learning fast, but it will be about a year, I suppose, before she knows enough reading and writing to be completely at ease. She attends our night literacy class. It got up to 64, after which we threw out all the kids who are not employed and who could attend day school. Anyway, our promotion of come-to-school is starting to get results. The radio and loud speaker we bought for the village library is used every night and is still being looked after properly.

The Ashram has recovered from its bankrupt condition and we are being paid again. Bought £10 of blankets which we cut into three and gave as shawls to sixty untouchable kids.

## **efficient reading**

This year, an efficient reading course was introduced as an extra curricular activity mainly for matriculation students.

Mr. Vogt gave up much of his spare time to provide two courses, each of twelve weeks' duration. The aim of this course was to form a technique of reading which saves time and effort and gives maximum comprehension for the immediate purpose.

The training increases the span of vision and shows how to read material through without regressing (as the average reader does). This enables people to increase their reading speed from the average speed of 350 words a minute to a very much higher rate. Congratulations to Ross Middleton who topped the course with a rate of 3600 words a minute.

Many thanks to Mr. Vogt for helping those who took the course to read faster and more efficiently.



## house drama

The house plays this year were of a particularly high standard. As in previous years, the quality of the respective scripts varied considerably, but as the range of suitable one-act plays is narrowing each year, this could hardly be avoided. It was the new approach, however, to what is being done which is so pleasing. Both producers and actors alike were tackling the plays with emphasis on doing the job well. It was a pity, therefore, that they had to be put on a competitive basis, instead of being enjoyed for their own sakes. Miss Irene Mitchell of the Little Theatre had the difficult task of adjudicating and finally chose Phillip House as the winner.

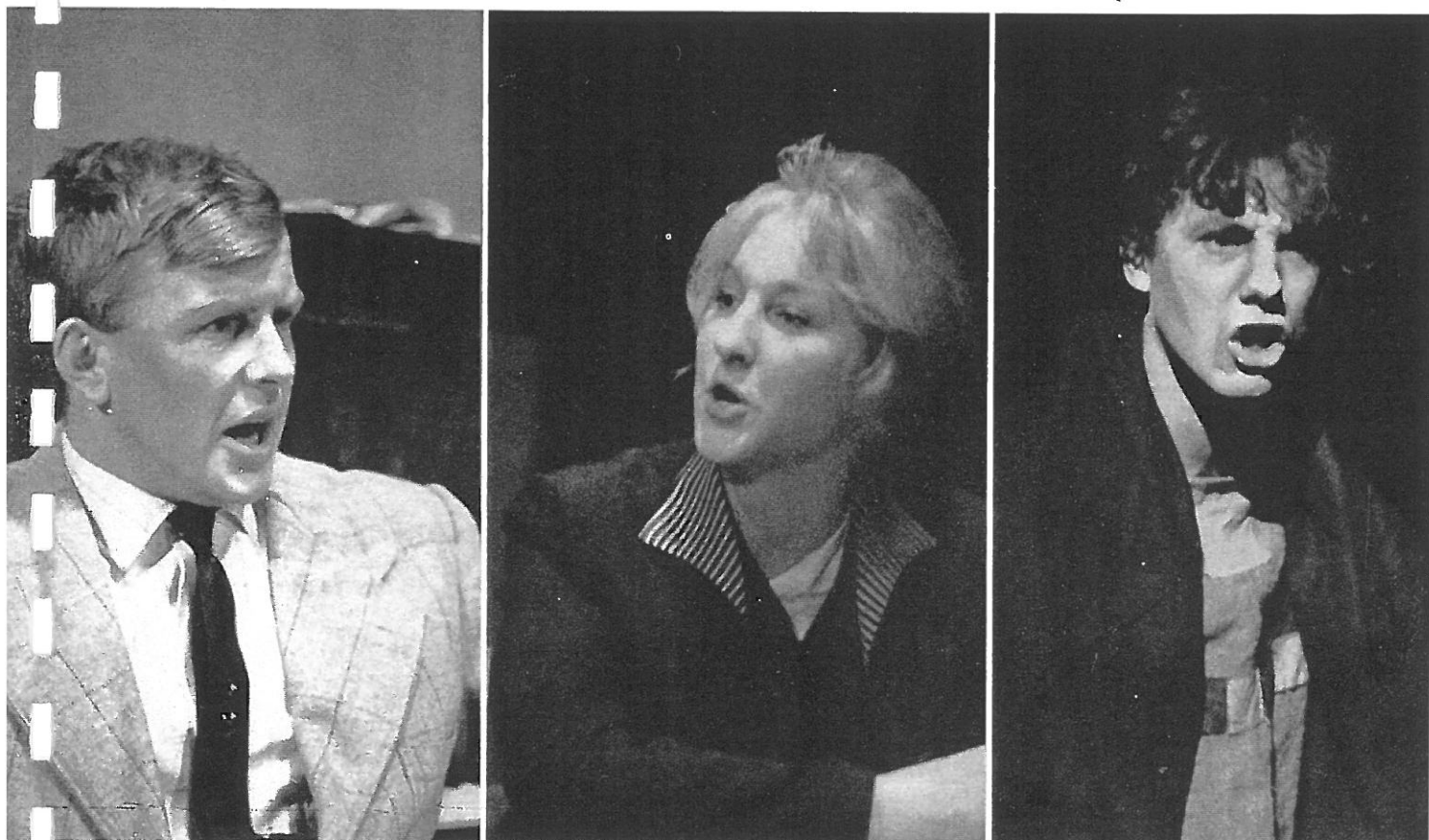
Grant House play "Search Party" was a comedy who-done-it, which provided too little scope for imaginative production, and too many opportunities for those quaint cameo-character roles which inevitably find their way into one-act plays. In spite of these handicaps the play "came across" with considerable ease and vitality. This was due partly to the breezy, confident acting of Colin Coutts and Judith Stone, and the competent producing of David Jacobs. Jacobs, incidentally, a form three student, deserves extra credit for maintaining standard with producers of forms five and six.

Lonsdale produced the morality play "Everyman." Each facet of production (set design, lighting, costumes, staging and movement) was handled with a great deal of ability by the producers, Jenny Flood and Jill Evans. The play, however, was somewhat marred by a too-drastic cutting of the script. Intending to make the play move at a maximum pace, so as not to lose audience interest, it was at times rather piecemeal. Similarly, it had its effect on the actors. They did not have time to "live" their parts — to develop their characterizations and techniques. Nevertheless, visually it was extremely pleasing — probably the smoothest production in the competition in this sense.

Murray House played J. B. Priestley's "The Rose and Crown," a comedy with a message and a rather frightening end. Producer was Ian Catchlove. Much of the success of this play depends on how well the transition from comedy to drama is handled and, fortunately, it was handled well. The cast was excellent: Iris Romanella, Jill Verity, David Taylor and Peter Young providing good entertainment.

Phillip House play, produced by John Laurie, was judged the winner of the competition. "The Tragedy of Good Intentions" has a brilliant script which provides a tremendous scope both for actors and producers. Laurie was quick to realize this, and urged his cast on to give one of the best dramatic performances ever seen in Brighton High's house drama.

*Ian Catchlove*





### under the sycamore tree

The prospect of presenting a play this year which would equal the high standard set by "Hamlet" seemed rather remote, yet Mr. Oyston's production of "Under the Sycamore Tree" proved to contain those same elements of freshness, vitality and vivid imagination, which had made its predecessor so successful.

When written originally by Samuel Spewack it was intended to expose the folly of mankind—the misuse of his intelligence and achievements. Mr. Oyston, however, preferred to gloss over the moral aspects of the play and concentrated instead on making the most of the humorous situations which arise when thinking of an insect world in terms of human law and human logic. This change of emphasis, the inclusion of topical humour, the ingenious visual effect, and of course the fantastic stage setting, all contributed to making "Under the Sycamore Tree" emerge as an exciting audience play.

The final success or failure of the play, however, depended upon the actors who, fortunately, handled their roles extremely well. Robyn Roseman gave a delightfully sophisticated performance as the Queen Ant. Her timing, her expression and her poise had the air of a professional comedienne, and it was a joy to watch this role being acted with such ease and ability.

Peter Jacobs' portrayal of the scientist was a curious mixture of fiery temperament and hearty, almost bawdy, good humour. A very different translation, I am sure, from the original Alec Guinness role, but it was nevertheless an entertaining and thoroughly enjoyable interpretation.

David Taylor as the fussy, fidgety old statistician, and John Laurie as the chief grand marshal, who refused to die unless honourably eaten, provided many laughs, as the two remaining reactionaries in a revolutionary ant heap.

Russell Hobbs and Gillian Sumner playing two "raw, pliable ants" missed no opportunity to raise a laugh in the hilarious scene in which the scientist tries to instil them with human emotions.

Alkis Joannides gave an amusing performance as a prospective father, and skilfully played it to the audience. Jill Verity as his secretary-wife was also very good. She has a gift for subtle comedy characterizations which, incidentally, was also evident in the house plays.

I feel that a special mention must be given to Leslie Rosenblatt, as Precocious' fiance. Although only on stage for a few minutes, his performance will be remembered as one of the gems of the play.

As usual, the stage staff did a magnificent job, and their part in helping Mr. Oyston make the play once again the most outstanding and exciting feature of the school year should not be underestimated.

*Ian Catchlove, 6*

## judo

Judo was continued this year under the guidance of Mr. Moorshead, fourth dan, who has taught us that Judo is not only a form of self-defence, but essentially a sport. During our Monday afternoon classes, we have learned a sequence of throws in the gokio, first principle, and some newaza (ground work). Later on, when we have had more practice at contesting, we hope to challenge other schools and compete for the inter-school shield.

Although our previous gradings had to be made through other clubs, we are proud that Brighton High School has now become an affiliated member of the Australian Judo Association. Belts gained this year by Brighton High were:

Junior Yellow: Ray O'Gorman, John Critchley,

Geoffrey Pountney, Terry Lawrie, Tony Nielsen.

Junior Orange: Margaret Hockley, Roy Park.

Senior Yellow: Jeffrey Sill.

Senior Orange: Elly Gaal, Ilona Komesaroff.

Contesting has been either with Mr. Moorshead or each other. In the first instance we helplessly watch the mats rise to meet us and wonder if we will ever last out two minutes of fighting with our instructor, and in the second we vainly try to recall appropriate throws. Why, oh why, does somebody who passively submits to all kinds of horrible treatment during practice become so stubbornly disobliging when it comes to contests? At present size is a deciding factor, but we are looking forward to seeing Roy "Termite" overcome "Lofty" O'Gorman.

Second term brought surprises — exercises, checks on fingernails (have you cut your nails yet, Elly?), and the introduction of a minute's "think Judo" before the lesson began. Early attempts at Judo exercises proved hilarious, but we are now becoming expert "bunny-hoppers."

The mat area has been increased and we are no longer forced to work in relays as before. A frame to keep the mats in place has been ordered for the school. This will be a valuable addition, at least in the eyes of those of us who have landed on the floor when the mats were sent flying!

Altogether, Judo has been a lot of fun this year. For this we thank Mr. Moorshead for his inspiration and encouragement during the year. Our thanks also go to Mr. Stirling for his support of a sport we believe is on the way to becoming part of the school tradition.

## boys' craft

The current year was a year of great achievement in the craft centre. The major event was the reorganization of the storage of tools in the woodwork room. They are now kept in a central cupboard serving each of the twelve benches.

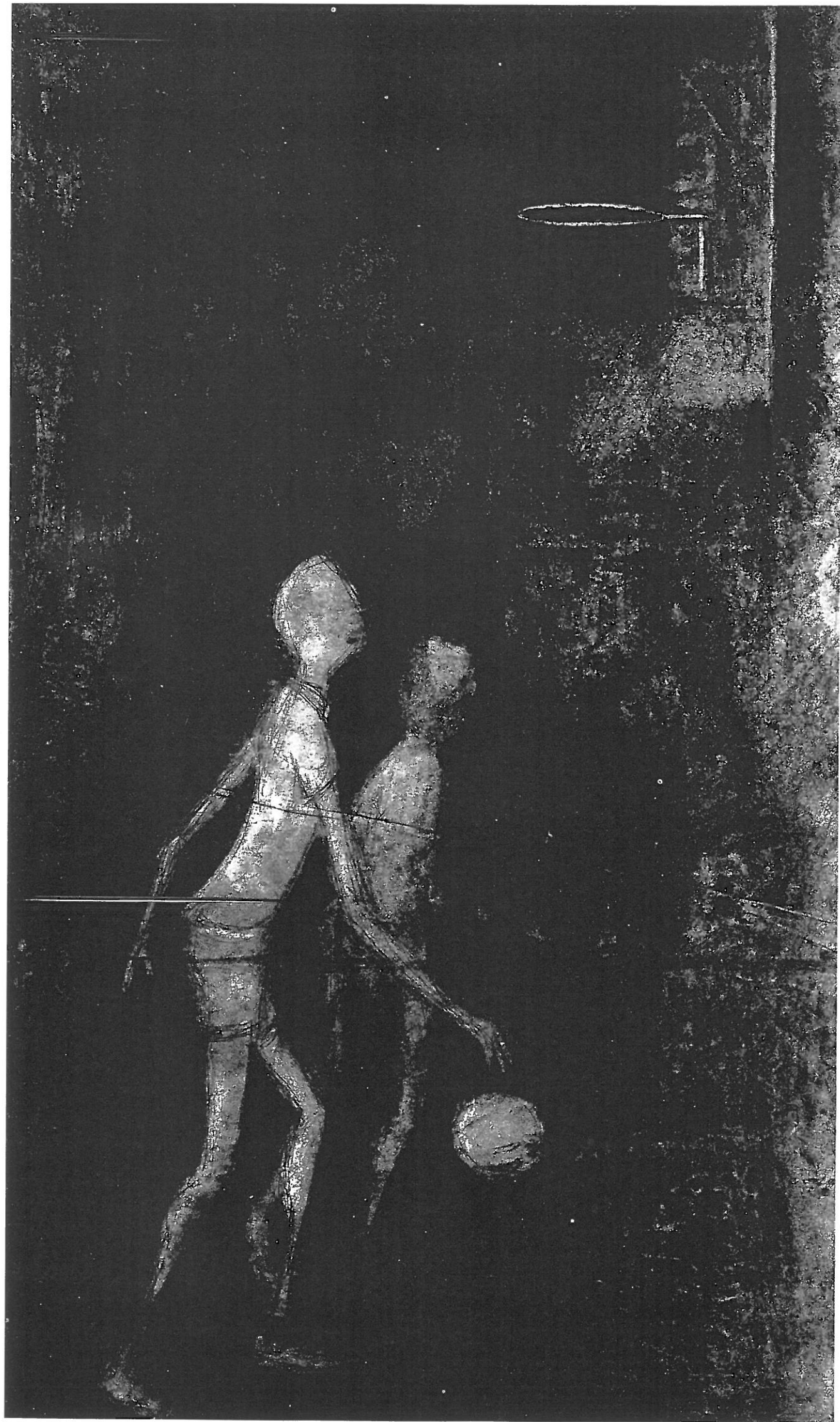
At the Intermediate level in both woodwork and metalwork the models become quite complex, with Leaving craftwork reaching a very high standard. Telephone tables, writing desks, a spear gun, reading lamps, cocktail cabinets and wood carving are part of the students' activities.

On Education Day these models were on display with models from forms one to four in both craft rooms.

*R. Lillie, R. Frank*







*J. Hannah, 6A*



## at school

It was early in the day  
When the teacher came to school,  
He was walking to the office,  
When he was pushed into the pool.  
He struggled and he yelled,  
While a crowd was gathering round,  
Then drenched and weak from swimming,  
He slowly sank and drowned.  
The pupils and the teachers  
Stood gathered round the rim,  
And all the kids who hated French  
Were glad they'd pushed him in.

*Ashley Simmons, 1E*

## creative activities: forms 1 & 2

### snakes

There on the ground a snake lay curled  
When all of a sudden it started to whirl  
Its writhing body, its beady eyes,  
Its poisoned fangs, its evil head,  
Through the leaves — at me —  
I fled!

*Kay Anning, 1A*

### hawk

Swooping, sweeping with powerful wings  
The hawk glides on currents of air  
Searching with sharp eyes the ground beneath  
Hovering aloft with cruel claws  
No longer elegantly graceful —  
She dived — a flash, a bleat  
And the lamb was dead.

*David Bloom*

### shipwrecked

The lightning flashed and the thunder roared,  
And at our ship the raging seas clawed.  
Down came the sail all tattered and torn  
And the sudden blast sounded like a horn.  
We plunged into the foaming sea  
And swam and swam till we could see  
An island in the distance far,  
Gleaming like a polished star.  
At last we staggered to the shore,  
To see what our future held in store.  
A tropical island soaked in sun,  
It seemed deserted, as we could see no one.  
Then one day a ship passed by  
And to that ship we did cry,  
Until at last they saw us there  
With ragged clothes and uncombed hair.  
We boarded it when it came in  
And soon were well and home again.

*Denise Hunt, 1C*

### spider

Spiders are really scary creatures —  
With bulgy, squashy, hairy bodies,  
Legs so black, nimble and long,  
Weaving webs that are fine and strong,  
Really *dungeons* ready to hold  
Victims timid and victims bold.

*Glenys Bayne, 1A*

### cautionary tale

Have you heard the tale of Elaine Baddock  
Who liked to stray in an empty paddock?  
Knitting away on her ball of wool  
Until one day she met a bull  
That ate her up, her knitting and all  
Needles and wool—yes, the whole ball  
Which only goes to prove to you  
What knitting in empty paddocks will do.

*Elaine Baddock, 1A*

### the crime

In a hot, hot classroom doing arithmetic  
With a teacher commanding silence with a big broom-stick,  
We heard a long high noise followed by a beeping.  
We sat up alert all except Bert who's sleeping.  
Then a voice spoke out as hard as lead,  
"Who put a lock on the boys' bicycle shed?  
Go at once to see the headmaster, Mr. Mellon,  
And I'm sure he'll treat you like a felon."  
There was a silence for a long, long time,  
Everyone wondering who committed the crime.  
Suddenly we found the unfortunate creature.  
Who do you think? It was our teacher!

*Sherril Smith, 1E*

### the day

When the sun comes up over the mountain  
The day has just begun  
The people go to the fountain  
To laugh and bask in the sun.  
One young man cried out  
"For twice three hundred poun'  
I wouldn't waste this heavenly day  
Until the sun goes down."

*Helen Johnstone, 1C*

### dreaming

Whilst gazing out the window on a sunny afternoon,  
I thought about the fun we had on our holiday last June,  
Of how we went to Buffalo, and skied upon the snow,  
Of fun and games and folk we met,  
It seems so long ago.  
Then suddenly the teacher came,  
And rapped upon the desk.  
And there I was at school again.  
Learning with the rest.

*Julie Powell, 1D*

### a wild horse's freedom

Down the narrow, dusty track, the wild bush horses ran,  
Running, ever running, from the evil haunts of man,  
Past the gum and wattle trees, past Wilson's Creek and farm,  
Until they reached their grazing lands where man could do no harm.  
And there they panting, snorting, stood and cautiously looked round,  
But nothing moved on their grazing land and no man could be found.  
The sunlight shone upon their backs, and on their tails and mane.  
Once more man had tried to catch them and had failed once again!  
The stallion stood among his mares, his noble head held high;  
He turned his face towards the hills and uttered one proud cry,  
As if to utter a wild challenge that all the world might hear,  
A challenge which rang across the hills in a sound that showed no fear.  
For wild horsees had roamed the hills for many years before,  
Because freedom is their own to keep and will be ever more.

*Clare Ward, 2A*

## the summer sea

The sand is bright yellow and burning hot to walk upon without shoes. Oddly-shaped pieces of clean white driftwood are lying on the shore together with green seaweed. A tiny crab is crawling into a small cone-shaped shell. Other shells are lying on the beach; light pearl ones; dull brown ones. Tiny waves wash up small objects from the calm aqua sea. The bright sun shines its rays upon the sea making them look like golden pathways.

Suddenly thunder breaks the silence and down comes the rain. The bright blue sky turns into a dark dreary colour. The sea is rough and wild.

*Janet Laurent, 1C*

## an elephant stampede

Warner Brothers in 1960 were on a safari to the African jungle to make a picture called *Elephants in the Jungle*. We were shooting about fifty miles from Prieska. We were in a very large grassy area with a few trees dotted here and there. I am the top cameraman; my name is Jim Hamilton.

The producer, Roger Walton, gave the signal to start the film. The picture was going all right for some time, but matters took an unexpected turn. The wind changed and the smell of humans must have wafted towards the elephants. They stampeded! Everyone ran for the trees that were growing nearby. The mighty trumpeting of the beasts sounded like rising crescendos of thundering music.

We had hired a helicopter to get us out at a certain time, and as it came right at the crucial moment, it got us out in time.

*Garry Black, 1A*

## the seasons

Winter comes clothed in darkened skies and howling winds. The trees are bare as if they were trying to hide their beauty from the cruel old man, winter. He howls through the sky and land, and throws trees about in his mad frenzy of cold, bleak horror. For the small, young bushes, he is a new enemy against whom only the strongest survive. The old oaks know him as an old enemy, cruel and ruthless, one who continually tries to throw them to the earth. He dashes the waters with tremendous fury and beats them into gales of fierce liquid. Finally, after four months of bitter torment, he is led away, and his place is taken by a more kind and placid type of season known as the rebirth of all the earth—spring.

This life-giving season ushers the young into the world—new flowers, new animals and new plants! It caresses the rich brown earth with warm winds and cool rich water from which spring abundant supplies of grass, plants and trees. All the trees are reawakened and new shoots begin to appear, heralding a completely new world. This season's job is done after everything has received new life and new blood. The care of the young is left to the next season—summer.

The warm friendly season of summer is used by Mother Nature to mature all her creatures and subjects. Summer bathes all the land in rich, golden sunshine which ripens all seeds and plants. It blows soft, warm winds across the land and brings goodwill to all living things. This season is my favourite because of its wonderful warmth and the sense of well-being it gives as it cares for all the young of the earth. When the young have grown strong, summer leaves them for another year, and her place is taken by winter's herald—autumn.

Autumn is sent as a warning to all living things to prepare for cruel winter. It turns all the leaves of the trees gold, red and yellow and lets them fall to the ground for winter's carpet. All is then stripped and bare, ready for the cruellest of all the seasons—winter.

When winter goes, spring and summer will care for the earth again, and so the eternal pattern goes on which is repeated in the existence of each of us—sunshine and shadow, death and rebirth.

*Robert MacNamara, 2A*

## disaster averted

Each evening the train thundered across the desert leaving behind it a trail of dust and smoke. A small log hut nestled between two large hills not far from the railway track. Each week the only occupant of the hut, an old lady, would make her way to market walking by the railroad track.

In the wild month of July a flood arose and in the middle of the night the railway bridge came crashing to the ground. In another half-hour the train would be due and there was no way of warning the driver.

The old lady, realizing the danger, built an enormous fire, but it soon began to waver and die down. The thunder of the train grew louder. Would they see it in time? The ground trembled with the approaching train and the brakeman, seeing the fire, wrestled with the leverage and the train ground to a stop. They were saved and all because of the bravery of the old lady.

*Beverley Norris, 1D*

### **o'callahan**

The blazing sun beat down upon the silver wing of a small smashed aeroplane. The young pilot, whose name was Dick O'Callahan, had suffered a head injury. Slowly and painfully he managed to pull himself away from the smashed aircraft. Wiping the blood from his eyes, he looked across the burning desert waste. He knew that he was at least one hundred miles from the nearest station. Gathering strength, he staggered away from the wreckage, to try to find a water-hole. Once or twice he thought he saw a water-hole but on his arrival there was nothing but sand; alas, another mirage.

In the distance he could hear the faint burr of an engine. He stopped, listening intently, for the sound grew louder and louder. He staggered forward, trying desperately to call but no sound would come from his parched lips. He fell face downward into the simmering sand.

Over the horizon came a Land-Rover which was owned by one of the big cattle stationers. Dick O'Callahan made his final desperate attempt to make himself heard. Thank God, the party in the Land-Rover sighted him and swung the wheels his way. He was in bad shape and needed attention at once. They gently laid him in the Land-Rover, wheeled it around and headed for the homestead. The Flying Doctor would be immediately contacted by pedal radio on their arrival, bringing expert aid to help Dick O'Callahan recover.

*Jan Woods, 1E*

### **my cat**

Near my fire, soft and warm, rests a sleek fur-stole — my cat. Jewel-eyed, velvet-nosed, she stirs now and arches her back. Unsheathing her rose-thorn claws, she snarls, showing a pair of jagged ivory teeth. Then, crouching low, across the room she stalks, her sleek coat now a bristling brush! With a piercing cry she darts like an arrow upon her victim. A happy smile plays on her lips as she carries the mouse back to the fire and playfully taunts it.

*Margaret Blake, 1A*

### **the discovery of my treasure**

Many months ago when I was still in Vienna, my mother told me that we were going to settle in Australia. I was not really happy about this news. To think I would have to leave all my friends behind made me feel very miserable.

Then it was on a very cold day in December 1961 when we left Austria. By train we travelled to Italy and took the ship from Genoa, which departed at 1 p.m. on December 30. Now seeing the gay life and the many interesting people on the ship made me feel a little happier again.

Two days later we arrived in Port Said and went on land. There were so many exciting things to see and buy. But we could stay there for only about four hours. The same happened in Aden, Ceylon, Djakarta and Fremantle, where we stopped for only half a day or a few hours.

As I walked off the boat, I was able to close my two little cousins into my arms, and was very happy to see my aunts and uncles for the first time in my life. It is so wonderful to have a big family and to live in a country where everything is so free and easy and life is so happy. Here I can play tennis, basketball and do lots of other things, which I could not do in Vienna because they were too expensive.

Now I am beginning to realize that the greatest treasure in life is a bright and happy future which I feel I have found at the end of my journey.

*Gertrude Bloch, 1A*

### **an australian story**

A young aboriginal stockman rode recklessly into town. His face was as white as a sheet. "It's coming! It's coming!" he shrieked. "A whirly-whirly is only a mile away!" I could see it with my own eyes, from the hill-top. "A monstrous whirly-whirly is coming towards the town. It must be at least a hundred feet across, and is ripping up everything in its path!"

Immediately the panic started. People rushed everywhere shouting and evacuating their homes. Then just beyond the hills a black column rising into space could be seen. It began eating its way over the hills and then through the grassy paddocks towards the town, leaving a dark trail of destruction behind it. Most of the people found good shelter in an old mine. There they stayed until the whirly-whirly had passed.

When they came out of the dark tunnel they thanked God because instead of ripping through the town, it had changed its course and gone into the foothills of the nearby mountains.

*R. Lippert, 1E*

### **the bunyip and the litterbug**

The moon was shining brightly on the creek when the litterbug decided that this would be an ideal spot to camp for the night. Here he could have a swim in the cool water. However, first he would light a fire and put his whistling kettle on to boil.

Having done that he undressed and slid into the water, but unknown to him, this was a bunyip-haunted creek.

He splashed around, listening for his kettle to boil. He did not notice the movement in the creek, beside a sunken tree-trunk. It was the bunyip coming out for his supper.

Now the bunyip hated litterbugs who left their rubbish by his creek. So on this camper, who was the litterbug, the bunyip pounced and gobbled him up.

Meanwhile the kettle began to boil and whistle . . . and whistle . . . and kept on whistling.

*Morag Brown, 1A*



### **the first time i rode a horse**

It was Friday evening and we were walking up the old cobbled road that led to the stables. We were taking our first riding lesson and hoping that the horses were not too difficult to manage.

When we arrived we were taken into a paddock and shown which horses we were to ride. When we were told to mount, I clambered up one side and fell down the other. "THUD" I landed in a grassy patch. Not to be outdone by Shirley who was sitting quite comfortably on her horse I clambered up and "SPLASH" right into the horse trough.

I soon dried and was once again prepared to have another shot. Up I clambered and finally seated myself in the saddle. I took the reins and started walking Prince Charlie (the horse).

Suddenly without warning Prince Charlie began to prance, and then set off at a wild gallop.

This was the first and last time I will ever ride a horse. Once more I fell off and when I arrived home I found I was covered with bruises (black and blue) and to add to my discomfort I found I had landed in a patch of sticky mud.

*Carol Payne, 2B*

### **the general's escape**

I was sitting by the fireside reading when, suddenly, there came a knock at the door. Before my parents had gone out, Mother had warned me not to let anyone in, for this little village in Holland was being invaded by the Nazis and, should it be discovered that my father was helping the British, we would never see him again.

It was impossible to ignore the frantic knocking and the cry for help that followed, so I decided to see who it was. With my heart beating loudly, I opened the door. An English soldier stood before me. He was deathly pale and his clothes were ragged and bloodstained.

"Water!" he cried hoarsely and fell in a dead faint at my feet. Even as I stooped to help him, my heart missed a beat. Coming down the road was a grim-faced Nazi officer.

Quickly I dragged the wounded man inside and hid him in a cupboard. I piled a heap of clothing over him and had just time to lock the cupboard door when the forbidding figure of the German filled the open doorway.

I stepped forward, but he pushed me roughly aside.

"We are looking for a British soldier. I have orders to search this house." Saying this, he proceeded to do so.

As he came to the cupboard in which the soldier was hidden, he tried to open it. Finding it locked, he stretched out his huge, hairy hand.

"The key!" he barked.

I dared not disobey him so, with trembling fingers, I handed it to him.

He opened the cupboard door but saw only what obviously was a heap of clothes. As he turned to go, a sound came from within the cupboard.

"What's that?"

I stood transfixed with horror. Then, to my relief a grey creature crawled out from the cupboard. It was Smokey, my pet kitten.

I sighed with relief as the door banged behind the Nazi.

The soldier, whom I had helped to a couch, was regaining full consciousness when my parents returned.

"Why, if it isn't the General himself!" exclaimed my father. "How do you come to be here?"

The General related his adventures while enjoying the refreshments that my mother had wisely placed before him. He told of his escaping from a German prison although he had been seen and fired at. He had stumbled on until he came to our quiet street and, in desperation, had knocked on a door, not dreaming that it was the house of a friend.

The following day the General proceeded on his way to England.

After the war the General came back to Holland with the news of victory. He put his hand on my shoulder and said:

"We owe a great deal to you, my little friend."

That moment was worth living.

*Georgina Schick, 2A*

### **stalked by a tiger**

I was terrified! I could see the yellow eyes of a tiger as it glared at me in the darkness. I was afraid to move, but finally I had enough courage to move slowly towards my hut.

Perspiration covered my body, and I could hardly breathe for fear. I crawled slowly towards my hut which was only twenty yards away in the jungle. If only I could reach that I would be safe. But each time I moved a few yards the tiger moved the same distance. I was sorry I had not brought my rifle with me—it looked as if I was about to die. At last, I tried to run the twenty yards to the door, but my legs seemed to be weighed down with lead. They would not move for me.

Gradually, the tiger crawled nearer until I could feel his hot breath on my neck. He began to growl and I almost fainted, but I moved closer to the door before he finally leaped at me. I could see his long white teeth and his cruel claws and I knew that this was to be the end.

And then I woke up.

*P. McDonough, 1C*

## why the kookaburra laughs

Once many long years ago, when our aborigines first came to Australia, there was a bird, just like our kookaburra who sat in the trees all day.

This particular bird looked very much like any other bird in the bush, but he did not sound the same. You see, he did not say anything, he just sat and looked as sad as could be. All the creatures had tried at some time or other to make the kookaburra laugh, but try as they would, they could not succeed.

One day two ancestors of the aborigines were fighting over the ownership of a patterned spear. As they fought together one of them managed to get possession of the spear and he laughed loud and long in triumph. The other man being very angry, rushed at the other, who ran backwards with his spear and tumbled into the swift river. He looked so hilarious the angry man burst out laughing.

The kookaburras, seeing this too, laughed and laughed until their sides ached, and to this day we still hear them laughing whenever they remember the occasion.

*Alan Plummer, 1D*

## imagination

What part does imagination play in our lives? I know it can create a fear of the unknown.

One autumn night when I was travelling home and was supposed to arrive at my destination at ten o'clock, my train was delayed and did not arrive until eleven thirty.

When I started for home at this eerie hour everything was quiet. All the time I was walking I could hear stealthy footsteps behind me. It then occurred to me that I was being stalked. I was nearly home and the footsteps kept coming closer and closer.

When I reached my gate, I ducked inside and for the first time I looked behind. There I saw some autumn leaves and paper being blown along by the wind. Could this be my stalker? I glanced along the street once more. No one was in sight.

I rushed inside and collapsed in hysterics on my bed. Yes, "imagination" was my stalker.

*Carol-Anne Swann, 1E*

## my favourite hobby

Observing the weather is my favourite hobby. Just think how important the weather is in our daily lives. A good season for apples will bring the prices down; a bad season will do the reverse. Ice cream manufacturers will want to know when a heat wave is coming, so that they can increase their production to cope with the demand; clothing stores will want to know when a rainy spell is coming, so that they can feature rainwear in their displays.

Twice a day, at eight o'clock in the morning and at six o'clock in the evening, I take the temperature readings, the barometer reading, wind direction and speed, and observe the types of clouds visible. I also record phenomena such as dew, fog, rain, frost and thunder. At the end of each month, I make a summary of the month's weather.

When I gain more experience in the ways of the weather, I hope to be able to forecast the weather quite accurately. After the school's weather station is set up, my friend, Alan Cumming, and I hope that, at every afternoon recess, we shall be able to put up on the main notice board a forecast for the next day's weather. Besides supplying the school with information, Alan and I shall enjoy ourselves when we make these forecasts.

Meteorology is one of the most interesting sciences, as it has no set rule to follow. Rainy weather sometimes seems to come from nowhere, and the amateur tries to work out why it came, while the professional has to try to explain to the angry public. The professionals are often blamed when people are caught without raincoats on a wet day, but the forecasters are rarely wrong.

Meteorologists hope that better methods of forecasting will be found soon, and special ships, aeroplanes, and balloons with instruments and small radio transmitters are now used extensively. Within a few decades we may be able to know exactly what to expect from the next day's weather.

*Robert Bell, 2A*

## the north-south corridor at brighton high school

The hustle and bustle of busy feet rushing; the pushing and shoving, the clattering and chattering of some twelve hundred pupils are the sounds one hears in the north-south corridor at Brighton High.

Teachers and prefects try in vain to quell the surge of pupils that pours into the corridor. Boys charge along supremely indifferent to the many girls who, crouched at their lockers, are thrown headlong into the unyielding metal; this results in many loudly-voiced cries of anguish and many painful bruises.

Suddenly the bell rings!

Within minutes, where tumult had reigned, a hushed, monastic silence descends, broken only by an occasional murmur from the adjoining classrooms.

*Dinah Caen, 2A*

## peak hour in the city

Every day, from Monday to Friday, in the late afternoon, our thriving city of Melbourne is filled with a seething multitude of scurrying people heading for home.

This is Melbourne's peak hour!

Tired, harassed mothers pull along reluctant and equally-tired children, while belated shoppers pour in a never-ending stream from the shops where weary assistants prepare to join the rush for home.

Office workers, young and old, vacate the office buildings to face the bustling mass of people through which they must battle their way, in order to reach the peace and quiet of their own homes.

Public transport becomes nightmarish, and the wide city streets are filled with traffic from one end to the other.

Extra police, on duty to smooth out the many traffic snarls, seem to make little impression, as patient and many not-so-patient drivers edge forward yard by yard, all with the same idea fixed firmly in their minds—to reach home in the shortest time possible.

Pedestrians spill from the pavements and, as seen from above, the roads and pavements, merged together, become a surging mass of people and vehicles.

The hub-bub of traffic, the shrill blasts of police whistles, the chatter of people, weary and worn, these and many other sounds go together to make the centre of our great city a bustling hive of activity during the Peak Hour.

*Dinah Caen, 2A*

## a cat and mouse

Have you ever seen a mouse stalked by a cat? Recently I witnessed our neighbours' tomcat stalking a mouse.

I was reading a most enjoyable book in the garden in the afternoon sunshine, when all of a sudden there was a great noise of scratching and a thud as a cat came over the fence.

I will take this opportunity to describe him. He has no real name so I will call him Tom. Tom's colouring is yellow, tan and white and he has a long-shaped body. He is never touched by children because he does not appreciate being petted. He gives you the impression of a leopard because he is rather wild and similar in colour.

After alighting on to the ground, Tom crept along the garden bed and poised beside one of the shrubs with his ears pricked. He waited there for about five minutes then he crept warily around the garden.

Just then I noticed Tom had his eyes on something near where a crust of dry bread lay; it was not long before the mouse appeared.

As the cat was slowly creeping towards the mouse, the mouse decided to take a piece of bread back to its hole.

It was a large piece of bread and the mouse had difficulty in dragging it through the pumpkin vine and because of this the cat lost sight of the mouse. But as the mouse came into the open again the cat decided to pounce on it but he was not quick enough; for the mouse saw the cat coming and darted into its hole.

As far as I know the cat is still waiting for the mouse to appear.

*Sandra Danson, 1A*

## my present home

It is June 5, 1972, and today is the anniversary of my arrival at this peaceful little place.

The neighbours near my little piece of land are very friendly and cheerful. On one side of my land there is an elderly gentleman who has been here almost seven years and on the other side is a sweet old lady who is eighty-nine and who will be celebrating her ninetieth year here in August.

At night this area is very dark, because there are no street lights, and when one is alone it can be very frightening. On some nights wailing cats sit on my lawn and each tries to "meow" loudest and longest, which does not improve my nerves.

Tonight I am having a party and am inviting some friends I have met at this place to celebrate my fourth anniversary of arriving here. I do not know if I have enough room in my little dwelling-place to accommodate all my visitors so, if there is not enough space, many of my guests can dance on the lawns in the moonlight. This is done very often at the parties I have attended during the last four years.

Every Sunday my mother, who lives in the big city, comes to my little dwelling-place and brings with her some of the most beautiful flowers I have ever seen and so, tomorrow, I shall go and visit her instead of her visiting me.

I enjoy visiting my mother, even though she does not see me because, as I have not yet mentioned, I died four years ago. My death occurred while I was crossing a not-so-busy street. Because I was loaded with packages, I was not looking where I was going and a large truck hit me. I felt no pain because I died instantly.

So now, you probably know where my little dwelling-place is. It is a beautiful, peaceful, little cemetery in the country.

*Christine Patterson, 2A*

## a bushfire

It was one of those hot, sticky days in the middle of January. It had not rained for weeks and the grass was dry and brown. As I sat looking out the window, I saw a cloud of smoke rising from the forest, which was only a few miles away. We went to investigate the smoke.

The atmosphere was heavy in the forest. All round us the trees were lit up like bright, red torches. The billowing smoke was almost blinding us as we fought the angry flames. Suddenly, without warning, a wind sprang up from the north. Like lashing whips the flames turned upon us. We had no alternative but to drop our equipment and run for the river. The flames were crackling and sizzling behind us; with only a quarter of a mile to go we wondered if we would ever reach the river.

Down the slope we raced, running as we had never run before. Branches were tearing our clothes, our throats were dry, the flames were licking our feet; then we plunged into the cool water! We had just scrambled to the other side when, as so often happens, the wind changed to the south. As we watched we saw rain clouds approaching. Rain was not far away; the danger had passed.

*Margaret Birch, 1A*

## smither's will

The rotten old board creaked as I stepped past the sagging door into the house. The house was a dilapidated, grey wreck of the once stately mansion of Mr. Smithers. When Mr. Smithers died and left no will, the house was just left to rot.

Overgrown paths led to the front door of the house. The cobwebs were glistening with pearly dew as an old spider kept weaving a huge net spread between the ferns.

It was a bright spring morning in the middle of the holidays when I had the idea of exploring the house. But now I was depressed. The house had a melancholy atmosphere, and I did not like it. There used to be gay dancing in the now-still and musty old ballroom. Every room, from cellar to attic, was silent.

As I looked at the mangy remains of the once-glorious shooting trophy, I caught sight of a withered yellow sheet of paper. I pulled it out. It was Mr. Smithers' will!

I know I should not have but, overcome with excitement, I read the spidery handwriting. The will said that Mr. Smithers left all his money to a Miss J. Smithers, his grand-daughter. I could not believe it. I read it again and again. It was true.

Suddenly, the shrill ring of the alarm clock sounded. As the maid came in, she said: "Good morning, Miss. Your grandfather, Mr. Smithers, asked me to tell you to be ready for the big ball tonight. They will be presenting the shooting trophy to your grandfather. How exciting!"

What a horrible dream I had been having!

Strangely, though, when grandfather died about a year later, they found the will in the old shooting trophy.

And now, I'm sitting in this drab old prison, with my one million pounds outside. I am likely to be convicted for murder, for I was in need of money, you know.

*T. Emodi, 2A*

## the deserted house

Tonight was the night—the night that we would be exploring the old deserted house which stood on a lonely hillside two miles out of town. None of us had ever seen the old house, but we had heard many strange and rather frightening stories concerning it.

We all met at four o'clock that day, with our kits packed. We brought a torch, spare batteries, a long rope, candles, a lantern, an axe, and some rations, in case we were away longer than we intended.

At six o'clock, just as it was getting dark, we mounted our bicycles and rode in a group to the deserted house. The house looked particularly eerie in the queer half-light, and a gentle breeze began to blow. I shivered. I looked again at the house; thrills of anticipation raced up my spine and my scalp tingled. I sensed that the others felt the same. I was about to suggest that we turn back, but my curiosity prevailed, and I dismissed the thought instantly.

It became dark and a full moon rose, but this added very slightly to the light because clouds were repeatedly being blown across the face of the moon, shutting out all light.

We finally mustered enough courage to enter the dreaded house. Everything was covered with the dust and cobwebs of the ages. We pushed gently at the door; it creaked, startling us. The wind caught the door, and gently blew it open. I lit my candle; the others followed my example and, with this reassuring light, we entered.

We walked slowly down the old hallway. Suddenly a wind blew down the hall and put out all our candles. I almost fainted with fright, but then I realized that there must be a logical explanation for this. I lit the hurricane lamp and we continued. Then the flame went out; confusion and terror reigned. We stumbled over one another in the dark. Suddenly I felt myself falling . . . falling . . . falling. Then came the jolt, a searing red flame, followed by utter blackness.

Some time later I awoke. I tested each limb gingerly for breaks, but there were none. My head throbbed, however. I gradually became fully conscious and I saw ahead an opening. I walked boldly through it and continued for what seemed like hours. My throat became dry and parched from lack of water.

Then something white caught my eye. It looked like a heap of bones. I approached. They were human bones; someone had perished there many years ago. I turned my eyes from the ghastly sight and stumbled on, and on . . . on into utter blackness. I fell, I lifted my eyes, I saw a light ahead, I stumbled desperately towards it. It was an opening. I was saved, saved from a terrible death.

*Anthony Brown, 2A*



## the modern world

All day long the streets resound  
With footsteps, hurrying here and there.  
"Hurry, hurry," they all echo,  
"Not a moment left to spare."  
Faces, dull, without expression,  
Masks, who do not seem to see.  
But blindly follow one another;  
Hurry, hurry, endlessly.  
Without ambition, without hope,  
They float into oblivion  
Like snowflakes whirling in the wind,  
Seen for a second — then they're gone.  
Is this the modern world we've made?  
What purpose every new invention?  
We are but slaves who must conform  
Or die in this cruel world of tension.

*Anna Rosner, 4A*

## some troubles of the students

There is a school called Brighton High,  
Its chimneys nearly reach the sky  
And in it there are many teachers  
Who do so often act as preachers.  
If you happen to walk in late,  
The teacher gives you a look of hate  
For he has only one intention,  
After school you'll get detention.  
In our desks we slave away,  
Regardless of what our teachers say,  
Then the thoughts of exams arrive,  
So we study like bees in a hive.  
When to home our report we take  
We often say they've made a mistake,  
"I'm not really quite so bad"  
You try to explain while your parents get mad.

*Catherine Hunter, 3B*

## senior forms

### microscopy

With my microscope I see —  
Legs and eyes  
of ants and flies;  
dandruff, pollen  
and bits of ties.  
A paper tear  
or strands of hair  
chalk or fungi,  
I don't care.  
Cigarette ash  
or bits of trash,  
ants or spiders,  
and p'raps an eye-lash.  
Flecks of dust  
or crumbling rust,  
newspaper print,  
but I really must see  
some dregs from tea,  
or maybe a flea,  
but gee!  
there's many other  
things to see.

*Max Ketels, 4A*

### to a crockster

The wuffling crockster frinced along  
It wiffled a low criterious song  
The gleeper snaffled the crotus utter  
And tootled songfoosingly in the gutter.  
The Mongolian spiff, high in a tree,  
The seven-legged briddalong drinking tea,  
They swoffled and glugged the crotus utter  
But they all ignored the freeeping mutter.  
Our wuffling crockster frinced his way,  
He esconced the little Nott at play;  
But he passed him in his zivelling cot,  
For who can play with what is Nott?

*Russell Keam, 4A*

### late

Now young Susie Q  
Had a secret disease,  
She suffers, poor girl,  
From lateness. You sees.  
In the mornings to school  
She would miss the bus,  
And then she would walk  
Without any fuss.  
After lunch she was late  
Because of her hair.  
Or in she would come —  
Still eating a pear.  
So that is the story  
Of Susie's disease,  
A cure? Be welcome,  
Submit to me please.

*Tyra Shoesmith, 4A*

### roamin' teddy

One morning Teddy left his bed;  
"I'll roam the world," our Teddy said.  
So straight away he ran outside,  
"Now where will I go?" he whispered and sighed.  
He left the house and walked for hours,  
He came across some pretty flowers;  
Picking some, he said with glee  
"Just imagine, they're all free."  
He noticed a sign above his head  
"Do not pick the flowers" it said.  
He thought it best to run away;  
"It's not healthy here to stay."  
Teddy followed his wandering fate  
Stopped by nothing, not even a gate;  
Everywhere, anywhere went the poor soul,  
The wandering Jew retired from his role.  
But suddenly it grew quite dark  
And he grew tired of his lark;  
"How I wish that I were at home;  
Once there, no more I'll ever roam."  
The night grew cold (and so did Ted);  
"I need a blanket," groaned poor Ned;  
Then suddenly — "Oh, can it be?  
It IS my home; Oh, ecstasy."  
Through murky gloom he spied his hut;  
"To roam again I'd be a nut."  
Now Teddy is content to stay  
At home all day (it's safe that way).

*Russell Keam, 4A*

## to hell

My aim to hell it should not be  
Yet the thrill of its company shall not be forsaken.  
Shall I wither there?  
The warmth of those licking flames, so like the glint from the devil's eyes.  
Shall I smother there?  
By my faith and never more appear,  
In this world I shall live no more but in Hell before that green unspoken evil, that  
rivals so unto me.  
This symbolic creature,  
Revolving round the face of mankind,  
And when God appears his face is turned,  
All that damned Goodness shall be cursed.  
Death, where the blood drains dry and the heart turns cold,  
The soul shall burn but the body shall rot.  
It shall diminish, cell by cell  
Until that degrading form of matter.  
A plant, a parasite living off your own.  
As the crows fly round and the maggots swarm and the face turns hard and green with cold  
My soul in hell shall be.  
In hell, in hell before that lovely evil of those monstrous eyes.  
That lovely sinister feeling makes my heart grow warm and wicked  
Before those rocking powers of this great unearthly thing.  
My aim it is for Hell is a beautiful place,  
Like gold and silver, But is truly but a fine strand of that great evil monster himself.

*R. Rubens, 4A*

## gang

There is an unusually disturbing warning  
Before the terror strikes.  
At first confusion conceals the terror,  
Then it is reality  
Hard fists are finding their brittle targets.  
Mercy is unheard of.  
Motives are not required.  
Ruthlessness.  
You see bodies being broken.  
Blazing silhouettes are at work on their prey.  
It is hectic.  
You are helpless.  
You have been running since it began,  
Now you must find refuge  
You cry out for help,  
Your decisions are made by instinct.  
The situation seems familiar.  
Help is slow to arrive,  
And the filth continues.  
It ends more suddenly than it began.  
You can rest.  
But you are disgusted,  
And can find no consoling.

*John Scott, 6*

## the person i most admire

The little fat figure of Toby Smith ambled its way through the park. With hands in his pockets, and whistling slightly off tune, Toby was thinking. Then he stopped, and sat down on a bench. From here he could see people hurrying, running, carrying parcels; mothers holding on to their children's hands just in case they got lost in the crowd. The ceaseless movement of traffic, horns beeping, brakes screeching. Suddenly all was still, except for a man hastening to catch the lights. But only for a second, then the movement began again in a different direction.

Toby threw his head back and looked up at the sky. He had had enough of hurrying, working against time. When he was younger he had an ambition to become a teacher but, having little patience to study, he never succeeded. All his life, up until a few years ago, he wanted to become something, to be known, and still he ended up as a master street sweeper. Now he was happy, earning the basic wage every week.

He lived simply in a little flat facing Jo's Cafe, at which he dined every evening. He had married when in his early thirties and after his wife died he never remarried.

I have become something, thought Toby sternly. I am a master of my art, and I can proudly boast being the finest sweeper in the Government's entire crew, night-shift included. Toby chuckled to himself and closed his eyes.

The sky was afire. Yes, Toby Smith was well satisfied with his life.

*Tibor Szilagyi, 5*

## christmas shopping

The following incidents took place in and near a large department store on Dec. 23.

Mr. Thistlethwaite was standing on the threshold of Smither's Emporium. He was dirty and bedraggled, although he had left his home clean and refreshed less than two hours ago. At his feet were seven parcels, neatly arranged in the correct order with the largest at the bottom. A few yards away, his four children, their ages ranging from two and a half to seven years, fought viciously with each other. Mr. Thistlethwaite, making desperate efforts to disrupt their arguments, tripped over the seven neatly-arranged parcels, knocking over a beach-hat, a coat-hanger and bucket. As he thudded on to the hot pavement, the bucket unwrapped itself and fell neatly on to his head. Temporarily blinded, Mr. Thistlethwaite groped at the air, desperately trying to get up, and hitting a fat old German woman in the face. There followed roars of cruel laughter from his four children as the German woman kicked him hard in the shins and walked haughtily onwards.

Mr. Thistlethwaite, who had been waiting outside the shop in the blazing sun for an hour and a half, groaned and looked dismally around for his wife, who had entered the shop most energetically, telling her husband that it was quite cool in the shade.

"Ha!" thought Mr. Thistlethwaite, bitterly regarding his children who did not even seem to notice the heat. "The shade she was talking about then has gone now, and it wasn't very cool there, either."

With strict instructions to the seven-year-old to look after the others while his father was absent, Mr. Thistlethwaite entered the shop. Immediately he was engulfed in a seething mass of women at a bargain shoe counter. Outside there were yells of delight as his children opened their Christmas presents. Soon afterwards, very much the worse for wear, Mr. Thistlethwaite hurtled out of the shop, bodily thrown by the German woman. He picked himself up, brushed the dust from his clothes and examined his numerous bruises, determined to get some sort of order outside.

A few moments later Mrs. Thistlethwaite rushed out of the shop with her arms full of parcels which she deposited at the feet of her husband. From the depths of her bag she produced four ice-creams, and gave one to each of the eager children. Mr. Thistlethwaite, also expecting something cool to eat or drink, was met by the words: "I didn't think you'd want one dear, and I had a cool drink inside, anyhow."

Mr. Thistlethwaite, now resigned to his fate, meekly allowed his family to drag him through the bustling Christmas crowds on the almost melted pavement. The sound of tramping feet thudding down around him upset and unnerved Mr. Thistlethwaite, and as he was shoved along began to understand Scrooge's mean attitude towards Christmas.

*Judith Crane, 5A*

## the pram's progress

Taking our baby brother, Dickie, out for a walk in his pram was invariably a tedious operation. The sun was always hot, the pram heavy and the route boring as we passed no shops nor any of our friends' homes. Thus, when we saw Mr. West, our neighbour, almost jerked off his feet by the new motor-mower he had recently bought, we thought that all our problems were solved. All we had to do was take the mower, attach it to the pram and the walk would be finished in no time.

The laws of mine and thine were not ones which we applied to other people's property; for one Sunday afternoon while Mr. West was out, we stole into his garage and took the mower. By means of string and old rope we attached it to the pram. For the purpose of the trial run we decided not to put Dickie in the pram.

Our house stood on the top of a hill and we started the "motor-pram" in gear. The result was frightening. With a jump and a roar the machine tore down the hill at breakneck speed, the cutters spewing out lumps of turf and chips of pavement as it carved its voracious path through at least four dogs, two surprised cats and half-a-dozen assorted humans. The pram turned on its side after the first thirty seconds but the mower would not be stopped until a tree impeded its progress.

Trying to look as if nothing had happened, we managed to drag the battered pram and the mower back up the hill. The sun was hot, the mower heavy and the route boring. Furtively we put the mower away. The next fortnight Mr. West spent searching for the stones in his garden that must have ruined the new motor-mower's blades.

*D. Taylor, 6C*

## the snake

The midday sun mercilessly beat down upon the parched earth, and everything was still. My heat-weakened body, suffering from the sun's rays, was longing for the cool, deep water of the river. Picking up my bathers, I slipped away from the house, as I was unwilling to awake the family, lazing in the oppressive heat of the verandah. After running over hot gravel, I was thankful for the shade from the tall gums, whose foliage was too thick for the sun to penetrate. How inadequate is the shade of the verandah when compared with the natural freshness of the trees' shade. Picking my way from shadow to shadow, trying to evade the areas of the earth which were exposed to the sun, I was delighted with my escape into the solitude of the bush.

The contrasting light enabled the snake in my path to go unobserved, and it was not until I was very close to him, that I was first aware of his presence. The snake was annoyed, for I had disturbed him from his sleep, to face the reality of the heat. With his wicked tongue flickering in his hideous head, he gently caressed the still air, and with the ever-so-free motion, glided noiselessly away from me. My curiosity aroused, I followed him from a distance to see what he would do. I was amazed with his smooth movements as he glided across some rocks. The snake maintained his dignity by keeping his head off the ground, observing all around him in a calm manner. With ease, he slipped over the river's bank, dipped his slimy body into the water. I stared at him and my surroundings with horror. This was where I intended to swim and, knowing the consummate ease with which tiger-snakes can swim, I wondered what would have happened had I dived into the water as I had originally wanted. I hate that snake. He can keep his muddy, little waterhole.

*Peter Young, 5E*

## dog dilemma

I hate dogs. Can you imagine my dilemma when I found myself being relentlessly trailed by an enthusiastic canine.

How his dog lead became entangled in my bike while I was in a junk shop I do not know. After mounting my bicycle and riding in the direction of home, I became aware of the feeling of being followed. When, after dismounting I released my enthusiastic shadower, and was attacked by a mixture of barks, bites and slimy licks. What was this, a mixture of love and hate? It had me worried as I tried to kick him away from my shredded socks.

This was too much, and as I dismounted I was met by two brown eyes that were meant to melt old ladies' hearts.

Picking up a rock, I hurled it at him. It hit him. What a delight to see that flea-tormented creature drop with the stone.

Suddenly from behind me I heard a muffled crunch of steel followed by a screeching of tyres. Out stepped a quivering old lady, who was not fit enough to push a pram, let alone a truck which she had so gracefully driven over my bike.

The bike wasn't much anyway, but if my attention had not been distracted by that dog, I would have been under that truck in the same condition as my bike was now.

After that the least I could do for him was to take him home. He wasn't such a bad dog, and he kept stray cats from wandering into our backyard.

After picking up that writhing delighted dog I realized that whether I liked it or not, he would always be my friend from that time onwards.

*Ian Dineen, 5A*

## ignoring instructions

It is 7.30 in the morning and my bedroom is reverberating to a shrill ringing noise—the alarm clock. I leap frenziedly out of bed and seize the alarm clock, which has on its back the neatly-printed instructions: "To turn off alarm, press button B." What rubbish! The alarm clock is madly shaken until the ringing turns to an asthmatic wheeze, and I return triumphantly to bed.

As it is Thursday, I reach for the *Age* and extract the green supplement, which has all its pages pinned at the top. Printed neatly are the instructions: "Slit along top, then fold." Of course I fold the supplement first, then hack through the paper with the spike on the end of my tail-comb. Perhaps the jagged result is rather unattractive—but fancy obeying instructions.

At approximately a quarter to eight I stagger out to breakfast, where I am greeted by the inspiring sight of my mother opening a packet of cigarettes. The cigarette packet is enclosed in cellophane, and if you pull a strip of paper which runs around the packet this cellophane will fall neatly off the cigarettes. My mother puts her thumbnail through the cellophane at the bottom of the packet, and proceeds to tear it off in short, ragged strips. The flip-top is then raised, she lifts it with such enthusiasm that the top is left hanging by a strip of cardboard, the silver paper is removed, and the cigarettes are ready to be smoked. It all sounds so simple, doesn't it? But once more my mother becomes over-enthusiastic, and when she removes the silver paper she also removes every cigarette in the packet, and they all fly into the air, landing in the coffee, the butter and the orange marmalade. So much for the simplicity of instructions.

This spectacle always depresses me, so I go to prepare my own breakfast. In the darkest recesses of the cupboard is a sardine tin, and so I decide to have sardines on toast. Determinedly I seize the cap, and after reading that the can should be opened slowly and carefully, I insert the key and begin turning it furiously. The pleasing result is one narrow strip of tin removed from the middle of the can, which leaves a slit into which I can just insert a knife-blade. After ineffectually trying to remove the sardines, mangled piece by mangled piece, I give up and leave for school without any breakfast—completely ignoring my mother's instructions to always eat a good breakfast.

*E. Hay, 5C*

## a ghost story

Erembert was but a ghost of his former self. The boys had to dissolve him because he had not been performing his appointed duties.

How could Erembert help this? The craze for ghosts had had its day. Children were now back to their "king of the wild west" rifles, and "heap big suction" bow and arrow outfits.

Woe to Erembert! Whom could he scare now? What could he do? Even the bats in their belfries were laughing sadistically. Here, they said among themselves cackling loud and long, was a ghost without rhyme or reason.

Poor Erembert! The chains hung heavily around his shoulders, his heavy shoes squeaked less and less, he was a ghost with a dilemma. Should he, or should he not, have his sheet dry-cleaned? The hem was sagging, the stitching frayed, the eye-slits were torn.

Yes, he was only an apparition of his former self. Nobody cared for him! Erembert was an outcast. A dejected djinn floating on a sea of hallucinations.

Erembert went to a psychiatrist who questioned him long. Finally he floated, filled with supernatural delight, his purpose in death was simple; it was a search for his eminent self.

*Jill Carrick, 5A*



## moonlight

The moon glides silently through the clouds  
Changing their forms into ghostly shrouds.  
The moonlight brightens the lonely road  
Upon which the traveller carries his load.  
It seems that its glow, so round and so mellow  
Will be everlasting. It turns all to yellow.  
It sails across the evening sky,  
Lighting a path, silver and grey.  
And while it passes the heavens beneath,  
Transformed are the shadows, the darkness to greet.  
Soon its light will be fading away,  
As o'er the horizon, the sun brings us day.

*Jennifer Banoff, 4A*

## a prisoner's tale

As I sit inside my cell, my mind wanders back to the incident which had landed me in this dark and gloomy room. Everything is in darkness; I can no longer admire the beauty of this earth again. The incident, besides imprisoning me, had also given me blindness.

I remember the night where there were seven of us meeting in my house. That night we were all set to go on to a mission—a mission which would give us riches. At midnight our destination was a mansion owned by an oil millionaire. We were all set to go. The chime of a clock set us off. I was out of the house when I suddenly remembered something. I rushed in again and later came out with something inside my pocket. I could see the eyes of my mates staring at the bulge of my pocket. Everything was ready and we moved off to our "dangerous mission."

We reached the mansion without any trouble and breaking into it was not much trouble either. Everything was still and quiet. Darkness was all round us because we dared not put on our torches. "So far so good," I said to myself. Things were going very smoothly.

All of a sudden bells were clanging loudly. One of us must have set off the alarm in the darkness. I could see them running, trying to get off from this mansion. I started to run too. Then something tripped my foot and I fell flat on my face. I tried to pick myself up, but found myself in agony. The acid bottle inside my pocket was broken and acid began to spray out right to my face. I did not know how long I was lying there, but when I woke up I was lying in a bed. I thought it was still in the middle of the night because there was complete darkness all around me. But no sooner I heard a voice by my side saying: "He will be blind for the rest of his life." Then I knew what was wrong. From another voice I learned that the rest of my mates were caught.

Here I am now, sitting and recalling back my unlucky night in the room where I will stay for the rest of my days. The world does not mean a thing to me now. Everywhere is darkness, darkness, darkness.

*Loh Chee Hong, 5B*

## the beach

A cold wind sweeps across the expanse of ocean and down the deserted shore of the beach. A single tree, anatomically bare, stands in its nakedness defiantly against the wind's force. The ocean surges, pounding rocks and gnawing sand.

The pulse of the sea beats rhythmically as it heaves and swells, tossing as if trying to free itself from the pressure of an invisible hand. A solitary gull wheels overhead, its parabola of flight defeated by the wind's gusts.

The lonely white-flecked beach is deserted.

*Joe Boston, 5A*

## a fern gully

A tiny brook gurgled over the shiny pebbles. Between the small rocks and round the bend it went, laughing all the way. As clear as crystal and as friendly as a lamb, it had a bubbly greeting for every flower and bird in its path. It welcomed each leaf which dropped from a tree and floated lightly on to the sparkling water.

Here and there a flash of sunlight broke on the surface. The network of shadows from the trees danced on the water like many tiny, black figures.

Twisting and turning, the brook went deeper into the shadows. The cheery laughter was now a gentle rippling, echoing softly through the trees. The trees began to thicken, and the shadows more intense. A little way ahead the brook seemed to end abruptly. Over a smooth, flat rock it emptied into a clear pool.

Near the pool were many different flowers. They were still in the faint darkness. A few tall-stemmed flowers stood brightly against the green grass. Like queens they were, in the midst of the bowing ferns. The tiny little balls of petals were just as beautiful in their own way. They dotted the bank as though scattered by some tender hand.

Moss grew thickly, making velvety green carpet for some unseen, tiny feet. It covered the tops of the rocks and grew in patches on the warm, moist earth. The ferns grew in abundance due to the cool, dim shade and the dew which remained throughout the day. They bent their heads and touched the water, enjoying the clear, refreshing sparkle. Whispering about the many tales they heard from the trees and the birds, they rustled softly in the near-still breath of air.

There was a hushed whisper, broken very rarely by the padding hoofs of a deer or by the shrill cry of a passing bird. A gossamer mist rose from the cloudy earth and curled through the trees. The wisp floated from one place to another, poising gently on a leaf to weave its way to the brook. It followed the path of the clear water back to where the sun danced on the laughing bubbles, and then rose, seeking the sanctuary of the warm sun; and disappeared into the heavens.

*Tosca Kulagin, 3C*

## **a story of success**

He stood looking nervously at the frightening door marked "Manager" wondering whether or not to enter. Finally, in a moment of triumph over his weakness, he knocked and went in.

The manager questioned the boy, noting his eagerness for a job, and although he was not greatly impressed he decided to give the boy a chance. He was to start work the following week as a salesman in the men's wear department.

Lighthearted and happy, the boy walked home, taking the long route so that he would not arrive home too early, and thinking to himself how cleverly he had evaded the manager's question of his age and previous experience.

During the next month his work caught the eye of the manager and he was delighted by the boy's friendliness towards the customers, his sales ability and his willingness for hard work. The manager decided to promote the boy to a floor walker and because this job entailed greater responsibility and a good deal of overtime work, he decided to first visit the boy's father.

His father's reaction was one of complete astonishment, saying that he was sure the manager had made a mistake. To prove the identity of his son, he went to the back door and called. A grubby boy wearing a torn shirt appeared. Proudly the father announced: "This is my son and he still goes to school, and so could not be the boy you refer to." But it was!

The moral of this story is that if you are caught at playing truant you must be good at something.

*Susan Curzon-Siggers, 5*

## **an undistinguished little man**

The unemployed man felt out of place in the waiting room. He stared down at his unpolished shoes, his shapeless trousers and felt ashamed. He wondered what the other people thought of him and wondered if they noticed that his sports coat was too tight across the back.

He knew that his clothes were old-fashioned and dirty and that theirs were new and clean. He edged himself into a corner so as to make himself inconspicuous. He picked up a magazine and began to thumb through it and noticed that his fingernails were long and dirty, and wondered if the others had noticed too.

All the other people were talking and he wondered whether they were speaking about him. He had been a proud man before he lost his job, always well dressed and clean, but since he had been walking the streets in search of employment it had been hard to keep up appearances.

He began to wonder whether his shabby appearance had been what kept him from getting a job. Unconsciously he began to straighten his tie. He examined the faces of the people and wondered if they were thinking about him.

Then the secretary told him that the boss would see him. He rose, straightened his tie, cleared his throat and began to walk towards the door, and then a thought struck him. He realized that nobody was looking at him!

*Phillip Motherwell, 4B*

## **the demolition of buildings of historic interest**

There are two main views on this hypothesis. Many people in their continual striving for a cleaner, better city wish to eliminate those priceless buildings of our history and culture which they call 'eyesores.'

"This building is old and dilapidated. It no longer serves any useful purpose in our community," they say. And so another of these irreplaceable buildings is irrevocably lost.

I admit that there are many buildings in our cities which do nothing more than harbour vermin and look unsightly. These should be destroyed. Many are firetraps. They are a menace to our health and create an unfavourable impression on our visitors. But let us not in our bursts of zeal completely demolish our heritage and culture, for there are among these useless hulks gems of great value even though they may be of no practical use in our present jet-age society.

Let us not be in such a hurry to progress that we burn all our bridges behind us for these are of invaluable use in other than practical ways.

They are a living record of our history. They remind us of our great victories or defeats, our moments of glory and of triumphs and our times of boom and depression. All these things are prevalent features of our architecture and remind us of things past—but not forgotten. They help us to pinpoint our mistakes and strive to do better. They also remind us of our progress. What a long way we have come since some of our early Georgian-style homesteads. Through times of boom and depression to the present-day styles derived from earlier ones which have been studied by our leading architects. "Como" is a shining example of historic preservation. This stately homestead has been restored to its original condition and we may see in it the beautiful lines and graceful proportions characteristic of this Victorian style. The cast-iron balustrades, found nowhere else in the world save in New Orleans; the coaches which remind us of a past age; the ostentatious furnishings. All these things tell us something of the style of architecture. But of infinitely more importance is the fact that these buildings portray to us the type of people who lived in them—their way of life, their habits and the interests—the type of people who shaped this land and gave us our Australian heritage. This is the real reason for preserving our historic buildings.

*Anonymous*

## the train

I sat in the train watching the scenery from the window, and yet it seemed that I was standing still and the world passing me by.

Then it occurred to me that the train ride was similar to my life: sometimes it seems that I am standing still with the world moving around me. My life seems to have no goal and I feel that I have accomplished nothing. But perhaps this little trip really answered the questions I had asked myself so often. Even though I sometimes feel that I have stopped still, I am moving all the time.

And the view from the window! Some of the sights were vivid and colourful while others were drab and ugly. But even the ugliest, most drab and most unsensational scenery had some aspect of beauty when I searched for it.

I was so engrossed in the scenery that my ticket dropped to the floor. A little girl picked it up—how fortunate that there is always someone willing to assist. I gazed at the ticket; it, like life, was a single ticket. Though I could not have the scenery placed to suit me, I could choose my destination. Perhaps I would have to get off before I planned, but I could certainly pick the track along which I wished to travel.

Looking around me I saw people getting off the train and others alighting at every station. I looked above the window and there, nailed to the carriage, was a set of rules made for the safety and comfort of the passengers.

There are many similarities between a train journey and life, yet there are differences, too. Nobody, from the poorest to the richest, can buy a return ticket in life—there is no train going back. A timetable is not always of use in the journey through life, but some form of planning is. We have the train chosen for us but we are left with the choice of how we spend the time of our journey. We may choose a goal and travel towards it. Sometimes the trip seems long and arduous, but we travel on. Each of us should choose our goal, for what is the point of travelling if we have no where to go?

*Ruth Sput, 5E*

## speedway

Motor-cycling takes the form of road and track races. There is the T.T. races for solo and side-car machines, and for the young and rugged, there are hill-climbs and scrambles.

But a form of motor-cycling which has recently become extremely popular is the "speedway" or "dirt-track" racing. These events usually take place on a loosely-surfaced, unbanked circuit. Owing to the lack of brakes, riders are obliged to use their power to escape out of corners. The bikes average between 50-60 m.p.h. a lap, and frequent spills make it an exciting spectacle. Great skill and daring are required of the riders.

The basic equipment of riders is a steel skid plate (which is tied to the sole of the left foot), a pair of knee boots, leather pants, and the usual leather jacket, helmet, gloves and goggles. The speedway machine is the 500cc. JAP. These bikes (or any speedway bike) have only one gear, and no brakes. But lately, the new E50 machine has caused quite a stir. The most important bit of equipment is the rider's left leg. The rider puts all his body weight on this leg, when he is drifting out of a corner.

Speedway riding is not for amateurs, because it is a tough and dangerous sport, but the thrill of it is beyond compare, and once experienced it will never be forgotten.

*Paul Cook, 5*

## the waxwork

Crippen sat nervously facing the eerie figures that stood gazing at him from their little platforms in Murderers' Den.

A dim, wavering light fell on the rows of figures which were so uncannily like human beings that the silence and stillness seemed unnatural and even ghostly. He missed the sound of breathing and the rustling of clothes, the hundred and one minute noises one hears when even the deepest silence has fallen upon a crowd. This was not the way a night-watchman acted, he thought, but his little waxwork friend, Dr. Bourdette, haunted and tormented him with his sinister eyes. There was not a breath in the chamber to stir a curtain or rustle a hanging drapery or start a shadow. Hanged, he thought, all these murderers were hanged except one Dr. Bourdette. He felt a cold sweat upon his forehead. His own shadow, moving in response to a shifted arm or leg, was all that could be coaxed into motion.

He faced the sinister figures coldly. They were only waxworks, he tried to tell himself. There was a deathly silence in the room. He had neither seen nor heard a movement, but it was as if some sixth sense had made him aware of one. He looked towards the figures to encounter the mild but baleful stares. "I saw you move, Dr. Bourdette. I saw you! You are alive," he screamed. Dr. Bourdette stepped leisurely from his pedestal, nodded and said "Good evening."

Crippen was cold with fright. He sat rigid and frozen.

"I have a hobby," said Bourdette. "I collect throats."

He fumbled in an inside pocket taking out a little French razor and ran the blade gently over his palm. "Will you be so kind as to raise your chin? Ah, that's right," he said, as he moved silently towards Crippen.

Over one end of the chamber was a thick skylight of frosted glass which let in the first few rays of sunlight. The figures stood apathetically in their places awaiting the admiration of the crowds who would presently wander fearlessly among them. Crippen sat leaning far back in his armchair, his chin uplifted as if he were waiting to receive attention from a barber. Although there was not a scratch upon his throat, nor any mark upon his body, he was cold and dead. His employer was wrong in having him credited with no imagination.

Dr. Bourdette, on his pedestal, watched the dead man unemotionally. He did not move nor was he capable of movement, after all, he was only a waxwork.

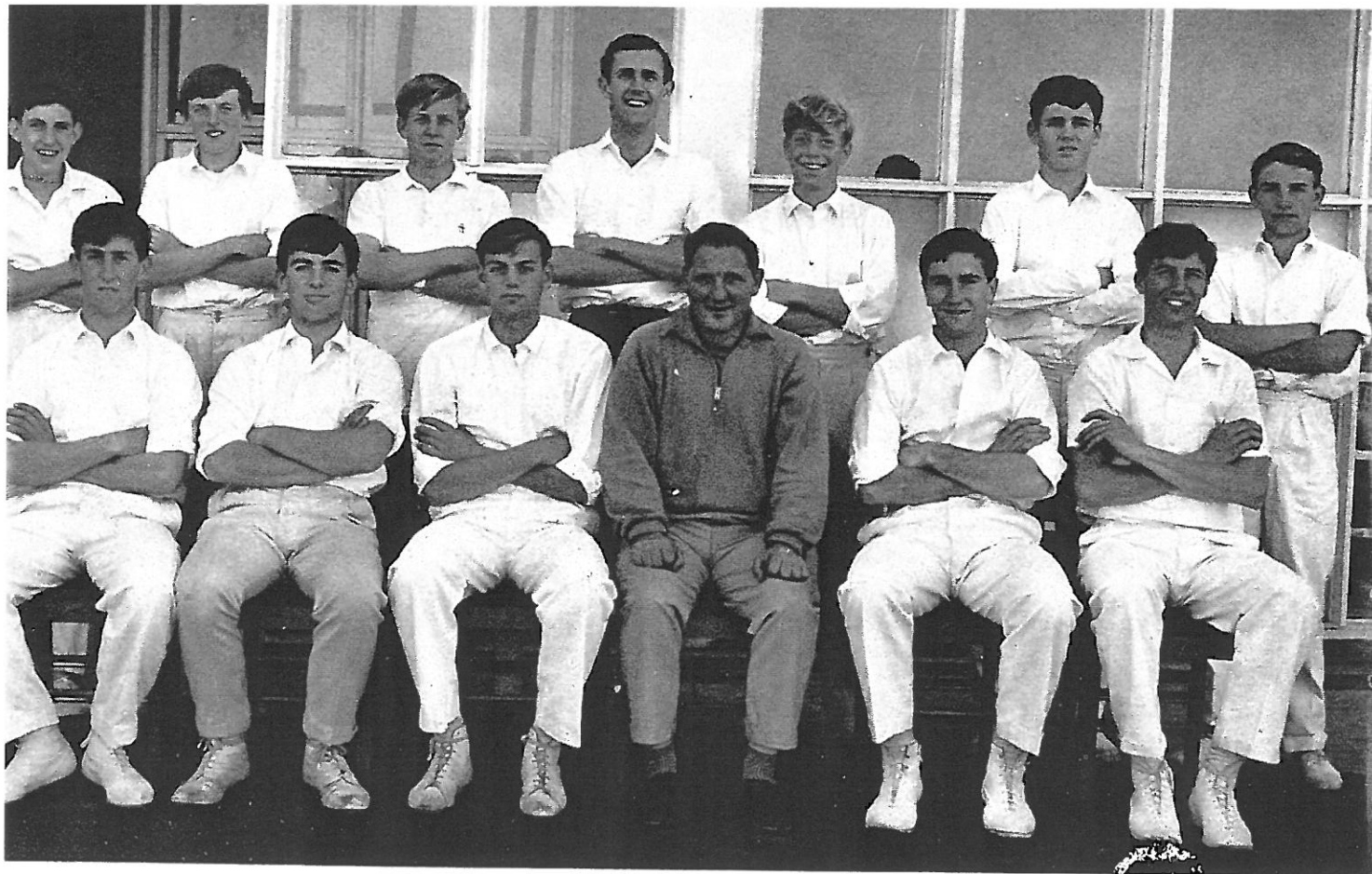
*Bryan Eagle, 4C*

*I. Topliss, 6A*









## sports notes

### cricket

After our previous year's success we hoped that this year would again prove successful. But this was not to be. Cricket is a game where fortunes can change very quickly. Just when the team looked like working their way into a winning position we would either lose a few valuable wickets or make fielding errors which cannot be done if a team is to succeed.

We opened the season against Northcote and the team, playing as a team, beat the Northcote side in a neck and neck struggle. They crashed on a lively wicket and, but for a stubborn partnership by two of the latter bats, Northcote would have been dismissed for very few runs. The chief wicket taker was Colin Coutts who bowled with a consistent length to take four wickets for nineteen runs. Brighton then batted, but it was not until our last wicket that we managed to pass Northcote's very moderate score.

Our next match was against Melbourne, which virtually ended Brighton's chance of retaining the premiership. Melbourne batted first and made 232 runs on a good batting wicket. Although this was a lot of runs to chase we considered we had a good chance. But unfortunately our batting broke down badly and we were dismissed for 127 runs. Only two batsmen, Mike Patterson and Geoff Moran, were able to withstand the onslaught from the Melbourne bowlers.

At Box Hill due to a failure of our batsmen, we could only make 67 runs. When Box Hill batted they also found making runs difficult and had made 95 runs for the loss of 8 wickets when they declared their innings closed. Top bowler for Brighton was Mike Patterson, who took 4 wickets for 9 runs and then batted extremely well to be 57 not out, out of a total of five wickets, for 119 runs when Brighton batted a second time.

Then came probably our worst performance for the year against University. University batted first

on a perfect batting wicket and made the enormous score of 290 runs for the loss of only one wicket.

At the time when these notes were written for the magazine we still had to complete one cricket match by playing Camberwell in a match which had been postponed because of rain earlier in the year. However this match does not have any effect on the result of the High Schools' premiership which was won by University.

Although our season was not as successful as the previous one had been the team tried its hardest to uphold the honour of the school. Thanks must be given to our coach, Mr. Frank, who with district cricketer Don Mathieson helped us considerably during the year.

### athletics

This year the House Athletic Sports were held in First Term. The day dawned clear and fine, and all the school journeyed down to Brighton Beach Oval where the Sports would be held for the first time.

During the day 21 new records were established. The outstanding performers in the track events were P. Spark who won the under thirteen 75 yards and 100 yards, P. Kurta who won the under sixteen 880 yards and under fifteen 100 and 200 yards and P. Fortune who won the under 17 880 yards 100 yards and third in the 220 yards. Among the girls P. Kimber won the under 15 75 yards, 100 yards and open 220 yards; other girls who were successful were S. Deegan under fourteen 75 and 100 yards, P. Henderson under sixteen 75 and 100 yards, L. Williamson under seventeen 75 and 100 yards and second in open 220, and A. Henley who won the open 75 and 100 yards.

At the end of the day Grant was leading Lonsdale in the results, with Phillip and Murray close behind. However when this magazine went to print the field events had not been completed; thus the final results are still not known. Thanks must be given to Mr. Frank and Miss Lees for making this day possible by their wonderful organization.







In conclusion we hope that this year we can give the other schools a stronger competition at the Inter-Schools Carnival which will be held in the third term. This year also, we were lucky enough to be selected as the host school at this carnival.

*Ian Patterson*

## **soccer**

Interest in soccer in the school has increased tremendously, mainly through the hard work of Mr. Bereson. The success of the school team improved gradually, the school finishing fourth in the competition.

Again we were well represented in the All High School teams against South Australia. Allan Stewart, Peter Ridder and Tom Stoyadinovich were in the Under 15 team, while Emmery Bihary and Peter Kurta were in the Under 17 team.

Emmery Bihary is also vice-captain of the Victorian Under 16 side which defeated New South Wales and Peter Kurta is a member of the Under 14 State team which defeated the Tasmanians.

Special thanks go to Mr. Bereson and Mr. Frank for their hard work.

## **football**

The football team unfortunately did not have as much success as had been hoped, but still managed to do better than in previous years.

Undoubtedly the highlight of our football season was the drawn game with Hampton. Mention must be made of Carl Ditterich who dominated the game from start to finish.

Our next encounter was with McKinnon who narrowly defeated us by 7 points. McKinnon's greater experience and physical strength proved too strong.

In the Central Division, we convincingly beat Camberwell in our opening game. This was a great boost to our morale, but our hopes sagged when we were well beaten by Melbourne.

Our next victory was against Box Hill, who previously had come very close to leading some of the bigger schools. The Box Hill boys were very surprised to see the Brighton High team easily defeat them.

Our next two games proved to be severe defeats at the hands of University and Northcote, but again the team did their best.

As a preliminary to our visit to Woodville, we played Elwood High, and beat them convincingly to gain a shield, which is awarded annually to the winner of the Brighton-Elwood game.

Then, in late August, the team journeyed to Woodville hoping to finish the season with a win. But what a shock we received: the Woodville boys turned out their best team since the commencement of our annual trips and we suffered a fairly heavy defeat.

At the end of the season we can say that football at Brighton High School has definitely improved. The main reason for our improvement is a renewed team spirit which is essential if a team is to succeed.

Finally a special thanks must be paid to our earnest coach and sportsmaster, Mr. Frank, who has established football at our school. It is now up to the younger boys to increase our reputation for football.

## **basketball**

### **girls**

During this season, both our teams have been highly successful. We attribute this to our long and arduous training sessions and our unrelenting coach.

History was made when the first team won a match in the Central Division for the first time. They defeated Camberwell twice, but unfortunately lost the remaining four matches against excellent

opposition. Two Social matches have been played; one against Hampton High, which was drawn, the other against the University Interscholarship team, during which Brighton learned quite a few interesting points from these more experienced players.

The second team, this year, has good reason to be jubilant. By winning five out of six matches, they have become premiers of the Second teams in the Central Division. They also played, and defeated, Hampton High in a social match, and we are looking forward to seeing these players in the near future bring the first team a premiership also.

Sincere thanks go to Mr. Grandy, our ever-enthusiastic and extremely popular coach. Without his constant drive, we could never have risen to such glorious heights. We are looking forward to Mr. Grandy continuing as coach for many future seasons. We also owe much to the enthusiasm and support of our Reserves. The Captains, Chris Clarke and Annette Isaacs, also deserve our gratitude for their constant support and encouragement throughout the year.

The grand finale of the season was the match against Woodville, with the Seconds avenging the first's defeat. The curtain-raiser was the match against the select members of the male staff. Known as the "Battle of the Sexes" it attracted many spectators. After a hard, rough struggle, the female sex came out the mighty victors.

### **boys**

Due to the influence of Woody Emlen, the A.F.S. student, and the persistence of several members of form five, men's basketball has become a sport at school, and already a team has been formed. For those interested in basketball, coaching has been arranged and is in the capable hands of Mr. MacMichael, a Y.M.C.A. instructor.

During the season, four inter-school matches were played, Brighton winning three. A second team which was later formed, won one out of two matches contested.

Team members: George Adkins, Ross Bailey, Peter Young, Woody Emlen, Peter Pamphilon and Michael Thorn.

All members would like to forward their appreciation to Michael Thorn, Mr. Moore and Mr. MacMichael who imparted invaluable aid to the team throughout their successful season.

## **woodville visit**

### **girls**

This year it was time for the girls from Woodville High School, Adelaide, to visit our school for a few days. On Tuesday morning, September 11, Mr. Stirling, Miss Lees, and our two head prefects met fifty girls and four lady members of the Woodville staff at Spencer Street station. Our South Australian friends had just spent a hectic and sleepless night on the Overland from Adelaide.

Although they were thoroughly worn out, the girls were obliged to spend most of the day at our school. After a welcome assembly in Holland Hall, our Mothers' Club served them a delicious lunch in the cafeteria. During the afternoon the girls' sports teams from both schools had a practice. That night, the girls were given a free evening to settle down in their hostesses' homes.

Wednesday was V-day for our second basketball team, but in the other match, the Woodville first basketball team defeated ours, forty-four goals to twenty-one. Both matches were well played and very enjoyable to watch. On Wednesday afternoon the hockey match was played. This was an evenly-contested match but the Woodville team succeeded, defeating Brighton, two goals to one.

On Thursday, all the girls in school teams, the Woodville visitors and the hostesses went for a picnic to Ferny Creek accompanied by Mr. Stirling, Miss Lees and those members of our staff who coach the girls' sports teams. After a strenuous two hours' walk to the Sherbrooke Falls we were



all ready for the appetizing lunches the Mothers' Club had kindly packed. The highlight of the day occurred when Mr. Stirling and the teachers played "keepings-off" against the girls, and then challenged them in softball. The teachers won! Weary from our strenuous day, we arrived back at 4 p.m.

Friday was another day of competitions. The tennis matches started early in the morning and Woodville easily defeated Brighton, eight rubbers to nil. Later on in the morning the softball match commenced. This was the closest game of all, and after two very exciting and nerve-racking hours, Woodville triumphed once again. The results were 20 runs to 18. After lunch that day the debate took place. The topic: "That modern living tends to make the modern generation soft." Brighton, on the negative side, succeeded to win by four points. Mr. Watson from the Brighton City Library was our adjudicator.

Although all the other evenings were free for our visitors, the prefects arranged a dance in their honour on the Friday evening. Once again, members of the Mothers' Club helped us by taking charge of the supper. A pleasant evening was spent by all.

This marked the end of another Woodville-Brighton exchange trip, with our girls eagerly looking forward to visiting Adelaide next year.

## boys

On arriving at the school, the boys were quickly introduced and made familiar with their billetes. After several minutes of walking over sanctified ground and peering through windows strictly prohibited, the boys were escorted to St. Clair, a very large hall, for a welcome assembly. After a faultless speech by Ian Patterson, we were all cordially welcomed several times over. The luncheon was graciously eaten, and after finishing our sausage rolls and party pies, the tired Brighton boys retired to their respective homes until the evening when revelry continued until the last stroke of twelve at which all the boys left. We were to have a big day on Saturday so decided not to make it too late.

Saturday and Sunday were free and it was not until Monday that the mission really began. Monday morning was full of expectancy. However, after the tennis defeat, our self-esteem was rather shaken. That afternoon was the baseball. Evidently all the baseball players were born under the wrong star for fate made its presence felt.

Tuesday morning was the time for the hockey. Unfortunately the Woodville team was far superior and once more Brighton lost. After lunch everyone adjourned to the Woodville oval where the afternoon was marred by an unfortunate display of brilliant football by the Woodville team. Our pride shattered, we passed the night in carousing.

Wednesday morning! Beautiful Wednesday morning! We won the debate. Our hopes rose, only to be shattered by the defeat of the chess team. The Wednesday afternoon was scheduled to be free, but scratch matches were drawn up for basketball, hockey and baseball. "Comme d'Habitude," Brighton lost.

There was a farewell social on Wednesday night and a good time was had by all! Parting is such sweet sorrow, but all good things must come to an end! The farewell assembly, very much like the welcome assembly, was performed in St. Clair. We were farewelled by Mr. Noblett, the headmaster, and then Mr. Newbold gave the reply.

The Thursday afternoon was free, and many boys went into Adelaide to spend their money (?).

At 8 p.m. all the boys, apart from one or two who stayed for another week, left in their "dog-boxes" for Melbourne. The trip was quite uneventful and in fact a few boys even went to sleep.

We thank Mr. Newbold, Mr. Carkeek and Mr. Frank for giving up their holidays to usher us on the trip.

## hockey

### boys

Hockey started this year with few who had played before and the season, in which we played about eight games, was not very successful due to inexperience. But by the time we went to Woodville we had a potentially good hockey team. Although soundly beaten there were some patches of good play on our part. Michael Newman, our goalie, played well and stopped many goals. The most improved players would have been Ian Carrick and then Clive Hooke, playing Inside Right and Inside Left respectively. Barry Law and Jeff Major on the back line played well and have gained experience.

I would like to express thanks to Mr. Hardy for the assistance and coaching he has given the hockey teams in the whole season.

*Michael Thorn*

### girls

This year showed a general improvement in enthusiasm for our hockey team but, unfortunately, better results did not follow. With all our training the team did not win any matches, but we have been close to success once or twice. Against University High and Hampton we were able to stay within one goal of our opponents, but against Camberwell High and MacRobertson's the game was more decisive. Our best match was against the Woodville visitors, when we managed to keep within striking distance, the final score being 2-1. This was our hardest fought, and most enjoyable game.

Rather than name any star players, we would like to say that everyone tried her hardest, with good team spirit always evident. The second team also shows great promise, and we are expecting many of its 'stars' to graduate to the 'firsts' next year. Apart from the usual bumps and bruises, we managed to avoid any serious injuries. Finally, we would like to thank Miss Chittick for the valuable help she has given us throughout the year, and wish next year's team "better luck."

## softball

The captain of the softball team was Gillian McDonald this year, defeating University and Camberwell High Schools twice. However, they were unable to defeat MacRobertson Girls' School and finished second on the ladder.

In the Saturday morning competitions at Fawkner Park the Brighton team competed in the A grade division.

After having some success in the matches the team was disappointed when they could not gain a position in the top four.

The game against Woodville High School was a very exciting and hard fought match resulting in a win to Woodville with a score of 20 runs to 18. This game was one of the closest and hardest played against Woodville and shows how our standard of softball has improved over the last two years.

A mention should be made of Prue Robertson, a new comer to the school this year, who has helped the team a great deal in her position as catcher. Michele Sindrey, who is a junior in the school, has played very well this year.

Thanks go to Miss Lees and Mr. Dobson who coached the team this year.

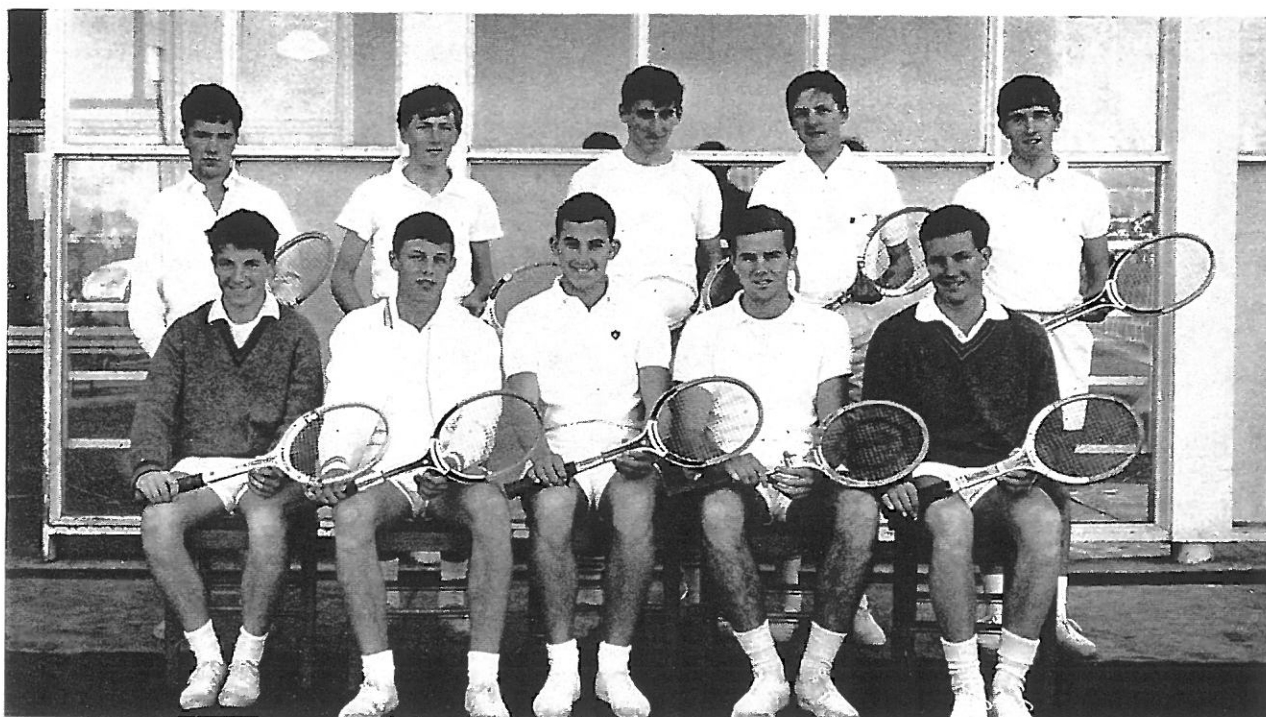


### boys' tennis

The boys' tennis team had a reasonably successful year playing in the central division for the third time.

Singles were played in the first term and the Brighton team acquitted itself fairly well, winning three of the five matches played. Doubles matches were continued in the second term, Brighton winning three matches.

Also this year for the first time, Brighton High entered a team in the Public and Grammar Schools Tennis Association. Congratulations go to the team as it qualified to play in the final, winning eleven matches from fourteen. Thanks are due to Mr. Byrnes who instigated the team and helped it in many ways during the year.



## house notes



### Lonsdale

"A great epoch has begun.

There exists a mass of work conceived in this new spirit; it is to be met with particularly in industrious production."

These words, written by Le Corbusier, crystallize into fact within the hallowed precincts of Lonsdale House and have permeated the minds of our members. To explain this more fully it shall be taken point by point.

This epoch has a healthier, stronger, more sports-minded youth than ever before. There is a spirit in youth—a spirit not to win but to play the game and to know it has been played to the best of their ability.

This spirit within the young enables them to work hard and long for things they want. Hours are given to training for swimming, running, field games and all the team sports. Every member is working with all his energy for his house. It's not only in sport but also in activities like singing and drama that we have evidence of hard work and training.

Having stressed the importance of team work I feel rather dubious about mentioning individuals. But the ones that I will mention are these who inspire house spirit and without them Lonsdale would not be what it is.

House Masters: Mr. Waters, Mr. Carkeek.

House Mistresses: Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Warner.

Swimming: H. Teague, B. Espie, B. Hancock, B. Hanby, A. Teague, Y. Clava, M. Clayton, F. Englert, M. Thorn, M. Evans, D. Rayson, J. Brooker.

Athletics: P. Kimber, M. Dawson, P. Henderson, J. Job, B. Sheehy, N. Trunoff, J. Wilkinson, T. Crane, T. Cooper, B. Newton, B. Little, T. Morris, J. Brooker, A. Walmsley, P. Fortune, M. Evans, M. Mitchell, J. McGannon.

Hockey: S. Trunoff, H. Drysdale, M. Thorn, D. Manuel.

Basketball: M. Dawson, J. Lowe, T. Valenta, P. Pamphilon, G. Adkins, D. Rayson.

Tennis: F. Hubel, K. Brame.

House Drama: R. Rubens, M. Charles, R. Roseman.

Football: M. Patterson, R. Brame, B. Little.  
Cricket: M. Patterson, B. Little, E. Bishop, J. Romeril.  
Baseball: E. Bishop, R. Dingle, J. Brooker, J. Romeril.

*M. Patterson, J. Evans*

### murray

This year has been a fairly successful year for Murray House. At the start of the year elections were held and Ian Patterson and Josie Waddell were appointed House Captains, and John Hyland and Christine Clarke as Vice House Captains.

The swimming sports were the first main House event, unfortunately we could only manage third place; but we would like to thank those people who competed for our House and especially congratulate our winners.

In the House Drama Competition we fared a little better. Ian Catchlove produced the play, "The Rose and the Crown", but here again we were just beaten for first place by Phillip House. Although beaten we were not disgraced, and many thanks must be given to Ian Catchlove and the actors and actresses for giving up their time for rehearsals.

For the first time this year a choral festival was arranged between the four houses. Unfortunately after a close struggle with Lonsdale we were beaten by one point. Special thanks must be given to Mrs. Murray who organized and conducted our choir.

A special mention must be given to the high standard of boys' sport in Murray House. With such an enthusiastic House Master, Mr. Bereson, the boys were victorious in football, however with many boys in school teams the House did not become as prominent as otherwise.

In conclusion, we would like to thank our House Masters and Mistresses and the members of our House who supported us in selecting the teams and the carrying out of our duties.

*Ian Patterson, Josie Waddell*

### grant

This year has seen the introduction of new interesting features into house activities, and Grant vigorously set out with the aim of regaining the house aggregate shield from Lonsdale.

The sporting year began with the swimming sports, in which we were just beaten by Lonsdale. Thanks go to house members for their active co-operation and house spirit.

This year the athletic sports came at the end of the first term instead of as previously, at the beginning of the third term. Once again, despite lack of training in some cases, our house members excelled and many records were broken. Mention must be made that for the first time in four years Grant won the coveted Meehan Cup. Congratulations go to all who participated.

Inter-house competitions were played with great success. Volleyball and vigaro were introduced for the first time, in both of which we achieved good standards.

Second term brought the house drama competition. The Grant play "Search Party" was of creditable standard. Congratulations and thanks go to actors, actresses and the producer.

This year an inter-house choral competition for mixed choirs was introduced. This enjoyable activity was attacked with great enthusiasm and although we came third, we would like to thank all house members who participated, for their support and show of house spirit. Thanks also go to Miss



Judd who trained us, and gave up much of her free time.

Finally, we would like to thank Mrs. Harris, Miss Judd, Mr. Byrnes and Mr. Cantieni for their never failing support and capable guidance throughout the year. Thanks are also extended to members of Lonsdale, Murray and Phillip Houses for their rivalry and sportsmanship throughout the year.

*Geoffrey Clements, Anne Henley*

## phillip

This year Phillip House has had its share of successes and defeats. We were successful in both the Drama competition and the boys' athletics but, unfortunately, the girls could not maintain this standard. John Laurie, the producer, and all the actors, must be congratulated for their excellent part in the production of the winning House play, "The Tragedy of Good Intentions." Woody Emlen, our American exchange student, has been a prominent member in our House activities.

The girls have competed successfully in the hockey, basketball and tennis competitions during the year. The House also participated in the choral festival and the football competition. Finally we would like to thank Miss Chittick, the House Mistriss, Mr. Warhurst, the House Master and all those in Phillip House, for their support this year.

*Phillip Lodge, Margaret Norman*

### HOUSE CAPTAINS

Boys: I. Patterson, M. Patterson, G. Clements, P. Lodge.  
Girls: J. Waddell, J. Evans, A. Henley, M. Norman.

## form notes

**6A** It has been said, by the noted Russian philosopher, Evolhctac, that "*The woods would indeed be silent if only those birds that sang best, sang at all.*"

It seems that in conformity with convention, the individual accomplishments, sporting, academic and otherwise, of particular members of the form should be brought to the notice of all. However, it should be sufficient to say that we have many members exhibiting brilliance in such fields without descending to naming a long list of personalities.

In early childhood we usually contract certain illnesses, said to be a part of growing up. Occasionally they strike some people later in life. Iain Topliss has been conspicuously absent for a number of weeks, said to have the mumps with complications!

Even sixth-formers are not exempt from the traditional punishment of writing lines. A certain

Lloyd received such punishment for offending a school rule imposed without his knowledge. He has always walked across the oval!

Tuesday mornings have rarely failed to raise interest. Apart from Spencer's notable absence, Mr. Bereson has drawn to our attention the relationship between life and study, to be of advantage to us in further education. The painful extraction of social service contributions has also indicated the limited means of the modern-day matriculation student.

Let it never be said that young men are loath to sing in a choir. The recent choral competitions revealed many sixth-form males contributing in full voice to our first experience of such an event.

Such are the recent highlights of the year; however, a parting thought . . . "*Man is not an island.*"

**6B** Form 6B this year has progressed satisfactorily.

We were pleased to have Mr. Waters as our form master, Paul Wilmshire as our form captain and Rodney Kenner as our vice-captain; they all have done an amazing job. Following on the heels of our leaders were a large range of talented pupils. To mention a few: Phillip Smith, our genius; and D. Wilkinson, J. Machems, G. Smith, G. Booth, R. Reed, N. Rist and P. Wilmshire, our keen sportsmen.

We were pleased to have an Asian student in Raymond Mo and hope that he will progress well in the future.

As this is our last year at Brighton (we hope), we thank all of the teachers for helping us through the years and we hope that next year form 6B will keep up the tradition of hard work which we have tried to develop.

## 6C

Thunder and lightning: Enter 35 witches led by Hecate-Chatfield.

All: When shall we hags meet again  
In joy, in horror, or in pain?  
When the hurly burly's done.  
When matric is lost or won.  
Be it at Uni or back here  
For to spend the coming year.

Hecate: I, the best in all the State  
Mistress of my sixth form's fate  
Have drummed it into all my class  
Unless they swot, they'll never pass.

Witch Josie: I'm head bel-dame of this school  
Upholding every law and rule.

Witches Jenny, Jill:  
With compelling eyes, flowing hair  
A sensitive, yet mystic pair.  
Our all is for art and poetry  
Sculpture and dark sorcery.

Witches Joe and Val: We the captains of 6C  
Mark the rolls with fiendish glee.

Witches Isabel and Elly:  
We leave our spells by Judo fall  
Within the cavern beneath the hall.

Witch Ilona:  
While running round the block each night  
I present a gruesome sight.

All: Weary sev' nights, nine times nine times nine  
Shall we dwindle peak and pine,  
Although our eyes oft be crossed  
And our books and notes be lost  
We go to school come fog or frost.  
By the pricking of our thumbs  
Something wicked this way comes.

Witch Wendy: I'm always hearty, hungry, gay  
The instigator of the fray.  
While others curse and hypnotize  
I concentrate on my cold pies.

Witch Sylvia: Piano playing crone am I  
I'll hit the big time by and by.



Cath and Gillian:  
 In the cafeteria we both say  
 And it is there we hope to die!

Sylvia and Naomi:  
 We glorious two, a colourful pair  
 Lighting the world with our flaming red hair.

Val and Lesley:  
 A fair, noble and worthy couple  
 Whose quiet remarks are very subtle.

Val Jones: I am the sixth form Queen Mab  
 Don't you think that's really 'fab'?

Helen and Anne:  
 We sportsmen eagerly do our job  
 To gather the unwilling mob.

All: Among this class are many more  
 But do not seek to find the flaw  
 So we leave this ditty near your heart  
 Farewell, dear friends, we now depart!  
 We leave the ship now sinking fast  
 Remembering all the horrors past!

**5A** Although not the slightest bit photogenic, our pupils feature in many sporting photos: swimming, R. Bishop (form captain), G. Clements, M. Charles; athletics, E. Bihary, G. Clements, I. Cornish, G. Cernovs; hockey, I. Cornish, B. Anderson; cricket, R. Bishop, J. Boston; baseball, P. Cook, R. Bishop, J. Boston; Tennis, G. Clements; L. Betts and L. Baker (form captain) are in the girls' hockey team. Our girls do not seem to be quite as muscular—maybe they all belong to the Society for the Protection of Utter Femininity.

Robyn Diggins and Margot Charles excel at mah-jong, and not to forget Chris Clarke, who is captain of the first basketball.

This year we welcomed to the Exclusive Brethren of 5A Sandra Hill from England and Woody Emlen from America.

Many thanks to Mr. Carkeek, our form teacher.

**5B** is undoubtedly the best form in the school.

Naturally we are prejudiced but each member of our form excels in at least one respect. Scholastically we are well represented by Woody Emblen, Frank Henley and Peter Fraser. Woody Emblen was from America and was here on an A.F.S. scholarship which provides for the exchange of pupils between Australia and America. Woody was not only brilliant in his studies but proved to dominate the basketball field.

Typical members of our form were Wayne Gray and Ted Doyle, not only fine students but first-class footballers. Carol Fussel played in the school's basketball team and Rosalind Griffiths was in the tennis team. Several other members of our form were in the school swimming and athletic teams.

Frank Henley brought honour to our form by being in the school chess team and Howard Cuscott, the school's sound engineer, did well at making harsh voices sound sweet.

Loh Chee Long was our Asian student this year and we do sincerely hope that he has enjoyed his stay.

The star actors were Lynette Dudos, Carol Hillis and Wendy Ham who all gave brilliant performances in the inter-house plays. Wendy Ham also endeavoured to do the impossible and collect social service from our pupils who had money every day except Tuesdays.

The form captains this year were Barry Elias and Rosalind Griffiths who both tried unsuccessfully to keep our angelic form in order. Mr. McLeod was our form teacher and we all greatly appreciate his help to our form throughout the year.

**5C** This year, we, 5C, have been blessed with a great form consisting of eight girls and 25 boys. Mrs. Warner (whom we thank for her guidance) has been our form teacher. She has been helped by the form captains, Gail Millard and Ralph Levy.



G. Keam, 2A

Members of our form have excelled themselves in various fields:

Peter Jacobs in the school play, John Laurie who produced the winning play in the inter-house drama contest. Jill Kitney has debated well throughout the year for the school. Denis "Speedy" Manuel, Michael Humphrey (hockey team) and Robert McPherson (football), went to Woodville. Alkis Joannides, Wayne Jones and Barry Little also were in football teams.

John Kenley and Clive Hooke have attempted to play hockey.

Betty Kosky and Peter Keep swam well in the swimming sports.

Barry Little, star cricketer.

Marion McKenzie and Yvonne McIver have tried to squeeze every penny from our pockets for social services.

Thanks are due to members of staff who have attempted, and what a battle it has been, to teach us and we hope that their efforts (and ours) have not been in vain.

**5D** of 1962 reports an enjoyable and enlightening year under the guidance of our form teacher, Mr. Smith. This year in addition to the normal academic subjects, 5D students were engaged in many additional activities. Notable in sport were: Swimming: Lyn Reid, Carlene Richardson and David Olsen; tennis: Pat Reddie and Trevor Norton; basketball (a new activity): Ron Roach, Peter Pamphilon and Jim Sargeant; hockey: Elizabeth Patterson; softball: Prue Robertson and Robyn Roseman; drama attracted Robyn Roseman, David Phillips, Leslie Rosenblatt and Graham Sales, while it was the choir which interested Elizabeth Patterson, Jennifer Ross, David Phillips and Graham Sales.

The success of school assemblies during the year may be partly attributed to the work of the seat crew of Robert Neal and Peter Railey.

Form captains were Robyn Roseman and Peter Railey; and our social service representatives, Robyn Morton and David Nankiville, were able to extract from the class and teacher about £7.

Donald Pak from Hong Kong, who joined the school this year, has been most successful, even to the extent of a second place in the form for term two.

**5E** Robert Skillicorn: Too quiet, something is bound to happen.

Tony Smeeton: A chip off the billiard cue.

Tom Steiner: The form contortionist, can wriggle out of any hot spot.

Allen Stewart: Made the All High School soccer team (under 15).

Tibor Szilgyi: Do drop in and see us sometime, Tibor.

Greg Thompson: Yet to miss a day of school. Must be tired of home life.

Roger Titler: Teachers' pe(s)t.

Ray Turner: Our "strong arm" man.

Tom Valenta: The class wit. I cried through his last joke.

Russell Vonton: Pocket Hercules.

John Wall: Filling out too nicely.

Tony Wallis: Our bookworm and agrees with Grant's thoughts.

Peter Watmuff: Good all-rounder. In school football and cricket team.

George Watts: Changed his hairdo. Turning "jazzier" maybe?

Colin Wigley: Our champion talker, chewer and absentee.

Rowen Wilson: "Angel"!! of the form.

David Withall: Direct from the New York Yankees?

Sam Woodcock: There's one in every form.

Grant Young: Hates maths but loves figures.

Peter Young: Our little (basketball) bouncing boy.

Mike Thorn: Form captain; corruption in high places.

All 5E thanks Mr. Moorrees for putting up with us all year and for his help.

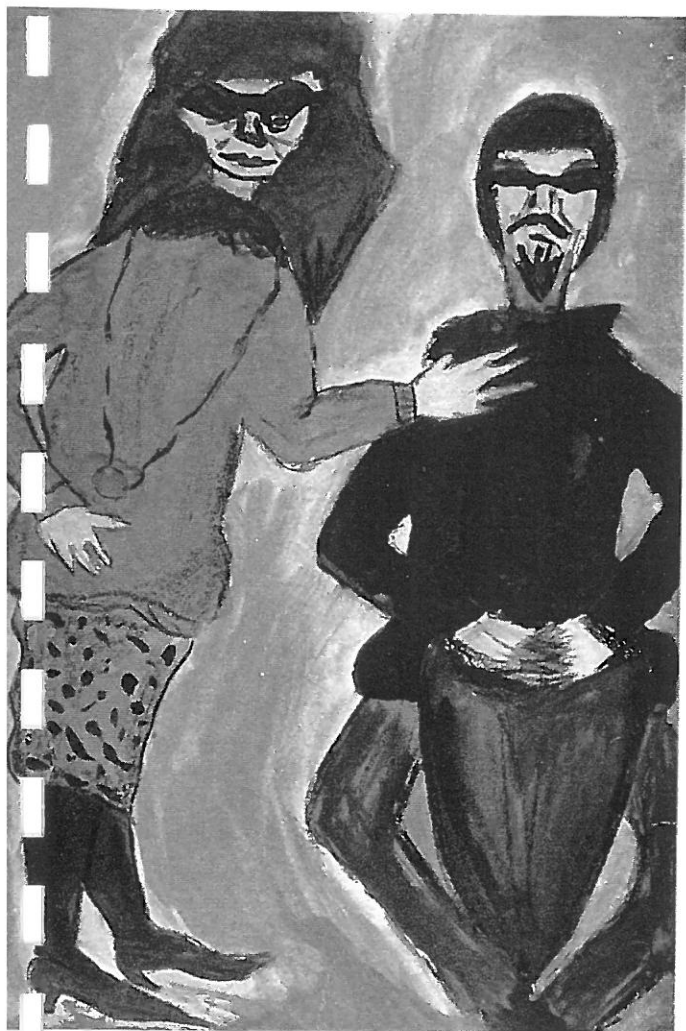
**4A** This year has been quite an exciting one for the 49 pupils under the captaincy of Jenny Banoff and Ian Hannaford. Although the name implies that 4A should be of a high scholastic ability, we are not all brains. But as usual we had Anna Rosner and Peter Liddell with averages in the nineties, closely followed by Russell Keam and Elaine McDonald.

However, we are proud to have among us many sporting enthusiasts. Among the girls Sandra Watkins and Marlene Smith were members of the volleyball team. In basketball we had Jenny Banoff and Annette Isaacs. Hockey: Tyra Shoesmith. Swimming: Val Rosen and Mary Waddell. At Woodville High School our form was well represented by Louis Gross, Richard Berger, George Golvan (chess); John Richards, David Mullins (tennis); Doug Taylor (hockey); Cliff Bodsworth, Ian Pascarl, Ian Row, Alan Walmsley (football). Earlier in the year Eli Fryher won the school chess championship.

We thank Armida Dumskis and Max Ketels for their conscientious efforts in trying to obtain money from us for social service.

We are not so proud of the fact that we were capable of causing minor mass riots in the classroom. But we thank our teachers for persevering with us throughout the year, and a special thanks is due to Mrs. Sherrington, our form mistress, for her capable guidance throughout the year.

**4B** On unwillingly resuming school we found Miss Hughes as form mistress and C. Westwood and J. Major our form captains. We were



L. Alunui, 2A

soon driven back to work which resulted in David Jenkins' average of 77 per cent.

The form was well represented in the acting sphere by L. Shryver, I. Romanella, M. Hayes, S. Abramowitch, C. Coutts, P. Motherwell and P. Marshall. Sportsmen who made the trip to Adelaide were D. Chambers, J. Major, J. Moran, C. Coutts, P. Hopkins and B. Litchfield.

David Rayson, Jeffrey Moran, Frank Dawson, Peter Marshall and Kris Zalkalns are all on the stage crew and without them the plays could not have been put on.

During second term the boys held a chess tournament and the ultimate winner was "Small Sad Sam" Abramowitch.

Finally we thank all the teachers who have assisted us through the year.

**4C** This year our form master, Mr. Lisle, not only calls the roll but also imbues us with the finer points of General Science and Maths.

Our class consists of 17 girls and 25 boys, under the supervision of form captains Blanche Malincusky and Arthur Finn.

We are a rather happy crowd and are always looking for a new way to make life harder for the teachers.

This year we are sorry to have lost Mrs. Robertson and Mr. Varden who have been replaced by Miss Varley and Mr. Norman.

We have many talented sportsmen and women: Judy Stone, our diving champion; Barbara Hancock and Suzanne Stewart, swimmers. Ian Fogarty had gone to Woodville with the hockey team. Chris Lake and John Mitchell are in the golf team and we have many footballers. Some of the 4C boys also contributed to the Education Day display on the trampoline.

**4D** This year 4D has been the most active fourth form of them all. We started the year with 44 pupils, but have decreased by three. We have always been well represented in all sports: L. Rich, I. Strong, P. Leed, N. Best, L. Loftus, G. Adkins, B. Byrns, J. McGannon, S. Brooker, N. Kelly, B. Browne, I. McDonald, R. Rowe, R. Brilliant, P. Atkinson, G. Beere, A. Neilson, B. Law and D. Carkeek, all showing signs of brilliance.

As well as having great sportsmen, we have a few brains: L. Loftus, G. Adkins, C. Clarke and B. Law.

Our social service monitor, Murray Peal, has done his utmost in dragging unwanted halfpennies to the cause.

We were kept under control (although the teachers did not think so) by B. Byrns and N. Best, our form captains. Our thanks to all teachers, especially Mr. Cantieni, our form teacher.

**4E** Being a Commercial form of 42 "extremely talented" girls we have contributed greatly to school activities throughout the year!

We are proud to say that Julie Guy ably assisted the second basketball team in winning the premiership and a pat on the back goes to her!

4E is well represented in the sporting field and can boast that we have members in the school swimming, tennis, volleyball, basketball and hockey teams (the latter was coached by our attractive young form teacher, Miss Chittick).

Many of our girls offered to billet Woodville girls. The more musically minded belonged to the house and senior choirs who filled the corridors outside room 10 many a day with sweet, clear notes of harmony!!!

During the year Roslyn Davey left to work in her chosen career and Sylvia Campbell moved to Seaford. Sandra Philips, our optimistic social service collector, is leaving us this term to travel abroad and we wish her "bon voyage."

In the scholastic field competition is keen but

Jill Andersen once more topped our form with an average of 93 per cent.

Carol Blake and Louise Manuel, our conscientious form captains, assisted by vice-captains Joan McConnell and Helen Hasforth, tried in vain to retain law and order and we now sincerely thank all those teachers connected with this form (apologies to some) who patiently assisted us this year and I think most will agree it has been our happiest.

**4F** This year 4F have been under the guidance and protection of Mr. Byrnes, who has found the fortitude in his heart to bear with us at all times.

John Gourlay and Pam Henderson were elected form captains at the beginning of the year, and have assisted to the best of their ability.

The form is made up of 15 girls and 12 boys who have not always been on the best of terms with some of the teachers but we thank them one and all for their patience and regret the grey hairs and baldness, which we feel could be the result of our behaviour during the year which, we understand, left a lot to be desired.

**3A** The following report on form 3A, Brighton High School, is hereby sworn by the authors to be the truth (or mostly true).

Our little band of angels on the path to ultimate knowledge and glory is ably led by form captains Margaret Roseman and Ian Ferrier who (apart from detours at muddy stretches) skilfully guide us along that path which is both straight and narrow.

Struggling behind comes the Band, all of us outstanding citizens of the community known as B.H.S.

We possess such brilliant scholars as Audrone Dumskis, Susan Rotschein, Goldie Pots, Josie Kiel, Julie Woods, Robert Kerr, Derek Roche and Ross Bingham. These are only a few of many.

But don't think we lack athletic ability. Among our sporting spirits some girls under Mr. Grandy's guidance manipulate a leather ball with ballerina-like grace in the seconds basketball team. Our girls also excel at softball and tennis. Fay Engbert is our diver.

When the Commonwealth Games are contested at Perth one of this school's best fencers, Carolyn Ketels, will be there acting as an official. We are proud of you, Carolyn.

Among the boys, Domenico Declario, Kent Middleton and John Kilpatrick are notable sports all-rounders. Followers of football deserve a mention for risking life and limb each week on the battle, sorry, football ground. Basketball, baseball, cricket and chess all come within the scope of our gifted (?) athletes, while Michael Evens is an all-round runner and swimmer.

Have you ever waited for the minutes to pass at the end of a period only to find that the bell you have been waiting for is five minutes late? Andrew Helmos, a shining example of punctuality, is the bell boy. He, together with Geoffrey Markhoff and Ian Jones, among others, have lived many a period with their commentaries as members of staff will doubtless testify.

Our form teacher is Mr. Grandy. As a teacher, guide and critic, his aid throughout the year has been invaluable. Thank you, Sir, for doing such an excellent job against such overwhelming odds (us).

Thanks are due to every long-suffering teacher who has tried to teach us and succeeded (?).

**3B** This year 3B has had a profitable year with Mrs. Murray as form mistress and Cheryl Morey and Tom Stoyadinovich as form captains.

As well as having brains, 3B has sporting brawn and promising actors. Heather McConnell, John Bock and Tom Stoyadinovich did well scholastically.

In the sporting field our hockey girls were Pat Kimber, Rosslyn Ried, Gaye Dunlop, Carolyn Moore and Heather McConnell.

Anna Waksman, after hard training, was put



into the Saturday afternoon basketball team and plays in the school seconds team.

Pat Kimber, a newcomer to the school this year, was named schoolgirl champion in athletics and runner-up in the State championships in West Australia. Swimmers are Robyn Miles, Kathryn Hunder and our graceful, talented diver is Terry Black. John Fleming is a squash star for the school team, Colin Lamphier is still trying to play football and Bruce McDonald and Tom Stoyadinovich were in the school soccer team. Tom Stoyadinovich was selected for the State soccer team and also represented the school at Woodville.

Our actors were David Jacobs, Russel Hobbs, Gail Rigney and Janne Wolmsley, who is also in the school choir.

Geoffrey "Oliver" Orr works hard at trying to acquire the finesse of dramatic art.

Our sweet stall this year raised over £7 towards social services.

We were very sorry to part with Susan Adams at the end of second term as she became a part of the form and we do not want anyone to break away. Lastly, we thank all our teachers for not deserting us, especially Mrs. Murray, who has been a very patient form mistress.

**3C** Form captains elected at the beginning of the year were Chris Gaudion and Paul Jansen, ably assisted by Cherry Colmen and Peter Dowling.

3C has had the pleasure of having Mrs. Mortein as form mistress.

Brains in the form are Cherry Colmen and Max Kac. John Rhemes, Peter Dowling and David Young, also Paul and Don earned a trip to Woodville, South Australia.

I think the staff deserve a great reward for putting up with 3C during the past year.

**3D** The form captains of 3D are Robyn Cowling and Graham Atkinson. In our form there are many boys and girls in school teams. Dianne Graety plays softball while Alice Posementir plays basketball. K. Murie, G. Mellett and G. Atkinson all play in the under 14 football team. I. Elfring is captain of the third football team and J. Pitts and R. O'Gorman also play in the third football team. But we are not all in the school teams; that is where the "brains" come in. Janice Whetton, K. Murie and J. Godfredson had the top averages.

3D have had the pleasure of having Mr. Vogt as form master who has helped and taught us in both Geography and History throughout the year.

**3E** is a Commercial form this year and consists of 38 girls. Form captains are Joan Eyles and Lesley Walsh.

We were very fortunate at the end of second term to have Miss Varley who very kindly took over all the responsibilities of Mrs. Robertson, who left us. Miss Varley is also our English teacher: a very pleasant person and we like her very much.

First term: Robert Wilton topped the form, with Pam Pentiberry coming second.

Second term: Pat received her revenge by topping the form with Robert closely following.

3E was able to contribute to the house choral competition with three of our girls participating. They were Christine Farrington, Rosemary Halbert and Pat Dixon.

Swimmers: Barbara Espie and Janet Daley were both in the school team.

We have had most enjoyable classes this year with all the teachers understanding our girlish chatter — this is one way we can show our appreciation to them. For all their time and effort spent teaching us. We know this was a very difficult task and thank them very much.

**3F** This year 3F is a very small form consisting of nine girls and ten boys. The form captains are Mary Langlands and Daryl Lowe, assisted by

vice-captains Carol Holding and Philip Guscott. Top of the form this term was Philip Guscott and second was Ian Mole.

Robert Muir is the best swimmer and he won all the races in which he competed in at the sports. At present he is training in Queensland.

Finally we all thank the teachers who have taught us during the year and a vote of thanks to our form teacher, Mr. Spragg.

**2A** When the teachers sat down after the third term examinations last year and selected the twenty-five girls and eighteen boys with the highest form one averages to make up form two-a for 1962, they did not know that they were also choosing forty-three noisy individualists. However, led by our form captains, Inna Klimenko (girls) and Gary Danson (boys), we have managed to achieve a good performance as a form.

Dinah Caen topped the form for the first term, and Robert Bell carried off the honours for the second term. It is worth mentioning that fourteen members of the form had averages of over 90 per cent in the second term examinations.

Our form is well represented in sporting activities, and three of our girls are junior house captains: Inna Klimenko (Lonsdale), Margaret McKenzie (Phillip) and Kaye Millard (Grant).

When we had a sweet stall for social services this year we raised £4/13/- which sum, together with our weekly contributions, placed us at the top of the form twos and gave us second place in the whole school. Wally Jess and Graeme Williams were most relieved, as they often have difficulty in getting money out of us on a Tuesday morning.

We wish to record our gratitude to our teachers for the instruction and assistance they have given us throughout the year, and we should like our form teacher, Mrs. Hamilton, to know that we sympathize with her efforts to be unfailingly loyal to form two-a.

**2B** Our form consists of 23 girls and 21 boys. During the year we have gained four extra students: Sandra Tweddle, Sue Mussared, Barrie Lewin and Richard McPherson. Form captains are Natalie Trunoff and Cameron Bradley.

We had four representatives for the swimming squads; they were Thes van Gemer, Michele Sindrey, Sue Merrit and Jane Harris.

After the second term examinations we found that Javette Beadle had topped the form with an average of 88 per cent and Rhonnda Blumfield followed on closely with an average of 86 per cent.

Michele Sindrey again represented the school when we played Woodville High. She played softball.

On Thursday, August 30, 2B and 2A girls combined together against 2C and 2D girls, and played football at Dendy Park. The 2A-B team defeated 2C-D with a score of five goals three behinds to three goals four behinds.

We have one boy in our form in the under 14 football team, Bruce Woodhams.

We must thank our two form teachers, Mr. O'Doherty and Mrs. Collings, for their help during the year. Our best wishes go to Mrs. Collings, who has been very ill during the term.

**2C** In our lively form 2C

We can't match up to form 2B.

Our spirits are so very high

They make the teachers' tempers fly.

The highest average of 92

Was by Christine Manning

And of course, it's true.

Our sports champions

Thompson, Egerton, Finn and Moore

Always try to build up the score.

Our form teacher, Mrs. Mickie,

Does not like us to be tricky.



The form captains, Mina and David,  
Are never away  
And are always there to save the day.  
But we say let's live and see,  
And we might well meet in form three.

**2D** In 2D this year there are 41 pupils, 19 girls and 22 boys. The two form captains this year are Carol Wickow and Ron Macleod. They are assisted by Linda Declario and Peter Wilks.

We are represented on the sporting field by Denis Chambers, who was in the Victorian under 14 State football team. The swimmers in our form are Jennifer Job and Merrilyn Clayton.

We thank our form teacher, Mrs. Shaw, for putting up with us and for her encouragement. 2D also thanks the staff who have tried in vain to teach us throughout the year.

**2E** consists of thirty-two very talkative girls. Our form captains are Marian Child and Yantina Klaver.

In the sporting field we are all quite pleased in having Maree Dawson in the school basketball team, Ann Smith in the junior basketball team and Annette Wilsmore in the school tennis team. In swimming we have Marian Child, Lorraine Miller and Yantina Klaver. Volleyball, Carolyn Leigh and Beverley Iverson.

Our social service has already amounted to £5 this year. As we are not very brainy in 2E Gale Cochrane's 72.9 was very good. Close behind comes Annette Wilsmore 72.1, then Lynette Anning 70.6.

We thank all the teachers for being patient with us throughout the year. And special thanks to Mrs. Hayes, who is our English and Arithmetic teacher as well as form teacher.

**1A** Our form consists of 25 girls and 21 boys. We have all worked well and are pleased with our results.

Margaret Blake came top of the form with an average of 95.5.

Our form captains are Jennifer Costa and Doug Chandler. Mrs. Goulbergh is our form teacher.

Our girls played 1C in basketball and won. However, the same week 1A boys played 2A boys in football and lost.

We have been on two excursions. The first with Miss Lynch, our music teacher, to an orchestral concert at the Palais, St. Kilda. The other was with Mrs. Chatfield, our English teacher, to the Russell Street Theatre to see four enjoyable plays.

Our appreciation to Mrs. Goulbergh and to all teachers who have helped us this year.

**1B** consists of 22 boys and 23 girls. Our form captains are Lynne Dickson and Donald Fraser who are assisted by Elizabeth Gaskin and Bill Howes.

We have had three form teachers this year: Mrs. Goulbergh, Miss Varley and Mrs. Watson, who takes us for art.

In sport Suzanne Fussell and Wendy Fletcher represented us in the junior basketball team and Andrea Drummond at hockey.

In the previous examination David Jones came first and David Davies second.

Our thanks to all our teachers who have helped, and put up with us, throughout the year.

**1C** Mr. Colbert, 1C's teacher,  
Is really quite a learned creature.  
Alister Mac, the blackboard boy,  
cleans Brighton High School boards with joy.  
Andrew Langlands — captain of the boys —

gives them many griefs and joys.  
Denise Hunt is captain of the girls  
And Ingrid K. has pretty curls.  
Rosalie has pretty hair  
and Ian and Susan make a pair.  
Larry Krause is quite a boy  
And Jocelyn finds him quite a joy.

We have a class basketball team,  
Pam's our leader, she's a scream.  
Ian and Helen are our swimmers,  
Noel and Neil are our winners.  
In the choir are Robyn and Janet  
Their voices ring to Pluto's planet.  
Jillian Jones lets off steam  
While Judy and Deborah often scream.  
Michelle left us, then came back,  
now her friend is Juliet Kac.

David handles a cricket bat  
While Pauline Henthorn straightens her hat.  
One "brain" of the form is Peter Kric,  
and Ron is noted for throwing the brick.  
Roderick is quite a kid  
But Cheryl often flips her lid.

The teachers think us a rowdy form  
and facing us they always storm.  
We do our best, we sometimes fail,  
But someone's always on our tail.  
Carolyn, Kay, Barbara and Marianne we forget  
to mention  
So we hope (for their sake) they don't get detention.

**1D** This year was a very successful one both scholastically and athletically. Peter Rumney had the best average in the boys: it was 92.7. All of the teachers we have seem to think us a good class, and we are proud of this fact.

P. Rayson and P. Rumney both were in the under 14 football team, while G. Poutney gained a place in the fourth cricket team. In the house sports Ian Robinson, P. Rayson and G. Poutney showed outstanding ability.

So concludes our report.

**1D** Congratulations to Anne Robinson for receiving the highest average in the school, it being 95.9 per cent, and to all the others in the form with averages over 90 per cent. We extend a warm welcome to Glenda Martin from New South Wales, who joined us in third term.

We thank the form captains, Josephine Roseman and Henri Otto, and vice-captains Ben Norris and Geoff Poutney. Special thanks go to Mrs. Pascoe for her help throughout the year as our form mistress.

**1E** Our gratitude to our form teacher, Miss Judd, and to all the other teachers who have taught us through the year. During the year 1E held a sweet stall and raised approximately £3. We were fortunate to possess excellent sportsmen, such as Philip Sparks and Alan Taylor, who are members of the under 14 football team. Others are John Taylor, Bill Woodley and Max Sloan. We congratulate Carol Swan and Robin Trott for getting into the junior volleyball team.

During the second term the girls formed a basketball team which competed against 1C. Unfortunately they were defeated. Ken Smith must be congratulated for coming top of the class with an average of 92. He was closely followed by Leslie Stewart and Jennifer Wright. We also have talented artists: Peter Willmott, John Stone, Robyn Saynore and Pam Wagstaff.

One unforgettable event of our school year was the occasion we saw the Victorian Symphony Orchestra play.

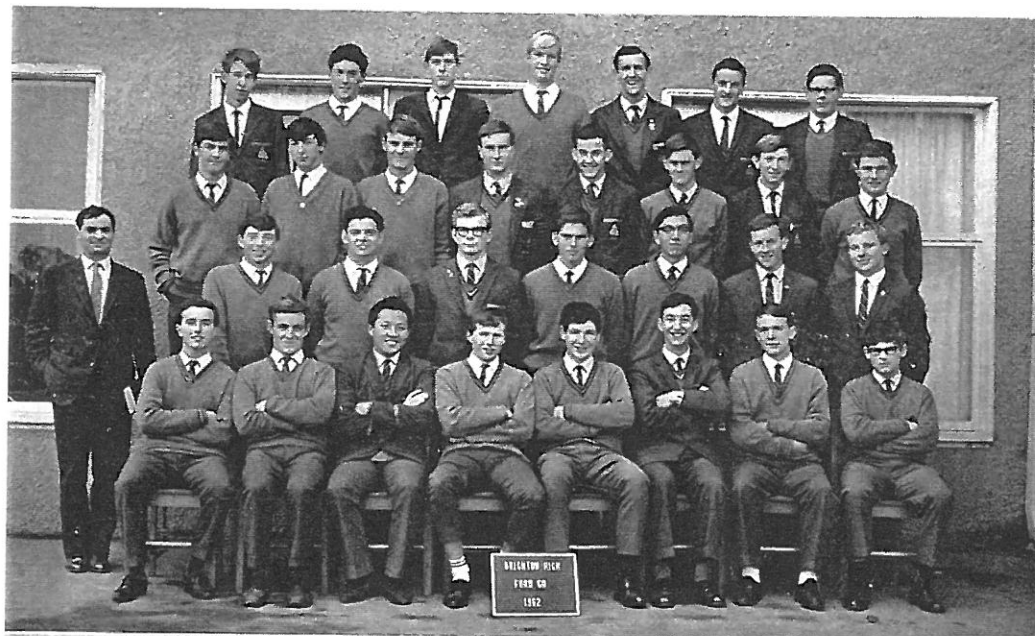
1E wish to thank Miss Lynch and Mr. Moore for taking us.

# roll call, 1962

6A (Left to Right)  
 Back Row: J. Hannah, C. Watson, I. Catchlove, C. Ditterich, I. Patterson, N. Renison, R. Renison.  
 Second Back Row: R. Middleton, I. Topliss, R. Olsen, M. Patterson, B. Newton, G. Peebles, R. Kibbell, J. Healy.  
 Standing: Mr. Bereson, E. Khoury, M. Newman, A. Cooper, R. Grant, Yap Keng Meng, J. Hyland, M. Johns.  
 Front Row: D. Taylor, A. Ellis, Ong Koon Aik, G. Leary, J. Pike, P. Rosenberg, J. Vial, L. Carrick.

6B (Left to Right)  
 Back Row: R. Mo, R. Reid, J. Szmulewicz, M. Moharich, J. Booth, R. Begg, R. Rhimes, O. Berg.  
 Second Back Row: A. Strunin, G. Smith, D. Wilkinson, R. Carmen, J. Findlay, J. Matthews, N. Rist.  
 Second Front Row: Mr. Waters, B. Gray, P. Hastings, B. Fletcher, W. Richmond, P. Felder, P. Wilsmore, B. Smith, H. Hakman.  
 Front Row: B. Arnott, E. Ward, J. Scott, P. Lodge, R. Brame, C. Still, R. Heard, R. Kenner, P. Ward.

6C (Left to Right)  
 Back Row: N. Fall, E. Hay, S. Fenwick.  
 Second Back Row: V. Jones, F. Hubel, W. Morton, V. Moore, J. Flood, J. Evans, L. Tucker, C. Wilson, K. Jackson.  
 Second Front Row: M. Anderson, H. Drysdale, S. Abramowich, H. Teague, K. Phillips, J. Whitney, S. Schleicher, I. Komesaroff, G. McDonald.  
 Front Row: J. Fussell, D. Mann, J. Cowen, I. MacDonald, J. Waddell, E. Gail, M. Norman, M. Manning, A. Healy, V. Gilpin.



**6A**

Ang, Boon C.  
Carrick, Lloyd J.  
Catchlove, Ian E.  
Cooper, Anthony D.  
Ditterich, Carl R.  
Ellis, Andrew T.  
Grant, Jeffrey R.  
Hannah, Howard J.  
Healy, John M.  
Hyland, John H.  
Johns, Michael D.  
Khouri, Edward  
Leary, Graham R.  
Kibell, Roger L.  
Middleton, Alfred R.  
Newman, Michael K.  
Newton, Brian S.  
Olsen, Rodney G.  
Ong, Koon A.  
Patterson, Ian R.  
Patterson, Lindsey M.  
Peebles, Gary D.  
Renison, Neil C.  
Renison, Richard A.  
Spencer, Arthur J.  
Taylor, David P.  
Topliss, Iain E.  
Vial, John N.  
Watson, Graeme M.  
Yap, Keng M.  
Pike, John W.  
Rosenberg, Paul M.  
Form Teacher:  
Mr. Bereson

**6B**

Arnott, Brentwood N.  
Begg, Richard W.  
Brame, Roger L.  
Booth, Geoffrey C.  
Carman, Robert D.  
Findlay, John S.  
Fletcher, Rodney H.  
Gray, Barry R.  
Grossberg, Egon  
Hakman, Harry  
Hauser, John L.  
Hastings, Paul F.  
Heard, Ronald J.  
Kenner, Rodney D.  
Kosky, William A.  
Lodge, Phillip L. J.  
McManus, Douglas J.  
Matthews, John T.  
Mo, Raymond  
Moharich, Michael J.  
Smith, Barry N.  
Berg, Oystein  
Reid, Robert  
Rhimes, Robert W.  
Richmond, William H  
Rist, Neil J.  
Scott, John O.  
Smith, Geoffrey J.  
Smith, Philip V.  
Still, Colin  
Strunin, Alan  
Szmulciewicz, John  
Ward, Peter C.  
Ward, Eric A.  
Wilshire, Paul F.  
Wilkinson, David H.  
Felder, Peter W.  
Wong, George  
Form Teacher:  
Mr. Waters

**6C**

Abramovitch, Sylvia  
Anderson, Margaret L.  
Bassat, Josette  
Cohen, Josephine M.  
Drysdale, Heather D.  
Evans, Suzanne J.  
Flood, Jennifer A.  
Fall, Naomi C. S.  
Fuswell, Jean L.  
Gaal, Elly W.  
Gilpin, Valerie L.  
Hay, Elizabeth M.  
Henley, Anne E.  
Hubel, Francis S.  
Jackson, Catherine M.  
Jones, Valerie A.  
Komesaroff, Ilona  
Mann, Diana L.  
Manning, Margaret E.  
MacDonald, Isabel M.  
McDonald, Gillian M.  
Morton, Wendy J.  
Moore, Valerie L.  
Norman, Margaret L.  
O'Shaughnessy,  
Kathleen T.

Philips, Kirsty J.  
Schleicher, Sylvia  
Sheedy, Margaret A.  
Teague, Dorothy H.  
Tucker, Lesley E.  
Waddell, Josephine S.  
Wheeler, Wendy J.  
Whitney, Jennifer V.  
Wilson, Cara J.  
Fenwick, Sylvia C.  
Form Teacher:  
Mrs. Chatfield

**5A**

Anderson, Brian J.  
Bailey, Ross  
Beer, Ian V.  
Beer, Ronald W.  
Best, Richard A.  
Bihary, Emmerly M.  
Bishop, Robert D.  
Boston, Joseph A.  
Cernovs, Gerd  
Clements, Geoffrey P.  
Cook, Paul L.  
Cooper, Ian M.  
Cornich, Ian C.  
Dineen, Ian  
Donald, John B.  
Anderson, Robyn L.  
Arber, Marion  
Baker, Lynette J.  
Betts, Lynette S.  
Carr, Sylvia R.  
Carrick, Jillian M.  
Charles, Margot  
Clarke, Christine M.  
Cliff, Gail P.  
Cornelius, Leonie M.  
Crane, Judith R.  
Curzon-Siggers, Susan L.  
Czarnecki, Margaret  
Dart, Marlene L.  
Davies, Heather J.  
Debinski, Onella  
Delevante, Carol G.  
Diggins, Robyn B.  
Dobson, Christine D.  
Doughty, Diane  
Hill, Sandra E. F.  
Form Teacher:  
Mr. Carkeek

**5B**

Doquile, Ronald K.  
Doyle, Edward W.  
Doyle, Geoffrey R.  
Ducat, Robert L.  
Edgerton, Peter F.  
Elias, Adrian G.  
Elias, David B.  
Emlen, James W.  
Englert, Ian R.  
Ferguson, John R.  
Finkelstein, Valentine  
Fletcher, Bruce H.  
Forbes, David J.  
Forniciari, Mario G.  
Fortune, Peter J.  
Fraser, Peter L.  
Gerst, Beno P.  
Glass, Keith R.  
Godfrey, Peter J.  
Grav, Wayne K.  
Grinblat, Ian A.  
Guscott, Howard R.  
Halliday, David J.  
Hamilton, Michael J.  
Henley, Frank R.  
Henderson, Robert J.  
Frank, Rolf T.  
Loh, Chee H.  
Duclos, Lynette  
Duggan, Elsa J.  
Eden, Vivienne M.  
Ferrier, Lynne R.  
Fussell, Carol A.  
Gresham, Susan  
Griffiths, Rosalind M.  
Hann, Wendy L.  
Hanlon, Marion R.  
Harding, Jeane L.  
Hillis, Carol L.  
Hogan, Barbara L.  
Form Teacher:  
Mr. McLeod

**5C**

Hillis, Jason R.  
Hooke, Clive A.  
Humphrey, Michael D.  
Jacobs, Peter  
Joannides, Alkis C.  
Jones, Jon W.

Karp, John  
Keep, Peter A.  
Keetley, Alan D.  
Kenley, John C.  
Laurie, John S.  
Leunig, Geoffrey A.  
Levy, Ralph H.  
Lewis, Alan G.  
Lillie, Ronald A.  
Lippert, Frank J. B.  
Little, Barry R.  
Lovell, Douglas W.  
Manuel, Denis A.  
Margocsy, Paul  
McBrien, Douglas  
MacPherson, Robert D.  
McPherson, David B.  
Merrie, Lindsay E.  
Morgan, Robert J.  
Jackson, Susan C.  
Jones, Helen M.  
Kitney, Jill D.  
Kosky, Elizabeth E.  
Landberg, Gita D.  
McIver, Thalia Y.  
McKenzie, Marion C.  
Millard, Gail L.  
Milligan, Wendy J.  
Form Teacher:  
Mrs. Worner

**5D**

Morris, Anthony D.  
Nankiville, David G.  
Neal, Robert T.  
Newbold, Anthony F.  
Norton, Trevor P.  
Oakley, Richard C.  
Olsen, David W.  
Pak, Don L.  
Pamphilon, Peter C. F.  
Phillips, Keith D.  
Railey, Peter E. T.  
Raftopoulos, Dennis J.  
Raleigh, Michael  
Rosenblatt, Leslie  
Rixon, John C.  
Roach, Ronald C.  
Roberts, David J.  
Romeril, John H.  
Rowe, Colin S.  
Russell, Edward W.  
Sales, Graham W.  
Sargeant, James E.  
Seddon, John A.  
Seggie, John L.  
Shaw, Kenneth R.  
Falconer, Douglas H.  
Morrey, Lynne P.  
Morton, Robyn E.  
Patterson, Elizabeth J.  
Reddie, Patricia A.  
Reid, Lyn M.  
Richardson, Carlene D.  
Robertson, Prudence  
Roseman, Robyn E.  
Ross, Jennifer M.  
Roth, Rosa  
Rubens, Fleur Y.  
Russell, Antoinette J.  
Form Teacher:  
Mr. Smith

**5E**

Skillicorn, Robert A.  
Smeeton, Anthony R.  
Steiner, Thomas B.  
Stewart, Allan H.  
Szilagyi, Tibor  
Thompson, Gregory C.  
Thorn, Michael A.  
Titler, Alfred R.  
Turner, Raymond J.  
Valenta, Thomas  
Vontom, Russell H.  
Wall, John L.  
Walliss, Anthony R.  
Watnuff, Peter C.  
Watts, George R.  
Wiegley, Colin R.  
Wilson, Rowan N.  
Withall, David E.  
Woodcock, Sydney L.  
Young, Grant R.  
Young, Peter A.  
Sheehy, Joan S.  
Simpson, Margaret D.  
Sneeshy, Heather D.  
Spark, Alison F.  
Spencer, Susan J.  
Sout, Ruth S.  
Stevenson, Gail D.  
Szmulewicz, Regine  
Taylor, Merrill  
Thompson, Janice M.  
Truman, Kaye M.

Trunoff, Alexandra N.  
Verity, Jillian B.  
Warren, Sylvia D.  
Williamson, Lois M.  
Willis, Helen M.  
Wilson, Lorraine A.  
Windley, Janice  
Zimmerman, Ilona  
Form Teacher:  
Mr. Moorrees

**4A**

Bender, Phillip  
Berger, Richard  
Bodsworth, Clifford W.  
Bridgart, Glenn J.  
Fryer, Eli  
Golvan, George  
Gross, Louis H.  
Hannaforde, Ian C.  
Kear, Russell M.  
Ketels, Maxwell K.  
Liddell, Peter R.  
Mullins, David H.  
Pascarl, Ian S.  
Pountney, Colyn J.  
Richards, Lindsay J.  
Rov, Ian R. A.  
Rubens, Robert A. G.  
Russell, Robert F.  
Seamer, Graeme R.  
Taylor, Douglas I.  
Trott, Darryl  
Walmsley, Alan A.  
Webster, Graeme C.  
Banoff, Jennifer S.  
Brockley, Fay E.  
Dumskis, Armida C.  
Isaacs, Annette R.  
Helmer, Roselyn  
Hill, Pierette  
Hobbs, Kerry M.  
Hyland, Jennifer I.  
Knap, Janice E.  
Mandl, Hildegard  
Margulies, Hanna R.  
Macdonald, Elaine M.  
McEwan, Barbara J.  
Merritt, Patricia E.  
Moorrees, Margaret D.  
Murray, Judith A.  
Rosen, Valerie R.  
Rosner, Anna  
Schick, Noemi  
Shoesmith, Tyra  
Skerman, Glenice F.  
Smith, Marlene K.  
Wardell, Marv D.  
Watkins, Sandra M.  
Form Teacher:  
Mrs. Sherrington

**4B**

Abramowitch, Selman  
Bail, Robert G.  
Brogan, Bruce W. T.  
Byham, Roger M. H.  
Chambers, David A.  
Condon, Robert J.  
Coutts, Colin R.  
Dawson, Frank R.  
Gamil, Victor M.  
Honkins, Peter D.  
Jackson, Christopher R.  
Jenkins, David R.  
Litchfield, Barry J.  
Major, Jeffery B.  
Manderson, Leonard J.  
Marks, Ian  
Marshall, Peter J.  
Meeking, Stacey  
Moran, Jeffrey T.  
Motherwell, Albert P.  
Ravson, David C.  
Remi, Michael H.  
Ridder, Peter B. E.  
Sheppet, Leo  
Still, Peter  
Warren-Smith, Bruce A.  
Zalkans, Kristaps  
Allen, Margot E.  
Bromley, Susan M.  
Davies, Ruth B.  
Fillmore, Gail P.  
Fortune, Janet M.  
Gleeson, Pamela V.  
Gottreich, Nadarra  
Goudev, Margaret A.  
Gurney, Ann E.  
Haves, Margaret A.  
Henderson, Kathryn  
Hodgson, Susan M.  
Hunter, Georgia P.  
Lewinger, Doris  
Mann, Joan L.

Parry, Gail A.  
Redpath, Beverley J.  
Schryver, Ariel L.  
Spicer, Helen M.  
Strong, Margaret I.  
Terrel, Jill M.  
Westwood, Carol H.  
Romanella, Iris C.  
Form Teacher:  
Miss Hughes

**4C**

Dare, Kenneth J.  
Eagle, Bryan C.  
Ferency, Raymond R.  
Finn, Arthur W. F.  
Fogarty, Ian D.  
Frith, Robert J.  
Jones, Philip G.  
Lake, Christopher G.  
Leary, Alan J.  
Lesser, Max B.  
McLeod, Robert J.  
Miles, Geoffrey F.  
Mitchell, John W.  
Moore, Ronald F.  
Ostoburski, Sam  
Potton, Brian L.  
Salisbury, Leonard  
Srlagi, Miklos H.  
Wallace, Raymond W.  
Ellis, Matthew G.  
Chevne, Andrew D.  
Warren-Smith, Keith M.  
Weekes, Lindsay  
Willmott, John A.  
Wright, Frederick S.  
Cadby, Maureen J.  
Egan, Frances E.  
Farris, Sandra J.  
Fels, Vivienne  
Gurwitz, Miriam  
Hall, Nance L.  
Hancock, Barbara J.  
Iverson, Sherrin J.  
Javrie, Kay D.  
Mace, Barbara A.  
Male, Glenise J.  
Malinovsky, Blanche  
McNick, Rebecca  
Rhine, Gloria L.  
Scott, Elizabeth  
Stewart, Suzanne  
Wilkinson, Jillian R.  
Munsor, Diane  
Stone, Judith  
Form Teacher:  
Mr. Lisle

**4D**

Adler, Frederick  
Adkins, George S.  
Atkinson, Peter J. K.  
Aubor, Levi  
Bach, Geoffrey P.  
Baker, Arthur J.  
Reere, Graeme D.  
Berkelby, David J.  
Rest, Neil F.  
Brilliant, Russell J.  
Brooker, John G.  
Browne, Rodney W.  
Byrns, Brian I.  
Carkeek, David B.  
Clark, Garv R.  
Clement, Kim A.  
Cox, Graeme A.  
Drvie, Anthony S.  
Holding, Peter J.  
Hoford, Anthony L. I.  
Kelly, Neil A.  
Law, Barry W.  
Lee, Keith F.  
Leed, Peter D.  
Lewis, Anthony R.  
Loftus, Lloyd J.  
McDonald, Ian  
McGannon, John J.  
Manning, Ian R.  
Mitchell, Michael C.  
Moore, Graeme N.  
Morris, Randall W.  
Nielsen, Andrew J.  
Okim, Michall B.  
O'Meara, John C.  
Pascoe, Ronald J.  
Peal, Murray T.  
Rich, Lynn F.  
Roberts, Colin J.  
Rowe, Russell S.  
Strong, Ian A.  
Underwood, Stephen J.  
Form Teacher:  
Mr. Cantieni



#### 4E

Andersen, Jillian E.  
 Arnott, Glenys M.  
 Avery, Fay E.  
 Bakker, Pauline M.  
 Barber, Denise H.  
 Blake, Carol P.  
 Boatwood, Kaye J.  
 Brame, Karen L.  
 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, H.  
 Hockley, Margaret L.  
 Kerr, Margaret J.  
 Landberg, Goldi  
 McConnell, Joan E.  
 Miller, Judith L.  
 Mole, Susan J.  
 Nye, Carol H.  
 Parkinson, Judith B.  
 Passmore, Suzanne J.  
 Phillips, Sandra K.  
 Rashleigh, Jillian C.  
 Revill, Lorraine  
 Seggie, Leonie A.  
 Shiels, Joy M.  
 Smith, Elaine M.  
 Sumner, Gillian C.  
 Thomas, Elizabeth L.  
 Thompson, Joyce V.  
 Ward, Patricia  
 Ward, Fay L.  
 Williams, Gayle  
 Wilmshire, Heather J.  
 Wishart, Marilyn H.  
 Manuel, Louise E.  
 Form Teacher:  
 Miss Chittick

#### 4F

Aigner, Wavne G.  
 Clark, Peter G.  
 Deegan, Ian M.  
 Dingle, Robert L.  
 Gemelli, Adrian J.  
 Gourlay, John M.  
 Green, John W.  
 Harrison, Ian J.  
 Harrison, Sidney L.  
 Hendrie, Ian E.  
 Hyland, Geoffrey K.  
 Lansbury, Denis H.  
 Melbourne, Richard F.  
 Taylor, Geoffrey C.  
 Turnbull, Warren A.  
 Rule, Peter B.  
 Coleman, Jillian J.  
 Faulkner, Judith  
 Faulkner, Susan  
 Fidler, Glenys J.  
 Frank, Ingrid H. J.  
 Freshman, Fay  
 Fuller, Annette  
 Henderson, Pamela M.  
 Johnstone, Jillian R.  
 Julian, Deidre E. P.  
 Kneebone, Glenys A.  
 Lowe, Janet L.  
 Mace, Marjorie J.  
 Weare, Mary T.  
 Weir, Gail P.  
 Form Teacher:  
 Mr. Byrnes

#### 3A

Bingham, Ross  
 Declario, Domenico  
 Curzon-Siggers, John H.  
 Evans, Michael W.  
 Ferrier, Ian B.  
 Halmos, Andrew  
 Hall, Warwick M.  
 Jackson, Gary M.  
 Jones, Ian G.  
 Kerr, Robert W.  
 Kilpatrick, John C.  
 Lenko, Alexander  
 Lisman, Mariel  
 Markoff, Jeffrey  
 Middleton, Anthony K.  
 Nield, Dennis J.  
 Robinson, Graeme C. J.  
 Roche, Derek A.  
 Capp, Heather L.

Cumming, Margaret I.  
 Dumskiss, Audrone V.  
 Englert, Fay B.  
 Elvish, Kathryn G.  
 Fletcher, Anne H.  
 Hannah, Helen L.  
 Kiel, Josephine R.  
 Ketels, Carolyn S.  
 Martin, Julie M.  
 Leahy, Julie M.  
 Nield, Carolyn F.  
 Nicholson, Lorraine F.  
 Oakley, Frances J.  
 Phelps, Sandra Y.  
 Roseman, Margaret A.  
 Rotschein, Goldie  
 Rotschein, Susan  
 Sales, Janet L.  
 Sheen, Wendy Fay  
 Sutton, Jenny E.  
 Warton, Jill A.  
 Widera, Gertraud M.  
 Wilson, Marjorie L.  
 Whitney, Michel'e L.  
 Woods, Julie A.  
 Form Teacher:  
 Mr. Grandy

#### 3B

Black, Terrence I.  
 Bock, John  
 Cunningham, Douglas L.  
 Fleming, John G.  
 Gilbert, John W.  
 Harvest, David  
 Hobbs, Russell P.  
 Hosking, Gary J.  
 Jacobs, David  
 Kitchin, Geoffrev P.  
 Lanphier, Colin W.  
 McCabe, Andrew P.  
 McDonald, Allan B.  
 Morgan, Ross K.  
 O'Leary, Gregan L.  
 Orr, Geoffrey J.  
 Ross, Ian K.  
 Schryber, Robert N.  
 Stait, William J. E.  
 Stovadinovich, Thomas  
 Wright, John A.  
 Adams, Suzanne  
 Bentley, Margaret A. C.  
 Dunlop, Gave L.  
 Grav, Sheila  
 Halliday, Marjorie S.  
 Horwood, Denise D.  
 Hunter, Kathryn L.  
 Kimber, Patricia M.  
 Larke, Sandra N.  
 Liffmann, Joan E.  
 McConnell, Heather J.  
 Macdonald, Katharine J.  
 Miles, Robyn P.  
 Moore, Carolyn E. J.  
 Morey, Cheryl A.  
 Phillips, Heather L.  
 Pile, Barbara J.  
 Ramus, Kaye D.  
 Reid, Roslyn J.  
 Rigney, Gail N.  
 Ross, Wendy A.  
 Stonim, Dianne  
 Stirling, Glenda H.  
 Walmsley, Janne B.  
 Waksman, Anna  
 Zalkalns, Lasma  
 Form Teacher:  
 Mrs. Murray

#### 3C

Alman, Neil C.  
 Anderson, Keith R.  
 Browne, Karl  
 Chisholm, Don  
 Comport, Ross S.  
 Costa, Timothy I.  
 Crook, Michael P.  
 Davies, John R.  
 Dowling, Peter H.  
 Franks, William R. H.  
 Harrison, Trevor M.  
 Jansen, Paul S.  
 Jolly, Robert A.  
 Jones, Douglas L.  
 Jones, Peter H.  
 Kac, Maxwell  
 Kriksianas, Algis J.  
 La Fauci, Concelto  
 Lasbury, Jeffery T.  
 Lee, Geoffrey K.  
 Manderson, Gerald R.  
 Rabell, Geoffrey W.  
 Rav, Stuart A.  
 Rhimes, John M.

Terry, Anthony J.  
 Wong Hee, Anthony D.  
 Young, David A.  
 Aleksic, Susan D.  
 Bachelor, Ruth E.  
 Bowman, Sally A.  
 Brough, Janice D.  
 Coleman, Cherry L.  
 Edelmair, Ingrid  
 Gaudoin, Christine I.  
 Gibson, Angela M.  
 Haisley, Gwenneth J.  
 Hendriks, Helena M. T.  
 Hodgson, Jennifer A.  
 Howarth, Judith L.  
 Kulagin, Antonina V.  
 Meadows, Christine E.  
 Mullins, Loraine M.  
 Roberts, Carol V.  
 Willis, Dorothy M.  
 Form Teacher:  
 Mrs. Mortean

#### 3D

Allan, Bruce G.  
 Atkinson, Graham B.  
 Bradley, Edmond C.  
 Bown, Peter J.  
 Buchanan, Norman J.  
 Chamberlain, Raymond C.  
 Critchley, John L.  
 Elfring, Jack  
 Gaskin, John R.  
 Godfredson, Jeffrey R.  
 Harvie, John M.  
 Lohman, Robert A.  
 McDonough, John  
 Malinovsky, Thomas  
 Mellett, Graeme W.  
 Murie, Kenneth W.  
 Nicholls, Ronald N.  
 Nicholson, Roland P.  
 Nicholas, Peter R.  
 Norris, Robert J.  
 O'Gorman, Raymond F.  
 Pitts, John M.  
 Provis, Ewan W.  
 Richardson, John A.  
 Robertson, Ian C.  
 Robertson, Peter R.  
 Rostkier, Maurice J.  
 Shaw, Michael D.  
 Tampion, Robert M.  
 McClintock, Richard J.  
 Alexander, Barbara E.  
 Blake, Margaret R.  
 Cowling, Heather R.  
 Deering, Carolyn J.  
 Fidler, Hanna  
 Graetz, Dianne J.  
 Parfitt, Barbara M.  
 Paynter, Sally R.  
 Posamentier, Alice  
 Polites, Anna  
 Whetton, Janice R.  
 Wootton, Susan M.  
 Form Teacher:  
 Mr. Vogt

#### 3E

Banoff, Maureen H.  
 Blamey, Wendy I.  
 Brierley, Kaye  
 Brown, Corinne S. F.  
 Crawford, Trina E.  
 Daly, Janet G.  
 Dixon, Patricia E.  
 Drysdale, Glenda L.  
 Espie, Barbara E.  
 Elfring, Valerie  
 Evles, Joan M.  
 Farrington, Christine M.  
 Ford, Pamela E.  
 Fowler, Helen E.  
 Halbert, Rosemary D.  
 Hartley, Kay P.  
 Hastings, Frances L.  
 Hargraves, Patricia J.  
 Healy, Janice G.  
 Hunter, Dorothy C.  
 Knowles, Heather J.  
 Litt, Caroline A.  
 Moody, Jennifer I.  
 Moore, Christine A.  
 Muir, Peta J.  
 Paganetti, Wendy A.  
 Pendlebury, Pamela B.  
 Rosenblatt, Helen Z.  
 Sherman, Yvonne J.  
 Simmons, Dawn C.  
 Swindells, Lynette K.  
 Taylor, Beverley J.  
 Teicher, Yvonne  
 Took, Valerie L.

Walsh, Lesley J.  
 Welgus, Judith I.  
 Wilton, Robyn E.  
 Jackson, Robyn L.  
 Hanlon, Dorothy J.  
 Form Teacher:  
 Mrs. Robertson

#### 3F

Bowman, John S.  
 Denton, Ronald F.  
 Eastwood, Neville A.  
 Evans, Phillip C.  
 Guscott, Philip R.  
 Hart, Martyn O.  
 Lowe, Daryl R. H.  
 Mole, Ian K.  
 Muir, Robert P.  
 Sill, Jeffrey C.  
 Young, Andrew C.  
 Lewis, Wayne F.  
 Holding, Harriet C.  
 Langlands, Mary A.  
 McConville, Roberta J.  
 Parry, Dawn E.  
 Rae, Heather M.  
 Riches, Beverley J.  
 Simmonds, Margaret L.  
 Smith, Ercil K.  
 Treleavan, Hona L.  
 Williams, Cheryl S.  
 Williams, Marie J.  
 Form Teacher:  
 Mrs. Morris

#### 2A

Bell, Robert C.  
 Brame, Andrew  
 Brown, Anthony E. F.  
 Carr, Rodney H.  
 Danson, Gary N.  
 Dixon, Peter J.  
 Emodi, Thomas G.  
 Findlay, Colin A.  
 Fuller, David J.  
 Griffith, David W. T.  
 Keam, Graeme W.  
 Kitchin, Graeme J.  
 Leeks, Neville B.  
 McNamara, Robert J.  
 Park, Roy W.  
 Warren, Graham R.  
 White, David N.  
 Williams, Graeme H.  
 Allnut, Leonore M.  
 Caen, Dinah L.  
 Cornelius, Margot G.  
 Dineen, Kaye  
 Dutton, Janet M.  
 Farrall, Christine S.  
 Gartner, Anne E.  
 Gates, Susan  
 Gill, Rosalie L.  
 Grav, Elizabeth J.  
 Howe, Janet  
 Jess, Wally E.  
 Klimentko, Inna  
 Kyle, Rosemary E.  
 McKenzie, Margaret A.  
 Millard, Kaye L.  
 Northeast, Cheryl A.  
 Patterson, Christine L.  
 Pvrach, Jennifer  
 Schick, Georgina  
 Tucker, Marilyn A.  
 Waddell, Margaret N.  
 Ward, Clare  
 Williams, Dale E.  
 Wilson, Paula M.  
 Form Teacher:  
 Mrs. Hamilton

#### 2B

Bradely, Cameron J.  
 Cumming, William A.  
 Curnow, Ian D.  
 Curnow, Peter L. J.  
 Gamills, James  
 Harris, Alexander J.  
 Jolly, Alan R.  
 Joseph, Brian K.  
 Lewin, Barrie H.  
 Love, Geoffrev D.  
 Macpherson, Richard J.  
 Marden, Maxwell J.  
 Moor, John W.  
 Mullin, David C.  
 Oliver, Geoffrev G.  
 Quinn, Anthony  
 Sadlier, Michael A.  
 Slee, Raymond W.  
 Watson, Neil R.  
 Woodhams, Bruce D.

Van Gemert, Theodorus  
 Arber, Ziona  
 Beadle, Jeanette M.  
 Bentley, Jennifer  
 Blumfield, Rhonnda M.  
 Booth, Anne L.  
 Bromberger, Rosalind  
 Collett, Robyn  
 Dickson, Gay C.  
 Fletcher, Glenda M.  
 Gollmick, Beryl P.  
 Harris, Jane L.  
 Hiscock, Lesley J.  
 Hooke, Dianne F.  
 Kent, Jennifer M.  
 Kirszenblat, Janet  
 Merritt, Susan J.  
 Mussared, Susan J.  
 Payne, Carol D.  
 Perrin, Barbara J.  
 Perrin, Branda A.  
 Sindrey, Michele L.  
 Trunoff, Natalie C.  
 Tweddle, Sandra L.  
 Walker, Sandra J.  
 Form Teacher:  
 Mrs. Collings

#### 2C

Anderson, Christopher J.  
 Berry, Ross A.  
 Brown, Richard A.  
 Burrows, Ian R.  
 Cameron, David P.  
 Cox, Neil H.  
 Deane, John P.  
 Delevante, Gary E.  
 Dixon, Wayne E.  
 Finn, Rodney O. J.  
 Gannon, Allen H.  
 Humphrey, John S.  
 Jones, Peter V.  
 Moore, Alan I.  
 Newey, Philip W.  
 Ratz, Geoffrey B.  
 Thompson, Christopher R.  
 Thompson, John C. R.  
 Torbitt, Graeme A.  
 Trounson, Michael J.  
 Waldron, Douglas A.  
 Egerton, Rodney A.  
 Thomas, Barry L.  
 Gutman, Jack  
 Baldwin, Cheryl A.  
 Barrier, Maria  
 Champion, Christine  
 Coates, Rosemary L.  
 Cornish, Paula V.  
 Disher, Cheryl A.  
 Guthrie, Susan F.  
 Leeden, Helen M.  
 Lester, Janine K.  
 Levv, Cheryl A.  
 McWilliam, Anne E.  
 Manning, Christine R.  
 Motherwell, Allison  
 Mullins, Elizabeth A.  
 Porter, Ailsa L.  
 Reed, Georgina M.  
 Sheehy, Barbara A.  
 Street, Gwenda I.  
 Sutter, Heide R.  
 Teague, Alison I.  
 Van Der Schoor,  
 Emelie F.  
 Woodman, Christine L.  
 Zylberstein, Mina  
 Form Teacher:  
 Mr. Hardy

#### 2D

Allen, Harvey J. F.  
 Chambers, Dennis F.  
 Chant, Colin H.  
 Cherry, Patrick M.  
 Cooper, Peter L.  
 Cooper, Ronald G.  
 Delacoe, Walter R.  
 Fox, Robert M.  
 Hamley, Geoffrey R.  
 Kurta, Peter  
 Macleod, Ronald E.  
 Moody, James B.  
 Oppatt, Gary H.  
 Pamphilon,  
 Richard W. H.  
 Parrett, Graham M. R.  
 Rosengren, Russell  
 Rouse, Paul J.  
 Sharpe, Gavin J.  
 Togger, Gill  
 Werner, Alan J.  
 Whitelaw, Robert A.  
 Wilks, Peter J.



Woodcock, Roger B.  
 Barrett, Janice M.  
 Bowen, Judith A.  
 Clayton, Merrilyn E.  
 Crawford, Anne F.  
 Declario, Linda L.  
 Dunkley, Helen J.  
 Glas, Siebigie M.  
 Hanby, Helen M.  
 Job, Jennifer A.  
 Osterburg, Monica B.  
 Pearse, Lynette F.  
 Rigaldi, Rosalyn J.  
 Scrase, Enid M.  
 Sheritt, Patricia C.  
 Swale, Anthea R.  
 Taylor, Helen J.  
 Unmack, Christine J.  
 Watson, Judith D.  
 Wickow, Carol M.

Form Teacher:  
 Mrs. Shaw

## 2E

Allen, Margaret A.  
 Allison, Pamela  
 Anderson, Vicki M.  
 Anning, Lynette J.  
 Avery, Sandra J.  
 Ballis, Cheryl L.  
 Bermingham, Leigh F.  
 Child, Marian  
 Cochrane, Gael A.  
 Davis, Sandra E.  
 Dawson, Maree J.  
 Deslandes, Jill D.  
 Eastoe, Rosemary L.  
 Findlay, Shane  
 Finlavson, Diane J.  
 Gaudoin, Pauline E.  
 Iverson, Beverley J.  
 Kimberley, Pamela A.  
 Klaver, Yantina  
 Koetsier, Jeanne H.  
 Leigh, Carolyn E.  
 McKenna, Gail E.  
 Miller, Lorraine R.  
 Mole, Helen J.  
 Pankhurst, Gail M.  
 Shields, Judith M.  
 Smith, Ann M.  
 Treeby, Janis M.  
 Wall, Julianne M.  
 Watts, Rosaleigh  
 Wetton, Valerie J.  
 Whitehead, Wendy E.  
 Williams, Janece L.  
 Wilsmore, Annette M.

Form Teacher:  
 Mrs. Hayes

## 1A

Alman, Graham B.  
 Baxter, David G.  
 Black, Garry M.  
 Blair, Ian R.  
 Bloom, David M.  
 Collett, Barry T.  
 Condan, John J.  
 Brown, Geoffrey A.  
 Brown, Thomas L.  
 Bruell, Peter A.  
 Cartwright, Leslie M.  
 Chamberlain, Kenneth J.  
 Chandler, Douglas A.  
 Chisholm, Wallace J.  
 Coats, Howard F.  
 Cook, Donald F.  
 Cook, Ian R.  
 Craven, Philip E.  
 Cumming, John W.  
 Curnow, Christopher V.  
 Hillis, Robert D.  
 Anderson, Leigh B.  
 Anning, Kay H.  
 Baddock, Elaine M.  
 Bayne, Glenys M.  
 Binnington, Diana E.  
 Birch, Margaret C.  
 Blake, Margaret J.  
 Bloch, Gertrude  
 Borowick, Lesley  
 Brown, Morag A.  
 Browne, Kary  
 Buchanan, Gwendoline M.  
 Caplan, Marion  
 Carne, Cheryl J.  
 Carrick, Susan J.  
 Cook, Jane M.  
 Costa, Jennifer C.  
 Coutts, Jillian M.  
 Cowling, Glynis J.  
 Coxen, Judith A.

Crane, Glenise D.  
 Crooke, Sandra  
 Danson, Sandra J.  
 Dawson, Jennifer J.  
 Deegan, Sandra L.

Form Teacher:  
 Mrs. Goulbergh

## 1B

Daly, Francis R.  
 Davies, David J.  
 Davis, Warren L.  
 Doughty, Gary W.  
 Doyle, Christopher A.  
 Ennis, Robert E.  
 Fairweather, Rodney R.  
 Findlay, Graig W.  
 Fitcher, Douglas R.  
 Fowler, John A.  
 Francis, Russell L.  
 Fraser, Donald A.  
 Goldberg, Henry  
 Hancock, Russell E.  
 Hanlon, Neil R.  
 Hardy, David R.  
 Hayton, Christopher F. P.  
 Howes, William J.  
 Jack, David McL.  
 Jackson, David M.  
 Jones, Brian G.  
 Jones, David R.  
 Kemp, Geoffrey A.  
 Hanlon, Neil R.  
 Delaporte, Gaenor I.  
 Dickson, Lynne F.  
 Dineen, Christine  
 Dowling, Jennifer M.  
 Drummond, Andrea J.  
 Dyer, Denise E.  
 Elliot, Diane L.  
 Ellis, Mary E.  
 Finlavson, Judith D.  
 Fletcher, Wendy H.  
 Foley, Anne K.  
 Frank, Erica C. D.  
 Frvdenberg, Ruth  
 Fussell, Suzanne M.  
 Gaskin, Anne M.  
 Gaskin, Elizabeth A.  
 Gatt, Leigh R.  
 Graham, Vicki M.  
 Green, Julie M.  
 Griffiths, Lynette D.  
 Grinblat, Hannah F. M.  
 Gruer, Cheryl A.  
 Halliday, Joan M.  
 Hargraves, Margaret J.

Form Teacher:  
 Mrs. Watson

## 1C

Kendall, Peter J.  
 Kidd, Roderick W.  
 Krausz, Larry J.  
 Krikscuinas, Peter  
 Kurta, Paul  
 Langlands, Andrew  
 Lastman, Andre M.  
 Lawrie, Terry  
 Lee, Jonathan C. V.  
 Lewis, Leon H.  
 Lippert, Ronald H. M.  
 Loader, Colin I.  
 Mark, Christopher A.  
 McCarthy, Ian J.  
 McDonough, Peter  
 McEwan, Stuart H.  
 McInnis, Neil E.  
 Macdonald, Alister I.  
 Mellet, Noel A.  
 Miller, David C.  
 Moore, Graeme C.  
 Harkness, Deborah C.  
 Harrison, Michelle  
 Henthorn, Pauline L.  
 Hill, Marianne L.  
 Hogan, Pamela I.  
 Holmes, Judith A.  
 Hopcraft, Sally J.  
 Howson, Robyn M.  
 Hunt, Denise R.  
 Johnston, Kay E.  
 Johnstone, Helen V.  
 Jones, Anne K.  
 Jones, Barbara D.  
 Jones, Jillian F.  
 Julyan, Cheryl A. M.  
 Kac, Juliet  
 Kempler, Rosalie  
 Ketels, Robyn A.  
 Kimber, Susan J.  
 Kirwood, Jocelyn  
 Kryger, Ingrid  
 Laurent, Janet M.

Lear, Carolyn J.  
 Marshall, Lynette J.

Form Teacher:  
 Mr. Colbert

## 1D

Nielson, Tony P.  
 Otto, Henry B.  
 Page, James M.  
 Paterson, Paul R.  
 Plant, Maurice R.  
 Plummer, Alan D.  
 Porter, Stephen J.  
 Pountney, Geoffrey E.  
 Powell, David L.  
 Provis, David J.  
 Price, Peter J.  
 Rashleigh, Garrance L.  
 Rav, Graeme F.  
 Rayson, Peter B.  
 Riches, Gordon A.  
 Roberts, Kenneth N.  
 Robertson, Donald  
 Robertson, Ian  
 Romer, Andrew S.  
 Rumnev, Peter R.  
 Salter, John E. K.  
 Ross, Ian G.  
 McKenna, Patricia A.  
 MacKenzie, Christine M.  
 Manning, Susan N.  
 Marsh, Sandra D.  
 Martin, Glenda J.  
 Martin, Lois J.  
 Morgan, Denise J.  
 Morrison, Anne L.  
 Mountiouris, Anastasia  
 Nichollis, Branda L.  
 Nield, Maree C.  
 Norris, Beverley J.  
 Peter, Kathryn J.  
 Pottton, Rosalyn M.  
 Powell, Julie C.  
 Quinn, Joy A.  
 Rixon, Dorothy J.  
 Roach, Sharvn A.  
 Robinson, Ann S.  
 Rogers, Marie R.  
 Roseman, Josephine K.  
 Ross, Janice M.  
 Reid, Jeanette G.

Form Teacher:  
 Mrs. Pascoe

## 1E

Polites, Nicholas J.  
 Schulz, Max W.  
 Simmonds, Ashley L.  
 Simmonds, George R.  
 Sloane, Maxwell J.  
 Smith, Kenneth A.  
 Spark, Phillip G.  
 Stevens, Gordon R.  
 Stewart, Edward L.  
 Stone, David  
 Stone, John  
 Taylor, Alan L.  
 Taylor, Richard J.  
 Thomas, Duncan L.  
 Topliss, Duncan J.  
 Treleven, Leigh A.  
 Van Reekhuizen, Derek  
 Van Der Schoor, Hans  
 Verity, Robin A.  
 Weeks, Raymond J.  
 Whitelaw, Kenneth J.  
 Williams, Rhys M.  
 Willmott, Peter G.  
 Woodley, William L.  
 Russell, Julie L.  
 Russell, Wendy  
 Savnor, Robyn L.  
 Servante, Susan M.  
 Sleith, Kaye M.  
 Smeeton, Maureen D.  
 Smith, Sherril A.  
 Spencer, Veronica D.  
 Strunin, Lee  
 Surgey, Dianne D.  
 Sutton, Geraldine K.  
 Swann, Carol A.  
 Thomas, Norma N.  
 Trott, Robyn L.  
 Vukadinovic, Maria  
 Wagstaff, Pamela J.  
 Walker, Judith I  
 Wallace, Sheryl  
 Ward, Vivian L.  
 Watson, Anne Y.  
 Weeks, Christine L.  
 Woods, Jan  
 Wright, Jennifer J.

Form Teacher: Miss Judd

## autographs

