

WAGNER

PAULINE HENTHORN.6B

VOYAGER—Magazine of Brighton High School, 1967

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MATRICULATION

1st HONOURS

English Literature: Thomas Emodi, Anne Gartner, Angela Gibson, Ruth Komesaroff, John Taylor.
French: Lillan Fanoy.
German: Lillan Fanoy, Maria Ulmer.
Dutch: Lillan Fanoy.
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Calculus and Applied: Robert Bell, Rodney Carr, David Griffith.
Physics: Robert Bell, Rodney Carr, Tony Brown, David Griffith, Graham Warren.
Chemistry: Robert Bell, Rodney Carr, Marian Donenfeld, David Griffith, Graham Warren.
British History: Garry Danson.
Economics: Garry Danson.
Music Practical: Maria Nicholson.

2nd HONOURS

English Literature: Jennifer Bentley, Dinah Caen, Margot Cornelius, Lillan Fanoy, Robert MacNamara, Franya Steinberg.
Latin: Lillan Fanoy.
French: Anne Lerman.
Pure Mathematics: Rodney Carr, David Griffith, Graham Warren.
Calculus and Applied: Marian Donenfeld, Lau Eng, Graham Warren.
General Maths: Thomas Emodi, Chris. Jackson, Stephen Kyriakidis, Anne Lerman, Marcel Lismann, Ken Middleton.
Physics: Marian Donenfeld, Thomas Emodi, Ian Jones, Jennifer Miles, Michael Sadlier.
Chemistry: Ross Bingham, Thomas Emodi, Tony Brown, Chris. Jackson, Margaret McKenzie, Roy Park.
Biology: Margot Cornelius, Margaret Mackenzie, Jill Terrell, Margaret Waddell, Wong Hua.
Geography: Garry Danson, John Fleming, Anne Gartner, Christine Manning, Walter Rapoport, Harry Sosnowski, Margaret Waddell.
Modern History: Jennifer Bentley, Grace Falek, Robert MacNamara, Ken Middleton.
British History: Michael Shaw, Harry Sosnowski, Keith Warren-Smith, David Young.
Economics: Morris Huze, Chris. Jackson, Michael Shaw, Harry Sosnowski, Maria Ulmer, Wong Lai.
Accounting: Maurice Rostkier.
Art: Kaye Dineen.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE RESULTS, 1966

PASSED IN 7+ SUBJECTS

Boys:

I. Burrows, M. Burton, G. Love, H. Kras, B. Silver, K. Treasure, D. Trott.

Girls:

J. Bellamy.

COMPLETED LEAVING CERTIFICATE— 6 SUBJECTS

Boys:

R. Romeril, R. Slee, G. Tilley.

Girls:

R. Blumfield, M. Zylberstein.

PASSED IN 6 SUBJECTS

Boys:

B. Adamson, R. Barberio, P. Biro, D. Bloom, A. Boltman, W. Boston, L. Cartwright, J. Cumming, R. Ennis, C. Findlay, D. Fraser, M. Habberfeld, C. Hayton, R. Hillis, M. Hoe, W. James, C. Johnston, B. Jones, D. Jones, P. Kriksciunas, P. Liberman, S. Lim, A. Luckie, A. MacDonald, J. Majman, D. Miller, A. Moore, J. Page, P. Rayson, A. Romer, P. Rumney, J. Salter, K. Smith, L. Splitter, E. Stewart, N. Stone, K. Whitelaw.

Girls:

Z. Arber, E. Baddock, S. Bartholomeusz, G. Barwick, D. Binnington, M. Birch, M. Caplan, S. Danson, C. Dineen, J. Dowling, D. Dyer, W. Fletcher, S. Fussell, L. Gale, L. Goodman, H. Grinblat, M. Hargraves, P. Henthorn, P. Hogan, S. Hopcraft, R. Howson, K. Johnston, J. Kennedy, R. Ketels, J. Laurent, L. Martin, B. Morris, A. Robinson, M. Rogers, D. Surgey, J. Walker, D. Wilks.

PASSED IN 5 SUBJECTS

Boys:

R. Brown, P. Bruell, D. Cameron, D. Chandler, I. Curnow, C. Doyle, N. Grunberg, D. Jack, C. Lewis, G. Kemp, R. Kerr, J. Marden, S. McEwan, G. Panelli, G. Pountney, G. Rashleigh, M. Scott, M. Sloane, J. Stone, R. Weeks, P. Willmott.

Girls:

K. Alpar, D. Biederberg, C. Carne, S. Carrick, J. Coutts, S. Deegan, G. Delaporte, J. Don, M. Ellis, E. Foldes, J. Green, S. Halley, J. Holmes, G. Kompe, C. Lear, S. Loser, J. Mercer, A. Mount-jouris, S. Roach, P. Ross, W. Russell, M. Smeeton, J. Suss, K. Thoms, R. Trott, E. Wiguszyn, J. Woods, J. Wright.

PASSED IN 4 SUBJECTS

Boys:

S. Benedykt, P. Bott, J. Brown, D. Cameron, P. Cherry, C. Curnow, B. Derrick, R. Friels, B. Joseph (3+1), T. Lawrie, C. Loader, L. Krausz, T. Nielsen, E. Rigby, A. Taylor, J. Thompson.

Girls:

S. Crooke, R. Frydenberg, M. Harrison, R. Kempler, A. Merritt, E. Newman, M. Nield, K. Peter, R. Potton, V. Spencer, L. Strunin, C. Swain, N. Vukadinovic.

EDITORIAL

Where are the school activities, in which as First Formers, you long to participate? From the moment you enter school, they should become the basis of your intellectual, social and physical development.

Many pupils dismiss "Traditions" as futile because they do not appear to affect everyone directly. Traditions are primarily historical; they are unrecorded and are consequently dependent on the enthusiasm or sense of responsibility of others to pass them on. One of the greatest rewards of school life and more broadly, life itself, is to keep alive and transmit the worthwhile things from one generation to another.

The pupils who founded the Brighton High School's "Traditions" viewed you as a part of future generations who would benefit from the enjoyment of participation in the annual School Play, Musical Comedy, Dances, etc. But these have disappeared. Why? The answer is yours—you allowed them to disappear.

Of course, new activities spring up to take their place, but how long will THEY survive? You, typical Brightonians, are killing off the "Traditions" that have been established by more enthusiastic and more diligent predecessors.

Your inconsiderate actions not only destroy your own sense of stability and deprive you of fulfilling the need to be a part of something but also disillusion the hopes of future generations who will long for an opportunity to become part of those "Traditions".

Thus destroyed, they leave the school devoid of a sense of continuity, strength and purpose, all of which make us better prepared for adult life.

A school is what you make it. A school is the keeping of "Traditions"—traditions that mean a lot to YOU in later life, because you can well and truly feel a part of the school. There are things that do not need a great deal of energy to continue—just interest. Is that too much to ask?

May we offer our sincere thanks to all who contributed to this magazine and especially to the Magazine Committee who gladly devoted so much effort and time to the collection and selection of articles.

Beverley Norris,
Leslie Cartwright,
Editors.

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

Peter Biro, Peter Bruell, Marion Caplan, Donald Fraser, Robert Hillis, Carolyn Lear, Jeff Love, Robert MacNamara, Judy Munro, Byron Nicholls, Andrew Romer, Laurie Splitter.

Staff Adviser: Mr. R. G. Sirrell, B.A.(Hons.), Dip.Ed.



LOST IN THE DESERT—Margaret McDonald, 3D

MOTHERS' CLUB REPORT, 1967

Thanks to all members who have so willingly supported the Club throughout the year. We have had some very successful, and happy, functions.

Among these a Progressive Dinner, Dollar Luncheon and Wall-paper Demonstration, Fashion Parade and Luncheon at the Hob Nob Restaurant, Barbecue Party, and a Birthday Picnic in the Dandenongs.

Sewing bees were held to make goods for a Street Stall in September. Many cakes and other goods were donated, too, to help make this a financial success.

Secondhand uniforms were sold at our sale before the commencement of first term. Some mothers were able to buy and sell uniforms through the newsletter.

Blackout curtains were made by members for two of the school rooms. These are greatly appreciated.

Mrs. Roberts has ably represented the Club as an official delegate at the quarterly conference of the V.F.S.S.M.C.

The Principal, Mr. Cooke, has kept us informed of activities in the school. We thank him and members of the teaching staff for their interest.

The office staff have helped with typing and printing of monthly newsletters for which we are very grateful. Thanks to Mrs. Usher in the canteen, and the caretaker, Mr. Phillips, for their co-operation, too.

Help us to help your children — join the Mothers' Club — new interest — new faces needed — a worthwhile job for everyone — we need YOU in 1968!

THE MUSICAL SIDE OF B.H.S.

It is unfortunate that there has not been a considerable amount of musical activity in the school this year. This is rather unusual, particularly when the four house choirs put on a display of such high standard towards the end of first term. It could be seen, therefore, that the school was capable of inducing more music, but that there was a lack of enthusiasm as the year progressed. Nevertheless, those who were interested achieved some experience as can be exemplified by the Junior Choir, the Senior Choir and the Madrigal Group. Unfortunately, the main event of the year that actually showed what

talent the school possessed on the cultural side was merely one evening in first term, when the Junior Choir and Madrigal Group (who had both previously performed at the Dandenong Festival) showed their talents to the public. However, the House Plays and Choirs seemed to dominate the evening and it is disappointing that the musical talents of the school as a whole did not present a large production of some sort. Rehearsals for "Pirates of Penzance" were attempted earlier in the year but lack of support on all sides resulted in an utter down-fall. It seems that there was no one interested in a school production and it is most disappointing that the school has broken the tradition of a school production annually. Since that Thursday evening in first term, the Junior Choir, under the capable hands of Mr. Gleeson, continued rehearsals and provided some excellent entertainment at the concert for the Woodville visitors. The Senior Choir and Madrigal Group seem to have lost all enthusiasm this year since both groups have numbers too small for any effective musical performance.

All in all, wishful thinking was the most obvious ideal on the musical side this year, but such thoughts never really became practical.

PAPER DRIVE

Once again the School year has terminated with another successful Paper Drive. Conducted on a "house competition" basis, it was taken up eagerly by the different houses striving to raise their total scores. Lonsdale, thanks to the untiring efforts of some of its members (Sue Loser, Rick Brown, Matthew Burton), managed to outdistance the other houses, winning the Paper Drive by a wide margin.

Thanks are due to all who brought paper thus making this year's Drive so successful. Our particular thanks go to the students in charge of wrapping, stacking and delivery of the papers, namely: Joseph Orbach, John Chisholm, Ken Chamberlain, Donald Cameron, Neil Shields and Christopher Bilan. The proceeds from the sale of this paper (about \$100) will go either to school funds or towards social service.

A final thank you to all students who made a contribution.
W. Boston, Organiser

DEBATING

1967 has been a momentous year for debating at Brighton High. At last the Debating Society has come of age (and was by far the most active club in the school), the inter-school debating team has earned a reputation as being a top-notch team (narrowly missing out on the finals), guest speakers have come to address lunch time meetings of the society, and some members have even been on TV! This year, too, the boys' school debating team avenged last year's humiliation at the hands of Woodville High, by a comfortable win when Woodville were here.

On the whole, the interest shown by pupils in the school has been pleasing, but there is a need for more people willing to debate in the school. It was unfortunate that there were no house debates this year, but all concerned with debating hope that the house debates will be re-continued next year.

Credit for the revival of debating this year must go to Mr. Plunkett whose untiring efforts to arrange debates, contact adjudicators, choose topics, and to help the debaters themselves is appreciated by all. Special mention must also be made of Jack Grinberg whose work as debating secretary of the inter-school team has proven very valuable.

One other plane of public speaking must be mentioned in this Debating Report, and that is the introduction of the Rostrum Club into Brighton High this year. This was the first time a School's Rostrum Club has been formed in Victoria, and Brighton was honoured in the club being set up here. Over 30 people have been connected with Rostrum this year, but special thanks go to Chris Simpson and Byron Nicholls for their organisational work.

It is hoped by all connected with debating that the standards set this year will not only be maintained but raised next year. All debaters look forward eagerly to the future.

EXTRA-DEBATING ACTIVITIES

"When it pays one more to talk than to listen, Then it's time to change one's company."

With this old Chinese(?) saying in mind, the Debating Society was privileged to have three guest speakers come at lunch time and address us. Our other extra-debating activity was the excursion to the well-known T.V. programme, "Fighting Words".

In April, immediately the Debating Society was formed, a proposition was made to go and participate in the audience of "Fighting Words". Despite numerous difficulties with transport, etc., ten members of the Society were in the audience of two Fighting Words programmes. Speakers that were heard were men such as Mr. Brian Dixon, M.L.A., Mr. Dickie, Minister for Health, and Mr. Hansen, Minister for Air, to name but a few. The value of these trips was great, for not only did it enable Debating Society members to discuss and ask questions of current controversial issues, but it also enabled them to study speaking methods of experienced talkers. Thanks for the excursions must go to Mr. Cooke for allowing us to participate, and to the inimitable Mr. Plunkett for supervising.

Another indirect result of the "Fighting Words" trips was the idea of having guest speakers at the school. The first of these was Mr. Danny Webb, umpire of "Fighting Words", who came to the school in June. Mr. Webb addressed an audience of over one hundred crammed into the art room and he showed slides to illustrate his speech. The subject was the "Mount Tom Price Iron Ore Scheme", a vast project to mine iron ore from Mount Tom Price in Western Australia. During the question time which preceded his talk many questions were raised, the most controversial being "Are we selling our birth-right by exploiting so much of our natural resource?"

However, Mr. Webb pointed out our vast potential, and that Australia's mineral supplies are sufficient for at least another millenium.

The second of the three speakers was Miss Janet Patterson, Chief of Social Research and Action at the Brotherhood of St. Laurence. Miss Patterson, perhaps the most convincing and dedicated of the three speakers, talked on the subject "Poverty in Melbourne". A somewhat smaller audience listened attentively to some of the problems which will face us as the future citizens of Australia. It was surprising and disturbing to learn that one in sixteen people in Melbourne live in poverty and degradation. Miss Patterson was a most convincing speaker, and questions were many and serious.

The final speaker of the year was Dr. Moss Cass, Head of the Trade Union Clinic in Fitzroy, and shadow Health Minister. He spoke on the Trade Union Clinic, but as time progressed the topic became "Utopian Socialism: Can it Work?" Before the lunch time was over Dr. Cass was being bombarded from all sides by eager pro-socialists, anti-socialists, the "I-don't-agree-with-what-you-say-but-if-you-say-it-again-I'll-walk-out" mob, and numerous intellectual parasites (disguised as matriculants), sitting in the back seats. Arguments rained thick and fast, yet all agreed that Dr. Cass was an extremely intelligent person who had deep convictions.

The Debating Society has been honoured to have these people as guest speakers.

Chris Simpson

INTER-SCHOOL DEBATING

There are a few people at B.H.S. who could talk the hind leg off a donkey, which in some cases is what they did in the 1967 season of inter-school debates. This, of course, is no reflection on the opposition teams, Bonbeach, Hampton, C.B.C. and Cheltenham which were certainly not constituted of donkeys. However, the adjudicators seemed unanimous in their individual appraisals of the Brighton team—"they debate like a team of debaters". The adjudication sheets prove this attribute of manner was a tremendous asset and helped the team on to gain three victories in four debates.

Ironically, the debate in which a loss was sustained was entitled "Expenditure on Space Research is Justified" and none of the team members was a science student. The opposition was well represented in that field. One could also account for this defeat through it being the first of the season, and the debaters relatively inexperienced. After this warm up, victory after victory in the humanities area followed.

"The Birch should be used on Teenage Hoodlums" provided a chance for a little psychology and a stab at the opposition's archaic ideas on punishment, while "A universal language is desirable" proved an opportunity for manufacturing an original perfect language which was, at any rate, strong enough to defeat the opposing team. The final debate "Socialism is inevitable" was sticky, but most informative to all concerned—even the audience seemed convinced one way or the other.

Owing to the number of debaters desirous of debating inter-school, the members of the team were rotated. They were Chris Simpson, Jack Grinberg, Judy Munro, Jeltje Fanoy, Kathy Peter and David Mendelovits.

Brighton didn't reach the finals in B grade (Leaving standard) this year—but next year with the continued support of the invaluable Mr. Plunkett as chauffeur-cum-chaperone-cum-cheer squad . . . who knows?

Judy Munro

SENIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

Of the six debates that the Senior Debating Society has organised this year, many have had shattering consequences. One debate which springs to mind "That Teenager Hoodlums Should be Birked" nearly led to the re-introduction of corporal punishment in Victorian High Schools. Others proved equally stimulating.

The first debate of the year was "That Literary Censorship is Desirable". In this debate the affirmative had a narrow victory, basing their case on one form of censorship: censorship of military secrets. The second debate was more of a discussion-symposium on Australian Trade. Following this came one of the best debates of the year: "That Expenditure on Space Research is a Waste". Many of the debate topics chosen corresponded with those which were to be debated inter-school, and this debate gave some necessary experience to our inter-school debaters.

The remaining three debates were well attended and well participated in. It was most gratifying to see new faces debating this year.

For the Debating Society success this year thanks must go to the committee members, Kathy Peter (secretary), Michelle Grinblatt (treasurer), and Jack Grinberg (president). They have been instrumental in putting the Debating Society where it is now. Nor have the efforts of Mr. Plunkett, our guide and sponsor, been forgotten. His help has been greatly appreciated throughout the year. With luck and a bit of hard work, the Debating Society will continue to grow next year.

Jack Grinberg

JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

Despite heated argument on such topics as "That Hippie Ideals are Impractical", "The White Australia Policy", "Should There be Corporal (Capital?) Punishment in Schools?" (to which the answer was unanimously NO!) and "That Expenditure on Space Research is a Waste", this year has passed pleasantly for the newly-formed Junior Debating Society.

All in all, the Society has held ten debates during the year, and has gained a membership of 40 pupils, whereas last year there were no Junior Debates. The prime aim of this society has been to stimulate active interest in public speaking and debating in the school. But is this not a just aim? Are we not the future politicians, lawyers, leaders of Victoria, Australia, the world?

Although this is our first year, and the first time many of us have debated, the standard of debating has been very high. Many debaters have shown great promise throughout the year, and we hope that next year they will take their places as members of the Senior Debating Society, and, who knows, perhaps even the inter-school team.

However, none of this would have been possible without the immense support given to the Society by Mr. Plunkett. He has been an inspiration and a great help to all of us. Thanks are also due to the committee members, Ian Goldberg (president), Anna Koopmans (secretary) and David Morgan (treasurer). Their untiring work throughout the year has helped make the Junior Debating Society the success it has been. Finally we would like to thank Jack Grinberg and Chris Simpson for their organisation of our trip to "Fighting Words" and for their generous guidance throughout the year.

"May the seeds ripen and flourish into Golden Blossom, and be plentiful."

Ian Goldberg



GRAND PRIX—Henry Jess, 4B

LATIN

Venimus, vidimus, paene vicimus*—J.C.

Thus can be summarised Brighton's effort at the highlight of the year's Latin: The Latin Verse and Prose Oratory Competition held at Melbourne University in August. Here, to pit their strength against some of the leading Latin brains in Victoria came, one Saturday morning, a weird and wonderful assortment of Brightonian scholars, ably directed by that actress of some renown, Miss Keane (disguised as the Latin teacher). However the winds were favourable, and mighty Zeus (aided in a number of cases by jocular Bacchus) prevailed in giving Judy Munro 2nd place in the competition. Judy deserves our congratulations on her tremendous effort, for Brighton was the only High School which entered, all other schools being either colleges or grammar schools, which put a far greater emphasis on Latin. A number of other Distinctions, Credits and High Credits were also received.

The Latin classes also went on two other excursions during the year. In July about fifteen Latinites sojourned to Monash University for the Department of Classical Studies Latin evening. Two lectures, one about Greek Tragedy, and the other on Roman Religion were given, followed by a number of Latin readings, a short play, and Latin songs and slides. Not the least interesting part of the evening was the supper and dance provided for a great number of the audience (or was it in aid of Farm Week?) after the official part of the programme had ended. Nevertheless, as the miscreants stumbled home at all hours of the morning, Monash can expect at least a dozen extra students in two years' time.

The final Latin excursion for the year was to Melbourne University (again) for the distribution of prizes for the Oratory Competition. The prizes having been distributed, the remainder of the programme was devoted to the importance of Sicily in the Mediterranean and a discussion of the theme of Virgil's Aeneid. This was punctuated by the inevitable Carminae Latinae.

*Latin 1967 in the words of the immortal Julius Caesar—We came, we saw, we almost conquered. Let's hope the exams prove us wrong.

Jack Grinberg



FOCUS POINT—Barbara Kessler, 3E

FESTIVAL OF HOUSE DRAMA, 1967

In Holland Hall, 10th May. Adjudicator: Miss White (ex London Stage).

The annual, much-looked-forward-to event in Drama at Brighton High School is undoubtedly the House Play Festival. Over the years since the beginning of this competition, some remarkable standards have been attained; it would be simply deceptive on our part to claim that the quality has gradually improved, because it hasn't always. 1967 has rendered, however, one of the most well-acted and sophisticated play selections that the festival has probably seen to date.

Each house company displayed fine competence in their casting; usually in shows of this nature it is accepted that a few players find that to achieve a peak is impossible. But out of the whole twenty-four principal actors and actresses who performed, each one you will recall, as you read this, had some significance; each one was able to achieve an emotional quality which was conveyed to you . . . there was that fast-moving, sword-swinging Poulonier (Byron Nicholls) in *St. Joan*; Mr. Daniel Webster (Jacques Grinberg) with flourishing rhetoric, bravely tried to compete with an insatiably creepy Mr. Scratch (Les Cartwright) in *The Devil* and Daniel Webster; The Bell revealed an unusually placid Marion Caplan as Cassie; and lastly you will recall that towering, incisively spoken 2nd Soldier in *The Wall* (Matthew Burton) and the chilling agony projected by Lynette Harwood as Granny. These people were the most prominent and yet you will surely associate their acting with the many other effective portrayals.

The festival this year was truly a feast of drama—few schools could ever do better. And acting is never the only division concerned with production. The presentation by each house company showed wise and careful discretion in offering effective sets, whilst no house neglected properties—this seems trivial but it is really one of the most tiresome aspects of the whole affair. It is important too, because it involves many people.

Extravagance seems to have been the keyword, too. Many performers rather thought that the Principal had lost the school's bank account when he smilingly, and willingly, what is more, agreed to the unceasing demands for "hired costuming". Everyone though realised that this expense was well worth it,

when the lavishly-adorned actors made their "entrée".

You have most certainly enjoyed this year's festival; to ensure its continued success, do try to support next year's festival.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION

Religion and religious doctrines have not altered much since the Reformation era, although the world has come to appreciate different religious opinions in more contemporary times. To give religious tuition in a State School is not so much a challenge to the ministers and tutors concerned, but necessarily different. Necessarily, because the pupils receive the instruction for only half an hour each week, and of course cannot receive it in a religious setting.

As a result, the pupils accept a more informal programme each week than would be expected in a college, for example. However, our honorary religious staff have stated that they are glad of the opportunity to teach in such an informal atmosphere (by informal we mean less restricted in scope than in a chapel or synagogue). And this has been evident throughout the year in the discussions in which students were encouraged to participate. Unfortunately, or fortunately as some would have it, many teenagers of today have come to regard religion as a "drag". This is obviously a lighthearted attempt, a shrug-of-the-shoulders, to claim that to be active in religion, is to be an outcast of society. But to some extent the blame can be extended to the various religions, the fact being that they have not made any attempt to bring their religious services into a more current environment.

This is why we are extremely proud of our religious instruction staff at Brighton. They have all planned their weekly lessons so that we may learn the histories of the Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish faiths and to appreciate them; to correlate the modern problems of religion with those that existed in past times; and to discuss the problems of the society that we live in—the problems that we are feeling or will feel—as they are related to religion. Through their efforts many of us have come to realise that religion is no mere "drag".

The Honorary Religious Instruction Staff, 1967

Rev. Rolley, Rev. Davies, Mr. Gilmore, Rev. Heath, Father Baker, Miss Sput.



WOODVILLE 1967 (GIRLS)

This year the Woodville Trip took a different form to previous years in that those not in school teams were also able to go.

On Monday, 21st August, forty girls under the capable supervision of Miss Green and Miss Hughes left Brighton High School by bus for Essendon Airport where the T-Jet had been delayed for forty-two late(!) passengers. Many of the girls were very excited as this was their first plane journey, but it ended all too soon as after only 50 minutes in the air we landed on South Australian soil. On arrival at the Adelaide Airport, Miss Green was overjoyed(?) to find that our luggage had been left in Melbourne and was to be delivered on a later flight.

We were then taken by bus to Woodville High School where we met our hostesses, many of whom we knew from previous Brighton-Woodville visits. After a welcome assembly and lunch, we had the afternoon and evening free. The majority of the girls spent the afternoon sightseeing around Adelaide.

On Tuesday, 22nd August, we went on an excursion to the Barossa Valley. We had a barbeque lunch at Nuriootpa where Miss Green was chief cook and wood cutter. The sausages were bought by the mile which proved to be a problem seeing that we only had a pair of nail scissors to cut them with.

Wednesday, 23rd August, was the big sports day. We played basketball in the morning, followed by softball and tennis in the afternoon. As the debate was cancelled we all went roller skating at St. Claire sports centre and we think this was appreciated more than the debate because Miss Green's first attempt at roller skating proved quite comical.

But all too quickly Thursday, 24th August, arrived. The morning was free to pack and for many to have a last look around Adelaide. After a farewell assembly we left in buses for the airport with mixed feelings. The return flight was on a Viscount which left Adelaide Airport at 3.30 p.m. This flight was much slower and we arrived at Essendon Airport at approximately 6 p.m. We went back to school in buses where we were met by our parents.

On behalf of all the girls, we would like to thank Miss Green and Miss Hughes for being so tolerant and helping to make our stay all the more enjoyable.

Pam Hogan, Gay Barwick



IVB EXCURSION—MORNINGTON PENINSULA

On a bright, sunny day, our form (IVB) stood waiting in front of the school. It was an odd day, but we were lucky, because it had been a wet week until then. For Mr. Osborne it was just another excursion, but we were all thrilled, as it was our first. By the paraphernalia we had brought, a passer-by would have thought we were all being exiled! There was a jumble of cameras, pens, clip-boards, baskets, lunches, thermos flasks, a few brazen cosmetics (hidden away!), and coats, jumpers, raincoats and umbrellas, just in case the weather would change. We travelled along the coastline to Frankston and then detoured to Mt. Eliza. Our first stop, maybe the most thrilling one, was Fossil Beach. Everyone slipped and slid around the rocks in a bid to find "fossils" and we discovered that we had a number of budding palaeontologists in our midst. Then we were off, on our way to Mt. Martha, where we studied a few roadside cuttings to examine their geological structure—the whole purpose of the excursion! Lunch on top of Arthur's Seat was welcomed and enjoyed by all. The views and scenery were really lovely and it was here that a number of our party—the camera fanatics—really had a great time! After lunch we examined two more quarries. In a clumsy, but genuine way, we thanked Mr. Osborne, Miss Wilkinson and "Frank", the bus-driver, who so understandingly tuned in to "Modern Melbourne 3AK", for taking this excursion, on which we all enjoyed ourselves so much and from which we benefited a great deal . . . maybe!

Jennie and Sue

CHESS NOTES

The team was supreme throughout the season which culminated with a pennant win for the 1967 School B Grade team.

The team was expertly organized and led by David Morgan, who was well supported by Les Stewart, Peter "Speedy" Kriksciunas, Alister "Fumbles" MacDonald and Chris "Desert Fox" Hayton. A tribute must be paid to Les, a most accomplished player, who went through the season undefeated, an amazing feat when it is considered that he represented us at Board I on all occasions. Alister will be remembered by his steady play, Peter for his daring pawn counters and brilliant sacrifices and Chris for his





cunning and vicious knight-forks, and David for his general brilliance.

Many thanks to Walter Boston for his support and all who helped in organization of matches, transport, etc.

Surely a most memorable year of chess competition which must provide the basis of a brilliant team in future years.

C. Hayton, Team Spokesman

COMPETITION VICTORY

A report left behind by the Adjudicator is always consulted for the writing of these notes. On the 1967 paper, Miss White, who proved to be one of the festival's most helpful adjudicators, has stated that "differentiation between the four markings is particularly slight—in some cases it is by one point only". So you will appreciate the competition in this festival.

Yet while most houses appeared to have attained very similar standards, the theatrical connoisseur will ably define a "finesse", amongst the group. Lonsdale House Play Company, which had a most truly devoted and enthusiastic producer in Matthew Burton, achieved their modestly accepted victory as a result of attaining this peak. A production of the nature of "The Wall" is most difficult for a professional repertory company; future players could well remember the splendid unity and co-operation that actors in the Lonsdale production afforded each other.

Miss Wilkinson, who is the school's friendly and pleasantly unassuming Teacher-in-Charge of House Cultural Activities, was not only a much-needed guide to the actors, but indeed an important accessory to the great success of this annual function. All players want to record their thanks to her; it is hoped that someone as competent as Miss Wilkinson will be appointed to this position next year—for she is off to Greece, with the good wishes of all at Brighton High School.



TRAGEDY—Carolyn Lear, 6

JEAN-PIERRE ET MICHEL!

There they came into the hall with guitars slung over their shoulders, dark continental sunglasses on their noses and big grins on their faces. Two confident young Parisians who had come especially all the way from France to sing chansons to us French students.

They really were "in"!

Thinking it over, I now wonder why. They were no breath-taking musicians. Half the time we could not understand Michel because he mumbled. But somehow their French appearance made us overlook all this! We had a very interesting and purposeful interview with them after the performance! Nobody had really anything to say, nor to comment—we all just gazed at these wonders of France. Thank God someone broke the embarrassing silence by asking for their autographs. On a bit of lunch paper, clean but used, as could be seen by the creases.

Luckily our heroes did not seem to notice and bade us farewell in a charming French manner.

Jeltje Fanoy, 5



VISITORS FROM LAOS



LES BELLES FEMMES, 1967

This year, sixteen girls, twelve sixth formers and four fifth formers, were elected as Prefects to work in harmony as a team to encourage our fellow students to abide by the school rules. We also helped to uphold the name of Brighton High School in our district so that all pupils may look back later with pride and pleasure in their school life. The acceptance of these positions carries many responsibilities as well as many rewards. Although most of our valuable time is devoted to the inevitable canteen and gate duties, as well as hat blitzes, we have gained companionship, fellowship and lasting friendship over numerous cups of coffee in our splendid(?) Prefects' room.

As a result of this, many of us have earned special recognition. Dearne (perhaps "Twinkie" is more appropriate) is consistent in her demands, "Someone will have to clean this mess up, it's disgraceful!", while Gay is determined to keep the air in the Prefects' room clean and abundant (who wouldn't after the aroma of oyster soup). Robyn (Kettles) forever reminds us that "kitty" needs replenishing. She is also, along with Sally (Skipcraft), (Weanie) Jeanie, Pammy and Margaret (Margyrat), a "mother" to the first form girls. Shy Dot should be commended on her pleasant perseverance and acceptance of us all.

To those probationer prefects elected this year and those who follow us in the future we offer you our sincere congratulations and hope you will continue our efforts in the smooth running of this school.

In conclusion, our thanks are extended to all members of staff, especially the Principal, Mr. Cooke, and Senior Mistress, Miss Mayson, who have helped and guided us in all our activities. A Prefect's lot is not an easy one, but we have enjoyed ours.

*Margaret Hargraves,
Deputy Head Prefect*



LES HOMMES, 1967

At the beginning of the year several parties (with the post-approval of Mr. Cooke) were held which enabled the newly-elected Prefects to get to know one another. At one of these "social gatherings" we were entertained by a tall guitar-strumming folk-singer who offered strong opposition to the "beat" music coming from the record player. Unfortunately, to the great disappointment of all those present, a guitar string snapped and we were left with only the electronic sounds of the Stones.

To raise money for Social Service we presented a short film-show in the Hall. This event was very well attended by the school, resulting in the collection of over \$60; our thanks to Peter Rayson who graciously organised this, the Prefects' "in-type" function for the year.

The "fellas" in the Prefects' room have worked to their fullest capacity this year to maintain school discipline. This has been rather a pleasant task, instead of the drudgery that it could have been because of the great unity that we attained. Our "head-man", Tony Luckie, at the start of the year appointed "Mac" as president of "the room" (since he himself was required to drink coffee in the room of our female counterparts).

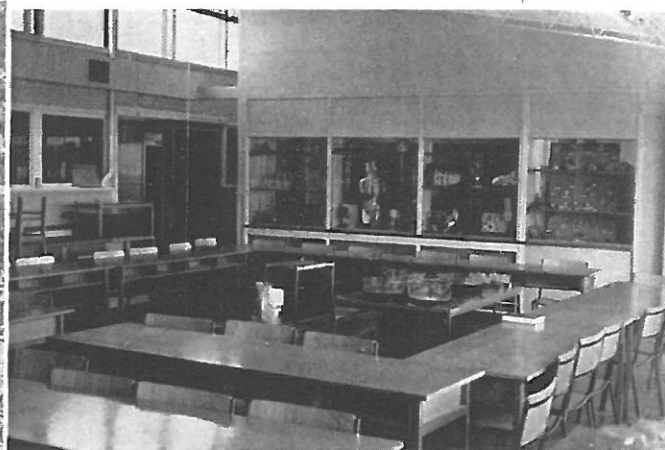
Basically, we have worked well as Prefects, in that we have fulfilled all of our duties faithfully, and as a team.

*Victor Campbell, 6D
(who wrote this year for Robt. Macnamara, Deputy Head Prefect — he is writing for the Sports Section)*

COME CASUAL ON THURSDAY, AUGUST 24!

The girls of VIB knew that the **easiest** and most **profitable** way of raising money for Social Service was to have a casual day. So, when Mr. Cooke and Miss Mayson reluctantly gave their consent you can see what happened!!

From our small effort and the pockets of many, \$90 was raised for Social Service. This enabled us to climb from the bottom of the Social Service scale to the top, leaving the other forms for dead!



BIOLOGY REPORT — 1967

The new 5th form Biology course which has been introduced into schools for the first time this year has proved successful for our Biology classes here at Brighton High.

Our laboratory manual and the text book "The Web of Life", were compiled at the Australian Academy of Science in Canberra.

The students as well as our teacher, Mr. Osborne, have had to adjust themselves to this new course of study. Much more work is now undertaken by the students. We break off into single group discussions which are later followed by discussions involving the whole class. We are then guided by our teacher, who finally draws together the main thoughts brought out in discussion.

This new Biology course is not the usual formal type, but is now a subject in which the active participation and co-operation of everyone is essential to obtain the best results, and fulfil the aims of the course. These are to help students think, to devise their own experiments, and to discover for themselves how different aspects of Biology are interrelated.

Already this year Mr. Osborne has arranged, with much preparation and organisation, three useful and enjoyable excursions. The first was a half-day trip to Frankston Heath on 20th June, where we looked at communities of shrubs and trees—this being the topic for research and study. The second excursion to Bacchus Marsh was held on 6th July, for both Leaving and Matric Biology classes.

The purpose of this excursion was, once again, to observe various communities of organisms and some of the environmental factors which may have influenced their development—in the various areas which we visited. The third trip was to Upper Beaconsfield on 17th October where the whole purpose was to study pond water.

These excursions were particularly well organised under the supervision of several teachers. To all these teachers and especially to Mr. Osborne, we express our thanks and appreciation for their time, efforts and encouragement.

This year the Biology room has obtained five aquariums which have been supervised and looked after by Geoff Sievers, Mark Skurnik and Martin Ogle, assisted by others from time to time. Three of

the aquariums contain different types of fish, whilst the remaining two are what are known as balanced tanks. These tanks contain weeds and water brought in from excursions and other sources. In these tanks, many small animals and micro-organisms grow, and are bred for the purpose of practical lessons.

We feel this new Biology course has really been worthwhile, and we would like to recommend it to those students in next year's fifth forms who are interested in Living Things, and would enjoy discussion and study on such things as plants, micro-organisms and animals.

Thanks to Mr. Osborne for a wonderful year of interesting work.

*Ruth Robertson, VB, Geoff. Sievers, VE,
Biology B*

BIOLOGY EXCURSION

This year's Biology has proved to be an interesting new course; incorporating many excursions—to Frankston Heath (1st term), Bacchus Marsh (2nd term) and Upper Beaconsfield (3rd term).

On this last excursion we left school in our casual clothes at 9.10 on Friday, October 20. We arrived at the Scout Camp, which was our area for study, at approximately 11 and were immediately taken on a tour of the creek and "dam". We were then arranged into our groups and dispersed at intervals along the river bank and managed to complete the entire day's assignment before returning for lunch (Sirrell and Junior style). We digested lunch to the strains of "The Cruel War is Over" and other such lively tunes played by Sandra.

Once again we assembled at our particular haunts and then spent an exhausting afternoon chasing taddies, squids and fresh water yabbies making sure to bypass such venomous creatures as snakes and piranhas lurking in such "peaceful" areas.

Before leaving for home the wildflowers caught Mr. Osborne's eye and we tripped off to gather some to refrigerate for our next class exercise, and as always being diligent in our work, we made certain to note many varying species of liverworts and fungi.

Armed with flowers (for our teacher) we mounted the buses for a subdued ride home exhausted after our hard day's research in the bush.

From the Biol. Students

ATTENTION ALL FLOWER-CHILDREN

Attention all Flower-Children, all bird and bee lovers, let us pause for a moment and reflect on that most happy day when all notions of hierarchy were put aside, when the students forgot the serious side of their studies and fraternised freely with our esteemed masters over billy-tea, barbecued meat and volleyball nets.

Once at our destination we were segregated (according to sexes) and given certain information pertaining to (in)conveniences. At first we could not understand how these arbitrary boundaries in the scrub were fixed, but later on our ramble we learned that certain trees in this area were dioecious (unisexual) and we were forced to admit the sagacity of this division. Before lunch the Biology and Art students went for a ramble while Mr. Sirrell and Kitty Kompé supervised the lighting of barbecues.

After lunch, armed with nets, rules, trowels, hand-lenses and jars we ventured forth to commune with nature and gain an insight into her ways. Oh bliss, settling down comfortably on a little hillock next to a tree, I was suddenly confronted by a rather aggressive-looking spider.

"Who's been sitting on my nest?"

Hastily I finished communing with nature and left one spider with a story that he could tell his grandchildren—Goldilocks had visited his home.

Meanwhile, back at the picnic spot, many had returned dripping wet, having taken an unexpected dip in the stream. A few came back rather discomposed—they had learnt the hard way that a local crop-duster had not been informed of our divisions of the scrub. Dishevelled, soaked to the skin, and thoroughly exhausted, we clambered into the buses for the long drive home.

Thanks to all the staff who came on the excursion and were such good sports. An extra three cheers go to Mr. Osborne for his hard work throughout the year, putting in extra hours at school and putting up with our moans and groans. In spite of all our complaints, looking back now (not without relief) we really mean it when we say—Thanks, Mr. Osborne.

THE MORAL RESPONSIBILITIES OF SCIENTISTS

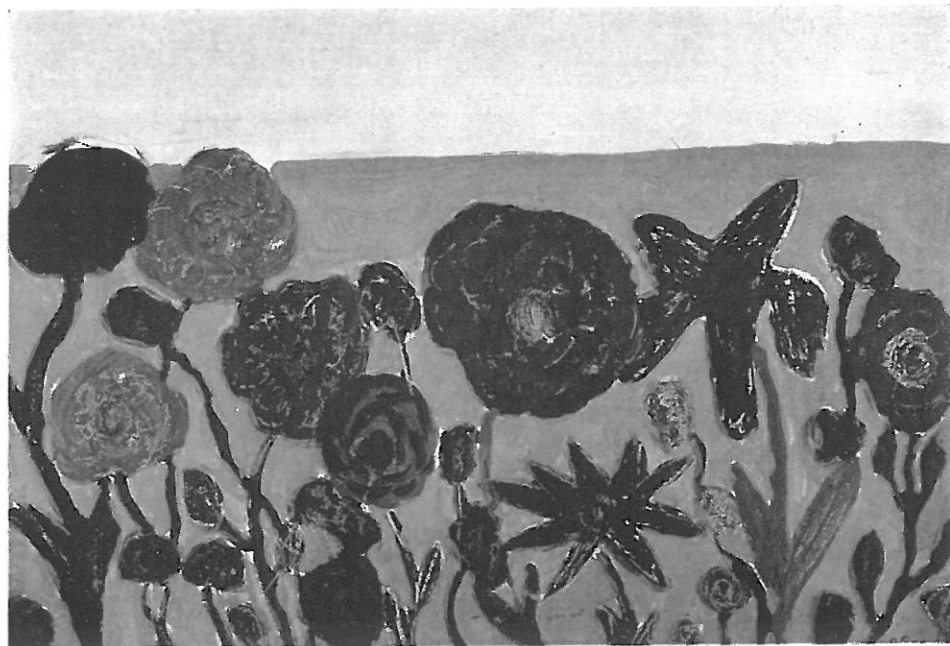
A Scientist is intimately concerned with the pursuit and interpretation of knowledge. He is an unbiased observer of natural and unnatural objects. He reasons, and makes deliberate prognostications. He is a theorist, and, by necessity, an idealist. Ultimately he is a cynic, who accepts nothing and queries everything. The moral implications of his scientific investigations are not his concern: they are the concern of the human moralist.

Science cannot be held responsible for any of its more macabre developments. The society which permits the practice of such science is responsible. Science is the tool of mankind. The development of the atomic bomb by America during World War Two is an excellent example of this. Science cannot be condemned by humanity for the havoc the atomic bombs wrought, the merciless slaughter of 200,000 people. Humanity demanded its use, science built it. From the devastation of Hiroshima mankind has derived many benefits: nuclear powered ships, independent of conventional power and able to operate for many years; atomic power stations producing electricity, and great advances in medical science has enabled many lives to be saved. We must balance the initial cost, 200,000 dead, against the infinite benefits, immeasurable technical and social benefits.

Moral and humanitarian aspects of a scientific development are decided by the politicians, the secularists and the common man. To condemn scientists for the evil that exists in the world is to take an unrealistic approach: where would we be without science? Unfortunately, much science is concerned with the destruction of humanity. Man has always killed, the only difference today is the method and magnitude. The moral sin remains unchanged.

Science develops power, humanity must control it. A scientist cannot determine the potential good or evil in a scientific development: mankind himself determines this. Science grows the seed, but mankind harvests it.

Don Fleming, 6D



FLOWERLAND—P. Broad, 3F

MATRICULATION ART CLASS

This was comprised of Robert Romeril, Geoff Pountney, Raffaele Barberio, Richard Brown, Christopher Doyle, Ralph Kerr, Linton McFadzean, Leslie Cartwright, Matthew Burton, Jennifer Wright, Christine Dineen, Wendi Russell, Sue Loser, Carolyn Lear, Ann Mountjouris and Patti Ross.

The 1967 Art Class proved to be one of the most exciting cultural groups of Brighton High School ever amassed. Under the guidance of our master, Mr. Hargrave, the many hidden talents of the group emerged from their murky depths.

There was a definite mixture of styles—we had our own fauves* who painted along such varied lines as animal topics (by Catman), while Christine's unpredictable little characters continue to crawl across the canvas. Some of our students have even gone as far as to dabble all over walls in wild psychedelic colours or to climb cliffs to get the real feeling of a bird's (what type?) eye view. The spirit of the high renaissance was again captured by Raffaele (but not Raphael), while Rob and Wendi captured an angry spirit in their works—often these angry colours flew across the room in conflicting battles. In fact, Michelangelo would have been proud to have us following in his footsteps.

During the year the class participated in many excursions. One of these was an all day excursion to the Bacchus Marsh area where we were inspired by the beautiful scenery. Other excursions consisted mainly of gallery visits including the controversial modern American art show and local studies. Six of the male members of the group bravely withstood the elements for five treacherous days and full nights in the depth of the dank Lerderberg Gorge. During their stay they attained phenomenal achievements of the Australian natural scenery.

The art class is the hub of the workings of the school. Without this intellectual group the school

would surely crumble at its foundations and the products of our school would merely be raindrops in the ocean of society.

* English translation—Wild Beasts.

By a group of Intellectuals

ART DISPLAY

Following last year's successful art and craft show, a display of the art work from the various levels was held during Education Week this year.

Whilst the scope of work displayed was not as wide as that shown last year, an interesting cross-section of sheet work and three dimensional work was viewed by parents and visitors during the week.

Staff Art Show. During the third term of this year considerable interest was shown in an exhibition of Staff paintings, sculpture, pottery and craft work organised by members of the art staff and the matriculation art students as a social service contribution.

Sculpture Room. A wider range of art work, especially in the field of sculpture and three dimensional work has been possible this year with the operation of a sculpture room where materials have been stored and greater freedom of work made possible than in the class room set-up. It is intended that this room will form an important centre for much of the art course work in future years.

School Prints. A fine addition to the prints displayed around the school has been made in the purchase and framing of some thirty-five new prints.

The prints chosen are generally the work of modern painters and will be an invaluable help in both the teaching of art appreciation and the general aesthetic appeal of fine corridor decoration.

Bank Display. A display of work by the students of this school was exhibited in the foyer of one of the local banks during Education Week this year.



THE LAST SUPPER—Lino Cut by Carolyn Lear



PREFECTS

PHILLIP HOUSE NOTES

For Phillip House this year will be remembered as one of the most successful since house competition began. The inter-house swimming sports were the first event of the year at which Phillip showed their brilliance by coming second. Congratulations to all those successful swimmers.

At the close of Term I came the most outstanding events of the year; the inter-house choral and drama contests. The weeks of hard work certainly proved worthwhile when our play, the first act of Bernard Shaw's "St. Joan", produced by Simon Grace, gained second place. Jean Kennedy, Noel Mellett, Bill James and Byron Nichols, must all be congratulated for their splendid performances.

About forty boys and girls under the excellent leadership of Linton McFadzean and Stan Capp constituted our fabulous choir. Erica Frank and Linton also gave us great support on the piano. By the day of the choral competition, there had developed a degree of enthusiasm and excitement perhaps never before experienced by Phillip House. The excellent choice of songs, "Finlandia" and "Everybody's Gonna Pray", was perhaps the deciding factor which won the competition for us. As it was our first win in this competition, special congratulations and thanks must go to all those who participated so vigorously.

Early in Term III the inter-house athletics were held. Phillip House boys showed great ability by their comfortable win. The girls were less fortunate and although they tried hard, came a dismal fourth. Consequently we only managed third placing in the aggregate; a rather disappointing effort. Nevertheless, thanks to all those triers and better luck next year.

The newspaper appeal held as a house competition during Terms II and III was a continual struggle mainly between Phillip and Lonsdale. In the egg appeal, however, we had very little success.

Finally, we would like to thank our House Mistresses, Miss Gatty, Mrs. Hayes, Mrs. Shorland, Mrs. Longney and our House Masters, Mr. Grandy, Mr. Morris, Mr. Walshe, Mr. Plunkett, for their help and support throughout the year. Thanks also to all those who in some way helped to make this year a happy and successful one for Phillip.

M. Nield, C. Findlay

GRANT HOUSE NOTES

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all Grant members who have tried so hard throughout '67. Judging by results, it hasn't perhaps been an entirely successful year, but history is said to repeat itself, and with such a marvellous and famed background, Grant cannot fail to come tops again in the near future. So watch out for keen competition coming from this quarter!

I don't think it is necessary to linger on the topics of the Choral and Drama Competitions, other than to give thanks to all concerned. We are grateful to Sandra Danson and Chris Dineen for the time and effort they put into our choir, and to Trudi Herman and Janet Brown for assisting with the accompaniment. Thanks also to the members of staff who gave up time and imparted a bit of enthusiasm—something sadly lacking in the beginning—but once a start was eventually made, the willingness of the pupils enabled us to put on a good show. The dramatic members of Grant put on the production "The Bell", under directorship of Norman Stone, but it was unfortunate that one of our talented female stars was too ill to perform. Under the circumstances, the remainder of the cast doubled-up parts superbly—congratulations on such a fine performance.

In the house athletic and swimming teams several promising people appeared and it is hoped the successes achieved especially by Pam Moray and the Juniors will be repeated. I think recognition must be paid to Peter Rayson who managed to end the Athletics day with a chest full of ribbons for his successes.

The response to the Paper Drive conducted during the last term could not measure up to the great achievement of the previous year, and first place was lost to Lonsdale.

In conclusion, I would like to say the House Captains have been assisted throughout the year by Vice-captains Sandra Danson and Robert Fields, and Cultural Captains Sheila Grey and Alex Harris. Thanks to them for their support and that from our enthusiastic House Mistresses and Masters, and all of us would like to wish Grant success in future years.

Jenny Wright

MURRAY HOUSE NOTES

House Masters: Mr. Moorrees, Mr. Murray.
House Mistresses: Miss McIntyre, Miss Wilkinson.
House Captains: Kaye Shaw, David Jones.
House Vice-captains: Kathy Peter, Ray Weeks.
House Cultural Vice-captains: Jan Laurent, Brian Adamson.

This year Murray was very successful in most house competitions but failed to win the coveted House Shield. Murray's House spirit culminated with its great win in the Inter-House Athletics, wresting the Athletic Shield from Grant House who have held it for the previous three years. We would like to thank all those who competed especially Russell Booth, Rod Lovett and Heather Carr.

The choral and drama festival was held during the second term. Murray gained third place in the choral competitions and we would like to thank all those who participated especially conductress Jan Laurent and accompanist Brian Adamson for their loyal and hard work at rehearsals.

Murray entered the play "The Devil and Daniel Webster" in the drama festival. Although again coming third the standard of acting was of high quality, and for this we must thank co-producers, Kathy Peter and Brian Adamson.

Great spirit was shown by the House football team who unfortunately did not win a match; the girls' basketball team, however, proved better players being undefeated throughout the year.

During the year an Egg Appeal and Paper Appeal were held with Murray winning the Egg Appeal and coming third in the Paper Appeal. The appeals were in aid of the Alfred Hospital and Social Service, respectively.

The House Captains were ably assisted by Vice-captains Kathy Peter and Ray Weeks, and Cultural Vice-captains Jan Laurent and Brian Adamson, who all were a great help throughout the year.

In conclusion we would like to thank the House Masters and House Mistresses, Mr. Moorrees, Mr. Murray, Miss McIntyre, and especially Miss Wilkinson, for their invaluable suggestions and assistance.

As House competitions and activities are an essential part of school life we would like to see students create more House spirit as in doing so they would find an enjoyable social and physical outlet.

Kaye Shaw, David Jones

LONSDALE HOUSE NOTES

This year, as usual, Lonsdale House had a most successful year but the disturbing thing is that this was accomplished by a few, when it should be the efforts of everyone in the house. But it seems to be the thing to sit back or go home and leave a few to do the lot. Although house spirit is improving it is not improving fast enough and not enough is being done about it by the school in the way of incentives and praise. If a house accomplishes something well not enough is made of it. Also in the school we have an amazing group of students who place themselves above the rest and don't take the slightest interest in house or school functions. These must be eliminated, for to have the house working properly, and therefore the school, 100% effort should be given by all. But as I said this can never be achieved unless the system is smartened up and organized properly.

As stated before Lonsdale won everything, nearly; the swimming, football, basketball, volleyball, tennis, squash and the plays. Special praise must be given here to the cast of that magnificent spectacle, The Wall. It was a masterpiece considering all the stupid hitches struck at the school during production. It was produced by Matthew Burton and he also played a part in it. He was ably supported throughout by Geoff Kemp, Dave Schnider, Gerry, Lynn and Rob Romeril. Another person worthy of special house praise is Jeltje Fanoy, who for the fourth time in a row, took the Lonsdale choir to second place in the choral festival. Everyone is anticipating a big win for Jeltje's hard work next year.

A highlight of the house football season was the winning of the house football shield, yet to be sighted, by the Lonsdale 1st 18. Now here was a bunch of men, hairy balls of muscle marching their way through the season undefeated, second only to the mighty school 18.

I'm sure Lonsdale can win the lot again next year as long as they keep their heads above red tape. It has been my pleasure to be house captain of the best house in the school for the past two years and I hope it can always be as successful and enjoyable as '66 and '67. Thanks to everyone who has helped.

Rick Brown



THE BLACK FOREST—David Grinblat, 2B

A REFLECTION ON FULL LEGAL AND POLITICAL RIGHTS: IS 18 OLD ENOUGH?

So we might be able to vote. Some individuals apparently believe that we, the untidy, senseless and irresponsible teenagers (to use a word of multiple-meaning) of civilisation might have the benefit of full legal and political rights. How nice! It's as though we've suddenly become good, sophisticated, and reliable; as though the teenagers of this democratic and affluent society have matured and come to wholly accept the teaching of the "older ones", who, it is noted, will always indicate that they would have used these rights "intelligently", had they been awarded them at eighteen years.

What they mean by, or how they would define, "intelligent" confuses me; but I am more frustrated by the actual proposal to award these rights. You see, I don't really think that the majority of eighteen-year-olds have a particularly great interest in politics and legal rights—that their interest in issues of this nature is superficial if anything. To receive an estate, to be able to vote, and to be free from parental control! Now these things sound exciting—I am even inclined to delude myself as being made manifestly superior to seventeen-year-olds who haven't reached the "age of the rights".

The proposal sounds exciting. And that's about all, as far as I'm concerned. I would very much like the benefits and I feel that I could suitably handle them. But I am an individual; I enjoy studying politics and my parents little control me now. As well, I think I could intelligently cope with receiving a will. Yet, I do not believe that I could handle any of these rights without guidance, and this is what worries me about the proposal. I would like to receive the rights, but I know that I would need guidance. So what exactly would be the plight of the eighteen-year-old who isn't as interested in political rights and such "trivial" aspects of life as I. Brrrrrr! I am shuddering. For I fear that many of my fellow eighteen-year-olds would use the rights lightheartedly—"for kicks", to use a colloquial phrase. Probably this is a bit too sweeping though. I am underestimating the capabilities of my friends. Even so, I do believe that a great number of youths at this age-level, who would attempt to study issues relating to political rights and similar matter, would become confused. Perhaps this is not so, but surely, what is most important in successfully exploiting political rights to the full, is analysis. Of this, I am convinced. Most youths don't try to use their analytical powers.

Pessimism? The words of an out-caste of near eighteen-year-olds? I believe that older teenagers are generally interested in politics, in foreign affairs, and even if not intrigued with culture, are willing to attempt to appreciate it. This is certain; you only have to talk to the average eighteen-year-old on the street to realise this. My claim is that this general interest is not good enough; that analytical powers must first be developed before political and similar rights can be awarded. Therefore, I do not believe that use of the rights should be made compulsory, but should be offered as of optional use. This isn't in correlation with my insistence on analytical powers, but then, if I followed this, the award of full political and legal rights might be never.

Moreover, just about the same ratio of twenty-one year-olds, as things stand, fail to use these powers any better than eighteen-year-olds probably.

I do not give up. I am simply forced to say "Give them the rights".

Les Cartwright, 6D

THE ABORIGINES — ASSIMILATION

When speaking of assimilation of the Australian Aborigine we mean that process of education which will enable the Aborigines and part-Aborigines of Australia to acquire those skills and those ways of behaviour which will equip them to take their place in society with dignity and on a basis of full equality in mixed groups of dark and white Australian citizens. The native people and the white Australians must come to regard each other as fellow citizens sharing a common future.

The Government's attitude towards assimilation is that all Aborigines and part-Aborigines will eventually attain the same manner of living and enjoying the same rights and privileges as every white Australian does—hence, the assimilation policy is a process of gradual social change with the objective of complete social acceptance of the Aborigines by the white population. However, this policy does not mention the desires of the Aborigines themselves. Does the present-day Aborigine want to be assimilated, thus changing his entire way of life and possibly resulting in extinction, after a substantial period, of the Aboriginal race? To answer this question we must look at both past and present, especially the first hundred years of the white man in Australia. Within this period, many squatters and indeed some governors regarded the natives as wild animals and, consequently, treated them as such. The white man's feeling of racial superiority led him, in the old days, to dispossess and to exterminate the original inhabitants in those areas of Australia where he first settled. How then, can the Aborigine be blamed for his distrust and suspicion of the white population? Generally, the Aborigine does not have a very high regard for the white man's morals, ethics, religion or social behaviour. The white man is, in fact, admired mainly for his material possessions, his money, his right to freely consume liquor, and his freedom from many legal restrictions. Distrust and suspicion are so strong that they defeat the effort of most individuals working to unite the two groups.

This unco-operative Aboriginal attitude is, unfortunately, a reasonably logical one. He is basing his attitudes both on the history of past relations between the whites and the natives, and on his own personal observations of the conduct of many present-day whites—it is little wonder that the Aborigine has become so distrustful of the white population in general. He realizes that his old culture and history are being sneered at, that his children are being

discouraged from speaking his language and learning his age-old customs, and that his former land rights—for the Aborigine was the original inhabitant of Australia—are being disregarded not only by cattlemen and squatters, but also by missionaries, Aboriginal protectors, and Native Affairs officers.

It is this attitude of mutual distrust and suspicion between the dark and white population of Australia that must be replaced by an intense desire for mutual co-operation between the two groups before the various schemes devised by the white reformers and educators for the social betterment of the Aborigine can hope to be markedly successful.

Andrew Romer, 6

"I'VE GOT THE DISMALS"

I have been quite dismayed this year at the absence of a school play. Having attended Brighton for a grand total of six years, and having participated in four school productions out of this six, I am genuinely concerned.

All of the previous plays produced at this school have been of a particularly high quality—many people might still vaguely remember the newspaper articles that contributed to the happy successes of "Oedipus Rex", "H.M.S. Pinafore", "The Lark", and last year, "Trial by Jury". And I'd be the last one to suggest that a mediocre "half-show" should be attempted to replace the school play. Let's forfeit the whole idea if the conventional "make-do" idea is about to reverberate. Ugh!

Maybe I'm just a traditionalist. Perhaps the annual Brighton dramatic production is old-fashioned. Yet other schools that have never reached our previous standards apparently don't believe so.

And no matter what, it will be a bad thing for not only the school's name, but for you, the pupils, if we allow those "waves of Time" to not roll along, but to become irretrievable. This is what will happen too, if things like the school play aren't produced anymore.

Les Cartwright, 6D

BARRIERS TO TOLERANCE IN THE MODERN WORLD

"Love thy neighbour as thyself." These words were brought to mankind many years ago but, unfortunately, they have been unheeded ever since. Today, hatred and intolerance are major problems in every country in the world. The words "peace" and "goodwill toward men" remain only words for a song. There are no practical examples of these qualities to be found on the Earth. Everywhere, contempt for fellow-humans is being shown in various forms.

The outstanding example of intolerance in the modern world must be that of the American negro and the treatment which he receives from the white American. In the Southern States of Alabama and Mississippi the negroes are treated with the utmost contempt. They are repeatedly persecuted and victimised by the "whites", for no apparent reason. The Ku Klux Klan, a secret organisation, not approved of by the American government yet supported by millions of American citizens, organises campaigns which are directed against the negroes. Many of the Klan members are prominent citizens—sheriffs, lawyers and even governors, associate themselves with the organisation's activities. These people are not fools, in that they have received a good education. They would not just be swayed by the ideas of a mob. They have the power to think for themselves and to make their own decision, so why do they choose to identify themselves with an organisation which concerns itself with racial discrimination?

Something must strongly influence the minds of such people that they will, without any "twinge" of conscience, take part in activities which are cruel and contrary to the laws of God. The main influencing factor is tradition. If a young person was asked why he favoured one side and not the other he would undoubtedly reply that he was supporting the views which had been held by his father, his grandfather and his great-grandfather. It is the effects of tradition on the present generation which have built the main barrier to tolerance in the modern world. It is only natural for people to believe in what their parents have taught them and to act accordingly. But this is wrong. People today are acting, without thinking, as a result of events which have not taken place during their lifetime. They see no need for change. The general attitude is "If it was good enough for my father it's good enough for me". They are willing to accept the theories of their forerunners without proving them for themselves.

There can never be "peace on earth and goodwill toward men" until people stop blindly following tradition and think for themselves. Only then may they see that what has always been the "done thing" is not always the correct thing. When the barriers of tradition and ignorance have been broken down the barriers to tolerance in the modern world will also have been destroyed.

Victor Campbell

'OW YA GOIN', MATE? ORRIGHT?

I just closed the cover of that recommended novel by Nino Culotta—"They're a Weird Mob". Ain't it the truth, though?

My name is Debby Nichols and I've been wandering around your halls since the beginning of September. I arrived in Sydney on August 21 (I left Kennedy Airport on August 17, stayed over for two days in Honolulu and flew on). After looking around Sydney, I flew to Coolangatta (Surfer's Paradise) for a "beaut" three weeks vacation with my first Australian family—poor souls.

About my homeland—I come (on the Rotary International Exchange program) from

Whitney Point, northern New York State, U.S.A. There are 2000 to 2500 people in Whitney Point; it is mainly a residential area away from the city bustle.

Since the most common question asked is—"Do you find Australia much different?"—I'll explain some of our customs that differ.

New York State is divided into school districts and all the students of this district commute to the school in the district center—which happens to be Whitney Point.

Whitney Point Central is one of the experimental schools in New York State. There are over 1200 students enrolled in the three systems. Kindergarten to Grade 2 (5-7 or 8) attend the Elementary School, Grades 3-9 (9 years to 15 years) go to the Junior School and Grades 10, 11, and 12 (16-18) go to the Senior High School. I never got into the new Senior School because it was completed this September after I had left—but I've heard plenty about the indoor swimming pool, two layer parking lot and auditorium-theater.

Education is free for all 5-21 and compulsory for all ages 7-16. It is practically impossible to secure a job without a high school degree and many firms are now demanding a university degree. Our school year is from September to mid-June with a three week vacation over Christmas and a two week spring recess in April. One more important detail. We don't wear uniforms to school! Ah—the pleasures of home!

All of our able boys are called up or drafted from 18 and up into our national service. They serve for two years or, if they enlist, their term is three years with education.

One of your customs which is really terrific is the celebration of 21st birthdays. I have to hand it to you there as we don't celebrate it at all. Graduation from high school and university are the two occasions we look forward to but it's not the same!

So far, my stay here in Australia is 50% better than I'd ever hoped for. I change homes every six weeks so I'm getting a good taste of your family life. I'm living in Canterbury at the time so I see a lot of the different suburbs also. I'll be sailing for home early next August to complete my Senior year and then go on to a four year university course in interior designing.

Debby Nichols

WHY I AM THE MOST IMPORTANT PERSON IN THE WORLD

Although at the moment I have nothing at all to distinguish me from any other teenager, I have a great responsibility, as I am one of the future, and in this future I will play a part.

I may be one of tomorrow's leaders; leading my country in the eyes of the world. I am a predecessor of tomorrow's Australia, and so my country should take care of me, and train me for its needs. I will probably not become Prime Minister, but whatever I do I shall be one of the millions of Australians who in their own way will help their country.

I may do this by discovering a cure for cancer, becoming a musician, or an artist, or a writer. I may become a farmer's wife, a machinist or a saleswoman, but whatever I do I am important.

I'm important not as a national figure perhaps, but just as an ordinary citizen in a community, playing my role in the world. I will set the examples to those following behind me and copy the ones of those before.

So watch out! Don't do wrong, as I may imitate you, so spoiling a chance to emphasize my importance. Oh yes! I sit back now, unconsciously I watch, storing information and knowledge for future actions and benefits.

I am one link in a never-ending chain of tomorrows. I am one of Australia, preparing to accept the responsibility of my adulthood, and to take my place in the world.

Jacqueline Talbot, 4C

GLIDING

The quiet is only broken by the whistling of the air past the wings and fuselage. High above the ground where the hawks are soaring, the glider pilot in his sailplane is defying gravity.

The day starts early to gain the maximum soaring time. All the ground equipment and gliders are checked daily. A clearance to fly is obtained from D.C.A. since the T-Jets to Adelaide fly directly above the Bacchus Marsh airfield from where the week-end operations are based.

The gliders are mainly launched by a winch, rising like a kite to a height of about 2000 feet. From there it is up to the glider pilot's skill to find the rising hot air column in which he can soar. Circling sharply in the thermal, he gradually gains height until the lift gives away. When the wind blows over a mountain, it sometimes creates "waves" of rising and sinking air in which he can also rise.

At his maximum height, the pilot can change his height for speed. By lowering the glider's nose, the speed increases. This can give possibilities for races, cross-country flying and competitions.

In cross-country flying, both skill and luck are required. Each time the pilot sets off, he has to be able to see a good landing site further ahead in case he does not find any more thermals and has to land. Each time he finds a thermal, the glider pilot circles until his maximum height is reached, realising that this may be the last he will find.

In the regional, national and world competitions, the emphasis is on speed as well as distance and height. The pilot not only tries to go the furthest in a set direction but also tries to do it faster than his rivals.

With increasing technology, better and more elaborate designs are being developed. These highly sophisticated machines, each costing about \$5,500 each, are becoming lighter

and more streamlined. Their glide angles are being increased, only sinking one foot in about 40 feet flown.

Gliders have more aerobatic potential than most powered planes which are built only for going from one place to another. A glider, since it may not be able to go far on some days, is also built to be aerobatic. It can roll, stall, spin, loop and do much more which the majority of powered planes cannot.

Even if your stomach will not let you do aerobatics, you can fly for the pleasure of it alone. You can see men, animals, cars and trains moving like ants. The houses are like little squares, row upon row, the rivers like streams and the roads like pencil lines.

This is some of the fun and relaxation of the sport of gliding.

Brian Jones, 6C

"NOTHINGNESS"—A NEW CONCEPT OF LITERATURE

Introduction:

An anonymous letter, of length two foolscap pages, was received by a member of IVA. This confidential document, which contained absolutely **nothing**, was replied to in a similar manner, by a person who gained the knowledge of the contents of afore-mentioned manuscript, by fair means and foul (mostly foul):

Dear who-ever-it-may-concern,

I must congratulate you about your rendering of such an enterprising letter about **nothing**. It is not everyone who can write **nothing** letters in such a convincing manner. Personally, I prefer a letter about something but your letter (who-ever you are) kinda convinced me that letters which are **nothing** about **nothing** in particular are slightly more entertaining than letters about something which, in fact, is really **nothing** at all.

Once I wrote a **nothing** letter about **nothing** in particular and I filled its four pages of **nothing** with emptiness and it took a long time because, even though **nothing** letters are good fun to write, it's hard to find something about **nothing** to put in them. Don't you agree that **nothing** is hard to find?

I think I'll discuss **nothing** because if you discuss **nothing** there's **nothing** to discuss; not like when you discuss everything about anything because there's always something to discuss, even when it means **nothing**. I think **nothing** is a fascinating subject. One could easily talk for hours and hours about **nothing** and not say anything of any great importance.

We (you and I both) are very good at rambling on about **nothing**—it's such an easy subject to ramble on about.

Did you know that I was writing a book about **nothing**? **Nothing** fascinates me. Everyone can write something about anything, but only a select few can write something about **nothing**, because **nothing** has a bad habit of becoming something even if it was **nothing** that could mean anything. My book, called "Everything and anything about **nothing**", as well as being full of emptiness is also full of **nothingness**. I will personally sign my book for you (who-ever you are), but you'll have to pay a little something (probably a little more than a little) for it, because even if it is about **nothing**, it will have to cost a little something, so I won't get **nothing** for my effort.

—My hand is weary.

—Forever out-shining you,

"X."

Meg Machure
Peter Harvest

WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF?

I'm afraid of getting old. You see all the bad and unwanted people whom people have deserted just because they are old.

The old pensioners with not enough money to get things they want, not being able to enjoy life. Being young you see all the disadvantages of being old; you feel sorry for old people, the way they walk around not caring if they die or not. I've always been afraid of getting old; it scares me sometimes, to think you're going to die one day and never enjoy anything again. I'd like to be useful before I get old and unable to do anything.

The worst thing about being old is the sickness which comes with it, not being able to get out of bed, or in a wheelchair, or wobbling around on a cane.

And deafness is the worst part of all which is common with old people and you're dried and wrinkled with time.

That's what I'm afraid of. It's awful just thinking about it. But one day I'll be old; but I'll be able to think of all the wonderful times I had when I was young. I suppose that's what today's old people think about.

You're not born with oldness, you grow into it and it leaves plenty of time to try and enjoy life.

Vicki Lees, 3E

SCIENCE PERFORMS MIRACLES, BUT NOT ALWAYS MIRACLES THAT WE WANT OR NEED . . .

Immediately I read this topic in debate it put me in reminiscence of what Chaim Weizmann said about miracles . . . "Miracles sometimes occur but one has to work terribly hard for them".

What is a miracle? A miracle is anything wonderful; a prodigy; anything beyond human power. Science is the knowledge of observation. Does knowledge create anything wonderful? No. Man and knowledge perform miracles. Without knowledge there can be no miracles and without man there can be no miracles.

No one much likes being judged on the good and bad that he has done and scientists are no exception. Some sidestep the unpleasant possibility by holding that they are concerned with only understanding things or more grandiosely with the search for truth. Science is therefore neutral and the blame for any unfortunate consequences is not theirs. It lies with the politicians, industrialists and other none too easily identified individuals. Many scientists are concerned with the effect of what they do. Suppose they had to account for all the good and bad they do for mankind. What would they say?

Great discoveries of science result in the reduction of drudgery, transformation of transport, a rich standard of living, relief of pain and suffering, and a doubling of life span and improved food production. Why without science we wouldn't have any clues on the concept behind evolution and psychology.

Atomic bombs, poison gases, population crises in undeveloped countries, misuse of scientific ideas are all upsets of the world which are caused by science. I'm sure people in undeveloped countries would rather live 70 years than 20. Science is responsible for the vast wave of materialism today. It intensifies trouble. Scientists meddle with things and discover theories that the world is not ready for. I think science is a vast power over the human race. It is not power in the conventional sense but it is nevertheless power. Perhaps it could be explained as power without responsibility. It must be realised by the human race that science began and must always continue.

When it comes to responsibility society is ready to blame scientists for their troubles which they have resulted themselves. What else can scientists offer to this world besides their discoveries? Discoveries have to be translated into action, for good or ill. Scientists are not concerned with immediate problems but short term solutions. Science is never just a fundamental change. It is inevitably an EVOLUTION. The only way to live is by accepting each minute as an unrepeatable miracle. Theory may raise a man's hopes but practice raises his wages.

Neil McIntyre, 4A

THAT THE ENTERTAINMENT AVAILABLE TO TEENAGERS IS AN INSULT TO THEIR INTELLIGENCE

As there are many different fields in the aspect of entertainment, we should take a look at several individually and from here conclude about our findings, instead of taking a general statement that all entertainment is an insult to their intelligence. The main types of entertainment include—Dances, Music, Radio, Television, Films and Periodicals.

Dances: The most popular of the Dances is the Discotheque where we usually find the Go-Go dancing. Most elderly people think this type of dancing is an insult to the teenagers' intelligence, because this style is so simple and teenagers do not need to have much intelligence to learn how to do it. But we must also consider the other types of dancing available—modern, ballroom, folk, square, country and western. Surely we cannot call these dances insulting to the teenagers' intelligence because the steps to these are often quite complicated and confusing.

Music: When this is brought into the picture, the first thing thought of is the rowdy and noisy music of the Top 40. In most cases, if a teenager walks down the street with his transistor on, you can guess which station it isn't on—"3LO". This is because the music, which most elderly people like, does not appeal to the teenagers. In the same way, the music of the teenagers does not appeal to the middle-aged people. Therefore they cannot say whether it is an insult or not to the teenagers' intelligence because they cannot appreciate it. Again and in all cases we must consider the other forms. In music there is also folk, classical, modern, western, etc. Music (in my opinion) is an insult to no one's intelligence but is just what appeals to you.

Television: The shows on the television, such as "Dick Van Dyke", "Patty Duke Show", "Till death us do part", "Family Affair", and "Hancock's Halfhour", are shows that appeal to most young people, because they are comedy and related to everyday events, and are not an insult to watch. A show such as "Roller Derby" or "World Championship Wrestling" is sheer rot. These shows are perfect examples of entertainment insulting to a teenager's intelligence. Is it an insult to a person's intelligence to watch the same thing over and over again? Shows such as "Go" and "Kommotion" refer again to music and dancing and are repetitions of the same topic. I think shows like these are insulting to the teenager, because it seems as if the teenagers do not wish to broaden their knowledge, but to just stick to the same material.

Films: Most films made for teenagers in particular are based on singing stars or groups, e.g., "The Beatles", "The Monkees", and Elvis Presley. These are what the teenagers like (or so it is supposed) so this is what the producers make.

Periodicals: Magazines such as "Go-set", "Albert Sebastian", deal with the same repetitive material, "Fashion, singers and music". There are many interesting periodicals—Reader's Digest, Life, Forum, and National Geographic—and 50% of the teenagers read at least one of these.

It can be seen that the majority of the entertainment provided for the teenagers is based on music and singing groups and it can be clearly recognized that the entertainment provided is insulting, to a certain extent, because it sticks to the same dull topics.

Mark Caplan, 4A

HOW MAY WE ACCOUNT FOR THE POPULARITY OF VIOLENCE IN MODERN ENTERTAINMENT?

Within a modern civilization such as ours, there are certain social standards which limit our direct encountering with violence.

The main trend in the majority of religions is of passive conformity, in keeping with

the teachings and philosophies of these creeds. It may be said that we are thus bound to a form of "anti-violence" in accepting these teachings.

In a parallel to the latter, although applying to all within our community, are the Governmental laws of the land which forcibly oppose and prevent violence. These laws are enforced to protect the weaker constituents in a society and also to regulate the power of the stronger. Once again we are not subject to direct contact with any injurious or damaging physical force; on the contrary our unjust, violent emotions are suppressed physically, by the law, and as mentioned before, spiritually, by the church.

It has been shown that within community life the restrictions on man's active emotions are great. We are told that, as human beings, we no longer act or think as animals, but it is my belief that so-called civilized man still has these native qualities, although he is more in control of them. But because they are controlled and suppressed by social institutions and the individual concerned, there is, over a period of time, a build-up of these pent-up emotions. The pressure on the minds of men, due to this ever-increasing inner desire for violence, causes the individual to seek a channel through which he may be relieved of the frustration of his natural instincts. But as the workings and thoughts of men's minds differ, so it is that their relief is guided through varied outlets.

It has often been suggested that Australian Rules Football, which is a form of entertainment, is played with a far too aggressive manner. This is most probably the reason for its popularity, for in it, the crowd experiences a form of a non-participant outlet for violent emotions.

This, as well as other violent entertainments, is the adult's outlet, but what of the youth of a community? How do they, or better still, why do they seek an escape from these instinctive emotions? Let us first examine the latter of these two questions. It is my belief that young people find violence attractive for two reasons. Firstly, due to their age they find violence exciting, without being aware of its devastating results. Secondly, due to their inexperience in worldly affairs, violence is a form of security; its effects boost their ego and reassure their inferior, undeveloped minds. Now let us look at how they quench this desire for violence. In the most common of all household possessions we find the television. Here we can find most forms of violence, from early American "show-downs" up to the brutal, mass gang-murders of Chicago and Detroit of the early 20th century. Other films shown include war brutalities, and the "every-day" maniacs who rape, murder, drown or poison some beautiful feminine creature.

In all, the popularity of violent entertainment is due to ignorance and the subjection of emotions.

Douglas Chandler

EQUAL PAY FOR WOMEN?

Most emphatically "Yes"! There should be equal pay for women for the same work done. If she cannot do the same work as a man in the same time, then she should be paid less. Women have to pay the same university fees, or technical college fees or wherever they go, as the man. So in return, they should get the same wages as a man.

Why do women need to work? Some people say that a woman should never work, but if she is widowed, unmarried, or a divorced woman, then she is the "bread-winner" for her family or herself, so she should be paid the same wage as a man, provided that she does the same work.

For many years women were considered inferior to men, and some people still believe this. Resultantly the men were the workers, and it was unethical for a woman to work—apart from house-work. But today women can, and do, do the same work as a man, with the same if not more efficiency. An example of this is in countries like Russia, where the women can do all the jobs previously considered only a man's and they do them just as well, and often better.

Also because of this alleged inferiority, and the impossibility of a woman working, it became traditional that the woman's place was in the home, minding children and doing house-work. People who consider this true for today's housewife are, in my opinion, living in the past, and closing their eyes and ears to progress.

Now we have quicker, more modern and efficient methods of house-work, and consequently the housewife has a lot more spare time, and often this spare time develops into boredom. So she goes to work either part-time or full-time. This has a two-fold purpose: to ease the boredom created by the spare time, and to boost the family's income.

Another vital point concerning this is: Due to inflation, prices of articles or consumer goods have risen considerably, but pay packets of a vast number of occupations have not bulged sufficiently enough to counteract this. So many wives go out to work to "help pay off that new car" or "get the extra money to send Junior to University" or many other similar reasons.

One of the major issues in this controversy is that if women are not paid the same wage for the same work, it can jeopardise a man's chances of securing a position. The employer, faced with male and female applicants, can employ the latter more cheaply than the former and is often tempted to employ the female, who has the same qualifications as the male. So, if there was equal pay for the same work, in the long run the employer would benefit as he would end up with better employees.

This, of course, would be disadvantageous to the female workers, for now they would find it harder to get jobs.

I can only come to the conclusion that in our modern day and age, when the women do the same work as the men, that they should receive the same pay as the men. But who knows, perhaps in another ten years the women will do all the work and the man will just stay at home?

Note: In the following jobs, women do get the same wages as men:

- Insurance agents and representatives.
- Female staff selling men's wear.
- Tram conductresses get same as tram conductors.

Peter Harvest, 4A

EXAM FEVER

He gazed hopelessly at the blank paper lying before him. What did he know about the square on the hypotenuse of a right angled triangle? What was the hypotenuse anyway? Anxiety made the blood throb in his veins, or was it his arteries? Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead as his tired eyes searched frantically around the room for inspiration. The others were all busy, heads down, writing furiously. He alone sat in ignorance, his fingers idly tearing the question paper into smaller and still smaller pieces. As he saw what he had done, realisation came suddenly to him. It was all up. He was finished, done for. If only—

But wait! There remained one solitary ray of hope to save him from being branded a failure. He glanced quickly around. No one was looking. Even the supervisor was staring blankly at his shiny black shoes. It was now or never. If he could manage it now, no one would ever know how he had.

... Stealthily his hand crept to his coat pocket where he knew he had put it before entering the room in case of great emergency. The time had come. The temptation was too great and he too weak-willed to resist it. If he were discovered, they would accuse him later, point the finger of scorn and refuse to speak with such a criminal.

He was so desperate now that his hand shook violently as it felt for the paper hidden in his pocket. Would anyone hear the suspicious rustling, which seemed to him to be filling the room like the roar of thunder? Still no one stirred as the steady ticking of the clock sounded through the hushed atmosphere. He trembled; only one more move and the daring deed was done. Now his breath was coming in short pants. Quickly, with a practised flick of the wrist he removed the paper cover and—popping the cool mint into his mouth, sucked it contentedly, his peace of mind completely restored.

Robert Friels, 6D

LAYING THE GHOST

As he crossed the bridge the stark sunlight gave way to shadow, turning the river to pewter grey. The tops of buildings, a quarter of a mile away, on the other side of town, still glowed, illuminated by the last light of the day—the spires and domes of a dream city.

Every day he crossed this bridge, but always he felt the same stab of superstitious horror when he saw it.

It came from behind a pillar—a little boy, small and pitiful, wearing rags and always seeming cold, no matter what the weather. He had tangled red hair and huge, frightened eyes, always watching, asking, pleading.

The child walked, very slowly, dragging one foot, as if in pain, to the parapet, and climbed with difficulty onto it—staying there for some minutes, staring into the water, before climbing down and limping away towards the city and the crowds. The first time he saw it, he stood for a moment, disbelieving, then began to point and clutch at the sleeves of passers-by, begging for help.

Next day he lost his job. All his colleagues were so normal, it was boring, and the board of directors saw it stayed that way.

All night in his dreams he saw the child's face—the eyes hard and cynical, the mouth laughing—and woke up in the morning with a blinding headache.

It was there the next day, and the next, and the next.

He gave up pleading with passers-by—they only turned away their eyes, full of the pity reserved for the crippled and insane.

One day he could bear it no longer—he ran forward, grabbing at the small figure—found nothing but a sickening drop into the murky water and the restraining hands and blank stare of a policeman on patrol.

He grew haggard—saw nothing all his waking hours but the small face before his eyes, always pleading, nothing in his dreams but the cynical eyes and mirthless laugh.

Then one evening he was later than usual—it had been raining and the street lights reflected in the puddles and the water far below formed glowing pools of cold light.

Involuntarily his eyes seached for the small figure. His heart lurched at the sight of the silhouette on the parapet. The bridge was quiet tonight, and empty—it was late and the rain had driven people indoors.

He stopped, frozen, watching the small body. Before the boy even moved the man was running forward, his eyes staring and his breath coming in deep gulps. As he reached the edge he felt the sharp, cold shock of spray as the body hit the water. He blacked out.

They never found a body—there wasn't one to find.

The man never thought about the pale, little face with the tangled hair and great green eyes any more. He didn't think at all any more.

Dinah Percival, 4A

NIGHT

When night came it was black and still . . . too still. Too still to be real. Quieter than the quietest night ever was on Earth. The man found himself listening for the creak of branches overhead, or the rustle of an animal in the undergrowth. It never came. And he remembered back home, when he used to think the cry of a mopoke on a dark night was the most mournful sound on Earth. That was funny—"on Earth". So funny that he found himself laughing inside his helmet, a high-pitched, insane cackle, echoing back at him.

He remembered being a kid, back home, always wanting to make a noise, always wanting to yell or throw something and break a silence. This silence was so heavy that the pathetic sounds he could make only served to make it deeper.

Sometimes he forgot and glanced round suddenly, sweating with the primeval fear of predators, until he remembered there wasn't anything here to be frightened of. There wasn't anything, only him, and time, and a lot of darkness.

No one had trained him back home for this. How could you train a man to be alone? Back on Earth people wondered at hermits, said they didn't know how a man could live alone like that. That's what he was. Super-hermit. He laughed again.

And when the morning came, the twin suns rose in the west, and there was nothing alive any more. And the man lay sprawled grotesquely in the orange glow of the morning suns, his mouth gaping in a lunatic grin.

Dinah Percival, 4A

RELIGION AND MORALS ACCORDING TO THE CHINESE

Religion, in general, is a system of worship and faith based on a collection of moral and spiritual values. We can divide religion into two distinctive classes, namely, spiritual religion and scientific religion. The general definition which relates closely to spiritual religion, is applied rather frequently because very few people realise or recognise the existence of the other class of religion. Those who adopt a scientific religion would prefer a code of human values, because to them this is more realistic and rational, as it concerns, and contributes towards, the individual being. On the issue concerning morality, we must first understand what is moral. There is no positive definition for morals because each of us is guided by individual thought and ideals which are in no way identical with any other person's. I believe that morals are implied by a code of conduct which helps us to reason intelligently and to understand fully between what is Vice and Virtue. Morals can be divided into three substantial levels. Firstly, there are morals pertaining to the spiritual. Then we have social or group morality and finally morals of an individual human being.

Man in his life-struggles is always encountering many frustrations and he has to escape from these wordly troubles, from time to time, to seek mental solace in some form, whether abstract or material. Religion can provide for a man's requirement of consolation. Spiritual religion teaches followers to worship God and during his prayer can release his inner tensions because the virtual nearness with the Supreme Being of the universe has the tendency to wake a man to clear reasoning and forbearance. Moreover, spiritual religion preaches that there is something immortal inside a man's body that survives physical death to bear the punishment or receive the fruits of his lifetime deeds. In order that a man can avoid such a punishment after bodily death, he must lead a good pious life, and so spiritual religion sets down a code of morals as a guidance for its followers. However, many of us today doubt such groundless conviction as an immortal element in a human body. Thus we create for ourselves a scientific religion of our own. Instead of believing the supernatural the followers of this kind of religion view their belief from the human angle. Spiritual religion in the hope of freeing the human being from the bondage of sins, so that they can live again after physical death through reincarnation or live for eternity, has dogmatically imposed a rigid code of ethics. But medical, psychological and sociological research has proved that such doctrines do not suit our times, although there are many traits of their morals and principles that remain constant in our society. Modifications based on such traits are therefore necessary, or else such doctrines will become obsolete as a result of our changing civilisation. The study of human behaviour from various angles by respective qualified authorities has revealed the actions once condemned as immoral deserve instead to be treated with due allowances for their physical and natural causes. Most of the people who believe in scientific religion are usually more moderate in attitude as far as the issue on morality is concerned. However, it is the tendency of human beings not always to conform, and so there arises a form of morals; the morals of the individual man. More often than individual morality is condemned and persecuted by conformists as immoral. This is because of the prejudice of society. Although in such an individual he believes what he believed as ideal and perfectly moral, society does not allow him to go beyond the bounds of its conception of morality.

Human nature has made us develop a disciplined body and mind so that we can prevent ourselves from believing what George Orwell in his satire, *Animal Farm*, has described; where man cannot distinguish himself from the lower animal. System of morality, no matter how imperfect it is, has been responsible for the survival and progress of human civilization. We still hope to acquire inspiration from our IMMORAL moral system to achieve idealism for our human race, until we have nourished and matured our morals to perfection. But there is still one high problem and this is: HOW ARE WE TO KNOW THAT WE HAVE REACHED PERFECTION? Some people may say that instead of becoming more moralistic, man has degraded himself by inventing outrageous forms of immorality such as pernicious films and pestiferous literature. In my opinion, I would say that it is not that we have become "immoral" but because to live as one, we must abide by conventional and social claims of society and naturally this tends to lead man to judge his environment in

terms of good and bad tastes. Some of these people may appear to their fellow men as respectable because they follow so closely the teachings of a spiritual religion, but could they say without shame and guilt before their Gods, that they do not nurse immoral thoughts and behaviour with them?

There are many different religions in this world to influence our actions, thoughts and behaviour. Whichever of the effects is greatest, we tend to mould our mental characteristics according to its teachings. People living in the western hemisphere differ in moral opinions from Asians, because they are differently adjusted. As religions are group undertakings their influence on society is great. One religion may emphasize more strongly than another on some points of conduct. Chinese cults and religions stress very strongly the sacredness of the man-woman relationship. So naturally many Chinese may regard divorce in marriage as unthinkable and immoral, whereas people like the Americans and Australians may accept it as a moral fact of life. We cannot criticize either of them, because according to each society they are strictly moral. In conclusion, we can say that man has not yet arrived at an ideal religion and moral code and how and when we shall achieve them we cannot know. But we do know one thing and this is, until the time we arrive at that stage of life, our human race will still remain as "immoral" and "imperfect" as its past.

"Life is a dream"
Tun Yoland Lim Sim Huat

"THE FEVER"

"You're all mad," she said.

"Yer got no faith in 'em," he returned.

"Well, when are you goin' to take me up to see David and Betty?"

"I'll take yer for sure next week."

"That's what you said last week," she replied.

The man at the ticket office said we were mad too. Still, you can't please everyone.

The train was full of drunks coming back from a spree and a mob of teenagers going to the same ground. Most of them were asleep with one boy snoring, but two men were having an argument at the other end of the carriage.

"If you can't find your ticket, you'll have to pay extra."

"I 'ad it 'ere somewhere. Hey, Blue, I can't find me ticket."

"Look in yer 'at, matey!"

"But I put it in me pocket." It was eventually found in his hat which he had been sitting on. "If I find the guy who sat on me 'at!"

After a couple more drinks, he soon settled down. The rest of the journey was uneventful. We soon reached our station.

My breath clouded in my face as we walked through the cold night to the ground. We soon set up our stools and settled down for the long wait.

Still, if you want to see the greatest game, you've got to queue for the tickets.

Brian Jones, 6C

THE WORLD IS FLAT

The fanatical belief that the world is spherical is the greatest fraud ever put over mankind. The hypocritical heretics that call themselves scientists and politicians have been conspiring with each other in an attempt to brainwash humanity into believing the world is spherical.

Up until the time of the 15th century, it had been generally accepted that the world was flat. However, an Italian maniac by the name of Columbus was trying to convince his fellow countrymen that the world was spherical. This lunatic managed to escape both the mental hospital and the Mafia to flee to Portugal where they gave him some ships and hoped that he would sail over the edge of the earth. Contrary to their hopes, he sailed to the West Indies and generally had a good time there until he started to get homesick (even maniacs get homesick). Although he was seventy, he was no fool and he knew that if he went back to Portugal, he would be beheaded. So to return with safety he invented a story about having been to China or some such oriental empire. Strangely enough his story was accepted and he convinced everybody that he had proven that the world was spherical.

After a while some more people decided to go to China by the same route that Columbus alleged and they found America in the way. As a result, no one wanting to admit to having been deceived by a raving lunatic, they sailed in a wide circle and pretended that they had sailed around the world. Since none of the hypocrites wanted to admit their mistakes, they maintained and fed the pretence until they themselves believed it. These pusillanimous psychopaths looked for other "proof" and found it in the optical illusions of the curvature of the horizon and the "sinking" of a ship below the horizon as it leaves port. Recently, the scientists dreamed up the idea of exhibiting photographs supposedly taken from above the earth's atmosphere to show that the world is round. From the poor quality of the photographs it can be seen that they are doctored.

One merely has to think rationally and clearly about the situation and the plot that these politicians and scientists are cooking up is easily exposed. Why else are leading politicians and scientists assassinated or pushed into obscurity if not because they threatened to expose the conspiracy? Why else do the politicians fight amongst themselves if not to distract people from thinking about the shape of the earth? Why else did the scientists invent the machines we now use if not to mechanise the human mind and ultimately control it? Why else are some people deprived if not to starve them to death before they reach maturity and can ponder over the earth's true shape? Why do we all victimize the Italians if not because of Columbus? You can easily see that the deceitful zealots' concern is that the ultimate fact is not widely known. These fanatics will stop at nothing to keep their secret.

Next time that you are in Parliament or some other such Government institution, ask one of the hypocritical public servants what happens to all the people that are reported missing if they do not fall off the edge of the earth and see him try to bamboozle and squirm his way out of his dilemma. How could the world be round? Columbus himself failed to prove that.

I feel sorry for all the people who exist in this world ignorant of the truth. I feel a great pity for those depraved innocents who have been brainwashed into dogmatically believing that the world is round. It is a shame that these unscrupulous politicians and scientists can shape our destinies and thoughts to cover the great bungle made four and a half centuries ago. And yet it is still not too late. Revise your views and you too can enjoy the luxuries of a hostel with rooms with padded walls.

Peter Krikscinnus, 6C

I WONDER IF HUMANS HAVE EMOTIONS?

Overhead, birds swoop and wheel in an endless frolic that is life itself. But all life has an end; for every birth there must be a death.

I see in death the hopelessness of life, the uselessness of learning. What reason could there be for any of this, for it can only culminate in one inevitable end.

The birds though, I must admit, look happy. Poor fools; I sympathize with them. They cannot see the courageous youths stalking through the trees and bushes, their high-powered rifles grasped lovingly under their arms. What a conflict this should be! Man with his sophisticated weapons against these unsuspecting birds.

I wonder what sort of birds they are? I don't know and don't care. They are just birds, and what beautiful creatures they look. They are in a garden of eternal contentment.

Those two there. I wonder if they are mated? Probably; they've been keeping close together and away from the others. A handsome couple they make, too.

The two youths appear to have found a suitable area to wage their private war. Ah, yes, a nice place where they can rest their gleaming rifles on a rock—nice field of view, too.

I wonder if birds fall in love? I wonder if their love is human? But no answers are forthcoming. The main body of the birds has flown away, only the couple remain. Perhaps, perhaps they are searching for a suitable nesting place.

Our sportsmen appear to be taking no chances, they are carefully loading their new rifles. With great skill they attach powerful telescopic sights, making all the fine adjustments necessary.

These birds seem to have found the joy in life that I seek but cannot find. How much I envy them. Do birds have emotions?

Over by the rocks the youths are taking careful aim. Even now I can visualize the taut bodies covered in coats of glossy feathers as they must appear on the crossed hairs of the telescopic sights. I wonder what feelings these youths must have as they see these winged gods framed before them?

Two sharp cracks pierced the air.

One bird exploded in a waterfall of feathers that cascaded to the ground, closely followed by the other shot but still alive bird. They fell not far from me but beyond a clump of trees. I waited; saw the youths run towards their quarry, heard the final shot then saw them run laughing away.

Approaching the clearing I saw the first blood spattered feathers. I held back my tears as I came upon the two birds, the bodies of which lay strangely side by side. From a tiny trail of blood you could see where the wounded bird had dragged its shattered body a number of feet across the clearing, till it came to rest beside its mate. Here it was finally shot dead.

I wonder if humans have emotions?

Michael Wickow, 5C



CHURCH ST., MIDDLE BRIGHTON—Jenny Wright, 6

THE TRAIT OF MIDDLELING

I feel enclosed,
And couped, encaged,
In a world of mediocrity.
The walls aren't Morris-like at all;
They're (en face)—
Or so to speak
With sophistication.
For I totally refute
the linguistic syntax of my neighbours.
But the walls are there. . . .
Constructed by Abstraction.
Necessity is demanding and
infiltrates the weaker mind.
Mine is strong, wilful and of integrity.
To be encased in a Shape?
Oh No, No, No.
I seek asylum from this dread.

—Les. Cartwright, 6D

What am I?
I am a universe unto myself,
With-holding countless mysteries untold,
My inner thoughts do not unfold
To fall upon this inferior world.
But, to the world,
What words of wisdom should I divulge?
I am but one universe amongst many;
A grain of sand upon a windswept beach,
A moment in antiquity.
What am I?
I am an atom unto the world,
Small and easily juggled.
A jester to mightier men than me
A flash of light in a dark room.
But even mighty men are small,
Time, creeps upon us all,
The atoms and the universes,
Each has a destiny,
But always the same end.

—Peter Bruell, 6E

The sky was a yellow-grey tonight,
like pain,
tormented and in agony.
Feeling pain
as in the throes of childbirth.
Tense,
taut,
holding back.
Feeling the pain a thousand times,
then the pain.
The clouds,
swollen and heavy with their child
conceived from a need
to become a fulfilment,
longing for a release.
Hesitating,
thoughtful,
reluctant,
obtaining release without thought,
swelling full and rich
until the screams become groans
and the pain no longer matters.
For the earth,
thankful,
raises its mouth to suck
the life
from the nipples of the clouds.

—Beverley Norris, 6A

UNDERWORLD

He tried to bring her back from death,
Back to the beautiful world above.
He went with a trembling breath,
His heart beat fast and he did all his best.
Come back, my love,
Come back to the flowers, to the trees, to the
Sun above;
Come back to life and love.
Oh! all her heart went back to him;
Happy tears dimmed her eyes.
Go forth, she said, I will follow thee.
But, Oh! my beloved, do not look back;
Lead on, lead on, lead on!
She followed him!
They ran through the caverns black,
They ran through the miserable crack.
She saw the clear blue sky.
Up they climbed, down they rolled;
Up to the mountain, down to the road,
They fled with all their might;
Knowing that the victor lives and loser dies.
Too soon the chase ended; too soon the horror
began,
With bullets shot into his head, he turned back,
Looked into her glittering eyes; he cried:
What have I done? What have I done?
She saw the sun no more,
And lost were life and love.

—C. W. Chen, 5D

Love's a living, breathing thing—
a way of life, a way of death.
Lemon yellow, purple grey—
—a red balloon; a war, a death.
—a moment gone, a life ahead,
a silence only you can hear.
It's light, and warmth, and biting frost
and giving, taking, found and lost.

—Dinah Percival, 4A

THE LITTLE THINGS

The petal was like soft, fine velvet to my touch,
So pure.
The kitten which lay in my lap, felt like a tiny
ball of feathers,
Warm and alive, yet,
So delicate.
Beneath my feet, was the crisp, cool grass,
Wet with dewdrops.
To my right lay a smooth, sleek apple,
So ripe.
I leant against the rough bark of the sturdy, old
tree,
And breathed in the fresh mountain air,
So cold.
I listened to the small children playing in the
valley,
They were happy.
Their high pitched laughter surrounded me,
Echoing.
In the distance the swishing of the sea could be
heard,
With its waves continuously breaking upon the
shore,
Timeless.
People never realize that these little things
Are life
To one, who is blind.

—Janine Haskin, 4B

MODERN TIMES

The smaller the thing, the more you pay,
That's what it's like in fashions today.
The colours are bright, and the dresses are short;
We follow a pattern of that sort.
Bright blues and yellows and greens are in,
Large round ear-rings, bracelets and rings;
Old fur coats you see very often,
With long black boots and textured stockings.
Our music is different from the old time waltz,
And our dances are strange to many old folks.
Girls used to faint when they saw Normie Rowe,
But now it's the Monkees and their brand new show.

Some adults are intolerant of the way that we act,
But we've realised understanding is all that they lacked.

The war in Vietnam has taken the floor,
And many young people object to the law.
Should we send troops over? Many say no.
Should conscription be banned? Bill White thinks so.

There are protests and marches against conscription and war,
Can man live in peace, or must he fight evermore.
—Sue Robinson, 4B

DROUGHT

The sun has risen in the east
The soaking rains have slackened—ceased
The sun has kissed the fertile plain
Turned the fertile green to gold,
Gentle gold to harsh gold-brown.
Will the sunset never come?
... Sheep like rotting, dried-out corpses
Stagger out across the plain
Across the plain of sun-scorched stubble
... thirsty, burning plain.

Panting, dried-out, burning plain.
Where the beauty?
Where the life?
Nothing lives but scorching heat
Heat ... intolerable heat.

Heat, intolerable, scorching heat
Igniting the plain
In a burst of brown heat
Defying the rain ...

Seasons? Insane!
Nothing will live to understand "rain".

—B. Panelli, 4A

YET ANOTHER PROTEST

This humanity
With futility, immorality, brutality, absurdity;
Dirty, "duty-bound", disgusting "men",
Promoting their wars, to what end?
The helpless, heroic and hapless people
Who manage yet another minute to survive
Amongst killing, corruption, chaos; killing.
Killing, killing, killing.

What about THEM?

What ABOUT them?

Can you imagine the terrible sight?

No, surely you can't ...

Can you live, conscious of their plight?

Perhaps ...

But yes, of course! You're safe, you're secure,

You're innocent, you're right.

Can't you see? Can't you reflect?

This is so wrong, so raw, so revolting;

So ridiculous, repulsive, real and reaving.

This is the Western world,

This is us.

—Fiona Colin, 5D

GEHENNA SUPREME

The days are bliss
and yet another day
had passed without a thought;
they had not come.

How they came or did their task
was beyond the bounds of reason,
no living mortals eyes had fixed
on the messengers of the demon!!
The itinerary of immortality
the silent knell

it made them come all bent and worn
those servants from a pit called hell!
As night crawled on
it carried them, hidden
in its sombrous shroud
to do the work forbidden.

Another month, another year,
another mortal's death
brought with it the abominable smell
that lingered on their breath.

As angels of that bottomless pit
in swarming numbers came,
messengers of satanic majesty
had triumphantly caught the hallowed game!
Gehenna reigns supreme!!

—Harriette Nudelberg, 5C

Last night John B. died
Nobody cared and nobody cried.
John B. was just an ordinary man
He was pulled into world in the usual way
They knew from the start he could not stay
But still they taught him all the skills
He grew up learning to read and write
He aged in years learning to fight
They taught him well about the world
Now was his turn to do the pulling
Now his turn, and all too willing
John B. worked hard to secure a place
As time went on money became low
Without money there's no place to go
Without money you cannot live
The years had flown and John B. was alone
Nobody wants a man who is prone
To die a death so soon to come
John B. was pulled into this world
And now was pushed out from the cold
For now John B. was no more use
Last night John B. died
Nobody cared and nobody cried.

—Pieter Gray, 5D

CONDEMNED

The lonely tick of a solitary clock,
Pierces the silence of gloom,
It teases the quiet and torments the minds,
Of men condemned to doom.

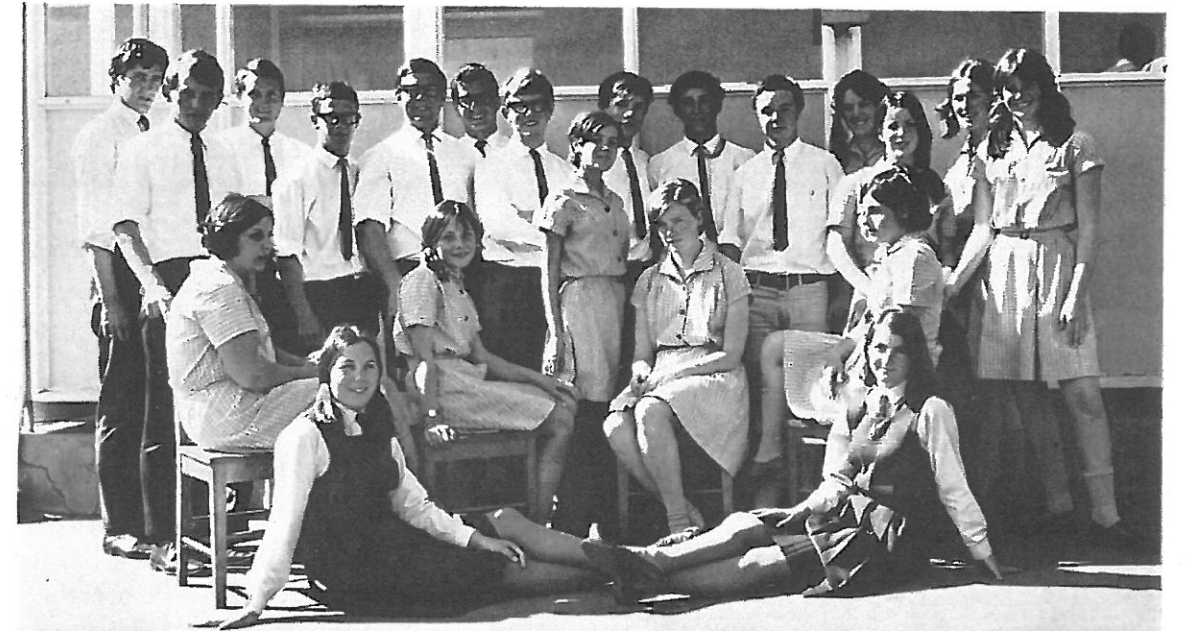
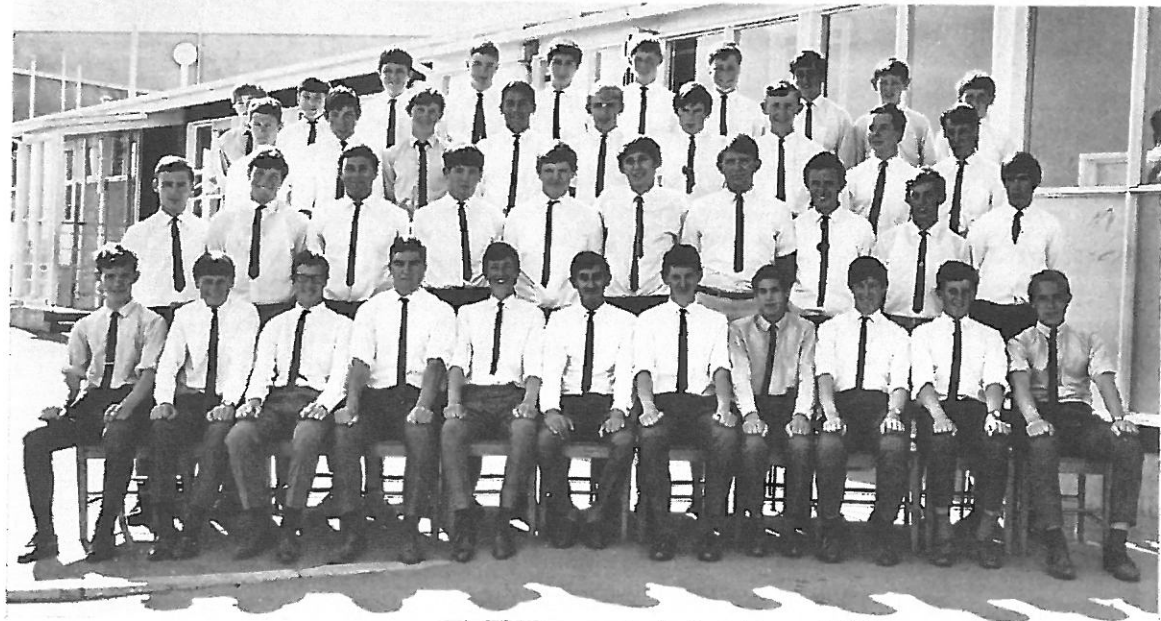
—Christine Morgan, 2A

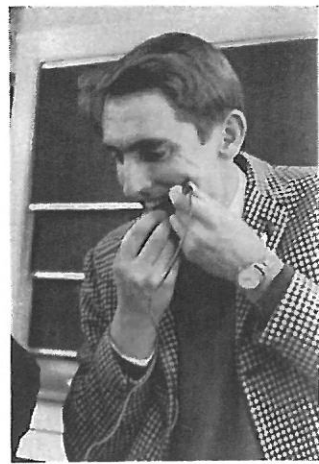
FOG

The fog descended
Silently, gradually,
Like a great, grey fish net.
Being slowly lowered
By a patient fisherman,
Over the town.

—Cheryl Butterworth, 1A







FORM VIA NOTES

Form Mistress: Miss M. Green.
Form Captain: Judy Holmes.
Deputy: Liz Newman.

Shirley Bartholomeusz: As Social Service monitor found it hard to draw blood from a stone.
Gay Barwick: Made a startling debut on the hockey field.
Sue Carrick: The quiet one.
Sandra Deegan: Still studying civil engineering part time.
Gaenor Delaport: Sad to be leaving school.
Chris Dineen: One of Chris's favourite expressions "Ch, Ch, fow, kang, twang, t, tt, ttt".
Eva Foldes: One minute you see her, the next you don't.
Michelle Grinblatt: History brain.
Margaret Hargraves: Deputy Head Prefect.
Pam Hogan: May be as "luckie" as Robyn.
Judy Holmes: Unfortunately marks the roll regularly.
Jean Kennedy: If you can't beat 'em, join 'em.
Robyn Ketels: She's a "luckie" girl.
Kitty Kompé: Thinks she is the 20th Century philosopher.
Jan Laurent: When you are on the "wright" thing, stick to it.
Anne Mountjouris: Brighton High's twiggy.
Liz Newman: Cottoned on to an ex-student at a barbecue.
Marie Nield: A star on the tennis court.
Bev Norris: Academic Ace.
Patty Ross: Vagueness and confusion plus.
Sue Loser: Anyone with some spare tickets for the Caulfield Tech. Ball?
Wendy Russell: "In" with the "out" crowd.
Dianne Surgey: Wanders in and out.
Dearne Wilks: "Clean up the prefects' room."
Jenny Wright: Oh boy! Did Grant let her down?
Mina Zylberstein: Better late than never.
Miss Green: Equal pay for equal work.

—Community Effort

The girls of VIA unanimously thank Miss Green for her guidance throughout the year. Since joining us, her warm friendship and sound advice have been appreciated by us all.

As this is the last year at school for many of us, our thanks also to staff members and fellow pupils, I am sure we will always have happy memories of Brighton High.

Judy Holmes

FORM VIB NOTES

Time: The morning after the night before.

Scene: A quiet class room with many a long lost love carved deep in the deserted desks.

Action: Our esteemed Mrs. Freitag enters, followed by 23 virtuous young damsels.

Dialogue:

Pauline: The enormous sum of 3c has been collected for Social Service. Thanks for your generosity!
Denise: Let's have another casual day. I'll go on the gates to turn away anyone who tries to enter unsuitably dressed.
Sandra C., Anne and Lois: Make it on a Tuesday. We're usually here then.
Lydia: And I volunteer for Carolyn to make the posters.
Sandra D (who conducted Grant House choir): What about a jam session?
Margaret: I'll accompany on my tom-tom.
Kay (the only member of our form who grants the rating of being modest and unassuming): Let's have a sports carnival.
Jan and Jenny: A bash at hockey.
Sheila: Or a volleyball match.
Cheryl (our vice-captain, for once getting a word in edgewise): Okay! Okay! Let's have a bit of order.
Silence reigns.

Marion for once is quiet, no words of wisdom cascade from her pearly lips as she gasps for breath after Mr. Grandy (under the inquiring eye of Mr. Cooke) has chased her around the room.

Other esteemed members of our form, Suzie and Wendy, in all their wisdom gave their basketball coach a cigarette lighter. Alas and alack, he doesn't indulge (i.e., smoke).

Throughout the entire proceedings Sally, Ei Poh Liu and Marie continued with their Maths—to make sure they're not in next year's form notes.

Enter Robyn and Carol-Anne: Sorry to be late, but Mr. Osborne . . .

And as the bell tolls, Ruth, our beloved form captain, arises from her throne and shrieks, "Who the heck is going to write the form notes?"

You have just been listening to the final episode (we hope) of a typical form in a typical school of not so typical students.

FORM VIC NOTES

Aim: To crystallize our thoughts, by fractional distillation, pertaining to the stereochemical abnormalities of the elements of Form 6C.

Reference: With reverence to our beloved leader, the illustrious Mr. Grandy, through whose guidance these unstable elements have managed to avoid mental decomposition throughout the year.

Results and Observations

Basically, Form 6C consists of a period divided into inert gases (Bob Ennis), noble gases (Peter Edwards and Bob MacNamara), bright and reactive elements, Peter "Bic" Biro (large atomic radius), Peter Krikschoo . . . Krooshin . . . Kricket (volatile). Moving across the period we come to the RARE earths (Geoff Tilley (very rare), Wayne Lewis (Who!), Doggy Weeks (Calculus King). There are still a few undiscovered elements such as Alan Boltman and Robert Hillis, traces of which have been seen flitting out of the school.

The next group, the Transition Elements, were discovered by the Oriental genii of Limtye Seng, Eddie Law and Hoe Man Thye.

These elements are characterised by limited sporting activity, Jeff Love (a Duck), Jim Page, Donald Fraser (uses sulphuric acid as an eyewash), Alex (Prally) Panelli, and Brian "Gabriel" Jones, all in the hockey sub-orbital.

The intellectual ligands of the Transition Elements are characterised by those great chess masters, Ed Stewart, Chris (Desert Fox) Hayton, who wrote this anyway, and Alister "Get out and take your books with you" Macdonald.

Finally we come to some unusual and outstanding isotopes, Phillip "Our Man at Carlton" Macaoda, fleetfoot Graeme Wallace, David Jones (footballer extraordinary), Craig Findlay (baseballer extraordinary) and Stuart McEwan (tennis player extraordinary) and David Bloom (extraordinary).

Conclusion

There are 27 pupils in Form 6C, only 26 have been mentioned. Our apologies to No. 27 whom we can't place at the moment.

FORM VID NOTES

Adamson, Brian—Wagnerian waffler. Plays a hot piano at R.I.
Atkins, Greg—Lacadaisical linguist.
Barberio, Raffaele—and he got on his bike and walked off.
Brown, Rick—"Can I borrow . . . ?"
Burton, Matthew—"I'm all ears H.J."
Cameron, Don—In the Clouds of . . .
Campbell, Vic—Enlightened intellectual Irishman. Beauty Irish!!
Cartwright, Les—Let me in!! Open the window and let me in!!
Curren, Dennis—Who's he?
Doyle, Chris—Chris, the Body.
Fleming, Don—Silent, cynical, sharpshooter.
Green, David—Wine, women and Wimbledon.
Frieis, Rob—Scottie. One of the social elite (has a hot E.K.).
Grace, Simon—Intellectual (Rubbish! Rubbish! Rubbish!).
Grunberg, Norm—Jovial.
Haberfield, Mike—Alive, alert and—articulate???
Harris, Alex—Man with a new light fifteen.
Johnston, Charlie—Knows his places.
Kemp, Geoff—Sole advocate of Kempism ("If I ruled the world . . .").

Kerr, Ralph—Made an explosive impact on the library.

Luckie, Tony—Head Prefect ("On behalf of the pupils of Brighton High . . .").

McFadzean, Linton—Meeow!! Catman.

Miller, Dusty—the yawning piscator.

Romeril, Rob—"Hi'ya, Dig!"

Rumney, Peter—The saintly shark.

Salter, John—431 boy, stomps it out.

Sloane, Max—

Stone, Norm—

Titshall, Malcolm—"Be there, 'Tunners!" (The Gay Cavalier).

Whitelaw, Ken—

Willmot, Peter—

IVB NEWS

The word which would describe our form, IVB, perfectly is simply "Wow". We have a class packed with some of the zaniest characters—featuring in all aspects of school life.

Considering the academic aspect first, our English classes are conducted by Mrs. Diakovsky who had a few spots of trouble during the year with the measles (but after they had finished, WE were still there!). "Handsome Harry" Jess is always making and breaking world records for lightning-quick precis masterpieces and Sue Robinson, Suzanne McDonald and Betsy Hill liven up the class with brilliant expressions every now and then.

Our Maths class, under the direction of Mrs. McAllister, is the home of true "intelligentsia"—Philip Wylie, Chen, Glenda Bawden and Esther Rubinstein—always working away industriously . . . (it is rumoured that they may at any time now, calculate how many seconds in a century!).

The French lesson with Mrs. Lewinson is a period of deep thinking for many of our members. We have many great thinkers—John Law, hiding behind that sweet, innocent smile of his, is always busy planning some hideous method of sabotaging the lesson, while Michael Singer is usually caught in the process of inventing mathematical theorems. Julie ("England 4 ever, Australia 4 never") White, Ray Whitlock and Alicia Hameau (from Chile) are always helping out by answering questions. "Grime" Nankerville has, unfortunately, been the victim of Mrs. Lewinson's mis-pronunciations!

Science is a period which everyone loves and understands(?) thoroughly (??). Whatever the subject, it's always a pleasure to learn from our mighty, enthusiastic Mr. Osborne. In the scientific field, Olwyn Hughes has been doing some private research, the results of which have somehow changed her hair colour to various shades of pink, blonde and mauve. Sandra Picks' crystal-growing experiment was a great success—she was the only person who succeeded in forming a crystal, less than growing it! Marion Pitts (riot in her play) and Jillian Hart are frequently involved in heated discussions over the preparation of cordial. Also Colin Pearce was "enlightened" recently by having his appendix removed (though, you may be relieved to know, it was through no fault of our Biology class!).

Geography, under the supervision of Mrs. Spicer is also another of the more serious type classes. They are often helped along by Glenda's colour slides (Glenda, it seems, has been everywhere in Victoria!). We manage to complete our work with the help of our Geog. enthusiasts: Robyn Mather, an expert at map-work and Janine Haskin who can usually be relied on for an answer. Mrs. Spicer was always willing to "fill in the gaps".

Mr. Plunkett's History class is the scene of open

discussions regarding the rights of women, among other topics! Usually our affirmative squad are Sophie George, Sandra Duncan and Roslyn Lismann, combating the sole Mr. Plunkett.

We also have artistic geni such as Phillip Hall, who "fixes" anything he gets his hands on to, while Fiona Dow (from New Zealand) is busily occupied drawing flowers.

In between classes, one may find Michael "Dasher" Broomhall barging through corridors in order to secure the front seat. He is hotly pursued by David "Speedy" Schnall, but unfortunately "Speedy" is just not quite speedy enough and has to be content with second desk.

During the lunch hours, Sue Rowe, ably assisted by Jenny Mutz provide sweet(?) musical entertainment to their friends, while out on the lawns, one may find Allison Wallace STILL trying patiently to teach Tawna Brown (from California) good ol' Aussie. Talking of the lunch hour, special thanks go to our capable lunch monitor, Steven Smith.

On the sporting scene, our boys have had something "different" in Mr. Pearson's P.E. . . . (oops)—PHYSICAL EDUCATION classes—being taught various new spats with only a low percentage ending up crippled!! Individual stars on the sporting field are Elenora Berzins, a newcomer who is always in fine shape . . . especially at javelin! Next comes Alec Savicky—the form's soccer star. Unfortunately, he has been plagued by injuries all year and has been unable to display his talents. Then there is Michael "Supersudds" Sutton—champion "surfie". Last but not least, Lindsay Trott, alias "Supersniff", is superb in baseball.

Our form captains, Teresa Vaughan and Tony (the box) Prowse have been "beaut" and have done a terrific job.

In conclusion, we would like to thank all our teachers for their guidance and patience (and bravery!) throughout the year. Special thanks go to our great form teacher, Mrs. Diakovsky, who has helped us wherever possible.



JOIE—V. Lees, 3E



BAHAMAS

GIRLS' TENNIS TEAM — 1967

This year, unlike previous ones, School Tennis has been run by a different system. Instead of two separate teams—a Senior and a Junior playing on different days—the two were united together. In all, there were four pairs.

The team consisted of: Jan Mullin-Sue Maclure; Pam Seggie-Marie Nield; Mandy Baldwin-Dianne Moore; Sandra Duncan-Jill Hart.

Tennis was played only during the summer months. During that time our only loss was against Highett High. It was a very good match and ended with our defeat—2 rubbers to their 2 rubbers, 1 set. This one loss caused our elimination from the final which was very unfortunate.

Had there been a little more interest taken in School Tennis I think we would have set a very high standard of play. We have the players—but even their great interest is diminished after a certain time. It is only a small minority who keep School Tennis going on.

Finally, I would like to thank all the members of the team for their participation and good play during the year.

Sue Maclure

GIRLS' ATHLETICS REPORT

Due to circumstances beyond our control, Brighton High was this year demoted to Nepean B Division. But undeterred, we endeavoured to display our ability and high spirit and gained second position to Elwood High, the final points being 174 to 179½.

In B Division, Pam Moray ran extremely well to gain firsts in the U/13 75 and 100 yards. In the U/15 section our only first was won by Susan O'Neill in the 150 yards, which was in record time. In the U/17 Jeltje Fanoy won the 220 yards, Jan Rixon won the Javelin and the Relay had a convincing win. Heather Carr was our only winner in the U/16 section and she won the discus with an excellent throw. Our next successful section was the open, where Kay Johnston won the shot and discus, Jan Rixon won the hurdles, Linda Hancock the long jump and Sandra Deegan the 100 and 220 yards.

Of the successful girls in B Division who later competed in A Division, the most fortunate girls were Pam Moray who won the U/13 75 and 100 yards, Kay Johnston who won the open javelin, the open relay who once again had a convincing win and Heather Carr who broke the record in the U/16 discus. These girls shall now represent the Nepean Division in the All Highs at Olympic Park.

However, our success this year was due not only to our winners, but to the numerous place-getters, and we were proud of all who participated.

Our thanks go also to Miss Hughes and Miss Green, who took so much interest in the training of our athletes.

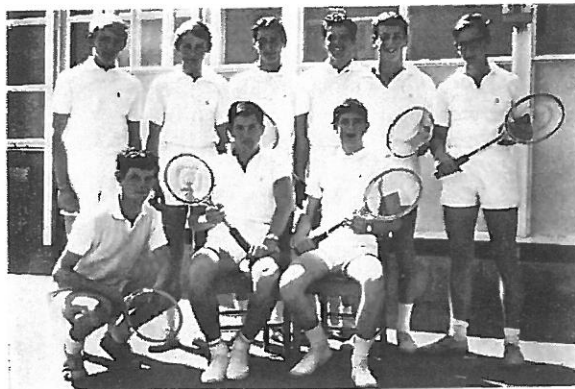
Sandra Deegan

VOLLEYBALL NOTES

Both the Open and Under 15 volleyball teams have worked well this season and although they did not win every game their teamwork, attitude and sportsmanship were a credit to their school. The teams put a lot of effort and time into practices and certainly went all out to improve their game. We have truly appreciated the valuable and helpful advice from both Mrs. Tribe and Miss Hughes, who gave up much of their own free time to help us.

Many thanks to those girls in the teams who co-operated and played so well throughout the season





1967 CRICKET REPORT — 1st XI

The 1967 1st XI was almost identical to that which reached the semi-final in 1966. The results, however, were not quite as good as were expected. All games were played on under-prepared, water-logged wickets and a team that relied heavily on strong batting was at a disadvantage. Despite a loss in the first match to Highett, the team spirit remained high and in the following games good wins were recorded over Elwood and Hampton, with the result that the team missed on the finals by one point. In the absence through injury of John Salter in one game, vice-captain Geoff Pountney led the team well. Thanks must be conveyed to Mr. Morris whose advice and coaching has resulted in great improvement in the school 1st XI's over this and the previous year.

It is hoped that in the future more enthusiasm is shown in school sport. The general attitude towards sport in this and previous years has tended to be apathetic.

The results:

Highett High 163 (Rumney 4/32, Cummings 3/6) v. Brighton High 118 (Liddell 20).
Brighton High 87 (Fitcher 23, Pountney 22) v. Elwood High 75 (Rumney 8/35).
Brighton High 79 and 6/51 v. Hampton High 53 and 52 (Rumney 7/19, Pountney 4/31, Rumney 5/11).

John Salter



SWIMMING NOTES

The House Swimming Sports were held this year at the Richmond Pool. The final result was Lonsdale 1st, Phillip 2nd, Grant 3rd, and Murray 4th.

In the girls section Lonsdale was first with 134½ points, Phillip second with 89, Murray third with 85 points and Grant fourth with 47.

The individual events included backstroke, breaststroke, freestyle of varied lengths, and in the open and U/16 butterfly June Maclure, who also came second in an open event, won, with Sandra Chisholm who won the U/12's, second. Andrea Edward, Wendy Campbell and Jenny Parry, who was also placed in an U/16 event, each won an U/13 event. Jurine Bigelow won an U/14 event and also came 2nd in the open butterfly. Sue Maclure won two events.

In the U/15's, Betty Potton, Meg Maclure, who also won the U/16 butterfly and Teresa Vaughn won an event.

In the U/16's, Wendy Beer, Lorraine Mutz and Kerry Maclure gained places in each event. Sue Loser won each open event with Marcia Edwards, Kaye Shaw and Carol Swann gaining places.

In the relays Lonsdale won the open, U/14 and U/12. Murray won the U/16, Grant the U/15, and Phillip the U/13. The diving events were open to only two age groups. In the U/14's Robyn Ritchie came first and Denise Hanlon second. Linda Hancock won the open, Debbie Hiller coming second. These divers also gained places in their swimming events.

No records are available, due to circumstances at that time, for the combined swimming sports, but the results of this carnival are. We competed in the A Division sports at the Olympic Pool. In the Senior section Brighton came second and in both the Intermediate and Junior section we came 5th. Combining these together we came third in the aggregate.

Thanks to everyone, organisers and competitors, concerned with these two carnivals and good luck to each house and then to the school for next year's competition.

Sue Loser, Kerry Maclure

as they did a marvellous job. They are: Janet Rixon, Sandra Danson, Carol Swann, Debbie Thompson, Ourania Mountjouris and Jenny Dalton in the Open team. In the Under 15's Robyn Phin gave invaluable help and the rest of the team, Dianne Moor, Joan Fidler, Sally Atkins, Susan Lewis, Janet Hall, Angela Banoff, Jenny Moore, and Barbara Panelli supported her nobly. May next year's volleyball teams be just as successful and I wish them good luck.

J. Bellamy, Captain



B.H.S. BOYS' HOCKEY '67

Inspiration first came in our fourth match. Surprisingly enough we scored our first goals. Although we had no coach throughout the season, the boys quickly grouped themselves into a team. Persistence was the keynote. Encouragement from spectators formed the tune. Notably this was the reason for our moral victory over Woodville and it mattered little that we did not win.

The outstanding forwards were Gordon Seddon, Jeremy Newman, Jeff Love, Peter Kriksianus and David Bloom, Errol O'Leary, David Allardice, Alex Panelli and Jim Page starred on the half line. Naturally our best backs were Brian Jones and Craig Jacques. The year's glories were led by Mr. Hargrave who occasionally saw us play.

In two matches we scored our total of six goals. Against this, the opposition did not score too many goals. Ralph Kerr, who scored the most goals, was also our best defender. Yoland "Spaghetti" Lim Sim Huat was courageous in his attempts to procure oranges.

Jeff Love

SOFTBALL REPORT

Perhaps a little overconfident after our convincing win over Highett, the softball team completed the season with two defeats. Elwood provided the first disappointment. However suicidal temptations were vanquished and equanimity restored when we realised victory would certainly have been ours had the match been finished. But also realizing this, Elwood High had engaged our return buses early to ensure their success.

The next match was played against Hampton High at Brighton. In spite of wildly enthusiastic support from the school, we were again defeated. Our excuse—the Hampton pitcher was in the State team. And the screaming Brighton mob cheered cynically whenever a runner reached first base.

Despite such an unsuccessful season, we are determined to win every match next year. Many thanks to Miss Green for her advice, encouragement and coaching—she has contributed to the pleasure we have enjoyed.

Adrian Howe, Captain

BRIGHTON HIGH GOLF TEAM 1967

This year the golf team was well represented by Tony Lucky (captain); Barry Silver (2); Les Stewart (3); Peter Bott (4); Don Fleming (5); Peter Biro (6); Chris Hayton and reserves, Lindsay Gulliver and Doug Fitcher. The potential of the team was such that if the competition had not been abandoned we could have easily won another premiership pennant for the school. The team won two matches and halved the other, most successful players being: Tony, Barry, Don and Peter Biro, all with two wins each. Every

match had a close and exciting finish and the standard of play, especially Tony's and Barry's, was very high. The team thanks Tony for providing transport.

Peter Biro, Barry Silver

SOCCER SCENE 1967

The Brighton High School soccer eleven were perhaps not as successful as they have been in previous years. We found we were fighting an uphill battle due to the loss of last year's stars in Tom Stoydinavich and Steve Kirokites coupled with increasing strengthening in our opposition. However, with these factors against us we still managed to defeat three of the four opposing teams, just failing to qualify for the finals.

In our first practice game we were soundly thrashed by South Melbourne Tech., 6 goals to 1, with Robert Friels the only player showing real ability. However, the defeat did not deter us and we went into the first round of our competition by beating Melbourne High in our second practice match, 3 goals to nil. Goal scorers were Robert Friels (2) and Alan Boltman (1). These two players and Henry Otto performed well in this particular game, with Geoff Kemp being a valuable attacker after coming on as a substitute.

Our third game for the year was also our first competitive match and the team proved to have learned something from their previous practice matches by beating Highett 2 goals to nil, Robert Friels scoring both goals. Alan Boltman, Henry Otto and Graham Bartholemew played extremely well. This took us into the second round of the competition in which we beat Hampton High 4 goals to 1, scorers being Colin Jackson (1), Graham Bartholemew (1) and Robert Friels (2). Later in the competition we also beat Hampton on their own ground by 2 goals to 1, the scorers again being Colin Jackson and Robert Friels.

We were now into the last round of our section, being matched against a very strong Elwood team. After a great game by all we were narrowly beaten 3 goals to 1 and failed to qualify for the finals. Best players in the final game were Friels, Boltman, Jackson and Bartholemew, with Friels scoring the only goal.

Although we did not qualify for the finals the team put up fighting displays throughout the season. Robert Friels coached and captained the side throughout the year and he also represented Brighton in the Victorian High Schools team against the Victorian Tech. Schools. Alan Boltman was also a great vice-captain and played some courageous games throughout. Special mention must also be given to Colin Jackson, Graham Bartholemew, Henry Otto and Geoff Kemp for their consistency and support throughout the year.

Robert Friels, 6D



GIRLS 5-A-SIDE BASKETBALL

If you can't beat 'em, join 'em—thus reasoned a few wildly enthusiastic girls who took on men's basketball (minus the men). Under the inspiring appellation of "Brighton High", the team races off to Albert Park every Saturday morning for matches. Opposing teams take one look at Big "S" and shrink back in horror. This advantage plus brilliant teamwork has already earned the team two victories. We have defeated Ascot Vale 38-7 and Albert Park 44-23 and have high hopes for winning the Under 18 B Grade competition.

Thanks to Mr. Pearson, Carol Swann and Miss Hughes for their help and organization of the team.

Adrian Howe

SQUASH 1967

In the absence of any real inter-house or inter-school competition, Brighton High has again offered little or no incentive for active participation in the squash field. The relatively few inter-school matches have met, in most cases, with dismal failure—due in the main to lack of co-operation.

The motley collection of bodies congregates at Bay St. around 2.45, bashes the ball around for an hour or so and departs in a homeward direction as soon after 3.30 as possible. The mob is virtually left to its own devices with the inevitable result that little or no real squash is played.

On the rare occasions of an inter-school match, a "team" is whipped together and told to report to the courts.

I cannot relate the year's squash events as there is really nothing of any worth to write. I can however suggest a few improvements in the present squash system which may lead to a more powerful and more closely co-operating body of present individuals.

(a) As in football, cricket, tennis, etc., we need an active house competition.

(b) We need to assemble the strongest squash team we possibly can and then to provide them with some form of training.

(c) We need to promote the game of squash between schools to the same level as that now occupied by football, cricket, tennis, etc.

(d) We need greater incentives (particularly from the school) to develop and exploit the talent that is now wasting away.

In short, to rid ourselves of the apathetic surroundings in this so-called school sport.

Peter Edwards

BOYS' ATHLETICS NOTES

The school team for this year's athletics carnival was very narrowly defeated in a last race decision in favour of our strongest opponents, Elwood High. Brighton High arrived with high hopes of carrying off the cup, for this, our first year in the Nepean B Division. Our defeat was certainly disheartening, but was by no means discouraging. The athletes performed valiantly, but what was even more noticeable was the spirited support from those in the grandstand; if ever Brighton had an enthusiastic cheer-squad, then this was it.

There were so many successful athletes, that to mention all of them in this report would be quite impracticable. However, hearty congratulations must be extended to Kim Brown, who not only won the Under 17 Shotput at the Nepean Division sports, but also went on to gain a 2nd in the strongly competitive "All High" sports.

My sincere thanks and appreciation on behalf of all the competitors is offered to the non-competitors who supported us so vigorously.

Mr. Archer and Mr. Cooke too are worthy of our deep gratitude for their spirited and highly successful attempts to inject optimism and enthusiasm into the boys on the morning prior to the day of the meeting.

B. T. Scott



BASEBALL TEAM — 1967

After attempting to defeat Woodville for seven years, we finally succeeded in an exciting game watched by all the school. Woodville's defeat, 8-1, was their first in all the years of the great competition between the two schools. The game was played in a competitive spirit with plenty of fire and enthusiasm shown by both sides.

Brighton's inexperienced team combined well together against a strong Woodville side. From the beginning when Woodville scored the first run, tension built up until Brighton, with sustained pressure, broke Woodville's spirit and concentration. From then on, Brighton never looked back.

It is the team's hope that in future years more interest will be shown in this section of sport. Well done!

These players represented the school throughout the year: G. Pountney, J. Ellis, J. Cummings, R. Romeril, W. Lewis, K. Brown, J. Salter, C. Findlay, G. Tilley, D. Fitcher, G. Griffiths, T. Butler, J. Quelsh, D. Jones.

R. Romeril

HOCKEY REPORT, 1967

This year saw a change for the better as far as girls' hockey is concerned in Brighton High School. This year, as with last year, no victories were scored on the field. With the help of Miss Green and Mrs. Tribe, and the assistance of Miss Hughes, we gained experience and co-operation within the teams.

With many promising junior players coming up into the senior teams in future years, I am sure that the performances of the team in later years will improve. The second team consisted entirely of 3rd and 4th formers. With the practical experience gained by them this year, they should present a formidable force next year provided we do not lose the teachers who supported us.

The first team this year consisted of: G. Barwick (VI), L. Boltman (V), J. Cameron (III), J. Fanoy (V), L. Harwood (V), K. Johnston (VI), captain, J. Kennedy (VI), G. Porter (V), C. Servante (IV), L. Stewart (IV) and J. Wright (VI).

These girls, although some will be lost from the team next year, should provide a strong backbone for future teams.

Once again, thanks must go to Miss Green and Mrs. Tribe and to Miss Hughes for the arranging, by her, of the matches against Highett, Elwood, Hampton and St. Leonard's.

Kay Johnston

GIRLS' UNDER 15 BASKETBALL — 1967

This year we had three successful wins out of four. The first match of the year was against St. Leonard's, which we won 25 to 16. Highett was the

next school we played against and we also beat them 22 to 19. The third match was against Hampton, which ended up 49 to 26. Needless to say it was a good match. The fourth and final match was against Elwood and we defeated them 19 to 18. All the matches were exciting and very interesting to watch. Without the wonderful help Miss Hughes has given throughout the year, coaching, helping and encouraging us, we would not have done as well as we did. So I think all the girls owe a special thanks to Miss Hughes.

This year's team was:

Goal shooter: Barbara Elston.

Goal attack: Anita Lowe.

Wing attack: Leanne Brown.

Centre: Robyn Ritchie (captain).

Defence wing: Myra Danson.

2nd defence: Lynda McConnell.

1st defence: Susan Maclure (vice-captain).

Four girls from the team went to Woodville High School with the basketball team and had a wonderful time. They were: Robyn Ritchie, Lynda McConnell, Myra Danson and Leanne Brown.

Robyn Ritchie, Captain

SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL REPORT

Not for many years has a Brighton basketball team been so successful. Not for many years have a basketball coach and captain been so proud. All our training and all our team spirit and squad unity has finally paid dividends.

The Senior A basketball team scored victory after victory but was not satisfied until it became premiers of the Nepean Division. The first match of the season against Highett Brighton won 23-19. Brighton also defeated Hampton and Elwood 36-30 and 36-6 respectively. The highlight of the season was the grand final against Beaumaris, where Brighton completed a good year's work by defeating them 34-18. The scores do not tell the true story of the grand final. Beaumaris, like Brighton, was out for a win, and it was not until after half time that Brighton began to convincingly take the lead. I feel our win came as a result of our team spirit and concord. Brighton played as a team, spurred on by the ever encouraging support of other members of the squad.

The members of the grand final team were Adrian Howe, Aurora Romanella, Suzie Fussell, captain, Sue Loser, Kaye Shaw, Linda Hancock and Debbie Hiller. Wendy Fletcher, Barbara Datka and Edna Possamentier also played in some of the matches in the 1st basketball team throughout the year.

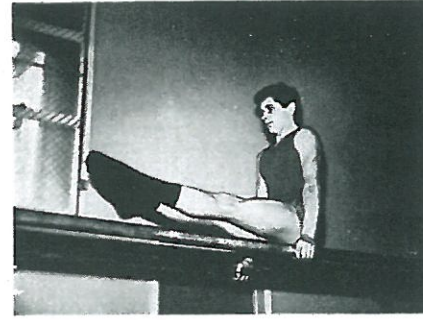
The Senior B basketball team, however, was not as successful as the first. For each match the team was chosen from Ann McNamara, Barbara Datka, Edna Possamentier, captain, Betty Melnik, Barbara Blake, Wendy Fletcher, Kerry Maclure, Fiona Colin



and Angela Salter. Brighton 2nds were narrowly defeated by Hightett 18-19, and Hampton 29-23. They drew with Elwood 10 goals all.

Every year Brighton plays a social match against St. Leonard's. This year both Brighton teams were successful in defeating St. Leonard's. Brighton A team won 38-23 and Brighton B team won 26-19.

This year the Woodville trip was more a social event than a sporting trip. The 1st Brighton team, which competed against Woodville, were unfortunately defeated 42-15. The team members were Robyn Ritchie, Aurora Romanella, Suzie Fussell, Kaye



Shaw, Wendy Fletcher, Linda Hancock and Debbie Hiller.

All thanks and congratulations must go to Mr. Grandy for the time and effort that he has put into coaching our (in my opinion) ever improving teams. Also thanks to all the girls in the squad for their enthusiasm and co-operation throughout the season, and finally to Miss Hughes for arranging our matches.

Best of luck to the Senior Basketball Squad for 1968.

Suzie Fussell, Captain



REVELATION LANDSCAPE—Robert Romeril, 6

People '67

VIA

Bartholomeust, Shirley
Barwick, Gay
Carrick, Susan
Deegan, Sandra
Delaport, Gaenor
Dineen, Christine
Foldes, Eva
Grinblat, Hanna
Hargraves, Margaret
Hogan, Pam
Holmes, Judy
Kennedy, Jean
Ketels, Robyn
Kompe, Grace
Laurent, Jan
Loser, Sue
Mountjouris, Anne
Newman, Elizabeth
Nield, Maree
Norris, Beverley
Ross, Patricia
Russell, Wendi
Surgey, Dianne
Wilks, Dearn
Wright, Jennifer
Zylberstein, Mina
Chen Lian Yong

VIB

Bellamy, Jennifer
Birch, Margaret
Caplan, Marion
Carne, Cheryl
Cooke, Sandra
Danson, Sandra
Dyer, Denise
Ez-Poh Liu
Fletcher, Wendy
Frydenberg, Ruth
Fussell, Suzanne
Gill, Rosalie
Goodman, Lyda
Gray, Sheila
Henthorn, Pauline
Howson, Robyn
Hopcraft, Sally
Lear, Carolyn
Mah-Gak-Choo
Martin, Lois
Robinson, Anne
Rogers, Marie
Swann, Carol-Anne
Johnston, Janice
Johnston, Kay

VIC

Bird, Peter
Bloom, David
Boltman, Harold
Edwards, Peter
Ennis, Robert
Findlay, Craig
Fraser, Donald

Hayton, Christopher
Hillis, Robert
Hoe, Man Thye
Jones, Brian
Jones, David
Krikscionas, Peter
Law, Meng
Lewis, Christopher
Lim, Lye
Love, Geoffrey
MacDonald, Alister
McEwan, Stuart
McNamara, Robert
Page, James
Panelli, Alexander
Capp, Stanley
Tilley, Geoffrey
Wallace, Graeme
Weeks, Raymond
Macauda, Phillip

VID

Adamson, Brian
Atkins, Gregory
Barberio, Raffaele
Brown, Richard
Burton, Matthew
Cameron, Donald
Campbell, Victor
Cartwright, Leslie
Currer, Dennis
Doyle, Christopher
Fleming, Donald
Friels, Robert
Grace, Simon
Green, David
Grunberg, Norman
Haberfield, Mike
Harris, Alexander
Johnston, Charles
Kemp, Geoffrey
Kerr, Ralph
Luckie, Anthony
McFadzean, Lynton
Miller, David
Romeril, Robert
Rumney, Peter
Salter, John
Sloane, Maxwell
Stone, Maurice
Titshall, Malcolm
Whitelaw, Kenneth
Willmot, Peter

VIE

Boston, Walter
Bott, Peter
Brucell, Peter
Carins, Peter
Chai, Chin
Chandler, Douglas
Cumming, John
Harding, James
Jack, David
James, William
Kras, Abraham
Lim, Sim
Majman, John
Nicholls, Byron
Nielsen, Tony
Pountney, Geoffrey
Rayson, Peter
Rashleigh, Garrance
Romer, Andrew

Scott, Basil (VC)
Scott, Kenneth
Silver, Barry (C)
Sims, Robert
Smith, Kenneth
Splitter, Laurance
Stone, John
Yang, Win

VA

Benedykt, Simon
Black, Garry
Capp, Stanley
Coats, Howard
Condon, John
Davidson, David
Deering, David
Grinberg, Jacques
Howe, Phillip
Jackson, Colin
Jackson, David
Joliffe, Graeme
Korn, George
Korn, Garry
Lippert, Ronald
Mendelovits, David
Nicholls, Graeme
Silverstein, Mervyn
Sprague, William
Swain, Mark
Warren, Neil
Silverman, Julian
Armytage, Richard
Yang, Win
Saw, Chee
Bayly, Judith
Brindle, Elizabeth
Brockley, Judith
Coe, Suzanne
Datka, Carbera
Edwards, Marcia
Hancock, Linda
Kennedy, Margaret
Loewe, Sandra
Muntz, Kathleen
MacLure, Kerry
Nix, Pamela
Selzer, Edith
Shields, Jillian
Swain, Carol
Thomas, Laurel
Wilks, Robyn
Woodcock, Elizabeth
Rowell, Margaret
Nichols, Deborah

VB

Bilan, Christopher
Butler, Kenneth
Chamberlain, Kenneth
Chisholm, Wallace
Daur, George
Fitcher, Douglas
Gill, Donald
Goldberg, Henry
Gulliver, Lindsay
Harvest, Rick
Healy, Dennis
Lewis, Mark
McDonough, Peter
McKenzie, Ian
Maxey, Glen

Mellet, Noel
Moor, Trevor
Simpson, Christopher
Skurnik, Mark
Steinberg, Robert
Stevens, Graham
Taylor, Alexander
Williams, Douglas
Bailey, Glenda
Emmanuelle, Lynette
Fanoy, Jeltje
Frith, Catherine
Hakman, Doris
Harrison, Michelle
Knapp, Christine
Munro, Judith
Murphy, Lucy
Porter, Gayle
Robertson, Ruth
Ross, Margaret
Seggie, Pamela
Yoskowitz, Aviva
Peer, Miriam

VC

Best, David
Brown, Geoffrey
Brown, Ian
Decker, John
Edgar, Michael
Edwards, Stephen
Hanlon, Neil
Hobbs, Ian
Lawrie, Terry
Liddell, Neil
Otto, Henry
Orbach, Joseph
Radonich, John
Reed, Keith
Scott, Barry
Sherritt, David
Shields, Neil
Simmons, Ashley
Smith, Alan
Wickow, Michael
Brown, Kim
Dalton, Jennifer
Finlayson, Judith
Franks, Susan
Harvey, Sally
Hiller, Deborah
Holmes, Denise
McCorkelle, Janet
Mills, Shirley
Mutz, Lorraine
Nudelberg, Harriette
Posamentier, Edna
Sinka, Anna
Stapleton, Janet
Terbiler, Genia
Tolley, Wendy
Trotter, Helen
Turner, Nonie
Ward, Judith
Watson, Yvonne
Wetton, Pauline
Willows, Jennifer
Yeoh, Saw

VD

Chan, Shang
Chapman, Brian
Carr, Dennis

Curnow, Christopher
Davidson, Morris
Goodwin, David
Gray, Peter
Hendrie, Peter
Lovett, Rodney
Pitts, Colin
Quelch, John
Richter, David
Starosta, Rudolph
Schneider, David
Stone, Robert
Wallis, Lynn
Warshall, Michael
Watson, Dennis
Zukar, Jano
Lastman, Andrew
Boltman, Linda
Colin, Fiona
Crompton, Pam
Dawson, Elizabeth
Hackman, Nola
Kay, Theresa
Morrees, Frances
Mountjouris, Ourania
Rixon, Janet
Rosenthal, Rosemary
Smith, Jennifer
Strunan, Lee
Toe, Glenda

VE

Allardice, David
Cottingham, Grant
Dunlop, Robert
Freilich, Max
Nowland, Frederick
Ogle, Martin
Ray, Graham
Sievers, Geoffrey
Stone, David
Suter, Steven
Tounson, David
Annis, Virginia
Aizenbud, Rose
Berger, Susan
Borowick, Lesley
Carr, Gillian
Frank, Erica
George, Dorothy
Harwood, Lynette
Howe, Adrian
Mega, Lucy
Morrell, Dianne
Mouat, Lynette
Mullin, Jan
McGill, Margaret
Peter, Kathleen
Romonella, Aurora
Shaw, Kay
Singer, Pam
Skeat, Kay
Stevens, Joy
Terrell, Ruth
Thompson, Deborah
Wright, Lynette

IVA

Adler, Paul
Batagol, Robin
Bazeley, Richard
Butterworth, Lesley
Caplan, Mark

Crompton, Barry
Gilpin, Robert
Harvest, Peter
Hopcraft, Peter
Jones, Hugh
Keam, Kenneth
McIntyre, Neil
Smith, James
Stirling, Robert
Taunton, Peter
Taunton, David
Taysom, Stephen
Wilson, Peter
Hurwitz, Arwin
Blake, Barbara
Chytill, Jeanne
Collins, Gaye
Cropley, Janice
Cummins, Deborah
Delaporte, Helen
Fletcher, Dianne
Gamilis, Evangeline
Herrmann, Gertrude
Maclure, Margaret
Melnik, Betty
Panelli, Barbara
Percival, Dinah
Servante, Christine
Taysom, Gael
Urban, Pamela
Vukadinovic, Nada
Westney, Candida
Whiting, Helen
Jackson, Virginia

IVB

Broomhall, Michael
Chen, Chew
Hall, Phillip
Jess, Henry
Law, John
Nankiville, Graeme
Pearse, Colin
Prowse, Anthony
Savicky, Alec
Schnall, David
Singer, Michael
Smith, Stephen
Sutton, Michael
Trott, Lindsay
Whitlock, Raymond
Wylie, Phillip
Duncan, Sandra
George, Sophia
Hart, Jill
Haskin, Janine
Hill, Elizabeth
Hughes, Olwyn
Lismann, Roslyn
Mather, Robyn
McDonald, Susanne
Mutz, Jennifer
Pinch, Sandra
Pitts, Marion
Robinson, Sue
Rowe, Susan
Rubinstein, Esther
Vaughan, Teresa
Wallace, Alison
Wilson, Lesley
Baawden, Glenda
White, Julie
Hameau, Alicia

Berzins, Elenora
Dow, Fiona
Brown, Tawna

IVC

Adams, Graeme
Bakker, Hank
Carne, Glen
Corcoran, Michael
Davey, Paul
Devine, Peter
Gilmour, Peter
Griffith, Geoffrey
Harbour, Neil
Moor, Ross
Ratz, Lorenz
Renyi, Leslie
Roberts, Jeffrey
Arscott, Jillian
Baldwyn, Mandy
Chandphith, Chansy
Dutton, Sally
Eagle, Loraine
Frankenberg, Rosa
Gardner, Diane
Gibson, Heather
Giles, Helen
Hillis, Wendy
Lawry, Sandra
Phillips, Rhonda
Ping, Leonie
Potton, Elizabeth
Quelch, Christine
Salter, Angela
Sarvari, Judy
Simonelis, Virginia
Stewart, Lindy
Sunthorn, Aroun
Talbot, Jacqueline
Wardrop, Jan
Wood, Valma
Young, Heather

IVD

Bartholemeso, Graham
Booth, Russell
Cole, Michael
Cornelius, Simon
Davies, Leigh
Golley, William
Jayne, Colin
Kanasorous, Louis
Kleinman, David
Kitchen, Gary
Kloot, Phillip
Michaeliellas, Mario
O'Leary, Errol
Page, Anthony
Russell, Pierre
Seddon, Gordon
Steele, Gregory
Turner, Simon
Port, Malcolm
Beer, Wendy
Cherry, Christine
Fletcher, Lynda
Hersfeld, Geraldine
Lee, Melissa
Mackenzie, Julie
McNamara, Ann
Miller, Jennifer
Monkhouse, Robyn

Miles, Glynis
Peter, Marilyn
Wolf, Katrina
Rowell, Beth

IVE

Allison, Wendy
Buckland, Ann
Brilliant, Evalyn
Clayton, Jennifer
Curtis, Carolyn
Fidler, Joan
Giles, Patricia
Hall, Janel
Hanby, Robyn
Healy, Julie
Mann, Monica
Meese, Kerry
Moor, Dianne
Neville, Dianne
Shelton, Dianne
Wealands, Jan
Welsford, Dianne

IVF

Bartholomeu, Warren
Boyd, David
Breen, Gregory
Cohen, David
Gale, Geoffrey
Henthorn, Philip
Hogan, Lawrence
Jones, Trevor
McFadzean, Barry
Mitchell, Ross
Patey, William
Terbiler, Benjamin
West, John
Zomer, Henry
Andrawartha, Jill
Gleeson, Rosalie
Halley, Kay
Jedwab, Margaret
Moodie, Pamela
Price, Judith
Ronai, Erica
Sokolowski, Rose
Took, Judith
Twomey, Catherine

IIIA

Binnington, Rodney
Bishop, Trevor
Butler, Trevor
Cowlshaw, Keith
Davidson, Lance
Falkingham, Geoffrey
Golding, Ian
McQuilten, Peter
Pister, George
Tescher, Gary
Ward, John
Austin, Carolyn
Barkell, Jennifer
Boyd, Lenore
Brown, Janet
Brown, Leanne
Cameron, Janet
Carpay, Sharon
Carr, Heather
Cumming, Wendy
Danson, Myra
Ennis, Linda
Gates, Merryn

Hanlon, Denise
Jeffrey, Carol
Jackson, Carol
Lubransky, Kay
Marks, Susanne
Moray, Susan
Orr, Katherine
Sims, Elizabeth
Smith, Frances
McDonough, Karen

IIIB

Bloom, Lewis
Ducat, Clive
Horwood, Colin
Kamer, Benny
Lindstrom, Ernest
Mountjouis, Michael
Oliver, Michael
Richter, Maurice
Samolin, Gary
Shapcott, John
Smith, Peter
Sput, Michael
Tempany, Jeffrey
Trunoff, Paul
Wright, Allan
Slater, John
Carman, Jannette
Cornelius, Patricia
Didcock, Christine
Felder, Lynn
Hanbalik, Marilyn
Henderson, Cheryl
Imberger, Angelica
Joanides, Helen
Koopmans, Anne
McKenzie, Jennifer
Rosner, Frances
Stuart, Deborah
Waterson, Patricia
Amasow, Tavis
Haebich, Pamela
Wiggin, Sherry

IIIC

Bradley, Gregory
Cohen, Gary
Dineen, Ross
Faram, Douglas
Grant, John
Hough, Ian
Kay, Victor
Liarakos, George
Moore, Peter
Morgan, David
O'Brien, Roger
Richards, Gary
Rolley, Evan
Stewart, Bertie
Wort, Stephen
Alder, Lesley
Atkins, Sally
Banoff, Angela
Bounton, Christine
Burton, Hannah
Cockroft, Marilyn
Crooke, Pamela
Elston, Barbara
Giles, Jeanette
Graves, Louise
Harwood, Joan
Loewe, Anita
O'Neill, Susan
Russell, Beverley

Stevens, Denise
Talmadge, Margaret
Weeks, Barbara

IIID

Blakeley, Timothy
Boyd, Alexander
Don, David
Friels, Colin
Garraway, Grant
Hargraves, Colin
Hislop, Christopher
Holmes, John
Jakubowicz, Gary
Jolly, Bryan
Nathan, Rodney
Porter, Gregory
Roberts, John
Spicer, Eric
Webb, Richard
Woodbridge, Robert
Szekely, George
Ferenback, Janiece
Jedwab, Jennifer
Lear, Susan
Maclure, Susan
McConnell, Lynda
McDonald, Margaret
Moore, Jennifer
Mouat, Keitha
Noble, Christine
Olver, Marilyn
Phin, Robyn
Renyi, Magdalen
Ritchie, Robyn
Rostkier, Nina
Tighe, Virginia
Cameron, Janet
Harrison, Elaine

IIIE

Cherry, Stephen
Hill, Alan
Korin, Eugene
Krause, Peter
McInnes, Graham
Milhuisen, John
Miller, Glen
Moutharopoulos, Toulis
Newman, Jeremy
Oliver, Mark
Panelli, Richard
Patey, Robert
Stearn, Robert
Stewart, Richard
Grose, Marlene
Kessler, Barbara
Lees, Victoria
Pary, Lyn
Swanson, Jennifer
Thompson, Sheryl

IIIF

Allen, Stuart
Breare, Christopher
Capper, Clive
Collins, Paul
Davis, Barry
Docker, Bruce
Ellis, Johnathan
Emin, Tyrone
Guscott, David
Turner, Ian
Weekes, Jonathan
Abbot, Malcolm
Anning, Yvonne

Moore, Dale
Munro, Barry
Scott, Phillip
Secomb, Noel
Broad, Phillip
Adams, Glenda
Baker, Carol
Ben David, Ruth
Coates, Barbara
Cooley, Helen
Eldred, Louise
Hoffman, Nina
Leihy, Michele
Wall, Gaye
Hall, Maureen

IIA

Birch, Peter
Bowman, Anthony
Boyce, David
Fleming, Peter
Gamilis, Anthony
Gould, Neil
Hargraves, Neil
Hiller, Graeme
Karoly, Peter
Lichtblau, James
Macdonald, Malcolm
Merrick, John
Mitchell, David
Rasmussen, Bo
Richter, Joseph
Seamer, Bruce
Splitter, Phillip
Tuckwell, Colin
Van Leeuwen, John
Wallace, Douglas
Dow, Robert
Black, Wendy
Brown, Meron
Buckland, Helen
Docker, Sandra
Farem, Janet
Garton, Dorothy
Green, Wendy
Hayward, Nicolette
Hellyer, Leonie
Hopcraft, Lyndall
Miller, Susan
Monkhouse, Gayle
Morgan, Christine
Morris, June
Ray, Gillian
Ryder, Lynne
Scott, Trudy
Stirling, Margot
Van Wattum, Catherine

II B

Breen, Shane
Collins, Ross
Erickson, John
Grinblat, David
Litchfield, Robert
McInnes, Bruce
Powell, Tony
Schnall, Brian
Secomb, Clyde
Shadbolt, David
Sherwood, Bruce
Stobart, Andrew
Turner, Ian
Weekes, Jonathan
Abbot, Malcolm
Anning, Yvonne

Baine, Bronwyn
Campbell, Wendy
Chellaw, Linda
Danks, Janine
Dinsdale, Joy
Devine, Susan
Douglas, Joan
Finlayson, Viay
Jackson, Roberts
Lerner, Faye
Lichtblau, Lynette
Lothian, Christine
Reinshagen, Robyn
Renvi, Judy
Simonelis, Kristina
Yates, Norma

IIC

Bigelow, Ross
Coates, Steven
Dounis, John
Hanzalik, Geoffrey
Jones, Mark
Lynch, Peter
Martin, Trevor
Rowe, Robert
Sherwin, Paul
Stuart, Greg
Webster, Garry
White, Peter
White, William
Wilson, Richard
Brown, Keith
Hannah, John
Stenta, Robert
Anderson, Kaye
Bolger, Barbaranne
Bradley, Jennifer
Brassington, Wendy
Doyle, Shari
Edwards, Christine
Gale, Marilyn
Henderson, Laurel
Maclure, Jane
Mency, Susi
McGrath, Vivien
Orr, Meredith
Phin, Ingrid
Sealy, Robin
Slee, Diane
Vaughan, Julie
Woods, Kim
Wakeman, Susan
Harrison, Beverley

IID

Corbett, Bryan
Doherty, Bruce
Duncan, Bruce
Evans, Peter
Gardner, Peter
Gluck, Daniel
Hillyear, Victor
Matthews, Donald
O'Hara, Shane
Reynolds, Rodney
Riley, Geoffrey
Ross, Peter
Thompson, Neil
Victor, Ara
O'Hara, Shane
Coxen, Elizabeth
Dennison, Paula
Godfredson, Helen
Grothe, Dorothy
Harkness, Romaine

Lewis, Vicki
Lyons, Margaret
McCulloch, Helen
Meese, June
Neville, Jill
Nicholson, Karen
Servante, Julie
Taylor, Mandy
Tweedie, Christine
Wilkinson, Gaye
Wood, Judy
Wright, Carolyn
Van Dam, Debbie
May, Dianne
Clinton, Julie

II E

Edney, Wayne
Elias, Chris.
Gray, Michael
Hill, Ian
Kloot, Rodney
Lloyd, Ian
Mills, Rod.
Skeat, David
Bergner, Ingrid
Browning, Susan
Dawe, Sharyn
Edwards, Andrea
Hickman, Sue
Jedd, Edith
Kilpatrick, Carol
Laughton, Michelle
McKinnon, Lee
O'Brien, Christine
Smith, Lorraine
Weiske, Rosslyn

IA

Burton, Mark
Crooks, John
Gibson, Charles
Karoly, David
Lapidos, Jeffery
Pentreath, Ross
Splitter, Martin
Steiner, Joan
Symons, Craig
Turner, Colin
Wilks, James
Emanuelle, Leigh
Armstrong, Linda
Butterworth, Cheryl
Forss, Beverly
Gibbs, Rosemary
Gotch, Susan
Hayward, Sally
Herriman, Heidi
Johnston, Carol
Lucas, Judy
Mellett, Maxine
McEwan, Pamela
Nippard, Patricia
Nye, Rosalie
Roche, Denise
Rose, Julie
Silverman, Elaine
Taylor, Susan
Zukar, Pola

IB

Anderson, Ross
Askew, Garry
Brumk, Garry
Capper, Norman
Carne, Howard

Ehrsenwemdmer, Henry
Gomularz, Kamil
Gormley, Stephen
Gradev, Ivan
Hemmingham, Anthony
Jones, Geoffrey
Louis, Mark
Maxey, Sam
Port, Martin
Raisbeck, William
Reed, Paul
Stapleton, Mark
Willett, Paul
Samways, Rodney
Aubert, Margaret
Austin, Judith
Bigelow, Jamine
Campbell, Joyce
Cockroft, Gayle
Coe, Raewynne
Curtis, Linda
Doherty, Kaye
Drury, Glenda
Kompe, Barbara
Lyfield, Pauline
Moore, Lynda
Morgan, Deborah
Pragmall, Monica
Rosenthal, Helen
Weiske, Gwenda
Williamson, Vivienne

IC

Arthur, Graeme
Annis, Ralph
Bayly, Tim
Bell, David
Broomhall, Russell
Clift, Philip
Eldred, Robert
Gordon, Ian
Gould, Robert
Gould, Stephen
Hanzalik, Leon
Hill, Gordon
Mountjouis, Greg.
Muir, Peter
Munro, Ivan
Nathan, Gregory
O'Brien, Allan
O'Brien, Philip
Rayner, Ronald
Samways, Noel
Sobey, Lloyd
Lamb, Anthony
Loose, Andrew
Beckingham, Debra
Bergner, Petra
Berriman, Robyn
Blakeley, Deborah
Classon, Jennifer
Cohen, Roslyn
Geddes, Rhona
Goetz, Ursula
Hayward, Cheryl
Hunter, Dianne
Kramer, Michelle
Ramovs, Helen
Ritchie, Cheryl

ID

Chambers, Gary
Danson, Wayne

Foley, Graham
Harvest, Simon
Kingsford, Ron
Lees, Christopher
Marks, Greg.
Mrocki, Leon
Prince, Gary
Street, Greg.
Taylor, Michael
Zogoulas, George
Young, Allan
Stoops, Robert
Maddocks, Phillip
Alder, Theresa
Bourke, Sharon
Cockroft, Rhonda
Fradkin, Denise
Green, Robyn
Hanlon, Sandra
Haskin, Karen
James, Donna
Lindeman, Ingrid
McCabe, Julia
Moore, Christine
Moray, Pamela
Oliver, Christine
Parry, Jenny
Pelcman, Michelle
Polus, Christine
Roberts, Joy
Scott, Fiona
Victor, Aznive
Wealands, Karen
Welsby, Susan
Welgus, Kayleen
Williams, Christine
Zylberstein, Deborah

IE

Atkinson, Marcus
Bowman, Christopher
Dowling, Alan
Golley, Paul
Hill, Reece
Howes, Ken
Mackie, Peter
Becker, Joachun
Richards, Robert
Ruth, Stevens
Sickos, Anastasios
Sammut, Anthony
Samways, Rodney
Steinberg, Stuart
Young, Michael
Weeks, Graeme
Wilson, Adrian
Bradshaw, Denise
Chisholm, Marai
Collins, Lynette
Davis, Jillian
Gardiner, Faye
Hudson, Vicki
Kinniburgh, Jill
Lawry, Bronwyn
MacPherson, Marilyn
Maxwell, Rosalyn
Morel, Deborah
Rostkier, Hannah
Stewart, Elizabeth
Tresize, Vicki
Van Leeuwen, Merion
Williams, Knoelle
Dyer, Angela

