

VOYAGER 1968

PAULINE HENTHORN

BRIGHTON HIGH SCHOOL 1968

Principal's Report

The approaching end of another school year brings two thoughts to mind: "What has been achieved this year?"

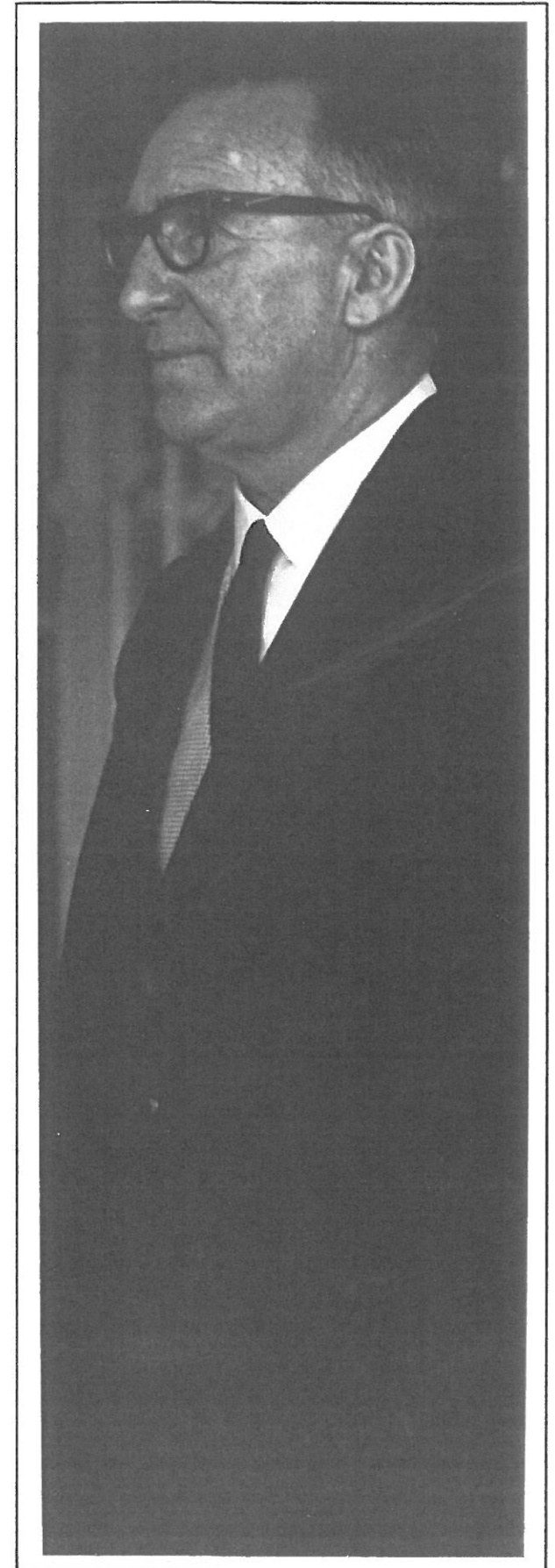
"What must be done for the coming year?"

1968 has been a "vintage year" for much progress has been made, some of it most important. When we look around our school both inside and out we see many material changes. Our grounds are in fine condition, excellently maintained and designed not only for their practical use in sport and recreation but also for the aesthetic value of pleasant surroundings. A major improvement this year has been the conversion of the "clay patch" into a fourth basketball court (bad weather delayed its completion, but it is certain to be ready for play next year). As I write, many fine shrubs are being planted in what should become attractive gardens where previously there were bare asphalt slopes, pebble gardens have replaced others.

Many new features brighten our classrooms; several have been equipped with modern furniture designed for the newer teaching methods and much new equipment has been provided along with a great expansion of our libraries.

But there are other changes which should mean far more than such material ones. This year the school has achieved a feeling of unity, resulting in mutual confidence between pupils and staff and this has extended to parents. Our pupils have shown in many ways that they can work together for some good purpose. One of the most prominent aspects of this has been in the great development of a "social sense" both towards their school and fellow pupils and also to the outside world. The spontaneous interest in social service has been amazing and has inspired pupils from the youngest to most senior to plan, organize and conduct activities of a most varied nature. The success of these activities has been very important; the financial results have been gratifying and will assist many charities but from the school's viewpoint an equally important outcome has been the interest developed and the fine spirit growing from it. We saw a striking example of this spirit when Form Six pupils helped to ensure the success of a concert given by a first Form.

In future years we should expand this policy of using the student body actively in the planning and organizing as well as in the conducting of school affairs, for we must appreciate and utilize the vast amount of ability, enthusiasm and initiative of the great number of our pupils. Already we realize the existence of this in out of class activities; why not bring it into the classroom? If we take our pupils, especially our seniors, more into our confidence, give them a minor partnership and make fuller use of their valuable abilities, only good and progress should ensue.



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EDITORIAL

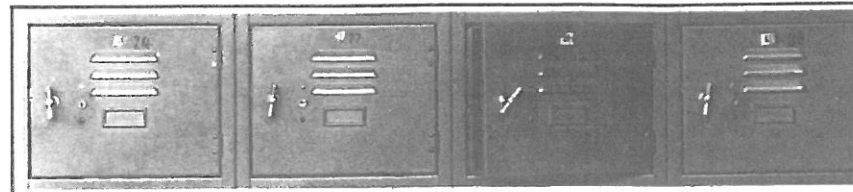
The atmosphere of a school is perhaps the quality which endures longest in the memory of the student. The excitement generated in a corridor on a wet day, the depression centred around examination time, the casual intimacy with friends and teachers — these things are remembered long after details have faded from the memory.

School adheres to the cult of the individual. Here individual worth is emphasized by the attention of teachers. Here the personality grows and the mind expands within the confines of community living. Every student has one 'Miss Brodie' and every student experiences the discipline of living within a tight social structure. It is this dual role of school life that we have attempted to capture in our magazine. The atmosphere which spells 'school,' familiar to all students present and past, and a kaleidoscope of detail which will stimulate remembrance of 'Miss Brodie.'

Shirley Mills

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

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GEOFF SIEVERS



CULTURE

Grant House

This year the Grant House choir and play gained second place in the inter-house competitions. The choir was conducted by Fiona Colin and its accompanist was Janet Brown. Janet Brown, Ken Butler, Marion Pitts and Gary Richards made up the cast for "Impromptu" which was produced by Fiona Colin and Julian Silverman. Carol Jackson, Janet Brown and Julian Silverman represented the House in the semi-final of the inter-house debate against Lonsdale in which we were narrowly defeated. Best wishes for 1969.

Lonsdale House

The House choirs this year were conducted by S. Loewe (H.C.) and accompanied by B. Melnik. Although we again just missed the cup which has eluded us over the past four years, we were very pleased with the response from House members as our choir was the largest. The House play, 'The Man in the Lane,' produced by H. Burton and L. Harwood (C.C.) retained the Drama Cup and we have been successful in this sphere for the last three years. The actors were P. Twombly, H. Burton, L. Harwood, I. Goldeburg and M. Wickow. The debating team D. Mendelovits, I. Goldeburg and R. Binghamton defeated Grant in the semi-finals of the rounds and were narrowly defeated by Murray in the finals. Keep up the high standard next year.

Murray House

The 1968 Murray House choir was conducted by Donald Gill, the Cultural Captain. Murray House was pleased with the support we gained concerning this competition. Don also devoted time to the Murray House play: "The Two Executioners." Thanks go to Sue Marks, Michael Singer and Russel Broomhall, and also to David Best, Martin Ogle and Rodney Lovett for their participation in minor parts.

The debating team successfully defeated Phillip House in the semi-finals. Its members were Jack Grinberg, Chris Simpson and Michael Prior. We hope the support and enthusiasm for cultural activities will continue in future years.

Phillip House

Culturally, Phillip House was quite successful this year. Robyn Hanby and Rick Harvest were Cultural Captains. The choir won again this year — mainly due to John Roberts, but also to Stan Capp, Sue McDonald and many others who gave their support. Louise Graves, Sue Robinson and Jim Smith acted in the drama festival in the play 'A Resounding Tinkle.' Although we did not win this year, I think we can look forward to future success in this field. The Debating team, comprising of Wendy Cumming, Barb Weekes and Henry Rubinstein, were narrowly defeated in the semi-finals.

SCHOOL DEBATING

A grade team (matric): Debbie Nicholls, Jack Grinberg, Chris Simpson. Secretary: Jack Grinberg.

C grade team (fourth year): C. Jackson, S. Moray, S. Carpay, J. Brown, D. Morgan. Secretary: C. Jackson.

Supervising Staff: Mr. Plunkett.

The Brighton High School Debating Society has had quite a successful year in 1968. During May we invited Mrs. Magee and Mr. Robinson from the Victorian Unidentified Flying Objects Research Society to come and speak to the Debating Society and anyone else who was interested.

During the year within the Society we have debated such topics as 'That parental delinquency is a greater problem than juvenile delinquency'; 'That cigarette advertising should be banned' and 'Co-education in schools is desirable'—to which the House answered a unanimous 'yes.'

Two A-grade inter-school debating teams entered competition and although successful, did not make the finals.

SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

This year the School Band has developed into an orchestra with the introduction of violins, a cello, a drum and cymbals. Our teachers are Miss Gregory (violins), Mr. Beach (brass), Mr. Van Ernst (woodwind). Mr. Van Ernst and Mr. Beach conduct the orchestra with Mrs. Heyes as our pianist.

Some of our players made their debut at the Drama Night, at the end of second term, where they played very well. Although our numbers seem to be decreasing, most of us feel that this has been an excellent year for the orchestra, especially with the tremendous interest and assistance of Mrs. Heyes.

Carolyn Austin and Heather Carr



HOUSE DRAMA

JUNIOR CHOIR

The Junior Choir is conducted by Mrs. Heyes. This year the choir is made up of first-form girls. We all enjoy singing. Our activities have included competitions and festivals.

In May we took part in the Dandenong Eisteddfod in which we gained an honourable mention. A while later we sang at the Inter-House Choral Festival. A month ago we sang at the New Street Methodist Church and on August 16 we sang at Highett High School in a festival which we all enjoyed. Competing schools were Bentleigh, Hampton, Cheltenham, Moorleigh, Highett High Schools and others.

The two songs which we sang at Highett were China Mandarin and Ma Belle Marguerite.

PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB

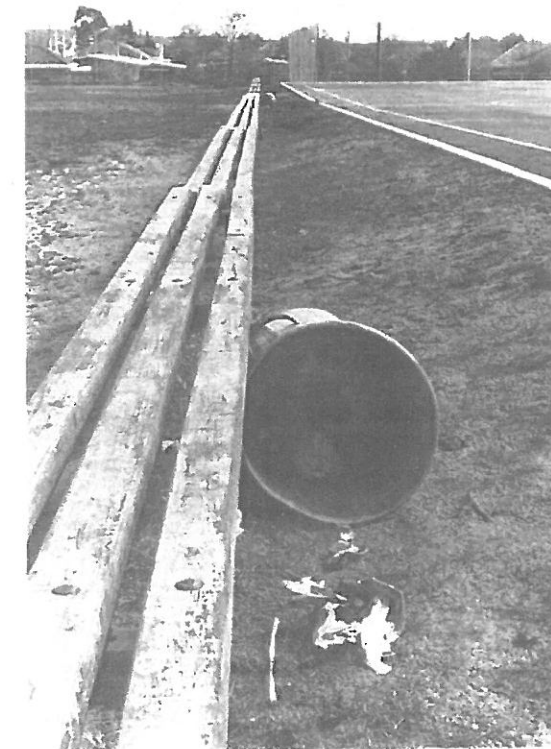
This year the Photographic Club has been actively taking photographs for school publicity. Formed by Mr. Leggo, the group consists of David Moore, Gary Cohen, Stuart McEwan and Victor Kay.

Photographs taken at school functions and other miscellaneous school activities have been, time to time, posted up in a glass-fronted display case opposite W2. This display case is in a convenient place for the students to study the photographs and, if so desiring, they could buy some.

This has been the first time that a venture of this nature has been undertaken and it is hoped that it will be continued in the following years by interested students.

Victor Kay

CHESS NOTES



Although the Chess Club has done almost nothing constructive this year, it has managed to give C2 a reputation for being the school's only indoor rubbish tip. This reputation, laboriously built up with two-month-old apple cores and puddles of coagulatory milk, has hit a new low in headmaster-chess players, teacher-chess players, caretaker-chess players and Morgan-chess players relationships.

In the beginning of the year we had five sets and six large boards. At the present time we have four sets, five boards and one (1) ludo board. This last addition is inexplicable.

In conclusion I thank the Captain (D. Morgan), Secretary (D. Morgan), ex-Treasurer and chess-set-bringer (D. Morgan) whose collective efforts throughout the year have given him a most prosperous year.

D. Morgan



July Vaughan, 3F1

We mock ourselves

Sheep go in a flock,
And cattle go in herds,
This dumbness in animals we mock,
In hard and merciless words.
But when we stop and think
Aren't we the same?
We follow in line
Like links in a chain.
There's always one who leads the rest,
And we all admire him so.
We try to copy, we do our best,
But never quite make it, still on we go,
Following, copying, like sheep in a flock.
And these are the animals we mock.

Louise Graves, 4G

poetry and prose

WE NEVER LIVE

*We're pebbles in the sand, crowded together.
Everyone is different, but the same,
We exist, not live, and don't seem to care.*

*We're trees in the forest.
All striving for the same goal;
The Sun. The Light. The Warmth.
We grow tall but not tall enough.*

*We're icy snowflakes
All very different,
But the same colour and shape
We're content to lie there and melt away.*

*We're pieces of plastic aeroplane
Placed in a box.
We expect to be glued together
We call this treatment life.*

*Now we're bones
Lying in a coffin,
Sleeping in the bed of the earth
We have not even lived.*

Jeanette Giles, 4G

NO. 3
NO. 3
NO. 3

Smoke

*And burnt-out smells of cigarettes
Beer and human sweat
The upper room is filled
With smokey laughs and conversation
Shouts and screams of empty hours.
Hear the twanging sounds of flat guitars
Mingling with the night
Hear the last lingering cries
like cumulous spongy shapes
Still clinging to the corners of the room*

The party's over now

*Here's to you
To you*

*Cigarette butts and broken bottles
Useless ends of futile nights*

To you

*Sound the muffled screams of silence
Matter and force a massive density
Form without shape.*

It's two o'clock.

*Here's to you this time
And cheers to future happiness
How's the game these days
I haven't asked
How's the game
The game
Then the death screen
Scream of eternal silence
When the room stops
When the world stops
God let me die
Mutes thumbing for the missing line
Speechless — groans that no one hears
Then the death screen scream
let me die*

And here's to you.

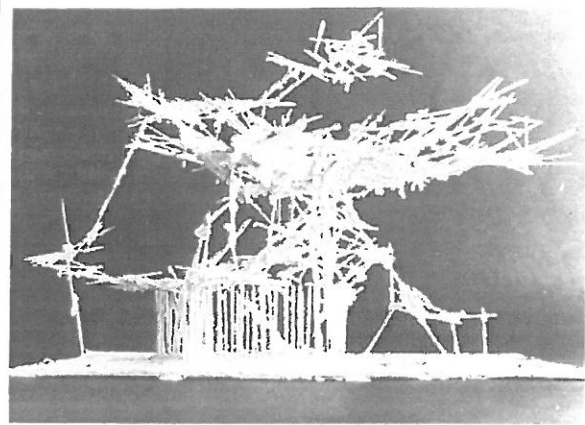
D. W. Porter, 6

alone in wax

("THE WESTERN FRONT")

"Construction in Wax"

David Bell



The stench of unburied dead rode on the air and in the nostrils and the early morning fog hovered above cesspools of green slime, the resting place of many a mud-drowned victim of death. Golden rays peeped through ghostly shadows and all was quiet, all was dead, all was awaiting the fall of yet another pawn in this fantastically macabre game of chess.

I could feel life running, singing, swimming through my veins as golden light washed my crouched body with its tale of long forgotten battles in the time of the ancients. The crackle of burning logs awoke me from my thoughts and I turned to find tall kilted gazing men, forgetting the horror in the dancing flames of a welcome fire. I dragged myself from the hardened slush around my legs and stealthily crept down the trench to talk to someone and to hear from parched tongues and cracked lips, stories of happier days among the oaks and to see the well protected photos of loved ones.

The miles of trenches were now a bustling hive of activity and the plain of Flanders once again shook under barrage of shell fire, and the rising and falling notes of ricochet bullets. The Germans, not more than 100 yards away, could be heard singing with their deep Prussian voices, but for us a smile on the face of even the youngest was a rarity, although letters from home, if ever they arrived, were received with a smile; clutched in the hand and hurriedly taken to a corner so that he may receive all the good wishes from home before fragments from a shell ended his life.

By late afternoon we had received orders to press on, by 5 pip emma we were despatched to our various posts and as we stood in dead silence, rifles raised, bayonets fixed, "Terra Firma" waited for a shock mass wave of allied troops to pour forth across the plain.

"Charge! Up and at 'em boys!" My head lost all sense of balance and I went sprawling back into the trench. Panic grabbed me as I finally went over the top. Before me lay the great barren expanse of Flanders, to my left and right jogged the London Highlanders in their dilapidated lice-eaten kilts of grey. With my heart palpitating, my knees weakening, I ran on, firing as I went; then with an enormous feeling of pride, my ears met the sound of the pipes as they marched in formation 20 yards to our rear. All hell broke loose, the sky and the slush became hidden from view, as black clouds of bursting shells fell amongst us. Those who died, died silently — just falling and sinking from view and as I fired blindly ahead of myself through the smoke, the pipes told us to go on, even if it meant death. I could now see bodies left, right and ahead of me; gasping, mindless bodies in an atmosphere of screaming high-pitched sound that could not be equalled anywhere.

Someone called my name, I turned and saw flame leap towards me, I dropped like a dead child into the mud, I crawled on and on and finally collapsed. I awoke to find the veil of Our Lady had left the sky and I was surrounded by darkness and moans of wounded with the never ending bodies of the dead. I turned my head and gazed upwards, the sky became illuminated by a ghostly white lily and as some say, "Lilies for the dead": I once again collapsed, my soul left my body, I floated to my feet and walked to the sound of the pipes still ringing in my ears, through the slush and darkness of the Flanders nights. And as I marched I saw in the future, Germany rise at the greatest threat to the modern world, led by an obscure corporal from the western front. And my body rotted on the plain of Flanders.

Michael Clarke, Form 5D

STUDENTS THE REVOLTING ONES

One great educator became so infuriated with what he called the licentious, outrageous and disgraceful behaviour of students at his college that he quit in disgust. The college was at Carthage, the year was AD 383, and the dismayed teacher, as he relates in Confessions, was St. Augustine. Sometimes students can try the patience of a saint.

Almost all over the world wherever young men and women are concentrated in halls of higher learning, there seems to be frustration and anger and indignation, and a readiness to quit studying for the heady pleasures of violence in the streets or on the campus. The only common denominator to all this frenzied activity seems to be the demand of the young for full participation in the state and society. It is a new children's crusade, but far more effective than that tragic pilgrimage to the East. It is the biggest year for students since 1848 — a year of student-led revolution in Europe.

This latest worldwide wave of activism started in the U.S. several years ago, partly as a demand for more freedom and power of decision on campuses. It was stimulated by two larger emotional issues: one of these was civil rights where students were dismayed by the intolerance for negroes in the U.S. and the other issue was Vietnam. This was not merely a question of sticking up for somebody else, the draft made it a highly personal issue for many students. They did not like the prospect of getting shot at in a war that many of them considered to be unjust and immoral.

Why are students so active today? There are many reasons: economic, social and educational. Today's students are children of permissive parents, and the Spockmarks are showing. This permissiveness gives my generation less direction than previous generations. Students must think more and this thought has come out in the traditional idealism of youth, as expressed through political and social means. Because activities are mainly economically liberated, they have more time and energy to devote to what they call 'stirring.' As one newspaper put it: 'They took their tactics from Gandhi, their idealism from philosophy class, and their money from Daddy.'

In Europe student activity is largely uncontrolled. 'Reform or Bust' is the student cry, but few have reformed, most have merely burst. In France, de Gaulle still has power, the strikers have mainly returned, and the students have achieved almost nothing. Likewise in Poland where many have been suspended from their universities. But not all student activity is bad. In Spain students reflect the classic liberal image of the freedom-loving students rebelling against authoritarian governments. Demanding sensible reforms in mostly non-violent manner, they are trying their best to liberalize Spain. Similarly in Belgium, the students began a movement which eventually split the government and led to its downfall in February. These students reflect struggles within the community at large, whereas most of the European and American student revolts are struggles against the community.

Already students have taught the world much, and the world is teaching them something in return. What is needed most of all between students and their elders is more mutual respect. Student activists are more critical than constructive. They must recognize the temporary nature of their power and the severe limits on it. Student power can be beneficial, student tyranny never is. Student involvement in politics should be encouraged, but student abuse of the democratic process must always be resisted. Already 1968 has produced one supreme lesson: students have much more to gain by working actively for change within the existing system than by dropping out of it.

Jack Grinberg, 6

blue

Blue: the mist engulfs, pervades the mind and body. Stealthily it steals along the warm bloodstream. Its poison chills the mind; it has conquered my resistance. I, the defeated, am blue.

Yesterday I was happy, optimistic, bright. I ran through the crisp morning as the golden sunshine streaked through the pattern of leaves overhead. Why am I changed? Who has let loose these indigo waters to flood my very being?

If I were Dido, queen of ancient Carthage, I would blame the mischievous son of Venus, Cupid, for striking me down in my proud sovereignty. That would be easy, to bow down before the gods, to accept my suffering brought about by their divine machinations.

But no, one must not hark back to yesterday, or find relief in deviating from the plan of my essay. I must show I am blue; make someone realize I suffer as Dido did. My sister Dido! How I love you, admire you. You as woman, Dido, and queen, too. Your suffering at least had some dignity; you stabbed yourself with the sword of Aeneas the True. But I am stabbed with the cruel, precise mind of the psychologist. He examines me, takes me apart, until I can find no refuge under his steady scrutiny. He says I am mentally ill, I am not in love, it all has to do with a complex initiated when I — but no, I no longer listen to you, learned man. You lack compassion. You do not comprehend my secret of blue. Your life is black and white, with careful shades of grey to display your broadmindedness.

The blue waters swirl around me, drawing me down. At the surface they were a pale, quiet blue, so treacherous. Now they are deep and black-blue. They wash over my lifeless trunk, blue with cold, blue with unhappiness. I scream for help! I drown!

Hush, quiet, look away, my child. There is the rich brown earth and the green grass and the delicate pastel flowers. All is not blue. The calm voice reassures me.

My Dido, beautiful queen, did you see everything in shades of cool blue? I rather fancy red balls of flame and orange and luminous pinks exploded in your mind. You were a woman, passionate. I am the twentieth-century woman, cold.

We both loved, but I am the coward who drowns in the blue well of self-pity. If only I were splendid, violent and passionate. I am the passive being who relies on the presence of another for very life, as the green mistletoe relies on the tree. Now he wrenches himself from my clinging grasp (as did cruel Aeneas) and I am left alone. A blue void. Negative.

He was the true artist. He stole my petty pretensions and the ideals to which I clung so that he would own me completely. He asked me "What is it like to be you?" He found out by making me him. But soon he tired of his creation; the negative extension of his ego: he threw it on to the rancid-smelling compost heap.

Dido my sister in suffering hear my prayer; stretch your fair hands across the abyss of time. Give me your courage, your strength, your warm red-orange passions. Help me to act independently in one last brave gesture. Do not let me surrender unto the blue.

Shirley Mills, 6A

IKNOWWHOUAREANDISAWWHATYOULDID

"I know who you are!" he cried pointing his bony finger into the sky and shaking with rage. "You can't get away from me. I know what you are, and I saw what you did just then! Come back, you coward, come back!" His shouting came to an abrupt stop and, lowering his hand slowly, he muttered to a small, inquisitive crowd that had collected, "No use, now — I could shout my lungs out if I wanted, she wouldn't listen," and he lifted his heels and shuffled his way down the footpath.

"Extraordinary, absolutely extraordinary — I say, old man — oh! I beg your pardon, madame — did you see him? Most odd it was, decidedly most odd." The speaker was a tall young man clad in a tweed coat, bowler hat and carrying a black umbrella, which he tapped impatiently on the concrete.

"Hmml" replied the red-faced woman by his side intelligently. "Queer in my books."

"Queer! My dear lady, I would not call it queer, it is in need of a stronger word — insanity — yes, insanity — most decidedly it is that."

He stood right there, right there, he thrust his umbrella dramatically on the spot, and he shouted at that sparrow — abusive language, too. Perhaps he imagined it to be a friend of his — say a magician who could turn himself into a bird, perhaps, he chuckled alone at his little joke.

Meanwhile the crowd had dispersed and the tall, young man stood alone. The queer, little man wandered back to the scene again muttering to himself and shaking his balding head.

"I say, old man," asked the tall, young man having had his curiosity aroused to a point of intense annoyance, "Is there anything the matter?"

The little man started. "You asking me? Why it is so kind of you, dear sir, so kind," he smiled displaying a pink, toothless gum. "But seeing you do ask —" he glanced quickly about and beckoned his audience to come nearer.

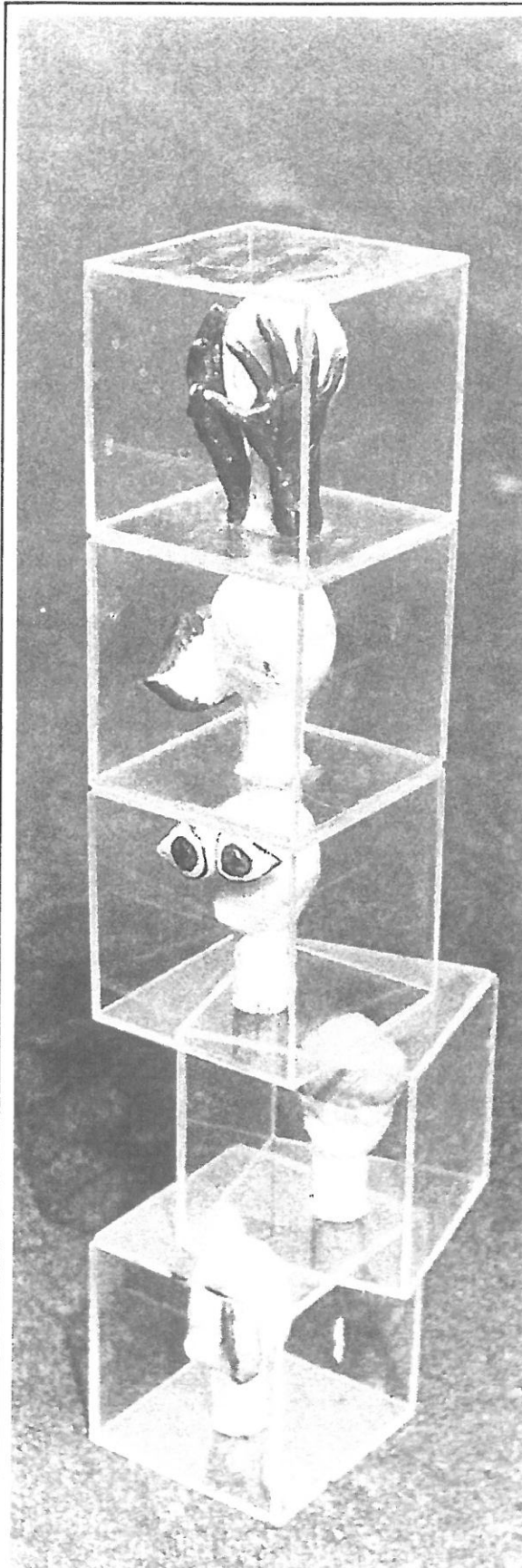
"Well, you see, kind sir, it's the sparrow — my wife, you see — she's a witch, most fearsome too — a most fearsome witch — she can do anything, simply anything — been a snail once, for a day — terrible experience, terrible. But she can't fool me, oh no, not I! Turning herself into a sparrow, thinks she can fool me — that's women for you — and doing what she did — I saw her, oh sir, sin, that's what it was — sin! I cried repent, woman, repent — but do you think she'd listen to me, her husband? Witches — I've had my fill of witches. Think they can do anything — what she did, sir — oh, I shudder to think — terrible sin, dear sir — oh!" he slapped his sweaty forehead with his hand. The tall, young man whispered.

"I say, old chap, what did she do?"

"Do! — What did she do! — What didn't she do, answer me that — oh, merciless sinner — my wife — witch, sparrow —" he paused as if to collect his somewhat obscure thoughts.

"What did she do, eh? — Silly fool she is — I'm too clever for her — she did — no, no I can't tell you — no," and he wandered off leaving behind a very bewildered young man.

Meg MacLure, 5E



Christine Cherry

WHY ME: IN DEATH

*Within a world of plastic thoughts
A dream will last till time is lost.
Within that cavern full of glory,
Men will keep their thoughts contained.*

*Whatever will be, will be;
There's nothing to do but wait,
Till man's last life has ended
In misery, in death.
Forever!*

*When I was just a little boy,
With thoughts like pennies in a fountain
I grasped a joy, a toy;
Till misery, till death both lost. Forever.*

*The game of life was played for me,
I bet,
I raised and bluffed;
I lost.
A man will keep his thoughts contained,
Till death in misery unlocks his mind.*

Tony Prowse, 5D

Nuclear Clouds

Swirling clouds raced across the shredded sky, their voices of shrieking wind crying for release and serenity. In the van of the blast-wave, jagged configurations dissolved and formed again in a maelstrom of mists and the reddened fog of hell. In this rending element of human manufacture, the fluffy clouds of peace have no place; their counterparts of suffering replace them.

Jim Smith, 5D

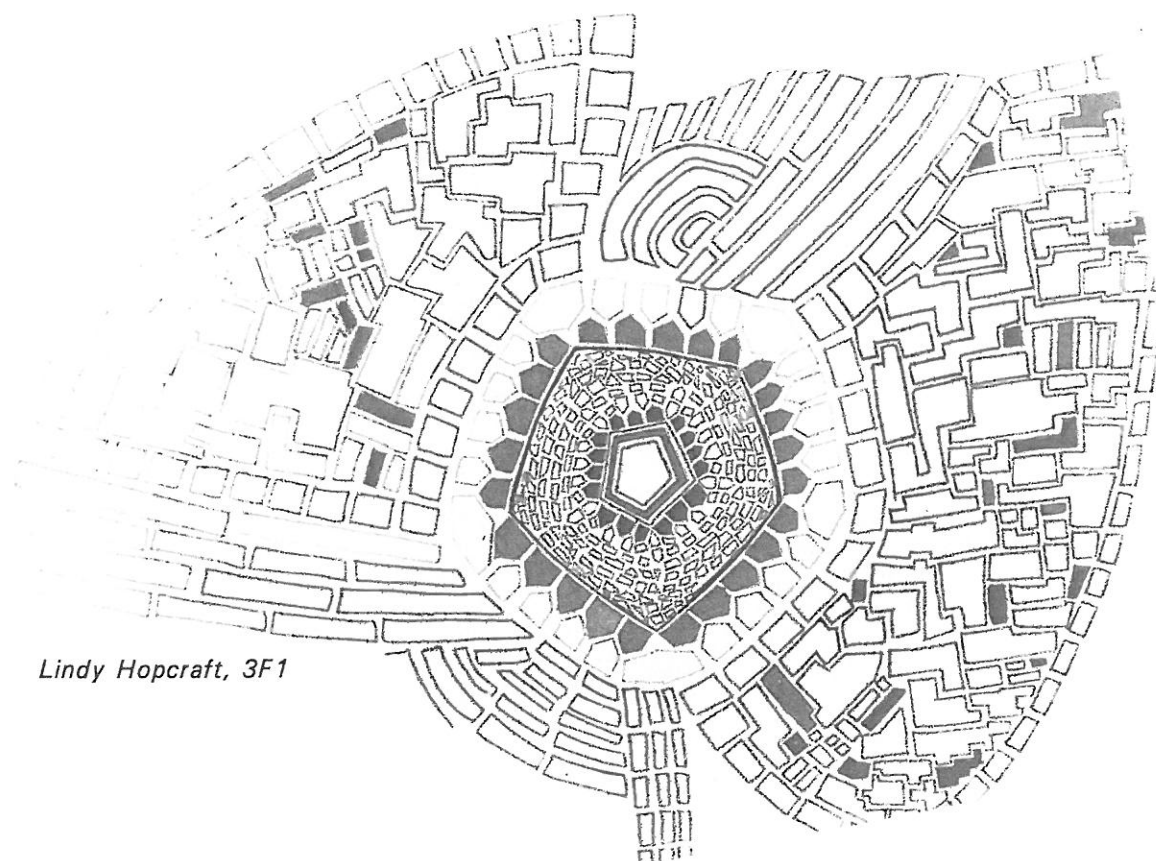


Lou Kanavorous

NO. 2

*Into wind and rainy nights
Where the wind blows
Up grimy alleyways
Into half-deserted streets
And mud that eats into your feet
Feel rain biting at your face
Wind in your hair.
I saw myself levitated
Walking through the empty nights
Over corrugated-iron roofs
And chimney pots
Through endless miles of lonely streets
Then the rattle of a tram.
Where the wind blows
Walk with me.*

D. W. Porter, 6



Lindy Hopcraft, 3F1

THE FOOTBALL MATCH

*Exclamation of surprise
Praises flow from countless eyes
In delight banners rise
Boos from opposers rend the air
Other people just glumly stare
And pretend they just don't care
Beer cans rise on high
Some join in the exalted cry
Insensitive ladies just say "Oh, my."*

Douglas MacDonald, 1A

A MARTIAN

AT A FOOTBALL MATCH

*From a planet far away
There came a spaceship this fine day.
It turned from day to night and then to day
Before from where the spaceship lay
There came two creatures dressed in grey.*

*No ears, four eyes,
And of course, it never dies.*

*Knees curled up to its head,
Three big feet hanging under the bed;
This is the way it lies.*

*As the two creatures wandered round,
They came upon a football ground.*

*As though it was a magic wall,
They stepped right through, with no
trouble at all.*

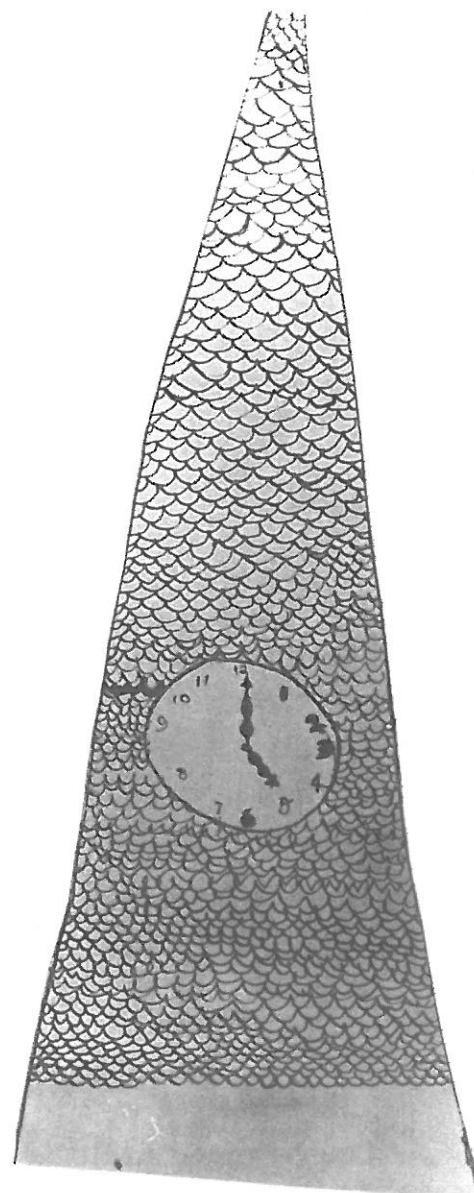
*Immediately they turned around,
A small, brown ball bounced off the ground.
When once more it hit the ground around it
there began to hound,
Some players who, falling, formed a mound.*

*Soon a shrill whistle was blown,
And from the crowd it raised a groan,
For to another player the ball was thrown.*

*When they heard the game was over,
There came a rain of bottles on the clover,
An ill-thrown one hit a bald-headed rover.*

*On the very next day
They departed for their planet far away
In their spaceship coloured silver grey.*

Michael Hanzalik, 1A



"Indian Ink"
Rosemary Orr, 1A

ALONE

*The pot's heavy
She groans as she pours her tea;
Each day it seems heavier for her ageing
hands.*

*Her lips tighten over her toothless gums
As she strains to steady the pot.*

*It is accomplished.
She pours her tea into one lone cup,
And lowers herself into a rickety chair,
As she thinks on her hopeless plight
Of being old . . . and alone.*

*She looks around
The walls are hung with lost relations,
And she thinks of the time when she was
loved,*

*When she was young and alive;
Not like now, useless to ev'ryone.*

*A door opens; slams,
It's not for her, it couldn't be.
She knows no-one now, except her son
And he's so busy making money and friends
He has no time for a mother in his life.*

*Her hand's on the table,
It's wrinkled and stubby with work and years,
And what has it got her? One lone room
And a son who doesn't care. So she sits
And mourns her death-alive.*

Merryn Gates, 4L

WHY THE WOODPECKER PECKS

*The rage of the storm had blown itself out now
and except for an occasional gust of wind, there
was not a sound to show a storm had once reigned
in the forest. Several animals began to creep out
from their hiding places timidly and were met with
a clean fresh smell. A deer and her young walked
slowly towards the swift-flowing stream. A wild
boar grunted to himself as he trotted in the direc-
tion of a patch of slimy mud. Everything went
back to normal.*

*Suddenly there came a loud creak and a tearing
noise as a large gum tree fell to the ground with
a crash. All the birds flew into the air. As it fell,
the dying tree hit the top of a shady pine tree.
A nest of baby birds fell down into the hollow
tree. While this disaster was happening the mother
bird was away searching for food for her young.
On returning to her home she was broken-hearted
to find her home destroyed and her family gone.
Not knowing what to do she cried as birds cry.*

*For two days she searched but not a sign of
them did she find. On the third morning the
weeping mother flew to the very tree her children
had fallen down. A half-smothered sound of baby
birds chirping reached her sensitive ears. Without
thinking what she was doing, she flew down into
the musty, hollow tree, and there, to her relief and
joy, she found her precious family, and a very
hungry but happy family too.*

*After having found food and fed her family, the
happy mother still had to find a way to get them
out. When she had flown round and round the
tree several times, she found a place in the trunk
of the tree thinner than the rest. So then came
the long and tedious job of pecking a hole in the
wood. But with motherly love in her heart, she
set to willingly and by nightfall there was a hole
large enough to bring her family out safely. And
that is the legend of how the woodpecker came
to peck.*

Shauna Tayler, 1A



THE TEETH AND GLASSES PORTRAIT OF YOU AND ME AND HIM AND HER AND IT

He is what they want. He cannot see, he just smiles. Only the head is finished, THE body, a body to fight wars with is unfinished. His head is stuffed full of useless knowledge, he just waits, waits for the Man's command, he is admired by the passers-by. He is ideal, a never complaining unit, a unit with which to kill and a unit to be killed, a unit to translate his master's greed, a unit which neither sees nor cares about his artificial brothers.

This head will join its associated body one day and when it has this head will no longer be a model, it will be just another cog. There is a chance that this cog may falter from the paths of truth and righteousness but never fear brothers if he does then he will have his lights switched out. This is the head that belongs to the body that will kill the men that mothers make. Yes this unit is there too, mortars explode around him, bullets whizz past his head, he ducks and crawls and scrambles and cries but never asks why. His shades hide the fact that the man has got

his teeth tied in the Uncle's bootlaces. His blinkers limit his view, his thought is two-dimensional, "LIVE AND LET DIE." Some of his brothers said to him "Stand up young unit" but who would want to stand up with those bullets flying about?

After this test the model is considered fit for society. No longer does the magnetic tape in his head say "Kill", it now says "Build." Build what all you little kindly brothers are saying now I'll tell you. Build yourself a fortress, a brick wall to keep out the light, a few china decorations on the wall to show you what is out there. Build, build yourself a movable fortress don't let anybody know you. Build yourself a mental fortress. How to build work, the only acceptable way.

The model dies in the end but there are five in his place ready to take over. The unit dies and is buried as a man is, buried with honour he never deserved, buried as a free man, a state that he had lived in for just four years, the four years that he could not remember.

DEATH OF A HERO

*With bleeding hands and head held high,
A glint of arrogance in his eye.
His clothes were rich but badly torn,
And on his face a frown was worn.*

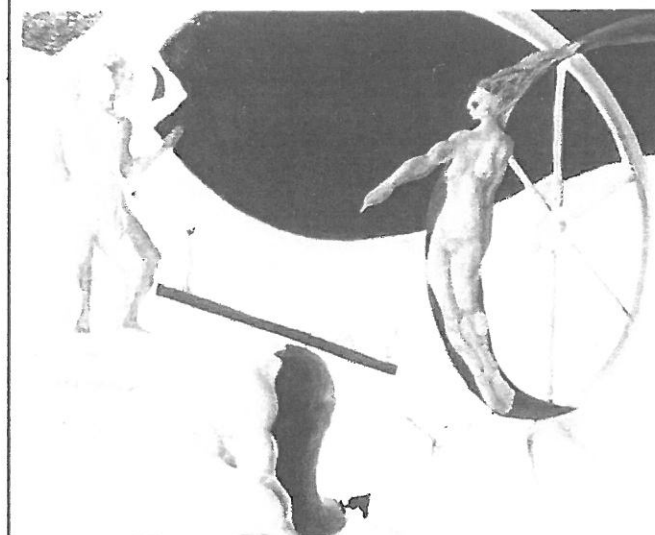
*With prominent chin and hollowed cheeks,
His head held higher when he speaks.
His heart like hands was bleeding and torn,
Alas his life ended next day at dawn.*

Rosalie Nye, 2a



"Art Photo"

David Porter, 6



"The Wasteland Part 2"

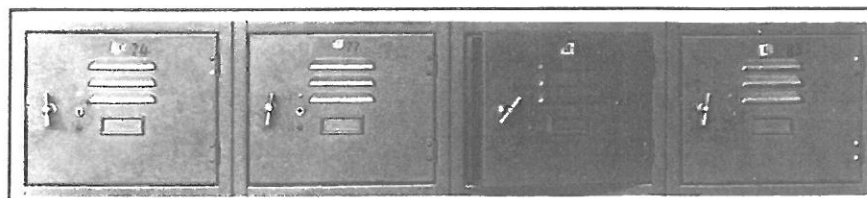
Margaret Kennedy, 6

THE STOCKMAN

*Hard of hand, keen of eye,
Skin that takes all weather,
Sun and the wind matter not to him,
As long as he feels the leather.*

*Astride all day his faithful horse,
With never a stop to rest,
The herd must catch that south-bound train,
A man must do his best.*

Vivienne Williamson, 2a



SPORT

Grant House

The year 1968 again saw the formidable Grant House rise to take the senior boys' football and basketball premierships. Grant also took its place in the athletics and the swimming competitions but although victories slipped through our fingers, several stars of the future were revealed. The girls were narrowly beaten for first place in the knit a square competition. Overall it can be said, that 1968, was not the most successful of years.

Next year it is hoped, the house-masters and the house members, will combine together to again form the formidable Grant House and raise the colours to the top once more.

Sandra Dansen
John Cumming

Murray House

Captains: Kaye Shaw, David Best; Vice-Captains: Christine Knapp, Stuart McEwen; Cultural Captains: Aurora Romenalla, Don Gill; Mistresses and Masters: Miss McIntyre, Mr. Kaufmann, Mrs. Boucher, Mr. Le Poidevin.

Overall, Murray House has been successful in sporting activities this year. The efforts of our competitors, and their enthusiasm, resulted in first place in the Judo competition, and second in both the House Swimming and Athletics. The weekly inter-house competitions were played with as much vigour as the more important events. Our senior girls' basketball team remained undefeated for the whole season. Our most prominent competitors were Don Gill, Rod Lovett, David Best, Heather Carr, Pam McEwen and Russell Booth.

Lonsdale House

Thanks to our devoted band who again carried off the swimming shield. Our tireless family of Maclures carried our girls triumphantly. Congrats, Jane, Meg and Sue. Also fine efforts came from J. Bigelow and L. Hancock. From the boys, G. Loose won the boys Open Freestyle, outclassing his older opponents. To those not individually mentioned, congrats on your sportsmanship. We hope our success will continue yet another year.

Although not victorious in the Athletics, our competitors put up good competition against our strong rivals! Maybe next year . . . !

To our successors, simply — good luck!
John Robertson
Sandra Loewe

Phillip House

Great enthusiasm was displayed by the house members throughout the year. Thanks must go to the girls and boys who participated in the athletic sports, bringing success to our House. During the first term of the year we were successful in achieving first place in the Summer Sports. Thank you to the House Mistresses and Masters for their patience and help, for success could not be attained otherwise. We thank the other Houses and wish you all the luck for future years. Thank you, Phillip House.

Barbara Datka, House Captain



FOOTBALL 1968

This year Brighton High saw history made in that the school's first XVIII won the premiership for the second successive year. Our team won every home and home match by more than 8 goals, and defeated a spirited McKinnon High School by 7 goals in the semi-final. We proved our superiority by defeating Beaumaris by 52 points in the Grand Final.

The main inspiration to the team was David Best who refused to play a bad game. He was capably supported by the unbeatable combination of Ian Lloyd and Tony Haycox. The spectacular marking and kicking of Trevor Moore at centre half-forward will long be remembered while the consistent back play of Ian Hobbs, Noel Mellett, Roger O'Brien and Rob Friels should also be highlighted. Ross Mitchell, Mark Swain and Phillip Howe should be commended for their drive from the centre and others such as Neil Liddell, John Robertson and David Deering provided a great addition to the side's

ability and enthusiasm. Rod Lovett, Bob Wilson and Linton Rashleigh showed flashes of brilliance in their play and the rover-like forward play of Ken Chamberlain was something to marvel at.

Although this was perhaps one of the youngest sides Brighton has fielded for some time, the spirit and courage that was portrayed on the field and the sportsmanlike way in which every Brightonian attacked each game were certainly worthy of congratulations.

I am sure every member of the team would like to sincerely thank Mr. Allen for coaching the side. It is a long time since B.H.S. has seen a man with as much ability and dedication to his task. It is hoped that Brighton will have his services for many years to come as he is certainly an asset, not only to the school, but to football in general.

Stan Capp, 6



GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL

1968 has been a very successful year for the girls' volleyball teams, as they won two premierships and came runners-up in a third competition.

In the summer competition, the senior team began well by defeating Hampton, Elwood and Highett, 3 games nil. This meant that the senior team played Cheltenham in the Grand Final on our own court. Unfortunately Brighton was defeated 2-0, although the match was closer than the scores indicated. This team was chosen from Debbie Thompson, Anna Stangalands, Janet Hall, Diane Moor, Joan Fidler, Barbara Panelli, Sandra Danson (captain).

The under-15 team attained even greater heights in their competition. After winning their matches 3-0 against Hampton, Elwood and Highett, they played Cheltenham in the semi-final and won. In the Grand Final played against Mordialloc, the final scores were 2-0 in favour of Brighton. Congratulations, team!

In the winter season there was only competition for the under-15 team and they very convincingly won their second premiership, also against Mordialloc. Congratulations once again to the winning team members: Robyn Phin (captain), Jenny Moore, Angela Banoff, Sally Atkins, Margaret McDonald, Sue O'Neill, Anna Stangalands and Lynda McConnell.

The fine performances of these teams can be attributed to their brilliant teamwork and their co-operation and keenness in practising.

Best of luck to next year's volleyball teams.
Sandra Danson (captain)



BOYS' OPEN VOLLEYBALL

Under the capable instruction of Mr. Kaufmann, the Open Volleyball team succeeded in winning against Hampton, Elwood and Highett, only to be beaten by Mordialloc in the semi finals. Team members: N. Warren (capt.), J. Grinberg, D. Best, L. Rashleigh, C. Finlay, J. Orbach, K. Butler, G. Korn, N. Mellett.



SOCCER

This year Brighton High School gathered the first under-15 soccer team for a long time which proved very successful, winning the under-15 Nepean Division.

Throughout the soccer season the team combined well, with very little training, but most of the players such as Karmel Gomularz (capt.), George Liarakos (v.c.), Graham Bartholomeusz, Bertie Stewart, George Zogulas, Leon Mrocki, Sandy Boyd, Yoahn Bartholomeusz, which nearly consisted of all the team played with clubs.

In this successful season we played five schools: Hampton, winning by 6-0, which proved an easy victory. The following week we played Elwood, 1-0. This game was hard-fought and unlucky, missing goals at close range which nearly lost us the pennant. The following fortnight we played Highett, 10-3. This was the first time that goals were scored against us, which proves a very tight and strong backline. The following fortnight was the day that we played the semi-final against Cheltenham and won: 3-1.

The following week the big day came, we played home to Mordialloc, the leaders of their division. Before the game, some were nervous and some were confident, but with an astonishing victory we won convincingly 9-1. In this game a player was reported because of abusive language. With consideration the team appreciated and gave thanks to our coaches, Mr. Leggo and Mr. Walsh, who controlled us successfully.

K. Gomularz



GIRLS' CROSSCOUNTRY

Although it is just our first year competing in cross country, we have set off to a good start. On Wednesday, August 7, twenty-one girls made from Brighton Beach along the sand heading towards South Road. A hard run so it may seem but the best results were achieved by R. Garten first, S. Hanlon second, S. O'Neill third, D. van Dam fourth, S. Welsbey fifth and P. Moray sixth. These six girls ran again on August 14, competing against six other high schools. Competing on the same course, Brighton High gained fifth, sixth, seventh, eleventh and seventeenth places and won the team event. But unfortunately R. Garten had to drop out after feeling a muscle cramp.
S. O'Neill, 4F2



SENIOR BASKETBALL

The first team missed getting into the semi-finals when they were defeated by Highett High School after their two wins against Hampton and Elwood. The girls in the first team are Linda Hancock, Kaye Shaw, Sue Maclure, Adrian Howe, Barbara Datka, Aurora Romanella and Robyn Ritchie. The second team was less fortunate than the first and did not make the finals. They were defeated in two matches and drew in one. Second team include Betty Melnick, Mira Danson, Anita Loewe, Barbara Blake, Ann Macnamara, Linda Maconell, Merin Gates and Leanne Brown. Mr. Grandy coached the teams and our thanks go to him.



MEN'S OPEN BASKETBALL

Under the capable guidance of coach Mr. Oakman, the Open Basketball team were unlucky to win only one game — against Highett. Despite this, the team should be commended in its efforts against all other teams and especially in its efforts in extending to premier teams Elwood and Footscray two very small wins.

Team: J. Grinberg, captain, J. Silverman, vice-captain, C. Curnow, F. Nowlands, G. Korn, S. Macfarlane, J. Tuchman, V. Millyen, R. Litchfield, A. Stobart.



HOCKEY

For the first time during the last few years Brighton's First hockey team finally succeeded in triumphing over an opponent. The win, a convincing one of 3-0, however was unfortunately never repeated, as the match immediately following being played in pouring rain drained all our confidence and rather dampened our spirits. The fittest and best players for the season were found in the defence positions, namely K. Mouat and G. Porter. Other outstanding players found throughout the field included J. White (centre half) and J. Cameron (back). L. Harwood, Captain

SOFTBALL

This year the girls' senior softball team had a fairly successful season. After losing the first match against Hampton we had two successive wins against Elwood and Highett.

A. Howe, Captain



BASEBALL

This year's team tried to follow in the all-conquering footsteps of the previous year's team. The experienced members of this year's team — John Cummings, John Ellis, John Quelch, Trevor Butler and Craig Findlay (for part of the season), did their best to instill the high ideals of Brighton baseballmanship which has been renowned through the ages.

Form showed by the team in the first practice matches left a lot to be desired but after a few matches soon found its form. During the inter-school competition, Brighton was victorious in two of the three matches played. The match against Hampton resulted in a heavy loss to Brighton. After this disaster, the team pulled together, and in the following matches Brighton were victorious by large margins. The match against Elwood was a win to Brighton 23-0. In the annual grudge match against Highett, they conceded to Brighton after one innings. The score was 9-0.

The yearly social match against Footscray resulted in another victory to the Brightonians. Footscray forgot to catch the bus.

J. Cumming, J. Quelch



GIRLS' SWIMMING TEAM



BOYS' SWIMMING TEAM



CRICKET

The First Eleven this year suffered because of the time limit on each innings, losing two of the three matches by very narrow margins, although each time we lost fewer wickets than the opposition. It was unfortunate, too, that the matches were started so late in the season that a turf wicket could be obtained for the first match only.

The match against Hampton was highlighted by a thrilling finish in which a Brighton batsman was run out on the last ball of the day attempting a run that would have levelled the scores. In the second match, Brighton comfortably defeated Elwood after a batting spree by both sides. Brighton lost only one wicket in compiling 140 runs. In the final match against Highett, Brighton failed to score quickly enough against defensive bowling, suffering defeat by the narrow margin of nine runs.

Special mention should be made of the batting of Neil Liddell. Both in quality of batsmanship and in the number of runs scored, his rank as the finest First Eleven performances in many years.

Scores

Brighton 8/155 (N. Liddell 68, G. Maxey 35) lost to Hampton (R. Lovett 4/35).
Brighton 1/140 (N. Liddell 65 n.o., P. Taylor 39, J. Cumming 32 n.o.) defeated Elwood 2/119.
Brighton 9/111 (P. Devine 24) lost to Highett 120 (J. Cumming 4/42, R. Lovett 3/39).

GOLF

This year Brighton fielded two golf sides. The "A" team of Stephen Wort, Peter Bott, Paul Collins, Stephen Cherry and Michael Corcoran played consistent golf and was extremely unlucky as it missed out on the finals by only half a win, the most successful players being Peter Bott (three wins) and Stephen Wort (2½ wins).

The "B" team of Robert Woodbridge, John Roberts, Sandy Boyd, David Morgan and Timothy Blakeley with emergency Barry Munro were not quite as successful as the "A" team but they provided keen competition and the most successful player was David Morgan (two wins). Even though neither team reached the finals, the future looks very bright indeed as ten out of the eleven members of the teams were fourth-formers and they should improve over the next two years.

Peter Bott

JUDO CLUB

Early this year, due to the efforts of a few people who shall go nameless, the Brighton High School Judo Club was formed. Through the year the club has shown itself to be an acquisition to the school's extra-curricular activities, culminating, I feel, in three events. Firstly the Japanese Cultural Evening, secondly the display given by members of the club at the National Mutual Centre for Education Week, and thirdly the final event of the year the first House Judo Championships. I will speak of these three events later. But first a little about the club itself.

The business side of the club is the same as any other club found in the school. We have a President, Chan; a Secretary, Stan Capp; and Treasurer, Neil "Scarify" Warren. Assisting these tireless workers we have a small committee of four members. The other side of the club is the interesting part. This consists of both boys and girls who train up to four times a week in the Dojo (Japanese for gymnasium) under the expert guidance of Mr. Leggo. He is ably assisted by Mr. Plunkett and Mrs. Anzarut.

During the course of the year many members gained their rank of Senior Go-Kyu (Yellow Belt) and a few will attempt their Orange Belts on November 24. Also during the year a team representing the school entered the Samurai Shield contests. Unfortunately the team consisting of 1. Rod Lovett. 2. Chan Shung Whai. 3. Geoff Love. 4. Neil Warren. 5. Stan Capp met a strong and experienced team of Black Belts and were subse-

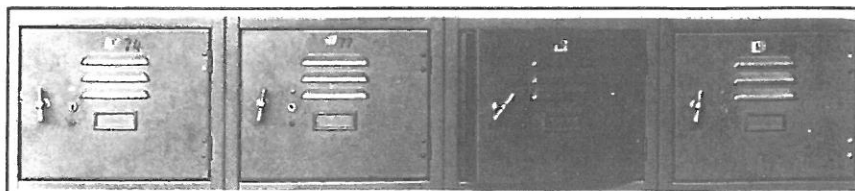
quently eliminated after a good showing by all members of the team.

The Japanese Cultural Evening arranged by the club was primarily a revenue-raising (\$200) occasion. For we were in dire need of some judo mats of our own so we would not have to use those "rotten old gym tumbling mats." The evening was quite a success with demonstrations of karate by Mr. Leggo and of jiu-jitsu and bo-jitsu by Mr. Leggo and his son Ross. Mr. Plunkett and Rod Lovett gave an exhibition of how judo could be used in a street fight — much to the shock and consternation of those poor parents who did not know what to expect.

The Education Week display was performed in the Plaza of the National Mutual Centre before a crowd of approximately 300-500 people. This was in the form of a normal club meeting workout and, judging by the response of the crowd, was very popular.

The House Judo Championships were a great success, with teams of nine (six boys, three girls) from each House competing. The winning House was Murray who with a "solid" team ran out eventual victors. They were given hot opposition from the other Houses and it is hoped that next year's competitions will be even better. We were fortunate enough to have Mr. Yamada, Fourth Dan Black Belt, as a referee. During the recess he, with Mr. Leggo, gave a fantastic display of judo.

Rod Lovett, 6



REPORTS

PREFECTS' NOTES

We rallied along to the casual day and dance in first term to raise \$140 for social services.

Debbie Nichols, an honorary prefect, on leave from Whitney Point, New York State, returned to her home post after one year's stay here. Marcia Edwards, one of our own officers left late in July to serve one year at Barron, Wisconsin.

Something new in the field of discipline — the detentions run by the prefects on Tues-

day afternoons, as expediency dictated, were enjoyed by those many students who participated — often reluctantly!

The girls prefects' room enjoyed modifications, in the form of new lino, shelves and curtains, and served admirably as a "counting house" during the various social service activities, such as the S.S.A.A.F. walk. The use of this room is much appreciated by the occupants.

Linda Hancock
Neil Warren



VOLUNTARY AID TO THE COMMUNITY

This year a new sphere of social service activities was initiated in which the pupils are performing direct functions in the community. The group of pupils concerned, about sixty in all, took as their identification the name V.A.C. or Voluntary Aid to the Community.

The primary objective was to do useful and helpful work and provide companionship for citizens of the local community. Girls working on a roster system visit a local hospital for elderly people every Saturday and Sunday mornings. Contact with these people has imparted to us friendship and many interesting stories which these people are only too willing to tell and from which we naturally benefit being curious of something which is outside our own life span. Later, in the second term, the boys and some girls began gardening, wood chopping and light repair jobs for pensioners who were unable to do this work themselves.

The aim was not to limit service to only members of V.A.C. but in some way to involve the whole school in worthwhile activities. Thus there was the "knit-a-square" competition run on the basis of House efforts. The response to the call to "pick up the knitting

needles" was very encouraging and was also taken up by the lady staff members. When the squares have been sewn together the rugs will be presented to elderly people in need of blankets.

As a result of our work members became eager to have more information about social work. Mrs. Longney was able to arrange for Miss Rainey, a Social Worker from Caulfield Hospital, to come and speak with us and answer any questions we may have had. Not only did we become more familiar with social work and its aims and needs but also acquired more outlets for our work.

Our many thanks go to Mrs. Longney, who was so helpful in the initial stages of V.A.C. '68, and to Pam Crompton whose efforts in organizing the club and activities is much appreciated by all.

Lyn Mouat, Assistant Secretary

Committee Members:

Chairman: Noel Mellett
Secretary: Pam Crompton
Treasurer: Neil Warren

Committee Members: Marg. Rowell, Ian Hobbs, Stan Capp, Debby Cummins, Sandra Loewe, Tony Haycox.



SECONDARY SCHOOLS ABORIGINAL AFFAIRS FUND

In April, 7,500 Melbourne students, parents and staff members walked 9 miles along the foreshore from Hampton to Port Melbourne on the "Long Walk." Each walker had at least two sponsors who paid at least five cents for each of the 12 check points — to raise a gross total of \$45,000. Eighty walkers represented Brighton High, raising \$610 for the fund.

The aborigines owned Australia. Into this predictable and known world came an aggressive, assertive and demanding intruder, who took much of the land and destroyed much of the meaning of life to the aborigine — to the extent that the natives of Australia were undeniably aliens in the land which had belonged to their parents. Traditionally used to a different life, aborigines are not instructed to be like white people — hard-working, thrifty, ambitious, fanatically clean and hygienic, striving for material gains. The "whites" (sometimes intolerably) find the

aborigines unreliable, poorly educated, unambitious, dirty and willing to live in sub-standard dwellings.

The two groups live their separate lives — the aborigine often without pride, dignity or hope.

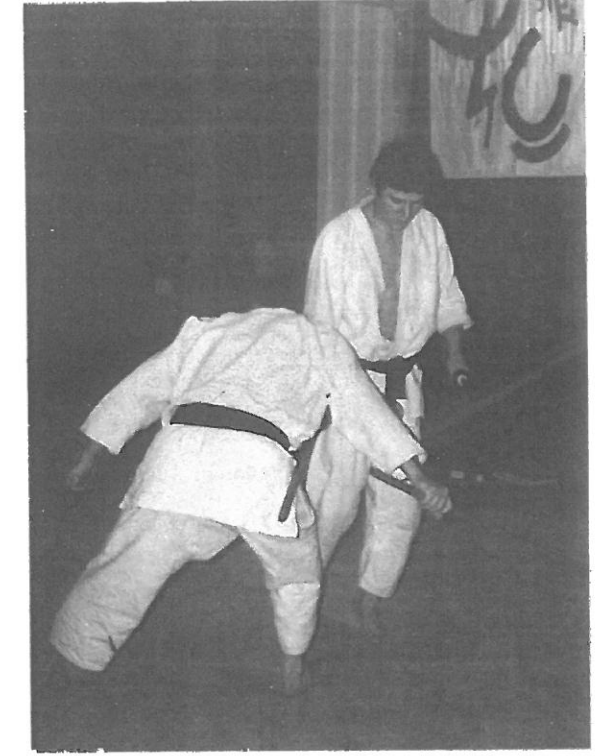
The Secondary Schools Aboriginal Affairs Fund is an association of Victorian secondary students, aiming at encouraging maximum student participation — benefiting the students of both communities. Certain scholarships are being allocated to give aboriginal students educative opportunities, while the white students, in making these opportunities possible can learn more about aboriginal affairs and give practical help.

Let's hope that this movement will continue and that the enthusiastic 5th formers in the school will encourage student interest next year.

Linda Hancock, 6A



JAPANESE CULTURAL NIGHT



For the purpose of financing the purchase of Judo mats the Japanese Cultural Night was arranged by Mr. Leggo, Mr. Plunkett, Mrs. Anzarut and Mr. Shortal.

The night included a highly informative address comparing the Japanese schools system with that of Australia by the Japanese Consul to Victoria, Mr. Iguchi. This address was followed by two highly informative films which served to illustrate facets of daily Japanese life.

The items of most interest to the audience followed. These were a karate display by the popular school judo teacher Mr. Leggo, who shattered a brick and two blocks of wood, and with his son, Ross, performed a

ceremonial sword display which had more military purpose than merely exercise.

The School Judo Team appeared next demonstrating break falls and throwing techniques. The girls not to be outdone, demonstrated their prowess with bouts among themselves.

Mr. Leggo and Kay Lubransky demonstrated the practical attributes of judo when faced with assault. Mr. Leggo's nine year old daughter, Anne-Marie, who threw her father, charmed the audience with a flick of her wrist.

The night was concluded with expressions of approval all round from a packed and enthralled hall.

David Trouson, 6

Students from Laos



Laotian Students

Aroun Sunthorn, Chansy Chandyphith, Bounthavong Keomanivong, Kongphet Chanthapanya and the only boy, Kham Xay. These students are in Australia under the Colombo Plan and their stay here is determined by their course of study. They were able to apply for the scheme when they had completed third form but had to sit for an examination which is similar to our entrance exam to high school.

Living in Australia, the students encounter a few problems. The main one is English, as English in Laos is only a secondary language. "Your school system also takes a little getting used to", said Aroun. "In Laos the school day starts at 7.30 a.m. with a break from 12 noon till 3 p.m. and classes finally end at 5 p.m." Children usually start school at the age of six or seven, attend primary school for six years and high school for seven years. At high school the pupils remain in the one class room all day. There is one great disadvantage in Laos, and that is that there are no universities, only specialized schools.

They do have one other problem "Your winter is far too cold for us!" says Aroun. The others unanimously agreed.

Geoff Sievers, 6E

"I'm coming back"



Marcia Edwards and Debbi

"I feel worse about leaving here than I did when I left home," said Debbi Nichols, Moorabbin Rotary Club's exchange student, before leaving for her home at Whitney Point, New York State, U.S.A.

Debbi, who was here for 12 months, was sponsored by the Rotary International exchange student scheme and changed host families every six weeks.

Debbi arrived at the beginning of third term last year and left on July 12. While here she studied both Leaving and Matriculation but will receive no credit for this back in the States.

Although she insists she hasn't lost a bit of her American accent, Debbi's conversation was sprinkled with Australian expressions. The only two words she couldn't use without thinking first were "reckon" and "fair dinkum."

Debbi made many friends during her stay and was considered by the prefects to be one of "them." This perhaps made her departure even more difficult.

On July 12, the prefects and several senior students went to the airport to see her off. When asked of the possibility of her returning to Australia, Debbi did say she would return with her parents for a holiday. She insists, "I'm coming back some day."

Geoff Sievers, 6E

STAN'S RAVE

During January of this year, I was privileged to represent the school at the Royal Australian Naval College Summer Assembly at Jervis Bay which is some 100 miles south from Sydney. There were 50 boys present from all over Australia, 14 coming from Victoria. All hope to matriculate at the end of this year but our attendance did not imply any necessity for us to join the Navy. The idea behind the assembly was to increase the interest of schoolboys in the RANC itself and for us to see a wide range of Naval activities.

On arriving in Sydney by the Southern Aurora we were escorted into buses for the journey down to Jervis Bay. Here we were divided into two groups and given the quarters usually occupied by the cadets. During the next few days we witnessed and took part in many aspects of Naval life. These included lectures on "The Importance of the Navy" and of the Engineering Branch of the RANC. We were told of the various methods of entry into the college and it may be of some interest to know of this. There are two methods of entry. The Junior entry requires 3½ years at the RANC (while the cadet reaches matriculation standard) before graduating. The Senior entry requires 1½ years at the college but a matriculation pass is necessary for admittance. After this, cadets spend a year at sea and then proceed to England and specialize in degrees of science, engineering (electrical or mechanical) or possibly arts. This takes four years and the cadet is then a commissioned officer.

Other activities included a day at sea on the HMAS Queenborough — an anti-submarine frigate of 2711

tons. Apart from gaining an insight into the Naval way of life, we were given demonstrations of their mortar and rocket firing ability.

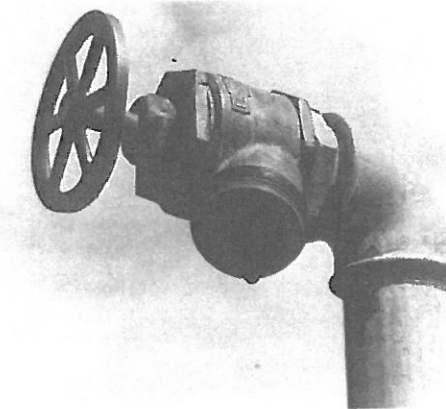
While we were at the college, the HMAS Hobart came into the Bay for some manoeuvres, before returning to Vietnam. We were privileged to board the vessel and were given a guided tour by the ship's Commanding Officer. We saw how the lethal Ikara anti-submarine weapon system worked, as well as the supersonic guided missile Tartar. This was probably one of the highlights of our stay at Jervis Bay as we passed through the highly technical radar and engine parts of the ship.

Another highlight of our trip was our visit to the Naval air base at Nowra. Here we saw such aircraft as Skyhawks, Dakotas and the Wessex and Iroquois helicopters. We were taken on a flight in one of the Iroquois helicopters and it was quite an experience flying at several hundred feet with only a safety belt keeping one in.

The rest of our stay was taken up in sporting activities, sailing, gym work, basketball, tennis, cricket or golf on their own nine-hole golf course.

For a week we were guests of the Royal Australian Navy and we saw and did things that many others at our age only dreamed of doing. My thanks must go to Mr. Cooke for this opportunity of a lifetime and of course to the RAN for organizing such an assembly.

Stan Capp



DEBUTANTE BALL

This year for the first time the Mothers' Club arranged and held a Debutante Supper Dance. It took place on August 9 and was well attended and highly successful. The 14 debutantes were all Leaving and Matriculation girls with the exception of Pattie Giles, the only ex-pupil. Most of the girls' partners were also fellow students.

Much hard work had been done by the Mothers' Club to ensure the success of the evening especially by Mrs. Nowland, the Mothers' Club president and by Mrs. Ward, the debutantes' chaperone. Mr. and Mrs. Bond spent many weeks training the girls and their partners for the event.

The hall had been attractively decorated for the occasion, particularly the stage upon which a colourful floral display had been organized and carried out by the Brighton Council.

The Supper Dance was attended by about 250 people who were mostly friends and relations of the debutantes. However, there was a large number of students and ex-students. Also present were Mr. and Mrs. Cooke, Miss Mayson and Mr. and Mrs. Archer.

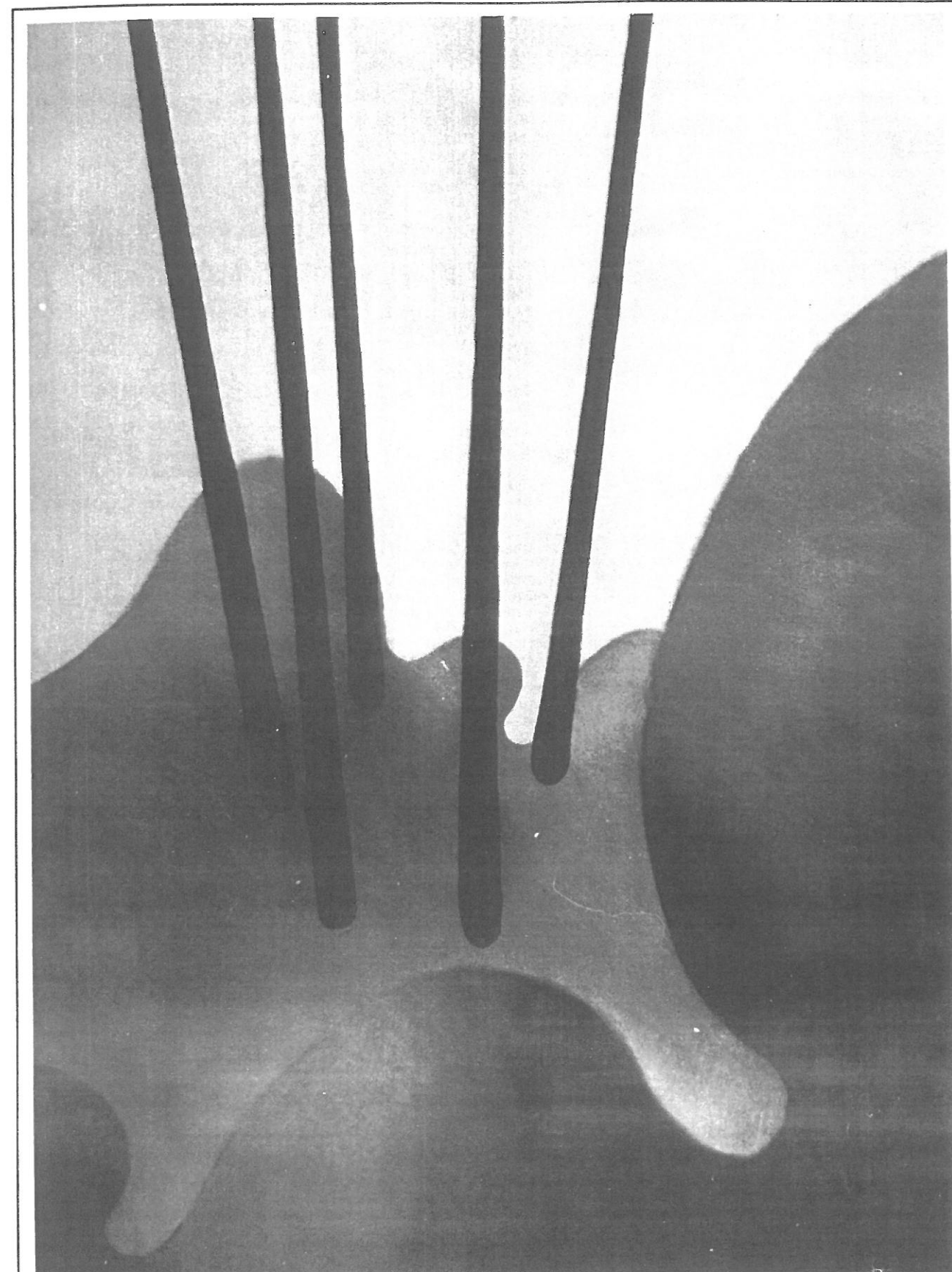
The highlight of the evening was the presentation of the debutantes to the Mayor

of Brighton, Councillor Lovell. Mrs. Nowland deputized for Mrs. Lovell who was unable to attend.

The debutante set was composed of Lynette Mouat, partnered by Craig Findlay; Pattie Giles, partnered by Stan Capp; Frances Moorrees, partnered by Neil Warren; Pamela Crompton, partnered by Noel Mellet; Lynelle Emanuelle, partnered by Don Gill; Gayle Porter, partnered by Richard Greenlees; Pam Nix, partnered by Dennis Taylor; Linda Hancock, partnered by Geoff Love; Pamela Twomey, partnered by Peter Brooks; Gaie Moody, partnered by Lloyd Todd; Kaye Shaw, partnered by David Best; Margaret Rowell, partnered by Martin Ogle; Robyn Hanby partnered by Geoff Elston; and Christine Quelch, partnered by Tim Conboy.

The girls' partners led by Don Gill gave a good rendition of the current hit, "The Orange and The Green." This was then followed by the complete debutante set singing the school song.

Both the girls and their partners looked very attractive. The debutantes wore individual white frocks and carried posies of dried flowers in the school colors.



"Self Portrait"

Fiona Colin

EXIT STUDENTS

FORM 6A

Colin, Fiona E.
Dawson, Elizabeth M.
Edwards, Marcia J.
Emanuelle, Lynell J.
Fanoy, Jeltje S.
Frank, Erica C. D.
Frith, Cathi, V.
Hancock, Linda I.
Harwood, Lynette F.
Howe, Adrian
Kay, Teresa E.
Kennedy, Margaret A.
Knapp, Christine M.
Kompe, Kitty M.
Loewe, Sandra E.
Mills, Shirley L.
Munro, Judith L.
Murphy, Yvonne L.
Nicholls, Debbie L.
Nix, Pam F.
Peer, Miriam J.
Porter, Gayle M.
Romanella, Aurora
Ross, Margaret L.
Smith, Jennifer L.
Stevens, Joy
Ward, Judy A.
Yoskowitz, Aviva

FORM 6B

Ajzenbud, Rose
Bailey, Glenda Cree
Bayly, Judith Irene
Boltman, Linda J.
Borowick, Lesley
Brockley, Judith E.
Brooks, Elly Helen
Carrick, Susan J.
Crompton, Pamela J.
Danson, Sandra J.
Ee, Poh Lin
Frydenberg, Ruth
Harrison, Michelle B.
Hiller, Deborah R.
Moorrees, Frances J.
Morrell, Diane C.
Mouat, Lynette M.
Muntz, Kathleen J.
Rowell, Margaret A.
Senyard, Diane E.
Shaw, Kaye L.
Singer, Pamela R.
Strunin, Lee F.
Terrell, Ruth L.
Yeoh, Saw Choo
Michaelides, Anita J.

FORM 6C

Armytage, Mark R. S.
Chan, Shang Whai
Conboy, Timothy J.
Deering, David G.
Findlay, Craig W.

Hillis, Robert D.
Hobbs, Ian M.
Jones, Brian G.
Korn, Garry
Lastman, Andre M.
Liddell, Neil A.
Love, Geoffrey D.
Maxey, Glen
Ong, Cheng Eng
Macdonald, Alister I.
McEwan, Stuart H.
Richter, David E.
Robertson, John A.
Silverman, Julian E.
Silverstein, Mervyn L.
Taylor, Alexander P.
Tseng, Charles
Warren, Neil G.
Warshall, Michael
Wiebell, Henry J.

FORM 6D

Ang, Cheng Ki
Ang, Kok Leong
Barberio, Raffaele
Benedykt, Simon
Bott, Peter
Bruell, Peter
Coats, Howard
Cumming, John
Davidson, David
Grinberg, Jacques
Grunberg, Norman
Harvest, Rick
Ho, Kim Quee
Lee, Siang Cheng
Simpson, Christopher
Stone, David
Tounson, David
Werblud, Rael
Whitelaw, Ken
Wilson, Robert
Yang, Win Wee

FORM 6E

Allardice, David J.
Brown, Ian R.
Capp, Stanley B.
Curnow, Christopher V.
Dunlop, Robert B.
Gray, Peter R.
Howe, Phillip J.
Lewis, Mark D.
Lippert, Ronald H. M.
Lovett, Rodney E.
Majman, John
Mellett, Noel A.
Mendelovits, David B. S.
Nowland, Frederick W.
Porter, David W.
Quelch, John A.
Rashleigh, Garrance L.
Sievers, Geoffrey W.
Wickow, Michael K.
Zorzenon, Guy W.

STUDENTS LEAVING

Allen, Stuart	4C
Anderson, Ross	2B
Arscott, Jill	5E
Baldwin, Mandy	5
Bennett, Diane	3G2
Breare, Gary	1A
Buckland, Ann	5D
Caufield, Wendy	2E
Chamberlain, Ken	5D
Clark, Michel	5D
Coates, Steven	3G1
Cohen, David	5D
Curtis, Carol	5D
Denison, Paula	3G2
Duncan, Sandra	5B
Eagle, Brian	3G2
Eldred, Louise	4G
Fagen, Robert	4C
Geddes, Rhine	2C
Giles, Helen	5
Godfredsen, Helen	3G1
Godfrey, Adrian	1D
Grime, Rob	5B
Healy, Dennis	5A
Hill, Betsy	5
Hill, Ian	3G2
Hunter, Diane	2C
Jackson, V.	5
Jones, Mark	3F1
Kessler, Barbara	4C
Krause, Peter	4C
Leihy, Michelle	4G
Mather, Robyn	5
Maxey, Graham	4F1
McDonald, Susanne	5D
Mills, Rod	3G2
Mitchell, Ross	5E
Mogdale, Remyi	4F2
Patton, Elizabeth	5E
Pendelbery, Mark	1B
Penglis, Micky	1E
Pitts, Marion	5
Phillips, Rhonda	5
Quelch, Christine	5
Ratz, Laurie	4F2
Salter, Angela	5E
Scott, Fiona	2D
Sergard, Gary	3F1
Shields, Neil	5A
Stoope, Robert	2D
Swain, Mark	5A
Taylor, Sue	2C
Taysom, Gail	5E
Tosca, Louisa	4F2
Toyser, G.	5
Twomey, Pam	5C
Weiske, Rosslynn	3G2
Welsby, Sue	2D
Wesney, Candy	5B
Wood, Val	5A

VALE MRS. CARR

On Wednesday, October 31, after a long illness, Mrs. Ivy Carr passed away. During her eighteen months in our general office, she endeared herself to us by her extreme competence and her unfailing kindness. At all times and in spite of her affliction, she served students and teachers alike. To her family we offer our sincere condolences.

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Don Woyl