



BRIGHTON HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY



Principal's Report

I use my page in "Voyager" this year to acknowledge and to thank pupils who have done community service within the school—the pupils who have given their own time, voluntarily devoted their skills and energies to the common good. Pride of place is given to the Stage Crew, a group subject to rigid selection. Only boys who are self-disciplined, utterly reliable, responsible, skilful and capable of independent study to compensate for missed classes are eligible, and only those who are generous enough to do long hours of hard work for others are applicants. Grant Davis (VI) has been in charge of this select band of which the other members are Harry Agathagelidis (VII), Mark Pearson (VI), Jamie Singh (III), Philip Johnson (III), Chris Ryan (III) and Brendan Corcoran (III).

In another major resource, the Reference Library, where we are all dependent to a great extent, as we are in the Hall, on reliable voluntary pupil help, Rodney Binns (V) and Arthur Lispcombe (V) have worked every day for some years. This year they have been ably and faithfully assisted by Barbara von zum Hof, (III), John Sentry (II), Kevin Brianton (II) and Stephen Audsley (II). It is not my purpose here to acknowledge the official contribution made by the School Captains, Susan Sdrinis (VI) and Colin MacDonald (VI), but I do acknowledge their substantial voluntary service. Colin has, for instance, given a much needed good example to the school by taking part in School Assembly whilst Susan has done much for Social Service. Other Sixth Formers also are to be commended for giving their time to work in this latter field despite the pressures of their Higher School Certificate studies—Susan Alstock (VI), Eugene Bogner (VI), Peter Mercoulia (VI). To this list must be added the name of a Fifth Former, Judy Blackburn. Punctually at 8.30 every morning, having already made their own preparations for the day, Patricia Storey (II) and Camilla Worboys (II) reported for Locker Duty, Brian Matthews (II) and Kevin Brianton (II) to distribute the Daily Bulletins, John Blackburn (II) and Gary Henry (II) to attend to the School Crossing flags. In addition to these pupils who have done daily tasks, others have contributed consistently throughout the year by coming forward whenever a call for assistance went out. Many Staff Members spoke of help given by Sally Kogosowski (VI), Sue Robinson (V) and Rosalie Triola (II). Special mention must be made of Rosalie's outstanding work each week in charge of Junior School Assembly. Olga Browne (V), Guy Smith (IV), Elizabeth Angwin (VI), Nina Madsen (II), Paul Tannard (II), Sandra Baylis (II), Jennifer Mackie (I), are other pupils whose sustained or frequent voluntary services of various kinds have been brought to my attention.



In selecting my subject for this year's page, I had a two-fold purpose—to give some permanence to our expressions of gratitude to community-minded pupils and, through publicity, inspire many others to follow their example in 1974. 1015 pupils have passed through Brighton High School during 1973. The quantity of voluntary service is, therefore, not impressive. It is true that many I have not mentioned have done some during the Drama and Choral Festivals, in connection with the magazine, on the sports field. Nonetheless, there are, I think, far too many pupils in the school who diligently and conscientiously pursue their own goals, break no rules, commit no acts of vandalism and therefore believe that they are doing all that can be expected of them. I would wish to persuade them to follow in regard to community service, the example of those who have been named here and, indeed, to go further—in regard to all things to be ever conscious of what Edmund Burke said, "All that is necessary for the triumph of evil is that good men do nothing."

M. BRENNAN, B.A. Dip. Ed., M.A.C.E.
PRINCIPAL.

editorial

Fame! Honour! Glory!
Posterity!

All these desirable things were offered to students who contributed to the school magazine and what happened—Voyager nearly sank.

Thanks to the efforts of a few enthusiastic juniors and even fewer stalwart seniors the 'ENDEAVOUR' was kept afloat—and not just in the particular case of the magazine.

Apathy is reaching pandemic proportions at B.H.S.—the scourge has manifested itself everywhere—

The Dramas were late, the Chorals have probably gasped their last and the School Spirit has given up the ghost.

There are dark mutterings and flashes of vandalism, or other less destructive but none the less vexing hooliganing. The grey walls of Brighton High are but the drab hulk of what was once a 'gallant barque'. Mutineers have sprung up and threaten to scuttle the old Endeavour.

But being the jolly tars we are, B.H.S. will rejuvenate—burst into life like the legendary Phoenix. From the ashes of disaster rise the roses of success—and if everyone co-operates the future could be very rosy.

So, rise up you sluggards!
Hoist those sails! Tote that bale!
The call has gone out—
All hands on deck!

Voyager Committee:

J Blackburn	J Murphy
C Lord	S Robinson
D Anglin	H Burton
R Triola	M Coyle
G Geldard	R Binns
T Chisholm	P Gibbons
	A Somerville

deputy principal's report.

All aspects of education in Victoria have changed dramatically over the past one hundred years. In 1873, one of the major problems was to combat the problem of illiteracy. Of the 172,000 children of school age 70,000 had the benefit of a formal schooling. A proportion of the remainder, through their own efforts and with the assistance of their parents gained a general knowledge of the three R's, whilst the rest remained illiterate. Secondary and tertiary education remained the privilege of the select few.

Today, the educator is given a different, difficult and important task. Old beliefs, and customs are being questioned. In the fields of education, science, economics, technology, politics, new concepts are being formed, new experiences tried. The type of education which was appropriate and effective is to a degree, no longer so. We have to reconstruct, adapt, modify and think afresh the content and methods of our teaching, to equip, you, our students, to live with the greatest happiness and the greatest good, in an ever-changing world.

We aim to develop the 'whole' person—physically, mentally, morally, emotionally and socially so that you will become critically and tolerantly aware of your own environment and that of others, so you may deal tolerantly and justly with these differences, and that you will think independently, responsibly and rationally, and be able to further your education without formal learning. You should develop your individual capacities to the full to enable a wise choice in planning your life's vocation, compatible with your abilities and interests.

At Brighton High School we have aimed to give each pupil the opportunity to prove his abilities and particular strengths in many areas. This year, there was enthusiasm for the system of "core" and "elective" subjects at the middle school level. For 1974 a Committee is working already on a curricula which will cater further for the diverse interests and students and offer an opportunity for them to develop their interests in a variety of fields.

Remember, not all students progress at the same rate, but as long as education has aroused your desire and incentive to learn more about some particular subject or aspect of life, then you have achieved personal satisfaction. Everyone has different rates of learning and different methods of application, but the development of your own individual ideas and opinions is all important.

Once you have arrived at this stage then education does not come to an abrupt full stop at the conclusion of school life, but will be a part of you for life.



ADMINISTRATION...



staff.

I. BATOUR,
AYLEY,
LUZER,
BRENNAN, Principal
CARLAND,
T. CHISHOLM,
CLARK,
I. DARE,
DARROCH,
DART,
E. DePIPPA,
DUCAT,
DUNCAN,
C. FOSTER,
C. FREITAG,
FRYDMAN,
L. GELDARD,
GRANAT,
HARRIS,
HARRIS,
HATTON,
E. HICKEY,
KAPLONYI,

Mrs. V.R. McALLESTER,
Miss J. McCANN,
Mrs. D. MIRANDA,
Mrs. L.F. SCOTT,
Mrs. H. SHEPPARD,
Mrs. R. M. SMITHERS,
Miss M.J. WARD,
Mrs. A.W. WILSON,
OFFICE STAFF:—
Mrs. E. CARNE,
Miss L. COE (Lab. Assistant),
Mrs. B. DOOLAN,
Mrs. P. FOCH (Lib. Assistant),
Mrs. T. HARRIS (Duplicating),
Mrs. C. HILLYER,

MAINTENANCE:
Mr. D. AITKEN,
Mr. BADDINGTON (Gardener),
Mrs. P. BAILEY (Canteen),
Mrs. E. EMERY

EMERGENCY TEACHERS:

Mrs. GEDDES,
Mrs. GOLDING,
Mrs. LLOYD,
Mrs. NELSON
MEN:
J.T. ALLEN,
J.L. AUSTIN,
M.R.J. BASTIAN,
J.W. CHAMBERS,
R.F. COPLEY,
J.M. DARLOW,
G.P. DENNIS,
G.A. FRANK,
C. GEORGIADIS,
D. GODFRED,
B.J. LARKIN,
L. MURRAY,
D.J. NOONE,
M.J. O'BRIEN,
A.G. PEARSON,
G.J. PETERS,
B.M. SHEPPARD,
K.W. STEVENSON.



NEW BORN CHILD OF WISDOM

A sacred child
of unique design,
Elegance and grace
Not to define.
Her childish ways
infatuous desires,
Her treasure of speech
Feminine retire.
Mind over matter,
Until she finds rest,
Such trivial flatter
For sensational conquest.
If you find untruth,
in my child to be born,
I will leave minds to soothe
And not to scom.
Vicki McMennemin 3A.

ALONE—MY ROOM

My room is my castle,
where I rule all,
where people can't rubbish me,
and no-one can hurt me
and silence is golden
and I can shut myself away from the outside world,
so I can dream what I want to dream,
and do what I want to do,
and live how I want to live
without pressure from people
who think they know best,
But I know what I want to do
—And in my room it all comes true.
Chris Tuttleby 4A.



THE CURRENT

Within us all, there is an emotion
Sometimes we set it free to disturb the current
It radiates from us
Seeking a victim
The other may sense it
Thinking it comes from a stare, a sight or a sound
While really
it is a magnetism
which draws the wanderers together.
Jennifer Norris 5F.

LIFE

Struck,
The match flares up,
Culminating in a spurt and spatter
of light,
Then slowly,
inevitably,
it dies.
Kim Patterson 5C.

LONELINESS

All alone in alone
in a world so great
You gaze around,
but no-one's there.

Your pockets are empty,
Your clothes have holes,
Your stomach does rumble,
but who's to know?

You have no children,
You have no wife
You're always thinking
What is life?

But do not despair,
Just think of this—
You have yet another life
Of only bliss.



UNTITLED

This is my garden
my stretch of grass
my dew-fresh flowers—
What to do when
a stranger, an intruder
bears down on my grass
his being, his hard mind
forcing the green blades
to bend
Ah!—but my imagination holds the picture
I am sitting on a slab of cement
and the stranger's footsteps
do not force the cement to bend
like my grass,
as it is a creation of his
hard mind.
Sally Dawes 3A.



THE SEA

—Helen Rogers

(1) Everything was peaceful and tranquil. The smooth
ocean waves slowly trickled onto the sun-warmed sand. The
sky became a line of dazzling colors as the sun slowly began
to sink below the horizon. Reaching for the sea its arms
danced upon the ripples of the soft sweeping movements of
the tide. Everything would soon be dark. Slowly the
outlined rocks and sea had vanished.

(2) The wind blew fiercely like a mad dog; its white teeth
ripped the sea below. The deep green ocean twisted and
toiled. The war had begun. From below, the sea with its
freezing tentacles slashed into the raging wind. From above,
the wind blew viciously jagging and cutting the victim
below. For hours the violent war continued until finally
both parties retreated and everything returned to peace.

DEATH OF THE ETERNAL WAVE

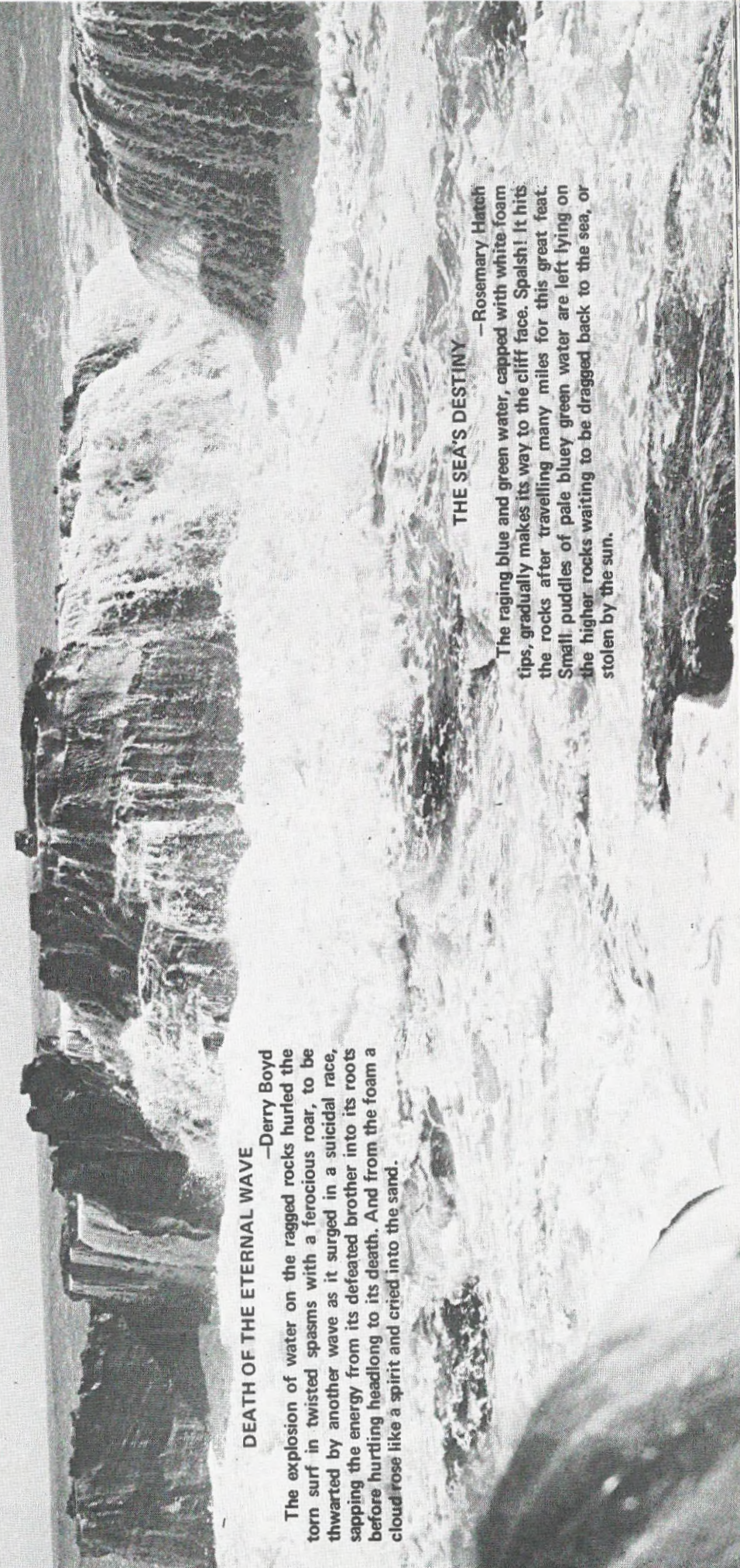
—Derry Boyd

The explosion of water on the ragged rocks hurled the
torn surf in twisted spasms with a ferocious roar, to be
thwarted by another wave as it surged in a suicidal race,
sapping the energy from its defeated brother into its roots
before hurtling headlong to its death. And from the foam a
cloud rose like a spirit and cried into the sand.

THE SEA'S DESTINY

—Rosemary Hatch

The raging blue and green water, capped with white foam
tips, gradually makes its way to the cliff face. Spash! It hits
the rocks after travelling many miles for this great feat.
Small puddles of pale bluey green water are left lying on
the higher rocks waiting to be dragged back to the sea, or
stolen by the sun.





Thirteenth of June, that most memorable of days,
Brought about the staging of the four House Plays.
It involved over sixty of the students in all,
Moving, standing, speaking at producer's beck and call.
These stalwart epitomes of patience and of grace
Struggled very hard to avoid losing face.
Grant's and Phillip's plays were seemingly "old hat",
Murray's was "interesting", but not up to that
Of the last entrant who eventually won—
Lonsdale—the "pioneer"—if you'll pardon the pun.

Grant House was the first to get off the ground,
After haunting bookshops for miles around.
They eventually arose with a play without flaw;
"Showing up of Blanco Posnet" by Bernard Shaw,
Set in the Wild West—the trial of a horse-thief.
With many snide comments, offering relief.
The erstwhile producer was Rodney Whyte,
Still grumbling about the decision that night.
Twenty-one actors here tried their best;
Unhappily, nervousness overcame zest.

Later on, Murray got hold of a myth—
"The Waters of Lethe", by Frank Fladen-Smith.
Depicting an original view of Hell
And what kind of people are sent there to dwell.
Tony Henningham—director—nicknamed Chook,
Moulded a play worth more than one look.
Ten laudable actors took the stage-floor,
Where a breath-taking set the audience saw.
A bar in the centre, with barmaid, had prominence,
But in spite of free drinks, lacked cup-winning dominance.

Phillip for "Kid Avalanche" held auditions,
A situational comedy in the best of traditions,
Where a boxer, whose honesty outweighs his nous,
Puts himself in the care of a sorority house.
The director, Kath Louison, tried with all might,
But, for the wrong reasons, "Kid" was K.O.'d that night.
Most humorous bits were brilliantly played—
The school, but not Spurrier, in the aisles was laid.
It provided suspense, music, dancing and fun,
And for overall variety was second to none.

Ionesco's "Soprano", relying on cliché,
Was a last-minute triumph for Leah Dobrejcer.
The scene is the home of a "true" British national.
In which conversation is absurdly irrational,
Suggesting that life should be taken—quite rightly—
Neither too seriously nor yet too lightly.
The set and the make-up had visual impact,
But, from the lyrics, did nothing detract.
Vocal or focal?—Whatever the reason.
Lonsdale walked off with the prize for this season.

Although their rehearsal could hardly be heard,
With prompters flat-out, Lonsdale got the last word.
Murray came close with more prompting bizarre,
Lines above stage, and "Chook" in the bar.
Grant, marred by slips, was left in dark,
Their Shaw—"very difficult"—failed in making its mark.
For Spurrier, Phillip was "knocked from the ring"
Because he too often had seen "that sort of thing".
The school thought the plays, though long, very clever,
And voted the Festival, "quite the best ever!"

Anonymac.

house

drama



EASTER ISLAND — OR NO CHARIOTS

JUST A LANDROVER

Imagine gliding down from a dawn-tinted apricot sky to a tiny green triangle in the otherwise unbroken blue of the South Pacific Ocean. There is a volcanic cone at each apex, and mighty rollers break violently along the black, jagged coastlines. Lower still we drop, and the green stretches flat and empty, with only here and there a clump of trees, and a few low, rounded hills. A cluster of buildings appears near one corner, and, just beyond it, a surfaced runway on which we land.

We had flown overnight from Tahiti, with its rain-forests, precipitous mountains, hundreds of tourists, duty-free French perfumes and cosmetics, and every courtesy, comfort and luxury on offer. Here we stepped out to the rock-strewn plain, make-shift sheds, red dust—and cops: armed cops who collected everyone's passport, even though all except two passengers would be flying straight on to Chile when the plane took off in an hours time. We had to wait, Miss Dee from Canada and I, while the transit passengers rushed for the half-dozen trucks and landrovers which were standing outside the main shed to take a quick trip "to see the statues". For those who could not be squeezed in, there were stalls selling pumice-stone replicas of the statues, grotesque wooden carvings and intricate shell necklaces. There was a post office counter, with cards, but, though the cancellation read "Isla de Pascua", the stamps said "Chile", because Easter Island (as we call it in English) is governed by Chile, and Chilean law is enforced by Chilean police with guns.

At last the plane lifted, and Miss Dee and I, without our passports for the next week, found a landrover to take us to the hotel beside the sea, a mile beyond the only town on the island. Once there were villages all over, but civil wars and smallpox killed off most of the population, and the remaining 150 had little interest in staying alive, until they were forcibly brought to live together. The greater part of the island was turned into a sheep run (as it still is) and controlled by a foreign company. The houses, painted gay colours, are mostly small plaster bungalows, rather dilapidated, since all manufactured goods must be imported from 3,000 miles away by a ship that calls twice a year. But the hotel is very new and comfortable—and very, very expensive. Meals, included in the tariff, offer a set menu of Chilean cuisine. Chilean breakfast consists of sweet biscuits and a rather flat roll—Chilean bread—with "marmalade", only it was jam, which was quite correct according to our Spanish dictionary. There was meat only when the government bought and killed sheep. Otherwise it was chicken and fish for lunch and dinner, with fresh fruit and vegetables. I have never known how delicious a boiled potato could be, nor that fresh tuna was so special.

We joined a touring party. Our fellow members had arrived from Chile two days earlier. They were: a young Frenchman,

who spoke only French; a German married couple, of which the husband also spoke French, and the wife some English; and a Chilean couple, Spanish-speaking, who had learned French and English at High School. Our guide, Michel, spoke Spanish and French, and we all managed to get along very well indeed. I may say that my own Spanish, (self-taught) and French (High School), improved remarkably—at least in understanding what was said, if it was said slowly enough.

Michel collected us each day in his landrover, and took us all around. Church on Sunday was a must—"Everyone goes to Church on Isla de Pascua"—so we attended 8 a.m. Mass, with the officiating priest looking like Father Christmas in red vestments and a long grey beard, under the gaze of a Madonna carved from wood in the native style, her Child hung about with shell necklaces. And the congregation—500 packed in, and that was only the first service for the day—sang. Such singing! Their own tunes, their own words, no music, but a stout gentleman in a blue shirt stood up in the middle of them with a hymn book in his hand and conducted. When it was over, a nearby shop opened for trade, people climbed aboard their waiting ponies—Mum at the reins, baby in front and two kids behind—and the priest opened his private museum for the tourists.

We visited a Cannibal Cave, scrambling over sharp black rocks to reach it. Here, in times of national emergency, the early Pascuans gathered for a ritual feast of human flesh. On the smoke-grimed walls they scratched outlines of their sacred birdmen. There are caves all over this volcanic island, many of them ancient places of refuge, the openings so narrow that only a very thin person could slip in. Some were burial places, and there are skeletons still visible, in some cases within reach.

Stone Age man living in volcanic country used volcanic glass—obsidian—for his tools and weapons. We were taken to a hill of obsidian where we picked up sharp pieces of various sizes, almost ready to use.

There are only two good swimming beaches on the island, and we visited both. At one, we had a barbecue. Lumps of pumice stone were heated on a fire of seaweed and driftwood, and then freshly-caught lobsters and fish were cooked on these stones.

There are no rivers on the island, so most water used is rainwater. However, in two of the volcanic mountains there is a crater lake, and the sides of one of the craters are used for growing fruit and vegetables. The other crater, less steep, provides pasture for cows, and in that lake grow the totara reeds from which the early Pascuans made the walls of their houses. We saw many foundations for these ancient dwellings—in size and shape like a canoe, the foundation stones having holes in which were placed poles through which the reeds were woven, so that the finished structure resembled a canoe turned upside down.

But, of course, what we had come to Easter Island to see was The Statues, and statues we saw. Most of them were lying, face down, cracked and broken. It is believed that these statues represented ancestors and heroes of the early Pascuans. They were set on huge platforms of enormous stones, their backs to the sea, and in front of each were rows of stones, a stone for every member of the family. Religious ceremonies and dramatic performances were given in front of the statues, and everyone had his or her seat under the appropriate ancestor. Then, when civil war came, each tribe threw down the statues of the enemy, until there were no statues left standing, and very few people left either. So no more statues were made, and the hillside from which they were carved holds many partly finished ones, and many that were ready to be taken away, and many more were abandoned along the roads to the sea.

There are, however, a number of statues that have been set upright again. Some at road intersections, others by the sea where they originally stood, raised by the old means of ropes woven from totara reeds, and ramps. Some of these are badly broken, others are mended, or being mended. Only one has had his "red hat" restored—he looked just like the head waiter at the hotel. There is only one statue of a woman, and she was made of the less durable red stone, and is much weather-worn.

We went shopping for souvenirs, and my fancy was taken by a walking stick. It has a carved face in front, the face of the hunger-devil, to frighten any would-be molesters, and the crook was carved in the head of the sacred bird, to give strength to the user, and it was priced at \$30 Australian. So I bought little statues and carved necklaces, and the shopkeeper threw a necklace of shells around my neck and said "You my friend". (I wonder how much too much I paid for my trinkets?) A young woman stopped me in the street, and said, "We are the same size. You give me your dress, I give you a statue my father make." So we made the exchange back at the hotel, and she gave me also some coral and obsidian artefacts, and a shell necklace. "You my friend." The headmaster at the school (they have only a primary one), with whom I exchanged some professional talk, found a shell necklace for me—"You my friend".

On the last day, Miss Dee wished to make some last minute purchases, so we went again to the souvenir shop, and this time, as the sun was rather strong, I wore a hat—a wide-brimmed, white lacy one. The shopkeeper said, "My wife say, what statue you like for your hat?" "No more statues—no room!" "My wife say, you have anything in the shop for your hat." So I came away with one \$30 walking stick and another necklace, and one Pascuan mother went to church next Sunday in a white lacy hat.

People coming to the island are greeted by relatives and friends with shell necklaces, or necklaces of nuts and seeds. Departing friends are festooned with such necklaces. I was proudly able to wear six of them as I boarded the plane, once more in possession of a passport, and resumed my journey round the world.

Mrs. McDonald.



MACHU PICCHU—Lost City of Peru

For New Year's Day—

- a purple orchid, poised
on slender stem,
plunder of a wayside halt, and presented
as to an Inca queen —
- wild strawberries shining
under their tangled trefoils,
firm-fleshed, summer-sweet,
a dream of Inca feasting —
- begonias rooted in walls
of terraced gardens, where once
the Chosen Women walked their narrow days
between mist-wreathed hills,
above the darkness of snow-fed turbulence —
- five hours enclosed
in yesterday,
impaled on dagger-peaks,
mind tied to the solstice-stone,
as once the sun was held
captive among captives marked for death.





The jar of Vegemite sat solemnly on the breakfast table. Between the labels one could see the tall, black mountains of vitamins and yeast extract climbing up the slippery cylinder of glass. When the lid was removed a strong and salty meat-like aroma, as crisp as a winter morning and as sharp as a sliver of glass, reached my nose. For years this miracle potion has been fed to children in so many different ways, claiming to give them vitamins they can't store up. I wonder where we would be today if Kraft had not given us this life-giving spread?

Wendy Elliott 4C.

PUSS IN CORKS

"Pussy cat, pussy cat
What's wrong with your feet?"
"I bought some shoes from Canarby Street"
"Pussy cat, pussy cat
Why the sad face?"
"They're far too big and look a disgrace!"

"Pussy cat, pussy cat
please don't worry, we'll take them back
and say we're sorry."

"Pussy cat, pussy cat
what say about that?"
"Thanks, you've made me the happiest cat."
Derry Boyd.

THE DELICATE ART OF MAKING FAIRY-FLOSS

The supposedly simple (in form), light, sticky, though very tasty fairy-floss is in fact an extremely chemically complicated substance.

It is really a marvel, for who would ever guess that its creation was clumsily and quite accidentally stumbled on during the attempt to perfect artificial clouds?

Two years ago, six of the world's most famed scientists and professors came together under great secrecy, and after much intense planning, only to find that their discovery served no purpose other than to be eaten.

To this very day people ask, "How could such brilliant minds make so ridiculous a mistake?" Basically the error was a simple one.

A recorded file of this experiment revealed the following information.

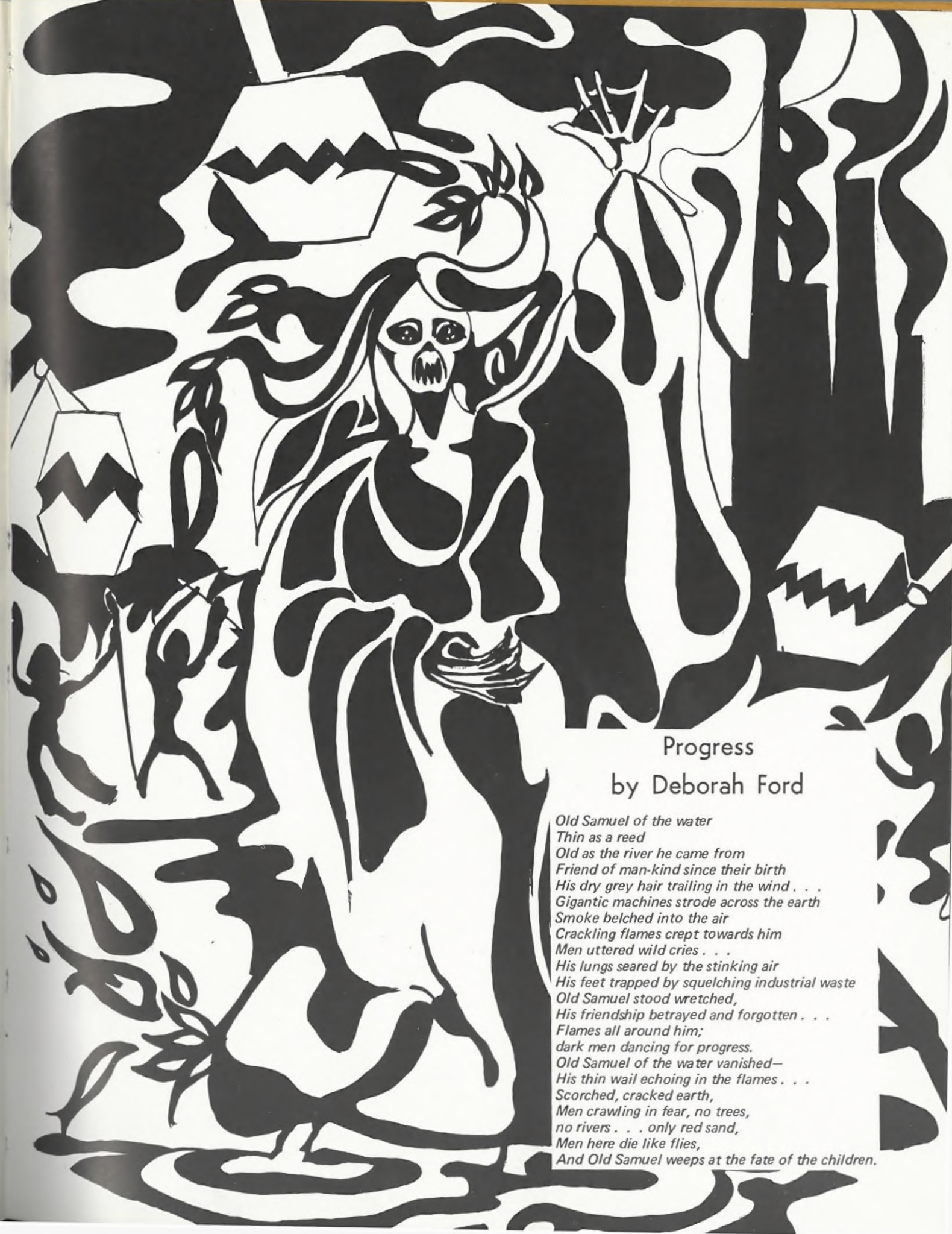
The basic requirements of logsiton, ionin, alchemin, hydalin, and 12.7 grams of alloyinated bicarbites were collected (in carefully measured amounts), and placed in a hydropeal which mechanically grated and separated each substance according to a computerized recipe. Then 7.589 ounces of vobiscummed sawdust was added. This caused the elements within the hydropeal to fume. Once a temperature of 210° Fahrenheit was reached, the micro-particles began to evaporate, leaving a residue of ultra-lucent equinoxides. These precious fragments were

carefully transported by a mippodrome-mobile to a fluff-compose. Here they were left for a period of two weeks, by which time it was found that invisible crystals had formed.

Success seemed inevitable as before their eyes, these grains changed their form, and eventually turned into white strands of elasticope. It was at this stage that the catastrophe occurred. While transporting it to an oven of flour-cycle, Professor Berzelius slipped and dropped the aneloid air-tight basin containing the elasticope on to the floor. Foreign particles immediately entered the material, and due to the composition of the elasticope, they could not be removed. The delicate compound turned sticky and damp very rapidly.

After a short conference, it was unanimously decided to place this new formation into an alkapauses. However, after only seconds, fluffy pink, billowy clouds emerged from the air pipe. Disappointed, yet intrigued by this unexpected result, the professors decided to test the effect of the material on various animals. Their first instincts led them to eat it. Thus, after years of perfection, fairy-floss, as children recognise it all over the world today, was placed on the market as a unique and irreplaceable delicacy.

Aviva Stern, 4C.



Progress by Deborah Ford

Old Samuel of the water
Thin as a reed
Old as the river he came from
Friend of man-kind since their birth
His dry grey hair trailing in the wind . . .
Gigantic machines strode across the earth
Smoke belched into the air
Crackling flames crept towards him
Men uttered wild cries . . .
His lungs seared by the stinking air
His feet trapped by squelching industrial waste
Old Samuel stood wretched,
His friendship betrayed and forgotten . . .
Flames all around him;
dark men dancing for progress.
Old Samuel of the water vanished—
His thin wail echoing in the flames . . .
Scorched, cracked earth,
Men crawling in fear, no trees,
no rivers . . . only red sand,
Men here die like flies,
And Old Samuel weeps at the fate of the children.



LUNCHEON IN A DUNGEON

Two days before the end of the second term, the French and German intellectuals of Brighton High School Matrics gathered in their newly-converted restaurant. The aim of these festivities was to show our appreciation to Miss Brennan for providing us with our language room. Thus "Operation Luncheon" was under way.

Each one of us was assigned a different recipe, and much to our parents' horror we attempted to prepare these at home. Amongst these delectable creations there were many surprising inventions, such as Wiener Schnitzel, Coq au Vin, Profiteroles au Chocolat, a pizza (???) and many other exotic dishes were created. In case you are wondering how the pizza comes into the picture, in our midst was a lone student of Italian.

At 10.30 that morning there was a last minute panic when we discovered that a most distinguished visitor would be attending our luncheon. Dr. Adams O.B.E., M.A. L.L.D. (Glasgow), Officer of Academic, Edinburgh, and Paris, Member of the Council of the University of London and the UNESCO International Bureau of Education was paying a visit to our Principal. This distinguished Lady was on her fourth world tour of schools and colleges. She talked to us about her previous experiences and before she left, took photos in loving memory of her day at B.H.S. Our other guests consisting of Miss Brennan, Miss Mayson and the language staff were all pleasantly surprised to see our brightly decorated language room—cum—restaurant.

During the luncheon there were a few hopeful non-language matrics lurking about and taking pity on them, we threw the remains to the ravenous students in the 6th Form study room.

French and German students' Extraordinaire.

UNE VISITE INATTENDUE

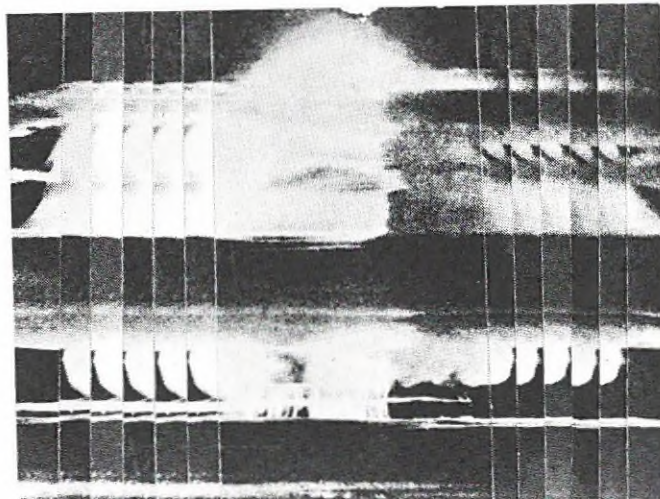
C'était l'automne dernier quand les feuilles, en dansant heureusement dans les vents, tombèrent par terre pour la couvrir d'une tapisserie d'or et de brun, que tante Matilde fut venue un jour.

Il gela ce matin-là et nous étions surpris quand la vieille dame, toute petite et fragile, frappa à la porte avec sa canne à cinq heures du matin. Elle avait été évincée de sa petite pièce par un concierge ivre et cruel et elle n'avait que ce qu'elle portait: ses vêtements, sa canne et une couverture effilée qu'elle portait autour de ses épaules, comme défence, mais sans effet, contre les vents douloureux.

Nous l'acceptâmes dans notre ménage, et bientôt elle devint une influence forte dans la famille. Elle disait toujours un bon mot, en souriant. Calme et sympathique, elle était assise à côté du feu dans le salon en tricotant et reprisant, une source d'amitié, de sagesse et de bonté.

Tout l'hiver elle demeura auprès de notre âtre, un hiver gentil et heureux sans la mélancholie qui descend dans les poitrines des gens avec le froid et l'obscurité qui accompagnent d'habitude l'hiver. C'était au commencement du printemps, quand les oiseaux chantaient et les fleurs s'épanouissent qu'elle était prise. Assise près de l'âtre en regardant les beaux narcisses jaunes par la fenêtre, avec un sourire sur son visage, elle mourut—et laissa un abîme dans nos cœurs, et beaucoup de belles mémoires.

Arthur Lipscombe
5E.



FUTURE OF FRANCE'S BOMBS!
1975

Aust: The French they dare to bomb our seas.

They care not for our families.

Children born with just one arm

And they said the bomb would do no harm.

Germ: You've seen what the bomb has done before

But still you start another war!

Aust: You watch and laugh as sealife ceases

And our population slowly decreases.

French: You slander us without a cause

We have not broken any laws.

Aust: Broken no laws? You do not care

That people are dying everywhere.

French: You've sentenced us without a trial

Let us explain, please wait awhile.

Germ: Explain! What could you say

Because you're fools—the world must pay.

French: Listen to me while I speak

You condemn me! What a cheek.

You cannot speak, you've done wrong too.

You who killed a million Jews.

Aust: But that was not your fault. We aided you those tragic days.

So this is how the French repay.

Germ: Our air is smog, our seas are slime.

Please stop the bombing, we haven't much time.

French: We don't cause all this pollution

Can't you see there's no solution.

While there's life there'll be pollution

It's just a part of evolution.

Aust: Your bombs line our shores with radiation

Can you deny our deterioration?

French: We bomb your shores in the name of Science

We don't ask for your alliance.

Aust: You will suffer for your defiance

We don't care a damn for Science!

French: There was no peace, even before this war.

When you got what you wanted, you wanted more.

Germ: Can't anyone do anything about this bombing

Change their minds, convince them they're wrong?

Can't you see what's happening?

There won't be any world before long.

Please stop the bombing, please now.

We didn't want to fight you anyhow.

Tina Millrum
Angela Sdrinis
Fiona Hartley
2T

Segregation

This is a look at the English Girls' Grammar School in Buckinghamshire, which we attended for two terms.

English Secondary Schools used to be divided into two groups; Grammar Schools and Secondary Modern Schools. At the age of eleven, which is one's age at the end of sixth grade, one took an exam, the Eleven Plus Exam. If one passed one went to a Grammar School and if one failed, to a Secondary Modern.

This system is now being changed, that is the Eleven Plus abolished and the schools are becoming more like High Schools here—co-educational and not selective. However it is up to the County Council Department to choose which system is used in each County and Buckinghamshire chose the old system.

This means that all the girls at our school were reasonably intelligent and EXPECTED to work to the best of their ability. If one is not working to the best of one's ability one is threatened to be kept down if one's standard is not improved. If one misbehaves too much the Headmistress can call a meeting of the directors of the school and, depending on the outcome, one can be expelled.

There are many excellent teachers who are willing to help one understand the work and also to offer friendly advice if needed.

The Headmistress has almost complete power over the school so she can also sack any teacher if she feels the need.

The fact that the Headmistress has so much power makes her a frightening person in the eyes of the girls and even the teachers. There is a great deal of order in the school and this may be attributed to the fear of her.

A very large range of subjects is available to the girls. Languages are studied more thoroughly and many different languages are available from an early age. For example Form Two German, Spanish, or Latin can be taken as well as French. Much time is taken on perfecting pronunciation. This is important since there is more chance of actually speaking the language one studies than we get here, especially since student exchanges were started.

Sciences are also studied in detail from an early age. From Form Two, Science is studied as three separate subjects; Biology, Chemistry and Physics. Every girl studies all three until Fourth Form when one can drop all three subjects or keep up any of them.

We found the girls very friendly and willing to accept us. Occasionally we were asked some ridiculously stupid questions about Australia and often stirred about accent and the usual things.

Many people believe that a Girls' School is easier to manage than a Boys' or mixed School, seeming to insinuate that girls are "little angels" when on their own. However there is a great deal of cattiness amongst the girls, although there seems to be a lot of form spirit and general loyalty towards one another.

J. Wood 4B.

extra-curricular activities

THE EXTRAVAGANZA OF THE YEAR

At approximately 12.15 p.m. Friday, August 10, 1973 the extravaganza of 2S began. Slowly, the famished teachers began to lurk around the cookery centre, but those with formal invitations were permitted to enter this gala affair. The other teachers were driven off with the help of Mrs. Granat. The international gourmet chefs placed their delicacies in Miss Hickey's extremely well kept ovens. (Well done, Miss Hickey!). After 15 minutes of the luscious odours lurking in the exclusive cookery centre these masterpieces appeared in their delicious state. The chefs were pleased with their success. The gourmet chefs names were as follows:—Carmelina Cambria, Despina Galanopolous, Angela Hannah, Pascal Inard, Valerie Koksik, Kim Williamson and at the helm was John S. with expert help from Marina P. First to participate was chief taster Mrs. Granat who quickly "hopped in for her chop", followed closely by Mrs. Scott, (meanwhile back in the staffroom was Miss Mayson and Miss Brennan awaiting their gold platters which held a part of the excitement). The rest of the invited party enjoyed the well-earned feast. As this exclusive party came to a grand finale, the teachers invited mysteriously disappeared before the washing up implements could be distributed, so the gourmet chefs were forced to do MANUAL LABOR. Besides the disappearing act of the teachers, the feast of all feasts was a great success and the invited participants enjoyed it.

This remarkable extravaganza was all Marina Popovic's fault when she gave her stimulating lecture on "international foods".

Written by
David Thompson
John Sentry
Form 2.



CINEMA CRITIC?

Think about the last film at a cinema you saw. Was there someone getting hurt, kicked? Was there blood? There probably was.

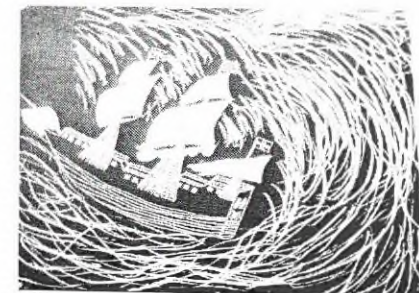
I saw a film with several people getting beaten up by Nazi officers. Horrified, I turned my head; and saw an even worse sight! People were just looking at the screen durily. No-one had any expression of horror or disgust on their face! People are becoming hardened to this sort of stuff. Five years ago, this sort of film wouldn't even have been shown on the screen, but if it had, people would probably not enjoy it, and lots would walk out.

I walked out. I couldn't bear to see this violence. Seeing people hurt made me sick.

Can you honestly say you enjoy seeing people in great pain? Can you enjoy seeing blood all over people? You might say it's only people acting this, but you can't deny it actually happens. Would you have the willpower to get up and go? Is it just laziness that you wouldn't? I don't know what the world is coming to.

Maybe people will come to their senses, and realise what rubbish is shown on the screen. I'm not going to the cinema again.

Katy
Form 1.



CREATION

Out on your own
Not a care in the world.
Gazing at the trees,
God's creation all around you.

Sunlight on her hair
Bugs in the air.
Everything's so wonderful,
God's creation all around you.

Big trees, small trees
God made all trees.
Your part of this world,
God's creation all around you.

The grass is so green
The sky is blue
Everything's so beautiful,
God's creation all around you.

Rosemary Hatch.

Life
goes on
in neverending circles—
days slip past
as though they'd never been
once again
I find myself looking into a
mirror of life
and I ponder—and drown
in the things that I've done . . .
excuses and lies
what are they for?
To tangle us even deeper in
the actions never meant?

Today I walk alone
beside the silent sea and
watch a silver shadow flying
into the sun.
The seas are changing tides
and there's a
whirlpool somewhere near
but the pier goes on
and I walk—forever walk . . .

The light that falls upon me
cannot be called a light
for the darkness of its being is too strange
Tomorrow is a never so I
yell and scream and hurt
and bind myself in yesterdays . . .
alone . . .
Judy Blackburn Form 5.

LONELINESS

I am alone
I am by myself.
Without friends.
Without comfort.
Silently I sit
with no-one to talk to,
no-one to laugh with
I feel the emptiness surround me.
The stillness,
the solitude.
I will find someone,
someone to take the coldness from me
Someone.
Anyone?
Silence.
I am alone.
Lesley Sammons 4A.

LONELINESS

Her blonde hair touching her shoulders
glitters in the sunlight through the old but
beautiful weeping willow trees. A shawl
loosely draped around her shoulders, she
stares aimlessly at the green and brown grass
scattered with leaves, dried by the sun,
below her body. She looks all around, alone
in this lonely, but beautiful world.

SOLITUDE

at peace and alone
a small shadowed figure in the middle
of what seems nothingness.
Her face is expressionless, neither sad nor happy.
What dwells within her mind?
Confusion, misunderstanding, or is she contented?
She is alone; she is at peace.
Helen Rogers

ALONE

Weaned with my game of pretence
I turn away from the false masks which surround
me
Alone at last, my lines are said
And I am free to be myself.

The bonds which guard each word 'lest it
offends
Dissolve and free the truth within my soul
No more restricted by society's claims
At last I'm free to be myself.
Margaret Sproul 4A



THE APPLE

If not for the apple, where would we be today?
If not for this uniquely shaped fruit, full of mysteries, how would we survive?
Stop and think about this small item of wholesome goodness.
Whether it be a Golden Delicious, McIntosh, Jonathan or any one.
Of the many species belonging to this famous family of fruit,
This truly rare product is one of few
That, unlike most other edibles,
Contain numerous qualities of various natures.
No scientist could explain its complex form,
Or how it came upon the earth.
Perhaps it was brought by one of the many alien peoples who supposedly
visited our earth.
Is the apple a reminder to us of their presence long ago?

Every man, woman and child is familiar with this internationally
famed, nutritious fruit which has a hundred and one uses.
Packed with rich vitamins.
And bursting with Calcium, Iron, Phosphorous and Potassium—
Minerals obviously essential for good health—
The apple donates itself for whatever purpose man requires.
Baking: an apple-pie wouldn't be the same without the apples;
Salads wouldn't be the same;
Our foods would be tasteless without apple sauce.
Yet, not unless we were deprived of the apple, would we realize its
unmistakable value.
Nothing can replace it.
Children's parties would be lifeless and miserable without apple games.
Whether it be in the form of juice, cakes, salads, sauce, or
baked; or just in its fresh crisp and crunchy natural state,
The apple is one luxury that everyone can enjoy.
Aviva Stern, 4C.



TRAMP

I tramped back home,
In the drizzling rain.
With the wind up my coat,
And a cold shivery pain
As the rain blew sharply into my
face,
And the wind blew trees in ugly
grace.
I stared at the grey, cloudy sky
And watched the twilight pass me
by
With a pack of warm chips
on my pocket-side,
I scorned Winter with hate
And cried and cried.
But it wasn't the cold
or the blue sheets of rain
P'raps I was friendless,
With nothing to gain,
Nothing but greyness,
And the corner street-lamp.

Who pities me?
A miserable tramp.
by Rosalie Trilo, 2A.

DEATH OF YOUTH

He lived, he loved
But death was his release
From adult problems,
And adult fears
And tears must now shine
With smiles of JOY.
We shall meet again.
Sue Mag. VI

POEM

People all around you,
Thousands and Thousands.
But you are still alone.
No-one will talk
No-one will try to understand
That you are alone.

They say you have lots of friends
At school.
Weekends you sit in your room.
Alone.
No-one tries to understand
How lonely you are.

They tell you to go out more.
Go out with whom?
They don't ask you out,
Only occasionally,
When their conscience nags them.
But they don't understand
That the rest of time you are alone.

They call themselves your friends
And you theirs.
They don't know what goes on inside you
They don't know how you feel about them
But if they did, they wouldn't like it.
They think they know you
But they don't know that you are alone.
Peta Henningham.

THE NUCLEAR FAMILY

Take a look at the average person of today. Is he happy? I mean really happy? Maybe if he took a long look at himself he would see just how happy he is, that is, if he looked past his home, car, and other luxuries and deep into his soul, if he could look at all his money and possessions to see what he really had, he would find that he had not a thing. All the bad things in this world like hate, greed, pollution, wars—you name it, are brought about by these false senses of security such as money and possessions and man goes on and on accumulating more of these around him every day. Why must he do this? Why can't he begin to live like a true human being? Many people, in fact most people, say that we, the human beings of today, are so much more advanced than say the caveman, but how can they be so sure? Our life is so complicated and false as compared with theirs which if one reflects appears so beautiful, simple and pure that it almost seems like we've been going downhill a long time. Man has put himself on a pedestal and left his natural environment and in doing so he has forgotten what it was like to be really free. Look at the man of today. He usually has a wife and kids to support. The wife is spoilt, wants new clothes, new hairdos, a lively social life and even when she has all these, she is not satisfied. The children won't bother to stop yelling and screaming when he gets home, tired, at night. Besides, why should they care about him? I mean, they hardly ever see him, do they? He has to worry about bills, filling out his income tax, supporting his wife and children, improving his home and, well, I'm sure you know the rest. Then you look at a caveman. He might also have had children, but his was a different situation. They're all at peace with one another and this is because they were not worried about keeping up with the Joneses and they didn't have to rush anywhere. They had plenty of time to look deeply at one another and learn to appreciate each other. If they wanted food they got it from the environment around them, from where God had provided for them. The caveman had time to be with his children and they with him. They had the time to love and respect one another and this created a greater learning and a greater wisdom than the modern philosophy offered to man now. Maybe man has learnt a lot but he still hasn't learnt how to love his neighbor and to love God in the true sense.

The reason why he has never learnt this is because he has never taken the time to stop climbing the legs of his pedestal and do so. No, instead he has pried into every corner leaving only one left, dusty and untouched. Come on people, stop for a while, open your eyes and take a very long look. Look at the wars you've had, look at the deaths you've caused, look at the ruins you've made and look at the scarred and ugly mess you have left along the way. Look at the pollution caused by Man's striving for more money and more possessions. That is the only cause behind this churning of filth into the environment. The want of more and more money. Money? What is money? What is a roof over your head? What is the present day education? What is it all? I'll tell you./It is nothing. Nothing at all./What is it to be beautiful? Nothing./What is it to have nice clothes? Nothing./What is it to have peace of mind? What is it to be close to God?/What is it to love your neighbour? What is it to be really free? That is everything./That is love and love is all you need to have peace of mind. The world will go on getting nastier and dirtier by the day/ and it is only because of man's mad rush of greed, greed of knowledge. Man is searching for something and he doesn't know what it is. He doesn't

realise that he is going in the wrong direction and will never find it because a long time ago he left it behind him and as he goes on searching he is getting farther and farther away. He is searching for God and peace of mind and this he once had I'm sure but he left it for these false senses of security. The only way for him to find it again is to climb down off his pedestal and go back where he came from, to his own natural environment, to the simple, beautiful way of life and to leave his hurried, false, dirty world far behind him. Think about it.

SUNSET

—Sarah Peter

Glittering its silver-yellow rays over the serene water the sun gently slips into the calm sea. The serenity of this scene is only to be broken by the monotonous sound of the ripples as they unfold and withdraw over the damp, cold sand. Footprints are taken from the shore into the realms of the sea, only to return again the next day. Occasionally the mournful wail of the gull is sounded, breaking the peace, leaving the beach with an evil atmosphere. But once again, the serenity creeps back and the small waves lap continuously over the dark forbidding rocks. Complete peace. The sun's rays still shimmer over the darkened sea, but will soon be gone and with them, serenity. This will be replaced by an awesome eeriness and an infinite feeling of loneliness.

THE CHANGE OF FACE FOR AUSTRALIAN POLITICS

As controversy rages on the performance of the new Labor Government I forward this critique in view of their efforts to date.

They deserve commendation for allowing a free flow of capital, thus creating full employment. They have distinguished definite trade with China and opened up new relationships with Communist countries on an ambassadorial level. Also they have honored a number of election promises but have been frustrated by opposition in the Upper House. Another move established was the control of prices in their territorial jurisdiction. Mr. Whitlam has created a more independent relationship with foreign powers. He has also striven to control the inflow of overseas capital into Australian industry in order to establish more local control in this field.

However they have not a completely clean bill. Several critics have claimed that there are too many utterances by individual ministers in conflict with their colleagues' portfolios. There is too much impetuosity by some ministers in word and action. Also far too much subservience by the Labor Minister to the demands of the trade union movements. By allowing a free flow of capital they have done little to curb the inflationary trend. Also the government has been accused of spending money without restraint on too many trivialities.

However, it is very hard to evaluate their performance after such a short time in office, but most people would agree that the former government's performance in opposition has been no better.

As the Labor slogan was "It's time" perhaps we can give them a little more of this commodity.

Anne Somerville, IV.

SIXTH FORM'S SECRET SPUNKINESS

Douglas McDonald VI D.

"There was murmuring in the corridors, for the word had got around, that the teachers actually thought they'd get their way, but they had not accounted for (I've told you of it often before) what the dynamic Matric machine had to say." So goes the opening few lines of "The Man From B.H.S." by Jonab Tapsnoter, and how wonderfully it depicts the situation that occurred at this school, the year before next (Indeed, how strange and what a bizarre coincidence.)

The reason for "the murmuring in the corridors," was that we had been informed that Sixth-Formers were allowed to relieve twelve years of pent-up emotion on the last day of our school life by "pulling down buildings; lynching the teachers—who taught us grammar, spelling and clear thinking (in a hazy sort of way) and rammed down our throats all those facts that you "have to know," but never have to use; or most importantly, throwing the usual bags of white powder," (Obviously they are prejudiced against "flower-children" even though they try to plant in us the seeds of education). We decided to live up to our Matric marks so far, and be revolting.

We did not know who to blame. Some wanted to fight the whole teaching staff, but some just wanted to fight the "principle" of the thing.

We started by abusing our privileges. We had acquired enough destructiveness from first through fifth form (the "bubs" to us), and now that we were mature enough to know better, we applied it. We applied it in the form of blatant subtlety. Plan A was carried out under the guise of helping to relieve the congestion of the library during study periods, we wrecked as far as we could, our only exclusive, mutual possession; the ping-pong (table-tennis to us professionals) table. Unfortunately, hammering a table-tennis ball back and forth relentlessly on a table does not inflict much damage, but we stalwarts kept at it, study period after study period. I assure those of you who saw us at it, that even though we may have looked as if we were enjoying it, in reality only the unending sense of being wronged of our rights, kept us at the table. Plan B was also super-subtle. Many of us deliberately didn't study for our tests. Unfortunately this failed, (so did we) for though we tried hard by not studying, our marks—though still pathetic—did not, or rather, could not, get worse. Plan C, our badge, was designed to frighten the teachers. We had "VI" inscribed on the badges. This was meant to show that we were "Vicious Insurgents" (revolutionaries), but unfortunately the teachers thought that the initials meant that the badge-wearers were "Various Idiots" or "Very Inspid."

These plots, and others, were carried on throughout the year. Unfortunately, they were too subtle, and the whole school did not collapse (or even notice anything). So if you thought we were "sticks-in-the-mud" you were wrong. We still have one plan left (our simplest one so far)—to fail Matric. So, if you see us again in '74, please don't think we're stupid—we're merely back, to get another crack at fighting SKOOL.



social service

(End of Term 2).

Term 2 has just finished and it is difficult to say yet how we are going to fare by the end of the year, but up to now we had paid out of our collections quite "substantial" amounts of money.

The students of Form 6, under the leadership of Susan Alstock, Eugene Boguar and Peter Merculia have adopted 3 Foster Children and are paying for each \$14.50 a month. Up to now the amount paid out is \$159.50 cents. Excellent!

Form 5 has adopted the idea of Mrs. Chisholm and is collecting busily for the Leper Colony "Hazelidine" in Aitape, New Guinea. The amount collected up to now, is 30.00 dollars. Well done!

We all helped to collect for "Austcare", taking part in the usual "Doorknock"—the result was \$369.84 cents. Not far from it was the amount collected for the Salvation Army—another \$347.93 cents. The "Sporting Globe" got \$23.18 (extremely poor effort this year), the Gordon Boys' home—\$5.00. The amount of money derived from Mondays' and Tuesdays' Form Assembly Collections would be another \$300—in hand.

We are proud of the above results but we feel that many more students could help by using their initiative and imagination. Eugene Boguar's "Great Race" alone brought \$42.00 dollars in!

SOCIAL SERVICE 6B

We, the students of 6B, out of the goodness of our hearts and feeling of social conscience or perhaps, guilt, decided to become parents. With support and help from Mrs. Lewinson, we applied to the Foster Parents Plan of Australia for a Vietnamese daughter.

Our Child—Nguyen Kim Quoi is a cute little seven year old, with beautiful black eyes and brown skin. Her parents fled from Cambodia to Sth. Vietnam and settled in the Cu Chi refugee camp. Her father, originally a carpenter from Cambodia now suffers from T.B. and is unable to work. He stays home, passing his time by growing vegetables which in turn he sells at the local market which brings in an income of about \$20 a month, insufficient to support Quoi, her five brothers and baby sister, all of whom are under the age of nine.

Our monthly donation of \$14.50,

provides the family with food, clothing, and medical and dental care for the whole family as well as other incidental supplies. Next year, when we have "passed on", hopefully, we anticipate that the new crop of "Matrics" will continue the task of caring for our little Quoi. Thank you 6B and Mr. Stevenson for the generous support during the year of 1973.

6A AUTISTIC CHILDREN

6A's Social Service project in 1973 was to raise money for children less fortunate than themselves. One of the most successful efforts of 6A's was a cake and sweet stall. All members of the form took great interest, each donating many types of delicious cakes and sweets.

We would like to extend our appreciation to members of the junior school for their marvellous response in supporting our stall. As a result we raised over thirty dollars which was forwarded to the Autistic Children's Centre. Thank You Very Much.

Cathie Louison 6A.



SCHOOL CAPTAIN'S REPORT

As a first-year student, I was perplexed. No "Bubs" to bully, and strangers were veritable giants. I switched my neurosis to the classroom, and "landed on the mat" so often, so early, that Mr. Frank advised at Assembly, "Still not know where the Principal's Office is? Just ask Macdonald". This (wrong!) caricature stayed with me.

Second year was traumatic. Brothers in higher forms I could tolerate; a twin could sometimes be avoided—but a mother join the staff! Aaagh! But as a ready source of finance, and "on-hand" protector, she proved invaluable. In third year, "Women's Lib" hit our Principal's Office. I was somehow promoted to "L" stream, where I continued to fourth form. That year brought my first taste of public office, (excluding "bench-warmer" outside Head's Hangout)—Lunch Monitor!

Past my fifteenth birthday (confounding the experts) I encountered fifth form the "Great Uniform Debate", P.R.C. and the Volleyball Marathon. Then sixth form, with ping-pong, optional sport, legitimate access to golf-course, discussion groups, senior library and H.S.C., (getting my priorities right), and only one major grouch. Why were "progressive innovations" always introduced the year after me? And these might be the last H.S.C. exams! (They not only hit you—they annihilate you).

Still, I could always retire to that tuneless farm. Student Leadership? It's an honour, but drive and sanity are prerequisites, and the latter, especially, seems unattainable. My final wish (beside not returning next year) is for less segregation.

May our spirit haunt this school for ever. We have been happy here.

SPORT

SENIOR FOOTBALL

Our Senior Australian Rules Football Team took full advantage of an unprecedented chance to advance further than the Nepean Division, one of eight such areas in the State. We won three matches, necessary to get into the Grand Final (with Beaumaris), against McKinnon 4 goals, Hampton 6 goals and Elwood 5 points, respectively.

Beaumaris only provided opposition until half-time, before going down 6.6 to 12.14. Now we faced Camberwell at Moorabbin, and due to an excellent third quarter in attack, and a good final quarter, held on to win 7.10 to their 7.8.

This put US among the top-four High Schools and we had to play Bentleigh, on the oval opposite the M.C.G. Our first quarter was probably our best for the season, but the lead of 28 points was slowly whittled away by Bentleigh who first hit the lead half-way through the last quarter and eventually won 13.11 to 12.9.

To sum up, it was a very successful season—the players doing most to make it such, being in order Dave Greens, Ross Booth, Rob Eldred (captain), Scot Howe, (also leading Goal-Kicker) John Booth, Abdul Ghattas and Peter Mercoulia. Thanks are given to the small but extremely vociferous band of fifth and sixth form spectators.

Special mention must be made of the magnificent effort of coach Mr. Austin, who carried on the same fine tradition set by Mr. Allan in previous years.

Over three-quarters of the students used, not being Matrics, there is a solid base for just as, and hopefully, an even more rewarding season, next year.

Colin MacDonald
(Spectator).



BASEBALL REPORT

Douglas MacDonald 6B.

The Baseball Team, like many other worthy sporting teams from Brighton High reached the finals of the Nepean Division. The difference between us and the other B.H.S. teams was that they were far-less talented, and we, fortunately more successful.

We had a hard grinding season. We had arranged for matches against other teams, but it appears that someone accidentally let slip the names of some of our players and our proposed opponents (affectionately called our victims) hastily cancelled the fixtures.

Since only five out of nine baseballers in our team had actually played for other clubs during the year, this meant that some of us had to learn everything there was to know about baseball and pretty quickly. We managed to learn this after 3 lunchtimes in the cricket-nets.

So with an unbeaten season behind us, we confidently went to our destiny at the Grand Final against Parkdale at Sandringham Baseball Park . . .

When we arrived we found conditions a little less than ideal. It was raining and the actual lines of dirt that one runs along between bases were quagmires of slippery, treacherous blood-colored mud. Our start to the game was not particularly inspiring. The first three batters went up to bat, and came back promptly, having all struck out. The opposition got the first run when a throw from an anonymous person went over third-base's head and Parkdale's runner got home. Rats! *o?!*

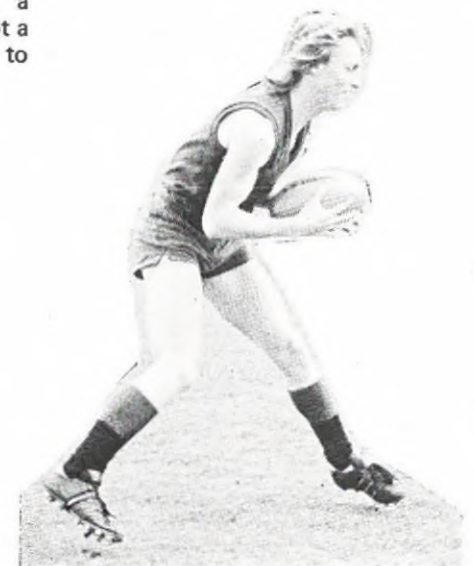
We finally struck back, many strikes later. Trevor Marks wearing a handsome pair of school trousers got a safe hit to first base. He stole to

second base, in the process being forced to slide along in the mud, thus putting an end to his school pants career. Michael Patterson got a safe hit, enabling Trevor M. to get to third base. Geoff Mullins, when batting a ball went between the Parkdale catcher's legs and Trevor raced home for our equalising run.

Things proceeded to the very last innings when Parkdale was batting with the score one all. Somehow, one of their batters got to third base. They had two men out, and the batter facing, had two strikes on him. The man on third tried to steal home. Rick Porter, who was pitching, threw it on Will Lindrer, the catcher. The runner tried to get back to third base. Bill threw it to Geoff Mullins on third base. The runner reversed direction and unfortunately ran in to the powerful body of Bill Lindrer who was standing just behind him. He was immediately tagged, and the umpire ruled "obstruction" meaning that the runner was allowed a home run, and meaning that they won, two to one.

"Friendly discussion" with the umpire failed to change anything.

All in all, credit should go to the nine of our players: Rick Porter for steady unwracking pitching and one safe hit; Trevor Marks, for his base-running; Michael Patterson for a flawless display at first base and one safe hit; Geoff Mullins, for his bat-busting and mud "Kami Kaze" dives; Bill Lindrer for his fine catching and one safe hit; and Doug MacDonald, Paul Gibbons, Harry Tuckman and Tony Dawson for turning up.



SENIOR VOLLEYBALL 1973

The Senior Volleyball team was rather successful this year, until the actual finals. The team consisting of Jenny Ajzenbud (captain), Diane Eichenbaum, Vivianne Gayst, Lynette George, Vikki Gilmore, Shauna O'Neill and Bronka Verses, played excellently during the season defeating McKinnon, 2 games to 1; Elwood 2 games to none; Hampton, 2 games to 1; Highett who forfeited; and Moorleigh 2 games to one, the average score being 15.4 in Brighton's favour. After finally defeating these teams, the Brighton Volleyball team went on to play Moorabbin in the finals, which were held at Moorleigh. The day of the finals finally arrived and Mrs. Smithers, our coach, drove us to the Moorleigh grounds to begin the all important match. After much friendly talking with the opposition and umpires, we decided to begin playing by International Rules. We were unsure of the other team's ability but we played our best, winning the first game, but losing the next three which gave the game to Moorabbin, which was the better side. Apart from the strong wind, the slight rain and the cold, the day was wonderful for Volleyball Finals (Ha Ha). Mrs. Smithers tried to make us feel better after losing our match and treated us all to a drink and we talked about the match until it was time to go home. But that wasn't the end of Volleyball for the season. We also played MacRobertson's Girls' School in a friendly match and defeated them, 4 games to none.

We hope to do better next year, win the finals and go on to play other winning schools. Many thanks to Mrs. Smithers for all her help and encouragement to the team. I'd also like to thank all the girls for their time and effort put behind all the matches and once again to Mrs. Smithers for her faith and hope in the team. Here's hoping for better results next year.

Diane Eichenbaum.



CROSS COUNTRY

Trials for this were run along the beach. Those completing the gruelling track quickest were eligible for the school team.

These were:—

U16 Sharon Griffin, Donna Rae, Karen Styles, Ulla Schultz, Jocelyn Aitken, Debbie Weiner.

OPEN Shauna O'Neill and Ros Rayner, Yvonne Gardner, Caroline Lavin, Annette Roper.

These girls then entered the Nepean Division where both teams were successful, Sharon Griffin coming first in her race and Donna Rae 3rd.

These two teams were then able to compete in the "All High" cross country where all Victorian High Schools entered. There are approximately a hundred in each race. Donna Rae did a great job by coming 11th.



SENIOR BASKETBALL

The senior basketball team, although quite talented, met with mixed success this year.

Out of the five games which counted for the premiership we won two. I feel this was due, to a certain extent, to the fact that we were such a small team of 4th formers against large 6th formers.

The squad comprised Mick Phillips, Frenchy Quenel, Leigh McDowell, Steven Funke, Victor Wilk and myself. Victor missed the last 3 games through injury.

Credit must be given to Frenchy and Mick for their strong work under the baskets and to Leigh and Steven who were ever reliable in defence. Thanks goes to Mr. Harris and Mr. Murray for their helpful training sessions during and after school.

Neil Clelland

TENNIS—GIRLS

This year's girls tennis team comprised four pairs, two constituting the junior section and two the senior.

There was a first and a second pair in both. Throughout the season during which time five interschool tennis matches were played, Julie Peters and Heather Hewitt of the first junior pair played excellently and of a very high standard. They managed to remain undefeated at the end of the season, and for the second consecutive year won the final against Cheltenham. Rosalie Triolo and Heather Hayes made up the second junior pair and also played remarkable tennis throughout.

On nearly all occasions Lyn and Dianne Culbert (first senior pair) played exceedingly well, but unfortunately came up against some extremely high standard opposition and through sheer misfortune were defeated in three of the five matches. Gay Madeley and Aviva Stern, sad to say, also lost three of their matches, but as last year, they hope to do better next year.

On each occasion the best out of three sets were played.

VOYAGER THE "ROUND ROBIN"

On the 16th and 17th of August there was a great deal of activity amongst the Form 1 and 2 students—Activity in the Physical Sense of the word.

The annual Round Robin Tournament for Junior Teams was held at Brighton, and Elwood High Schools and Elsternwick Park. The following competition took place:—

GIRLS—Hockey, Softball, Netball and Volleyball.

BOYS—Football, Soccer, Basketball, and Volleyball.

Brighton teams that were undefeated in the series of 5 matches, against other schools in the district were the **HOCKEY, SOFTBALL, FOOTBALL and SOCCER**. The other teams won some of their matches but did not make the finals.

Despite the cold, wet weather conditions the juniors who took part made a commendable effort for their school, and with application, training and enthusiasm Brighton High School should have some very successful sporting teams in future years.



HOUSE ATHLETICS

The Sports were held this year over four consecutive afternoons on the Athletics track over at Dendy Park. I am sure many athletes will agree that it is a great improvement on the school oval. The facilities available at Dendy Park are very good and it was generous of the council to let the school use the track for the sports. The idea of running the sports over four consecutive afternoons was a better proposition than having the sports all in one day. Although the weather was rather adverse this had no effect on the keenness of competition in both the boys' and girls' sections.

Contestants were determined by standards. These were arrived at by getting individual persons to try their skills at each type of event during their individual physical education period. They were classed A, B or C from highest (A) to lowest. If contestants gained a high standard they were immediately eligible to represent their house in the house sports.

First and second place getters in the house athletics are then able to represent the school in the inter-school athletics unless they are challenged and beaten.

Notable achievements were gained by:

GIRLS

Sharon Griffin, Sarah Sherman, Sally Kambouns, Susan Oliver, Pat Storey, Debbie Burdekin, Julie Moore, Dawn Liddel and Yvonne Gardner.

BOYS

Chris Quinnet, Peter Turnbull, Michael Silver, David Greer, Jamie Singh and Abdul Ghattas.

Thanks to the House teachers, sports teachers and Mr. Chambers for organising such successful sports.

SOFTBALL REPORT

The junior softball team had a very successful year, this year being undefeated throughout the season. Although the senior team did not enjoy the same amount of success, we enjoyed the season very much.

Our first match was on the 7th March against Highett and to get the season off to a good start, the juniors won 17-7 and the seniors drew 15 all. The next match against Hampton, the juniors won 7-3 and the seniors lost 14-6. Against Elwood, the juniors, in a very close match won 9-8 and the seniors won 29-6. The final two matches were good wins to both teams and this put our junior side in the final against Cheltenham High. Our Juniors won this match 27-9.

On behalf of both teams, I would like to thank Mrs. Harris for the time and effort she put into coaching us throughout the season.

Pam Turner



GIRL'S BASKETBALL (5 a-side).

Until recently, there has been no girls' basketball team at Brighton High. This year, however, Mrs. Harris trained a group of girls to compete with other schools in our division. Many of these schools didn't have teams so we ended up playing about four schools competitively and one as a social match.

The members of the team were Halina Rosenberg, Bev Rand, Irene Mountjouris, Joanne Ramsay, Leanne Renfree, Mary Yiannas, Lyn Moore, Gail Armstrong (sometimes) and myself.

Thanks must go to both Mr. and Mrs. Harris who trained us throughout the season and umpired our games.

Kathy Sdrinis 5A



SWIMMING REPORT

The fine weather of the second week of first term, made a good setting for this year's House Swimming Sports, which were held at the Harold Holt Memorial Swimming Pool. Unfortunately, the swimmers did not perform as well as the weather, and no records were broken. However, some people saved the day from disaster and amongst those were Donna Rae, Lesley Chellaw, Joanne Van Rees . . . Plus (Boys).

All of whom scored at least three firsts. Best performances in the inter-school sports, were divers; J. Van Rees, L. Fryer and S. Kreymborg, all of whom won their events and represented the school in the All-High Swimming.

Out of the day's activities, it was finally decided that it was the best of four bad efforts.

1 GALLEY-SLAVES

BOYS

Nigel BARTHOLOMEUSZ,
John BENNET,
Geoffrey BROWN,
Rodney BRUTON,
Clint CHAPMAN,
John CLARKSON,
Terrence COLLINS,
Max CUMMING,
David FORWARD,
Stephen HORTON,
Robert HOWICK,
Jeremy LEWIS,
Andrew VIHAS,
Darren WALTON,
Wayne WOODS.

GIRLS

Valerie CAMPBELL,
Pamela CRIPPS,
Pamela FERGUSON,
Debra GRIFFETT,
Linda JAGER,
Jacqueline JONES,
Sally KAMBOURIS,
Hilary PASSY,
Wendy RAYNER,
Melissa RYAN,
Christine SHAW,
Sara SHERMAN,
Jennifer TAYLOR,
Amanda TANNER,
Linda WILLIAMS,
Dominique BAUDOU.

BOYS

Jeffery ARTHUR,
Tony CAMERON,
Brett HAYTON,
Stephen HILL,
Mark JOHNSON,
Kristen KUMAR,
Alexander LANG,
Anthony McMANNUS,
Peter MUNRO,
Nicholas PETER,
Theo PLOUSI,
Mark SAUNDERS,
Shaun SIMMS,
Russell TRETOWAN,
Andrew WILLIAMS.

GIRLS

Lisa COLLIS,
Christine DINAS,
Jayne FORSTER,
Sandra GALE,
Maria GAVOLAS,
Maggie GEE,
Susan GISHEN,
Anita LINDBLOM,
Meredith MORGAN,
Tanya PANKHURST,
Loretta SAMMONS,
Karen STYLES,
Jane WALLACE-MITCHELL,
Irene ZOIS,
Debra PRINT,
Julie WATSON,
Terry ONDRACEK.

BOYS

Peter ANGIN,
Bradley BELLOTT,
William BOUYER,
Anthony FRADKIN,
Robin GIBNEY,
Darren HARMER,
Anthony JEAN,
Mark JOHNSTON,
Bradley JONES,
Sammy MANN,
John OSCURO,
Martin SCHULZ,
Jerry SCOTT,
Steven SHEPPARD,
Pimmie VAN HOUTEN,
Camron WYLIE.

GIRLS

Margot AITKEN,
Sandra BAYLIS,
Sylvia BERGER,
Leona BISSETT,
Teresa CROWLEY,
Kerryn MCLEOD,
Jennifer MACKIE,
Rita MANNA,
Susanne MANNING,
Terri MILLER,
Michelle RONDA,
Eva SINCLAIR,
Susan TOTH,
Jennifer TREARCHIS,
Heather WILLIAMS,
Pandora LYLE.

BOYS

Stuart BANNISTER,
Peter DUNKINSON,
Frank FAZIO,
Gary GRAVES,
Michael KAFOA,
Miklos KRSZTEKANITS,
Howard LOUIS,
Shane MURPHY,
Matthew RUFFIN,
Peter SCOTT,
Odier STEFANIC,
Christopher TANNARD,
Tom THOMAS,
David TUNBRIDGE,
Mark WILLIAMS.

GIRLS

Janet BAXTER,
Sally BURDEKIN,
Rina CAMBRIA,
Della CHANDLER,
Samantha CHERRY,
Candida COLAM,
Linda ELSWORTHY,
Sandra FEHRIS,
Jane FRASER,
Inez GIBBONS,
Amanda GODFREY,
Lisa Jane GROVER,
Lynette HUNT,
Susan KREYMBORG,
Joanne PHILLIPS,
Tracey PORT,
Natalie SAMPSON.

BOYS

John BOURKE,
Sammy FAZIO,
Steve HILL,
John HUDSON, (left)
Bruce JONES,
Harold LORENZO,
Raymond MARAVENTANO,
Don NICHOLSON,
Mark STANLEY,
Odier STEFANIC,
Christopher TANNARD,
Tom THOMAS,
David TUNBRIDGE,
Mark WILLIAMS.

GIRLS

Robyn BALL,
Kirstin BLAKE,
Kerry BRIANTON,
Sharon BYRNE,
Coralyn DICK,
Joy FEIGAN,
Helen FERGUSON,
Karen HIGGINS,
Jennifer HOLAN,
Terry HUGH,
Sandra HUCKELL, (left)
Elizabeth MILSON,
Meredith MORGAN,
Elizabeth SHANLEY,
Katherine SHAW,
Rita TOUNTZIOS,
Samantha CHERRY,
Karen WHALEBONE.

2 ABLE-BODIED SEAMEN

BOYS

Stephen AUDSLEY,
John BLACKBURN,
Cornelius BOLLAART,
Gregory FARAVONI,
Richard HAYNE,
Gary HENRY,
Ian HUDSON,
Darryl JONES,
Christopher KALLOPISIS,
Domenico LENTINI,
Peter McINNES,
Andrew MATHESON,
Tim PARKER,
Ian RILEY,
Andrew ROSS,
Guy STRATTON,
Anthony ZARRO,
Bruce EDWARDS.

GIRLS

Diane ANGLIN,
Christine BIRTLES,
Debra BRISTOL,
Melissa BURTON,
Tina CELONA,
Tanya DAW,
Kim GRAVES,
Noreen HILL,
Priscilla KEIN,
Cathy LORD,
Kerrie MITCHELL,
Patricia ORLANDO,
Rosetta SANTO,
Kay TAYLOR,
Aileen TOUGHER,
Rosalie TRIOLLO,
Ludy TURNER,
Ioanne WOODROFFE.

BOYS

Ronald CAPORN,
Brendan CORCORAN,
Frederic COUTURIER,
Clyde DANSON,
Royce DE HOEDT,
Stephen DICKSON,
Robert HAYNE,
Simon KINGSFORD,
Domenico MARIGLIANA,
Kelvin MARSHALL,
John PENDAVINGH,
Robert RYAN,
Emanuel SCLARR,
Stephen SHERIDAN,
Robert WILLIAMS.

GIRLS

Janis BENNETT,
Jane CHANDLER,
Michelle COLTMAN,
Elizabeth EGGART,
Georgina GILMORE,
Robyn GREEN,
Yukiko IZUMI,
Laurel JORDON,
Alana KAFOA,
Robyn LENNON,
Connie MATERIA,
Gail MURRAY,
Leanne SIMONELLIS,
Deborah SPOKES,
Ingrid VAN LEEUWEN,
Jennifer WAYMAN,
Beverley WILSON,
Karen WINDMILLER.

BOYS

Craig BROWN,
Scott COY,
Lewis COYLE,
Andrew CUMMING,
Peter DAVIS,
Gregory DODDS,
Arthur GIANNAKIS,
David KETELS,
John SENTRY,
David THOMPSON,
John VEATER,
Christopher VOUE,
Wolfgang WAFFLE,
Glen WILSON,
Bruce CUMMING,
Pascal INARD.

GIRLS

Carmelina CAMBRIA,
Margory FURNER,
Despina,
BALANOPOLLOU,
Rosemary GALL,
Angela HANNAH,
Karen HAYES,
Valerie KOCIS,
Nina MADSEN,
Kerry MURDOCH,
Susan OLIVER,
Marina POPOVIC,
Donna PORT,
Christine RENFREW,
Kerry ROSS,
Jocelyn SERONG,
Lorraine TYLAVSKI,
Kim WILLIAMSON,
Lynne WILLIAMS,
Jenny WILSON,
Susan WINDMILLER,
Camilla WORBOYS.

BOYS

Avi ABRAMI,
Graham ADAMS,
Dale CHANDLER,
John CHELLEW,
Peter DONOGHUE,
Vivian EDWARDS,
David EQUID,
Rodney J. FUNKE,
Leigh HENNINGHAM,
Ralph HOLLENBERG,
Ian LANG,
Dale PATTERSON,
Lindsay PRIDEAUX,
Grant SMITH,
Marko YOVICH,
Paul HORTON,
Gray REES.

GIRLS

Debbie BENNETT,
Linda BRUTON,
Jillian M. GALL,
Karen L. HARRIS,
Fiona E. HARTLEY,
Pam E. JONES,
Sylvia KOUKOUDINA,
Veronika S. MAJOR,
Christina A. MILBURN,
Jill T. MILLARD,
Judy A. QUIRK,
Ulrich SCHULZ,
Angela SDRINIS,
Elizabeth SEITANTHOU,
Lynette R. SHARPE,
Patricia F. STORY,
Cynthia SZMERLING,
Rhonda WALTON,
Denise HUMPHRIES,
Lynda FERGUSON.

BOYS

Erling BREADEN,
Kevin BRIANTON,
Robert CURRELL,
Denis DAKIS,
Simon DAVIS,
John FILTNESS,
Neil LORENZO,
Brian MATTHEWS,
Shane MIDDLETON,
Geordie PENNEFATHER,
David RAD,
Vincent RAINIERI,
Mark ROTH,
Richard SEMMENS,
Alan TILLER,
Blair TURNBULL.

GIRLS

Nuala CONNEELY,
Wendy Anne DIXON,
Esther EICHENBAUM,
Lillie GOMULARZ,
Patricia HINSCHE,
Christine LONGDEN,
Suzanne MARSH,
Jill MURRAY,
Jenny Ann NEILLE,
Irene PATSARIS,
Julie PETERS,
Sally POOLER,
Dunna REA,
Kay ROUSELL,
Mary VASSARITIS,
Barbara VON ZUM HOF,
Michelle WARMALD,
Christine WEST.

3 MIDSHIPMEN

BOYS

Panico ANTONY,
Mark BARKELL,
Rayner,
BARTHOLOMEUSZ,
Gary BEYER,
David CANNINGTON,
Terry CHRISTIE,
Murray FORBES,
Peter GAYST,
Kevin HIGGINS,
Blake MEADOWS,
Paul MENOGUE,
Craig McDOWELL,
Gary PEARSON,
Richard STONE.

GIRLS

Jocelyn AITKEN,
Beryl ANGLIN,
Gayle ARMSTRONG,
Karen BALL,
Karen BENNING,
Sandra BISSETT,
Anne BOUTLAND,
Ursula CASSON,
Sally DAWES,
Gail DENNISON,
Teresa FARINACCI,
Sandra HORWILL,
Kirsten HOUGH,
Rita MERCURIO,
Margaret MCINTOSH,
Vicki McENNEMIN,
Maryanne PANHUBER,
Lee WILLIAMS.

BOYS

Alan BEVERIDGE,
Michael CAPLAN,
James CRANE,
John DIAMOND,
Richard GHENT,
John GIANNAKIS,
Gary HILL,
Neil HUBBARD,
Philip JOHNSON,
Bernard McMAHON,
Wayne McQUILLEN,
Jim MERCOULIA,
Peter MURRAY,
Peter ROBINSON,
Simon TANNARD,
Leslie VASS,
Peter TURNBALL.

GIRLS

Mandy BEER,
Debbie BURDEKIN,
Felicity CHILDS,
Gabrielle CROWLEY,
Jayne FARRALL,
Leone FRYER,
Elizabeth HATCH,
Karen GILMARTIN,
Rosemary KITCHIN,
Mary KYRIAKOU,
Helen LIARAKOS,
Carmel ORLANDO,
Debra RAY,
Vicki ROBINSON,
Kay SALTER,
Deborah WIENER,
Sharon WILLIAMSON,
Dorinda LYLE.

BOYS

Maurice FOSTER,
Ian FRIEVOLT,
Chris GEORGIOU,
Philip GIBBONS,
Christopher JOHNSON,
Robert KAROLY,
David MIZON,
Ross O'Neil,
Ross O'NEILL,
Chris PANKHURST,
Bret PENHALL,
Philip QUINN,
Colin ROBINSON,
Christopher RYAN,
Moutax TABBACH,
Chris WAYMAN,
Peter ROBINSON,
Mark NIPPARD.

GIRLS

Marguerite COPLEY,
Michelle DAW,
Lynda EDWARDS,
Sally FEARNSIDES,
Debbie GEORGE,
Karen GILMARTIN,
Rosemary KITCHIN,
Mary KYRIAKOU,
Helen LIARAKOS,
Carmel ORLANDO,
Debra RAY,
Vicki ROBINSON,
Kay SALTER,
Deborah WIENER,
Sharon WILLIAMSON,
Dorinda LYLE.

BOYS

Andrew BLAKE,
Mark HOLLOWELL,
Ronald HUNT,
Joseph McCORMICK,
Paul MARTIN,
Jim MAURIPOULOS,
Ross PHILLIPS,
Duncan RAMSAY,
Andrew TANNER,
Rodney TRETOWIE,
Ian TRICKEY,
Mark STANLEY,
Richard NEMETH.

GIRLS

Paula BANNISTER,
Rhonda BROWNIE,
Debbie DEMIRIS,
Chris R. FERNANDO,
Debbie GLUCK,
Miriam JED,
Rina MACPHERSON,
Toby MITCHELL,
Francesca PRICE,
Joanne RAYNER,
Jeanette SDRINIS,
Rosemary KITCHIN,
Mary KYRIAKOU,
Helen LIARAKOS,
Carmel ORLANDO,
Debra RAY,
Vicki ROBINSON,
Kay SALTER,
Deborah WIENER,
Sharon WILLIAMSON,
Dorinda LYLE.

BOYS

Gary CURRELL,
Nigel DAWSON,
Christopher GALE,
John GRIFFIN,
Barry McLENNAN,
Marcus PHILLIPS,
Andrew POLLOCK,
Andrew RATZ,
David ROBINSON,
Michael RYAN,
Victor SIMMONS,
Jamie SINGH,
Peter TURNBULL,
Richard TUTTLEBY,
Glen WHITE,
Neil WILMOT,
Alan BECKINGHAM.

GIRLS

Robyn BLAKELY,
Catherine BOYD,
Anna BOYMAN,
Rukhsana CADAR,
Sima CAPLAN,
Debra CRIPPS,
Pamela DINGER,
Linda GLUCK,
Heather HAYES,
Geraldine,
HOLLYWOOD,
Regina LORENZO,
Kathy MARICAK,
Janet MORRIS,
Janet NIXON,
Marianne POPOVIC,
Martine RUFFIN,
Andrea SINCLAIR,
Ruth SYZMICEK.

BOYS

Norman ABRAMS,
Geoffrey BINNS,
John FILIPOU,
Gary HARBERGER,
Richard HARMER,
Douglas HOPKINS,
Graham HUNT,
Gary McALLISTER,
Andrew MARTIN,
Brian MILLER,
Paul NEWMAN,
Peter O'DONAHOO,
Ken WILLIAMS,
Matthew WILSON,
Douglas COLAM.

GIRLS

Caroline COPLEY,
Christine CURRIE,
Heather GARTON,
Beverley,
HASSELMAYER,
Donna KNOWLES,
Julie MACKIE,
Robyn May,
MATTERS,
Maritta PFAUDER,
Judy SHANLEY,
Vivian SHARP,
Lisa TAYLER,
Albertina,
VAN BEEKHUSEN,
Anna VICTOR,
Rhonda WHYTE,
Debbie WILSON.

4 PETTY OFFICERS

BOYS

Hans ANDERWALD,
David BIRCH,
Mark BLAKELEY,
Gregory BOYD,
Leo CORCORAN,
Steven FUNKE,
Raymond HENRY,
Leigh McDOWELL,
Paul PATTINSON,
Keijo SANDVIK,
Christopher TUTTLEBY.

GIRLS

Glenda AUSTIN,
Vicki BAYLIS,
Julie BRUNSDON,
Susan DUNKINSON,
Peta HENNINGHAM,
Karin HERRMANN,
Madeleine HAYNE,
Caroline LAVIN,
Marilena L'ABBATE,
Marilla McKENNA,
Sandra NIXON,
Neeta PURI,
Lesley SAMMONS,
Margaret SPROUL,
Carolyn VAN REES,
Vicki WILLIAMS,
Janice WISE,
Debra WOODROFFE,
Kerry WITHERS.

BOYS

Kyle ADAMS,
Hugh BURTON,
Neil CLELLAND,
Leo CORCORAN,
Alistair McCASKILL,
Roderic MORGAN,
Gary PENNEFATHER,
Michael PHILLIPS,
Guy SMITH,
Ronald VAN LEEUWEN,
Peter WHETTON,
David WILLIAMS.

GIRLS

Elizabeth ANGIN,
Derry BOYD,
Lesley CHELLEW,
Marina COYLE,
Lynette CULBERT,
Arlene D'ROZARIO,
Rosemary HATCH,
Margaret KOCIS,
Yvonne KUSZELL,
Lisa MILBURN,
Jane MURPHY,
Sarah PETER,
Helen ROGERS,
Pam ROWELL,
Brenda SMITH,
Anne SOMERVILLE,
Lesley VEATER,
Karen WOBCKE,
Jenny WOOD.

BOYS

Marc DEVLIN,
Julian DOUGHTY,
Patrick FOGARTY,
Gregory FORBES,
George GEORGIOU,
Alfred GIBSON,
Allan HILL,
Andrew KINGSFORD,
Garry MATHER,
Denis PATSARIS,
Robert SHERWIN,
Douglas STANLEY,
Clifford JOHNSON,
Richard PORTER.

GIRLS

Alison BROWN,
Maura CONNEELY,
Wendy ELLIOTT,
Deborah FANKHAUSER,
Elizabeth HALASZ,
Heather JUDD,
Susie KRSZTEKANITS,
Heather MEREDITH,
Lisa MILBURN,
Jane MURPHY,
Judy O'SULLIVAN,
Janice PIKE,
Janine,
Aviva STERN,
Sonja TIMTSCHENKO,
Robyn WALTON,
Amanda WALLACE-MITCHELL.

BOYS

Jeffery BARTHOLOMEUSZ,
Michael DOWLING,
Gregory GATT,
Anthony HUNT,
Michael HUNT,
Stephen JEWELL,
Harry KOUTSOUELIS,
Trevor MARKS,
Christian QUENEL,
Robert QUINN,
Timothy WHITTY.

GIRLS

Linda BATHMAN,
Fiona BATT,
Kerry BOULTON,
Andree CHAPMAN,
Melinda DAVIS,
Bronwyn GRIFFIN,
Sue HILL,
Linda HOARE,
Angela HORVAT,
Elizabeth KANTOR,
Gay MADELEY,
Barbara MORSHEAD,
Tracey MURDOCH,
Julie OLDFIELD,
Leanne REINSHAGEN,
Lesley SIMONS,
Amanda WHITE,
Demetra YIANNIS.

BOYS

Mark BENNETT,
Martin DUSEK,
Cameron JOHNSON,
Philip MOODY,
Ben ORMONDE,
Michael PAXINOS,
Leigh RUSSELL,
Nicholas RYDER.

GIRLS

Heather ANDERSON,
Jo-ann BARNES,
Lisa BRADLEY,
Brenda DIXON,
Jennifer GALL,
Azza GHATTAS,
Elizabeth GREEN,
Linda HARRIS,
Bronwyn LOWE,
Maria MANNO,
Susan McMULLEN,
Joanne MYLES,
Carole TEMPANY,
Margaret WATKINS,
Claire WATT,
Antionette WELS,
Jane CUMMING.

5 LIEUTENANTS

BOYS

Glen BROWNIE,
Paul GIBBONS,
Richard HISCOCK,
Gregory JOHNSON,
Gary JOHNSTON,
Gregory KINGSFORD,
Geoffrey MATTERS,
Gary NOBLE,
Mark PEARSON,
Glenn RASMUSSEN,
Gerard RAYMOND,
Michael SILVER,
Michael TODD,
Phillip WASSEL,
Robert HERSKOUTS.

GIRLS

Karen CAMPBELL,
Susan CRAFT,
Megan DAWES,
Andrea GARRAWAY,
Pamela HOGG,
Dawn LIDDELL,
Aurora MANNO,
Sally MYLES,
Jennifer PAYNE,
Christine PHILLIPS,
Katrina SDRINIS,
Toni VOIGT,
Susan WILSON,
Mary YIANNIS.

BOYS

Brian AARONS,
Trevor ATKINS,
Leigh BARKELL,
Michael CROWLEY,
Damien CROWLEY,
John DILENA,
Rodney EQUID,
Adrian GODFREY,
Robin GOODRICH,
Robert HALLLOWELL,
John HELM,
Frank MATERIA,
Ian MILLER,
Gary PATIENCE,
Ross PENHALL,
Gerard D'ROZARIO,
Murray STURT,
Michael WILSON,
David THOMPSON,
George TEAZIS.

GIRLS

Judy BLACKBURN,
Lesley COWAN,
Lynette GEORGE,
Yvonne GUZIK,
Anita HAYNE,
Carolyn PINCH,
Michele WALLACE,
Bronka WERSES,
Gilda OBEL.

BOYS

Charles ACCETTA,
Trevor ADAMS,
Vincent ALFONSO,
Paul ANNISS,
John ANSALDI,
Andrew ANTONY,
Magdi ATTALAH,
Rodney BINNS,
Ross BOOTH,
David COY,
William GIBNEY,
George KELADA,
Pasquale L'ABBATE,
Anthony MORGAN,
Kim PATTERSON,
Evan RICHARDSON,
Gaspard SIRIANNIA,
Shane THIEDEMAN.

GIRLS

Raila ABRAMS,
Jennifer AJZENBERG,
Robyn Lee DUCK,
Diane EICHENBAUM,
Jenny GRIFFITHS,
Effie KYRIAKOU,
Elizabeth MADDOCK,
Shelley MAXWELL,
Annett ROPE,
Prudence SCOTT,
Kaye SENTRY,
Vicky LEWIS.

BOYS

Paul BOYCE,
Anthony DAWSON,
John DICKSON,
David EVANS,
Frank GOODEY,
David GRAER,
Thomas HERRIOTT,
Scott JONES,
Frank SOMERVILLE,
Victor WILK,
Ian WILKERS,
Jay ONDRECEK.

GIRLS

Sandra BARTON,
Anne GIBSON,
Karna JACKSON,
Pamela KIRWOOD,
Lila MILLER,
Yvonne MOUNTJOURIS,
Yvonne NICOLIC,
Shirley RAYNER,
Lynne RENFREW,
Dionne JOY SCOTT,
Melanie VAN CUYLENBURG.

BOYS

Terrence BRIDE,
John CUMMING,
Alistair GEDDES,
Scott HOWE,
Greg JOHNSTONE,
Arthur LIPSCOMBE,
Peter MCNEE.

GIRLS

Maureen BISSETT,
Julie EDWARDS,
Shelley GOLLEY,
Anna KESSLER,
Allison KIEL,
Julie MOOR,
Marilyn NOWICKI,
Penelope ROBERTS,
Cheryl SAMMONS.

BOYS

Serge COURTURIER,
Abdel GHATTAS,
Peter SMITH,
David WARDELL,
Thomas HERRIOTT.

GIRLS

Nicola BANNISTER,
Olga BROWN,
Catherine CROWLEY,
Lynne FARAVONI,
Jennifer HORWILL,
Sharon HUMMEL,
Rosalie McKENNA,
Jennifer NORRIS,
Joanne RAMSAY,
Susan ROBINSON,
Halina ROSENBERG,
Arleen SEMMENS,
Karin SMIKA,
Pamela TURNER,
Shirley WERBLUD,
Lauren WILLIAMSON,
Lynne STRATTON,
Cathy GIBSON,
Raila ABRAMS,
Michelle ZARRO.

6 CAPTAINS

BOYS

Malcolm ABBOTT,
Anthony HENNINGHAM,
John MCKERROW,
Stephen PIKE,
Glyn TAYLOR,
David THOMASON,
Peter VEXLER.

GIRLS

Michelle ABZATZ,
Sonia ALDONS,
Linda BAXTER,
Dawn BENNETT,
Joanne CHERRY,
Fiona CLELLAND,
Diane CULBERT,
Leah DOBREJECER,
Kaye DUNCAN,
Julie JOYCE,
Susan LANDBERG,
Lynette MAY,
Lyn MOORE,
Alana RAMSAY,
Joanna SYME,
Joanna VAN REES,
Catherine LOUISON.

BOYS

David BOSTOCK,
Kim BURNELL,
Ryland DE HOEDT,
Anthony DUSEK,
Robert ELDRED,
William LINDNER,
Peter MERCOULIA,
Paul MYLIUS,
Michael YOUNG.

GIRLS

Anne CAINER,
Lesley COWLISHAW,
Judith GALL,
Vivian GAYST,
Marilyn GLEESON,
Lynette HALLIDAY,
Jeffrey JACOBS,
Denise MAGOWAN,
Julia MURRAY,
Anne NIXON,
Shauna O'NEILL,
Rosemary ORR,
Janette RYAN,
Lois SERONG,
Valerie SMIKA,
Joumana TABBACH,
Shauna TAYLER,
Deborah WALLACE MITCHELL,
Natasha YOVICH.

BOYS

Brian ADAMS,
Harry AGATHAGELIDIS,
John BARLOW,
Leigh COLDFREY,
Grant DAVIS,
Michael DEBINSKI,
Jim DEE,
Andrew FRIEDMAN,
Martin GOODRICH,
Ross KINGSFORD,
Bruce LAW,
Colin MACDONALD,
Geoffrey MULLINS,
Phil SUNNER,
David STRATTON.

GIRLS

Susan ALSTOCK,
Christine BARNES,
Kerry BAUNTON,
Helen FURNER,
Yvonne GARDNER,
Vikki GILMORE,
Sally KOGOSOWSKI,
Barbara KOMPE,
Jelena POPOVIC,
Joy ROBERTS,
Susan SDRINIS.

BOYS

Ralph ANNISS,
Allan BARON,
John BOOTH,
Philip BROWN,
Eugene BOGNAR,
Philip COMFORT,
Philip DONOGHUE,
Douglas MACDONALD,
Ian MORRIS,
Bernard O'BRIEN,
Patrick O'BRIEN,
Michael PATERSON,
Philip PAY,
Matthew PETER,
John TESCHER,
Harry TUCKMAN,
Rodney WHYTE.

GIRLS

Heather BROWN,
Nan Louise FINCH,
Hanna KUSZELL,
Mary LUCAS,
Kay ROGERS,
Carole TALBOT,
Elizabeth TALBOT.

THE LONELY LAMP-POST

Sue Nolan.

Here I stand, day after day,
spreading my wooden arms, a hitching
rail for busy wires, a mid-air resting
place for tired sparrows.

My light burns brightly in the
velvety darkness. A homing beacon, to
weary travellers a sign of human
civilization, a welcome sight.

I shine on, though battered and
worn. Through countless nights,
endless season, I share my life with
many.

The hot searing sun, drying out my
weathered wooden-shell, making my
metal-joints red-hot to touch, but not
glinting in the brightness, because they
have been rusted up for a long time.

Changes bring winter. Long, cold
days, frosty, freezing nights. Heavy
rains, sleet and hail.

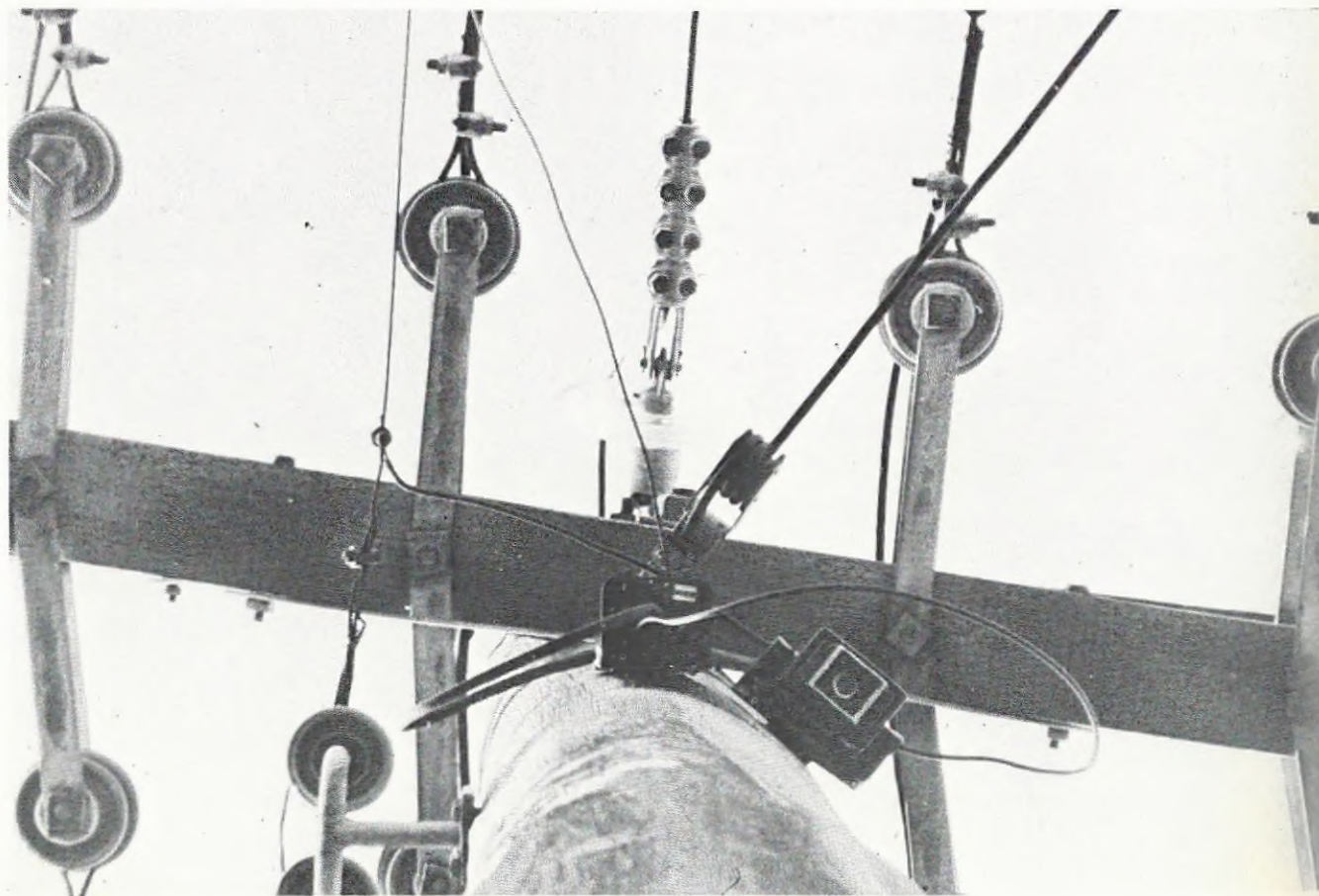
The rain spatters the brown, slimy
mud around my eroded base, packed
up hard in all of my minute and

otherwise, crooks, crannies and
crevices.

I brace myself for a long wait, until
the grey skies give way once again to
the clear blue skies of Spring. To the
fluffy white, cotton wool clouds that
scamper across the vast blueness. And
the new snow grass covers the muddy
land, the flood waters start to recede
and the animals come out from
hibernation.

I realize that my life will always be
like this. Never changing, monotonous,
and sometimes sad. But I restrain
myself from this self pity because I
know I have an important duty to
perform.

In my humblest way I serve the
community and I look forward to
every new day with an inner awareness
and alertness, although I am old and
neglected. I stand tall and as arrogant
as the burning noon-day sun.



*"To be nobody-but-yourself in a world
which is doing its best, night and day,
to make you everybody else — means to
fight the hardest battle which any
human being can fight, and never stop
fighting."*

E. E. Cummings