

BRIGHTON HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY

WAGNER

Dedicated in memory of Colin Phillips

24/7/74

Voyager 1974

principal's report

On 24/7/1974, Mr. Colin W. Phillips died. He had been Caretaker at Brighton High School from its foundation until his resignation on April 9th, 1974. Even before he was officially appointed to the position, Mr. Phillips' guardianship of the property began. Tenders were let for the erection of a High School in Marriage Road in 1954. Mr. Charles Holland was appointed the first Head Master and Form 1 pupils were enrolled to begin in 1955. However, the building was not ready and Brighton High School began its life as the guest of McKinnon High School. It was during this period that Mr. Phillips, then living at 119 Marriage Road, was asked by the Head Master if he would keep an eye on the material, equipment and the growing building. It could be said that Mr. Phillips never again took his eye off Brighton High School. Even after his resignation through ill-health, he continued, as long as it was possible, to look out over the school to assure himself that all was well with the property to which he had devoted himself for very nearly twenty years.

Remembering Mr. Phillips, I am moved to hope that I may do as well as he did in many areas of his life. I am moved, too, to suggest to the pupils of Brighton High School that they might give some thought to the example that he gave. Mr. Phillips was a man who enjoyed a great measure of content with life. As happiness is the thing that we want for ourselves, and for those for whom we are concerned, it might be well to seek the cause of Mr. Phillips' content.

My view is that he was happy because he had a proper attitude to work. He believed that what he was doing was worth doing, he did it as well as he could, he took pride in the result. He did not draw a sharp dividing line between his work and his recreation. They merged. His job allowed him to make adequate material provision for his family but, in the pursuit of that, he never sacrificed the more important non-material things such as being a good husband and father.



All of you, to whom this page is addressed, from Form 1 to Form 6, are giving some thought to the choice of a career. Probably you give some thought, also, to those who have totally rejected the idea of any sort of career. Because they have seen too many people looking on work as the path to status, power and accumulation of a mass of possessions, they will have none of it. They have some right on their side. It is socially evil to regard work in this way. But the solution is not to refuse to work, for 'Work and function are basic to man. They give him his place in the human community. Life without function is a nightmare'. The solution is to be found in the adoption of the right attitude to work — for everyone to recognize that he should develop his skills to the maximum and then make the maximum use of them, not for personal aggrandizement, but for the good of the community. Those who do this will enjoy that peace of mind which evades both those who do not know that 'enough is plenty' and seek status through costly possessions, and those who seek it by having the scruffiest jeans in the commune.

My 1974 wish for Brighton High School pupils is, then, that through a proper attitude to work, they will know a life time of content and find that their place in the human community a good one.

**miss
brennan**

vice principal's report

BRIGHTON HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY

With shorter hours, there will be in the future, the increasing problem of how to spend our leisure hours profitably. It has been said: 'The Soul is dyed the colour of its leisure hours.' Have we at Brighton High School succeeded in placing before you activities and interests with which you can continue long after your formal education is completed?

We have splendid facilities for sport and gymnastics, and our success in many sports this year shows that the sound preparation and physical fitness of some of our pupils have been rewarded. However, full use is not made of the opportunities available in these areas. All pupils should take an active part in that form of sport which appeals to them, and in which they show some skill or gain pleasure. This should bring companionships which last, improved health, and an interest for the future.

Develop the good reading habit—both for information and recreation. Many a one has broadened his knowledge and deepened his sympathies through his intense reading in after school life. Good books are available for the asking and with the opening of the new library, there will be a wealth of literature available to you in very pleasant surroundings. I feel that the 'Study Hall Reading Program' developed this year has brought the reading habit to many pupils who, in the past have not read, and that it has set a pattern for their future reading.

This magazine 'Voyager' is a credit to the pupils who have produced it, and I hope the experience has given them an incentive to carry this type of work into their leisure hours.

Extra-curricula activities in the school have given many pupils opportunities to take part in drama and choral work. These productions have been of a high standard, and they open up ways for the future development of these skills and talents. Many of these pupils will associate themselves with similar productions when they leave school.



Other pupils have shown continued interest in our Social Service Activities, and by their efforts have gained pleasure and made a worthwhile contribution to many worthy causes. In the future, some will link up with outside organizations that work for the welfare of the community, and will swing in with their activities and use their powers to sustain and advance their causes.

To be a success in life you cannot exist as a hermit association with others in work and play, in thought and deed is essential. With this in mind, select from the activities available to you at school and elsewhere, those which give you pleasure, contentment of mind and bring happiness to yourself and others.

**miss
mayson**

student crew required:

Applicants must be between the ages of 12 and 18, reasonably intelligent, willing to wear a uniform and work consistently (hours 8.45 a.m. — 3.45 p.m. — overtime optional).

Applicants must also produce recommendations from previous employers and be willing to accept responsibility.

Essential pre-requisites include — ability to clean up after yourselves, listen attentively to announcements, line up in an orderly fashion and behave decorously on public transport.

Candidates with sporting, acting, singing or leadership abilities will be given prior consideration.

Applicants must also be willing to sign a six year contract and certificates will be awarded to those candidates who finish this term satisfactorily.

Job satisfaction guaranteed — learn more about yourself and others, specialization encouraged.

Applications to the captain
S.S. Endeavour.

- VOYAGER CREW -

Sue Robinson
Anaera Barroway
Hugh Bunter
Pam Ronell
Anne Somerville
Kirsty
Red Binns
Deborah Ford
(Deborah Ford in case you were wondering)
Debbie Woodhaff
S.H. Jenkins
Channa Layle
El. Grauat
Sandra Homins
Wynne Shung
Alistair McCaskill etc.
Anne Buntland
Andrew Angove
ADRIANA

FROM THE PHILIPPINES

1. I would like to introduce myself to fellow students that I have not had the pleasure of meeting.

2. My name is Arneil Chua and I am a Rotary Exchange Student from the Philippines at present in Form 6. I live in Bacolod city and the Rotary club of Brighton is hosting me in Australia for twelve months. I feel very honoured and proud of being given the opportunity of increasing the bond of friendship between your country and mine. The purpose of Rotary International's Student Exchange Program is to establish understanding and friendship between the people of many countries around the world. Many people say that we exchange students are junior ambassadors of goodwill.

3. When I first arrived in Melbourne I felt somewhat insecure and alone. But not for long. My initial impression after a short time was that Australia and the Australian people were very friendly and hospitable. I had no trouble in adjusting to a different way of life, especially when my fellow students and teachers were so friendly and helpful. I could also say the same about the families I have stayed with so far and the people I have met.

4. The educational system follows more or less that of the United States with 6 years for the elementary grades; 4 years secondary and 4 years minimum for a university undergraduate degree. Compulsory elementary education is prescribed by law. Latest records show that there are 37,038 public schools and 2,922 private schools all over the Philippines. Of these, 35 are universities.

5. The Philippines is the only Christian nation in the orient. Christian Filipinos constitute 93.3 per cent of the population. (Roman Catholics, 82.9 per cent; Aglipayans or Independent Catholic and Protestants of different denominations, 10.4 per

cent). Of the remaining 6 per cent, Moslems comprise the majority.

The Philippines is a republic of the presidential type. Its constitution is patterned after that of the United States. The Philippine legal system is a blending of Spanish civil law and American common law.

6. I would also like to take this opportunity of congratulating the students of Brighton High School on their sporting achievements and also those teachers and students who produced the Gilbert and Sullivan musical production of the Mikado which I thought was fantastic. When I leave Australia in May 1975, I know I will carry cherished memories of the country and its people with me and I hope our bond of friendship will be an everlasting one.

MAY GOD BLESS YOU ALL,
ARNEIL CHUA.



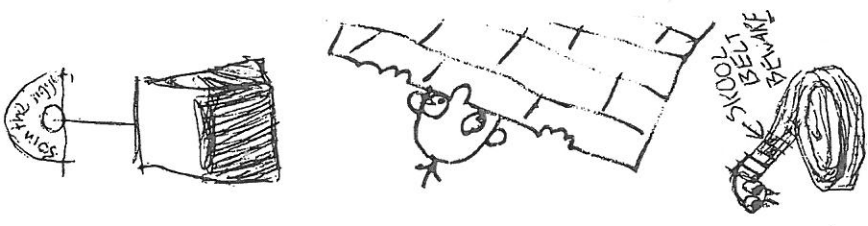
EVENTS THAT SHOOK OUR WORLD

Everybody fails
Geography!

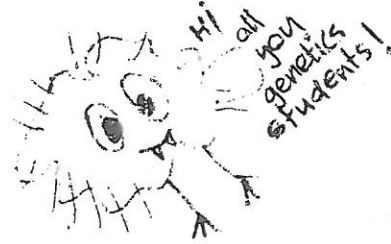
School is a bore!
The economy is
a sausage
factory!



*Indicates teachers' strike — Join up the asterisks and identify the dentures of a famous personality.
Portable classrooms arrive
Portable classrooms taken over by construction workers.
Honey logs up to 15c!
Conquest's All Girl Revue — Girls! Girls! Girls — and Trevor.
Tea Bags introduced to Form 6 diet.
Tea Bags make dramatic exit from Form 6 diet.
"Window Box Classes" (painters only) French, English and Maths.
Zippy New Ideas in School Sacks — Zapped out!
New timetable ...
Mr Peters orders his new car ...
The Oval subsides!!
Work started on Commonwealth Library.
Buddhist Seminar — booming attendance.
Mr Austin lost again — Thanks Bob!
Construction work on Library stops — Lunch Break.
Mysterious unidentified 2nd former runner-up in Senior cross country.
Another timetable ...
Chess championships — Death vs Antonious Block.
Mr Ryan falls off the stage — Bad Luck Mr Ryan!
*The Crucible' rehearsals start.

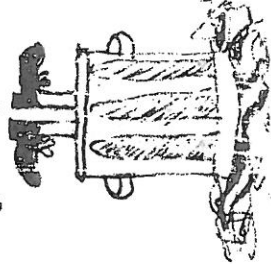


Mr. Conquest owns
a fake lady!

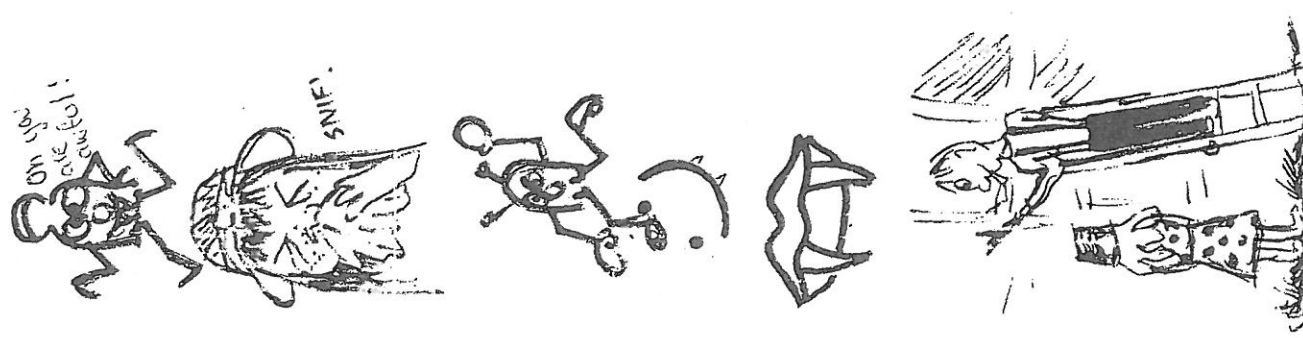


Robyn Walton
is yummy!

Goodbye
school!



'The Crucible' cracks up.
Chorus girls taught illicit fan dance, no casualties — as yet.
Industrial Revolution in Needlework Room.
Casino opens "down under".
Work resumes on Commonwealth Library.
Hayne Sisters' bid to take over R.I. seminars.
Teachers' chalk boxes repossessed.
Mr Conquest gets a flat tyre on an early dismissal — Ha! Ha!
Nearly everybody gets the flu ...
... Yes, even the Construction workers.
One third of Geography Class — Form 6 desert.
Construction work languishes — workers' huts re-painted.
'Voyager' meetings commence.
Flag-pole repainted — (who says we're not patriotic?)
Another one of those seminars.
Gay influence on exterior painting scheme (?)
*Judy Blackburn deported to America (Bye Bye Judy!).
Health food fanaticism mobs Canteen — custard tarts out!
Eight earnest sixth formers realise the Importance of Exams.
Another timetable (almost).
The P.A. system breaks down in the Hall.
The Heating system breaks down.
General Organisation breaks down as Third Term looms.
Gilbert O'Ryan does it again (Kokolossal!).
Black Market Trade in Vanilla Slices exposed!
Mr Peters gets his new car.
'Voyager' salvaged and refloated.
Mantoux terrorists arson attempt on the Hall.
Workmen's huts disappear!
The Aizenbud Memorial planted in the Volley Ball Court.
Anti-vandalisation vandals break into school.
Choirs gasp their last.
Workmen begin to disappear.
Preparations for Beethoven's Birthday.
Exam Blackout.
Sue Robinson, V I



STOCK OPTIONS Foreign Affairs MINING RIGHTS State Government
Come in, POLITICAL INTEREST IN AUSTRALIA
Mr PM vote? scheme Government POWER BUSINESS PEOPLE
The Treasurer, Mr Creah, said
CREAN Treasurer? inflation? Legal aid 30/4 Peer's
Wage

Australian politics, wrote Alan Davies in 1957, is now duller than at any time since the 'eighties'. While this was an accurate observation then, such a judgment would not accurately be made today. For we are no longer content to "leave politics to the politician," as was one person answering a social survey several years ago. In a sense, everyone is now an expert on political issues.

In these times we can read, almost every day, commentaries by "other experts" on such issues as the state of the economy, inflation, unemployment, industrial unrest, pollution and the environment, aborigines, Australian territories, Australia's vote in the United Nations, and the like. Such issues are central in Australian life and the ongoing debates.

Some might still claim that they are not interested in politics, but they cannot fail to be interested in the consequences of political issues and political decisions.

Yet, despite this growing interest in politics, the general

poor opinion of Australians about their politicians has not changed. Only an increased political sophistication and maturity will overcome this.

It is said that we live in a 'mixed capitalist economy' which is also a political democracy. If that system is to work as well as possible, and change in a beneficial direction (some change being inevitable), then an interested and informed electorate is a necessary pre-requisite. Senior courses in social studies should help to achieve this, as well as the study of allied subjects.

The year 1972, which brought Labor to power in Australia, will undoubtedly be seen as a "watershed" in Australian politics, just as was the year 1949, which brought the Liberal-Country Party coalition in for a record term. Whatever our attitudes to the present Australian Government, there will be no 'going back' to 1971, any more than it was possible to 'go back' to 1948, or 1939.

Each one of us cannot, or should not, seek to escape our

responsibility to contribute to making a better society. To do this, we will need to formulate worthwhile goals, but we will also need to know the complexity of most issues and realise that simplistic solutions are not possible. Slogans and catch-cries are no substitute for "doing our homework" on important issues.

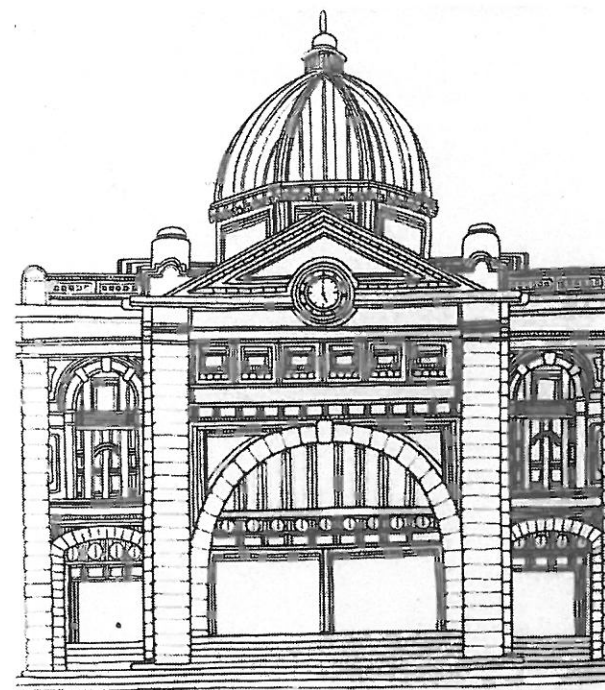
We will need to realise, too, with the 19th century philosopher, John Stuart Mill, that "he who knows only one side of the case knows but little." We will need to be critical of 'the side' we support in politics, as well as admit that 'the other side' has some of the truth.

Without under-rating any of the serious problems which beset the Australian scene today, there is much about we can be optimistic. And to be optimistic is itself a motivation to think and act effectively.

(A. G. PEARSON)

*Mr. Davies is now Professor of Political Science at Melbourne University

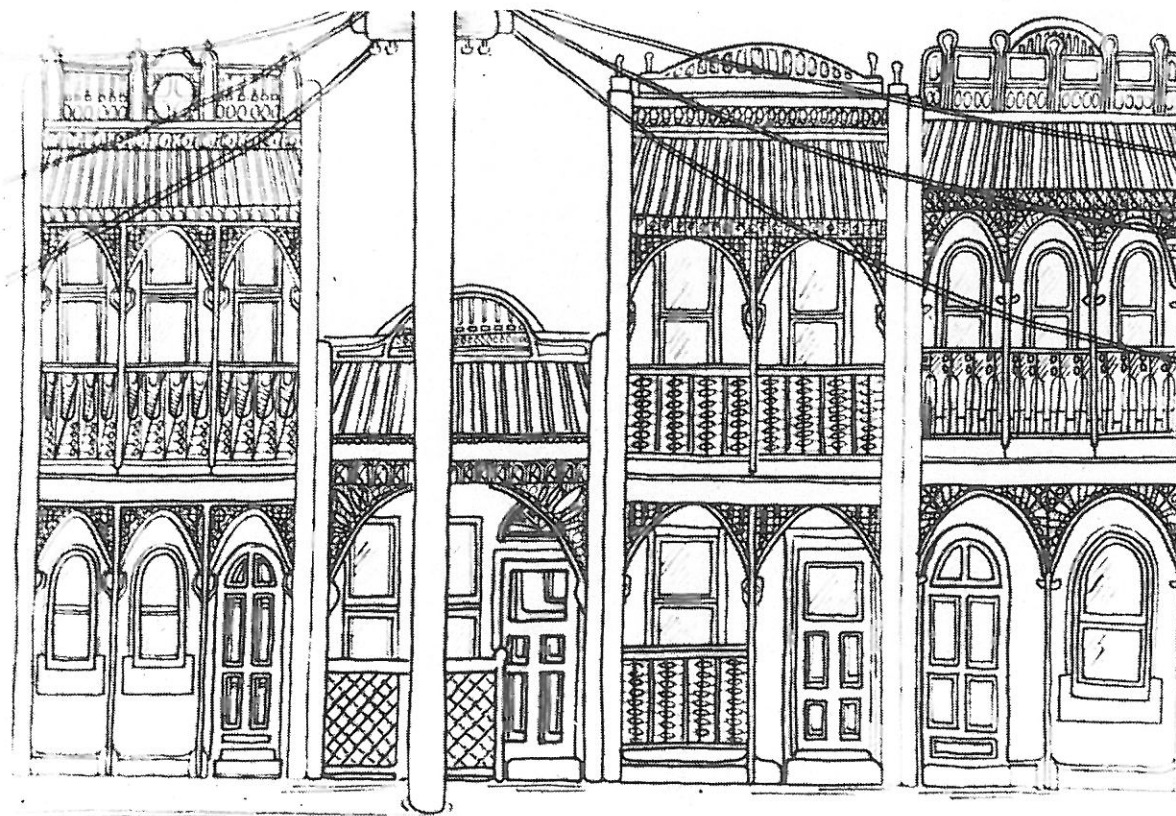
playground. \$ Prime Minister, Labor urban THE Deputy share list
killing mayor Govt Whitlam, Canberra
2 CP union attack oppose policy laws
seats ANTHONY undertakers PRICES OBLIGATION
Liberal policy AUSTRALIA FEDERAL PARLIAMENT
Corporations Act in force Dr Cairns, AK
Andrew Kingford



In Melbourne, streets run to-and fro,
Across, and up-and-down;
And heavy buildings hedge the feet
That tread sedate each grid-laid street
of sombre Melbourne Town.
For Melbourne ways are set by rule,
And Melbourne days beset by rule;
By precept, ordinance and rule
Our lives are thus-and-so.

The watties bloom, though winds blow cold
With tang of frost and snow.
Spring stirs the blood, and quickens dreams
Of gold dust washed in golden streams--
Of gold-paved Bendigo!
For gold will set men's feet on fire
To leave the street for rock and mire
Where earth is seamed with thread of fire
And life is free and bold.

The ships that ride the flowing tide
Are crammed with human freight
For Melbourne Town. The world is told
Through Melbourne lies the way to gold.
The world is flooding in--why wait?
The road climbs North to Bendigo,
Winds North and West to Bendigo,
Let's roll our swags for Bendigo
And across the Great Divide!
Mary MacDonald.



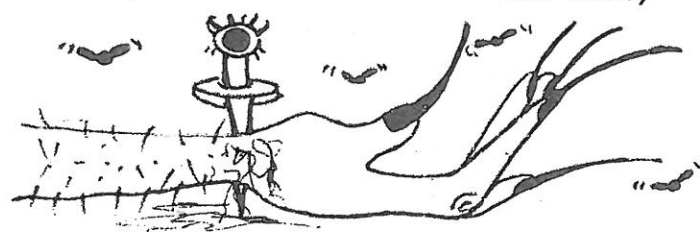
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form e limericks



The ravenous writer scurried along
To be on time to sing his new song,
He tripped on the foot of a witch in his way,
And spread out on the road,
While the crone's crows creepily crowed,
He lay.
The hag who thought the man was not self-reliant,
Tried to help the man up,
But he was defiant,
He then scurried off,
And didn't thank her,
So the old hag pursued him,
Boiling over with rancour,
And she brought along a pot,
Which was cavernous and hot,
For heat, her need was now really dire,
So she cast his bulging satchel, into the fire,
He just managed to save his beloved song,
Which he would soon sing,
If nothing went wrong.
The witch was a very cunning concocter,
And tried to roast him, but failed, and he socked
her,
He set off with the song to be sung in his thong,
But the pong from the foot in the thong with the
song to be sung was like dung,
And the paper slowly deteriorated,
I just saw him last week, when he was cremated.

Paul Varney



One cold and stormy night,
It was dark, so on went the light.
Then I heard a creaking,
I thought I should be screeching.

So I got out of bed,
I went to where the creaking led
Then I heard another creaking,
And nearly went screeching.

I went to the attic,
It was so dramatic.
Then came another creaking,
And held myself from screeching.

And then to the cellar,
It was nearly a kellar
It came another creaking,
And from me a screeching.

And then I saw it,
It was a little parrot.
The last of the creaking,
So no more screeching.

Karen Erickson, I.

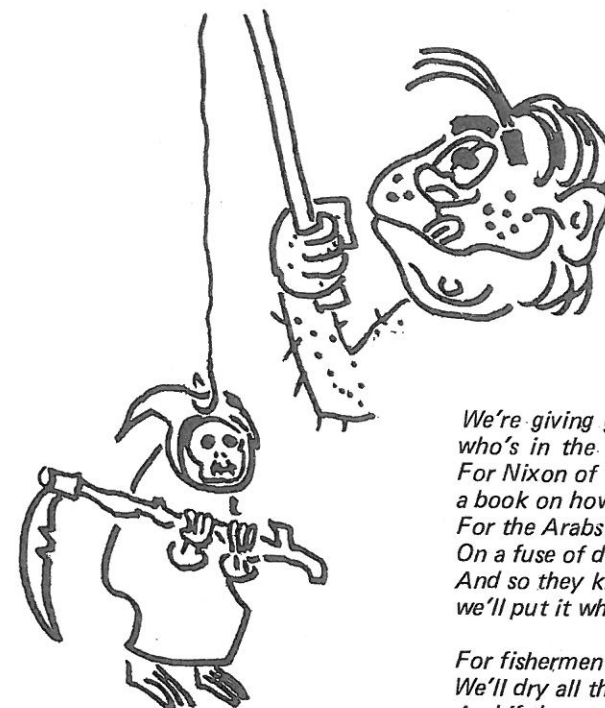


HIPPOCRUMP

Look out! Look Out! Hear that thump?
That's the gigantic Hippocrump!
Here he comes closer, closer.
Here I ran farther away,
I have been running all day this day.
Ahead the village I must warn
There is an old man most forlorn,
I stop for a moment to ask the direction
Here comes the Hippocrump, with his foul
complexion
In one big gulp the old man's gone.
And the very marrow chilled in my bones.

A. Gersbeck I.D.

Wayne Chang 13



GIFTS OF THE YEAR

We're giving gifts to everyone
who's in the Herald,--Age or Sun.
For Nixon of 'The Watergate',
a book on how to swallow tapes.
For the Arabs we will strike a light
On a fuse of dynamite.
And so they know their present good
we'll put it where the oil stood.

For fishermen who hunt for trout.
We'll dry all the rivers out.
And if they cannot fish this year,
We'll give them guns for shooting deer.

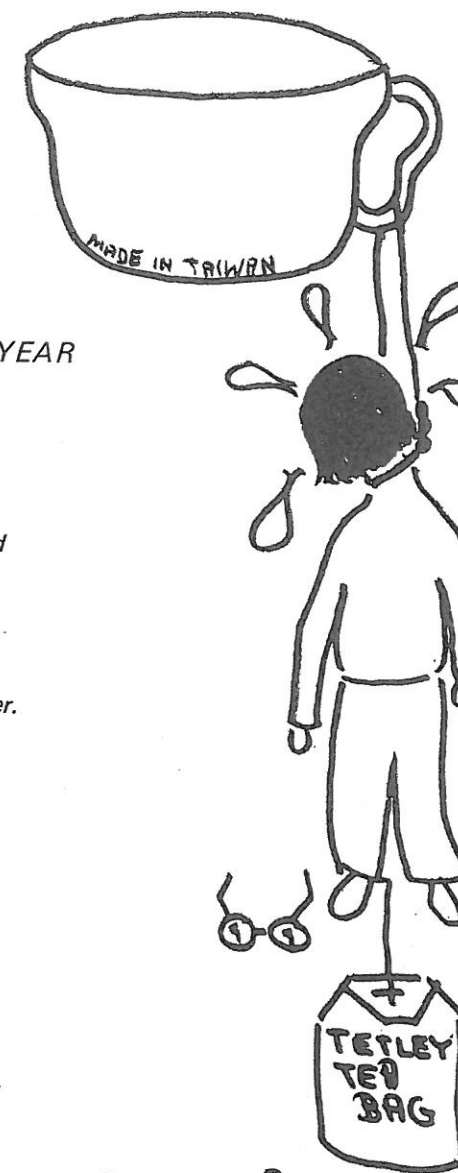
For Sinatra we'll give happiness--
a week with the Australian Press.
And just because his eyes are blue
We'll throw in half the union too.

For Ernie Sigley on TV,
a two ton bag of Tetley tea
and just so he can drink it up,
some parts to build a five ton cup.

For Superman to shame his face,
a bullet that wins the race.
And so the Express can get him back,
a train that beats him on the track.
And just to fix his supersight,
Some glasses made of cryptonite.

For Carlton whose morale is good
an unfair match against Collingwood
how the end is coming near
For the gift list made this year.

Brent Taiaroa, I.



Wayne Chang 13

in dreams

Falling
Falling
The deep end of sleep begins,
And with it comes dreams
Tiring episodes of fantasy
Visions, prying, probing, unleashing
Beautiful melodies of colour
Hypnotising the dreamer
Emptying the mind of all its frustrations and
inhibitions
Creating a wonderland of flashing colours and
thoughts
Spiralling into the depths of infinity
Then desurging into consciousness.



Jenny Norris 6

A rat-race of competitors
All striving for recognition
Acting tough
Displaying their supposed superiority
Wishing to be noticed and feared by all,
Sitting on thrones of gold
Looking down upon
Those who actually have the same qualities
And hang-ups as they do
Brushing away fellow humans
Just like dirt.

Taking care of their own selfish needs
Not even considering other people
Taking on the attitude of:
"Blow you Jack, I'm all right"
How can one be so inconsiderate
In a world where we all depend
On each other,
No matter who or what we are.

recognition.

Sandra, iv.

dreams

I stand on the shore,
Where cold jet-black sand contrasts the broken
trees that perch upon it like old bones.
Alone, left in a frozen land, where the hissing howl
of the sea echoes
Until the sound falls in a million dusty shards.
Darkness swoops to press around, like a thick black
hood pulled too tight
By the executioner . . .
These images are blurred and distorted
By the ravages of time.
For long ago I had a dream
Where I stood alone in a world man destroyed and
all my fickle friends were gone



Jenny Norris 6



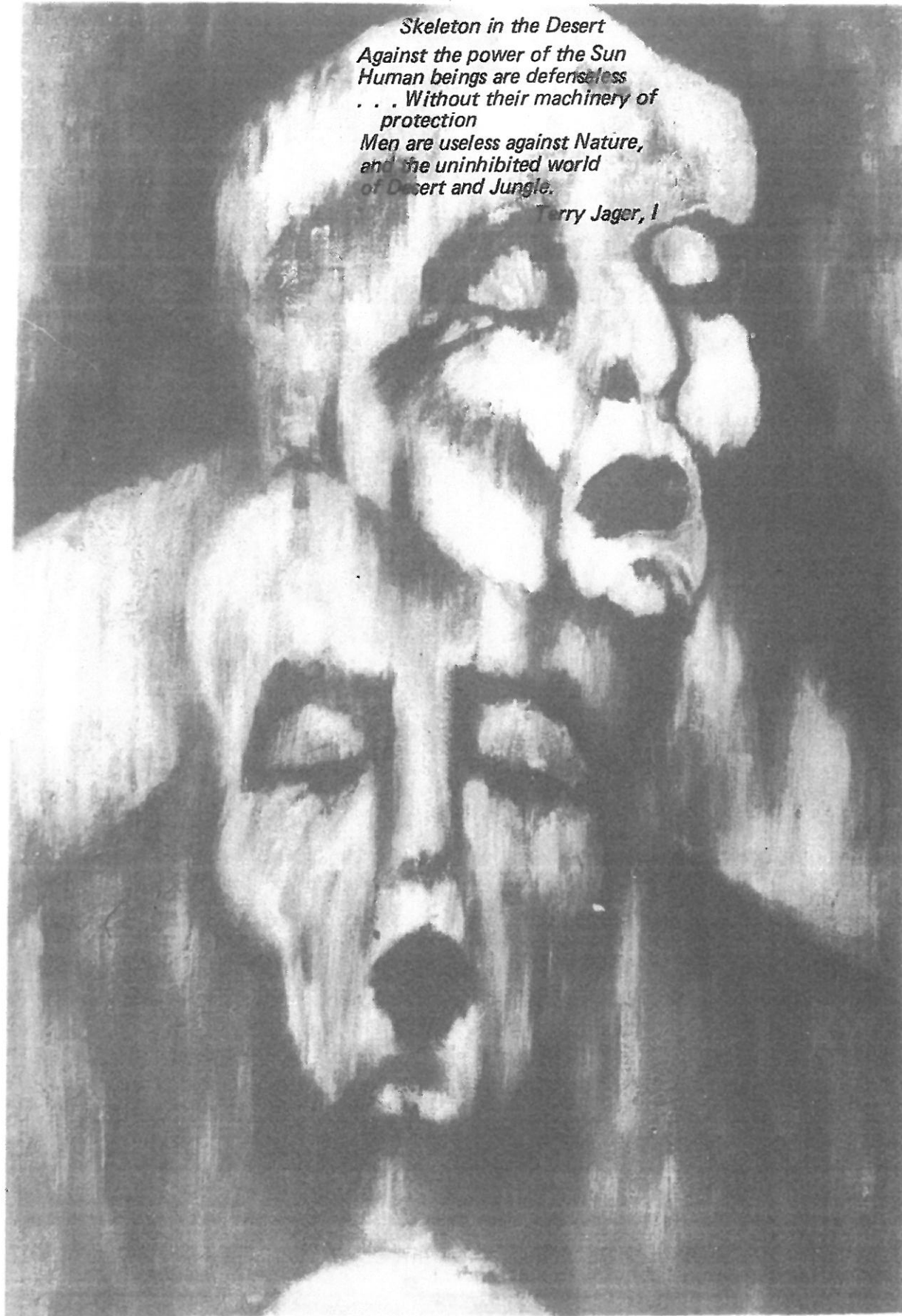
Yvonne Gusek 6

old age

Old age can be a beautiful thing
A time in life when you are free
Old age can be a horrible time of life
Living alone in poverty, no friends.

In a home for the ageing
Having friends, playing cards
Sitting around thinking of the past
Happy thoughts, thoughts of times gone by
But still, thoughts that linger on
Of when life was young and you were gay.

But life must change
As the world changes
And you grow older
You realise what a wonderful thing life can be.
Geoffrey Binns 4E.

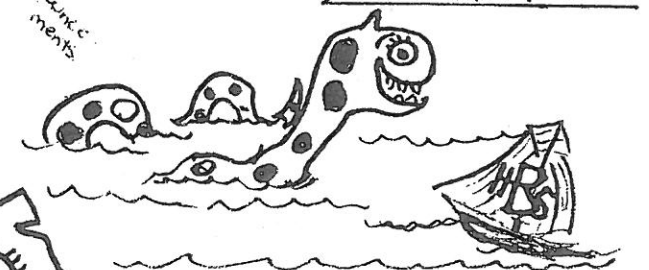
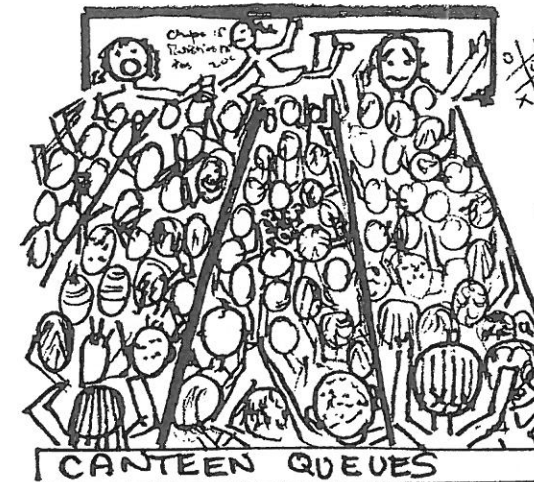
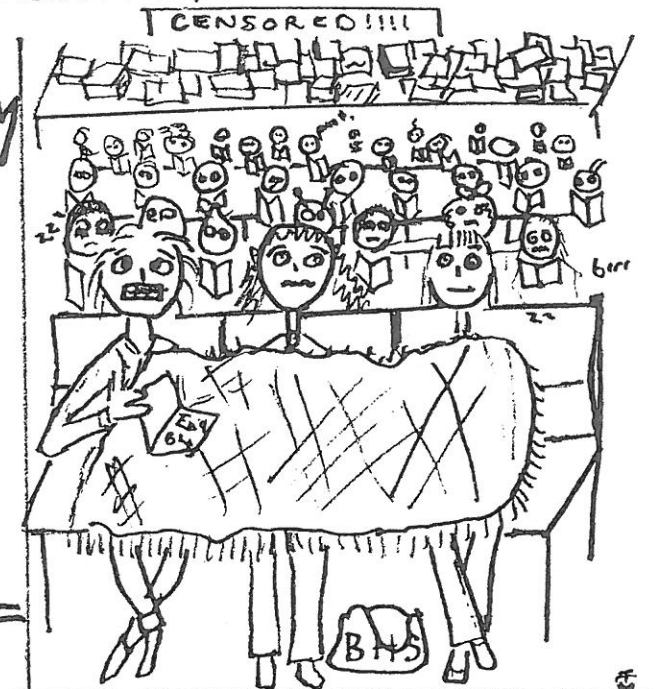
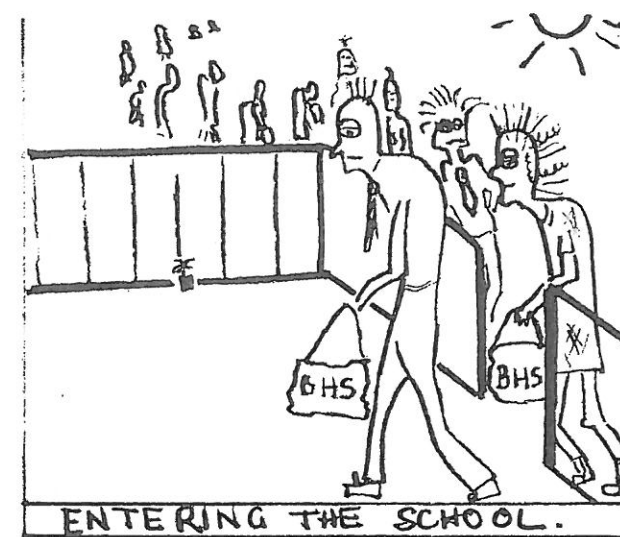


Skeleton in the Desert
 Against the power of the Sun
 Human beings are defenseless
 . . . Without their machinery of
 protection
 Men are useless against Nature,
 and the uninhibited world
 of Desert and Jungle.

Terry Jager, 1

doodles

.. A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN AVERAGE STUDENT
 SOME HAZARDS YOU MIGHT ENCOUNTER!!



A.B. / K.S. / D.F. and me!

'TO KNOW CHRIST AND MAKE HIM KNOWN'

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION SEMINARS

No grumbles were heard; just whispers wafting down the corridor—all directed at the "new seminars". However, most forms were soon to discover for themselves.

Being fairly broad in scope the subjects were: "Who am I?", "What is a Christian?" and "The Family".

They were arranged by a team of local people: Ministers, mothers, and other interested parties. The general reaction to the seminars by the students was promising. Students thought they were more tangible in approach.

And what did the team think? They hoped their presentation did give food for thought to some and that most students would now realize they could discuss freely a subject once thought beyond question.

When you switch it on, people are switched off. Then once a week, you wind it up, climb aboard and away you go. Sure, the passers-by often stop and stare, wondering what it's all about, but they just don't understand machines. And there's no time to stop the machine and explain. The destination sign may be a little vague, but it makes plenty of sense to those who know what's going on.

Our Inter-School Christian Fellowship has a big green religious machine as such. Though not a lot of students mind you, but just as enthusiastic about keeping the machine revving.



God is at the back of it all, unsettling the simple, easy outlooks on life and the world that is setting that life. He shows up, breaks through in the unexpected moment in the quadratic equation, the slide, the snatch of poetry, and we glimpse a bigger universe, a grander design than the examinations ever allowed for. Yes, God's there at school all right. We can accept Him or refuse Him, but we can't dismiss Him, and most of us want to straighten out this god-business.

Problem is, while we're looking for the answers we're not even sure of the questions. And the big green religious machine doesn't seem to be going any place relevant. Still, getting aboard is no mean feat.

Our I.S.C.F. group may appear to have no machine, but the members know where they are going and why it's that way. They have a real interest in the fellow student and their unframed questions. The meetings make less mumbo-jumbo, and more sense than what appears.(?)

Still, the cheese-like preconceptions of those students and teachers, who thought they had God safely locked up in a box, start to crumble.

If they couldn't keep His son locked up in a cave, you won't keep God locked up in a filing cabinet.

And this big green religious machine won't try to either. So come aboard and see what we're on about.

Anne Somerville and Imput 3.



social service

QUOI

I have read the letters you sent to your mothers and fathers.

They made me ashamed to think that I ignored you;

*Ashamed to think I was here,
Destroying myself with my own self pity.*

*While you have carried on Life, knowing what it is,
through the ever present shadow of Death.*

*Your people know what it is to live, because they
know what it is to die.*

*The members of my society merely degenerate into
holes in the ground.*

*As I have come to accept your problems
You can understand mine.*

We should help each other.

Adrian, V.

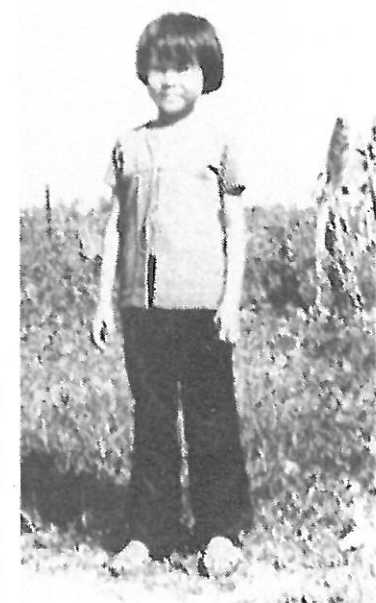
Quoi is one of the foster children various forms have been supporting throughout the year. He and his family receive educational, medical and nutritional benefits from the \$14.50 (Aust.) it costs a form a month. In order to support these children each form has its own method; some prefer to collect within the class, while others hold various stalls, raffles and competitions. Most of the so-called adoptions were instigated by an address given to the school by a representative of the Foster Parents Plan. The plan also offers the opportunity for foster parents to meet socially as in October when there was a function held at Melbourne University. There, students listened to Asian traditional music, ate Asian and South American food and heard an informative lecture given by the Director of the plan. It is hoped by senior students that interested foster parents of the future will be found in the lower forms so that their efforts will be continued.

Also this year, there has been a growing awareness concerning social service. In other areas, besides foster children, forms have shown encouraging response. They too, have arranged talent quests, weekend parties and spellathons to supplement their funds.

Between these action-packed events fund raising was still proceeding on a community level. Once again Austcare took place and raised \$216. Not far behind Brighton High students rattled the tins for the Salvation Army to raise \$816. Also the Royal Melbourne Hospital Appeal gave the opportunity of "Medi-Walk", which, though not very organised, it successfully raised \$157. (It also gave the "officials" a few laughs riding around the circuit checking on walkers, and the green grocer at Checkpoint 3 wondering why Debbie chose to sit, reading outside his shop in Glenhuntly!) Following the year through was the "Freedom from Hunger" doorknock which involved some but not nearly enough students who collectively raised \$445.

Also due thanks must go to Mrs. Lewison for once again supporting the valiant efforts of the students and using some influence when the time necessitated. It was appreciated. Of course thank you BHS crew for showing some initiative and concern for those around us.

Anne Somerville, V.



Nguyen Kim Quoi

on the nose.....dedicated to IVb

"A nose by any other name would smell as sweet." The ill-famed Nosy Parker who nasalized that paraphrase may have put the poet's nose out of joint, quite apart from getting the wind up a few sharp-nosed literary critics who got wind of that blow to traditional proverbiality dealt by a most odiferous personage.

But what are critics but word-mongering stickybeaks, reeking of theatrical rancour pressing them to exhale such strong breaths as "Smells like a rose!" or "Stinks like a pig!" or, occasionally, to remark cryptically "Stinks to high Heaven . . .", thereby demonstrating that they have either stumbled over a red herring or lost the scent altogether.

It's time, however, to lay those bad eggs up in lavender, clear the air, and begin to develop our own sense of smell, instead of merely picking at the subject.

Contrary to expectation, nosology has nothing to do with the study of noses. The expert who pokes his nose into the business of everyone else's nose is known as a nasologist. If your conk were to meet with a heavy blow, you might thumb your nose at the assailant, but in addition you might follow your nose or thumb a lift to a nasologist, who could peer through his pince-nez at your proboscis prior to nudging on a nosepiece to correct the cosmetic corrugation. However, if your instinctive dread of nosebags were to necessitate a carrot being dangled in front of your nose, the physician might have to put your nose out of joint for the second time in order to restore your nasal symmetry. And then you would pay through the nose for the privilege.

We probably take our noses too much for granted. It is a simple matter to forget that the superficial, superficial manifestations of skin and bone control the entrance to nasal passages and lungs. Again, do not neglect those twin forests of tiny hairs within the nostrils whose functions it is to halt the progress of dust particles and insects bent on contaminating our interiors.

Speaking of speaking, is nasal communication possible? By all means! Your dog's cold, moist nose indicates his excellence of health; whereas if your nose starts to run, your body will slow down; and if your nasal temperature falls too far, you may be suffering from frostbite, in which case your nose may drop off. (Hold your nose!) The Polynesian practice of rubbing noses together as a greeting has not spread to our shores, although small children and courting couples may find it a pleasurable diversion. But who amongst you has not wrinkled a nose in delight, snorted in disgust, or sniffed in disdain?

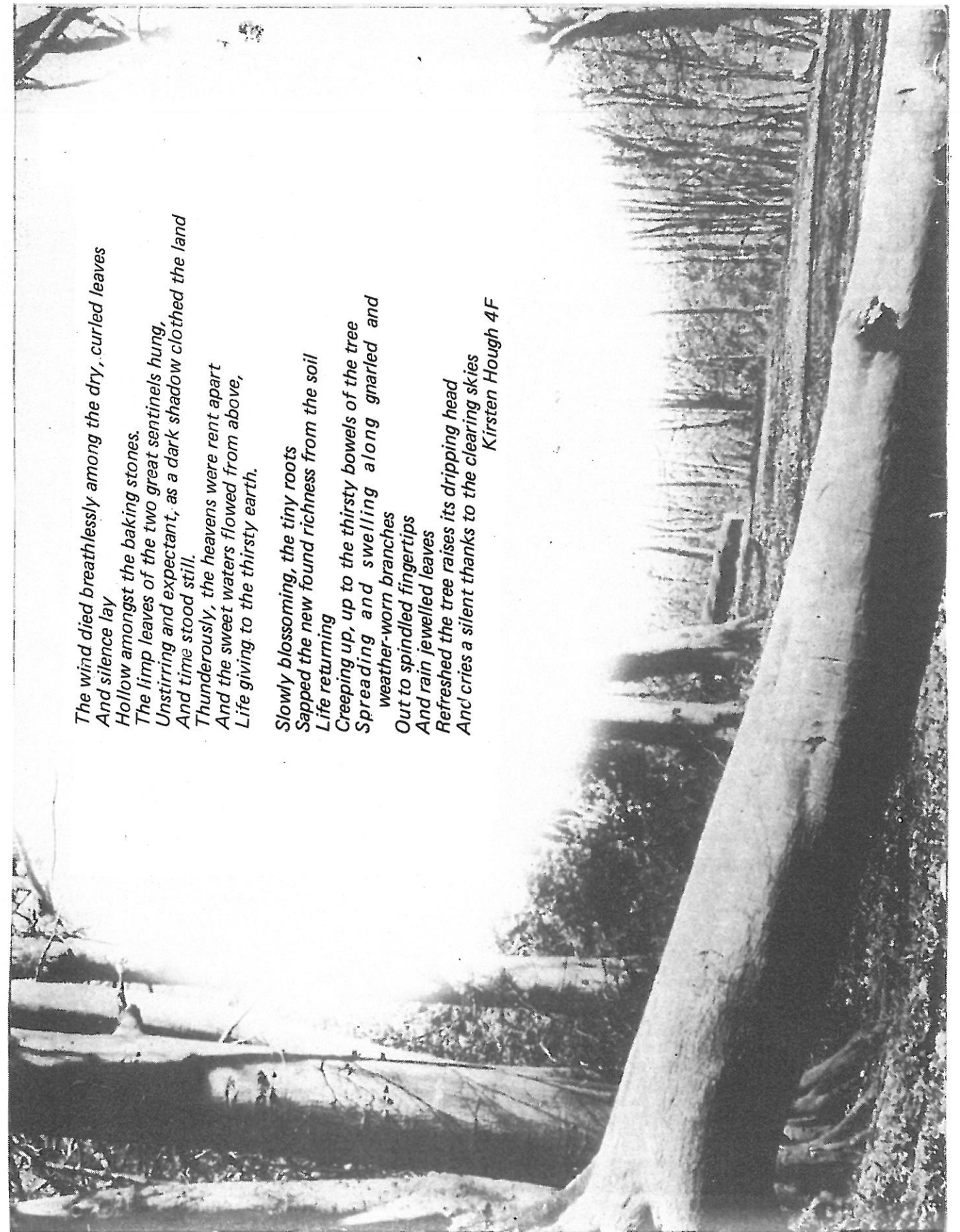
We rely on our noses not only to breathe with, but also to smell with. Consider the fate of the anosmic, deprived of olfactory pleasure, unable to differentiate amongst a scent, a fragrance, an aroma, a bouquet, an essence and a perfume, a pungent smell, a fetid odour and a foul stink; unable to judge either the necessity or the efficacy of culinary ventilation after cabbage soup, or deodorant after a hard day's night!

Each one of us has a unique, inimitable nose. Moreover, there is little that can be done to change or improve its appearance, unless you care to wear a ring through your nose; and in addition, it would be rather difficult to tie a nosegay about your nose. A Miss Universe may well have won her title by a nose, which puts her in the same category as racehorses. Nevertheless, a few people, dissatisfied with their natural noses, seek to undergo plastic surgery. Perhaps each one hopes to discover a Wonderful, New Exciting Self just bursting to be released by the beautification process. Whether or not it is wise to show such concern for the nose may be judged by its transience—for skulls uncovered by archaeologists invariably lack a nose bone.

Occasionally, a nose becomes the object of mockery and scorn. But don't let your nose take a beating: rather, blow your own trumpet! For, one day, another nose will sidle alongside yours and breathe sweet nothings into its nostrils. Perhaps you will encounter a boxer's nose (hopefully, not on the receiving end). Perhaps it will be a parson who, needless to say, has . . . er . . . a parson's nose. Perhaps, my little chickadee, you will meet Mr. W. C. Fields' florid strawberry nose. Perhaps it will be a Roman nose or a Jewish nose, an aquiline nose, a hook nose, a bulbous nose, a snub nose, or just a nondescript nose.

But until that day, keep your nose to the grindstone, and, in your search for the definitive nose, leave nose tone unturned.

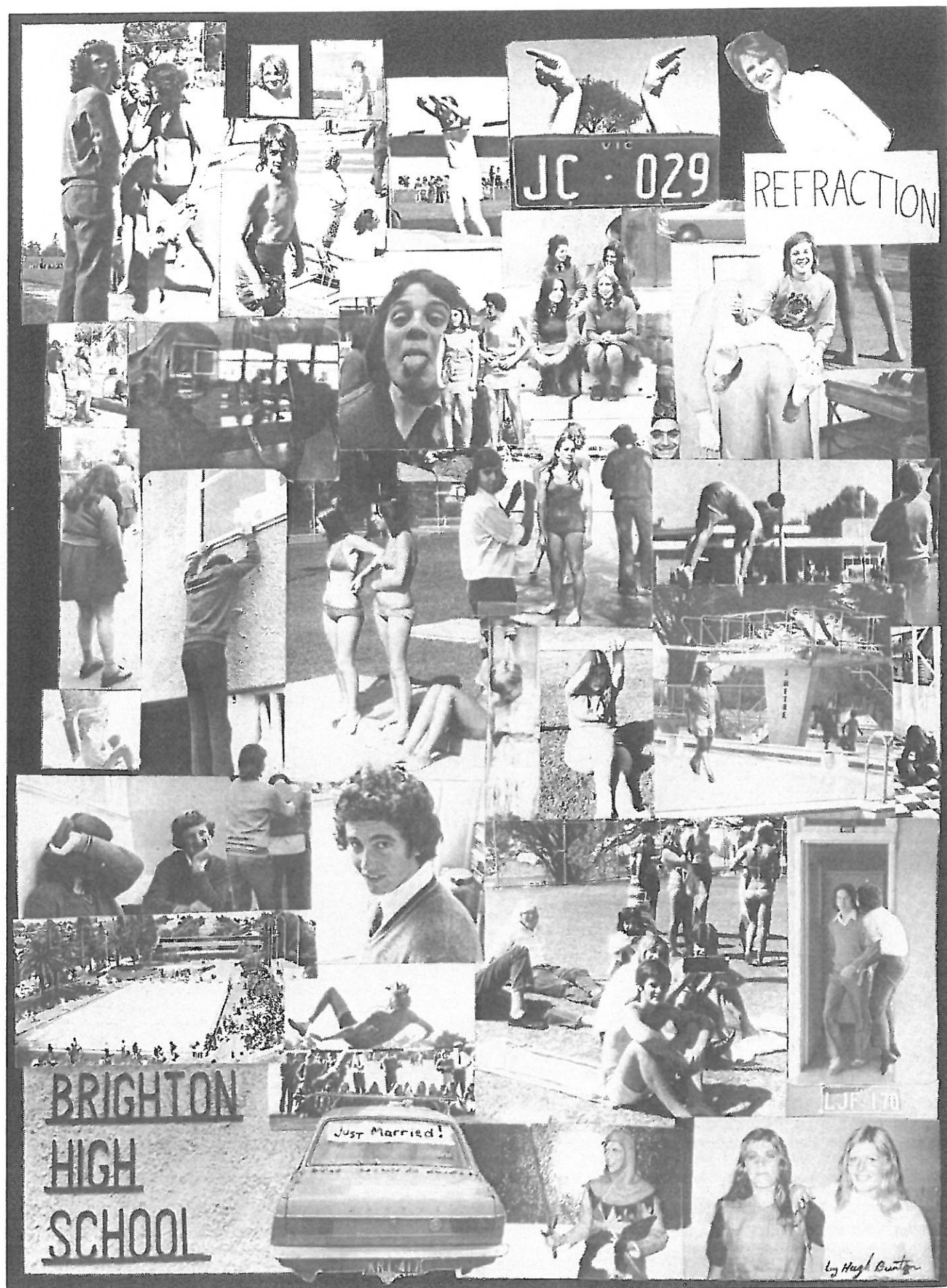
—M. C. Foster.



*The wind died breathlessly among the dry, curled leaves
And silence lay
Hollow amongst the baking stones.
The limp leaves of the two great sentinels hung,
Unstirring and expectant, as a dark shadow clothed the land
And time stood still.
Thunderously, the heavens were rent apart
And the sweet waters flowed from above,
Life giving to the thirsty earth.*

*Slowly blossoming, the tiny roots
Sapped the new found richness from the soil
Life returning
Creeping up, up to the thirsty bowels of the tree
Spreading and swelling along gnarled and
weather-worn branches
Out to spindled fingertips
And rain jewelled leaves
Refreshed the tree raises its dripping head
And cries a silent thanks to the clearing skies*

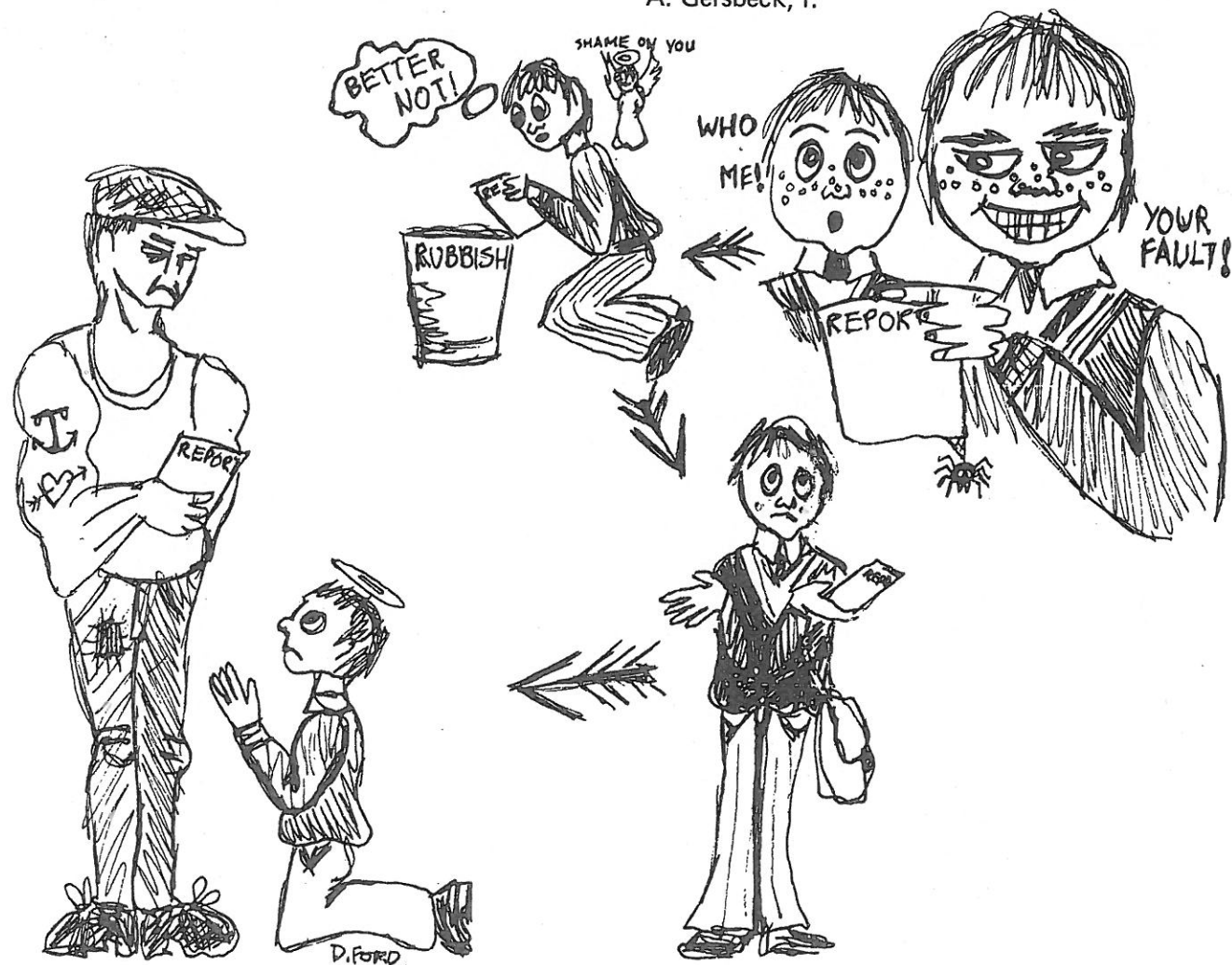
Kirsten Hough 4F



EXPLAINING MY REPORT

Dad? Hmm? I . . . I . . . I've got something to tell you 'yes, go on, well . . . is mum in? No she isn't now, come on, what were you going to tell me? W-e-l-l promise you won't hit me? Of course not! Who do you think I am, the executioner? W-e-l-l, it's about my report, Oh, is it, why that great! Let me see it, well OK. But let me get out of the room first! Don't be ridiculous! Come here and sit down and we'll talk about it. Now, let me see, . . . WHAT? 4c's and 5d's. How did that happen? How did you manage to get such a lousy mark? Well, it's this kid sitting next to me. He keeps on talking and annoying me. Well, why don't you sit next to someone else? It makes no difference Dad, they're all . . . ! And you mean to tell me you're different to all of them? Well, not exactly, but they do disturb me. Well if that's the case, you can't help it, try to sit by yourself as much as possible but as a punishment you'll do the dishes for a month, and clean the house once a week for a year. Thanks Dad.

A. Gersbeck, I.



MOVE HIM INTO THE SUN

Move him into the sun
This child of shadows.
Move him into the sun
See him leap and laugh
Like a lilting lark
This boy of dark.

He lies here
Pale and sombre
And the lark is stilled
Flutt'ring nurses
With their shrill voices
Hushed, in twilight halls . . .

This creature
Drowned in wells
of too much care?
Smothered by excess
Without will to wish it otherwise

Cast him into the wind
Watch the wan cheeks flush
The weeping eyes in wonder
Move him into the sun
And see the power surge
Through sickly limbs
A small boy runs.

DEBBIE WOODROFFE, V



SHADES OF CHILDHOOD

Black or white, white or black.
There is no difference when you are young
Young and free from the ideas and
prejudices of your elders.
Playing together, there is no barrier
Black or white he is a child, a human being
But elder's ideas are imprinted into your mind
Your ideas are moulded to suit the society in which you
live
He's different, he's black, that's his only crime
But when you are young these things mean nothing
And you can be free to enjoy his
Friendship because he is a child just like you.

Geoffrey Binns 4E

entering the land of

THE MIKADO



It all started with the arrival of a new English teacher, Mr. Ryan. Students then discovered a new office had been created: "Co-ordinator of Drama." Such a title could hardly be ignored and soon Brighton High was to be delightfully entertained with some fresh enthusiastic cultural spirit. Slowly it came to pass, that Mr. Ryan and Mrs. Batour had busily started rehearsals for the B.H.S. production of "The Mikado." Valiantly a girls' chorus was formed and principals were already working hard. A boys' chorus was slow to appear, but what they lacked in practice they made up for in enthusiasm.

As time progressed, brows started to furrow pessimistically, but the mighty "Mikado" mob could be heard gaily singing: "With Joyous Shout" and fluttering fans while wafting down corridors.

The dates were set; it was to be staged on the 18, 19, and 20 September. With backdrops superbly finished by ardent Mikado-ers, costumes began to emerge while stage movements were arranged by a dedicated Mr. Ryan.

Rehearsals were now happening at all times of the day and night. After six months of continual confinement, students had built a kinship which developed out of the production, if nothing else.

Yet the day dawned and excited Japanese peoples were seen frantically applying eye-brows. The tickets were sold, the people were arriving. While nervous laughter filled the wings, the overture commenced.

And thus, "The Mikado" was performed. Of course, fans were dropped and words stuttered, however, the spirit of the musical did reach the audience. Also, the Mikado received an encouraging review from the Sun Journalist, Philip Muston.

Praised by all, "The Mikado" proved a brilliant success in many ways. With such determination and dedication on the parts of Mr. Ryan and Mrs. Batour it could not fail.

Also, to those students who did take part in it, Well done, folks! It is certain that you didn't do Gilbert and Sullivan any discredit.

The principals were: Neil Wilmot as the hero "Nanki Poo"; Robyn Walton as the sugar-and-spice "Yum-Yum", the sprightly John Chellew as "Koko." The brilliant portrayal of "pooh-bah" was by Alan Tiller, "His Majesty, The Mikado" was Lewis Coyle, and "Katisha" was played by Gilda Obel. The other "two little maids"—"Pitty Sing" and "Peep-Bo" were played by Wendy Elliott and Sarah Peter, respectively.

Congratulations to John Chellew who was awarded one of the ten 'highly commended actor' awards in the musicals section in the "Sun Schools Theatre Festival."

Once again, our sincere appreciation goes to Mrs. Batour, Mr. Ryan, Miss Foster, Debbie and all the Mikado-ers.

See you all at next year's G & S festival. May it be as enjoyable as this one.

Anne, V.



COMMONWEALTH

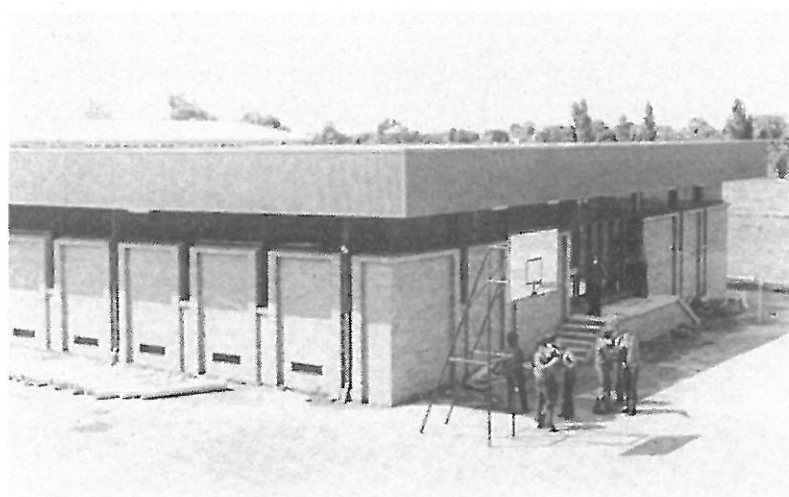


The Commonwealth Library.
Comments: "Especially with schools going the way they are, I think that in years to come there will be more emphasis on using libraries than there is now."

—Mr. P. Ryan.



"A good place to get into out of the rain".
A Second Former.



"It's really fantastic."

—A First Former.

"We don't usually get enough chance to use the old library now except when we're sent in there for private study and you can't really tell much from there."

—A Fourth Former.

"It's gonna have earphones and rooms that's gonna be sound-proof."

—A Second Former.

"I definitely think we need a new library. The only trouble is that I won't be around to use it."

—A Sixth Former.

Official Report.

Due for completion in October '74, the new Commonwealth Library will bring together the resources from both the present libraries, as well as adding a greater variety of audio visual equipment and materials.

It will provide carrels for individual study and for the use of cassette players and slide projectors, informal reading areas, and sound proof discussion rooms in which students may discuss their work or teachers take small groups. These rooms will also be wired for T.V. and with the introduction of a video tape recorder relevant programmes can be recorded and replayed in the library.

The building itself will be tastefully furnished and carpeted, providing for a greater variety of books and magazines and a better atmosphere for students to both enjoy and participate more in their own work.

—Librarian.



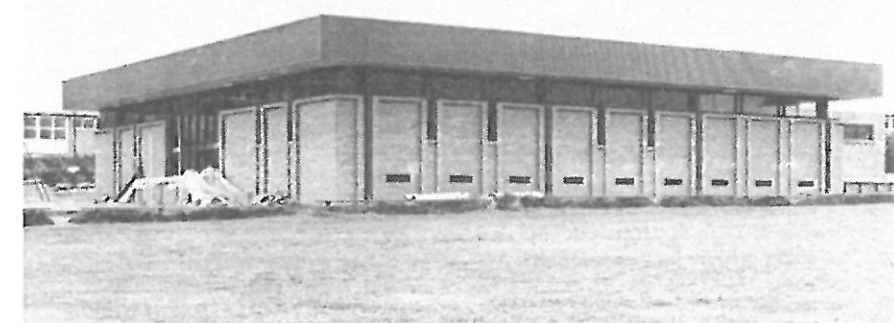
"From what I've heard, there is going to be audio visual stuff and slides and that sort of thing and, I suppose, good reference books."

—A Third Former.



"We can use a lot of new equipment rather than the old books, and if we start using these we are going to use it and we are going to enjoy it."

—A Fifth Former.



LIBRARY

PEOPLE TO THANK '74

Office Staff

Mrs. Doolan
Mrs. Hillyear
Mrs. T. Harris
Miss Collings
Mrs. Foch
Mrs. Rabinov



Cleaning Staff

Mrs. C. Phillips
Mr. D. Aitken
Mr. K. Esnouf
Mr. W. Saddington
Mrs. J. Hannan
Mrs. E. Hannan
Mrs. E. Emery



Stage Crew

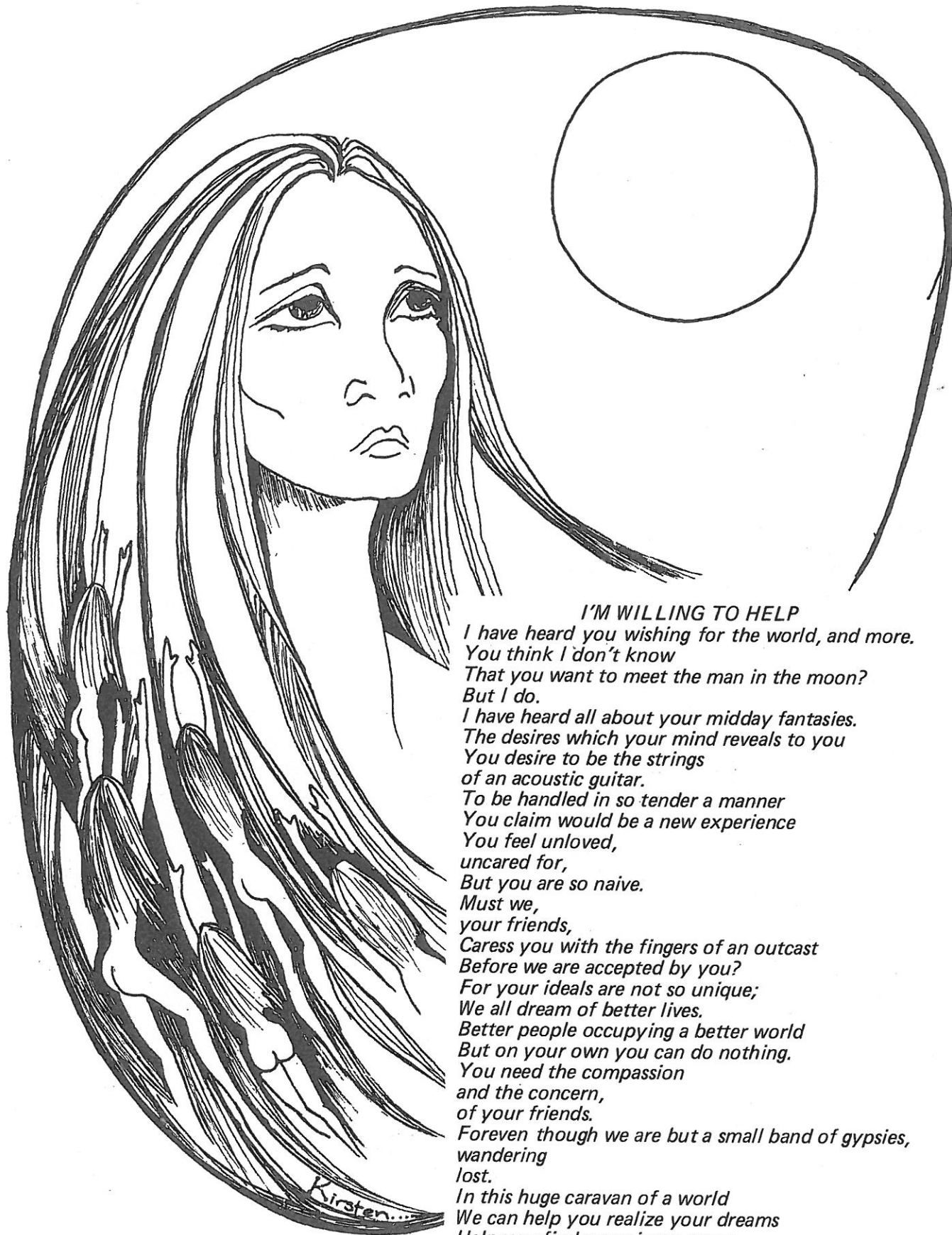
Tony Dawson
Jamie Singh
Moutaz Tabbah
Philip Johnson
Brendan Corcoran
Kelvin Marshall
Paul Tannard
David Turnbridge
Lesley Megay
John Wood



Canteen

Mrs. Smith (Manageress) in second term replaced Mrs. Bailey who retired during May holidays. Best wishes go to Mrs. Bailey for her now peaceful time, which she certainly deserves after managing the School canteen and cheerily taking lunch orders. Good luck, in future, Mrs. Smith and "Thank you".





I'M WILLING TO HELP

I have heard you wishing for the world, and more.
 You think I don't know
 That you want to meet the man in the moon?
 But I do.
 I have heard all about your midday fantasies.
 The desires which your mind reveals to you
 You desire to be the strings
 of an acoustic guitar.
 To be handled in so tender a manner
 You claim would be a new experience
 You feel unloved,
 uncared for,
 But you are so naive.
 Must we,
 your friends,
 Caress you with the fingers of an outcast
 Before we are accepted by you?
 For your ideals are not so unique;
 We all dream of better lives.
 Better people occupying a better world
 But on your own you can do nothing.
 You need the compassion
 and the concern,
 of your friends.
 Foreven though we are but a small band of gypsies,
 wandering
 lost.
 In this huge caravan of a world
 We can help you realize your dreams
 Help you find some inner peace.

ANDREA

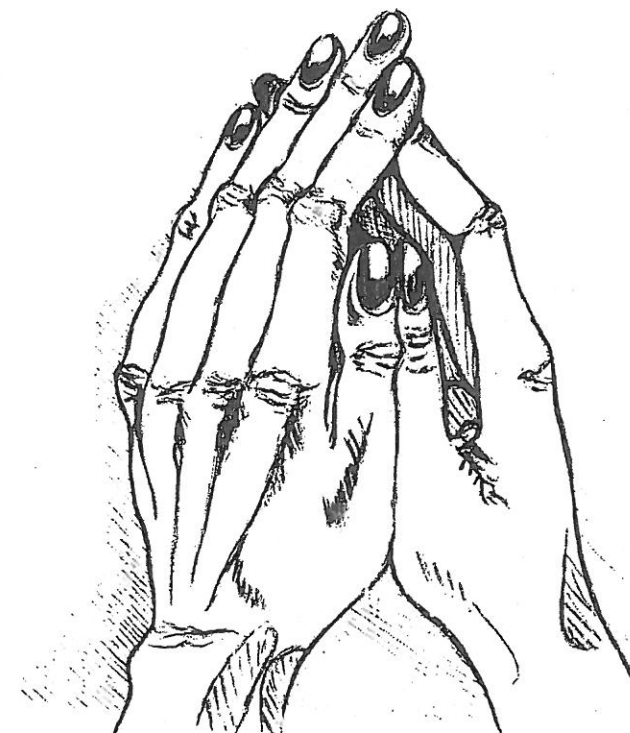
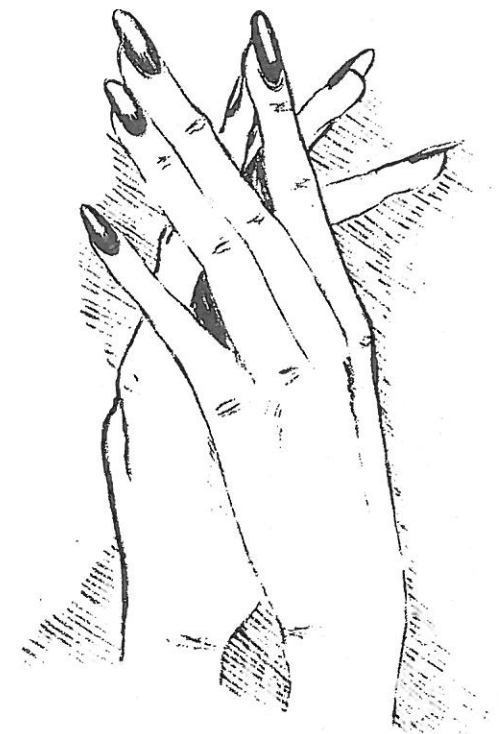
HANDS

Beauty and grace, disloyal friends, have fled us
 now
 Encroaching age carves buckled boughs and trunks
 Where they once dwelt.
 We bear the brand of a thousand hungry summer
 skies
 Which, kinder now, ease the steely grasps about
 our joints

Twisting and undulating the once vitally throbbing
 rivers
 Now are sapped dry of springs youthful potions
 But journey on
 Our labours have been those of others
 Each jagged crack, the symbol of a deed,
 Depicting the story of our life.

Age cannot erase the gentleness within our bones,
 Caressed in love and wrung in grief
 A sad and worldly beauty possess us now.
 For this is the autumn of our life
 We cling like faded brittle leaves, rich with
 the memory of past breezes
 Soon to leave the tree of life.

MAGGIE SPROUL.

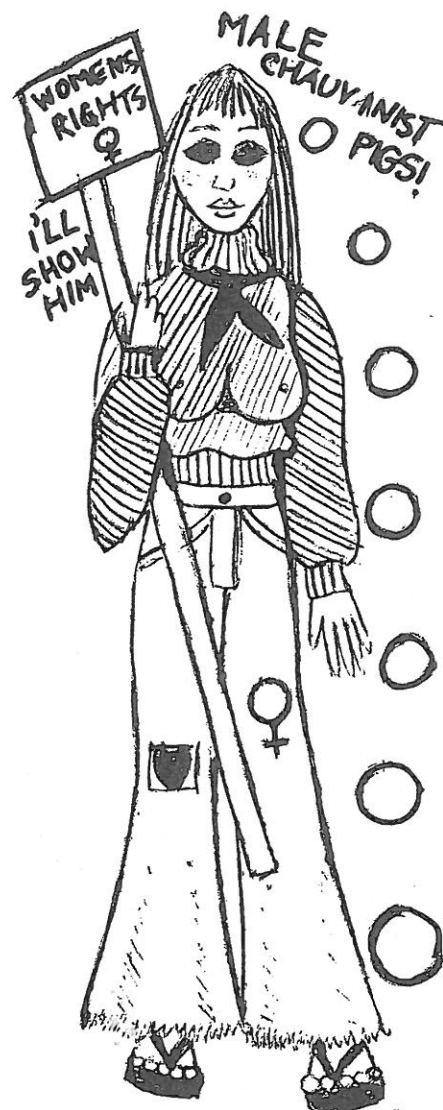


The old vicar looked down at his hands that he held out before him. They were very, very old. Too old he had been told. They had used many polite phrases, but it all came to the same thing. He still smiled as his hands reminded him of wrinkled leather and he thanked God for having made them so useful. He pondered on the saying, "the Devil makes work for idle hands". He remembered being told this when he was a small boy. He remembered looking down at his hands then; seeing the long, somewhat bony but well carved fingers and promising God and the Nun who had told him that this pair of hands would never be used for the devil. He had kept his vow, along with the others he took to obtain his white collar . . . There had been many times when this pair of hands had reached out to comfort another pair that were shaking from distress, or shivering from cold, or that were frail and white wanting the reassurance that was hard to give to someone who was fated to die . . .

. . . He bent and picked up a piece of confetti from the ground. He had performed his last wedding. He had joined the couple's hands as man and wife. Their hands had been so young and full of promise. He shuffled back inside . . .

Brenda Smith, V.

WOMEN'S LIB?

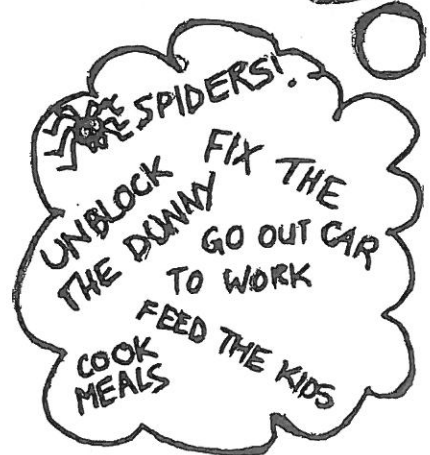


SEX AND EQUALITY

The idea of equality between the sexes is a rather ridiculous theology and totally impossible to put into practice. Any intelligent woman should be able to perceive how greatly her situation would be jeopardized if the male in her life regarded her as an equal.

For a woman, life would become virtually impossible, as she would no longer be able to twist around her little finger every likely looking male who had the misfortune to pass her way. Think of the inconvenience this would cause her when she had to perform such unappealing tasks as unblocking the dunny and removing spiders from the bedroom. . . . Imagine the horrible realization that one's car has broken down and has to be fixed—with all that 'eouch!' grease and 'oh, how shocking!' dirty work with the hands, and of course, how could one be expected to know which bit fits where? This whole situation sounds completely unreal, and it is while man still regards woman as inferior and she regards herself as superior.

It would be most unsettling for men to suddenly have to regard women as equals and not some kind of soft, cuddly object that needs to be looked after all of the time. A most traumatic experience would occur when that useless creature who had done nothing but satisfy his body's wants and boost his ego was suddenly to be regarded as a person worthy of the same loyalty and true comradeship as that paragon of perfection—another man. How would he feel to know that she now claimed the right to "work late at the office" as he has been doing ever since offices were invented—it would be quite shocking. He would not know what to do.



Even worse, every time they had a dispute he would have to listen to her side and, oh horrors, if she was right he would have to admit his mistake and apologise. When the woman wanted her way in a hostile situation, she would no longer be able to burst into tears and make him feel such a beast that he succumbed to her every whim—what an inconvenience!

It is transparently obvious to men and women of average intelligence that the situation which now exists is ideal:—

Man thinks that woman is inferior and needs protecting—this makes him feel strong, secure and confident.

And we women find the men very useful—they are handicapped by their own ignorance and gullable enough to be guided in any direction we choose without the tiresome expenditure of brute force. We remain snug and secure in the knowledge of our superiority.

An ideal situation—what more could you ask for?

Deborah Ford, IV.

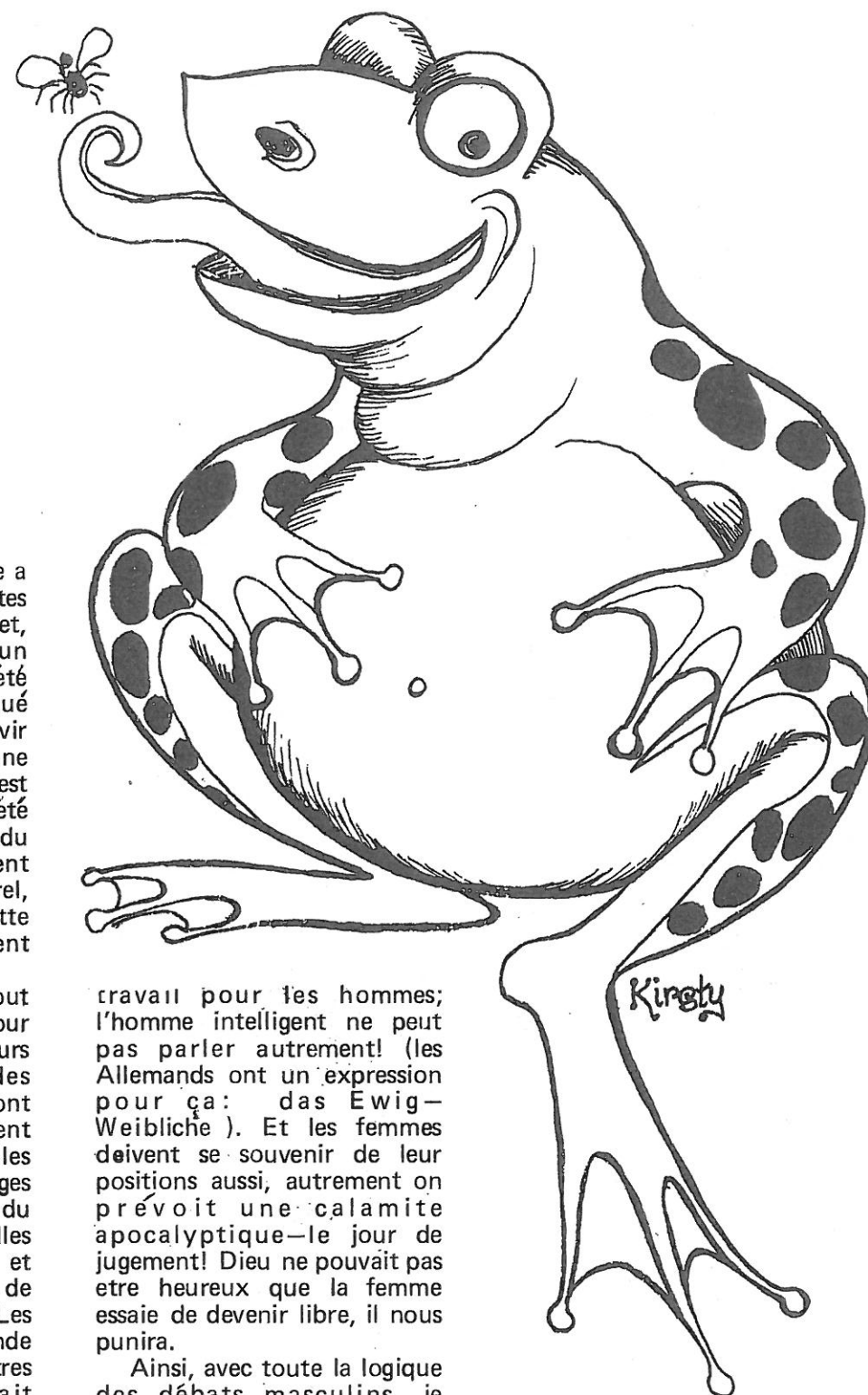


EST-CE QUE LA FEMME DEVRAIT ÊTRE LIBRE?

Point du tout! La femme a été créée d'une des côtes d'Adam, selon la Bible, et, pour cette même raison est un être inférieur. La femme a été créée pour devenir domestique par les hommes, pour les servir seulement. Cette idée profane et sacrilège que la femme est égale aux hommes, a été dispersée par les agents du diable! et est énergiquement contre tout ce qui est naturel, évident, et masculin. Cette idée doit être absolument effacée.

On n'a que prendre un tout petit regard à l'histoire pour voir que la femme n'a toujours été qu'une servante des hommes. Les Européens n'ont jamais considéré sérieusement les femmes; mais c'est les Japonais et les Peaux-Rouges qui ont la meilleure idée du traitement des femmes: elles n'existent qu'à servir et travailler. En des beaucoup de pays on vend et achète. Les femmes comme on marchande des animaux et des autres possessions. Ce serait beaucoup mieux si on faisait les affaires comme ceci en Australie.

La place de la femme est toujours à la maison ou au



travail pour les hommes; l'homme intelligent ne peut pas parler autrement! (les Allemands ont une expression pour ça: das Ewig-Weibliche). Et les femmes doivent se souvenir de leur positions aussi, autrement on prévoit une calamité apocalyptique—le jour de jugement! Dieu ne pouvait pas être heureux que la femme essaie de devenir libre, il nous punira.

Ainsi, avec toute la logique des débats masculins, je conclus que la liberté est seulement pour les hommes et que les femmes doivent se contenter de leur place.

Arthur Lipscombe.

SPORTS PAGE

Jan.: Nil.

Feb. 6: Club Selection: Boys: Swimming, Bowling, Tennis, Chess, Golf, Squash, Cricket, Girls: Softball, Tennis, Bowling, Ice-skating, Gym & Sauna, Athletics, Squash.

Feb. 8: House Swimming Trials — Caulfield Pool.

Feb. 15: House Swimming Sports — Caulfield Pool. Results: 1st Philip Boys 74 + Girls 234 = 308 points. 2nd Lonsdale Boys 172 + Girls 90 = 262 points. 3rd Grant Boys 156 + Girls 101 = 257 points. 4th Murray Boys 148 + Girls 94 = 242 points.

Girls best: J. Peters, J. Feigen, J. Goudie, J. Wood, R. Chellew (u/13 freestyle 50 metres record), H. Wood (u/17 freestyle 100 metre record).

Feb. 22: Nepean Division Sports: Olympic Pool. Brighton came 4th.

Girls best: J. Goudie, J. Peters, R. Chellew, J. McEwen, H. Wood, J. Wood, J. Feigen, M. Morgan (u/15.4 x 50 metre relay).

Boys best: P. Vass, G. Pennefather 1st, J. Chellew, B. Matthews.

Feb. 28: Southern Division Sports. Representatives (Girls): J. Feigen, J. Goudie, R. Chellew. (Boys): P. Vass.

March 13: Cricket: Senior-Highett d Brighton, Junior-Brighton d Highett.

Softball: Senior-Brighton d Highett 5-4, Junior-Brighton d Highett 6-3.

Tennis: Senior-Highett d Brighton 6-3, 7-5, 6-0. (Boys) Junior-Highett d Brighton 6-5, 8-6, 6-4. (Girls) Senior-Brighton d Highett 6-0, 6-1, 6-3. Junior-Highett d Brighton 6-1, 6-2, 7-5.

March 20: Cricket: Senior-Hampton d Brighton (forfeit), Junior-Brighton d Hampton.

Softball: Senior-Brighton d Hampton 18-13. Junior-Brighton d Hampton 8-4.

Tennis: Senior-Hampton d Brighton 6-0, 6-1, 6-3. (Boys) Junior-Brighton d Hampton (forfeit). (Girls) Senior-Brighton d Hampton. Junior-Brighton d Hampton.

Tennis: Senior Boys 3rd on ladder.

Best: T. Atkins (capt.), P. Gibbons 1, D. Hopkins, B. McClellan.

Junior Boys 3rd on ladder.

Senior Girls—Best: J. Peters, H. Hewitt, H. Hayes, R. Kitchen, J. Wood, L. Culbert.

Junior Girls 3rd on ladder.

Best: R. Triolo, K. Windmiller, S. Wood, L. Milson, B. Wilson.

April 30: Athletic Sports at Dendy Park.

Washed out.

May 1, 2, 3, Athletic Sports at Dendy Park.

Washed out (except for 3rd).

Results: 1st Murray Boys 266 + Girls 167 = 433. 2nd Philip Boys 241 + Girls 186½ = 409½. 3rd Lonsdale Boys 189 + Girls 219½ = 408½. 4th Grant Boys 187 + Girls 177 = 364.

Best: (Boys) C. Gale, C. Quenell, R. Bruton, I. Miller, J. Singh, J. Mercoulia, D. Smith, T. Dawson, J. Lewis, J. Crane, P. Turnbull, J. Mavriopolous, D. Radd. (Girls) K. Cherry, P. Rowell, G. Armstrong, J. Reside, J. Moore, P. Storey, D. Wiener, J. Wilson.

May 29: Club Selection: Boys: Basketball, Football, Table-Tennis, Soccer, Golf, Bowling. Girls: Basketball, Volleyball, Hockey, Netball, Skating, Bowling.

June 12: Football: Senior-Brighton d McKinnon. Junior: Brighton d McKinnon.

Soccer: Senior-McKinnon d Brighton 4-0. Junior-Brighton d McKinnon 3-1.

Basketball: Senior: McKinnon d Brighton 38-19. (Boys) Junior:

Basketball: McKinnon d Brighton 18-16. (Girls). Netball: Senior—

Junior—

Hockey: Senior-Brighton d McKinnon (forfeit). Junior-Brighton d McKinnon 3-1.

Volleyball: Senior—

June 19: Football: Senior-Beaumaris d Brighton. Junior-Brighton d Beaumaris.

Soccer: Senior-Beaumaris d Brighton 5-1. Junior-Brighton d Beaumaris 3-0.

Basketball: Senior-Brighton d Beaumaris. (Boys)

March 27: Cricket: Senior-Elwood d Brighton. Junior-Brighton d Elwood.

Softball: Senior-Brighton d Elwood. Junior-Brighton d Elwood. 13-2.

Tennis: Senior-Brighton d Elwood. 6-0, 6-0, 6-0. (Boys) Junior-Brighton d Elwood. 6-1, 6-0, 6-0. (Girls) Senior-Brighton d Elwood. Junior-Brighton d Elwood. 6-4, 6-1, 6-2.

April 3: Cricket: Senior-McKinnon d Brighton (forfeit). Junior-Brighton d McKinnon.

Softball: Senior-Brighton d McKinnon 12-0. Junior-Brighton d McKinnon 5-2.

Tennis: Senior-McKinnon d Brighton 6-0, 6-4, 6-0, 6-1. (Boys) Junior-Brighton d McKinnon 6-2, 6-4, 6-0.

April 3: Tennis: Senior-Brighton d McKinnon. (Girls) Junior-McKinnon d Brighton.

April 10: Cricket: Senior-Beaumaris d Brighton. Junior-Brighton d Beaumaris.

Softball: Senior-Brighton d Beaumaris. 18-4. Junior-Brighton d Beaumaris.

Tennis: Senior-Brighton d Beaumaris 6-3, 6-1, 6-4, 6-4. (Boys) Junior-Brighton d Beaumaris 7-5, 6-4, 7-5, 6-3. (Girls) Senior-Brighton d Beaumaris. Junior-Beaumaris d Brighton.

April 12:

April 16: (Easter)

April 17: Final Results: Cricket: Senior-Brighton came last on ladder, with 0 points.

Best: R. Porter, (capt.) J. Mercoulia, A. Hill, B. Thomas, R. Sherwin, G. Georgiou, J. Crane. Finals to be played during third term.

Junior-Brighton top of ladder.

Best: L. Coyle (capt.), A. Matheson, D. Dakis, S. Davis, G. Adams.

Softball: Senior-second top on ladder (Highett 1st).

Best: P. Turner (Capt.).

Junior-top of ladder. Grand Final-47-0.

Best: Whole team. (Melbourne High Schools Premiers)

Hockey: Senior-Beaumaris d Brighton 4-0. Junior-Brighton d Beaumaris 3-0.

June 21: Softball Division Finals

Brighton defeated all other schools in competition.

June 26: Football: Senior-Elwood d Brighton. Junior-Brighton d Elwood.

Soccer: Senior-Elwood d Brighton 4-2. Junior-Brighton d Elwood 3-0.

Basketball: Senior-Elwood d Brighton.

Netball: Junior-Elwood d Brighton 16-13.

Hockey: Senior-Brighton d Elwood 6-0. Junior-Brighton d Elwood (forfeit).

July 3: Football: Senior-Highett d Brighton. Junior-Brighton d Highett.

Basketball: (Boys)-Highett d Brighton.

Soccer: Senior-Brighton d Highett 4-3. Junior-Brighton d Highett 3-1.

Netball: Senior-Brighton d Highett (forfeit). Junior-Brighton d Highett.

Hockey: Senior-Draw 1-1. Junior-Draw 0-0.

July 10: Football: Senior-Hampton d Brighton. Junior-Brighton d Highett.

Basketball: (Boys)-Brighton d Hampton 49-47. (Girls) Brighton d Hampton 14-2.

Soccer: Senior-Hampton d Brighton 3-1. Junior-Brighton d Hampton 3-3.

Hockey: Senior-Brighton d Hampton 4-1. Junior-Hampton d Brighton 2-1.

END OF SEASON

July 17: Inter-House Cross Country

Boys: Forms 4-6 136 runners.

1st A. Godfrey, 2nd P. Turnbull (M), 3rd R. Bruton (L).

Final Scores: 1st Philip 425, 2nd Murray 330, 3rd Grant 295, 4th Lonsdale 290.

Form 3: 1st Philip, 2nd Murray, 3rd Lonsdale, 4th Grant.

Forms 1 & 2: 1st Lonsdale 132, 2nd Grant 153, 3rd Philip 245, 4th Murray 354.

July 24: Girls Inter-House Cross-Country.

1st Form:

Individual runners: 1st C. Knowles, 2nd C. Pennefather, 3rd J. Bartholomeuse.

2nd Form: 1st Murray 16.4, 2nd Grant 18.9, 3rd Lonsdale 20.8, 4th Philip 26.0.
 Individual runners: 1st M. Aitken, 2nd J. Forster, 3rd R. Balc.
 3rd form: 1st Murray 23.21, 2nd Philip 23.25, 3rd Lonsdale 23.45, 4th Grant 32.50.
 Individual runners: 1st J. Peters, 2nd J. Wilson, 3rd L. Bruton.

July 26: Junior Football - Southern Division. Brighton d Oakleigh High School, Best: L. Coyle (capt.), D. Dakis, B. Edwards.
 Softball semi-metropolitan.
 Brighton d Blackburn 29-13.

July 31: Final Results of Winter Sports.

Girls: Junior Netball - 2nd on ladder. Best: J. Turner (capt.), S. Kreymsborg.

Senior Volleyball - Top of Ladder.

Senior Hockey: Best: M. Hayne, S. Hill, L. Sammons.

Junior Hockey - 2nd on Ladder.

Best: C. Worboys, C. Renfree (state team), J. Wilson, P. Storey.

Senior Volleyball - Top of Ladder.

Best: All team.

Junior Volleyball - Bottom of Ladder.

Best: L. Eggert, S. Windmiller, S. Wood.

Senior Basketball - 2nd on Ladder.

Best: P. Storey.

Boys: Senior Football - 5th on Ladder.

Best: P. Boyce (capt.), G. Mather, I. Miller, G. Pennefather, J. Mercoulia.

Junior Football - Top of Ladder. Metropolitan High Schools Champions. (Football Premiership).

Best: L. Coyle (capt.), A. Matheson, D. Dakis, B. Edwards, D. Rad, G. Adams.

Senior Soccer - 5th on Ladder.

Best: V. Kaniewski (capt.), J. Giannakis, G. Currell, N. Jeffrey, P. Newman.

Junior Soccer - 2nd on Ladder. Best: M. Roth, A. Giannakis.

Senior Basketball - 4th on Ladder. Best: N. Clelland (capt.), C. Quenel, M. Phillips, P. Turnbull.

August 2: Nepean Cross Country.

Senior Boys: A. Godfrey, T. Dawson. Intermediate Boys: 3rd P. Johnson, 4th C. Quenel, 5th P. Turnbull, 18th G. Currell. Junior Boys: 6th R. Bruton, J. Lewis. Senior Girls: 26th P. Turner, 29th L. Davis, 30th S. Hill. Intermediate Girls: 40th J. Wilson. Junior Girls: 5th M. Aitken.

August 7: Softball Grand Final of Metropolitan Division: Brighton d Footscray 49-0.

August 9: Squash Grand Final of Nepean Division: Brighton d Hampton 6-0. Became Southern Division Premiers. Best: R. Equid, L. Williams.

Junior Football played in Metropolitan High Schools Finals.

Semi-final: Brighton (Southern) d Mt. Waverley H.S. (Eastern).

Grand-final: Brighton (Southern) d Flemington H.S. (Western).

Brighton won by 4 points.

Southern Division Cross Country.

Senior Boys: 11th A. Godfrey. Intermediate Boys: 11th P. Turnbull, 12th P. Johnson, 20th C. Quenel, 25th G. Currell. Junior Boys: 8th R. Bruton, Junior Girls: 6th M. Aitken. (Senior & Intermediate Girls unplaced).

August 16: Metropolitan Division Cross Country - Wattle Park.

Senior Boys: A. Godfrey. Intermediate Boys: 25th P. Turnbull, 32nd P. Johnson, 39th G. Currell, 40th C. Quenel. Junior Boys: 10th R. Bruton, Girls: 11th M. Aitken.

August 21: Club Selection: Boys-Athletics, Golf, Tennis, Basketball, Swimming, Bowling, Table-tennis.

Girls-Skating, Squash, Bowling, Gym & Sauna, Volleyball, Softball, Tennis.

Sept. 13: Athletic Sports - Dendy Park. Field Events - Best: C. Quenel - Open High Jump.

NOTE: SEPT. 13 WAS LAST DATE COMPILED AND DRAWN BY PETER TUENBULL

AVAILABLE BEFORE [PRINT]

The Beginning

Life is just beginning
 I see in front of me the garden
 and its greenery
 the tall creeping
 vines, enveloping
 others, killing
 the weak.

Below me I hear
 a continual rustling
 and sharp hurried
 movements in the leaves
 beside my feet.

Above me
 the flapping of small
 wings in their flight
 to freedom, they themselves
 create their own spectral music.

Pam Rowell, V

I am sitting in the twilight zone between Night and Day,
 Waiting for the stars to descend to my lowly plane.
 Those chinks in the ceiling will glare at me with their ancient eyes
 I am stretched on the rack between the heat of the Sun enlaving my cheeks,
 And the cold stare of a knowing Moon Father.
 I can still see the trees pushing upward towards their universe.
 Although their finer fingers are hidden by a growing darkness.
 How do you feel when the mist strangles you,
 And all the time the ice clings like chains around your hands?
 Ah, leaves it is not the longing that hides you from me,
 But the shadows of the night. They lock us in our separate boxes.
 Trees, you do not struggle. You grow. You fulfil your ambition.
 For your ambition is pre-determined. Love growth. Mother.

A.D.

Life is like a voyage through time,
 Time is the delay of matter.
 The future landing places
 are unknown and mysterious to travellers of time.
 Travellers decay in time,
 but the knowledge of man increases by time.
 As knowledge of man increases,
 Future travellers are in peril of extinction.
 The present must be controlled,
 for safe travelling in the future.

Pasquale L'Abbate, V

Mr. Chambers—"Due to rising inflation, my 1200 word essays have been boosted to 1500 words, and Johnson? You're my first victim!"



Mrs. Kaplonyi—"Get rid of it what you chew!"

Mrs. Dare—"You don't know the electrovalency of dihydrogen, ortho-phosphate??"

Miss Mayson—"We're sick and tired . . ."

Miss Carins—"Will you please shut up!"



Miss Foster—"Smiley"

Mr. Shirrefs—"Mmmnnn."



Mr. Ryan—"Yea but, Yea but, Yea but . . ."

Mrs. Lewison—"Why do you look like an idiot?"

Mr. Schulz—"Ah, Sproul is here."

Mrs. Duncan—"Ooooh, a little bit of shooosh!"

Mr. Conquest—"Girls—and Trevor!" (Thanks 6A)

Mrs. Scott—"Really super, girls."

Mrs. Dyson—"sweet lil' sports teacher"

Mrs. Ducat—"The wooden spoon is before the knife, girls."



Mr. Peters—"When writing an essay, don't waffle!"

Mrs. MacDonald—"How da-are you!"

Mr. Larkin—"You blokes, shut up or get out!" (Girls are known to attend his class).



Mr. Samuel—"Snow-drop! You'll get a kick up the shins!"



Mr. Pearson—"According to . . . Stop the interjections in the back benches."

Mrs. Batour—"Right!!"

Mr. Ciavalgia—"Hope you arre keeping up yourr journals."



Mrs. Michael—"Ar-Kay?"

Mr. Haigh—"Who?"

Mrs. Chisolm—"Peasants!"

Mr. Wilson—"I mean, you lot sit there soaking it up like sponges." (What phylum, Sir?)

"when teacher's voices fade & die..."

Mr. Godfred—"Do that, 'cos it gives you the right answer."

Mr. Austin—"I don't want you to work too hard on this."

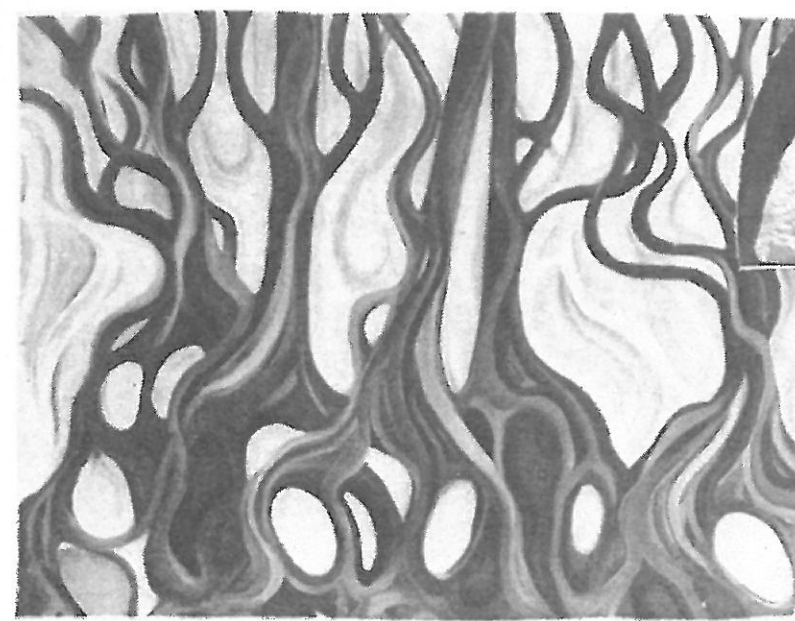
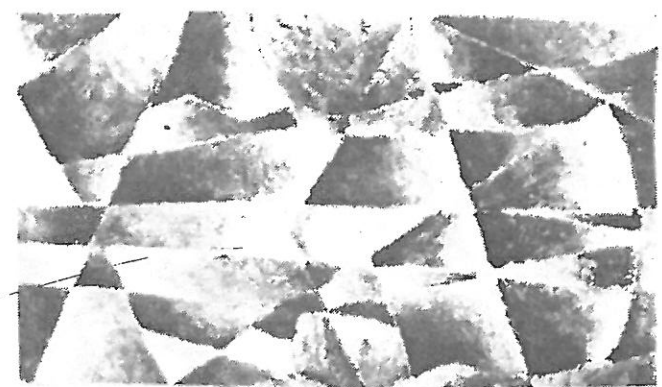
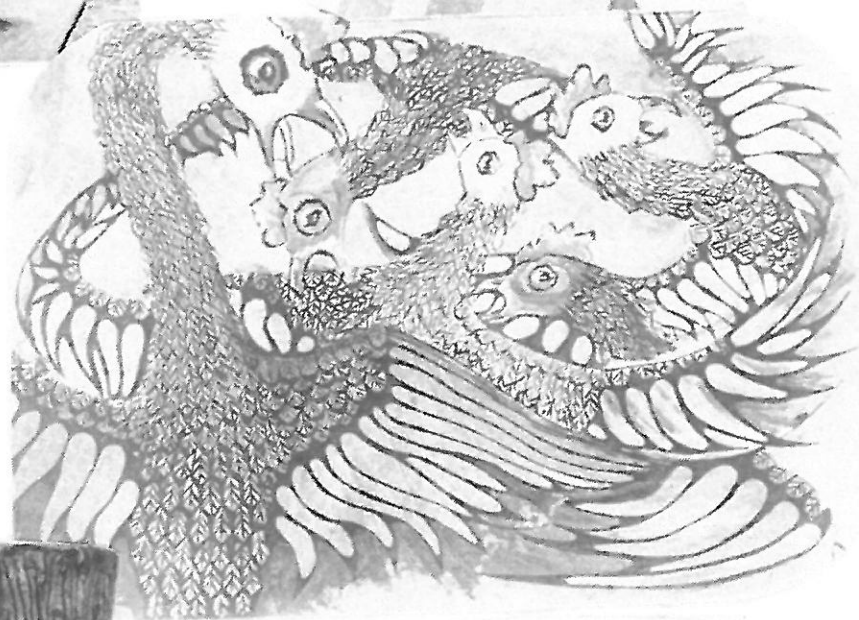
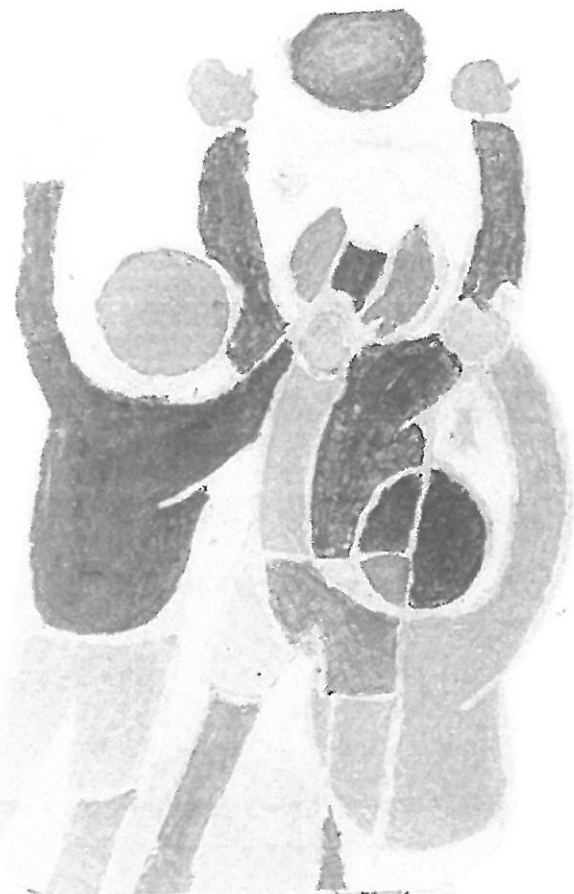
Miss McCann—"That's very good, but . . ."

Miss Brennan—"What are you boys doing in the corridor??"

"Please leave your offering at Science Staff room."

Mrs. Smithers—"I don't think that's very funny!" (hehehe)





A GIRL

Her Spirit captured by an intangible force

*Her mind cowed and beaten
By the incessant cravings of a yet
unmastered body.*

*She dreams of escape,
A frail spirit on wings of white mist.
Freed forever from restrictions unplanned
by itself. . .*

*Drifting in the seductive liquor of
self-satisfaction—*

*Trapped like a fly in the web of an
omnipotent spider.*

*Its feeble gyrations stifled until the last
moan fades into oblivion.*

The girl broods over her destiny. . .

*The bond of her body leans on her mind.
Seeks to block her will.*

Every cell vibrates with sickening fear—

She stands, poised on the brink

While other minds sail past on the mist

Their mingling cries calling to her. . .

She is welcome.

The choice is made. . .

The bond is broken. . .

something is wrong. . .

Not white but black

The cells of the bond refuse to disperse—

They swell about her in a seething mass

Black dust to smother,

Kill to last resistance. . .

The mind is broken,

It rends in half with such a shriek,

Echoed halfway around the building. . .

*Friends come rushing to observe. . . He is
there. . .*

*Through the darkness she feels their
thoughts. . .*

. . . Nice kid. . . always seemed so calm

So strange. . . those cuts on her wrists

Will she die?

*The darkness is fading, she hears the
mewing cries of fellow spirits. . .*

Sweet escape. . .

*While in the darkened room one man is
weeping.*

THE SEA

*The hard orange sun beats
heavily down*

*Tangerine dreams of hard hot
days.*

*Walls of green foam grasp at a
thick melon rind of sand.*

*Heat vibrating, penetrating the
crisp cool waters,*

*The heat breaking the sand into
hot bars.*

*Sweat running down golden
tanned bodies, dropping in
tiny rivulets.*

*The waves burst, explode, erupt
on hard tortured rocks*

*White washed fences of foam
swirl and turn madly in a
frenzy,*

*The sea—you can grasp, grab, but
it can not be tamed.*

Susan Aldous, 1B.

NATURE

Sail on down the mystery river,

To where it all began.

With mists gliding, over the water,

Whispering words unknown to man,

Calling on the yearning hearts,

To feel the flowing stream—

All the people laughing,

Say I am living in a dream.

Listen to the crying

Of the raindrops in your hand

Let them fall in fearless flight.

Let them make love with all the land.

All the years are going,

With time that falls so fast.

All the people laughing,

Say I am living in the past.

Hear the lonely virgin,

On the breaking of the dawn.

See her in the moonlight,

A stalk of pure corn,

Growing to the fullest

Holding hunger in her palms

All the people laughing,

Say I am living by by charms.

Watch the falling leaves,

As they blossom on the ground.

Nobody understands

The beauty I have found

Nature, how I love you,

For nothing do you lack.

All the people crying,

Say I am living off your back.

CHOIRS

The school choir, comprising of many staunch veterans from the year before and a few enthusiastic recruits from the juniors, got off to a great start for '74 by holding its very own area music festival. Invitations to all the surrounding schools were issued and hurried preparations were made.

There was great activity in the music department and the choir (after wasting several lunchtimes arguing about the choice of songs) decided that this was no time to increase their repertoire and revised two old favorites, namely "Man of La Mancha" and "O, Bless the Lord".

Finally the dreadful day dawned and just as the final preparations were being made, hordes of visitors descended upon our school. Great confusion was caused by the fact that the festival also contained an expert from the "Mikado" performed by the girls chorus. On that fateful day it was not uncommon to see female students dressed in a strange conglomeration of school uniform and silk kimono which added an unusual air of gaiety, to our somewhat sober environment.

The performances at the Festival were of high standard and the festival proved very enjoyable for all who took part.

On the morning of Sept 24, 1974 the musical enthusiasts of B.H.S. were feeling a little flat after the excitement of the week before. Suddenly, there was a glimmer of hope for these poor unfortunates. A music festival was being held at MacRobertson Girls High that very afternoon. The gallant Mikadoites immediately offered to represent their school once again. Everyone rushed home to collect their costumes and had a great afternoon presenting an "unrehearsed" performance to a rather unresponsive audience.

Debbie Ford, IV.

The choral festival is of course taking place again this year. The set song is "Amazing Grace". While Jenny Griffiths is singing "Lonely Days, Lonely Nights" and "We have Magic to Do", Lonsdale is warning all with "Because" and "Very Last Day" with Maggie Sproul. Phillip are singing "Turn on the Sun" and "Deo Gracias" for Wendy Elliott's sweet little self. Debbie Weiner is instilling a bit of oomph with "Spinning Wheel" and "Scarborough Fair Canticle."

Good luck to all the choirs, may you all experience lots of fun and be blessed with lots of beautiful voices.

FORM 1

FORM 1A

BOYS:
ADAMS, Rob
CRAWSHAR, Glen
FERNANDO, Tim
GODFREY, Nick
HANSEN, Peter
HAYES, Peter
JARVIS, Bruce
MARSHALL, Andrew
MULHOLLAND, Rob
RENFREE, Graham
ROURKE, Steven
SAMMUT, Andrew
YIANNAS, John
ZOGULAS, Jim

GIRLS:
FREUND, Deb
GATT, Joanne
GILLIES, Deb
HÄLT, Sue
JOHANSEN, Chris
MCWAN, Jenny
MOUNTAROPOLIS, Anne
MUNRO, Lin
PENNEFATHER, Cheryl
TAYLOR, Sue
VIGGIANI, Luiza
WIERZICKI, Teresa
WILLMOTT, Robyn
WILSON, Helen

FORM 1D

BOYS:
BENNET, David
BROWN, Chris
CHANG, Wayne
CORCORAN, Damien
FINDLAY, Michael
GIANNAKAS, Phillip
HETHERINGTON, Robert
JOHNSTON, Brett
LEDWICH, Michael
LEICESTER, Andrew
LYELL, Ian
McMANUS, Steve
MOIS, Con
PROUT, Norman
RYAN, Peter
SPEED, Philip
VARNEY, Paul
VASS, Peter

GIRLS:
AGATHAGELIDIS, Mary
ALDOUS, Sue
CURRIE, Jenny
JEFFERIES, Vivienne
KINSELLA, Maria
KNOWLES, Carol
LOCKEY, Julia
MARTIN, Julie
MEMMLER, Jane
O'DONAHOO, Victoria
RICHARDSON, Chris
ROBINSON, Kay
WILSON, Sonya
ENZI, Amanda

FORM 1C

BOYS:
CARSON, Jeff
COLTMAN, Andrew
CROSS, John
EGGART, Gary
FILTNESS, Clive
KINNA, Michael
McKAY, Ross
McMAHON, Tony
MAPLEBACK, Brett
MEMMLER, Craig
MORGAN, John
MYTTON, Andrew
PARKER, Steve
PATIENCE, Paul
PFAUDER, Rainer
SAWICZ, Ronald
THOMPSON, Chris
WILSON, Andrew

GIRLS:
BATHOLOMEUSZ, Jacqueline
CANNON, Deb
CHALMERS, Lyn
CHERRY, Katrina
CONNELLY, Una
CRAVEN, Hilary
JONES, Lyn
KAPLAN, Leah
KUHWALD, Jan
LACEY, Sue
MANSER, Sara
PELL, Bev
POWELL, Michelle
SHERIDAN, Sue

FORM 1D

BOYS:
BOUTLAND, Steve
COLLIS, Boyce
GERSBECK, Andre
HOPKINS, Rob
JAGER, Terrence
McCABE, Chris
McCONACHY, Mark
McKEE, Rob
McLENNAN, Mathew
MEGAY, Leslie
PATTINSON, Glen
PENDAVINGH, Mark
PROCTOR, Nils
SMITH, David
TAIAROA, Brent
TRIGILLA, Pino
TURNBULL, Martin
VANDERVEEN, Stuart
WOOD, Gary
WOOD, John

GIRLS:
AIKMAN, Paula
BELLOT, Sharon
BIEG, Fiona
BISSETT, Sharon
CHELLEW, Robyn
ELSWORTHY, Tricia
ERICKSON, Karen
FOTI, Teresa
McALLISTER, Deb
McINTOSH, Deb
McMENNEMIN, Jenny
McRAE, Julie
MARICAK, Maria
ROSS, Deb

FORM 1E

BOYS:
BOYD, Stuart
BROWN, Chester
BUCKLAND, Andrew
BUTTERISS, Mark
CRAWSHAW, Lance
EDWARDS, Neale
FALCONER, Mark
FILIADIS, Michael
HERBSTREIT, Raymond
KINSELLA, William
NIXON, Ian
SHORT, Andrew
VON ZUM HOF, Norman
WAYMAN, Richard
WILLIAMS, John

GIRLS:
HAINES, Diane
HINSCH, Pat
MARICAK, Katica
MILBURN, Chris
OLIVER, Sue
POPOVIC, Marina
REA, Donna
SUHINIS, Angela
SPOKES, Deb
STORY, Pat
VON ZUM HOF, Barbara
WALTON, Rhonda
WILLIAMSON, Kim
WINDMILLER, Karen
WINDMILLER, Sue
WOOD, Sue

FORM 3

FORM 3A

BOYS:
BROSAM, Richard
CHANDLER, Dale
DONOGHUE, Pete
EDWARDS, Bruce
FUNKE, Rod
GIANNAKIS, Arthur
HAYNE, Robert
HOLLENBERG, Ralph
MATTHEWS, Brian
RYAN, Pat
TANNER, Andrew

GIRLS:
BENNETT, Deb
BENNETT, Jan
CAMBRIA, Carmelina
EGGART, Liz
FINK, Sue
GILMORE, Georgina
HAINES, Diane
HINSCH, Pat
MARICAK, Katica
MILBURN, Chris
OLIVER, Sue
POPOVIC, Marina
REA, Donna
SUHINIS, Angela
SPOKES, Deb
STORY, Pat
VON ZUM HOF, Barbara
WALTON, Rhonda
WILLIAMSON, Kim
WINDMILLER, Karen
WINDMILLER, Sue
WOOD, Sue

FORM 3B

BOYS:
ABRAMI, Avi
BRIANTON, Kev
CAPORN, Ron
CHELLEW, John
CORCORAN, Brendan
COUTURIER, Fred
COYLE, Lewis
DICKSON, Steve
FILTNESS, John
HENNINGHAM, Leigh
KINGSFORD, Simon
MARSHALL, Kelvin
PENDAVINGH, John
SHERIDAN, Steve
SMITH, Grant
TILLER, Alan
YOYICH, Marko

GIRLS:
CHANDLER, Jane
COLTMAN, Michelle
CONNELLY, Nuala
GALANOPoulos, Despina
GRAVES, Kim
KOULKOUDINA, Sylvia
LORD, Cath
LYONS, Sharon
ORLANDO, Pat
PORT, Donna
RENFREE, Chris
ROSS, Kerry
ROUSELL, Kay
SERONG, Jocelyn
VYSSARITIS, Mary
WAYMAN, Jenny
WORBOYS, Camilla

FORM 3C

BOYS:
BLACKBURN, John
BRAM, Richard
BROWN, Craig
FARAVONI, Greg
KALLOPISIS, Chris
McINTOSH, Rob
NOKE, John
SCLARR, Emanuel
SPIRODIS, Spiro
TURNBULL, Blair
VAN DER VEEN, Rob

GIRLS:
COOK, Louise
DIXON, Wendy
EICHENBAUM, Esther
FURNER, Marjory
GALL, Rosemary
GOMULARZ, Lallie
GREEN, Rob
HARRIS, Karen
LENNON, Rob
MARSH, Sue
MILLARD, Jill
MURDOCH, Kerry
MURRAY, Jill
PORT, Donna
RENFREE, Chris
ROSS, Kerry
ROUSELL, Kay
SERONG, Jocelyn
VYSSARITIS, Mary
WAYMAN, Jenny

FORM 3D

BOYS:
EDWARDS, Vivian
HAYNE, Richard
HENRY, Gary
LENTINI, Dominic
PENNEFATHER, Geordie
RAINIERI, Vincent
RYAN, Rob

GIRLS:
ANGLIN, Di
BRUNTON, Linda
BURTON, Melissa
GALL, Jill
HUMPHRIES, Denise
KINNA, Donna
MATERIA, Connie
MURRAY, Gail
QUIRK, Judy
SANTO, Rose
SIMONELIS, Leonie
SZMERUNG, Cynthia
WILLIAMS, Lynne

FORM 3E

BOYS:
ADAMS, Graham
CURRELL, Rob
DAKIS, Dennis
DANSON, Clyde
DAVIS, Simon
GERRARD, Kenneth
JONES, Darryl
JONES, Ross
MATHESON, Andrew
MIDDLETON, Shane
PARKER, Tim
RAD, David
RILEY, Ian
ROTH, Mark
SEMMENS, Richard
SENTRY, John
STRATTON, Guy
VOUK, Chris

GIRLS:
BUTTERISS, Lynne
DAW, Tanya
EMONSTON, Deb
HANNAH, Angela
HARTLEY, Fiona
LEONTSINIS, Helen
MITCHELL, Kerrie
NEILE, Jenny
POOLER, Sally
SHAND, Rob
TAYLOR, Liz
WILSON, Jenny

FORM 2

FORM 2A

BOYS:
BOURKE, John
HARMER, Darren
HOWICK, Rob
JONES, Bruce
NICHOLSON, Don
POWELL, Gordon
RICHARDS, Gary
ROSANDER, Johan
STANLEY, Mark
STEFANIC, Didier
TANNARD, Chris
THOMAS, Tom

GIRLS:
BALL, Robyn
BLAKE, Jenny
BOYD, Kirstin
BRIANTON, Kerry
BYRNE, Sharon
DICK, Coral
FEIGAN, Joy
HIGGINS, Karen
HOLAN, Jenny
HOUGH, Tarryn
MILSON, Liz
PANKHURST, Tanya
SAMMONS, Loretta
SHAW, Kath
TOUNTZIOS, Rita

FORM 2B

BOYS:
ANGWIN, Pete
BELLOTT, Brad
BOUYER, Steve
BROSAM, Paul
CHAPMAN, Clint
CLARKSON, John
FRADKIN, Anthony
GIBNEY, Rob
JEAN, Anthony
JONES, Brad
McMANUS, Anthony
MANNO, Sam
OSCURO, John
PAGE, Christopher
SCHULZ, Martin
SHEPPARD, Steve
SIMS, Shaun
VAN HOUTON, William

GIRLS:
AITKEN, Margot
BAYLIS, Sandra
BERGER, Sylvia
CROWLEY, Teresa
GROUDIE, Jan
LYLE, Pandora
McLEOD, Kerry
MACKIE, Jenny
MANNING, Sue
MORGAN, Meredith
RONDA, Michelle
SINCLAIR, Eva
TOTH, Sue
TREACHIS, Jenny
WILLIAMS, Heather

FORM 2C

BOYS:
BARTHOLOMEUSZ, Nigel
BENNETT, John
BROWN, Geoff
BRUTON, Rod
BUTLER, Tim
FAZIO, Sammy
HORTON, Steve
LEWIS, Jeremy
SCOTT, Jerry
STEVENSON, Craig
TAIAROA, Vernon
WALTON, Darren
WOODS, Wayne

GIRLS:
BISSET, Leona
CAMPBELL, Valerie
CRIPPS, Pamela
DOYLE, Josephine
FERGUSON, Pam
FINK, Jacqueline
FORD, Leanne
GIBBONS, Inez
GODFREY, Amanda
GROVER, Lisa
JAGER, Linda
KREYMBORG, Sue
PHILLIPS, Joanne
PORT, Tracey
SHERMAN, Sara
TANNER, Amanda
TAYLOR, Jenny
TOMKINSON, Liza
WILLIAMS, Lin

FORM 2D

BOYS:
BANNISTER, Stuart
FAZIO, Frank
GRAVES, Gary
HENCHLEY, Shaun
KRSZTEKANITS, Miklos
LEONTSINIS, Angelo
LOUIS, Howard
RUFFIN, Matthew
SAUNDERS, Mark
SCOTT, Pete
SMIKA, Michael
TIMTSCHENKO, Harry
TUNBRIDGE, David
WYLIE, Cam

GIRLS:
BAXTER, Jan
CAMBRIA, Rina
CHANDLER, Della
CHERRY, Sam
ELSWORTHY, Linda
FERRIS, Sandra
GIBBONS, Inez
GODFREY, Amanda
GROVER, Lisa
JAGER, Linda
KREYMBORG, Sue
PHILLIPS, Joanne
PORT, Tracey
SHERMAN, Sara
TANNER, Amanda
TAYLOR, Jenny
TOMKINSON, Liza
WILLIAMS, Lin

FORM 2E

BOYS:
ARTHUR, Geoff
CAMERON, Tony
HILL, Steve
JOHNSTON, Mark
KUMAR, Kris
LANG, Alex
MUNRO, Pete
PETER, Nicholas
PLOUSI, Terry
RAMSEY, Malcolm
TOMKINSON, Anthony
TRETHOWAN, Russ
TUCKWELL, Brett
WILLIAMS, Andrew

GIRLS:
COLLIS, Lisa
DINAS, Chris
FERGUSON, Helen
FORSTER, Jane
FRASER, Jane
GALE, Sandra
GAVALAS, Maria
GEE, Maggie
GISHEN, Sue
LINDBLUM, Anita
ONDRACEK, Terri
PRINT, Deb
RYAN, Melissa
STYLES, Karen
WALLACE-MITCHELL, Jane
ZOIS, Irene

FORM 4

FORM 4A

BOYS:
CAPLAN, Michael
GALE, Chris
HERMER, Richard
KAROLY, Rob
MCQUILLEN, Wayne
MURRAY, Pete
O'DONAHOO, Pete
RYAN, Chris
SINGH, Jamie
TABBAKH, Moutaz
TRICKEY, Ian
TUTTLEBY, Richard
VASS, Les

GIRLS:
AITKEN, Jocelyn
ARMSTRONG, Gayle
COFFEY, Caroline
COFFEY, Margie
FARINACCI, Teresa
FORD, Deb
HATCH, Liz
HIRSCH, Yvonne
KIRCHILL, Sandra
KITCHIN, Rosemary
KYRIAKOU, Mary
LYLE, Dorinda
MORRIS, Janet
PANKHURST, Maryanne
ROGAN, Shelley
RUFFIN, Martine
SDRINIS, Jeanette
SINCLAIR, Andrea
VAN TWEST, Glenda

FORM 4B

BOYS:
ABRAMS, Norman
DIAMOND, John
FILIPPOU, John
GIBBONS, Phil
HOLLOWELL, Mark
HOPKINS, Doug
JEFFREY, Noel
KANIEWSKI, Vladimir
McALLISTER, Gary
McLENNON, Barry
MAVRIPOULOS, Jim
MIZON, David
QUENEL, Chris
RATZ, Andrew
ROBINSON, Pete

GIRLS:
CADER, Rukshana
CAPLAN, Sima
EWART, Heather
GLUCK, Deb
GLUCK, Linda
GOUDIE, Kaye
HAYES, Heather
LIARAKOS, Helen
PAPAS, Esta
RAYNER, Joanne
SISKOS, Mary
WIENER, Deb
WILLIAMS, Lee
WOOD, Hazel

FORM 4C

BOYS:
BEYER, Gary
CANNINGTON, David
DICK, Greg
FRIEVOLT, Ian
FUNKE, Steve
HARBERGER, Gary
JOHNSON, Speedy
McMAHON, Bernard
MEADOWS, Blake
WILMOT, Neil

GIRLS:
BANNISTER, Paula
BISSET, Sandra
BOUTLAND, Anne
DAW, Michelle
DEMIRIS, Despina
FRYER, Leonie
KILMARTIN, Siobhan
KIDLETON, Darlene
NIXON, Janet
PFAUDER, Maritta
TUNBRIDGE, Linda

FORM 4D

GIRLS:
BLAKELY, Rob
BOYD, Cath
BROWNIE, Rhonda
EDWARDS, Cath
FERNANDO, Chris
GARTON, Heather
GEORGE, Deb
GILMARTIN, Karen
HASSELMAYER, Bev
JEDD, Miriam
KEOGH, Sharmaine
KNOWLES, Donna
MACKIE, Julie
McINTOSH, Maggie
McMENNEMIN, Vicki
McPHERSON, Rina
MERCURIO, Rita
NASH, Laurine
RYAN, Joanne
RAYLER, Lisa
VAN BEEKHUIZEN, Albertina
WILLIAMSON, Sharon

FORM 4F

BOYS:
BARKELL, Pete
BLAINEY, Pete
BLAKE, Andrew
CRANE, Gerrard
DEVLIN, Marc
FOGARTY, Pat
GAYST, Pete
GEORGIU, Chris
HILL, Gary
McDOWELL, Craig
MERCOULIA, Jim
NEWMAN, Paul
RYAN, Michael
RYDER, Nicholas
TANNARD, Simon
TRETHEWIE, Rod
TURNBULL, Peter
WAYMAN, Chris

GIRLS:
BLACK, Lorraine
CURRIE, Chris
FARRALL, Jayne
HOUGH, Kirsten
MISIC, Heather
MUNRO, Lynette

FORM 4E

BOYS:
ANTHONY, Panico
BARTHOLOMEUS, Rayner
BILLINGTON, Stuart
BINNIS, Geoff
CHRISTIE, Terence
CURRELL, Antony
DAWSON, Nigel
GIANNAKIS, John
PANKHURST, Chris
PENHALL, Brett
PHILLIPS, Marcus
PHILLIPS, Ross
ROBINSON, David
SHEPHERD, Iain
STONE, Richard
THOMAS, Andrew
WAKEMAN, Ian

GIRLS:
ANGLIN, Beryl
CHILDS, Felicity
LEDWICH, Wendy
MACGIBBON, Jan
MITCHELL, Inez
POPOVIC, Maryanne
RAY, Deb
WILKS, Jenny

FORM 5

FORM 5A

BOYS:
DOWLING, Michael
FORBES, Greg
HILL, Allan
JOHNSTON, Gary
MATHER, Gary
MOODY, Phillip
PHILLIPS, Michael
PORTER, Richard
GIRLS:
ABELAS, Julia
DAVIS, Melinda
GIBSON, Cath
GREEN, Deb
HATCH, Rosemary
HENNINGHAM, Peter
HERRMANN, Karin
NIXON, Sandra
PIKE, Jan
ROGERS, Helen
WILLIAMS, Vicki
WOBCKE, Karen

FORM 5B

BOYS:
BIRCH, David
BURTON, Hugh
CARSON, John
CLELLAND, Neil
CORCORAN, Leo
KINGSFORD, Andrew
McCASKILL, Alistair
MARKS, Trevor
MORGAN, Rod
PENNEFATHER, Gary
GIRLS:
CULBERT, Lyn
ELLIOTT, Wendy
HAYNE, Madeleine
HILL, Sue
LAVIN, Caroline
O'SULLIVAN, Judy
PATERSON, Sue
PETER, Sarah
REA, Janine
SAMMONS, Lesley
SOMERVILLE, Anne
SPROUL, Maggie
STERN, Aviva
WATT, Claire
WISE, Jan
WOOD, Jenny
WOODROFFE, Deb

FORM 5C

BOYS:
BARTHOLOMEUSZ, Jeff
FRADKIN, Pete
KOUTSOULIS, Harry
L'ABBATE, Pasquale
RUSSELL, Leigh
GIRLS:
AUSTIN, Glenda
CHELLEW, Lesley
COYLE, Marina
DUNKINSON, Susan
SIMONS, Lesley
TIMTSCHENKO, Sonja

FORM 5D

BOYS:
BLAKELY, Mark
D'AMBRA, Adrian
FORD, David
GEORGIO, George
GIBSON, Alfred
HENRY, Raymond
KEIN, Keith
McDOWELL, Leigh
MILLER, Ian
PAXINOS, Michael
TUTTLEBY, Chris
WILLIAMS, David
GIRLS:
ANDERSON, Heather
ANGWIN, Elizabeth
CHAPMAN, Andrea
CUMMING, Jane
EICHENBAUM, Dianne
GALL, Jennifer
L'ABBATE, Marilena
ROWELL, Pamela
WALTON, Robyn

FORM 5E

BOYS:
ATTALAH, Magdi
JEWELL, Stephen
THIEDEMAN, Shane
WEICHMAN, Paul
WHETTTON, Peter
GIRLS:
AJZENBUD, Jenny
BAYLIS, Vicki
CONNEELY, Maura
FANKHAUSER, Deborah
GRIFFITHS, Jennifer
HARRIS, Linda
KRSZTEKANITS, Suzie
MADELEY, Gaye
MEREDITH, Heather
PURI, Neeta
SEMMENS, Arleen
SMITH, Brenda
WALLS, Genevieve

FORM 5F

BOYS:
ADAMS, Kyle
DUSEK, Martin
SHERWIN, Robert
THOMAS, Brian
GIRLS:
ABZATZ, Vicki
BROWN, Alison
DIXON, Brenda
HUANG, Charlene
KANTOR, Elizabeth
LOWE, Bronwyn
WALLACE-MITCHELL, Amanda

FORM 6

FORM 6A

BOYS:
ATKINS, Trevor

GIRLS:
ABRAMS, Railea
CAMPBELL, Karen
CRAFT, Susan
CROWLEY, Catherine
GARRAWAY, Andrea
HAYNE, Anita
MOOR, Beverley
MOOR, Julie Maie
NORRIS, Jennifer
RENFREE, Leanne
ROBINSON, Susan
ROPER, Annett
TURNER, Pamela-Sue
WALLACE, Michelle
WILLIAMSON, Lauren

FORM 6B

BOYS:
ANSALDI, John
D'ROZARIO, Gerrard
GODFREY, Adrian
LIPSCOMBE, Arthur
SMITH, Peter
STURT, Murray
TEAZIS, George

GIRLS:
GUZIK, Yvonne
HORWILL, Jennifer
KIEL, Alison
LEWIS, Vicki
OBEL, Gilda
ROBERTS, Penelope
ROSENBERG, Halina
STRATTON, Lynne

VAN GUYLENBURG, Mellani

FORM 6C

BOYS:
ADAMS, Trevor
ANNISS, Paul
BINNS, Rodney
BOYCE, Paul
CHUA, Arneil
DAWSON, Anthony
EQUID, Rodney
GIBBONS, Paul
HALLOWELL, Robert
JOHNSON, Gregory
JONES, Scott
NOBLE, Gary
PATTERSON, Kim
RAYMOND, Gerard
RICHARDSON, Evan
SIRIANNI, Gaspare
WASSEL, Philip
WILK, Victor

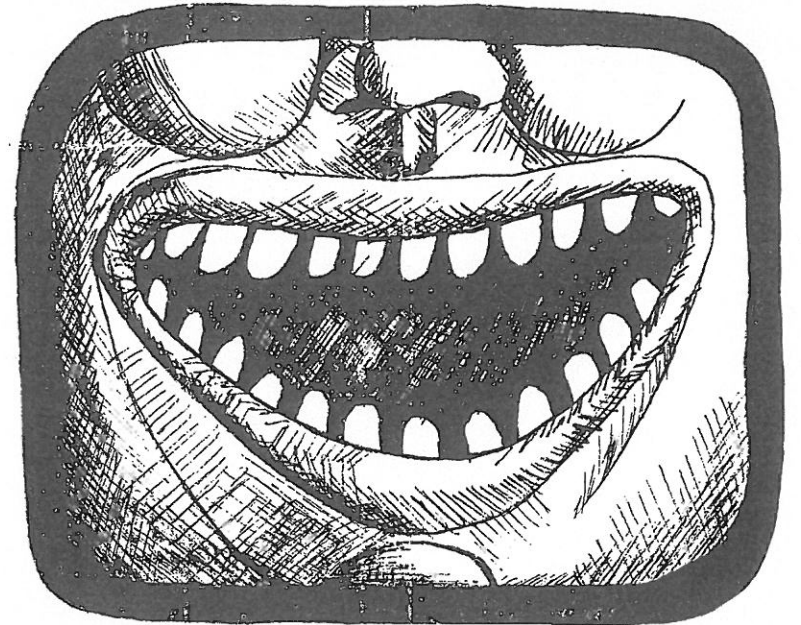
GIRLS:
ALIAS, Anita
BISSET, Maureen
GIBBON, Anne
KESSLER, Anne
MAXWELL, Shelley
POLUS, Barbara
RAYNER, Roslyn
SCOTT, Donna
SDRINIS, Katherine
SNETRY, Kaye
SMIKA, Karen
ZAIN, Mazidah



A NEW CONCEPT IN ORAL SURGERY

This is a story of a human being who was encased in a body, who, trapped in the perpetual motion of daily life managed to survive. Even though this person lived this monotonous life, he actually managed to wear a smile on his face. You may ask how this person was able to display such an appearance of pleasure, kindness, joy, favour, happiness, love, affection, contempt, gaiety, agreement, sarcasm, satire, and hatred, yes even hatred, and if you don't believe me then just read others' smiles and observe the subtle deception.

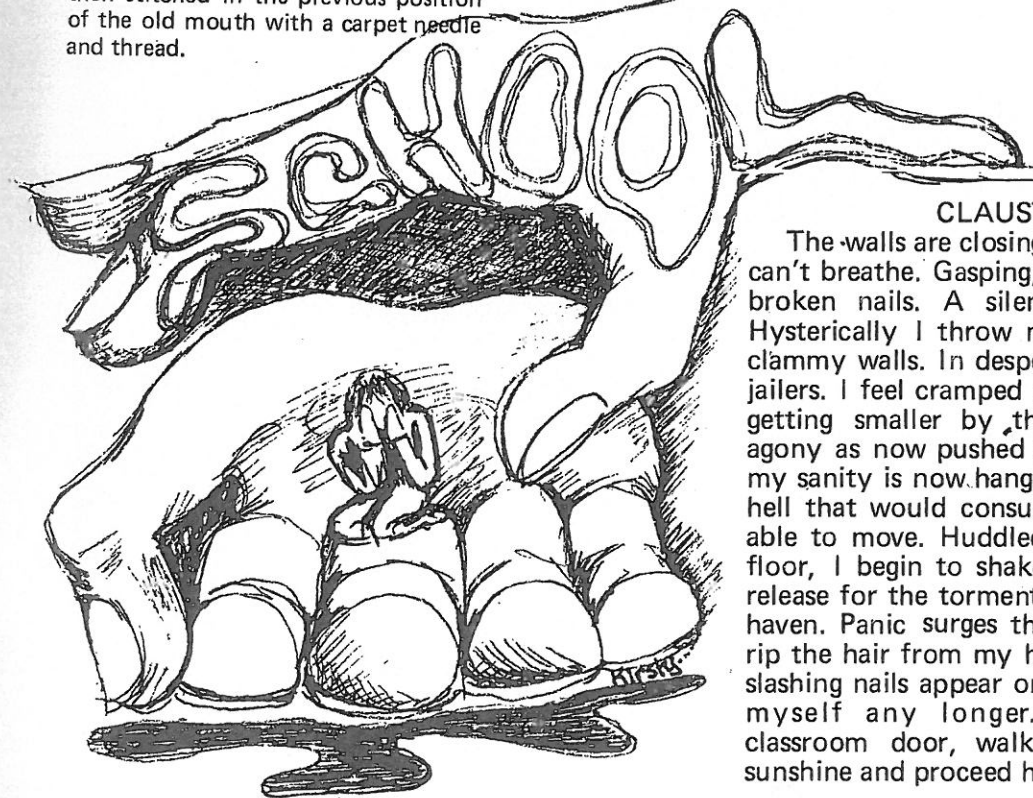
However this person was one of the many to have obtained a replacement mouth, in order to smile. The reversion involves minor surgery, being the insertion of a scalpel at the base of the lower lip. Using a steady hand move the instrument and the length of the lower lip so as to obtain a clean, straight incision free from untidy and messy strands of flesh and blood vessels which can and often do cause infection. After this incision has been made the same is done to the upper lip, then the mouth can readily be removed. The replacement mouth is curved upwards at each corner so as to give the appearance of smiling. This is then stitched in the previous position of the old mouth with a carpet needle and thread.



The replacement is made from an entirely new form of polystyrene which is available in a vast arrangement of styles and colors to suit the discriminating customer.

With this revolutionary mouth, anyone can now have the appearance of a normal emotional person and smile thru' his life of monotony.

Frank Goody, VI.



CLAUSTROPHOBIA

The walls are closing in on me. I feel as though I can't breathe. Gasping, I claw at the walls with my broken nails. A silent scream is rising in me. Hysterically I throw myself against the dark and clammy walls. In desperation I shout curses on my jailers. I feel cramped and squashed as the small is getting smaller by the minute. Each second is agony as now pushed over the border of hysteria, my sanity is now hanging by a thin thread. Oh, the hell that would consume me. I would at least be able to move. Huddled, now in the middle of the floor, I begin to shake as in a fever. Is there no release for the tormented? Indeed hell would be a haven. Panic surges through my veins. I begin to rip the hair from my head. Furrows caused by my slashing nails appear on my face. I cannot restrain myself any longer. So I casually open the classroom door, walk into warm, strengthening sunshine and proceed homewards.

Vicki Ryan IV

ETERNAL BRILLIANCE OF A MOMENT.

The wind caressed the leaves with a tenderness only a light north wind could hold. The leaves responded, quivering nervously at the end of the rigid branches as far below a bellowing roar answers this dainty rustling. The leaves, the tree, the wind, all the elements directed their attention to what lay at the bottom of the cliff. The ocean, and it also responded.

Tawny, golden sun rays danced on the waves which the ocean now miraculously produced, creating a beautiful scene. Smooth, glassy walls of water plundered on one after another, to reach their destination and sacrifice themselves on the shore. Even the menacing seagulls sat quietly on the cliff to watch the ocean's spectacular show; a show which was rarely performed so perfectly; a show which was produced, acted and witnessed by Nature.

The winds had been working hard all week to achieve this perfection. It had first come wildly from the South, whipping the sea into a frenzy of whitewash and huge southern rollers. The clouds had helped, creating thunder and lightning to predict to the grass, the birds, the trees of the

spectacle to come. The wind then calmed to assure Nature that it was to be a magnificent spectacle, not a cruel and destructive one. The sea took its cue and reduced the huge untamed rumblers into crude, rough waves. She cried for help to the elements, for she could not perfect the waters by herself.

So, the wind has again helped, and she now whistled softly down the sides of the cliff to kiss and unwrinkle the ocean's surface. She had tamed the callous waves, a feat of which only she was capable. Thus, creating an ocean which resembled a huge, living ice rink. Living because of the incredibly clean, crisp waves which grew then slid across her surface.

The wave would rush swiftly towards the shore, feathering slightly at the crest, while the sun danced and rode its blue body. It would break violently, then as hollow as a pipe reach the shore.

Eventually the ocean's glory will come to an end as does a summer's day. Yet while the show was still in progress all of Nature sat in stunned adoration wary of her own creation.

Sarah, V