



BRIGHTON
HIGH
SCHOOL

OUR PRICE
\$1.50
ALMOST
CHEAP

VOYAGER

SPECIAL

No. 18

'75



EDITORIAL

1975 being International Women's Year has manifested itself in yet another outlet — there are more girls than boys on the 'Voyager' committee this year. Each member has been allotted a specific task, whether to collect contributions from fellow classmates, to report on social events, to take photos, or most important of all, to compile the masses of potential material into a coherent and interesting journal.

On behalf of the Committee, I extend our thanks and appreciation to Miss Brennan and Miss Mayson for their co-operation with meetings, and also to Mrs. Price and Mrs. Granat for their assistance with lay-out and general supervision.

I take this opportunity also to thank those in the school who have helped to construct yet another School Magazine, and without whose invaluable help this edition would never have "got off the ground". I speak of the many, many people who contributed articles, and the Committee regrets that so many contributions had to be rejected, owing to the lack of space available. Thank you everyone, and please keep trying; next year you may succeed in having a poem published.

Marina Coyle, VI



ALONE

Alone in the room, four walls and a door
Nobody there but the cracks on the wall.
There's a chair in the corner, that no-one will use
The mat on the floor which is always abused
The paint on the door, that you can hardly see.
Because down through the years it's been battered you see
The walls are so old, you can nearly see through
With drawings on the wall made by a young earthy child
Maybe the people who lived here long ago
Were happy and gay and made the house glow.

S.R.C.

The S.R.C. struck again this year. Again a few momentarily enthusiastic students collected to determine a rather useless format for the first meeting. As always there was a respectable turn-up to this, followed by a marked decline the next week, and so on, until there was virtually no-one left. Does this happen every time because students honestly do not care if they are manipulated and treated as objects or not? Is it because of the steel obstruction of our wise and concrete administration? Is it because students are too young to take on roles of such organization? There are innumerable reasons I think for the consistent defeats of the S.R.C.'s that have tried to find a place in our secluded school-life. This year, of course the interjection of drama (although it is understandable that drama enthusiasts get as carried away as they do, it was an unfortunate conflict) did not help. Indeed our doomed S.R.C. was literally 'deferred' for quite a while. Even a more well-organised attempt could not work and possibly the sanest alternatives to throwing oneself into such a discouraging enterprise is to either find teachers who are willing to talk to the principal and act on the students behalf, (?), or to talk to the principal directly (???). It takes the time and effort wasted on an SRC to appreciate fully, and understand, the apathy of 1000 B.H.S. students.



MISS BRENNAN'S REPORT

By United Nations decree, 1975 has been observed, throughout the world, as International Women's Year. Both men and women have been asked to participate, so I address my thoughts on the subject to the boys as well as the girls of Brighton High School.

"A society may be judged by the way it treats its women" is a quotation that has been on many lips this year. I do not much care for it. It suggests that women are properly the passive recipients of whatever is meted out to them. It certainly does not make the point which I wish to stress — that they bear half the responsibility for whatever is. Active or passive, exercising their rights or abrogating them, fulfilling their duty or neglecting it, women are not lay figures being "treated" well or badly by society. They are that society as much as men are.

It is, therefore, very important that one outcome of Women's International Year should be that everyone is clearer about what kind of contribution women should make for a healthy society. It is anticipated that legislation will shortly be brought down in Victoria to make illegal discrimination on the grounds of sex. No longer will it be possible to say, in filling a position, "A man is preferred". This should bring us a little nearer to what seems to me a reasonable goal — the establishment of a state of affairs in which women have as much freedom of choice about the life they live as men have. For neither, of course, can freedom be total — it will always be limited by many things such as physical and biological factors, the rights of others, the fact that any society can stand only so much self indulgence among its members.

Not everything can be done by legislation. Much depends on social attitudes both towards those who wish to work outside the home and those who wish to work inside the home.

Social pressures should, in neither case, limit free choice. It would, for instance, be disastrous if the propaganda about suburban neurosis drove all women out of their homes in search of the promised stimulation of work in the market place. They might find that they were bored there, too. Instead of having recourse to drugs from the chemist, they might have recourse to drugs from the licensed victualler. After all, many who work in the market place already do.

In our materialistic society, nothing seems to be really valued unless it has a price — unless money changes hands. If the value of work done in the home were included in the Gross National Product women would see home making more clearly as one of the careers they might freely choose. If less emphasis were placed upon ambitions striving for the top administrative or executive positions, for prominence in political, professional or cultural life, and if it were freely acknowledged that the majority of people find their fulfilment and satisfactions dividing their time and energy among a variety of avocations, women's perception of themselves as free to choose would, I think, be greatly enhanced.

The current theory that, apart from unimportant biological differences, we are all alike at birth — that we are socialized by unwise parents and teachers, by radio and television programmes, by books and magazines, into adopting a male or a female role may or may not be correct. What is certain is that in this discussion it is the traditional female role that is denigrated and compared unfavourably with the traditional male role. Blind acceptance of this judgment may also limit women's real freedom of choice.

We are often reminded that we live in a changing world. It is possible that no change will have more far-reaching effects than changes in the part played by women.

It behoves us, then, to give thought to the influences at work, to understand them and direct them towards the ends we want — so that International Women's Year will go down in history, not as a disaster year, but as a milestone on the path of progress.



PRINCIPAL'S REPORT





DEPUTY PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

It is more than six years since the Australian Minister for Science and Education announced the first grant of twenty-seven million dollars for the provision of buildings, furniture, equipment and resource material relating to secondary school Libraries. For over a year, our Staff Library Committee at Brighton High School has been selecting furniture, purchasing and processing an increased number of books and other reference material in preparation for a bigger library at the school. On July 1st our Commonwealth Grant Reference Library was officially opened, and parents, friends, citizens of the district, staff and pupils were proud and delighted to inspect this valuable addition to our building complex. Now you, the pupils are using the facilities available. These facilities could result in greater use of individualized instruction, a greater variety of teaching methods, and greater encouragement of student responsibility for learning.

There is still much to be done in equipping the library. The carrels have to be wired for the use of cassette players and slide projectors. We plan to purchase a video tape recorder and camera, and a photocopier. It is hoped that the day is not too far distant when, from a well-stocked control room can be beamed live or pre-recorded, programs through the school's closed circuit television system. We require an extensive library of video tapes for playing back during school hours. There is no end to the work that can be done in this field — the control room could be connected by cable to the assembly hall, where the stage could be used as a television studio! One Victorian country High School has a twelve year plan to develop a media centre for all schools in the area, and the local community! At the School there are formal courses in television graphics, T.V. production and script writing.

The working of a successful library, the building up of its equipment and then its operation, requires the assistance of staff and pupils with an interest in, and knowledge of books, photography, recording, film and slidemaking, script-writing and the everyday repair and maintenance work that is necessary when large numbers of books are in constant use. If you have such an interest or skill, introduce yourself to the Library Staff. Many of our pupils are responding positively to these new opportunities, but our Pupil Library Committee is small, and we would like to see many more join this group and help in the exciting and rewarding task that lies ahead.

Such pursuits could give you activities and interests for life, and in some cases open up a range of possibilities for future employment — in the audio visual and library fields. There are tertiary courses for Librarians and Library Technicians, and opportunities for employment are good in municipal, college, university, and school libraries.

To all pupils, I would say — make use of the excellent facilities available — in particular develop the habit of good reading, both for information and recreation. The opportunities you have are too great to miss.

Brighton High School Stage Crew 1975

The Electrical geni of the stage crew would like to report a successful year in the running of the crew and its equipment. We now have a new stage extension which will no doubt hold its own for the numerous Drama's and Chorals and plays which the school performs during the years. We will also be seeing the hall soon have a much needed renovation. For this and all the other little helps I would like to thank Miss Brennan, Miss Mayson, Mrs Philips, Mr Godfred (Our illustrious leader on the staff) and of course to the rest of the stage crew of which in the past 3 years I have been very happy to be a member.

They are:
Philip "Speedie" Johnson
Chris "Peewee" Ryan
Kelvin Marshall
Don Morison
Paul Tannard
John Wood
our newest recruits
Tony Knezevic
Andrew Stevenson
and of course myself.

Thank you boys for your help to make the stage crew such a good working team and I hope we will be together for a long time to come.

Brendan J. Corcoran, Form 4A
B.H.S. Stage Crew



WAHS

Ever since man was made,
They have slaughtered each other.
Before Christ — after Christ, they have senselessly killed.
Do animals fight just for power and glory?
Thousands of men died to gain a few yards of mud,
Starved in their trenches, frozen in their trenches — for what
The Romans were gradually defeated,
The Persians were gradually defeated,
Both had empires, but . . . they collapsed.
Nowadays there are still wars.
The Communists have slaughtered the South,
But they will soon be beaten.
Why do we live in this world of wars?

Robert Mulholland, 2A

The World today

The world is made of inflation
and being selfish.
Money is the main object;
everybody wants it,
Not everybody has it.

There are wars;
bad wars;
People dying for no reason at all.
Why can't they solve it
with talk? —
Because one side doesn't want to,
So they have to fight.
Innocent people getting killed.
And all it is for
is land and religion.

Bruce Jarvis, 2A

The feeble strength of worlds
at war,
They sever minds with shells and
guns
And open fire
Their reveille
Is for man's unawakened day
Their will, Is our intention.....

TOPIC 4

Usually taciturn and strangely aloof, he burst into the room excitedly. Breathless, his eyes dilated with the elation of the news he nursed within him; he stopped abruptly. The silence his arrival had imparted into the small gathering in the room made the unusualness of his manner uncomfortably apparent. His brow contracted into an ominous frown, as he quietly announced to the astonished onlookers what he had come to say, with cold composure.

"They're here; outside in the transporter," Kotan murmured, annoyed at the incongruity of his outburst.

Several of those before him stared, unmoving, as if in a stupor. Then one boy, apparently the youngest, leapt up and raced out the door.

An icy wind whipped through the air as the transporter departed through the trajectory of steaming vapour that enveloped its track. Some of us hugged our bodies for warmth; but the majority attached a secondary importance to the bitterness of the weather as we gazed at our surroundings.

The bleak, undulating stretches of ice and dirt-coloured snow, unbroken by trees or shrubs, drew an amazing contrast to the thoughts we had nursed on our journey. The Department had promised an environment characteristic of the one we had just left. The labour was to be that which was to be expected on any farm. The Masters, they had assured us, needed only a handful to carry out what the owners of the farms thought to be beneath them — menial tasks that would serve only to enliven an existence of comparative ease. Three days, they had said, three days. And in the meantime, we dreamed of Utopia. . . .

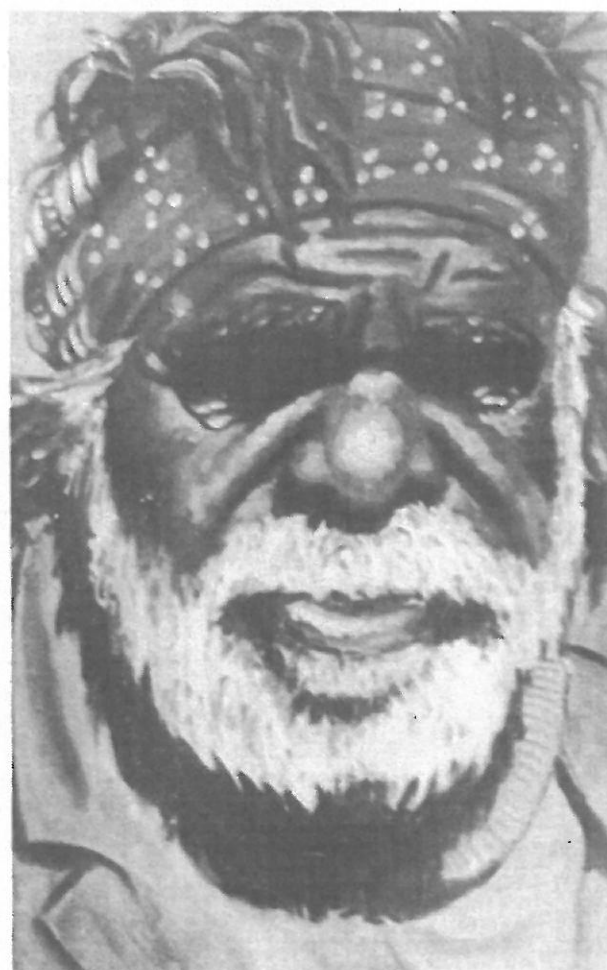
We grimaced under the brutal attack of the wind and ice. Several turned and gazed woodenly after the steaming wake of the transporter; the rest watched as a young boy shouted and waved a metal rod towards a group of grey compartments within a circular wire fence.

Martine Ruffin, 5A



IMAGINE

Imagine there's no schools,
Imagine there's no pupils too.
Imagine all the teachers
Living in the zoo!
Imagine there's no school rules,
Imagine there's no uniform too.
Imagine all the pupils,
Wearing nothing to school!



Euphoria reigns and beckons us to continue until multiple climaxes make us realise that the devil exists as us.
Transposed we have suddenly escaped from reality and utopia.
Shows us that truth is reality and the devil must be faced and compromised.
He undresses us in the face of humanity, twists reality into fantasy and lies become truths, As life must be shown to be.
All is fantasy even reality, Rebels must succumb to Him
For he is wise, more apparent and substantial.
Self-awareness is death as is life.

The spider weaves its web,
About each soul
It's silken thread anchors
Each to a moment —
Then releases it.
Borne by the current
Of the eternal lifestream
One single fibre amongst many.
Its pitiful passenger straining to grasp
The fragment of time just past.
Or reaching toward infinity sedge.

LOVE

What is love?
Is it when you make love,
Is it when you hug and kiss?
Tell me, tell me what is love.
Love is not when you marry
And separate or divorce.
What, what is love,
I really want to know,
Yes I want to know.
Can it be when you love a boy or girl?
Tell me, Tell what love is;
Would it be when you care for someone?
Love oh love, What is it?
Love, love, love
What is it, what is love!



i wait in vain
for you to call
just ONE MORE TIME
beside a phone that never rings unless
i go another place
and call myself
which means that i'm no longer here
to answer.
anon.



HELP ME

She is cold and miserably lonely,
Hungry, without any money.
Tired of just living on,
As the world goes spinning on.
No one cares, no one despairs,
At the sight of this little girl,
As though she was never there.

Please forgive us little girl,
For what we are, and for
What we will always be.
For we are ignorant and poor,
In concern for thee.

O God, hear my plea,
As I lie down before thee.
Help me! Help me!
For I am just tired of
Just living on, in this
World of pain and greed.

Robert Loyer, V

A POINT TO PONDER . . .

Did man evolve from the animals, or did man become an animal all by himself.

Larry Norman

LIMERICK

A Brighton High student was
clever,
And remembered his motto
'Endeavour'
He worked hard all day,
Not forgetting some play,
And kept the high standard
forever.

Helen Kingsford, 1B

A Human

Shuffling along,
His head down,
Only the back of his neck,
Exposed to the heat of the sun,
Ashamed to show his face,
In case he is recognised,
Bumping headlong into a lamppost,
Dusts off his hat,
And his false moustache,
Plunks them into place,
On his head,
Then shuffles away.

He sneaks in the alley,
Sniffing at the rotten fruit.
Now and then pausing,
Lifting his pointed snout
To smell the decaying garbage
A rustle or a squirm,
Pushing himself into a paper bag
Gnawing at a mouldy lunch —
The remains of an apple.
Stomach bulging,
Little legs twinkling,
He departs . . .
Under the fence.

Andrea Ford, 1C



POWER RESTRICTION

Time no longer
jerks seconds round the dial.
Print
runs together, and
there is no final word.

I must get out
from the constriction of shadow,
from the pain of blurred edges,
from the silence that turns thought
inward upon itself.

The air is full of wings.
Lightning combs through clouds
caught in the mountains;
sunset smoulders across the plain,
wind cobwebs the moon,
and stars are there, between one blink and the
next.

Other footsteps hesitate on stones.
Stranger —
I, too,
am a stranger to the dark,
my friend.

M. Macdonald

SQUARE DANCE

Friday, 2nd August must surely go down as a memorable date in the minds of 150 Senior Students and teachers. Undoubtedly one of the most successful money-raising events ever staged by B.H.S., the Square Dance set the pace for similar functions in the future. VIB's brainchild, the dance was organized in true country style, and all concerned deserve much credit for the high spirits the evening fostered.

This ambitious batch of people had the floor strewn with hay and the walls festooned with streamers, lending a very bright atmosphere to the conservatively decorated hall. The foot-stomping and raucous cheering heard that night, had never before been witnessed within the austere bounds of majestic Holland Hall. Square dancing, several progressive barn dances, a Monte Carlo, the Bunny Hop and even the old Madison had teachers and students alike jumping around out of breath.

Fast-flowing refreshments and a superb array of supper treats brought the evening to a satisfying close shortly before midnight, leaving an exhausted 6B with the weekend to clean up the mess. Thanks to Vicki Abzatz for obtaining the hay and to Heather for all the organizing and spirited leadership.



CANBERRA:

After an early rise (5.30 a.m.) the bus finally left Brighton High at 6.30 a.m. Long time since we had seen a sunrise. At 9.00 a.m. a group of about 50 Social Studies students from form 5 and 6 arrived at Canberra airport after a smooth, unexciting flight. We landed a perfect day, clear, cloudless and still, not too hot, not too cold. It is just like a dream city and it is hard to believe that people actually live there. We spent the morning at Parliament House and then had lunch at the Canberra Bowls, where, when the students were all presented with exactly the same meal, their appetites somewhat diminished. The afternoon was spent touring around the city in a bus. We finally arrived home at about 8.30, feeling tired but having had a good day even though most of us only went for the plane flight.

Katie Ormonde





NOTHING STIRS

The knee deep grass is still as the mountains,
The brilliant white clouds are still in the sky;
The cold steel tracks are still in their beds,
The grey-green leaves sleep quietly on the branches.
NOTHING STIRS

The bright yellow sun shines radiantly all over.
The old wire fence glows dully in the sun.
The wood of tracks is splinted and chipped,
And no light in the house is on.
NOTHING STIRS

The old brown shack rests silently on its feet.
The clear blue sky extends to oblivion.
The old gumtrees sway silently with the zephyr.
The stones on the wood are cramped between the cracks.
NOTHING STIRS

**"Look at our footprints in the dust.
They only lead to us.
We wear our feet out just to reach ourselves."**

SCHOOL CAPTAINS REPORT

1975 has been a year of flux. Students of Current Events will have had a field day in their observations of the many changes in the "Australian way of life", from the excesses of the political arena to the many improvements made in such areas as Social Services, Aboriginal advancement and amelioration of the position of women in society. If nothing else can be said of the Federal governing processes of the last three years, it must be admitted that these have been times of great and rapid change.

The discerning student must perforce ask to what extent social change at a National and local community level has been mirrored in the education system. That same student must also question whether prevailing local community attitudes and standards should influence what and how a school teaches its pupils, or whether it is the school which should be a fore-runner in the development and improvement of community standards. Any proposed solution to such an innately inconclusive problem must of necessity compromise between this ideological dichotomy.

And what of Brighton High School? We are subject to change both without and within the school. Far-reaching alterations are being moved to the form of H.S.C. assessment, probably to take effect in 1977. This final rejection of the external examination system opens up a vast field within schools for experimentation in curriculum. We would do well to consider the example of the Brunswick Sydney Road Community School which, this year, has offered a well-patronized Sixth Form course without the structure of V.U.S.E.B. requirements and examinations, but which nevertheless is gaining recognition and accreditation from Victorian tertiary institutions. We would also benefit by considering the moves made towards community involvement by a large number of Victorian Technical and High Schools in a scheme wherein pupils take the opportunity to gain experience in industry for a short period every week. Most schools utilise a well-developed excursion system for outings of both long and short duration. Many schools have exciting new areas of curriculum, such as film-making and the other creative arts.

The examples set by educational bodies such as these are proof of a welcome liberation of the mind from the somewhat stultifying sameness of a 'traditional schooling'. (Henry Handel Richardson's novel, "The Getting of Wisdom" indicates how the college where the young heroine was a pupil, appeared to do its damndest to quash originality and spontaneity.)



And yet, it is true to say that change must be initiated from within. The seemingly incorrigible juvenile offender will reform his ways only when he is convinced within himself of the rightness of external criticism of his behaviour. So it is with the school. It must first and foremost experience a change within itself. However, it must not be presumed from what has gone before that Brighton High School has remained static. We have developed many stimulating projects, and shown ourselves capable of reaching high standards, as in the Gilbert & Sullivan opera productions and in the widening of the curriculum to embrace such fields as pottery, graphic art, the media, Commercial and Legal Studies, Spanish, Science methods, drama and film study.

Nevertheless, we must not content ourselves with laurel wreaths for past achievements, but continually strive to improve both our learning and ourselves. Perhaps the most useful question to ask of our schooling is: "How well have we been prepared to face the outside world?" If we can answer that question truthfully by saying that not only have we accepted change from without, but we have also sought development from within, then indeed our schooling will have been well worth the effort.

Anne Sommerville, VI



Handwritten signatures and notes:
 Simon Adams, A. Grauer
 Shelley Kogan
 C Ryan, Billington
 Jack Lookey, Katy
 Marina, Felicity
 Deborah
 Kate Ormonde
 Peter Turnbull
 Anne!
 Dorothy Price

SOCIAL SERVICE

- Social Service Representatives
- 6A Vicki Absatz, Julia Abeles
 - 6B Anne Sommerville
 - 6D Jenny Wood
 - 5A Martine Ruffin, Glenda van Twet
 - 5B Janet Morris, Caroline Copley, Hazel Wood
 - 5C Vicki McMennemin
 - 5D Lee Williams
 - 5E Kirsten Hough
 - 5F Peter O'Donoghue
 - 4A Susan Wood, Liz Eggart
 - 4C E. Renfree, Jenny Wilson
 - 4D Linda Bruton, Kerri Mitchell
 - 4E Melissa Burton
 - 3D Linda Elsworth, Lisa Graner, Linda Tager
 - 2A Suzanne Halt
 - 2B Vicki O'Donoghue
 - 2C Leah Caplan, Lyndel Chalmers
 - 2D Martin Turnbull
 - 1C Peter Reed, Dean Chandler
 - 1D Elizabeth Braley, Tracy Tanner



THE SALVOS

They've bugles and guitars and they've cymbals to clash,
 Their pockets are empty, they have no cash.
 They give the poor people beds for the night,
 And they even let tramps in when a storm's at its height.
 They help the sick and the wounded, and people in need of
 care,
 Including those families with cupboards bare.
 They have songs with words, words that mean a great deal.
 But people won't listen; they don't seem to hear.
 Children think that they're stupid, adults think they're unreal,
 But it's unfortunate people who know that they feel.
 Money is a problem, to these people who care,
 They have very little of it to spare.

Jennifer Currie, 2B

Social Service during 1975 has consisted largely of special efforts by particular groups of students. The work of several Junior Forms, for example, in conducting successful cake stalls is worth noting. We would like to suggest that the best way of raising money is setting a goal; and certainly this policy has proved beneficial this year. For instance, 2C is providing funds for a "Seeing Eye" dog to be trained, and 4E has donated to the "Freedom from Hunger" campaign. 6C has proved exceedingly generous (and hard-working in the car-wash business) in its support of the Cancer Council of Victoria.

The most ambitious scheme has been the continuing support of four Foster Children (in South America and the Philippines) by 5A, 5B, 6A, 6B, and 6D. The monthly contribution to each child's welfare being \$14.50, it can be appreciated that these forms have had to work hard! Their initiatives have included a highly successful Beauty Contest for "gay young things", in which first prize for poise and elegance was taken off by the glamorous Mile. Simone la Pech; also organized was a hard-fought Softball Match between the Senior Girls' Softball Team and "Miss Brennan's Bombshells", attended by divers reporters and the exuberant "Freckly Flashers" cheer squad. The final result, we fear, is still in doubt. 6B's special effort was the revolutionary Square Dance, where 150 people donned elegant straw hats and immaculate jeans to romp amongst the hay which festooned the hall to the tune called by Master of Ceremonies Mike Davies and his canned band.

The "Foster Children" scheme is a most rewarding one, as "parents" can follow the fortunes of their "children" through letters received. It is to be hoped that B.H.S. students will continue to support "our" children in 1976.

Many students from all parts of the school acted as "doorknockers" for the "Austcare" and "Red Shield" Appeals, raising substantial sums. Several students sponsored students from Ridley Theological College who participated in the "Forty Hour Famine". The school as a whole has contributed generously to The Age "Minus Children" Appeal and the Leprosy Mission, the latter prompted by an informed and sympathetic documentary film.

Many thanks are due to Mrs. Lewinson for her co-ordination of Social Service activities during first and third terms, and to the School Social Service Representative Anne Sommerville, for her excellent organizational capacity and her ready willing assistance.

M. C. Foster

SOCIAL SERVICE

Does anybody care?

In these days we spend millions, producing films depicting disaster,

For what?

To make us feel grateful for our safe, comfortable riches in life?

Does anyone worry about a little infant with malnutrition, cholera and dysentery

Doomed to an early death,

Does anybody care?

Someone spends millions advertising his product

So that he can 'earn' a few more millions.

Does he realise that just one tenth of the sum

Would create miracles for some real human beings.

Does he care?

We are all hypocrites.

We give something, but not enough, not nearly as much as we are capable of.

We say we care but we are too preoccupied with affluence

And our own selfish comforts.

'Blow you, Jack, I'm alright mate.'

Does anyone really care?

The future of millions lies in our hands.

Ours is the responsibility, for them and for ourselves.

If we don't attend to that responsibility now, it will be much too late; for them and for us.

Foster Parents (5A, 5B, 6A + 6B)	\$696.00
Heart Foundation	\$447.00
Austcare	\$136.00
Freedom From Hunger	\$347.00
Red Shield Appeal	\$482.00
Mrs. Michael's French	
Spell-a-thon	\$576.00
1/2 sum donated to social service:	
Children Protection Society	\$100.00
St. Paul's Home for Blind Children	\$106.00
Yoralla Children	\$60.00
Royal Children's Hospital	\$64.00
Cancer Research Institute	\$5.00
Anti-Cancer Council	\$100.00
New Guinea Theologian College	\$25.00
St. John's Home for Boys and Girls	\$83.00
Minus Children	\$27.00
Leprosy Mission	\$17.00
Maranta Christian Fellowship	\$25.00
The Connor Foundation for Mentally Retarded Children	\$70.00
The Gordon Homes for Boys	\$10.00
Media Rock (Amnesty)	
Beauty Contest	
Square Dance	

Egg Appeal for South Memorial Hospital — in the process of being collected. A regular collection for social service has been made every Monday and Tuesday not the whole year.



Entrant:
TITLE:
Producer:
Cast of:
Best:
Entrant:
Title:
Producer:
Cast of:
Best:
Entrant:
Title:
Producer:
Cast of:
Best:
Entrant:
Title:
Producer:
Cast of:
Best:

PHILLIP HOUSE.
THE CRUCIBLE (Act III) by Arthur Miller.
Neil Wilmot.
11
Hazel Wood.
LONSDALE HOUSE
CAMPBELL OF KILMHOR by J. A. Ferguson.
Rukshana Cader.
9
Jane Farrall.
MURRAY HOUSE.
MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL (Act II) by T. S. Eliot.
Debbie Woodroffe.
16
Peter Turnbull.
GRANT HOUSE.
THE PLAYER QUEEN. by W. B. Yeats.
Debra Ford.
14
Maura Conneely.

1975 DRAMA FESTIVAL

The 1975 Drama Festival was once again slightly overshadowed by the other cultural event — the choirs. We are lucky in that we at Brighton have the chance in going into the Drama Festival, and if you were to ask almost anyone who has participated in it, they would surely say that it has been worth the effort.

This year's Drama Festival was slightly different to others in that we had a number of budding young actors and actresses who took the major roles in the plays. It was great to see "young people" having the spirit to go up on stage and next years should be of a high standard as we will all be 'experienced'.

This year, Murray performed "Murder in the Cathedral", produced by the talented Debra Woodroffe: Lonsdale performed "Campbell of Kilmhor" with evertrying Rukshana Cader as producer: Grant's "Player Queen" was produced by spirited Debra Ford and Phillip's "Crucible" was adapted well to the cast by producer Neil Wilmot.

The contingent of 50 actors and actresses is most indebted to Mr. Ryan for the time he put into the festival this year spending almost a full week of his holidays at school, helping the individual houses to achieve their eventual standard.

Adjudicator, Mr. John Nicholson of the A.B.C. offered constructive criticism which was most helpful to those concerned. He named quite a few people who deserved an honorable mention, among them: Jane Farrall and Michael Caplan (Lonsdale House), Wayne Chang, Phillip Gibbons and Hazel Wood (Phillip House), Peter Turnbull and Robert Loyer (Murray House) and Katy Shaw, Lewis Coyle and Bernard McMahon (Grant House). He selected Maura Conneely (Grant) and Norman Abrams (Lonsdale) as the best actress and actor of the year.

The highlights of the two evenings though was the naming of the winning house. Betting beforehand was Murray's splendid performance, followed closely by Phillip's Crucible, Lonsdale's task of Campbell of Kilmhor, and Grant's good performance of a difficult play by Yeats. Those who backed Murray knew where to put their money as Mr. Nicholson congratulated Debra Woodroffe on her fine performance as producer of the winning house.

Finally, thanks must go to the lighting and stage crews for the time and effort that they put in towards this year's drama festival, and to the "make up gals" — Mrs. Batour, Mrs. Price and Mrs. Welsford.

For those who have been in the drama they can remember the jitters that you get around 7 o'clock, the jokes and laughs just beforehand, the thoughts of sitting down in a kilt, and the helping hand from everyone who is involved.

Thanks Rukshana, and everyone.

NORMAN.

We were honoured by the presence of Mr. John Nicholson, a producer from the A.B.C. in Melbourne, who acted as adjudicator and made constructive criticisms of the plays presented to him. He made the following awards:

Honourable mention to:

Hazel Wood
Jane Farrall
Peter Turnbull

Robert Loyer
Best Actress: Maura Conneely
Best Actor: Norman Abrams

He voted MURRAY HOUSE as the winning house for 1975.



FIRE

They said you could see the glow in Melbourne
Any wonder that fire was as high as our house
All because of one careless campfire, no more bush
That bush out there had been growing hundreds of years pop reckoned
It was like a crimson sea, only boiling hot
And it stunk like a garbage tip in Melbourne
It was like being on the sun's rim, right on the tip of it
When it hit the town it was like a tidal wave, washing over us
Crackling like a machine gun in the middle of a war
The fire had a race between it and us and luckily we won
When the fire died away it was like an atomic explosion had hit the town
It was still smouldering in many a building
Bit still nothing was alive.

by M. Leathan, 1B

FIRE

As the fire crackles,
It burns and glows,
Watch the fire
As it will grow.
Higher and higher,
It leaps and spreads,
Out shoots its tongues
Orange and red.
Rise and lower,
Jump and fall,
Small flames prance
Round the wall.
Tinier, smaller,
Droop and lie
Through the night
The flames sink and die.

Kaye Gilmore, 1B

IN CASE OF FIRE . . . BRING MARSHMALLOWS.



BUSHFIRE

The fire ran swiftly through the trees,
It was helped along by a strong north breeze.
Devouring everything in its way,
Homes, animals, grass and trees on that frightening day.
Its hungry flames were fierce and red,
Soon everything would be burnt and dead.
Flapping and folding like sheets on a line,
The greedy flames swallowed some gums and then a pine.
The volunteer fireman fought the flames, for hours on end, to
stop them from doing more harm and wrong.
Their wives made mountains of sandwiches, and gallons of
coffee
To keep their men calm and strong.
At last, after many hours of fire fighting, up came the shout
"The fire is dead, the flames are out."
The workers gathered together, one by one,
And talked of the fire, and the job they had done,
It is seen that nothing spreads faster,
Than fire, which makes a good slave, but a very bad master.

Carolyn Smith, 1B

Individuality

Mind and body, united in that sublime moment of creation,
are expelled from the warm world of maternal protection. A
small spark of life, surrounded by its wiser fellows, by their
hovering, mute protection.

Guided along unfamiliar paths by strange methods, the
sense of self-hood is gradually changed, blended and finally
removed; replaced by a feeling of oneness with others . . . the
reward, an acceptance into their society, the security and
satisfaction of the gregarious demands of human nature.

Together, warm, comfortable and ordinary. Nor daring to
rebel; to retain the mastery of self which was its birth-right. A
mind succumbed to the requirements of its environment.
Stifled by the very sameness which gains its security;
together, yet alone.

How it longs to be free, to re-trace the paths barely trodden
those many years ago; before it became suited by the con-
ditioning of society. To explore, with ever-widening
amazement, the realms beyond itself; beyond the mere habitat
into which it was placed by the hand of destiny.

The anger grows, surging forth in a frothing tide to smother
the body's eternal demands . . . Freedom, the bone-crushing
compulsion to rebel; to do as it had been programmed by fate.
To break the tiresome bonds of that body . . . that conformist
outer covering which blots the responses of intellect, which
controls MINDS.

It is done; the mind, now free, looks at the broken body with
contempt. No longer does it feel for the woman who is crying
. . . she is the same, they are all alike. Paying with their very
essence, their central core of self-hood and individuality, for a
few worldly privileges . . . minds debased by pathetic
materialism.

The one mind looks upon the world, and sees. But it is
alone, the price of its freedom is a loss of all the virtues which
made it human . . . left alone, alien. An aggressive predator in
a world where prey are few . . . But alone, somewhere, deep
inside the labyrinth of memory, a thing past still aches at the
loss of its comrades.

Deborah Ford, 5E

BUSHFIRE

The fire set in,
The animals are running,
. . . and there's no-one to put it out.
The trees are falling,
The grass is burning,
. . . there's still no-one to put it out.
Smoke goes up,
Rain comes down,
. . . at last the fire is out.

BUNYIPS

Dense, dark jungle
It does lurk through the trees
And through the murk.
Perches on twigs . . .
It stands alone.
Squeak! Croak!
Moan! Groan!

Nikki Vincent, 1C

DOVE

The cry of love,
Comes from the little dove,
The silky dove flies,
It flees through many skies.
As the dove flies above the clouds,
The noise from the plane to his little ears is very loud,
As the dove cries,
He grows weak and dry.
He cries,
And thinks he will die,
He flies thinking,
He cries and is coldly sinking.
He chirps before he lands on the ground,
And now finds himself underground.

Leanne Thomas, 1B



BEWARE: HERBAL TOBACCO PUSHER LOOSE IN SCHOOLGROUND

Who has been seen lately, lurking in dark corners, in coat
lockers, in toilets, under desks and benches on an important
mission? "To try to revert the famed B.H.S. smoking team, to
members of Flower Power". He is the mysterious Herbal
Tobacco Pusher.

No longer will that melodious unison of Smoker's cough be
heard ringing through the corridors after each recess and
lunch break, if he can help it. They will be glassy eyed and
high on his Herbal Tobacco, while convalescing their suffo-
cated lungs and croaky throats. Thanks to this daring and
courageous superman, B.H.S. students may boast of their
good health, and rave about their cheap cigarettes (Herbal
Tobacco costs 40 cents per ounce) to the rest of Melbourne's
populus.

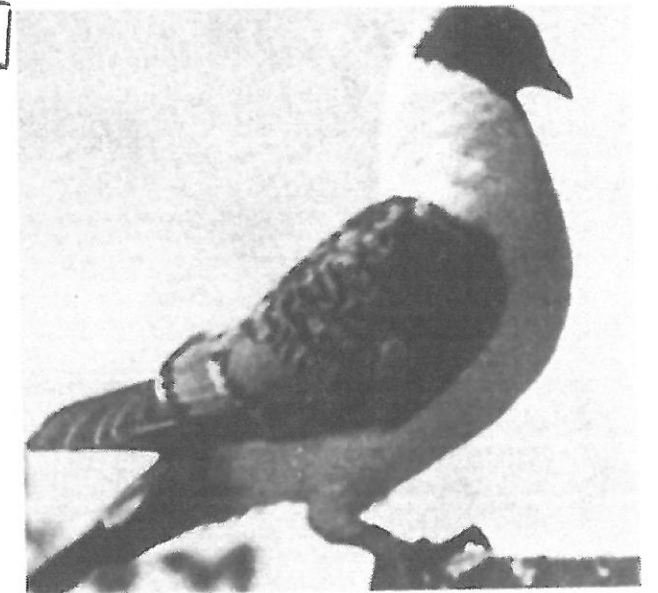
by Anne Boutland

CLAW IN THE RAW

There was a young girl called claw
She always swam in the raw
She swam in the dark
Until along came a shark
And we never saw claw no more.

Dennis Kinsella

BRIGHTON HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY



A MAGNIFICENT DESOLATION

Standing here
In complete isolation.
Looking out
On a magnificent desolation.
Staring at the earth beneath us,
Wondering if they can really see us.

Susan Taylor, Form 2A

LIMERICKS

There was a young girl called Bell,
Who committed a sin and went to Hell,
With a devilish grin,
She turned herself in,
Now Bell is a young devil as well.

Felicity Childs, 5C



BRIGHTON HIGH AWAY FROM HOME

If you had been at Middle Brighton Station at 8.15 (or was it 7.45?) on Sunday, 24th August you would have seen a strange sight. A strange looking boy was hopping round in circles AND he was BLEEPING. Not quite your ordinary Sunday morning congregation. You can imagine the surprise it gave to a group of very sane, sensible and serious 6th form students. We took pity on the poor fellow who was very well prepared for, I'm not quite sure what, with a lance, a carnation and some goodies to eat.

25 students and idiot (mentioned above) boarded the train to officially start a fun day at Belgrave (fondly known as Repayment or Revenge for the Asian Night).

Once at Belgrave we started off on a 25 mile hike, or so it seemed, up a steep jungle path, occasionally encountering wild animals . . . i.e. dogs and cats. Half way up the second Kosciusko, the team murmured mutiny and the navigator was in severe danger of being lynched. But she remained calm, cool and collected — she was half way up the next hill.

We ran into trouble when trying to light a bar-b-que — no dry wood. I'm sure Jude and Karin must have been practising rubbing pieces of wet wood together all their lives. They were the heroes of the hour, and we were able to eat, although I'm not so sure that that was a mercy — frozen chops crumbed in ash, and (moan and groan) Wendy had again attempted to make rissoles. I'm proud to say that these were better than her May efforts which were thrown to the dog. We set a new world record for unfreezing frozen chops: six hours, thirty-six minutes, twenty-four point two seconds. Frozen chops crumbed in ash — DELICIOUS!!!

Putri's pants and Lela's shoes suffered under the duress of the arduous journey. So did we the next day.

CHURCHILL NATIONAL PARK via LANDCOX (or vice-versa)

Wrapped up in bulky parkas and cumbersome gum boots, all the fifth form Biology students worked vigorously in the cold, blustering weather at both parks. After collecting grotty specimens of beetles, worms and ducks, we went up to Churchill and mingled with the other group of students already there. Kids who brought sausages and chops and even witchy grubs (seriously!) were able to burn them on the supplied fire. While Mr. Pearson poked and stoked the blazing barbecue in panicky jerking movements in an effort to keep the flames down, the students organized themselves into some semblance to sit around and munch on stale, soggy sandwiches (a few of whom decided would be better toasted on Mr. Pearson's blazing barbecue) and others, those of whom were feeling energetic and had been slightly affected by the smoke from the barbecue, decided to track down a wallaby which one slightly short-sighted student (Caroline Copley) insisted she had seen.

After every morsel of edible matter in the immediate area had been consumed, half the students crammed into a waiting bus and the two groups separated again, some to remain at Churchill National Park and others to explore the rugged terrain and unknown territorial phenomenon of Landcox Park.

Overall the day was quite successful, thanks to the efforts of the teachers who were brave enough to accompany the Form 5 Biology students on their muddy mission.

Felicity and Gayle

Those irrepressible Seniors have done it again! Whatever possessed eleven fourth, fifth and sixth formers to pump up their bike tyres and assemble, shivering on the aths. track at a quarter to eight on Anzac Day, 25 April? Nobody knows. And who would have believed them to be fifteen miles away, enjoying the attractions of Caribbean Gardens, Scoresby, only hours later? Yet the general consensus appears to be that sailing down Wheeler's Hill on one's old push-bike, is one of the most exhilarating feelings ever to be experienced. However, all things considered, it is NOT the most exhilarating feeling trying to ride up it again. We can thank our lucky stars, or whatever was shining on us that day, that nobody's bike chose

to break down somewhere in the far reaches of outer Waverley.

They say it never seems so far coming home again; the elusive reason has at last been discovered. In Brighton, 8 a.m., a total of 38.5 kg of sustenance was seen lurking under raincoats and puncture-repair outfits, but lo! and behold! at 3 p.m. in the Caribbean Gardens, every morsel of edible matter had vanished. Very interesting. We leave it to the budding Sherlock Holmes' to deduce precisely where such a vast quantity of matter could disappear to, in such a short space of time.

Anyhow, a good time was had by all, and It Definitely Shall Be Done Again.

Crazy Cyclist



OUR OVERSEAS VISITORS

1975 brought with it fifteen students from South-East Asia. Four were allotted to fifth form and eleven to sixth form. A sixteenth, Arneil Chua from the Philippines, spent twelve months in Australia as a Rotary Exchange Student, and returned to his homeland in May this year. We can look forward to having the four from form five in form six next year, and perhaps more students from the land nearest Australia.

'Voyager' interviewed the new-comers, to determine what struck each of them as being different from home.

Gan Poh Suan: "There doesn't seem to be much association between neighbours here. In Malaysia, everyone knows everyone else in their town. Also, teachers (some anyway) are more dedicated here — e.g. Mrs. Bayley."

Loong Mei Kuen: "It was a surprise to find that Aussie bus-drivers are conductors as well. They are much friendlier and informal than Malaysian bus-drivers."

Rainy Mohd-Noor: "The enormous sizes of roses in Australian gardens."

Putri Megat-Shamsuddin: "Australians have many more bed-clothes than we do at home in Malaysia; also not enough pillows. Students are much more informal with their teachers here, and Aussie boys are very friendly, e.g. Alistair McCaskill."

Lela Mansor: "Young people are much more demonstrative in public here, having bare feet and wearing old clothes in public. Australian society is far more permissive than the Malaysian one."

Amir Kassim: "People here tend to stay only with their friends, but, apart from joking around, they are very loyal and willing to help others."

Peng Soean The: "I cannot get used to the coldness of Australian winters. But Australian students — especially girls — are very friendly towards all of us."

Kah Ming: "All the insects annoy me; there are so many more than in Hong Kong. And most gardens seem to be very well looked-after around Brighton. It is nice to walk home past tidy houses and bright flowers."

Hasan Saidin:

Karim Hussein:

Jude Kissey:

Viengsavann Sinbandhit:

Vannachit Opraseuth:

Khamsavath Thammathevo:

Phouthala Thongkham:

"Australia has four things: football, meat pies, kangaroos and Holden Cars. Also birds, and I mean the unfeathered kind. Bird-watching has become my favourite hobby this year."

"Aussie girls are just terrific! e.g. Wendy, Marina, Sonja, Glenda, Gen, Jenny, Lesley, Neeta, etc., etc., etc., . . . ad infinitum."

"Sometimes in the year, your sun sets at 9.00 p.m. Your winter months are really cold (I must be getting older) but when the sun starts shining your days are beautiful. I like the expanse you people give towards your greens and gardens and parks. When I leave here, I don't think I'll see anywhere anymore, people walking by the kerbs eating a 4-n-20, a can of cola in one hand, the Essendon/Richmond/Geelong, etc., football colours well displayed . . . red brick homes . . . walls . . . red tiled roofs . . . there they are, in Australia."

Not forgetting the 5th Formers

"Teachers teach their Native languages; I like the beach but miss the Mekong river banks. Lao meals are different; three courses are placed in the centre of each meal table, and everyone helps themselves."

"I miss being able to bargain for goods in markets and shops. Most Lao kids ride motorbikes or drive cars to school, which is eight years long (High School) at home."

"Lao people do not like the sun as much as Australians. It is too hot. Also, I have never seen so many, or such big flies until I arrived here. Insects fly at night in Laos."

"All the time I have been in Australia, I have never spoken to or seen anyone who lives in the same street as we do. At home in Laos, everyone in the district knows each other."

OVERSEAS VISITORS

ASIAN-AUSTRALIAN EVENING

After several exhausting weeks of walking fingers through the Pink Pages (sorry, Yellow Pages) our eleven generous Malaysian friends from form six, announced that a Dinner would be held in Holland Hall, on Saturday 2nd of August, for all Sixth form students, and teachers plus any husbands or wives who cared to attend. For days before the Big Date, Putri could be heard wailing dismally, "The rice won't cook" and "Wherever shall we find a hundred and fifty plates?" More finger-walking, and finally dawned the day bright and clear with rain dripping down miserably (well, what do you expect in a Melbourne Winter?); all seemed to be under control. Willingly backed by others, the ambitious eleven spent all of that Saturday cooking, setting up trestles, carrying crockery and pinning up streamers, so that, by D-hour-minus-one, the old hall looked festive in a manner never before witnessed. Enormous hangings looted from Monash Uni. stores decorated the walls, and silver (?) lettering on the rich blue velvet stage curtain proclaimed "WELCOME — ASIAN-AUSTRALIAN EVENING" in three languages. As guests started to arrive, they were charmingly greeted by their foreign hosts clad in National Costume, busy serving sweet rose-hip syrup to new arrivals.

The first entertainment for the evening was a judo display performed most capably by Wendy Elliott and a friend and fellow judoist Wayne Carey. Spectators were treated to demonstrations of how to fall off a chair BACKWARDS without hurting oneself, and how to flatten an opponent twice one's size — altogether very educational. Soon afterwards the lights were dimmed, the curtain opened and music began to play softly. Karim, Putri and Anita skilfully performed a dangerous-looking candle dance, and were then joined by the others in further traditional dances. Food was the next item on the agenda, and a hundred suspicious pairs of eyes turned to the well-laden trestles. For there reposed such exotic delights as Agar Agar, Banana fritters, Mee Siam, Rice, Curry Puffs, Curried pineapple, curried fish, curried EVERYTHING, including (probably) curried curry. Together with the inevitable rose-hip syrup.

After everyone's digestive system began to feel a little better, Karim and Putri bravely offered to teach us to dance. Most rose willingly enough, but some — Mr. O'Brien in particular — were most reluctant to join in. The relief on these dissenter's faces when it was announced that it was time to go "Australian" was amazing. Jude, bless him, had brought his guitar and several songs he had written himself, and nearly everyone sat on the floor in front of him, listening intently to the inspiring words. This peaceful activity brought the evening to a happy ending between eleven and twelve, but each and every guest took away with him or her, memories of an original but fascinating evening. Thank you Putri, Karim, Hasan, Mei Kuen, Jude, Rainie, Poh Suan, Anita, Vicky Kah Ming, Peng Soean, Amir and Lela for a wonderful experience.

Marina, in collaboration with Wendy and Mei Kuen

P.S. The food left over from this fantastic venue kept the staff happy for several days afterwards.





STAFF LIST

Women

(Miss) M. Brennan
(Miss) E. Mayson
(Miss) J. McCann
(Mrs) M. Freitag
(Mrs) I. Lewinson
(Mrs) F. Cizek
(Mrs) D. Stannard
(Mrs) V. Kaplonyi
(Mrs) F. Michael
(Mrs) J. Bayley
(Mrs) R. Ciavaglia

(Miss) M. Foster
(Mrs) M. Baxter
(Miss) M. Ward
(Mrs) D. Miranda
(Mrs) L. Dare
(Mrs) P. Duncan
(Mrs) S. Macdonald
(Mrs) M. Batour
(Mrs) H. Welsford
(Mrs) A. Granat
(Mrs) R. Smithers
(Mrs) B. Loughrey
(Miss) A. Carins

(Mrs) E. Clark
(Miss) L. Eitlitz
(Mrs) D. Price
(Mrs) A. Harris
(Mrs) E. Hatton
(Mrs) J. Darroch
(Mrs) V. McAlister
(Mrs) L. Frydman
(Mrs) B. Ducat
(Mrs) T. Chisholm
(Mrs) J. Morrison
(Mrs) A. Pakula
(Mrs) R. Keddie

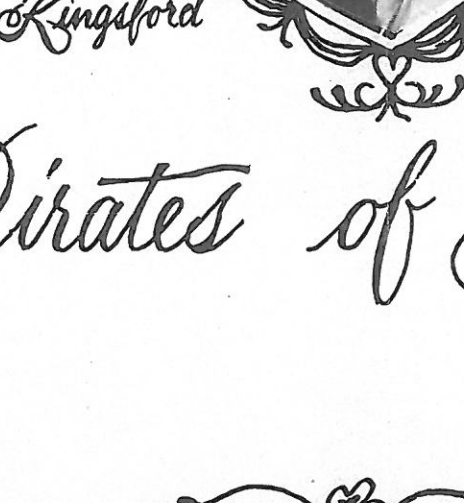
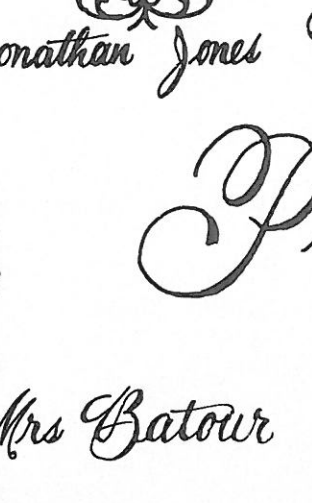
Men

J. O'Brien
F. Taylor
D. Creighton
G. Frank
A. Pearson
D. Conquest
P. Shirrefs
J. Darlow
P. Ryan
V. Campbell
H. Samuel
B. Larkin

D. Godfred-Spenning
G. Dennis
P. Wilson
T. Allen
M. McLean
C. Georgiadis
R. Copley
R. Ciavaglia





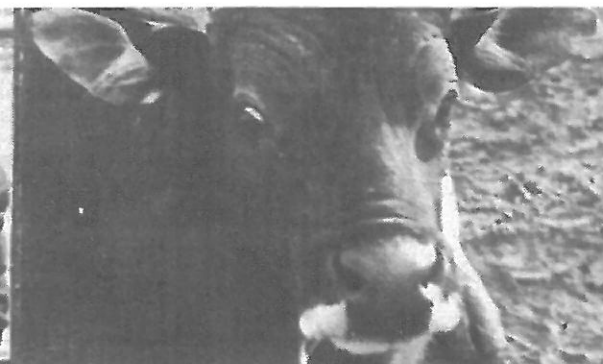
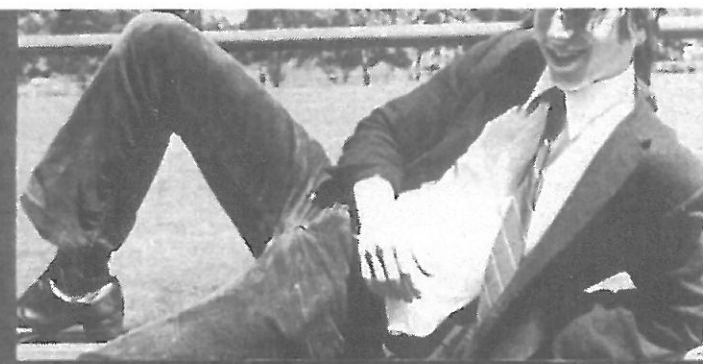


Pirates of Penzance

Mrs Batour

Mr Ryan





School *
SPUNKIES



For weeks before the fateful Thursday lunch-hour, students gazed disbelievingly at the notices posted prominently about the school. 'Somebody's idea of a joke?', somebody asked. But no, the official stamp of approval announced itself clearly. Indeed, Thursday May 1 was the date of that glittering event; the 1975 all-male beauty pageant.

The contestants:

1. Milly Bremman (Rod Morgan)
Statistics: 40 — 39 — 41
Interests: School rules, hair, uniforms, Equality of Women, Quiet and placid games, Young people and chess.
Work: Retired Head-mistress.
Aim: To become Prime Minister of Australia.
2. Frigitte Bardot (Chris Tuttleby)
Statistics: 42 — 34 — 42
Interests: Entertaining friends.
Work: Putting snails in Chiko Rolls.
Aim: To become a Slave-girl of the Spanish Inquisition.
3. Belinda Giblin (Mick Dowling)
Statistics: 30 — 30 — 30
Interests: Cookery, Knitting, Footy, Travel and MEN!
Work: Student.
Aim: To be photographed for the centre-fold of Playboy.
4. Vain Fonda (Gary Harburger)
Statistics: 18 — 38 — 56
Interests: Hanging teachers.
Work: Student.
Aim: To be a Lawn-mower.
5. Fanny Mae (Ian Freivolt)
VITAL Statistics: 49 — 20 — 39
Interests: Trying to have a large family.
Work: Organizing boys' camps.
Aim: To have a Large Family.
6. Raquelle Scottish (Victor Simmons)
Statistics: 36 — 22 — 35
Interests: Wrestling, knitting and cooking buns.
Work: Home Business.
Aim: To become a successful business-woman.
7. Madame Bash (Trevor Marks)
Statistics: 29 — 28 — 38
Interests: Male Brickies' Labourers.
Work: Brickie.
Aim: To haul ten bricks on each shoulder to the top of the Empire State Building.
8. Maxine Smart (Neil Clelland)
Statistics: 99 — 86 — 13 (Note — measurements in cm — Ed)
Interests: Coloured Balls (and Lobby)
Work: Trying to keep secrets.
Aim: To star in a "Camel" ad.
9. Simone La Pêche (Neil Wilmot)
Statistics: 38 — 37 — 38
Interests: Working of Mag, and modelling Lingerie.
Work: Model.
Aim: To win a Beauty Contest.
10. Mae Pest (David Waters)
Statistics: 42 — 18 — 48
Interests: Crushing male egos, testing water beds.
Work: Selling water-beds.
Aim: "Happy the way I am".
11. Freda Everage (Peter Turnbull)
Statistics: 28½ — 28 — 28¼
Interests: Talking crap.
Work: Full-time student of Figure development.
Aim: To be Australia's No. 1 woman.

The judging panel had a difficult task, trying to decide on a winner. However, finally they awarded first prize to: Simone La Pêche, who received a free trip for two to the Golf-Links. Belinda Giblin was awarded second prize, and Mae Pest third.

The Pageant raised \$76.75 for social service. Just how, no-one seems quite sure, since admittance was 20c per head.



Furry, slimy and big
It has no shape nor colour
The thing from the lagoon was there in front.
But somehow, nothing was in it!
The eyes that are slanty and round
Fur which is fluffy and slimy
A shapeless and meaningless thing
Is the monster from the black lagoon!
Wind is howling and rustling through the trees
The birds cry out up above,
But when the monster rises from the deep of the lagoon . . .
Not one! Not one sound is to be heard!
What is this thing that rises high?
What does he want of the innocent world?
What purpose has he up above?
No-one! But no-one knows!
With slime dripping from his shapeless body,
He travels round and round
Suddenly a flash of lightning
And a clap of thunder
Seemingly frightens the creature,
Back to its shapeless world
For he is no-where to be found . . .
NO-WHERE TO BE FOUND!!!

BEAUTY PAGEANT



- * This page is completely and utterly devoted to the preservation of useless information.
- * There are 1,731,375 acoustic holes in the ceilings of the East wing.
- * The electrovalency of Dihydrogen Orthophosphate is -1.
- * That organisms belonging to the Phylum Porifera are often supported by microscopic Spicules?

* That $\frac{1}{\lambda} = \frac{2\pi^2 k^2 m}{h^3 C} \times \frac{1}{nf^2} - \frac{1}{nj^2}$

- * The terminal velocity of an average sized person, in free fall, is approximately 80-150 mhr⁻¹.
- * Did you also know that a person travelling at their terminal velocity, whilst in free fall, without a parachute, is rather dead after collision with a solid stationary mass, i.e. the Earth?
- * That Victor John Simmons is alive and well and still living on this planet.
- * We are travelling, relative to the Universe, at a velocity of 109,271 kmhr⁻¹.
- * The Electrostatic energy gained from stroking a cat 1000 times a minute is sufficient to illuminate a 25 watt light globe!!!?
- * Voyager costs more than \$1,000 (in raw materials) to publish?
- * In 1912 a Dutch Biologist, H. N. Kuijver, began to study the number of Great Tits living in 129 hectares of woodland near the town of Wageningen in the Netherlands, where Tits are the Native Wildlife. (Ref. page 247, Web of Life.)
- * Hugh Burton was given a 'far-out' present for his birthday. (Vic.)
- * Also that on this day in 1827, that law-abiding upholder of American Justice, Sheriff Fred McGurk, captured, single-handed and late at night, in broad daylight, those notorious bandits; S. Y. Phillis and V. Enereal, commonly known as the 'Pocks Brothers', at the corner-stone of American history, The KO corral.

(signed) Roy G. Biv Esq.,



JUST
COINCIDENCE
OR . . .?



Did you know that:

President Lincoln and President Kennedy were both concerned with Civil Rights.
 Lincoln was elected in 1860
 Kennedy was elected in 1960
 Both were slain on a Friday in the presence of their wives.
 Both were shot in the head, from behind.
 Their successors, both named Johnson were Southern Democrats and were both in the Senate.
 Andrew Johnson was born in 1808
 Lyndon Johnson was born in 1908
 John Wilkes Booth, who killed Lincoln, was born in 1839.
 Lee Harvey Oswald, who killed Kennedy, was born in 1939.
 Booth and Oswald were both killed before trial.
 Both Presidents' wives lost children through death whilst at the White House.
 John Wilkes Booth shot Lincoln in a theatre and ran to a warehouse.
 Lee Harvey Oswald shot Kennedy from a warehouse and ran to a theatre.
 Lincoln's secretary, whose name was Kennedy, advised him not to go to the theatre.
 Kennedy's secretary, whose name was Lincoln, advised him not to go to Dallas.

THE PIRATE SONG

With surfie treads upon flat feet we steal,
 And smelling dead our nauseous way we feel.
 No brains at all, we cannot form a word,
 A short crow call would seem to us a word.
 So boring are we pirate creeps,
 We make the household soundly sleep.
 Come freaks who pollute the sea,
 Cause some irritation, smell like a cattle station.
 Let's vary piracy with a little lunacy. . . .

(sung to the tune of "With cat-like tread")
 (With apologies to Gilbert O'Ryan.)

by Paul Varney and Chris Brown, 2B



The Birds and the Bunnies

Well, children, now that you are old enough for High School, it is time for you to learn the facts of life.

The system that we use is a radically new educational use of symbols that will give you a startlingly clear conception of the sex process.

The first symbol we will use is the male sex symbol, represented by the bunny, thus:

This symbol is quite useless, however, without the female bunny symbol, thus:

Now, it is well known what happens when these two symbols get together and "lolly-gag" in the meadows with the aid of some of Mother Nature's other wood-land symbols, e.g. The bird

which is aided by the bee

and the flowers

By combining these symbols in an intelligent way we can see how simple this sex business really is. (Let's face it, if dumb bunnies can come good with lots of other dumb bunnies, people should be a pushover.)

This is achieved thus:

Well, maybe that is a little complex, but you get the idea. All we have to do is rearrange it a little bit, like this:

Hmmm, it seemed such a good idea to start with. Let's try to make it a bit simpler:—

I've obviously made a mistake somewhere. Well, don't just sit there; I need some help, please. PLEASE! HELP ME! HELP ME!
 aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!!!

Shelley Rogan, 4A



Fig. 1



Fig. 2



Fig. 3



Fig. 4



Fig. 5



This is Harry Kapone, the Godfather of the underworld. He is the chairman of the world's largest Bootlegging and Protection rackets. The profits from Bootleg Liquor, were enormous and were used to finance large underworld empires. The most notorious mobster was "Scarface" Harry Kapone who, as head of the underworld ordered the St. Valentines Day massacre of 1929. Members of the RATS Inc. gang (Rothstadt) were lined up against the library wall and whipped to death.

The big "H" joined forces with lower Brighton's Lead "Dutch" Mauriopolous and "Legs" Waters to form a nationwide network of crime.

There was even a syndicate of hired killers which was headed by "Frenchy" Kapone, who was the Big H's brother. This gang contained the most macabre killers the world has ever seen, such as vicious Vindictive, Ferocious Fredken, Malicious Mizon, and the Mild Weasel.

Harry Kapone had a client to deal with every section of the community, for example H.K.'s close friend Tommy Gun Tina headed the anti-womens lib Dept, her associates were Gary "Grenade" and Shotgun Frevolt. They quickly liquidated any female rebellions.

And so it will be written in our history books that the year 1975 saw the last of the Godfather Scarface Harry Kapone, and the high ranking teachers that were on H.K.'s payroll.

You are like insects trapped in honey
Immovable in your content
Yet within your hunger
And you dream
Of the way things could be,

You criticise
But your anger is small
And the wind is strong
And you knew that
Even mountains are worn to the sea

And yet you cry
You look at the few
Whose anger was a raging fire
And your hearts leap
But within there's no hope
You haven't the fuel to sustain even the tiniest flame
The spark is extinguished
And you move with the river.

Snow falls in the mountains
The sun comes and the snow melts
Rivers cascade down cataracts and gorges
Across rubbled plains, into the sea
We are all one.
We are all one river,
Moving and flowing
We are all one river,
Flowing into the sea.

Somewhere in a desert
In an age that knew nothing of our being
A fire began to burn within the
Heart of a child.
And as he grew, the fire became an Inferno.
Those who were near felt the warmth
And knew he was the one . . .
The revolution had begun.
And those who were far off, felt
The warmth . . .
The revolution had begun.

A Voice was heard, saying
"I am the Alpha and the Omega
The first — born of the dead.
Those who came before me
Baptized with water . . .
I baptize with fire."

Michael



FORM SIX PAGE

When I was One
I had just begun
When I was Two
I was nearly new
When I was Three
I was hardly Me
When I was Four
I was not much more
When I was Five
I was just alive
But now I am Six, I'm as clever
as clever
So now it's time to get out of this
place!



ABELAS, Julie Likes: Claude Fovell.
Dislikes: Gary's jokes.
Ambition: To fit into a size 8 outfit.
ABZATZ, Vicki Likes: Finger nails.
Dislikes: Toe nails.
Ambition: To cultivate six inch finger nails.
AJZENBUD, Jenny Likes: Cats, and spending time in bed.
Dislikes: Most people, with notable exceptions(!)
Ambition: Whom I want, when I want and how I want.
ANGWIN, Liz Likes: The beach.
Dislikes: Cold weather.
Ambition: To stop sneezing.
AUSTIN, Glenda Likes: Summer (from 3.15 p.m. to 8.45 a.m.).
Dislikes: Getting up in the morning.
Ambition: To grow bigger, better beans.
BIRCH, David Likes: Listening to Gary Pennefather's 'thank-you' speeches.
Dislikes: Pennefather's jokes.
Ambition: To weigh 20 stone.
CARSON, John Likes: 'The Bears' (Caulfield) and Cascade Lager.
Dislikes: Chocolate frogs.
Ambition: Life Member of Caulfield Social Club.
CHAPMAN, Andree Likes: Being young and having a whole life to lead.
Dislikes: Guys who don't ring when they say they will.
Ambition: To out-travel the Queen.
CLELLAND, Neil Likes: Hamburgers with the lot.
Dislikes: Panel vans with the lot.
Ambition: To take Karen to Green Point.
CONNELLY, Maura Likes: "Hmph" (plus nod of head).
Dislikes: "Hmph" (plus vigorous shake of head).
Ambition: "Hmph" (with ambitious look in eyes).
CORCORAN, Leo Likes: Book-makers (when he wins).
Dislikes: Book-makers (when he loses).
Ambition: Book-maker.
COYLE, Marina Likes: Neil Diamond's dead-pan expression.
Dislikes: Tinned baked beans.
Ambition: To discover and breed insects which eat baked beans.
CULBERT, Lyn Likes: Suntans.
Dislikes: Pale skin.
Ambition: To be mistaken for an Hawaiian.
DALEY, Michael Likes: Baked beans.
Dislikes: Brussels Sprouts.
Ambition: To rule the world.
D'AMBRA, Adrian Likes: Tall girls.
Dislikes: Short girls.
Ambition: To have a tall girlfriend.
DOWLING, Michael Likes: Blondes.
Dislikes: Brunettes.
Ambition: To keep a blonde girl friend.
DUSEK, Martin Likes: Drinking, gambling and staying out all night.
Dislikes: Warm beer.
Ambition: To fulfill my 'likes'.
EICHENBAUM, Diane Likes: Playing volleyball with the boys.
Dislikes: Being hit by a runaway volleyball.
Ambition: Volleyball Champion 10 years running.
ELLIOTT, Wendy Likes: Being looked up at by 1st formers.
Dislikes: Being looked down on by 1st formers.
Ambition: Being able to look down on 1st formers.
GAN, Poh Suan Likes: Sleeping and eating.
Dislikes: Getting up and growing sideways.
Ambition: To live until the twelfth of never.

GEORGIOU, George Likes: Collecting calendars.
Dislikes: People with dirty minds.
Ambition: To be a photographer.
GIBSON, Alfred Likes: Social Studies.
Dislikes: Economics (same teacher).
Ambition: To be like Mr. Pearson.
GOODEY, Frank Likes: The opposite sex.
Dislikes: The same sex. (Which one?)
Ambition: To fulfill his nympholeptic desires.
HATCH, Rosemary Likes: The Six Million Dollar Man.
Dislikes: Men with less than six million dollars.
Ambition: To be the first bionic lady.
HAYNE, Madeleine Likes: Nice guys.
Dislikes: Un-nice guys.
Ambition: To meet a nice guy.
HENNINGHAM, Peta Likes: Herself (part of the time).
Dislikes: Herself (the rest of the time).
Ambition: Librarian.
HENRY, Ray Likes: Strawberry jam sandwiches and baked beans.
Dislikes: Spaghetti.
Ambition: World-champion spaghetti eater.
HERRMANN, Karin Likes: Independence.
Dislikes: Inquisitive Voyager reporters.
Ambition: To overcome her allergy to nuts.
HILL, Allan Likes: Goldfish (live).
Dislikes: Goldfish (dead).
Ambition: To swallow 500 live goldfish.
HILL, Sue Likes: Pudding in mud and fingerpainting.
Dislikes: Routine.
Ambition: Astronaut.
HO, Kah Meng Likes: Globe-trotting.
Dislikes: Cold weather (as in Melbourne, Vic.).
Ambition: To improve herself. (Just how???)
HUSSEIN, Karen Likes: er... no... ah! of course... something like that.
Dislikes: er... mmm... yuk!! bleah... Ugh!!
Ambition: er... let's see... Aahh!! yeah!! that's it!!! yeah!!
JOHNSON, Karl Likes: ?
Dislikes: ?
Ambition: ?
JOHNSTON, Gary Likes: Neil Diamond's hairy chest.
Dislikes: Bald heads.
Ambition: To have a hairy chest.
KASSIM, Amir Likes: Friendship.
Dislikes: Maths.
Ambition: To be a tight-rope walker.
KEIN, Keith Likes: Toy aeroplanes.
Dislikes: His toy planes that don't fly.
Ambition: To fly.
KISSEY, Jude Likes: Marlboro advertisements.
Dislikes: Rain (ie).
Ambition: To travel (anywhere, anyhow).
KRSZTEKANITS, Suzie Likes: Her centre part.
Dislikes: Blondes.
Ambition: Never to go grey.
LOONG, Mei Kuen Likes: People who like her.
Dislikes: People who dislike her.
Ambition: To be a successful business-man.



Marina Coyle, VIC

FORM SIX/ TEACHER MORNING COFFEES

In keeping with a tradition set by the Matric. class of '72, a weekly get-together between form six and any interested staff was held on Tuesdays between March and June. Run on a totally non-profit basis, the idea was for H.S.C. people to come together as a group separate from the rest of the school and meet our teachers on an informal footing.

At first, gatherings were supported strongly, with almost a hundred people

crowded into the corridor of the Science Wing, chatting, sipping tea or coffee and munching on biscuits. However, enthusiasm waned as the year progressed, and as June Exams loomed ahead threateningly, and life became more hectic, fewer students could find the time (and energy) to climb the mountain of steps to the Science Wing. Meetings were disbanded shortly before Exams (very shortly) but were, we hope, enjoyed by all who attended.



MARKS, Trevor Likes: Wet rain.
Dislikes: Dry rain.
Ambition: To be a cloud. (Wet.)
MANSOR, Lela Likes: Food.
Dislikes: Caterpillars.
Ambition: To be a champion ice-skater.
McCASKILL, Alistair Likes: Black jelly-beans.
Dislikes: Dried coconut.
Ambition: To live on a desert island that has a coconut-palm tree growing black jelly-beans.
MEGAT-SHAMSUDDIN, Likes: Her family.
Dislikes: Dogs.
Ambition: To be the best doctor in the Southern Hemisphere.
MEREDITH, Heather Likes: Sydney.
Dislikes: Melbourne.
Ambition: To live in Sydney.
MILLER, Ian Likes: Caroline's big sister.
Dislikes: Caroline's little brother.
Ambition: To be a football for St. Kilda F.C.
MOHD-NOOR, Rainie Likes: Spiders.
Dislikes: Snakes.
Ambition: To be surgical assistant to Count Frankenstein.
MORGAN, Rod Likes: Bunyips.
Dislikes: Polar bears.
Ambition: To explore a black lagoon.
PATERSON, Sue Likes: Saturday nights (with...).
Dislikes: Monday morning's (with Mr. Pearson).
Ambition: To make it (what).
PENNEFATHER, Gary Likes: The song 'Good golly Miss Molly'.
Dislikes: Making thank-you speeches.
Ambition: To be unambitious.
PETER, Sarah Likes: Scandal.
Dislikes: Scandal about myself.
Ambition: To become a photographer for Cleo magazine.
PHILLIPS, Michael Likes: Basketball.
Dislikes: Netball.
Ambition: To be the first white Harlem Globe Trotter.
PURI, Neeta Likes: Food, maths and having fun.
Dislikes: People with frizzy hair.
Ambition: To travel.
REA, Janine Likes: Talking in Maths.
Dislikes: Distractions during Pure Maths.
Ambition: Maths teacher (the impossible dream?)
ROWELL, Pam Likes: Surfing.
Dislikes: Conceited people.
Ambition: Anything under the sun.
SAIDIN, Hasan Likes: Student-concession movies.
Dislikes: Melbourne's cold weather.
Ambition: To electrocute the world's population, and live alone.
SEAMER, Libby Likes: Rats.
Dislikes: Rat exterminators.
Ambition: To have fourteen little rats.
SAMMONS, Lesley Likes: Talking and eating.
Dislikes: Being skinny and my hair chucking a frizz.
Ambition: To grow up and get fatter.
SHERWIN, Robert Likes: Mohammed Ali's speeches.
Dislikes: Conservative pigs.
Ambition: To fly to the moon. (Keep flapping Bobby.)

SIMONS, Lesli Likes: Frank Goody.
Dislikes: High cigarette prices.
Ambition: To develop a cheap cigarette.
SMITH, Brenda Likes: Travelling and dirty jokes.
Dislikes: Being told good things come in small packages.
Ambition: To grow to five feet two.
SWARC, Francesca Likes: Classical guitar music.
Dislikes: People smoking in non-smoking compartments.
Ambition: To be free to do as I please.
RENEWOLDEN, Bruce Likes: Sunny days.
Dislikes: News reporters.
Ambition: To enjoy as many sunny days as possible.
SOMERVILLE, Anne Likes: Her own thank-you speeches.
Dislikes: Meglamaniac dictators.
Ambition: 'Speech maker of the year' award.
STERN, Aviva Likes: To lose weight on a diet of toasted marshmallows.
Dislikes: The thought of having false teeth.
Ambition: To weigh six stone three.
THE, Peng Suan Likes: Photographing models.
Dislikes: Mr. Conquest's English essay topics.
Ambition: To be allowed to write 'free' essays.
THIEDEMAN, Shane Likes: Seeing the Poms being thrashed in cricket.
Dislikes: Phillip Lynch.
Ambition: To be P.M. of Sri Lanka and follow in Idi Amin's footsteps.
TIMTSCHENKO, Sonja Likes: Peppermint tea with raw sugar.
Dislikes: Oversalted fried eggs.
Ambition: To pass H.S.C. in no more than six attempts.
TOLMIE, Alistair Likes: Chewing gum.
Dislikes: Four inch asparagus.
Ambition: To cultivate a 15" asparagus.
WALLS, Gen Likes: Free periods.
Dislikes: Cabbage water.
Ambition: To be a domestic cabbage.
WATT, Claire Likes: Light.
Dislikes: Dark.
Ambition: To be a light bulb.
WHETTON, Peter Likes: Coming to school for Maths on Private Study days(?)
Dislikes: Windy Wednesdays.
Ambition: A hole-in-one.
WOBCKE, Karen Likes: Driving Andrew's car.
Dislikes: Smashing up Andrew's car.
Ambition: To attain driving licence in less than six attempts.
WOOD, Jenny Likes: Hard work (?)
Dislikes: Leaving school.
Ambition: To be a footy umpire, otherwise a plumber.
SEMMENS, Arleen Likes: 'Take me home, country roads'.
Dislikes: Spiders greater than 0.001 in diameter.
Ambition: To study garbology at R.M.I.T.
ZOIS, Andrew Likes: Making friends.
Dislikes: Losing friends.
Ambition: To graft orange trees with marijuana bushes.
TUTTLEBY, Chris Likes: Hot 1948 Holdens.
Dislikes: Owners of the factors of production.
Ambition: To see a Socialist Revolution in Australia.



SENIOR FOOTBALL——

This year the Senior Football Team was selected from a squad of 23 members, and although a full side played each week, we unfortunately only won one match which was played against Highett.

The results of each match were as follows:

McKinnon d. Brighton by 2 goals
Beaumaris d. Brighton by 6 goals
Brighton d. Highett by 3 goals
Hampton d. Brighton by 10 points.

Throughout the season several players applied a consistent effort to each match. They were — Gary Pennefather, Peter Turnbull, James Crane, Gary Hill and Trevor Marks.

Many thanks to Mr. Shirrefs for going to each match with us and giving the team encouragement.

Ian Miller (capt.)



The team this year was very successful in losing only one of the five games we played. This game was lost to a skillful ELWOOD side in a high standard game played at Albert Park Stadium. The squad consisted of: Carl Johnson, Neil Clelland, Mic Phillips, Chris Quenel, Ross Phillips, George Vidovic, Phillip Gibbons, David Le Page. Scorer: Chris Wayman. Coach and Umpire: Mr. McLean.

RESULTS: Brighton defeated McKINNON (33-21), Brighton defeated BEAUMARIS (71-17), Brighton defeated HIGHETT (58-33), Brighton defeated HAMPTON (47-21), ELWOOD defeated Brighton (36-21).

(Phillip Gibbons)



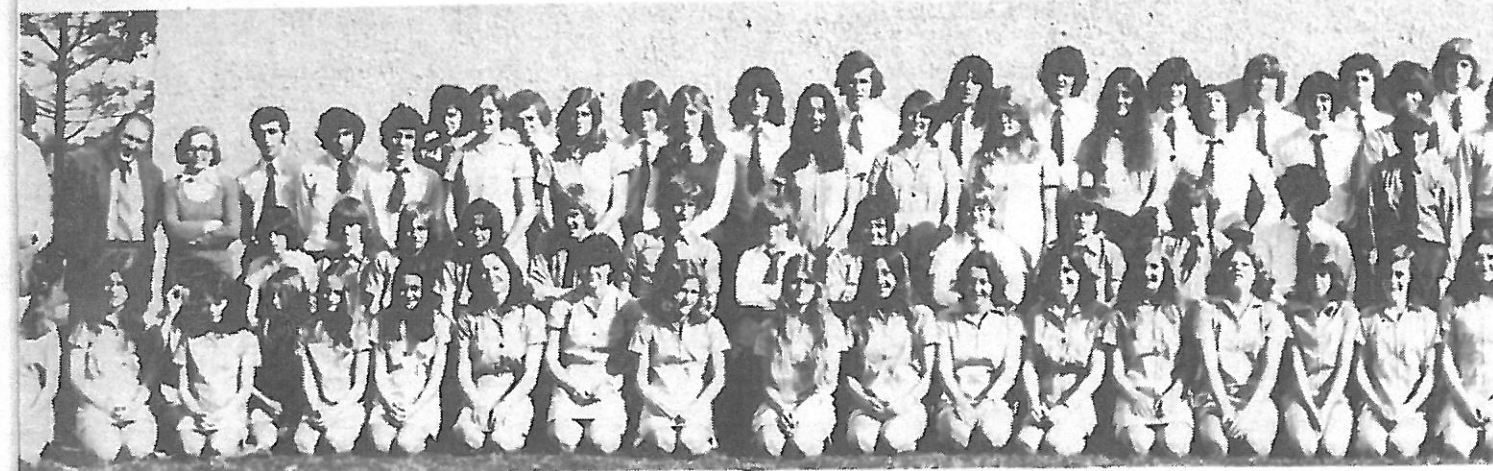
SENIOR SOFTBALL REPORT——

The senior softball team had quite a successful year, losing only our last match. The team played well together, beating McKINNON, ELWOOD, HIGHETT, but after a close first half we lost to HAMPTON 4-9.

The team members were: Sue Patterson, Debbie Green, Rosemary Hatch, Heather Meredith, Liz Hatch, Yvonne Hirsh, Glenda van Twest, Judy Turner, Liz Eggart, Donna Rea.

Thanks to all who were involved with the team.

(Liz Eggart & Judy Turner)



ATHLETICS REPORT——

This year the inter-school athletics were held on the 9th of October. The field events were due to be held on the 8th, at Dendy Park but due to rain they were cancelled. Unfortunately, this year, due to lack of training and enthusiasm we did not produce our best effort. We finished either 3rd or 4th, which is a considerable drop of standard from previous years when our usual position was 1st. So come on Brighton High don't rest on your laurels. How about making it back to first next year.

HOUSE SWIMMING SPORTS——

During the second week of first term the House Swimming Sports were held. Everyone who competed tried their hardest. And there was great school spirit amongst the spectators. The standard of swimming at Brighton High is improving every year and many records were broken.

RESULTS: 1st MURRAY, 2nd PHILLIP, 3rd LONSDALE, 4th GRANT.

Many swimmers were successful in the division sports but we didn't do as well as in other years.

RESULTS: 1st U/13 relay: P. Hough, M. Storey, N. Jeffry, S. Cooper; 1st U/16 freestyle: Robyn Chellow; 1st U/17 50m. butterfly: Donna Rea; 1st U/17 100m. freestyle: Donna Rea; 1st open breaststroke: Janis Goudie; 1st open diving: Leonie Fryer.

In the Southern Zone finals, held on the 2nd of April the above mentioned swimmers competed. The most successful was Leonie Fryer who came 1st in the open diving.

(Donna Rea)

THE HOUSE ATHLETICS——

The House Athletics were held during the last week of term 1, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday afternoons. As it was raining the spectators had the option of staying at school. Nevertheless we had a faithful band of cheerers every afternoon.

The results: 1st Lonsdale, 2nd Grant, 3rd Phillip, 4th Murray.

Best efforts from: Pam Rowell, Gayle Armstrong, Jamie Surgh, Chris Quenel, James Crane, Ian Millar, Jenny Wilson, Marina Popovic, Jackie Bartholomewsz, Jodie, Sue Kreymborg, Patricia Storey, Peter Turnbull, James Crane, Lindsay Prideaux.

SENIOR SOCCER REPORT——

The Brighton High Soccer team played five games in term 2. Due to lack of strength in the back line and lack of co-operation among the players, we were not successful in any of these games. I hope that next year we will have a stronger and more organized team. It is worth mentioning that there were players like J. Kessy and P. Newman who tried hard. Other good players were: A. Gienokis, F. Couturier, M. Rath.

Captain: V. Kaniewski. Vice-Captain: P. Newman.



*Due to the negation
of the sports liftout,
some reports and
photos have been
omitted.
My apologies to those
affected.
Glenda Van Twest.*



SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL——

Senior girls basketball this year, although strong in numbers was not strong in play. We were unsuccessful in all three matches. In the first game we were so disheartened that when it started raining at half time we gave up and resigned ourselves to defeat. The other two matches we managed to score and play the full length of the games. Scores were Brighton 0 McKinnon 16, Brighton 12 Highett 30, Brighton 4 Hampton 20. (Rukshana Cader, Gayle Armstrong, Liz Hatch, Shelley Rogan, Jill Gall)



SENIOR GIRLS' HOCKEY——

During second term we played five games. The results were: Brighton drew with McKINNON (1-1), Brighton defeated BEAUMARIS (3-0), Brighton drew with HIGHETT (0-0), Brighton defeated ELWOOD (4-0), HAMPTON defeated Brighton (1-0). Due to our only loss to HAMPTON we failed to reach the finals. We also played a "friendly game" against FIRBANK which turned out to be very rough. We lost (0-6).

Congratulations to Camilla Warboys who was selected for the State under 16 state team.

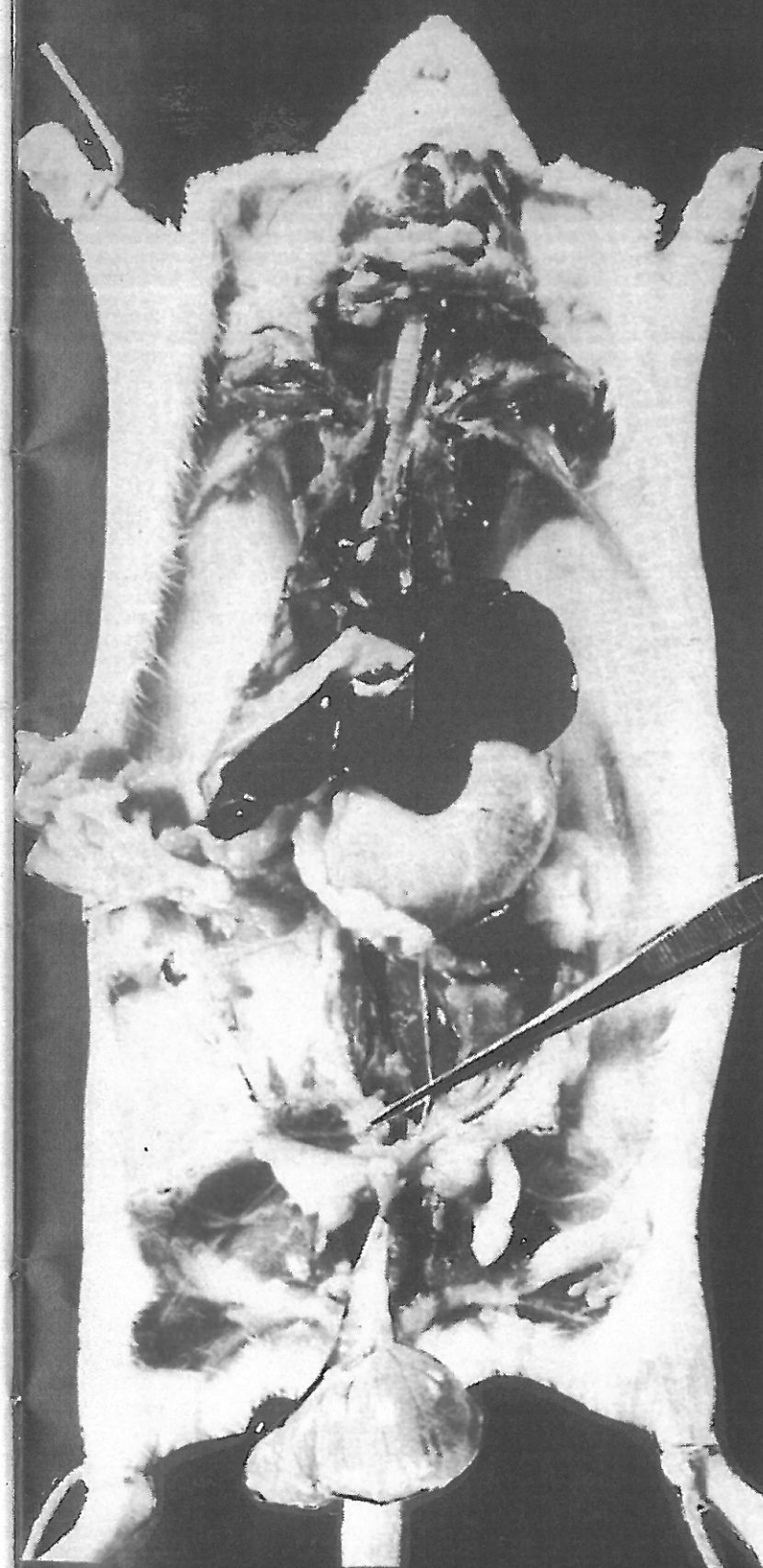
(Christine Renfree)

SENIOR GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL——

Brighton defeated McKINNON (3-0), Brighton defeated BEAUMARIS (2-0), Brighton defeated HIGHETT (3-0), Brighton defeated ELWOOD (walkover), Brighton defeated HAMPTON (cancelled).

The cancelled game against Hampton was given to Hampton which unfortunately prevented Brighton from playing in the finals.

The team consisted of: Jenny Ajzenbud, Dianne Eichenbaum, Liz Eggart, Marina Popovic, Sonya Timtschenko, Rosalie Triolo, Sue Windmiller, Sue Wood, Rhonda Walton.



MICE AREN'T MEN, ARE THEY?

The Rat, staring avidly, strolled leisurely amongst the stark, bare cages of his bleak, unicameral domain. Situated in each miniscule compartment was a mouse, each who bore a tag.

The Rat perceived that mouse TK107 was depressed. He wasn't responding as briskly to the electrically stimulated impulses and the flashing psychedelic lights. He had enabled the penetration of his mind and was affected. This unprecedented occurrence slightly disconcerted the Rat, but he consoled himself with the thought that in his hands only lay the power to remedy the situation.

He moved on to the community cage, the site of his experiment. He was investigating the effects of six mice sharing a cage, yet not influencing each other. A107 was excellent today, her responses to the stimulation of REO 3MA were precise. He decided to honor her by talking to her.

"A107, you have again worthily upheld your cognomen of Philum Chordata."

"Thank you, Sir. It is the least that I could possibly do."

"Do you enjoy your duty?"

"Of course, Sir."

The Rat smiled sarcastically. Little did A107 know that she would be carrying out her duties and obeying orders for the rest of her life. She would always be under control.

Meanwhile TK107 deteriorated further. His mind no longer registered anything except the lights. He had to be exterminated. He would soon have the situation under his control.

After a few interviews with A107 the atmosphere changed, unnoticed by the Rat. He was momentarily blinded by his developing partiality to the tiny mouse. The mouse was no longer subservient, timid and meek, her confidence even allowed her the audacity to forward a suggestion.

"Well, I don't think the mice can develop to their full potential if they are separated."

"And why not?" questioned the surprised Rat.

"They can't develop to their full potential, considering their circumstances. They..."

"What! Are you daring to criticize me? There is nothing wrong with your circumstances. You should be perfectly happy. I will have no more of this talk. It is unheard of. I knew the moment I gave some freedom, you would exploit my kind benevolence. The world was destroyed because we had too many individuals. When an individual thinks he is important he will take everything that will accommodate his needs. It should be axiomatic to you that there is an indisputable need for conformity."

The vitriolic attack ended with the Rat stalking off and leaving behind a dejected mouse. She had bided her time awaiting the fitting moment to present her bombshell. The previous weeks had been her awakening. The realisation of the appalling, lack-lustre future and the equally shocking present had goaded into action. She had to take advantage of the Rat's partiality towards her.

She had to educate her peer but she shared the cage with only four others. This was her obstacle in advocating a larger community cage. Her efforts, however, had been frustrated. Meanwhile the Rat reproached himself for his lack of willpower and stayed clear of her cage for a while. This enabled her to organize meetings and rally her support.

But the venture was doomed, when the Rat overheard a secret conversation between two mice. This enabled him to perceive the gist of the tête-à-tête and plan his action. His first thought was total decimation of all the mice but he realized the extremeness of his idea.

Only later did he realize that the originator of the plan was A107. Scarcely able to control his emotions, he sought a solution to permanently terminate the coup and the possibility of its future occurrence. Simple. Brainwashing. He trapped her and indoctrinated her with his tenet that all mice should be under absolute control of Himself. To the 'new' A107:

"You are my vassal. You cannot think. You obey me."

"Yes, Your Excellency."

A107 to her fellow mice:

"You follow me. I have recently been giving you ideas, which after reconsideration, I consider wrong. Conformity is our motto. It is the only possible situation. It enables everyone to be on the same level, equal. Of course, I'm right because I'm of a higher intelligence than you."



1975 Choral Festival

Eight o'clock was approaching, and people were still entering Holland Hall, filling the rows of seats rapidly. Behind the scenes, Lonsdale, Murray, Grant, and Phillip were experiencing last minute "jitters", (known to be a common ailment suffered by choir members). The superb, tolerant and musically gifted conductresses, Dianne Eichenbaum (Lonsdale), Elizabeth Hatch (Murray), Mary Kyriakou (Grant) and Vicki McMennemin (Phillip), were giving wise words of wisdom, and of course, frightful warnings. All four conductresses made a special point, of stressing the fact, that if the choir's conductress happened to fall off the conductor's stand, the choir members had to continue singing, without laughing (or else . . .!).

Lonsdale was the first choir to perform, commencing with 'Amazing Grace' (the set song), followed by 'Hava Nagila' and ending arrestingly with 'House of the Rising Sun', which was accompanied by Adam Whitbread, on guitar. Lonsdale's performance of 'Hava Nagila', topped their three songs; lifting the spirit of the audience. Praise is given to conductress Dianne Eichenbaum, for her control over her choir.

Murray second to perform, gave the audience their interpretation of 'Amazing Grace', and engrossed the assembly with 'Pick a Pocket', and 'You've Got a Friend'. With the instruction of their musically gifted conductress, Elizabeth Hatch, Murray was able to display their singing, and their enthusiasm. A well presented choir. Well done Murray.

Grant a large enthusiastic choir, was third to perform. They commenced with a glorious opening in 'Amazing Grace'; captured the audience's attention, and held it, with 'Sing a Rainbow', and ended their bracket energetically, with 'Everytime I Feel the Spirit'. Men's entries were exceptionally good. A well controlled and disciplined choir. Well done conductress Mary Kyriakou.

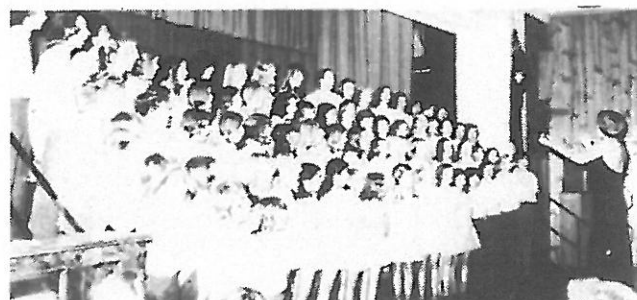
Phillip conducted by the musically talented, Vicki McMennemin, presented their moving version of 'Amazing Grace'; enlivened the assembly with 'Money Money' (Cabaret), and with their poignant song, 'I Believe', ended their performance serenely. The tonal shadings of Phillip's songs were exceptionally good. Well done Phillip.

Grant proved to be the conquerors of the 1975 Choral Festival. We congratulate Grant on their win, and for their first Choral Festival win in history. Hope to see Grant many more times on the winning-stand in future. With not many points behind, Phillip, Lonsdale and Murray, obtained praise worthy criticism.

The choirs and their four conductresses, would like to extend their thanks to Mrs. Batour, who, with her infinite musical knowledge, helped to shape the choirs. Thanks is also given to Miss Mayson, for her help in organizing the practices, and her enthusiasm. We would like to thank the pianists; Sue Gishen (Grant), Jenny Taylor (Murray); Ralph Hollenberg and Elizabeth Angwin (Phillip); also Vicki O'Donahoe (Lonsdale) for their fine work.

The 1975 Choral Festival was a success, with an interesting variety of songs. We look forward to many more successful Choral Evenings in the future.

Written by MARY KYRIAKOU, 5A



John Roberts was a student at Brighton High School ten years ago. He left in 1971. While at the school he played an important part in the annual Drama and Choral Festivals. He has continued this interest, and for the last three years has been successfully recording his work in England.

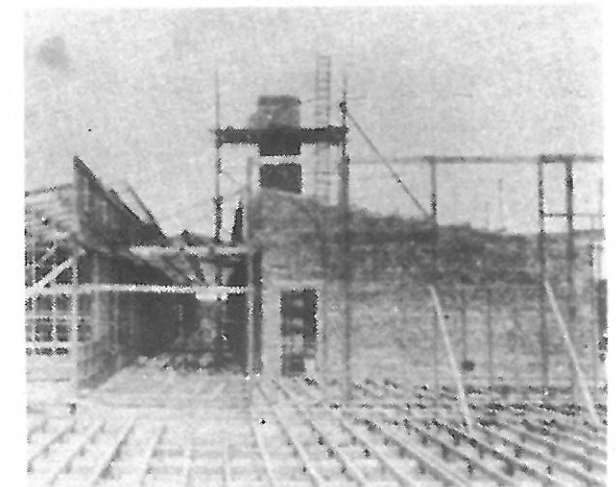
A film has been made of his work, and was shown at the Bentleigh Cinema earlier this year. He records under the name of John Christie.

GOING BACK IN TIME

While thinking about putting this formidable magazine together, we decided that we needed desperate help. The original idea was to construct a magnificent work of art with \$1200 — the total sum of finances made available. Great expectations became us. We wanted a psychedelic cover of smiling students and a hundred and twenty-eight pages, all in full colour. Just think of it!! Then came the blow. Our grand finances would cover precisely one tenth of expenses incurred from this operation. A drastic alteration in thinking patterns was necessary.

Well, we decided to look up some old magazines for economical ideas, and EUREKA!! We found some rather unusual photos that can still be reflected on the school to this day. For instance, Mr. Frank has been here longer than any other teacher. As evidence, we dug up a very early photo of our youthful P.E. teacher. To quieten any disbelievers, here are some old masterpieces from the school's inauspicious beginnings in 1956 up to the present day. See what YOU think of them. . . .

— Peter Turnbull V



SCHOOL SPIRIT — THE DYING ART

The word 'spirit' has a number of meanings:

- 1 Intelligent or immaterial part of man (well, if it's not intelligent, at least it's immaterial).
- 2 Rational or intelligent being not connected with material body. (Since spirit is not connected with material body, that accounts for all the immobile bodies around the school — they must have super-active minds.)
- 3 Strong distilled liquor, esp. alcohol (obtainable from sick bay when suffering exhaustion from studies).
- 4 Courage (smoking in the Locker Rooms at lunch-time). Self-assertion (appointing yourself form captain). (Energy (supplied by school canteen food at super-exorbitant prices). Dash (dashing in to form assembly at 5 to 9). Cheerfulness (most obvious on days of early dismissal). Bouyancy (perhaps — but the school swimming pool has yet to be built). Depression (very rare at Brighton High). Animation (commences at 3.15 p.m.). Rebellion (not to be mentioned louder than a whisper!).
- 5 Immaterial principle (or is that spelt 'principal?') governing vital phenomena (well, that's one way of putting it. . .).

by Gayle Armstrong, 5A



Photo by courtesy of the "Age"
Ian Sellers winning the 800 yds. at
Southern High Schools' Sports

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR CREIGHTON (ALIAS THE LONE STRANGER)

Yes! We are about to introduce or reintroduce you all to Mr. Creighton.
Mr. Creighton . . . um . . . I don't think he teaches me . . . ?! I know, the one with the funny accent. (Not too hard to understand.)

On immediate meeting with Mr. Creighton in the library conference room I put to him the question of his recognition of his lingual problem. He beamed at me and said (in his funny accent):

"Well . . . We all have accents. Yours is not too difficult to understand if you do not talk too quickly."

In case you did not know, Mr. Creighton's accent is the direct result from living in Canada. Yes, Canada! Even (would you believe it) Toronto! You may say: "Is that why he wears a cowboy hat and carries a gun?"

Well, actually, he doesn't. Usually, it's a smile and a newspaper. And Canada it appears is quite civilized! Even Ronald McDonald has a home there. Oh, but Canada doesn't have Homicide or Willesee, I bet, Mr. Creighton?

"Homicide? Actually, I've never watched it. But yes, I have watched Willesee and I find it a well-documented program. And, while we're talking, (once you start him, well . . .) I might say that recess breaks are a marvellous institution, and one we do not have in Canada (just as you thought). Yard duty is an excellent opportunity to talk to students I don't teach in my regular class. It is not a horrible, onerous task (hear that all you grumpy B.H.S. teachers!). Mr. Chamber's car is very roomy but the steering-wheel is on the wrong side; otherwise it is an excellent car (Australian model, of course).

"Well, Mr. C., are you enjoying yourself?"

"Immensely. This is a marvellous country and the main frustration is that there is so much to see in the short time of a year."

Yes, Mr. Creighton, teacher of Economics, Current Affairs and Canadian Studies(?) is leaving at the end of the year. He is an exchange teacher replacing Mr. Chambers, who is at the moment teaching in Toronto.

"I will be sorry to leave this pleasant weather. You know Winter was a surprise because I am used to a dormant period. It seemed more like Spring — so many flowers, etc., budding and blooming."

Well Mr. C., we will be very sorry to see you go (he's promised to return one day). We hope it will be back to B.H.S. So, as you leave just let me ask you this: "What did the Lone Stranger say to his Indian friend on the way to Canada?"

"Show me the way to the promised land?"

(Not quite, Mr. C.) To Toronto pronto Tonto. Bye-bye Mr. C.

Suzie, VI

My mind is lost, I stand here confused
Shall I enter and break this news?
Of the corruptness, trouble, gnawing my soul
The empty hollowness of my heart.

Worthless — the action would be futile
amongst the smiling, chattering faces
They would not care, why should they care?
I'm but their snail, caught by their hare

It's bleak out here, the cold affects my brain
I'm pink and purple, covered in pain
But I dare not enter, not for a laugh
That would cost five-and-twenty smiles.

I hear the laughter, I've heard it before.
That's the loud ring of Mrs. Bennet
or the shrill cackle of old Miss Jones.
It's all the same — it all means nothing.

The snow is falling, pure white flakes
Scatter under me, over the rooves
It's no longer cold; I believe I saw
the picture of a man, pure as the virgin snow.
I can enter now, he pointed the way.
Why should I not mingle, be part of the crowd?
At least there's a dark fire, burning on fuel
by which I can stand with a smile on my face.

There it's not cold, not cold at all
I wonder if the man outside, whom I just saw
can hear my noise, my false pretence.
Should I call him in, to the circle of events?



STONE DEAD

Brown and muddy
Was the Jersey cow
That lay in the soft, wet mud
Still and lifeless, in the hot desert plain.
The vultures circled around it
After seeing it die in the soft, drying mud.
Then they landed
And fanned it with their wings
And started singing their war-like cry
Then they pecked it and tore at its flesh
Till only the head was left
Then they flew away.
And let the head rot away.

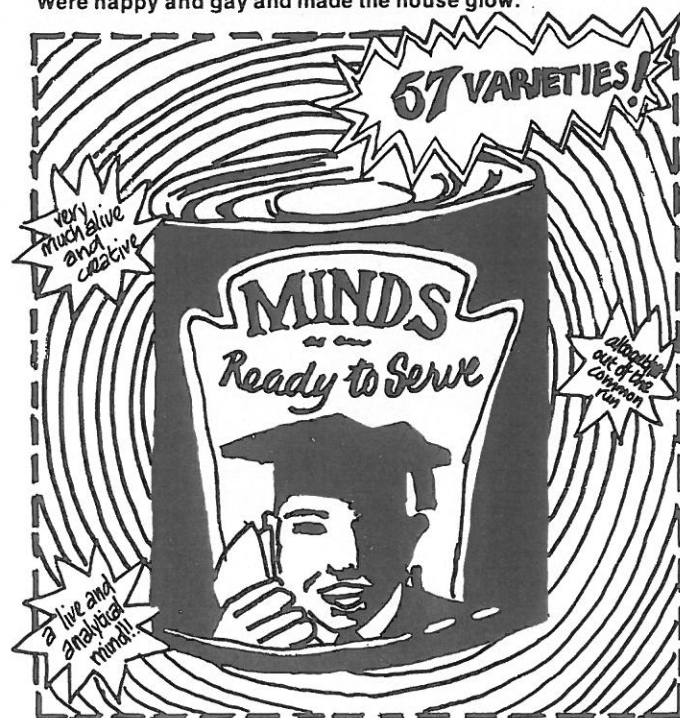


Shelly Rogan

ALONE

Alone in the room, four walls and a door
Nobody there but the cracks on the wall.
There's a chair in the corner, that no-one will use
The mat on the floor which is always abused
The paint on the door, that you can hardly see.
Because down through the years it's been battered you see
The walls are so old, you can nearly see through
With drawings on the wall made by a young earthy child
Maybe the people who lived here long ago
Were happy and gay and made the house glow.

Maria Kinsella



THE FIRST MEN ON THE MOON

It was a magnificent desolation
As the first men landed on the moon
And as they stepped down,
Their bodies were weightless
And the shadowy outlines could be seen
On the surface of the moon
As they flew homeward
Thousands of stars twinkled in the sky
Like asterisks.

Jenny McEwan, Form 2A

POEM ON THE MOON

It was very lonely, like the bottom of the sea
No-one around us, no-one to see.
With large waterless seas
And towering mountains
With the dusty lunar soil
And never-ending craters.

Gerry Sutterby, Form 2A

THE MOON

A vast, silvery grey loneliness
A magnificent desolation
Two men, alone, miles from Earth
Away from all civilization
Armstrong and Aldrin walking
On an almost nil-gravity planet
A useless planet.

Robert Mulholland, Form 2A



BRIGHTON HIGH: OUR PRESENT and FUTURE SCHOOL

(N.B. crystal balls, cards and fortune cookies were purchased from a reliable dealer)

The Present:

The school is run and ruled by a principal person and a small handful of advisors — vices and deputies of this and that (there are no marshalls as yet.)

All matters of importance such as the changing of the time table, the purchase of new equipment, suspensions, students sprung smoking, kids wearing coloured scarves and beanies on cold, frosty mornings, just to mention a few, are all brought before this small yet dominating section of the school.

Every student is compelled to wear a grey and terribly "unique" type of uniform. Those who for personal reasons are unable to accept their uniform, are provided with a definite solution:

"Find yourself another school, kid!" So faced with this situation the students dress five days a week in their pure wool and expensive garment. Undoubtedly, uniform does have advantages: The grey colouring conceals grubby stains (although toothpaste blotches do stand out on your jumper.) But I'm stating the advantages such as umm . . . ummm . . . Well you don't have to spend time deciding what to wear tomorrow — it's all there on the floor! No-one looks better or worse than anyone cause we all look equally shabby! There is one advantage for a certain party which may not seem apparent at first — STRAWS get a great business out of us suckers!! Which leads me to a controversial question: Do any staff members hold any shares in Straws, or is this a purely idiotic question that no one will bother to answer?

The school building is notable for its long draughty corridors, the slippery lino, the various classroom wall colours of murky greens and pinks. The hall is large and distinguished looking and provides us with some interesting features. For instance, the unusual way the heat remains in the vicinity of the stage and the incredible fact that the ingenious Sherlock Sherrifs with the assistance of Dr. Taylor, have still been unable to track down the Phantom Whistler of Holland Hall (pull up your socks boys)

Like many other privileged schools, Brighton now has a Commonwealth Library, which now seems a very necessary part of our school. It is hopeful that schools in areas such as Fitzroy, may obtain enough money from the Government for a new set of toilets so that staff members no longer have to use the few available for the students.

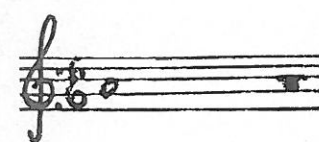
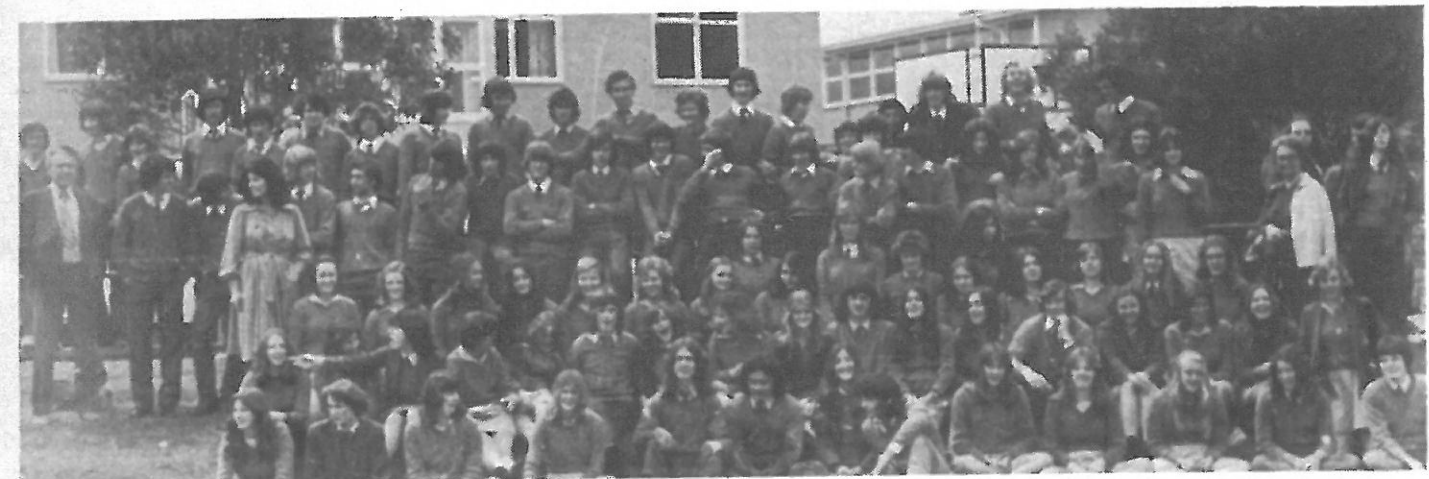
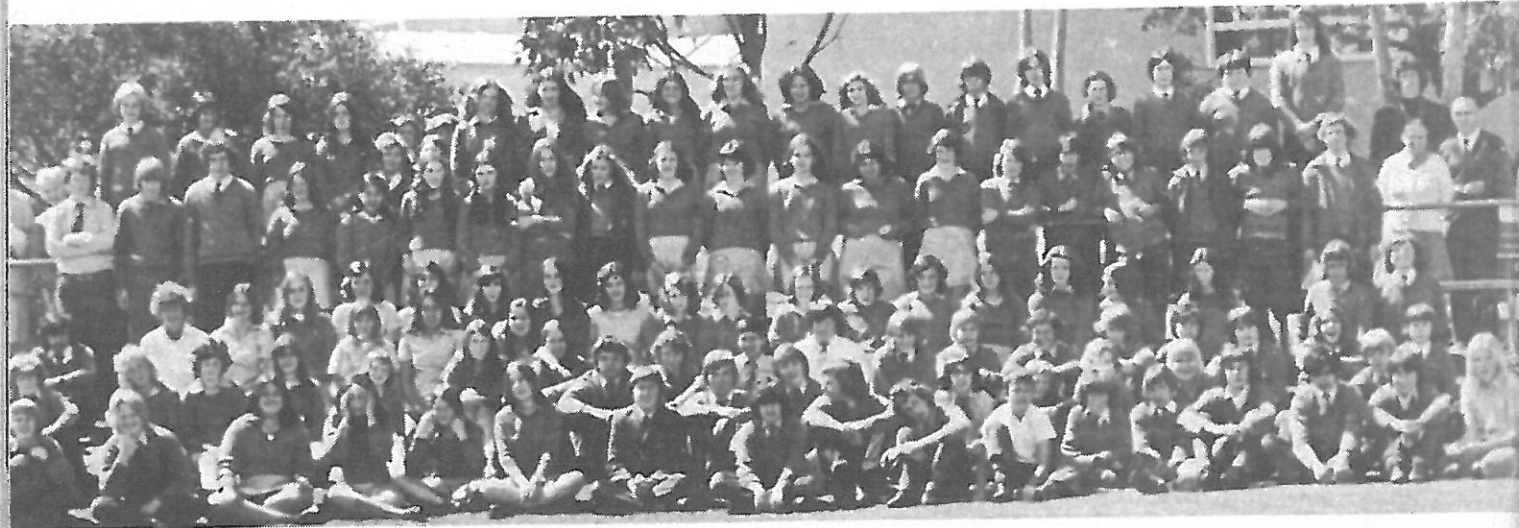
THE FUTURE

The time has come to gaze into the crystal ball, read the cards and munch on fortune cookies. It is difficult to say how near or distant the future may be. From my research I was able to discover some interesting possibilities. As I gazed into the ball I saw strange things. . . . Where are those deputies and principal peoples? Gone to visit mum perhaps? Wait, . . . there are pension cheques fluttering around in the crystal ball! Could this be? The pensioners have been replaced by a larger group of teachers and golly gosh, it seems incredible but yes, there is an equal number of students present and it looks as though they're having a conference. They're reviewing old school rules — most of them are landing in the bin. Could it be that this group is running the school? A vision of an election day where every student is voting for a candidate must surely support this astounding development.

As far as I can see, no student wears any sort of uniform. Perhaps all students are compelled to wear casuals, yet this is debatable as every student appears to have freedom of choice — another startling discovery. The interior and exterior part of the school are of bright and at the same time peaceful designs: to stimulate the pupil's mind perhaps? Extra subjects like Indonesian, Chinese, Italian and other languages are taught. Religious Education has branched out into wider fields of spiritual development. The hockey fields are occupied by meditating yoga students with their resident swami. Their meditating is aided by the harmonious sounds of flutes, violins and guitars performed by the now well-instructed students. Films, speeches, debates, and concerts are now part of the syllabus. Time for a snack; grab a tray, and move along the cafeteria aisle, casting an eye over the hot savory dishes, the variety of delicious fruits, mouthwatering sweets and the assortment of drinks. Lastly fork out the money to one of the cashiers. Find yourself a comfy chair and dig into your tucker. Apparently all the mummies are no longer needed so they can spend their afternoon drinking coffee with Tony Barber. Cranky, frowning faces have disappeared along with the legend of the Gestapo.

My crystal ball is clouding quickly yet there is enough time to see a humorous civvies day where everyone is dressed in faded, grey uniforms with the good old toothpaste stains.

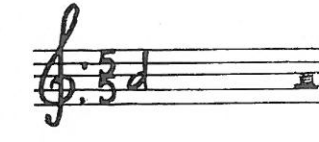
You may wonder how credible these prophesies (?) are; I myself am uncertain. One thing is for certain though, all things must pass (hopefully) and change is inevitable, whatever the obstructions.



FORM 6A
Boys
Neil Clelland
Michael Dowling
Martin Dusek
Alfred Gibson
Alan Hill
Carl Johnson
Gary Johnston
Keith Kein
Trevor Marks
Robert Sherwin
Andrew Zois
Girls
Julie Abelas
Vicki Abzatz
Jenny Azenbud
Diane Eichenbaum
Sue Hill
Susie Krsztekani
Susan Paterson
Elizabeth Seamer
Lesley Simons
Claire Watt

FORM 6B
Boys
Michael Daley
Adrian D'Ambra
George Georgiou
Amir Kassim
Alistair McCaskill
Rod Morgan
Michael Phillips
Alistair Tolmie
Chris Tuttleby
Girls
Maura Conneely
Wendy Elliott
Madeleine Hayne
Kah Meng Ho
Putri Megat
Heather Meredith
Noraini Mohd-Noor
Lela Mansor
Janine Rae
Pamela Rowell
Arleen Semmens
Anne Somerville
Aviva Stern

FORM 6C
Boys
David Birch
John Carson
Leo Corcoran
Poh Suan Gan
Francis Goody
Raymond Henry
Karim Hussein
Jude Kissey
Ian Miller
Gary Pennefather
Hasan Saidin
Peng Suan The
Shane Thiedeman
Peter Whetton
Girls
Glenda Austin
Marina Coyle
Mei Kuen Loong
Sonja Timschenko
Genevieve Walls
FORM 6D
Boys
Bruce Renow
Girls
Elizabeth Angwin
Andrea Chapman
Lynette Culbert
Rosemary Hatch
Peta Hennigham
Karen Herrmann
Sarah Peter
Neeta Puri
Lesley Sammons
Brenda Smith
Francesca Szwarc
Karen Wobke
Jennifer Wood



FORM 5A
Boys
Jeff Bartholomeusz
Robert Benson
Stuart Billington
Chris Gale
Richard Harmer
Philip Johnson
Robert Karoly
David Le Page
Wayne McQuilten
Paul Martin
Jimmy Mercoulia
Michael Paxinos
Chris Ryan
Andrew Thomas
George Vidovic
David Waters
Girls
Gayle Armstrong
Robyn Blakeley
Anna Boymal
Elizabeth Hatch
Yvonne Hirsch
Sandra Horwill
Rosemary Kitchen

Mary Kyriakou
Darlene Middleton
Martine Ruffin
Glenda van Twest
FORM 5B
Boys
Michael Caplan
Gary Currell
Doug Hopkins
Andrew Kingsford
Harry Koutsouvelis
David Mizon
Peter Murray
Paul Newman
Jamie Singh
Peter Turnbull
Girls
Beryl Anglin
Vicki Baylis
Sandra Bissett
Rukshana Cader
Carolyn Copley
Marguerite Copley
Jayne Farrall
Anita Frenkel

Deborah Green
Janet MacGibbon
Janet Morris
Lyn Munro
Janet Nixon
Vannachit Opraseuth
Esta Papas
Maritta Pfaunder
Viengsavanh Sinbandhit
Jeanette Sdrinis
Jennifer Wilks
Hazel Wood
FORM 5C
Boys
Garry Beyer
Andrew Blake
James Crane
Steven Funke
Gary McAllister
Marcus Phillips
Chris Quenel
Simon Tannard
Phouthala Thongkham
Rod Trethewie
Girls
Sima Caplan
Felicity Childs
Despina Demiris
Catherine Edwards
Christobel Fernando
Heather Garton
Linda Gluck
Beverley Hasselmeyer
Heather Hayes
Felicity Lawry
Julie Mackie
Vicki McMennemin
Heather Misic
Joanne Rayner
Ian Trickey

FORM 5D
Boys
Norman Lee Abrams
David Cannington
Gregory Dick
John Filippou
Ian Freilvoit
Chris Georgiou
Philip Gibbons
Mark Hollowell
Gary Hill
Jim Mavriopoulos
Laurie Moore
Peter Robinson
Nick Ryder
Richard Tuttleby
Neil Wilmot
Girls
Kim Dale
Heather Ewart
Teresa Farinacci
Deborah Gluck
Kaye Goudie
Rita Mercurio
Katie Ormonde
Lee Williams
Debra Woodroffe
FORM 5E
Boys
Geoffrey Binns
Nigel Dawson
Jonathan Hall
Gary Harberger
Vlad Kaniowski
Robert Loyer
Bernard McMahon
Ross Phillips
Andrew Ratz
Don Reilly
Ian Wakeman
Adam Whitbread
Michael Soos

Girls
Christine Currie
Deborah Ford
Kirsten Hough
Miriam Jedd
Elizabeth Kantor
Maryanne Panhuber
Joanne Ryan
Lisa Taylor
Tina van Beekhuizen
Sharon Williamson
FORM 5F
Boys
Peter Barkell
Hugh (Esq.) Burton
Terry Christie
John Diamond
Peter Fradkin
Peter Gayst
Barry McLennan
Blake Meadows
Peter O'Donahoo
Chris Pankhurst
Allan Rhode
David Rothstadt
Leigh Russell
Michael Ryan
Victor Simmons
Kham Thammathevo
Les Vass
Chris Wayman
David Williams
Roy G. Biv
Girls
Paula Bannister
Anne Boutland
Gabrielle Crowley
Michelle Daw
Leonie Fryer
Bronwyn Lowe
Katrina Rawlins

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

Since Miss Brennan's arrival at Brighton High School in February 1970, students have witnessed many changes to the school environment — in a way all minor revolutions to the system. Some of the more notable changes have been:

- the abolition of detested felt hats for girls,
- blazers being made non-compulsory,
- Uniform being made non-compulsory (temporary only),
- relaxed hair-length rules,
- the option of green cords for winter,
- replacement of Prefect System with School Captains,
- gradual disappearance of National Anthem at Assemblies,
- gradual disappearance of School Song at Assemblies,
- introduction of once-a-year yard duty for students of forms I-IV.

These changes represent progress in every sense of the word. While not all of these revolutionary changes have been instigated by Miss Brennan herself, they have nevertheless been authorized and approved by her before being officially announced to the school. 1975's students may be less patriotic than 1970's, but this change is noticeable in many other schools and institutions as well. Under Miss Brennan's guidance, we have adapted to suit the situation in which we find ourselves.

Miss Brennan will be missed by students and staff alike, and we can only hope that

- (i) our new principal next year will be as competent as our past principals have been (already rumour has it that he is "O.K."), and
- (ii) that the students of Castlemaine High School will thrive under their new principal's expert governing.

Miss Brennan, we wish you every success in Castlemaine, and hope that your charges there will be more co-operative than B.H.S. students have been sometimes. Like us, they will learn that you are one person they can feel free to approach with problems of any kind. We wish you luck.

