



COVER DESIGN: PETRINA HOUGH, FORM 2

We are grateful to all those who submitted material which because of lack of space, we have not been able to use J. E. MILLAR. For the Magazine Committee



G.E.P. ROWNEY

PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

In March 1976, the then Director of Secondary Education — Mr. Roy Francis wrote to the school in terms of commendation and congratulations for the high pass rate of the Brighton High School students at the Higher School Certificate examinations.

In his letter he said, "while neither of us would claim that success in external examinations is the sole aim of a good school, nevertheless results as achieved by your students last year reflect a pride in excellence which is very gratifying."

There is room for high aim in all endeavour, and it is hoped that students passing through this school will sense this pride in excellence and carry it forward into every corner of their individual lives and their contributions to society... This call is for all undertaking and for each moment of life. Complete awareness and enjoyment of the years ahead will be impossible and without edge if the individual accepts the call of today to do one's own thing, to avoid any yard-stick and to aim at uniform mediocrity.

It is good to look back on 1977 to the many events which have shown that the school does aim high. One of the members of the Board of Review stated in the report, "the students appear a highly motivated group, proud of their school, mature, vocal and hard working. They appreciate the work their teachers put into making the school work, and the high standards they set."

The many achievements of the majority of the students on the sporting field, on the Holland Hall stage, in the class rooms and in the Community, show that there is a sense of team work, that the students measure up to a good standard and that there is a pride in excellence in many which extends far beyond the examination room. The school consists of people, the school spirit results from their interactions and there is vital need that this be good.

I welcome the formation of an Ex-Students' Association and wish its organizers well. The Silver Jubilee of the school is only two years away and traditions are becoming well established. With the support of those who have left school during the years, the standing of the school in the State will increase and its influence will be recognized.

It is to be hoped that there will always be a place for schools such as ours, and that it will be possible for the Community to say that it has benefited from the contributions of the students past and present, who have thought about and acted upon the simple, direct and important word on the Brighton High School badge — Endeavour.

G. E. P. ROWNEY,
Principal



E.A.J. MAYSON

DEPUTY PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

Have you ever thought of what our School Philosophy and Objectives are? Your School Prospectus states that the aim of education is the all round development of each person to his highest potential, and many educative agencies must contribute to this development in a life-long process.

Education is not for life, it is life. We at Brighton High School believe that experience is an arch through which the student passes into new experiences, that the habits of thought, study and action, gained in school, accompany the student into the life ahead.

We endeavour to provide a rich, wholesome environment for intellectual development, learning and for living. The classroom, the library, the hall, and the playing fields serve as the setting for experiences — curricular and extra-curricular, which should establish the pattern of sane, healthy, thoughtful, enthusiastic living.

We are concerned that all pupils have these experiences, master these skills, and accumulate that knowledge which will enable them to live their lives to the fullest, in the society along with their fellow men.

I would like to think that our objectives include:

The Mastery of Knowledge — the guiding of each pupil in mastery of skill and information necessary to prepare him for further training in his chosen vocation.

Mental Growth — the encouraging of each pupil in continuous growth in his ability to think logically, clearly and independently, and to enable him to exercise these powers with due regard for the rights of others.

Adjustment to Surroundings — the aiding of each pupil in understanding the cultural, physical, economic, spiritual and ethnic problems of the modern world in which he is a part. To make him aware of the constant changes in the world of work, and his need for intelligent adaption to it in the future, both for his personal well-being and economic-social progress.

Health — the encouragement of mental and physical fitness through physical education and sport.

Vocational Development — the assisting of pupils to make wise choices in planning for their life's work, compatible with their interests and abilities.

Do you think we are achieving these aims?

E. A. J. MAYSON

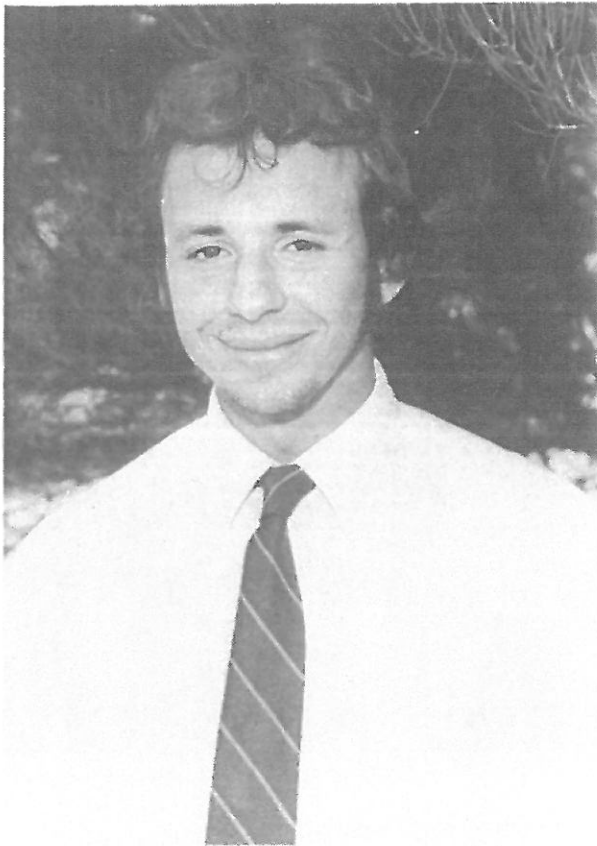


MEET THE STAFF

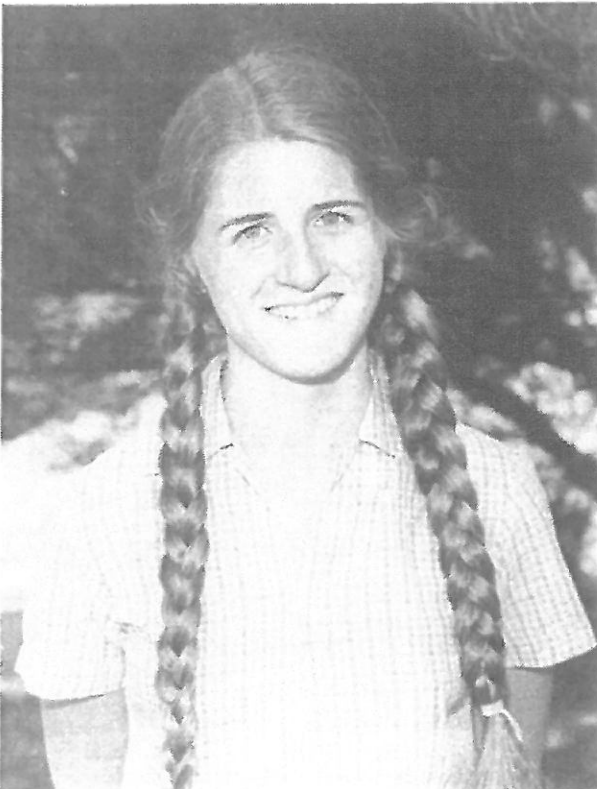
MRS. K. BALL
 MISS K. BARNETT
 MRS. M. BATOUR
 MRS. M. BAXTER
 MRS. I. BERRY
 MRS. T. CHISHOLM
 MRS. R. CIAVAGLIA
 MRS. E. CIZEK
 MRS. E. CLARK
 MRS. J. DARROCH
 MRS. L. DARE
 MRS. C. DELANEY
 MRS. M. FREITAG
 MRS. L. FRYDMAN
 MRS. A. GEDDES
 MRS. A. GOLDING
 MRS. A. GRANAT
 MRS. B. GREBLER
 MRS. E. HATTON
 MRS. R. HAYES

MRS. H. HEAD
 MISS B. JACKSON
 MRS. V. KAPLONYI
 MRS. R. KEDDIE
 MRS. S. LACK
 MRS. I. LEWINSON
 MRS. C. LIGHTFOOT
 MRS. L. LLOYD
 MISS J. MILLAR
 MRS. J. MORRISON
 MRS. V. McALLESTER
 MRS. S. MACDONALD
 MRS. A. PAKULA
 MRS. D. PRICE
 MRS. C. RAY
 MISS L. RUSSELL
 MRS. D. SANDERSON
 MRS. N. SMETHURST
 MRS. B. SMITH
 MRS. R. SMITHERS

MRS. D. STANNARD
 MISS M. WARD
 MR. T. ALLEN
 MR. V. CAMPBELL
 MR. R. CIAVAGLIA
 MR. D. CLARK
 MR. R. COPLEY
 MR. J. DARLOW
 MR. G. FRANK
 MR. C. GEORGIADIS
 MR. N. GORHAM
 MR. C. HUMPHRIES
 MR. F. JENKINS
 MR. M. McLEAN
 MR. A. PEARSON
 MR. P. SHIRREFS
 MR. F. TAYLOR
 MR. D. TURNBULL
 MR. P. WILSON



NORMAN ABRAMS, SCHOOL CAPTAIN



MARINA POPOVIC, SCHOOL CAPTAIN

SCHOOL CAPTAINS' REPORT

On the first day of our first year at High School, we were given our Learners' Permits. In Form Three, we passed our tests and received our Drivers' Licences, but we were on P-plates. Form Five saw our uniforms without the P-plates, and in Form Six we truly reached the top of the scale — Honorary Drivers.

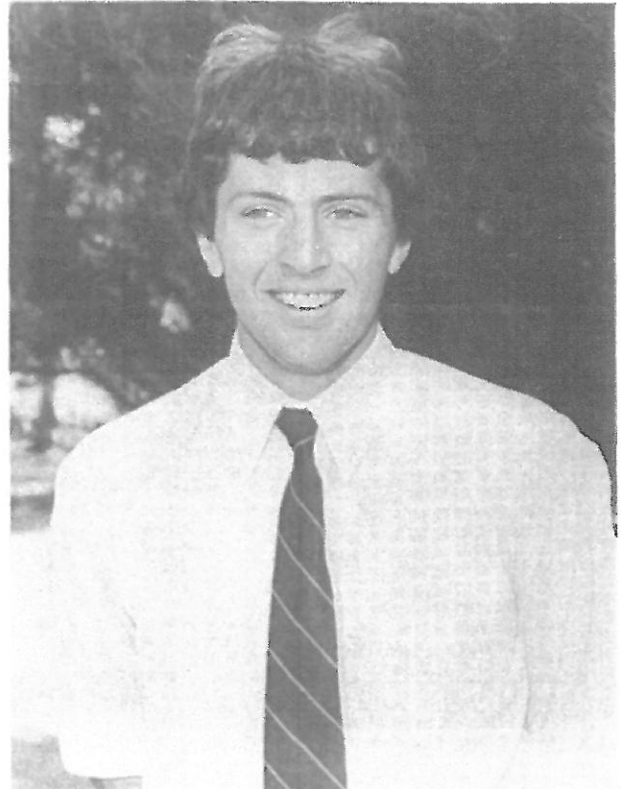
Looking back at the times when we were in first and second forms, we are always reminded of the humble glances we would pass at the Sixth Form students. They were always so mature, so "old". In Sixth Form now, we are constantly told of our immaturity and the bad example we are setting to the younger students.

Form Six is mostly hard work. However, during the year new friendships have begun between fellow students and also with teachers. Most of these friendships exclude the Sixth Form students from the rest of the school; thus within the running of the school the Sixth Form is a separate group.

This year the school has achieved many great honours namely the Nepean Swimming and Athletics Grand Aggregates, as well as other sport victories. Another successful school production was performed: "Iolanthe". The House Choirs and Dramas also displayed the House and School spirit. But this year, the school also lost a very young student.

The six years at Brighton High School have not always been pleasurable, but the happy memories of friendship and the humorous, interesting lessons will be remembered for a long time.

NORMAN ABRAMS : MARINA POPOVIC



JASON OWBRIDGE, VICE-CAPTAIN



TOP ROW (l-r): Wong Loke Foo, Chee Kiam Lau, Brian Matthews, Rodney Trethewie, Murray Porter, Arthur Giannakis Fong Khee Wah.

MIDDLE ROW (l-r): Panicos Evripidou, Rosalie Triolo, Judy Turner, Tim Jones, Michael Borowick.

BOTTOM ROW (l-r): Teh Li Ming, Julie Peters, Patricia Hinsch, Michelle Coltman, Sylvia Koukoudina, Chow Yoon Ngo (June), Tan Lean Cheng (Elsie). ABSENT: Debbie Bennett.



BACK (l-r): Clyde Danson, Michael Caplan, Ralph Hollenberg, Kaye Goudie, Alan Tiller, John Sentry, Lewis Coyle.

MIDDLE: Cyril Lim, Peter Mocellin, Ron Caporn, Norman Abrams, Ian Riley, Kevin Brianton.

FRONT: Susanne Fink, Susan Windmiller, Jane Chandler, Karen Windmiller, Despina Galanopoulos, Marina Popovic, Christina Rampai. ABSENT: Robert Loyer.



BACK (l-r): Maritta Pfaunder, Leonie Fryer, Jennifer Carmichael, Ingrid van Leeuwen, Camilla Worboys, Vicki Bayliss, Andrea Sinclair.

MIDDLE: Brendan Corcoran, Ian Frievolt, Jason Owbridge, Smiley Sansoni, Ross Phillips, Rayner Bartholomeusz, Spiro Spridis, Emanuel Sclarr.

FRONT: Tan Sook Lan, Beverly Wilson, Vicki McMennemin, Lynette Sharpe, Liz Eggart, Sue Wood, Connie Selover.



BACK (l-r): Gin Teang Kok, Leigh Henningham, David Mizon, Simon Kingsford, Avi Abrami, Simon Watkins.

MIDDLE: Koh Chun Hoong, Mark Roth, Shelley Rogan, Kathy Karetski, Christopher Vouk, David Jocksing.

FRONT: Goh Lee Pin, Rhonda Walton, Donna Rea, Cathy Lord, Nuala Conneely, Angela Sdrinis, Colleen Farrell.

GETTING AWAY FROM IT ALL . . .

FORM SIX, WILSON'S PROM. WEEKEND



After weeks of talk and preparation, Friday, 15th April, finally arrived to find a converted furniture van/bus packing in students, teachers and camping gear like such an event would never happen again. At approximately 1.30 p.m. amidst sad farewells to those not going, the bus, bursting at the seams, hit the road for the long four hour trip to Wilson's Promontory National Park.

After "singalongs", a stop at Leongatha, and a few "queazy" moments for the "poor" travellers, the bus pulled into the B.H.S. allotment in the dwindling hours of daylight. Tents sprang up all around, and before long, the smells of camp cooking were wafting through the trees. (Never can it be said that the menu was dull and unvarying, fortunately, it was really quite the opposite — but only those who went on the camp will know how some groups prepared their food — we do not feel it wise to describe to you the custard or mashed potato — but, still, any mistakes due to inexperience were treated as a great joke.)

That night, card parties were popular, but even more so were the walks along the beach or along Tidal River. (When only a few of you were walking in the dark silence with a weak torch or burner, it was certainly very eerie—or romantic, for those who were lucky enough.)

Despite a few "raids" and "spooky" bedtime stories, the majority had an early 3 a.m. night. It was now that the sneezers, sniffers and snorers made themselves heard. Two people in our group even woke to find that they had rolled under the tent flaps out into the open air—and that's no joke — and yet everyone was up by 8.00 a.m. next morning (thanks to Smiley's "Don't Cry For the Argentina"), ready and rearing to go on one of the three organized day hikes. Those who took the longest hike, for twelve miles, know how much fun it was. We passed through many

different types of land; grassy hills, scrub, "rainforest" valleys and swamps (which are supposedly infested by leeches at certain times of the year.) We came to a beautiful, long, unspoiled beach where we ate our lunches, and never stopping to rest or check for blisters, we played frisbee/footy or swim.

Back to camp in time to shower and organize tea, just before the light rain and cold winds came. Tents were battened down.

It was now at 7.00 p.m. that the "friendly" ranger gave us his "twenty minute talk" that lasted until 9.00 p.m. or so. It was most informative — we learned what rabbits and rubbish bins looked like — the highlight of the evening was Jason's "Thank-you" speech.

Most returned for the "singalong" in the teachers' tent or played cards. Many dropped off to sleep fully dressed. The late night and strenuous hikes had been too much—nonetheless, parties went on till all hours.

Next morning, a weak sun and cool winds greeted the campers. (May it be noted that the hour of rising was later than that of the day before.) Breakfast and packing were the main orders, although many found time to go to the beach to swim, play footy, volleyball or soccer.

At approximately 2.00 p.m., after lunch, the bus heaved off from the B.H.S. site. Despite a lot of fun on the way home, everyone had enjoyed the two days so much that it was obvious they were sad that it was all over. This great weekend ended at approximately 6.00 p.m. outside the school.

As well as the good times, probably the best thing to come out of the camp was the strengthening or founding of friendships. And being able to mingle with the teachers on common grounds proved that despite certain rumours, they really are nice people.

And very, very many thanks to Mrs. Smithers who was responsible for the entire weekend. Any other groups who might go on this excursion will know just how much fun we had.

ROSALIE TRIOLO
MARINA POPOVIC
RHONDA WALTON



TRIP TO LORNE, FORM THREE

We started out on Saturday morning, August 13th. Most of us arrived at the school around 6.30 a.m. and waited for the rest of the party to roll up. We stood outside the school, freezing to death while our packs were checked.

We were on our way by daybreak with Miss Barnett and Mrs. Smithers. We arrived at Lorne and headed towards the starting place. Soon we were off towards Allensvale with juniors in front and seniors in the back.

The scenery was beautiful and the mud slippery. We all travelled well even if some were knee deep in mud or bending over backwards to fall into a river while crossing a bridge (which only consisted of a fallen-down tree and a piece of wire for a guide).

We had morning tea at Allensvale and headed for the Phantom Fall (the track was rough and all up hill) where we had lunch. After putting people out of the creek, we headed on towards our campsite, which we made an hour before we had planned.

After pitching our tents, we took a good look around to discover it was getting dark and tea had to be started. By the time that was done it was dark and all retreated to their tents afraid of the dark — especially if you have people trying to be monsters.

We all jumped into our sleeping bags only to find they were just as cold as the night air.

After a sleepless, but very much complaining, night we all awoke to find we couldn't start the fire without Mrs. Smithers.

We ate breakfast, cleared our dishes, and those of us who had packed our packs found little things to amuse ourselves with — such as, setting people's hand towels on fire or sending their dishes down the river.

We started back to Lorne trying to keep awake and on the path.



The walk home to Lorne was really beautiful, and only one thing went wrong as three game people decided to go down the mountain by way of a waterfall.

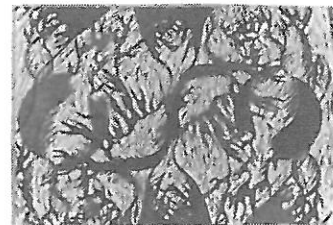
We arrived, exhausted, thirsty and hungry, to be presented with the best meal we had all weekend — a barbeque prepared by my mum. All in all it was a wonderful weekend and we must give our thanks to Miss Barnett and Mrs. Smithers.

KAREN CURTIS, 3B

* I really enjoyed the camp, but, since it was the Queen's Birthday weekend, I think it could have been a three day camp with a longer walk. — (Pip)

* I thought it was really good. It was a good walk and fun trying to cook. We should have more camps like that. — (Donna)

* It was really good fun I thought. We should go on another one some time. It was great with such a small group. — (Linda)



LINO CUT

EVA SINCLAIR, Form 5.



1. Bus number two!



2.

4. "The following day — Saturday — we were up at 8.30 a.m. with extremely cold noses, fingers and toes, to visit the Government House Lookout and listen to a talking mushroom!" (C.L.)

2. "Ron 'wake-up' Harris, our joking bus driver, who delivered us to Canberra only after he had taken us through 'rain, hail and shine!'" (S.B.)

3. "On the way to Albury for lunch we were terrified by a snake, or at least some were!" (J.P.)

CANBERRA — AS SEEN BY BUS TWO

"We all got to school on time (6.30 a.m.), downpour and all; except one teacher . . . who did not have the willpower to give up his warm bed to brave the rain and the thought of five solid days with thirty-five lovely students!" (I. van L.)

"The atmosphere was tense, and a bit nervewracking, as no one knew exactly how this trip would work out. But as soon as we were on our way the tense atmosphere broke and a pleasant air filled the bus. This was going to be some trip, we could already feel it in our bones." (M.F.)

"The bus frequently looked like a cross between a dormitory (sleeping bodies and all) and a casino." (I. van L.)

"In Canberra we saw many impressive buildings—it seemed as though we were in the twenty-first century." (M.F.)

"As usual the 'phantom-knockers' came around at midnight and told us to turn the lights out. This order was obeyed by only the tired few!" (S.B.)

"In the VERY early hours of Sunday morning (which have been traditionally devoted to sleeping) we were rudely awoken and told to pack and eat. To show our disapproval of this treatment we caused an earth tremor." (S.B.)

"The long trip home — I had been praying that somehow we might have been unable to complete our journey, but unfortunately we arrived in Melbourne exhausted, but feeling great, at 7.00 p.m. School next morning ! * . + ! (I. van L.)



3.



4.

OUR TRIP

It began on a dark and rainy morn,
We boarded the bus with a tired yawn,
Cases, bags and lots to say
Then at last, we were on our way.
We were introduced to dear old Ron
And everyone's heart he soon had won;
Though not all his jokes were right up to scratch,
He proved to be one, that not many could match.
A selection of tapes kept us all awake(?)
As we past tree after tree, and lake after lake.
At Warragul came the first, much-needed break,
Public conveniences for everyone's sake.
Then on to Bairnsdale where we stopped for lunch
And sat in the rain for a one hour munch,
Feeling much better, we set off again
And enjoyed the journey, despite the hard rain.
We reached Buchan Caves at around about two
And there we made friends with a cute kangaroo,
Our guided tour began at two-thirty,
And although it was raining, we didn't get dirty.
The magnificent view was a sight to behold,
Crystallised beauty, more precious than gold,
Sparkling icicles of orange and white
Hanging immobile in the darkness of night.
We left this great spectacle, very much impressed
And went to Lakes Entrance, which was far from the best.
The food was "delicious" and the rooms were just "great".
We were hit very hard by the cruel hand of fate.
Later that evening a refuge was sought
Down to the pizza parlour where REAL food was bought.
Somehow or other we survived through the night,
Though the breakfast table was an unwelcome sight,
It took a big effort not to say what we thought,
But we grinned and bore it, as we all had been taught!
T'was with cheers of delight that we later departed,
Though we all had survived it, we agreed that it smarted.
Then on to Bega where our lunch was provided—
Sandwiches from "Glenorra", and burnt cake was divided.
Onto the bus again and off into the blue,
Next stop — Cooma, not too far now, we knew.

We entered the capital to the vast view of lights,
Which was indeed an intriguing sight.
Many were silent with grim thoughts of Lakes Entrance
But we weren't disappointed; the motel lived up to
expectance.

Comfortable rooms and edible food
Put us all into a much better mood.
For some even, materialized a long secret wish
To meet their pop idol, who else. — Jon English!
That night we were taken through the heart of the city
With guidance by Ron, whose puns weren't always witty.
Back to the "Banjo" to supposedly hit the sack
But the desire to sleep that night, many did lack.
We awoke on the Friday, "Bright eyed and bushy tailed",
Had there been a beauty contest, many would have failed!
First we saw the Captain Cook Memorial Water Jet
But this so-called great fountain was not even wet.
We saw a good film and viewed the display,

This was a movie of infectious diseases
In the middle of which, Mr. Clarke dropped his Maltesers!
We enjoyed the film and thought it a good one to see,
Back to the motel and, thus, ended Day Three.
Day Four dawned frosty, but beautifully blue,
We stood for some minutes just admiring the view.
The 'earlys' went hauling late-sleepers from bed—
An early start was needed for the full day ahead.
First stop that day was at Government House
At which a talking mushroom, our spirits did arouse,
The air sure was chilly, minus three, someone said
But despite this Russell amused us by breaking ice sheets
over his head!

We were intrigued by the puddles that resembled a skating
rink

But left them and went to the Uni next, I think.
We did a quick tour of this huge modern place,
Then on, to a building which some found difficult to face.
The Institute of Anatomy is the one of which I speak —
It is best avoided by those whose stomachs are weak!
Intestines, appendices, brains and bones,
Hearts, lungs, skulls, kidneys, and even gall stones.
There were posters of: the life cycle, nutrition and health
care

And on the whole, it was a very interesting hour or so,
spent there.

It was interesting but there was no time to stay.
Parliament house was next on the list
And this was a building not to be missed,
Green for the House of Reps., the Senate was red,
Paintings and sculptures of both present and dead.
Out of the Whitehouse, the library was next —
Brilliant stained glass windows, models and texts.
Up on the balcony, scanning the horizon
What should we see, but Bus one just arriving!
It didn't take long for them to spot us too
And we spent a few minutes comparing our news.
We left them, reboarded and ran a quick check
Just to make sure all originals were on deck.
Finding it so, we set back once more,
Till later, Tidbinbulla Tracking Station, we saw.
We ate there and then had an hour to wait,
After which, came the Mint—not another like it in the State.
We saw where money came from, before it was spent
And discovered all too clearly, how quickly it went!
Again onto the Hampton Coach, forward with a lurch,
Next stop the Serbian Orthodox Church.
Beautiful paintings adorning the walls,
Candles, an altar, but no wooden stalls.
A brief chat then off again — this time with no stopping,
At last what we'd wanted, an hour for shopping.

Delighted to be independent at last
We went in all directions, but the time sure went fast.
Some sixty minutes later we returned to the bus
Laden with souvenirs for our parents and us.
Sunlight was gradually slipping away
But there was still more in store for us before the end of
that day.

Back to the hostel and then a quick tea—
Then to the pictures, "Cassandra Crossing" to see.

It was then still quite early so we made a short detour
Up to the Botanical Gardens where the air was fresh and
pure.

Beautiful shrubs and towering green trees,
A magnificent view and a slight fanning breeze.
Everything so crisp and green against the sky's blue
But everything must end, and unfortunately, our time there
had to, too.

As we moved off we could see our next destination,
The huge War Memorial, to our fascination.
Those who had been there before were not all that thrilled
But for those who were newcomers, new interest was
instilled.

We spent some few hours, inspecting it all—
The vast Roll of Honour occupying a long wall.
Models and pictures and weapons of old,
And a room where souvenirs and postcards were sold.
After lunch, some lay on the footpath, enjoying the sun,
of which naughty Ron took some photos — just for fun.
Our last major stop that day was at Red Hill
Where we bought souvenirs, then sat and ate our fill.
From the balcony there was a good view of the city—
Distant lakes and buildings which looked very pretty.
On the way back, the Embassies captured our attention,
Each resembling its own country in color and dimension.
Back to the hostel and then a quick eat,
Then to the Bowls, for a 'moonlight' bowling feat.
This place was quite crowded all shapes and sizes,
But we enjoyed it immensely and many won prizes.
The teachers bowled with us and even good old Ron
But the fun made time fly quickly—soon another day was
gone.

On the final morning, we were up with the birds,
The blue sky above was too beautiful for words.
We had our last breakfast, after packing and dressing.
And the thought of it ending was very depressing.
We checked and rechecked to ensure nothing was left behind
And then thanked the people who had cooked and been
so kind.

At last we were off, without a backward glance
And as we travelled further, noise and spirits did enhance.
The first stop worth mentioning was at Gundagai
At which the famous dog sat on the tuckerbox; proud and
high.

We took some good photos of this cute loyal dog
And then reboarded, full of 'energy', and enveloped in fog.
Off again into the wild blue yonder,
Later a short stop for some fresh air and a wander.
The scenery, so 'interesting', was trees, grass, trees, grass.
But somehow, quite quickly, the time did pass.
At Albury we stopped for our usual roll, can and cake,
After the third day, however, not so great an impression did
it make,

But we ate up, and by this time the noise had decreased—
Many were tired from the travelling and full after our 'feast'.
We continued once again and a few had a sleep,
Worn out minds and bodies at rest in a heap.
A few more short stops on the way home were taken,
With very light traffic, good time we were making.
Before long the lights of old Melbourne appeared
And after the peacefulness of Canberra, the noise and
pollution seemed weird.

At just after seven, we saw the school lying before us
In front of which were congregated the passengers of the
other bus.

We stopped and unloaded, then came the goodbyes,
To the teachers and of course Ron, each of whom deserved
a prize.

It had been so much fun, and gratitude was strong—
I loved it and hope it's repeated before too long!

SYLVIA BERGER, 5D.

CREVISEVILLE

Few city children understand about country life, and so on
Tuesday, May 3rd, our group of Form 2 students travelled
to a farm near Sunbury to find out about it. The morning
was bright and sunny, although the weather became cooler
in the afternoon.

When we arrived we were taken into a large shearing
shed and shown all the different kinds of sheep which were
run on Crevisville. The farmer informed us about them
and the things which have to be done to protect their health.
As he walked down to the paddocks he told us how they
looked after their 250 head of cattle.

For a while we leant on a paddock fence and watched a
bull, a cow and her calf munching on grass. After we had
relaxed for an hour, while we ate lunch, two stock horses
and a 27 years old riding horse were paraded in front of us
and their uses on the farm related to us.

Then two sheepdogs demonstrated to us the art of
rounding up sheep. While this was happening, we sat on a
large haystack, which was something we city folk don't
get the opportunity of doing very often.

The last thing we did was to be taken out to a paddock
in a trailer. It was more like being bounced out, as the
track had many bumps, everyone of which we felt. When
we were at the paddock, one sheepdog rounded up 400
sheep in no more than five minutes. When that exhibition
was finished, we piled back into the buses and settled
down for the trip back to Brighton.

JENNY McLEOD, 2D.



SKI TRIP

It was in the early hours of Sunday when we arrived at school all set to go on the Brighton High School Skiing Expedition 1977. We sat down and patiently waited for the bus which we were told was due any minute . . .

Time passed by. And, then . . . a little more time passed by. And . . . then a little more time passed by. An hour had passed by when finally the bus arrived. The food was already loaded, and so, when we had finished loading our gear around packets of Skippy Cornflakes, we ourselves got on to the bus. It was a real upper class bus complete with ensuite. Soon we were off to that skiing paradise in the sky.

The trip up was uneventful. After stopping at Seymour to stretch our legs we stopped at Winton to pick up Murray and Gordon Porter. We had lunch at Beechworth. We arrived at Chorki (the Ski lodge) around five o'clock, and were exhausted. We had a hasty meal of frankfurts and bread and then went to bed.

The first day's skiing was great. There were skiers and non-skiers though at the start everyone stayed together. It was a refresher for the skiers. We learnt how to get out of the skis in case of a fall and we walked around. To begin with we learnt to climb up hills. Our first hill was hardly a hill at all, but as we did not know how to climb up hills, two hours later we were still trying. There were lots of skills to learn. Falling was the easiest.

One method of falling was the Andreardes Method (simply sink onto one's skis until one's bottom is on the ground) another was the Zois Method — just lie down. This was quite popular. The next skill was stopping. Once again there were various methods, including the Zois method—cover your face and keep going usually into the Ski Patrol hut. At the Ski School one also learned to stop.

I'll just describe the Ski School. It was on a slope with the chairlift at the bottom. To the right was another slope which had a sign on it saying: "Dangerous. Experienced Skiers Only". Then there was turning, those who didn't quite master this art kept on going and smashed into the chairlift. They too soon learned to stop. At the



FALLS AT FALLS

Ski School we learned to 'Schnowplow'. Especially Sonali. It was there we met Johans, our tall, young, blonde, Austrian skiing instructor. If you fell over near him he would pick you up. Camilla should know.

As days passed most of us progressed. Some of us were unlucky. David caught a cold, Robyn hurt her ankle when she ended up with both skis nose down in the ground. We went from lift to lift. Melissa at the New Parma had a short lived love affair. Sue smashed into Heather and Melissa into Sandra. On the Village run Stella came straight down over jumps and everything. Nick was the best dressed skier — he wore tails. Chris hit the most holes in one with his stock. Lindsay landed in a river and Simon buried himself in a hole near the T-bar. Marco learned to yodel, Craig learned to play 'Squeak', Grot learned to shovel snow, Miss Barnett and Mr. Sherrifs learned to clean teeth; Mrs. Grebler and Mr. Allen learned to have their teeth cleaned. I learned to play '500'. Connie baked cakes; Ian and Trevor played chess and Rod was an Army Colonel.

The ski-trip was a trip that any fun-loving fool would have enjoyed. The weather, the falls and the paper-thin walls. It was great.

T. CROWLEY, 5C

PEOPLE



1.



3.



5.



2.



4.



6.

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| 1. OFFICE STAFF | 2. CLEANING STAFF |
| 3. MAGAZINE COMMITTEE | 4. HALL CREW |
| 5. ROYAL SHOW WINNER,
MICHELLE RONDA | 6. LIBRARY MONITORS |
| 8. CULTURAL CAPTAINS | 7. ROYAL SHOW WINNER
HELEN LEONTISINIS |
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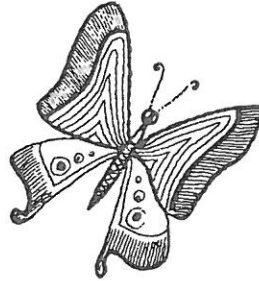
TRANSCIENCE

GARDEN 1.

Rose

*Words
have all been written,
sung,
all combinations used.*

*Flowers —
roses of Sharon —
 of Pyrrha —
 across the moon —
gather ye rosebuds . . .
Who has not said it?
The first rosebud has opened by my door.*



*Above the pine trees
Four pigeons do fly.*

*As they fly
they turn around.*

*Their four shadows
carry wounds.*

*Under the pine trees
Four pigeons do lie.*

PAULA BLANSHARD, 5D.

GARDEN 2.

Lassiandra

*Once, for me,
you spread your royal mantle.
Autumn blew in on a gust of boisterous laughter,
and I am left
with another path to sweep.*

SILVER THIMBLE

*I bought a silver thimble,
a skein of crimson thread.
I worked a rose-strewn coverlet
to warm my marriage bed.*

*Now I have silken hangings,
and damask shot with gold,
the softest, whitest eiderdown.
My bed is smooth and cold.*

MARY MACDONALD

STILL ALONE

*Caught between birth and death
We stand alone in the dark.
A word called love curtains the darkness
For a while.
Occasionally an opening vanquishes,
We shuffle nervously without knowledge
And we find that the bonds
That linked us together, have dissolved
And we're still alone.*

AVIVA

THE STAGE

*The rain strikes the window
and drags its fingers along the pane
trying to reach the warmth inside.
The trees spur it on
waving encouragement,
and dancing to the song of its leaves.
The clouds are the stage entrance
sending more and more performers down
to fight the glass.
Some are too scared to perform
and they land in among the leafy spectators
or fall to the grassy stage floor.
The glass stays firm,
and the rain only leaves a drop
of feeble remembrance
which soon fades away,
Beaten.*

*The director of the play
tries to peer through the stage door.
Every now and then he points out the faults
with light, sunny, slender fingers.
A chill falls
as the performers try one last time,
but soon they give up
and the curtain covers the stage door,
a light blue mantle
that seems to brighten things up.
The trees now guard the stage
instead of viewing it,
and the window remains unscarred
until the next performance
on Nature's stage.*

ANNE WARDELL, 4E.

I died a mineral and became a plant,
 I died a plant and rose an animal,
 I died an animal and was resurrected a man.
 Why should I have needless fear? When at any time was
 I less by dying?
 Yet once more, I shall die a man — to soar as if with
 blessed angels,
 And from angelhood, I must continue and pass on
 All and everything, everyone except G—d perishes,
 For when the time comes that I should sacrifice my soul,
 I shall become that, which no man or mind can conceive, or
 Yet I am in a time so strange, that living is the same as
 dreaming,
 And from this I learn, that man dreams his entire life awake.
 The King dreams that he is King, he believes he wears
 the crown,
 He governs and gives orders — and receives glory and
 loyalty,
 The rich man dreams of fortune, which causes him many
 worries,
 The poor man dreams of misery and misfortune,
 The ambitious man dreams of ambition,
 The injured man dreams of vengeance;
 Everyone in the world dreams what they are themselves,
 only without knowing it.
 But what is life?
 A lie, a fiction, fortune, an illusion
 All life is a dream,
 And dreams are but themselves a dream.

M. CAPLAN, 6B.

WAVES

Glorious sun-drenched water, deserted.
 The lonely waves, begging for company.
 In surrender to their call, I join them.
 They dance around, and teach me new steps
 And new expressions that to them only can I divulge.
 One after another, they come in their perfection,
 But never once may I forget the respect I have for them.
 For they can hit hard, and out of nowhere,
 Remind you of their status in power.
 Ever tireless, they will dance on forever,
 But I must leave them now,
 And remember.

TRICIA STORY, 5A

FOOTPRINTS

Look at our footprints in the dust,
 They lead only to us.
 We wear out our feet just to reach ourselves
 And as the people walk wearily across my mind, the desert,
 They try to lay my epitaph along heaven's shaky walls.
 Their selfish vision of blinding glory remains
 And unjustly accounts for an oversized burden of fate.
 People sit with time on their hands,
 The ticking only leads to where our feet have once come.
 And the fiery wind covers up the dust,
 It is the dust that is the glory that we will never find,
 And that the people are only me.

JEREMY LEWIS, 5C.



PETER RYAN, Form 4.

FREEDOM IS BEING ALONE

I am free and yet I am alone!
 Not bound by clothes or society's rules
 I have become a child of the earth.
 No more am I confined inside the web of the city,
 Nor thrown in mixed company to the hunger of conformists
 and pseudos who eagerly await to devour my soul.
 I have cast off my outer skin and I run open-armed to
 the sun.
 Alone do I run in the wind,
 To try and rescue the few seeds
 I have left . . .

The seeds of freedom that will salvage my soul from the
 grasp of the community from whence I came.
 Does my presentation depend on running away from people?
 Can I not stand beside them and
 Disregard the bonds that they draw around me?

Being alone in the wilderness, I can discard my clothes and
 let my hair hang loose.
 I can give myself to the wind and let my feet dance to the
 pan flute of the wood nymph,
 She allows me to retain my freedom—
 But all too soon her music fades and I am left to gather
 my possessions and walk back to my dwelling-place.
 The manacle has been replaced.

AMANDA GODFREY, 5D

ON STAGE

"A FAIRY'S EYE VIEW OF IOLANTHE"

The air is filled with electric excitement. The sound of rustling costumes fill the room as half-completed fairies don their wings and crowns. Noble Lords walk to and fro past the door, while the fairies carefully make-up their faces. The moment everyone waits for approaches closer and closer.

There is a buzzing hum of conversation as the audience continually fills up the hall. A few fairies flitter here and there trying to get a glimpse of mum and dad before the show starts. Then comes the call to go backstage. Butterflies fill everyone's stomach as they make their way. Excited chatter permeates the rooms backstage. Noble Lords make last minute adjustments to their royal crowns, while fairies find a glittering wand each.

The cast proceeds to the side wings, ready for the curtain opening. Then the music starts. A hush falls upon the audience and the cast in unison. The same thought must be going through everyone's mind, "Will the opening night be successful?" Fairies shift nervously, adjusting their crowns and wings properly. Then comes the end of the overture. Butterflies become bigger and bigger, until finally the fairies make their first entrance for the opening chorus.

As the show progresses, it gains more confidence. Only a few minor mistakes are made, and no catastrophes result. The appreciation of the audience gives the show



half its success. The show is finished with a good finale and the curtain draws, but not for the last time that night. The boys' chorus, girls' chorus and principals all make their curtain calls as the audience applauds. The first night is over, but there are three more to go through yet, and hopefully each should get better. So, tired fairies and lords return to the dressing rooms to shed their characters and become real people again, satisfied with their own effort. It would not be untrue to say that most of us slept well that night.

SHARON BYRNE, 5A.

"THE FIVE VISIONS OF CAPTAIN COOK"

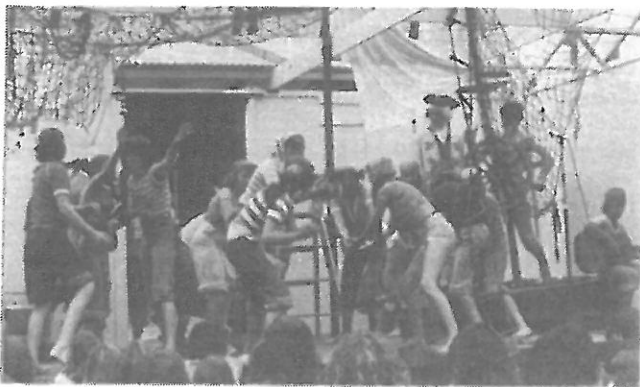
As part of Moomba celebrations, students from Brighton High School performed the poem by Kenneth Slessor "The Five Visions Of Captain Cook" in the city square, on March 10. Miss Russell produced the performance and Mrs. Batour conducted the singing sequences.

Amanda Tanner, Amanda Fothergill, Amanda Godfrey, Alison Jennings, Tim Parker, Andrew Stevenson, Mark Butteriss and Norman Abrams performed the five different visions of Captain Cook.

The play was well-liked by all onlookers and the organisers — Hotham Permanent — not only gave us a cheque for the school, but asked us to return to next year's Moomba Youth Drama Festival.

Thanks to Miss Russell and Mrs. Batour.

NORMAN ABRAMS VI



DRAMA FESTIVAL

Compared to previous years, the 1977 Drama Festival ran more smoothly during the many weeks of practice, and on the actual nights of performance (Thursday 14th and Friday, 15th July) than might have been expected. Although each house had its share of "ups and downs", the majority of those who saw the plays performed on the nights, agreed that the standard of the productions was the best for many years.

Phillip House drama, "The Importance Of Being Earnest", was produced by Simon Kingsford, and from this production Craig Marshall was recognized by the adjudicator as best actor, Rhonda Walton as best supporting actress, and to finally top it all off, the play won the award for the best in the 1977 Drama Festival.

Lonsdale House performed "Patchwork Quilt". Producer of this play was Melissa Ryan, and the results were that Julie Peters won the award for best actress and Stephen Hill was given a special mention.

Alan Tiller produced Murray House's play "The One Day Of The Year". The audience thoroughly enjoyed the semi-serious, semi-comical presentation.

Finally, Grant House performed "Ham Festival" for which producer Shelley Rogan won the award for the best producer, and Smiley Sansoni won the award for best supporting actor.

Thanks to those who participated in the Drama Festival (either by acting, or working in the stagework, lighting or make-up fields). Thanks to Miss Russell — and thanks to those who turned up on the nights to support their friends and houses. Anyone involved in the Festival would agree that all the effort was well worth it.

ROSALIE TRIOLO, 6A

CHORALS

Grant — conducted by Catherine Lord
 Phillip — " " Beverley Wilson
 Lonsdale — " " Susan Windmiller
 Murray — " " Marina Popovic



The chorals for 1977 were won by Grant House. Phillip House came close to the winning house but still only managed a second place.

As usual we are indebted to our music teacher, Mrs. Batour, who managed to keep the choirs together in discipline, song and tune. Thanks must also go to the assistant pianists — Brian Matthews (Grant), Ralph Hollenberg (Phillip), June Chow (Lonsdale) and Rosalie Triolo (Murray).

Overall, the chorals for 1977 were of a professional standard, which only goes to prove Mr. Rowney's theory that there is a vast amount of talent thriving within the school.

VICKI McMENNEMIN



ROYAL SHOW PRIZE WINNING ENTRIES



GERMAN

WOZU LEBE ICH?

Wozu lebe ich? Es hat keinen Sinn dass ich zur Schule gehe. Ich bin dreizehn Jahrelang zur Schule gegangen. Die dreizehn Jahre sind, wie man sagt, die Besten und die glücklichsten Jahre meines Lebens. Aber wieso? Wenn ich mein Abitur nicht bestehe, macht es nichts aus wieviele Stunden ich gearbeitet habe oder wieviele Bücher ich gelesen habe oder — wieviele Aufsätze ich geschrieben habe. Meine ganze Laufbahn hängt von fünf dreistundenlangen Prüfungen ab. Wenn ich diese Prüfungen nicht bestehe, könnte ich auf der Eisenbahn arbeiten um hundert Dollar zu verdienen. Was kann man mit hundert Dollar kaufen? Nichts! So muss ich das Abitur bestehen! Ich habe jetzt keine freie Zeit. Ich habe auch nicht Zeit um krank zu werden. Jeden Tag wenn ich nach Hause komme, bin ich schlecht gelaunt. Meine Eltern sagen mir dass ich arbeiten muss, meine Lehrer sagen mir dass ich arbeiten muss, und meine Freunde erzählen mir auch, dass ich arbeiten muss. Ein Satz von 'Der Arbeitmann' von Richard Dehmel wird Ihnen alles erklären:

'Und uns fehlt nur eine Kleinigkeit, um so frei zu sein, wie die Vögel sind: Nur Zeit.'

Wozu lebe ich? Das ist eine sehr gute Frage und ich kann sie nicht leicht antworten. Ich glaube dass ich lebe nur um ein paar freie Stunden mit meinen Freunden zu verbringen.

Ralph Hollenberg. Form VI

FRENCH

Une mère parle de ses pensées.

Je m'appelle Marcelle et je suis mère de deux enfants: Henri, qui a dix ans et Jeanne, encore un bébé. Chaque matin j'envoie mon fils à l'école à neuf heures. Puis je passe quelque temps avec mon mari, Pierre, avant son départ pour le bureau. Chaque matinée, la même chose. Nous prenons ensemble le petit déjeuner, parlant de nos enfants, de l'amour et des choses de tous ordres.

Et, pour la plupart du temps, je suis contente quand, plus tard, mon mari me quitte. Je sais bien qu'il est nécessaire, ce départ, car moi — je ne peux pas travailler à cause du bébé Jeanne. Mais quelquefois je deviens inquiète. Je veux travailler, m'échapper à ce bébé qui, bien que je l'aime tellement, m'empêche de mener une vie aussi libre comme celle de Pierre.

Malheureusement, je ne peux pas parler de mes pensées à mon mari. Je me sens coupable, je me dis que je ne suis pas une bonne mère à cause de telles pensées. Quelquefois il me semble que je suis hantée. Et de temps en temps mon mari remarque ma tristesse, mais quand il me demande "Qu'est-ce qu'il y a, ma chérie?", je dis toujours "Rien, Pierre, ne t'en fais pas à cause de moi." Et Pierre ne laisse seule car sa tendresse le rend sensible à mes sentiments.

Donc, mes pensées coupables continuent, et je refuse toujours d'en parler à mon mari. Une situation très triste, n'est-ce pas?

Debbie Bennett. Form VI



Norman Abram



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SCHOOL UNIFORM

On the controversial subject of school uniforms, everyone is missing the point. It's not the uniform that one is forced to wear every day that's important, but the way in which one parades it. And I must say that the ingenuity and creativity with which the girls at Brighton High School wear their uniforms is startling to say the least.

Each form level has a different approach to their ensembles of course, and there are always dazzling individuals, but that doesn't stop each article of clothing looking entirely different on each girl.

Forms 1 and 2, for instance, are rather conservative in their outlook, so we see a formal trend in their gear. Long socks, along the lines that the British wore with khaki bloomers in India in the nineteenth century, and P. E. bloomers which would put Walter Raleigh to shame. The moderate ideas of Form 1 and Form 2 (to a lesser extent) are understandable however, as one must remember that they are still in awe of the place, and uniform as yet must take a back seat.

By half-way through Form 2 and Form 3, the ingenious little darlings are rebelling, using their uniform as a weapon, and the results are astounding.

Their garb is very hip, tight green cords revealing sexy grey anklets and breathtakingly grubby DB's.

The 'tom boy' look is in and it's nearly impossible to tell a boy from a girl. Besides, the fearful gangs that our Form 2 and 3 'creepolas' hang around in are formidable, so encounters are to be avoided at all costs.

Stripes on jumpers are no longer seen, and the display of strategically placed holes in one's jumper elbows has taken a good six months to achieve (much to mother's dismay). Fonzie: BEWARE!

When fourth and fifth forms are reached, happily the girls have sent the 'tom boy' look packing. This is where the real planning comes in. Those revolting tunics resembling potato sacks suddenly look as though they've been remodelled at Georges. Marvellous what stick-tape, a few thousand darts, and some safety pins will do!

Jumpers are drastically taken in at the side — seams and ties are pinned down to shirts, which have been darted. Of course all this remaking of uniform is completely subtle and discreet. However, the now devastating uniform can be used to knock out 'Fred', in chemistry; you've always had your eye on him.

So next day you turn up prepared to face Wellington at Waterloo, and 'Fred' to your delight acknowledges with a grunt. This approach may have its pitfalls, mind you. Imagine your disheartenment when 'Fred' loses all interest as Miss Watchamacallit walks into the room in a slinky jersey number, wearing shoes designed so that the wearer exerts more pressure to the square inch than a charging Rhino. Bad-luck Freda!

Which brings me to sixth form and I hope the disregarding of school uniform and the concentration on exams. (Ahem!) I really feel that Form 6 has the most refined taste of all; we're mostly apathetic about it which has some interesting results.

I once saw a matric student wearing a mini, summer school dress, a football scarf, school jumper, thick green tights and desert boots — most intriguing!

Now, with a good indication of our girls' various attitudes toward uniform, and the ways in which certain articles of clothing can be worn, (to stun the local spunk one has one's eye on, or to project one's created image) I think you'll agree that it's not the compulsory garb we're forced to wear that matters one iota.

It's the debonair, imaginative touches and the individual flair with which each girl wears her uniform that shows the real point on the questionable subject.

Long live School Uniforms!

Praise B.H.S. girls!

Dior eat your heart out!

LEONIE FRYER, 6C

1A's FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF HIGH SCHOOL.

- It's strange getting books before we go in. (Francis)
- During the first few days of school I couldn't quite remember the bell arrangements. (Kathy F.)
- In the first week, I hated the confusion of changing rooms and going to different places at certain times. (Elene K.)
- The large buildings make it easy to get lost. The uniforms are nice. (Neil H.)
- The assemblies are confusing because I don't know where to go to assemble.
- It's a big school, with lots of kids. (Linda G.)
- Reading the timetable and bulletin was confusing until I got the knack of it. (Anna R.)
- At high school there are a lot more announcements. (Carolyn J.)
- In primary school we didn't have so many teachers. (Tina W.)
- It is not the same as sixth grade. (Shane H.)
- The lockers are a sample of good security. (Adrian E.)
- The bus stop is near the school. (Stephen P.)
- On the first day I didn't like wearing a tie. (Peter J.)
- It was:
 - confusing looking at timetables and working them out;
 - exciting being elected into houses;
 - annoying not being allowed into the library;
 - deadly boring not having anything to do during recess and lunch;
 - very pleasing having such a well-organised school;
 - baffling having to go to different rooms. (Simon R.)
- In primary school we had desks, not lockers. (Sally S.)
- I found the corridors and rooms very confusing. (Kayee C.)
- The bells, buzzers and bips confuse me. (Stuart)
- I was amazed that cricket nets aren't being used. (Adrian W.)
- I don't like the bells because if you're in the middle of something they cut you short. (Raymond B.)
- My first impression was that all the rooms were the same. (David L.)
- I find it confusing about how to get out of the building. I have to go out the end gate and walk right up the street again to the bus stop because I can't figure out how to get out at the other gate. (Glenn B.)
- So far my best subject is History. (Tony A.)

THE SNAKE

"Hey Tom!"

"Yeah."

"That new teacher starts today."

"The one staying at Mrs. Johnstons."

"Who else is new in town, you yobbo?"

Miss Burns stands hesitantly at the door of the school. She looks out to the school yard. The horses are in the stable. More recently a bike-shed had been added. Only a few bikes stand in the racks. She wonders what the day will bring. Already she has had some trouble with the language when some of the parents came round after church a few terms had puzzled her. The parents were very friendly, she hopes that the children will be the same. Of course there will have to be one or two troublemakers, that is only natural. She takes a deep breath and then rings the bell.

Inside the surroundings are more familiar; desks and blackboards don't change much from country to country, only people do. She had already written her name on the board.

Tom took his seat down the back. He was wondering how different she would be from Mr. Green. He hoped that she would not be as strict. The accent could be a bit hard to understand and some of the American terms would take a while to get used to.

Miss Burns noticed the two boys down the back. Usually the trouble-makers cluster down the back. She would make a note of their names. Of course I could be too hasty in my judgement, she thought.

"The first thing I will do is take a roll check. I'll start with the first row and work my way back," she said.

When she reached the back row she made an extra note of their names — Tom Young and Bill Troth.

Miss Burns started the morning by explaining her teaching methods. Then they did some work. Twelve o'clock came around, she let them out for lunch. Well the morning has not gone so badly, she thought.

"Miss Burns, help!" was the cry from the schoolyard.

She rushed out. Sue had caught her dress on a nail sticking up from the seat. She relaxed, at least no big trauma on the first day. She did not notice Tom and Bill slip into the school room. She helped Sue and then went to the room. She sat down and looked for her lunch.

"I'm sure I left it on the desk," she said aloud. She thought that she heard some laughter. She thought it must have come from outside.

Miss Burns opened the desk.

A scream was heard in the schoolyard. Everyone rushed inside. Miss Burns was standing on her chair. A black snake was on the floor—Tom and Bill were having hysterics down the back.

"It's OK Miss, it's just a dumb old snake. It's not poisonous."

Miss Burns dismissed the class, except for Tom and Bill. She had noticed them laughing.

"Did you two do it?" she asked. They bowed their heads. It was no longer a joke.

"Sorry, Miss," they chorused.

"Since this is the first day, I won't tell anyone, but I will punish you. I want one hundred lines from each of you on my desk in the morning. Now go," said Miss Burns.

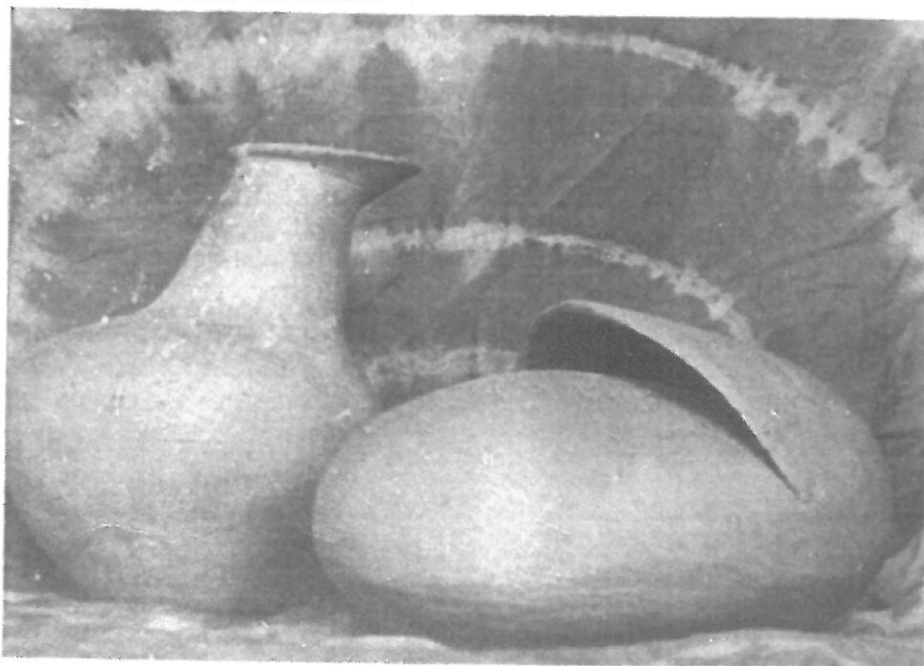
She was upset — not just because of the snake, but because the children had wanted to play a joke on her. To her it meant that they did not like her.

Next morning she found a bunch of wild flowers on her desk. Underneath them was a note —

"Dear Miss Burns — We are sorry. We think that you are a good teacher, fair dinkum. — Tom Young, Bill Troth."

Her face lit up. She felt that she would have a long and happy stay here; that is after she finds out what "fair dinkum" means.

ANNE WARDELL, 4E.



INGRID VAN LEEUWEN,
Form 6.

ASIAN DINNER

"Success is ninety-nine per cent. perspiration and one per cent. inspiration." Perspire we did, in our efforts to make the dinner a success. The planning wasn't too difficult as there was never any lack of good ideas. But practicability counted a lot and with the small amount of money at our disposal, many of them were returned to the shelves.

The acid test began on the morning of 9th September in the school kitchen. This year food was our main concern, unlike other years when there was a more even distribution between concern for food and entertainment items. "Entertainment" was scrapped from our programme as we don't believe in a small group of students performing while the rest sat passively and watched. Participation was the theme of the night.

The preparation proved an awesome task, made no easier by the fact that more decided to turn up that night. It was almost like cooking for an army (commented one of the Asians) except that we had to bear in mind quality was more important than quantity. By noon, things were in full swing. The aroma of the food attracted staff and students alike — like bees being drawn to a flower. The usually tidy kitchen was turned into one of confusion and noise — a typical Asian kitchen scene. The confusion reigned until the next morning, when we turned up for the thankless part — the cleaning up.

Miss Mayson couldn't help but pop into the kitchen for a 'look-see'. She wondered if everything could be finished in time, whereupon her challenge was heartily taken up.

Our task was made very much easier when our fellow students turned up and were only too willing to lend a hand. While expressing optimism to my colleagues on the night's success, I couldn't stop the fear that the whole undertaking wouldn't pull through; but it was something I never shared with them. It wasn't fair to dampen their high spirits. Much to my relief, we did finish on time, though how we managed to is still a mystery to me.

The evening started at 8.00 p.m. with a short address to those present by the Principal. No time was wasted in getting down to serious business — the tucker! How did they like the Asian cooking?

Like it? They loved it! My greatest joy was to see the food disappear. After all, that's what we were there for. Frankly food was the only Asian feature of the night. The dance which followed was completely Western in origin. The sudden transition from typical Asians to 'Westerners'

ASIAN INVASION

took some by surprise. It was good to see staff and students on the dance floor — wriggling away. The lighting was a masterpiece of Brendan, which added to the atmosphere of the night. I really marvel at these sixth-formers. Their energy seemed inexhaustable as they went on and on. They could have danced all night!

If there is a night for me to remember during my stay here in Australia, it's that night.

The staff have done a lot for us, and so have our new-found friends. Words cannot describe the gratitude we feel in our hearts. Thank you!

CYRIL LIM

AUSSIE IMPRESSIONS

When I first arrived at Tullamarine Airport in January, I thought that I was not going to last for more than a week — it was so cold. However, I am still here after so many months.

I can distinctly recall three experiences of my friends and myself during our first months in Melbourne. There were these signposts on the pavements which read "No standing at any time". My friend who was standing beside it quickly got off the pavement! Then one day we were at the bank withdrawing some cash when the teller asked us, "How do you like it." Baffled, we answered, "We like it very well, thank you."

Finally, an elderly lady asked me, "How is your day?" Thinking that she wanted to know how my "diet" was, I proceeded to relate my diet to her astonishment!

It really is so funny as I recall these experience, and I know that I will remember such "Australian experiences" for a long time to come.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Rowney, Miss Mayson, members of the staff and friends who have been so kind to me and helped to elevate me from the homesickness which I would have experienced if everyone had not been so wonderful to me. Thank you very much.

"Walaubagaimana pun, saya belajar disekolah ini sepuluh bulan saja. saya berasa risau hendak tinggalkan rakan rakan yang bertimbang rasa dan menolong saya dalam kesusahan dan kesedihan. Saya merasa susah hati menulis karangan ini kerana tidak ada perkataan-perkataan yang bolih menunjokkan perasaan saya.

Selamat tinggal kawan-kawan

JUNE CHOW, Form VI

Harap kita berjumpa lagi

Kalau tidak jangan sedih

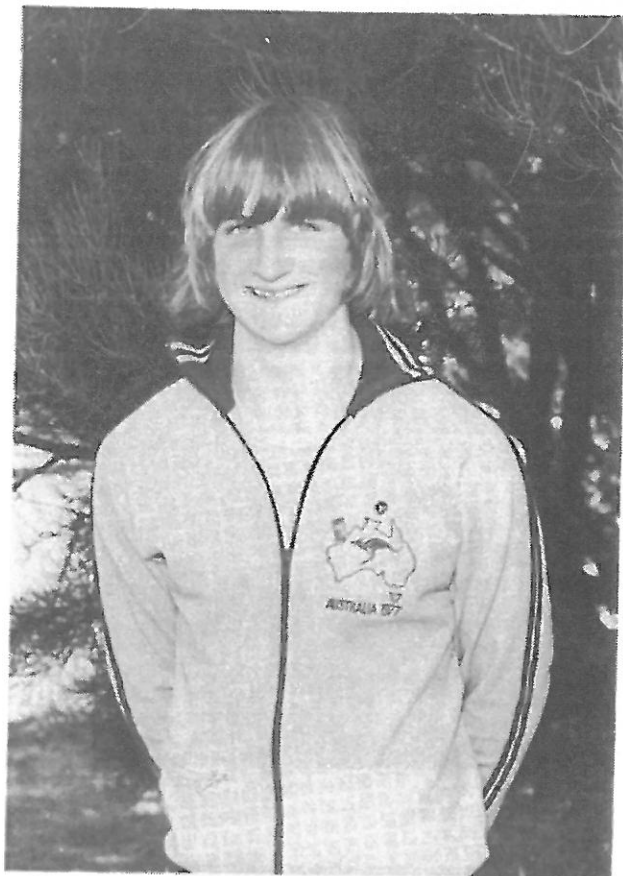
Anda semua tidak akan di-lupakan.

Terima kasih.

ELSIE TAN, Form VI.



INDIVIDUALS IN SPORT

**LLOYD HOLLENBERG — GYMNAST**

Recent performances seem to indicate that Lloyd has established himself as a gymnast of the future.

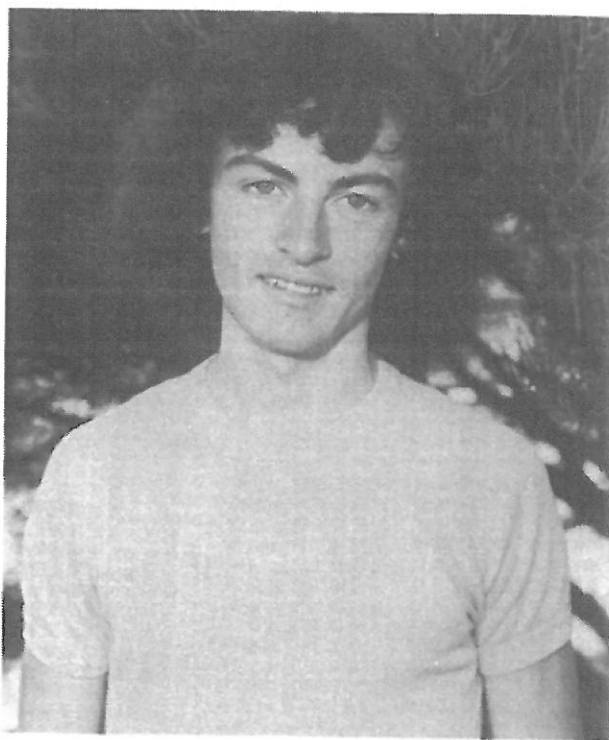
He won the U16. Victorian Amateur Gymnastic title outright and later, representing Victoria in the Junior Australian Amateur Championships in Perth, Western Australia, was placed third overall.

GOLF REPORT

For the first time, this year an interschool golf competition was held. A team of three comprising Mark Stanley, Rohan Wright and myself represented BHS in the first round of the competition for the Nepean Division which was held at Sandringham.

The three best scorers of the day, of which I was one (but unfortunately the only one from Brighton), then proceeded to play in the Southern Zone Final. Huntingdale G.C. was the venue for the Southern Zone Final, and being amongst the best five scorers at Huntingdale put me into the All High Final. The All High Final was held at Royal Melbourne G.C. Due to deficiencies in my game on the all important day, I could only manage to come equal fifth. This was not sufficient to get me a place in a team of eight to represent Victoria in the Australian High School Championships which were held in Sydney over the September vacation.

CHRIS VOUK, 6D.

**RODNEY BRUTON — ATHLETE**

Rodney had a very successful cross-country season in the High Schools competition. He was placed second in the Nepean Group, first in the Southern Division and fourth in the All-Highs. These performances qualified him to represent Victoria in the Australian High School Cross-Country Championships in Brisbane, Queensland.



IT MATTERS NOT WHO WON OR LOST, BUT HOW WE PLAYED THE GAME.

CROSS COUNTRY BOYS



FOOTBALL



CROSS COUNTRY GIRLS



The many girls and boys who ran in the cross-country this year from Sandringham-Brighton Yacht Club will remember it for a long time. The cross country was not actually across country, but along the beach, through wind, rain and "slush". While experiencing the squelching of mud in your shoes you were being soaked through by a wave crashing against the sea-wall. But everyone had fun (?), Brighton did very well—1st to senior girls, 2nd to junior and senior boys, intermediate girls and 3rd to junior girls. (We really have got talent in the athletics field at this school.)

Several people from B.H.S. then qualified for the Nepean Division Cross Country (this time it WAS across country, at Dandenong.) If you weren't running uphill tripping over tree roots, you were running downhill falling in unseen holes. It was a cold, wet and miserable day — especially for the senior girls. Their bus was late and they missed out on their race! However, congratulations to the other boys and girls who ran in their respective races, and special congratulations to Rodney Bruton, 1st in Senior Boys and 4th in the Senior Boys' All High. Everyone certainly tried his hardest. I would like to thank those who participated, and, also the teachers for their help and support. JUDY TURNER

SOCCER





GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL



VOLLEYBALL BOYS

This year the Senior Boys' Volleyball team was selected from a number of enthusiastic candidates, with the team finally consisting of —

Michael Caplan (captain)
Fred Couturier (vice-captain)
Jason Owbridge
Leigh Henningham
Emanuel Sclarr
Nick Peters
Russel Trethowan

Although we had a full side in each game desperately trying to win, we unfortunately did not win a match.

Results were —

McKinnon d. Brighton 2—1.

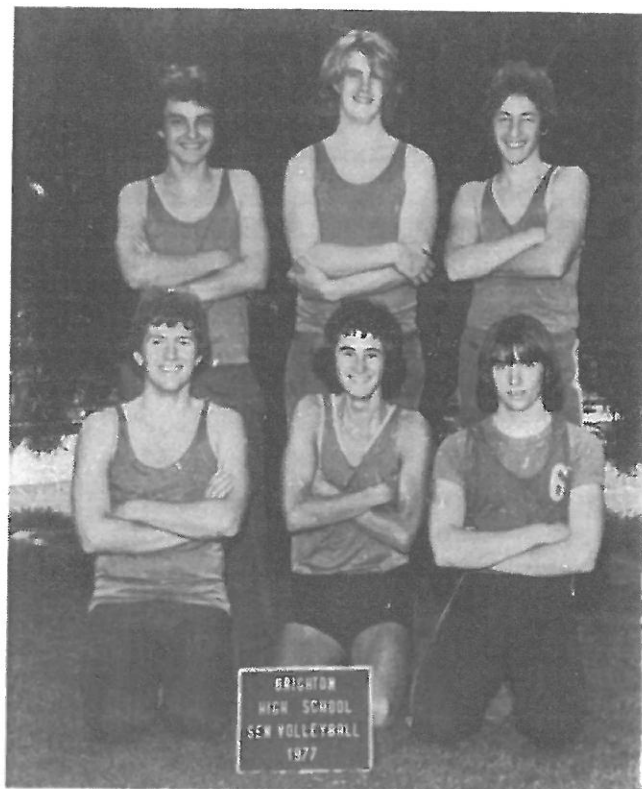
Elwood d. Brighton 2—1.

Hampton v. Brighton (Brighton won on Hampton's disqualification).

Throughout the Round Robin, several players applied consistent effort, with Nick Peters spiking excellently, Fred Couturier setting just as well, and Michael Caplan serving magnificently.

Many thanks to Mr. McLean for coming to each match and giving the team much encouragement.

MICHAEL CAPLAN 6B.



VOLLEYBALL GIRLS

Lunchtime games, skill practice during sport, and just an overall interest in the game, attributed to the success of the Senior Girls' Volleyball team this year.

Members were:

Jenny Holan (5)
Marina Popovic (captain) (6)
Donna Rea (6)
Rosalie Triolo (6)
Rhonda Walton (6)
Bev. Wilson (6)
Karen Windmiller (6)
Sue Windmiller (6)
Sue Wood (6)

The location was Highett High School on 10/3/77, and despite the sticky, hot day, Brighton won 3 to Hampton 0, won 3 to Beaumaris 1, and in the Nepean Division Final, won 3 to McKinnon 0.

This meant that the team had made the Southern Zone Quarter-Final.

On Wednesday, 20th July, this important match was played against Parkdale High School at Bonbeach Community Centre. In a very close and heart-stopping competition, Brighton lost 6—15, 15—7, 13—15.

All members played to the best of their ability, and the large and loud cheersquad which rallied to the occasion provided a great deal of support. Thanks to all these people, as well as Mrs. Keddie and other staff members.

ROSALIE TRIOLO, 6A.



TENNIS



SENIOR GIRLS' TENNIS

The senior girls' tennis team for 1977 consisted of:— Julie Peters, Sue Krembourg, Terry Hough, Anne Wardell and Lisa Grover.

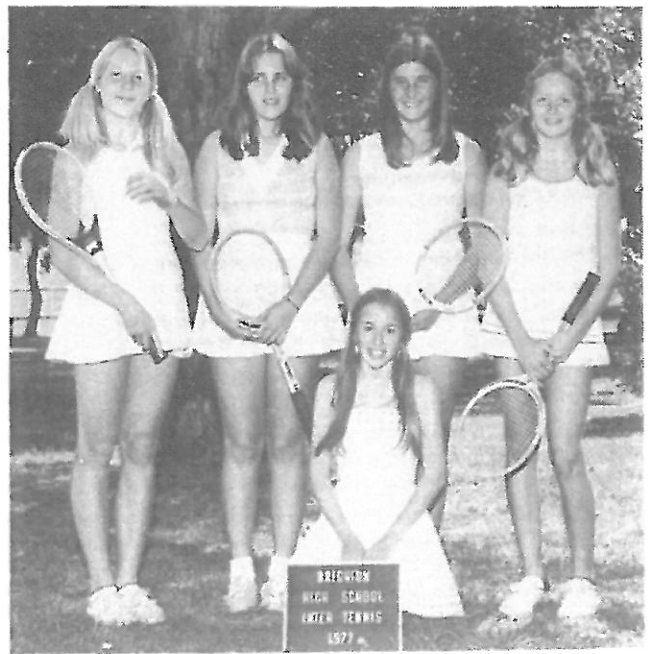
On Wednesday, 20th April, Brighton participated in an all-day Round Robin event in which the senior girls' tennis was successful. The matches were all very close, and on two occasions Brighton only 'snuck home' to victory with a two game lead.

So by the end of the day, the senior girls tennis had won the Nepean Group.

The following week, the same team competed in the Southern Division on Friday, 29th April. Brighton defeated Moorleigh High comfortably in the semi-final, but lost closely in the final to Noble Park High.

Thank you to those members of the team who participated and to Mrs. Golding who coached and supported the team throughout.

The Intermediate Boys' Tennis team had a very successful season. Team members were: David Bell, Peter Holan, Daniel Holan, Wayne Herbstreit and Malcolm Garrow. They won both the Nepean Final (5/0) and the Southern Zone Final (3/2). They were eventually narrowly defeated by Box Hill (2/3) in the All High Finals.



GYMNASTICS

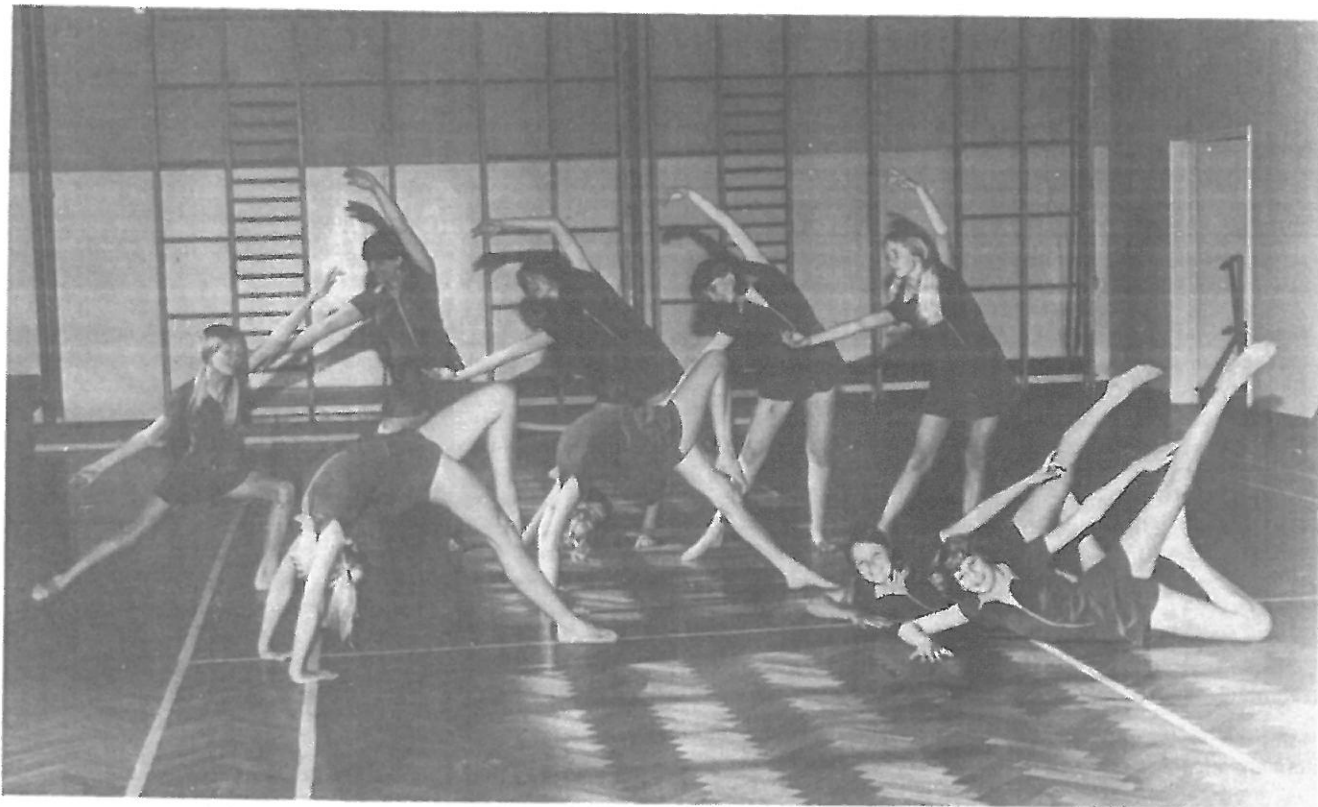


TABLE TENNIS



ATHLETICS

This year, after rather hasty or non-existent trials, the House Athletics were, nonetheless, successfully staged on two days — Wednesday, 14th September, for high jump and field events (shot put, discus, javelin), and Monday, 19th September, for track events (individual running, relay and jumping events). The venues were both the school oval and Dendy Park, respectively.

In very nearly all events, each house had a competitor, and competing or not, many supported their friends and houses. What with this and two sunny afternoons, the athletics were enjoyed by many students and teachers alike.

A. Grant	J. Reside	K. Cherry	T. Hough
R. Manser	M. Kinsella	J. Bartholomeuz	J. Mackie
A. Rowbury	P. Gregory	M. Popovic	J. Chandler
J. Kreymbourg	P. Hough	R. Triolo	J. Peters
L. Mather	K. Saunders	J. Turner	M. Pavlou
S. Beresford	M. Grover	S. Kreymbourg	T. Brown
M. Wilson	A. James	M. Enzi	D. Walls
J. Boutland	R. Chellew	R. Schollinger	R. Pern
P. Hough	J. McCrae	S. Reichenvater	D. Sparks
K. O'Sullivan	F. Knights	S. Bellot	S. Bonanno
K. Dale	C. Copeman	M. Ronda	H. Lustig
J. Kreymbourg	N. Popovic	S. Kambouris	G. Reichelt
S. Seeburg	M. Kinsella	M. Fothergill	I. Butler
L. Turnbull	D. McIntosh	D. Galanopoulos	S. Kaye

It was in the Inter-School Athletics that Brighton was extremely successful, winning the Junior Girls' Pennant, the Girls' Aggregate, the Junior Boys' Pennant, the Boys' Aggregate and finally the Overall 1977 Aggregate.

The following won first or second places, and went further yet to compete in the Southern Zone Final on Monday, 3rd October:

A. James	M. Kinsella	P. Gregory	C. Brown
J. Reside	B. Matthews	R. Manser	L. Turnbull
R. Bruton	A. Silverman	R. Pern	P. Sparks
L. Coyle	M. Ronda	P. Hough	T. McMahon
H. Lustig	M. Popovic	A. Rowbury	
S. Kreymbourg	R. Chellew	G. McMahon	
K. Cherry	C. Brown	S. Seeburg	

The final results were:

House	Lonsdale	Grant	Murray	Phillip
Boys	230.0	290.5	285.5	238.0
Girls	278.5	180.0	180.0	162.5
Total	508.5	470.5	465.5	400.5
Position	1	2	3	4

* Please note that there are more events open to the boys than the girls.

The following people won either first or second places and the majority of these went on to compete in the Inter-school Athletics held on Tuesday 20th and Wednesday, 21st September.

M. Garrow	T. Jager	L. Coyle	J. Clarkson
E. Aydin	J. Williams	T. Tomkinson	J. Sentry
P. Edifano	F. Fazio	B. Jones	D. Saunders
S. Brenham	P. Speed	B. Matthews	A. Newton
P. Navokiewitz	I. Riley	A. Sammut	P. Brown
P. Anthony	B. Bellot	P. Now	J. Taylor
M. McConnachy	D. Johnson	D. Tannard	R. Bruton
G. McMahon	M. Leatham	J. Palmer	D. Angwin
W. Pern	C. Brown	D. Walton	M. Lennan
E. Martin	P. Varney	M. Alief	B. McLennan
A. Lewis	C. Stevens	A. Silverman	P. Tannard
L. Hollenberg	D. Nicholson	G. Wood	R. Trethewie
S. Crowley	M. Porter	S. Spiridis	R. Hollenberg
T. McMahon	C. Mios	L. Prideaux	

In this competition, the following people achieved first or second places entitling them to compete in the Victorian All High Finals at Olympic Park. (Unfortunately, the results of these events are unrecorded as the Finals were held after the publication of this magazine.)

R. Bruton	S. Bonanno	P. Sparks
M. Pavlou	J. Reside	D. Wall
C. Brown	H. Lustig	R. Pern

Congratulations to those who competed at any stage in the athletic "hierarchy", and thanks to all supporters.

ROSALIE TRIOLO 6A



SWIMMING

FINALS DAY

Trials day (4/2/77) was very hot, and the actual events day (10/2/77), although a little cooler, was still quite warm. Both days were well-suited to being outside and swimming.

In each event there were to be two competitors representing each of the four houses. Overall, the result was that the people seen on trials days were seen on events day.

However, this is not to say that team spirit was sadly lacking. Captains organized swimmers to cover all events, and there was a good deal of friendly competitiveness. The new medley events were a successful introduction, and the diving (with its many would-be professional divers) also raised a fair amount of attention. Results were:

	Grant	Philip	Murray	Lonsdale
Girls	117	163	133	126
Boys	139	106	145	181
TOTAL	256	269	278	307
Position	4	3	2	1

The following people achieved first or second places — R. Ball, D. Brown, R. Blythe, C. Bounds, P. Ball, S. Boutland, B. Bellot, R. Chellew, J. Carnegie, V. Craven, K. Cunningham, P. Chellew, T. Cameron, J. Clarkson, K. Dale, K. Enzi, T. Ellsworthy, L. Fryer, K. Frater, M. Fothergill, J. Feigan, J. Goudie, A. Golias, D. Hazlett, P. Hough, T. Hough, R. Hopkins, L. Hollenberg, R. Hollenberg, J. Jones, J. Kreymborg, L. Mather, A. McKenzie, J. McEwan, M. Morgan, M. Flannagan, M. Mushchamp, P. McConachy, B. Matthews, T. Morgan, N. Perlen, J. Peters, P. Pern, D. Rea, M. Penda-vingh, A. Rowbury, M. Schmollinger, K. Saunders, S. Stevens, C. Stevens, R. Saunders, R. Spokes, F. Vingona, P. Vass, M. Wilson, S. Wood, J. Wood, A. Williams, T. Wilson,

D. Wall — and they competed (as swimmers or emergencies) in the inter-school sports against McKinnon, Beaumaris, Hampton, Highett and Elwood, in which Brighton won the:—

Senior Girls' Intermediate Girls' and Junior Girls' flags and the

Intermediate Boys' and Junior Boys' flags and the

Nepean Division Final (flag)

The winners in the Nepean Division later represented the school in the Southern Zone Swimming Championships on Tuesday, 5th April.

They were: D. Rea, R. Chellew, J. McEwan, J. Goudie, L. Mather, J. Bieg, M. Wilson, M. Mushchamp, S. Stevens, P. Hough, T. Hough, K. Frater, A. Rowbury, A. McKenzie, M. Flannagan, J. Camilleri, J. Sinclair, J. Kreymborg, S. Beresford, K. Saunders, H. Ronda, J. Feigan, M. Fothergill, M. Morgan, L. Fryer, N. Perlen, P. Vass, B. Matthews, R. Saunders, R. Hopkins, P. Speed, C. Stevens, R. Blythe, D. Wall, S. Boutland, F. Vingona, C. Bounds, K. Cunningham, J. Wiltshire, P. Ball, P. McConachy, P. Pern, D. Brown.

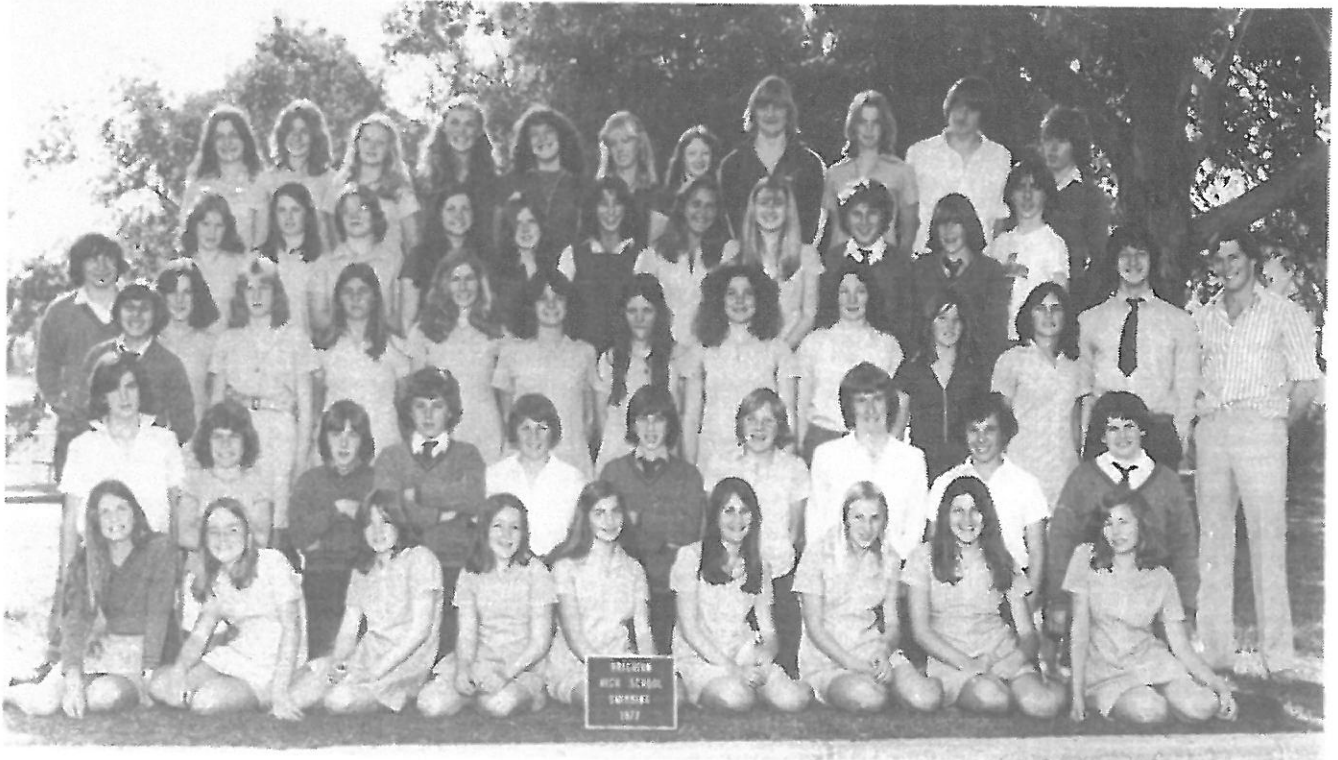
And of these, the following competed as swimmers or emergencies in the All-High Championships:

L. Fryer
B. Matthews
P. Vass
C. Bounds

Such excellent results are attributed to the P.E. Staff, and to Mr. Jenkins who was in charge of the training sessions.

(Apologies for omissions or misspellings.)

ROSALIE TRIOLO, 6A



BASKETBALL



SOFTBALL



HOW IT HAPPENED

The softball competition was on a round-robin basis this year. Brighton High School played two matches at Highett High School. We had an easy victory against Beaumaris 15—3, but were badly defeated by Hampton High in a terrible match (4—23). McKinnon ended up the champions, defeating Hampton in a very close match by one run. All girls played well and Donna Rea captained the team.

The team: Donna Rea (captain catcher)
Tanya Pankhurst (pitcher)
Connie Selover (1st base)
Jenny Taylor (2nd base)
Janice Goudie (3rd base)

Judy Turner (shortstop)
Liz Eggart (left outfield)
Vicki O'Donahoo,
Teresa Wierzbicki
Helen Wilson
(alternating right and centre field)

JUDY TURNER



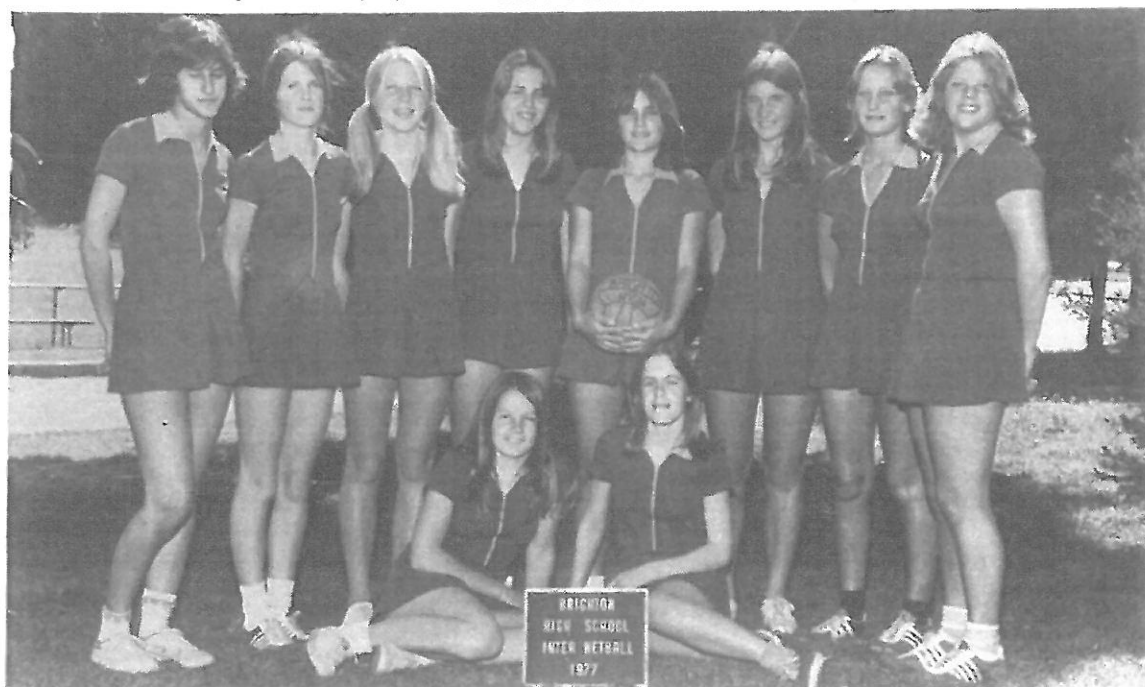
NETBALL



SENIORS

The Senior Netball Team were the Nepean Division Premiers. We defeated Beaumaris, Highett, Hampton and Burwood quite easily and had a close final against McKinnon. We ended up defeating them by two goals. It was a superb match, with excellent goaling and defending. However, the next match which was played at Mentone and against them, was a disastrous defeat. Although everyone tried their hardest we couldn't seem to do anything right. But the main thing is that we all had fun and tried as hard as we could.

Thank you very much to Mrs. Keddie for her time and effort, and also to Mrs. Warren for her transportation. Also thanks must go to Sue Stephens and Terryn Hough for their scoring and support. The team consisted of:—Helen Wilson (GS), Marina Popovic (GA), Sue Kreybourg and Jackie Bartholemeuz (WA), Judy Turner (C), Donna Rea and Rosalie Triolo (DW), Joy Feigan (GD) Natalie Warren and Jenny McEwan (GK).
JUDY TURNER



HOCKEY



SENIOR GIRLS HOCKEY REPORT

This year the Senior Girls Hockey Team participated in the Round Robin at Beaumaris High. We played four teams and unfortunately lost all but one game. The team played well but we were unsuccessful in gaining a place. As captain of the team I would like to thank the whole team and wish them luck for next year. In addition, we, the team would like to thank Miss Barnett for her time and patience in training us. Thank you.

CAMILLA WORBOYS



SQUASH AND CRICKET

SQUASH REPORT

The Senior Boys' Squash team had a very successful year, in fact it is only the second time that a team from Brighton High has made it to the All-High Finals.

The team consisted of number one seed, Michael Caplan (captain); number two seed, John Sentry (vice-captain), number three seed, Blair Turnbull, number four seed Leigh Henningham.

Our first match which we played at Brighton Squash Courts was against Beaumaris. We won only on points as the rubber score was a tie. Individual efforts: L. Henningham lost 22—28; B. Turnbull lost 23—35; J. Sentry won 30—26, M. Caplan won 27—3; giving the spectators an eyeful of classy technique. Our win made us **Nepean Division Premiers**.

Our next big match was the Southern Zone Finals played at the Balmoral Squash Centre. We competed against Springvale, Dandenong and Oakleigh in a sort of round-robin tournament; with a possible 12 rubbers, Brighton won 11 with a sensational exhibition of skill and flair.

Individual scores: L. Henningham won 3 rubbers B. Turnbull won 3 rubbers; J. Sentry won 3 rubbers and M. Caplan won 2 rubbers. Our win made us **Southern Zone Premiers**.



As Southern Zone Premiers we were entitled to compete in the All High Finals, where the winners from the north, east, west and south come together. We learned that the big event (well it was big to us!) was to take place at the Geoff Hunt Squash Centre in Fitzroy. We were expecting the set-up to be the same as the Southern Zone Finals, but unfortunately for us it was two teams play against each other and the winner automatically goes in the final. We drew the match against East Fairhills (never heard of the place!) and although the game was played at a blistering pace with the guys giving it all they had, we lost 4 rubbers to nil. We were very happy with our performance and even though we didn't win, we felt we ended the season on a good note.

On behalf of the team members I would like to thank Mr. Turnbull for his coaching and advice throughout the season, and also Mr. Shirrefs for his organization of the matches played. I hope that next year's team can perform just as admirably as the 1977 B.H.S. team did this year.

MICHAEL CAPLAN, 6B

SENIOR CRICKET

This year's Senior Cricket Team, hampered by the loss of most of last year's good players when Brighton High were M.H.S.S.A. champions, was defeated in the Cricket Round Robin during March.

The team, losing both of their games by three runs or less, was at fault through inconsistent batting and poor fielding.

Game 1 — Brighton 57 (C. Danson 28) lost to Beaumaris 7—60 (T. Jones 2—36, L. Coyle 4—20).

Game 2 — Brighton 9—51 (L. Coyle 34) lost to Hampton 4—52 (L. Coyle 3—16).

These losses were avenged later in first term when Brighton defeated both Hampton and Murrumbreena High Schools convincingly.

Scores—Brighton 2—78 (D. Stefanic 23 n.o., L. Coyle 25 n.o.) defeated Hampton 4—76; Brighton 4—53 (I. Riley 24) defeated Murrumbreena 6—51.

L. COYLE (captain)